

Pueblo City-County Library District

*23rd Annual
Poetry Contest*

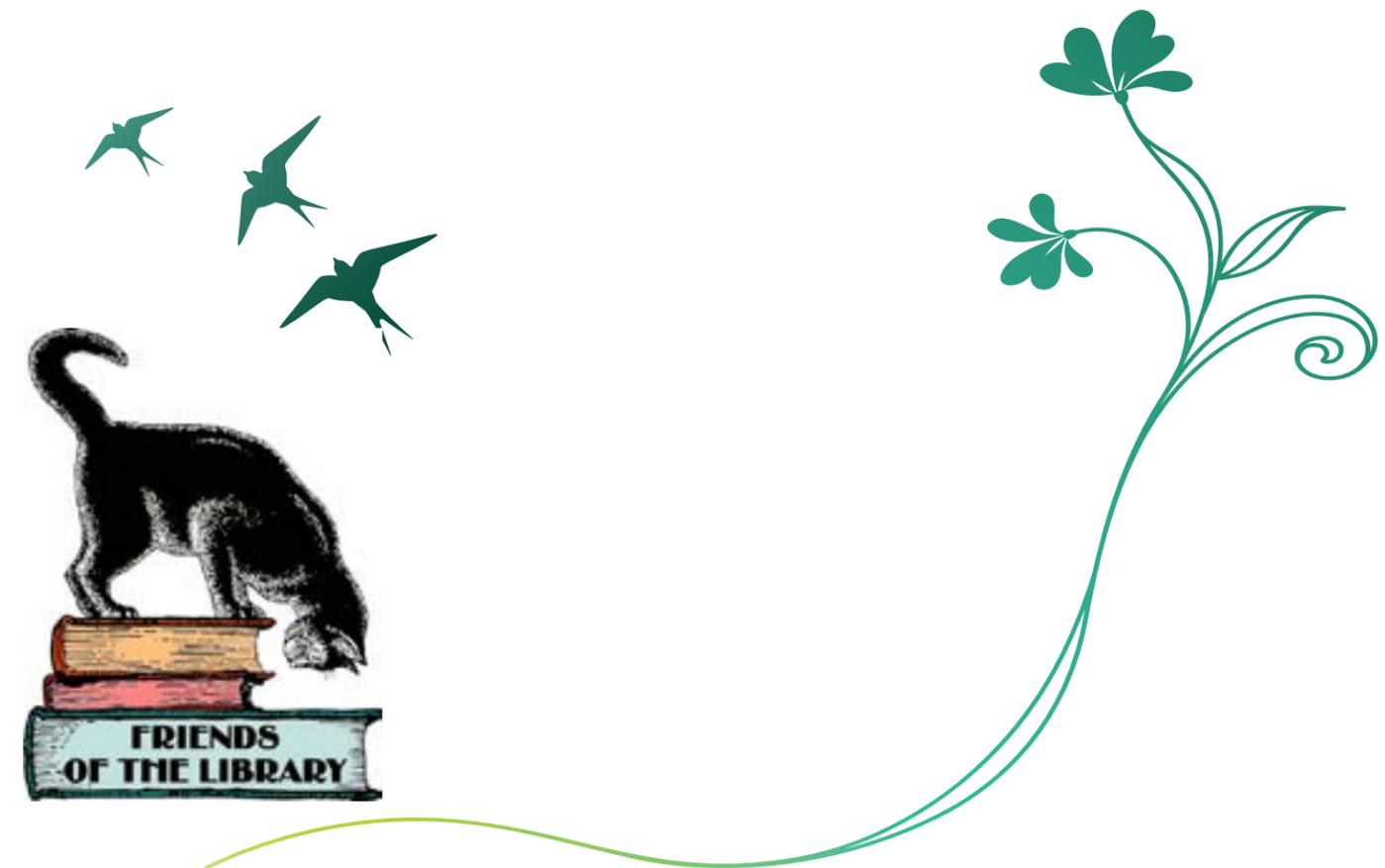


Pueblo City-County Library District 2020 Poetry Contest

Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 23rd 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.

