Pueblo City-County Library District
2019 Poetry Contest

Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 22nd Annual Poetry Contest. Poets, from second grade to adult, were invited to enter. Poems could be about any topic ranging from snakes to the sunrise, happy or sad, rhyming or free form. Winners were chosen from each grade level. Poems were to be no longer than one page, and contestants were limited to three entries.

The poets, whose poems were selected as the winning entries, were invited to read their poems at an awards ceremony. Winners received a $10 gift certificate to Books Again used bookstore, courtesy of Friends of the Library. The judges were Friends of the Library board members Eileen Arnot, Monica Ayala, Becky Sudduth and Sherry Wingo and PCCLD staff member Sara Schwartz. There were 547 entries this year!
Pueblo City-County Library District
22nd Annual Poetry Contest Winners

2nd Grade
Milo Belfer   Goodnight Elementary School - Mrs. Reding
Claire Stegelmeier  Goodnight Elementary School - Mrs. Reding
Jerome Vigil   Heroes K-8 Academy - Mrs. Martinez

3rd Grade
Avery Genova   Vineland Elementary School - Mrs. Trujillo
Jim Pacheck  Prairie Winds Elementary School - Mr. Pacheck
Tigh Snell   Vineland Elementary School - Mrs. Trujillo

4th Grade
Jack Graham  Swallows Charter Academy - Mrs. Cruz
Brendan Ray  Prairie Winds Elementary School - Mrs. Thomson
Sean Smith  Baca Elementary School - Mrs. Mancilla

5th Grade
Ava Andrada  Belmont Elementary School - Mrs. Radford
Beau Clark  Prairie Winds Elementary School - Mr. Pacheck
Ruby Hawken  Swallows Charter Academy - Mrs. Russell

Middle School
Charlee Jaquez  Vineland Middle School - Mr. Schornack
Madison Lovato     Connect Charter School - Mrs. Medina
Maggie Perko     Connect Charter School - Mrs. Gonzales
Roxie Rodriguez   Pueblo Academy of Arts - Ms. Nadler
Zachary Watkins  Connect Charter School - Mr. Preston

High School
Nicole Buttram  Centennial High School - Ms. Blackmore
Amaya Delagarza  East High School - Ms. Purcell

Adult
Clay C. Cook
Edith Edson
Jason Pacheck
Winning Entries
Best of Spring
Milo Belfer

Longer days
Greener grass
Flowers blooming
Come outside and play
The brightly shining sun
The sweet smell of flowers
Calls my name to come outside

Spring Has Sprung
Claire Stegelmeier

Things spring faster than you can say bling,
Flowers look prettier than a diamond ring.

No more snowballs being flung,
Let's celebrate spring has sprung!

An Easter party! Come one, come all!
No more winter, fall or summer and that is not a bummer!

We paint Easter eggs with care,
Oh yes, spring is in the air!
Lizards
Jerome Vigil

Lizards are the best climbing up trees.
They’re fast and they’re mean.
Lizards are mean and they are not clean.
They swim and they have four legs.
They skitter and they have long tails.
Have you ever heard them snap?

Summer Woods
Avery Genova

Green, fresh and bright.
Delightful when there’s no more ice.
Deer come and go,
Steering in any direction they choose.
Birds fly high in the sky.
Smells of the summer air,
flowers and willow tree perfume.
No fence, no roads, no pollution.
Touch the bumpy trees.
See the furry animals.
Taste the wild berries.
Hear the elk call,
the bear grumble,
and the fox yap.
Popping
Jim Pacheck

Popping is the sound of sitting around a campfire,
Popping is the sound of sweet candy in your mouth - pop rocks!
Popping is the sound of movie night - popcorn!
Popping is the sound of red, white and blue - fireworks!
Popping is the sound of summer.

Pancakes
Tigh Snell

First stir the batter,
Make sure it doesn't splatter.

Next put it on a pan
and flip it over.
You can make any shape,
even a clover.

Last pick syrup and whip cream.
It is so good!
Am I in a dream?
Nature
Jack Graham

Hear the ocean flow and watch as the storms go, feel the fire glow.

