

Pueblo City-County Library District

# 24<sup>th</sup> Annual Poetry Contest





# Pueblo City-County Library District 2021 Poetry Contest

Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 24th 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 Sherry Wingo.





# Pueblo City-County Library District 24<sup>th</sup> Annual Poetry Contest Winners

## *Elementary School*

Hope Arguello

Fountain International Magnet School - Mrs. Johnson

## *Middle School*

Cecilee Duran

Connect Charter School - Mrs. Saxton

Emma Perry

Connect Charter School - Mr. Preston

Colin Shure

Connect Charter School - Mrs. Saxton

Elizabeth Trujillo

Connect Charter School - Mrs. Saxton

## *Adult*

Edith Edson

LeRoy Reynolds



# *Winning Entries*



# *Reflection Hider*

## *Hope Arguello*

I follow the moon or does it follow me?  
I turn to side and it is still there.  
You see I hide behind trees and even bushes  
but all I can do is imagine the moon saying it can't get rid of me.

I try to trick it I hide in my shadows  
but it still follows me you see sometimes I think I'm  
crazy for this but what can I say the moon always is watching me.  
I go to bed trying to not see the moon  
but all I can do is imagine images of it in my room.

I close the blinds "ch ch" but all the shine breaks the blinds  
and the stars never lie. What to do I say out loud so I can  
get rid of the moon? I don't want to get rid of the moon  
but it bothers me from noon to two.  
All I want to do is get some alone time.

What do I have to do dear moon? I mean isn't  
this what you would do if something was following you?  
I know what to do.  
I figured this out why not make an invention called

The Reflection Hider you see part of the part  
of hiding from the moon is not having a reflection and this is going to happen soon.  
It all starts with a flashlight that shines really  
bright and take a picture of yourself "snap snap"  
"Print print" the picture, "cut cut" the shadow, glue it together.

That shadow on the flashlight that shines  
Really bright and BAM there you go, put the  
flashlight behind a tree or bush and the  
stars are going to have to lie and you get to say goodbye.





# *What Am I?*

*Cecílee Duran*

Black and white.  
My fur so soft, and I'm ever so frail.  
Gray taking over my long luxurious hair.  
My worries weep away.  
I slept on the counter,  
For I did not care.  
The cool tile made me pur, pur, pur.  
I purred and purred my day away,  
As I laid there like a king.  
The sun made my gray whiskers shimmer and sparkle.  
Along with my charming sleepy smile.  
I basked in absorbing all this glory.  
Oh my fur so soft.  
My teeth are so shiny.  
My pur is so elegant.  
Oh my.  
Oh my.  
What am I?



# *The Wonder*

*Emma Perry*

The smell of rain stains the air  
While watching the deer gain air,  
Leaping and playing in the forest.  
Freedom.


Suddenly,  
The sound of a stick cracks through the silent night,  
Which way back?

Lost,  
Alone in the woods.

The hoot of an owl.  
The night starts to fall,  
And the wind whistles in the trees.

Alone,  
The only sound is your steps,  
As you creep through the dark and silent  
Woods.

Relief  
A familiar sight,  
A sight you have longed to see,  
Home!



# *Hollow World*

*Colin Shure*

The music  
Enthralls you, trapped  
in the scenery of the world.  
Never escaping the void of focus.  
Trapped in the screen, only  
Light seen by you.

Left, right, up, down.  
Where to go in this  
maze of stone.  
Only instinct drives you  
Onward. Left in the dark,  
And somehow, somewhere,  
You know you're home.



# *It All Went Downhill*

*Elizabeth Trujillo*

It all started when an artist got too greedy  
when he over turned a 1938 treaty

Come across someone with a red cloth on their arm  
you'd soon be long gone

Who knew a few booms in Pearl Harbor,  
could be such a bother

A few places left untouched  
while others were in complete dust

It all led up to capitalism and communisim

Countries, one versus one  
who knows if anyone has truly won

So many paths this could've followed  
yet it left the world looking hollowed

A well known quote that surely will fit...

If you don't study history, you're bound to repeat it.



# *Unprecedented Year of Despair*

## *Edith Edson*

Year 2020 was  
Unprecedented in its totality,  
But not in its component parts.  
Someone who lived long enough,  
Has borne witness to  
Never-before challenges.

Poverty, stalking  
Lives turned topsy-turvy by  
Economic downturns or storms.  
Responded to with food pantries,  
Soup kitchens to serve homeless,  
Jobless in endless, despairing lines.

Brutality,  
the issue slicing through  
Birmingham, Kent State, Wounded Knee:  
And hundreds of other sites, long forgotten.  
Except by victims and their families.

Wars snatching lives from families,  
Grenades and IEDs shattering limbs,  
Horror reverberating through dreams.  
Shortages and rationing diminishing  
Quality of living for those left behind  
To tend the farm, take care of kids alone.  
Schools closing, disrupting learning and  
Activities already halted by wildfires, mudslides,  
Tornados, or hurricanes;  
Students forced to adapt to chaos, confusion.

Disease, the enemy, laying siege to freedom  
Since the pandemic of 1918 and before,

Scarlet fever quarantining children,  
Making them destroy cherished toys.  
Polio causing fearful adults  
To forbid running through the house  
Both maladies isolating children  
From friends and neighborhood chums.

The Great Depression, quicksand to  
Those who owed too much and who  
Left in the middle of the night  
Or trampled their pride  
To wait in "charity lines."

The Dust Bowl, blackening skies,  
Burying hopes and dreams,  
Wind birthing tumbleweeds and despair.  
Eastern cities swathed in rolling brown  
Clouds that once were western farms.

Not everyone was affected by hardships  
Some people even benefitted as time  
Kept up its steady march toward the future;  
The world showed resilience in  
Meeting all these crises, but the troubles  
Came one at a time.

In 2020 death and disaster ganged up on us,  
A year unprecedented in the totality  
Of its despair exacerbated by isolation,  
Families helpless to ease loneliness,  
Patients dying with very little comfort

# Crickets

*LeRoy Reynolds*

Chirping for a mate in the dark.

Summer slumbers have made their escape.

For the chirping, chirping, more than a score.

Caying sleep deprivation in this crazed consort.

Running for some dark corner to flee from my light.

I will kill the little black bug if I find his estate.

Crickets, I will smash you flat.

Where is my shoe, I will give you a pat?

You noisy bugs will be no more, for silence I implore.

I look, light in hand, all the dark corners to explore.

It jumps and flees faster than a light flicker.

Can't find them now with light all about.

But when I'm snug as a rug in darkness once again;

The chirping returns as if to say: "try to get me now."

A lunatic with shoe in hand, jumps out of bed to get this bug.

Once and for all to smash it to shreds.

But behold, it is silence once again.

The hiding bugs in light one cannot see,

But darkness brings a choirs of chirps with mich hilarity.

Night after night the battles go on, I squash one flat and yet there are still two.

Where is a hungry spider to help me even the score?

I would take even a lizard, if one was just quiet while eating the gore.

It could eat to its' fill of the noisy critter at night

that will not let me sleep and brought me to this blight.