Winners received a \$10 gift certificate to Books Again used bookstore, courtesy of Friends of the Library, a certificate of achievement and a booklet with all of the winning poems. The judge was Friends of the Library board member Erik Segall.



Pueblo City-County Library District 23rd Annual Poetry Contest Winners

Elementary School

Sean Pitchford	South Park Elementary School - Mr. Toczek
Lylianah Romero	South Park Elementary School - Mrs. Ford
Vasilisa Rose Tress	South Park Elementary School - Mrs. Ford

Middle School

Brie Horton	St. John Neumann Catholic School - Mrs. See
Isabella Martinez	St. John Neumann Catholic School - Mrs. See
Abigail Medved	Connect Charter School - Mrs. Medina
Taylor Vigil	St. John Neumann Catholic School - Mrs. See

Adult

Edith Edson
John Valdez
William Robinson

Winning Entries



The Two Funny Trees

Sean Pitchford

There are two trees
Two funny trees
They like the laugh
And they like to have fun
Their names are Funny Tree
And Two Funny Tree
They like to watch the sun
And they like to have chocolate smoothies
Soon a plant grows next to the trees
But the trees are blocking the sunlight
The flower asks,
"May you please move your leaves,
So I can grow, Funny Trees?"
The Trees move their leaves
And the plant grows.
After a couple of months,
The plant blooms
And the plant says,
"Thank you, Funny Trees!"



Untitled

Lyliah Romero

I like to go to the ocean
Don't forget your suntan lotion
The beach is always fun
To build sandcastles in the sun
I always play
It's a good place to get away
I put my feet in the water
Because life at the beach is so much hotter



Memories

Vasilisa Rose Tress

Not a moment passes where I don't think of you.
I wish I could call you just to hear from you.
I miss when you would play with me and always make me laugh.
I miss your yummy pancakes and how fluffy they always were.
I miss your crazy laugh and your super big hugs.
So every night before bed I will talk to you.
I love you and miss you Grandpa John.
Forever in my memories you will always stay.
For not a moment passes where I don't think of you.



Jean the Bean

Brie Horton

Jean the Bean
Is purple and green
She liked to jump
One a little tree stump

Next to the tree stump is her home
A little hut shaped like a cone
In the cone she reads her books
And takes lessons from famous cooks

One night she bakes a pie
And let out a satisfied sigh
She also wanted to bake a cake
She said, "Why yes, they're easy to make."

"What if," she said
"I open a bakery instead!"
This was a wonderful plan
She makes many treats; she knows she can.

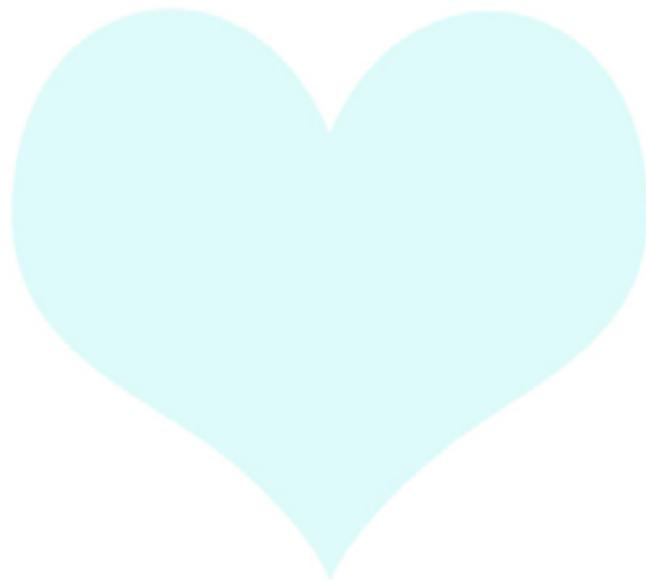
She opened her bakery in a little town
The mayor showed up in a fancy gown
"Rather than having a snack," she said
"Come to Jean the Bean's bakery for some form of bread!"