In the middle of the day, you can go out and play in the sun, you can have fun.

The Air Balloons
Brendan Ray

I can see that balloon Large and like a queen. Flying away into the clouds, Shimmering and gleam. You can barely see The flames roaring, When the balloon is soaring. It has been sailing, But it is too high, Now it is falling Now it is done. Dancing and prancing On the summer fluffy clouds. Next time it comes, I’ll be in the sky. Over mountains and over seas. When it comes, I’ll just be me.
Star
Sean Smith

A bright light shining in the sky.
All night.
Long until dawn.
When dawn rises the stars fall away.
Then night has gone away.

Always Be Kind
Ava Andrada

Kindness is caring when people are sad.
Not only just that, but when they are mad.
Friends come around when you show them you care, but not when you act like an angry bear.
When you see a person living on the street, give them a dollar or something to eat.
Like angel’s heart made of pure gold, the act of kindness will never grow old.
The Leaf That Hung On
Beau Clark

The leaf that hung on the tree,
The only leaf on that tree,
That hung next to the branch,
That stuck out far and wide.
The leaf that hung there.
With all it's pride.
Then it started to snow,
And the wind started to blow,
And the little leaf tried to hang on.
Then the lightning came down,
With a bang and a boom!
In a flash the tree was on fire!
But the leaf,
The proud leaf,
The beautiful leaf,
Was still hanging on.

The Stress Tree
Ruby Hawken

Tomorrow I have an important test,
inside grows a tree of stress.
I studied hard I know I did,
but the thought of passing is a fib.

I will choose my answers carefully,
but sadly the tree keeps reminding me
that I'll never live to see the day
when I finally get an A.
Volleyball
Charlee Jaquez

Set, spike, bump is all you gotta do,
1, 2, 3 and then you’re through.
Plant your feet but don’t grow roots,
just be ready when the ball comes to you.

Take your time, don’t rush,
when someone serving just stay hushed.
Cause if you talk they might mess up
so just remember set, spike, bump.

A Starlit Sky
Madison Lovato

A night of cascading speckles
Cover the darkness of night.
Surrounded by hues of midnight colors,
A star’s gentle light dances among the constellations
Lighting the blackened sky.

The stars reflections bounce off trickling water
And shine upon the faces of many.
A light to clear and bright, in a place of unknown treasures.
A star,
The night light of the world.

Its beauty sharpens as it cuts the darkness.
Twinkling among the light of the moon,
and the darkness of space.
The glow of a star placed within the night sky
Is truly the beauty of starlit sky.
The Somewhere in Between
Maggie Perko

So a small milestone they say,
One step forward feels like three steps back.
   A jungle of lockers it’s food chain, everyone starts at the bottom
But then evolution pushes you further and further to
The top...

So a small milestone they say,
One foot out the door?
Mama’s baby bird, peeking its head over the edge of
The nest
Are we really about to start new they question

So a small milestone they say,
We peddled up and down the streets
   Now taking the wheel
Looking at what we’ve done
Planning the rest of what we will do

So a small milestone they say,
We are right now just a mold
A mold of what we will be, of what we should be
We aren’t born a someone
   We make ourselves a someone...
We grow up

Untitled
Roxie Rodríguez

Sheep, sheep, sheep...
   All the same
   never untamed.

Born for a purpose.
   Always fed,
   Led and bred
   the same.

Repeat, repeat, repeat...
   A life caged in.
   Controlled with fear.
   Mastered by one.

Independence, creativity, excitement.
   Never brought,
   Nor allowed.

Sheep, sheep, sheep...
Repeat, repeat, repeat...

A howl at the moon...
   Strength, wild,
   and fierce.
A pack to be led!
The chance to lead,
Has got to be won.

Competition, intelligence, compassion
Have got to be within The One.
   A pack for life,
   True and strong.
   Together forever,
   Never alone.

Respect taught,
Always brought.
Throughout the pack
they trust through all.