Hawk

Isabella Martinez

You soared like a hawk in the sky
Until someone clipped her wings
But in my heart, you can still fly
I miss you so
And I wish we could do things together again
I wish I could come over and give you a hug
I wish you can see me play
I wish we could play together
Wouldn't that be fun
I believe I see you in the air
I see you at my games
And I see you when I wish you were there
I should've spent more time with you
I regret a lot of things and one of them is not being with you
Dear grandpa, how I wish we could play
How I wish we had more time
But I know you are with me as that hawk in the sky



The Unseen Enemy

Abigail Medved

Many say that there is an unseen enemy in our midst
Some have felt it,
Some have seen it pounce on and capture it's prey.
You and I can feel it's claws,
Its scratches drawing the life giving blood
From us, from our community, from our country.
It creates chaos and destruction
For in our country, our bodies are our temples.
We want to touch its power giving mane,
But we won't for fear our temples wil fall,
Yet push others forward to take our place
in the rash action.
It will not dominate us, yet we submit to it.
This is an unseen enemy.



The Unnoticed Problem

Taylor Vigil

She told you she was feeling down
Lost and scared out of her mind
Feeling like she was about to drown
Never helping look for what she
needed to find

She always wore a smile
Thinking it would help her through
the pain
It only worked for a little while
Until she found herself to blame

All of her friends walked away
Not wanting to put up with her
problems
She was always alone after that day
You saw her always so solemn

You let the problem stay around
Never being there to be a shoulder
to cry on
She felt as if her world turned upside
down
Always awake crying until dawn

She eventually started looking happy
Always walking with her brother
Carter
Never looking quit so sappy
Until she disappeared and you
thought, "I should have looked
harder."



Pizarro's Myopia

Edith Edson

The Inca built the great city of Cusco,
Built roads and terraces,
Harnessed springs for ritual cleansing.

Blinded by superiority,
Pizarro saw none of their glory.

When your enemy is sub-human,
You can terrorize him with huge steeds,
And ambush his army.

Resplendent in woven textiles, gold
Jewelry, and scarlet macaw feathers,
Emperor Atahualpa sat on his throne.

Blinded by treasured gold,
Pizarro was envious, but

When your enemy is sub-human,
You can brush aside the Ten Commandments;
Covet his wealth, imprison him.

Atahualpa sent messages to loyal subjects
Who responded with ransom; two rooms full
Of silver, one of gold. "A mere pittance!"

Blinded by greed,
Pizarro wanted even more.

When your enemy is sub-human,
You can require baptism and, if he complies,
Murder him anyway.



Unprinted Snow

John Valdez

Her delicate skin is like the unprinted snow. Be quiet with her soul. For it is fragile and its innocence unbound.

You can never leave it untarnished, but please do not bind it and hide it from the world. That will not protect her from the brutal storm. She must be free to stumble and fall.

Be present when she fails and dust the tragedy from her blouse. Allow her freedom and she will grow more beautiful with each spring.



History of Aleppo

William Robinson

Civil war and refugees crimson faced and dusty.
Sunken faces who have forgotten how to eat and cry out for salvation.
This is all we know of Aleppo

But it is so much more.
A lost home holding ancient memories. Overflowing with those sacred flowers the lives of her people.

Five thousand years of human existence. Generation upon generation breathing life into the streets and buildings.

She is a brick and mortar creature that has seen the world transformed, She has watched the human story.

Now an injured beast crying for her people Bleeding from a thousand mortal wounds. Remembering all.

She recalls people drinking tea and writing before the world knew what writing was.

Aleppo is the ruin of our conscience
The ruin of our soul.
We cannot clean the stain away of what we did here.
Or what we allowed to be done.

Is this the last breath of dear Aleppo?
Or will she rise, scarred and and battered, to live on?
Memories of darkness added to all the others.

She casts her memory back to wild, unruly gods worshipped in the temples of a civilization that faded long ago.

She longs for when she stood at the end of the Silk Road
Welcoming the traveler with his goods
Sending out exotic wonders in return.

Alas there is no more business here but the business of battle, a poisonous trade.