The chance to lead,
is The One’s to choose...
A caged sheep’s life is
Not one I would choose.
A road.
Built by hand,
to make travel easier.
Or is it more
A pathway to adventure,
A discovery unfound,
A guiding way to the lost,
A pathway stretching on forever,
A thing to simply ponder on,
A way to a magical land.
Or is it simply just
A road.

Drunk in Love, Not of Wine
Nicole Buttram

What's left now is words unsaid
Be quiet child, go to bed
All these visions run through your head
The knife is down, the past is dead.

A person in life, a pawn in game
Will things ever be the same?
The spark set passion to the flame
Wildfire's loose, who's to blame?

In the dark, the demons cry
In the light, we say goodbye
Life's one to tell a lie
and the weak is one to always die.
Forgiveness
Amaya Delegarza

I excused hate for love
What should have been tender was rough
Granting every piece of me I could
Only to prove I was yours to keep
Constantly scrambling to rearrange them a million ways different to appease you
I’d love myself attempting to better you
To make you see that I am worthy
And once I’d try to escape you’d smother me
Blasting horrid words in my face to convince I’m no better
To make me smaller
You had me wrapped around your finger
Allowing too much just so I could pretend I had you
I tried to show you the art of what devotion truly was
As if a weak lady topped your buzz, my heart and soul didn’t matter
To this day I pray you find love and in case you ever wonder
I forgive you

Renewing Personal Accountability
Clay C. Cook

Personal accountability is a collective;
Yet deeply individual, responsibility.
Taking credit is easy to do;
It is accepting any blame that people tend to shoo.
Why is it so difficult to lift up your voice;
And face the consequences of an ill conceived choice?
Our prisons are full because individuals have frozen;
In the face of a choice that they shouldn’t have chosen.
We teach our children to face the facts;
But are we as adults better examples of standing by our acts?
If we cannot stand up and say no;
Our choices, to our children, will most certainly show.
Our words or our actions;
Which will be the greater distractions?
Our example is best set by words, backed by deeds;
To sow, in our children, personal accountability seeds.
Do we justify a little lie, in order to get our way?
And then expect our children not to also go astray?
Do we want an ambulance awaiting down in the valley?
Or a fence protecting the edge as they dally?
We must have courage not to protect;
In ourselves, our tendency to deflect.
If in our lives, we cannot face the truth;
With soberness, the precious realities we knew as a youth.
Our unwillingness to be responsible for ourselves in time;
Will lead our children to climb.
The slippery wall of irresponsibility and choice;
To bemoan their consequences and voice,
“It wasn’t my fault, I wasn’t taught this by my parents!”
If that is true, no amount of coverage will due, America won’t have the national insurance.
Don’t pass the buck to another generation;
Begin now to be the causation.
Of a stronger, more vibrant civilization;
That stems the tide of national ruination.
Personal accountability, individual responsibility;
Fancy ways of saying that we can be better than we are being.
Beverly wandered among the tables on the lawn
Crammed with vases, gold edged dishes, and knick knacks.
She idly picked up a stack of small picture frames;
No doubt once displaying school pictures of grandchildren.

The auctioneer’s voice droned, “What am I bid?”
“This fine vase would make an excellent gift.”
Beverly noticed a gold painted 50 on it.
“Going, gone!” fifty years of love sold at auction.

Clothing on racks suggested a small, thin woman,
And a man, suit size thirty-six medium;
Probably avid readers and hobbyists.
Tables held books, crocheted afghans, stamp albums, tools.

Information gleaned from snatches of talk revealed
A son in New York - desk too expensive to ship -
Daughter in the south, grandchildren far away.
“They don’t want ‘old stuff. Too bad about the desk, though.”

The afternoon crawled by, crowds drifted away. Beverly stayed.
She ran her fingers along the desk’s surface
Whose polished wood had the patina of long use.
To purchase it she bid far too much, yet paid too little.

A graying man standing near-by said, “You sure got a buy;
That’s solid wood, not junk like today’s furniture.
Ed bought her that roll-top desk. He loved her a lot.”
Sunset’s oblique rays spilled a warm glow over Ed’s gift.

“I know! Their love perched on my shoulder, whispered in my ear.”
The intensity of her “I know!” startled her, a softer echo, “I know.”