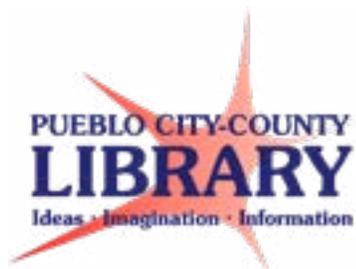


PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY LIBRARY DISTRICT

25th ANNUAL

Poetry Contest



PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY LIBRARY DISTRICT 2022 POETRY CONTEST

Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 25th 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 members Amanda Guerrero, Jean Latka, Melanie Phelps, Ronda Rein, Erik Segall and Laura Mae Smith. There were 467 entries this year.

The library wishes to thank everyone who entered the contest and encourages them to participate again next year!



PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY LIBRARY DISTRICT

25TH ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

2nd Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place
Honorable Mention

Avalynn Wiseman
Arloh Alden
Genesis Sapeda
Ryelee Steves

7th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Simona Rowell
Vincent Gagliano
Ava Keilbach

3rd Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Jacqueline Gallegos
Zayden Chavez
Keyshawn Marshall

8th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Abigail Corsi
Gage Gonzales
Jerimiah Jakob Rasmussen

4th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place
Honorable Mention

Esiah Lucero
Myles Muniz Ordoniz
Zachary Carrillo
Aiden Alarid

9th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Melody Grace Cannon
Makayla Vigil
Hayley Bowler

5th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place
Honorable Mention

Xander Delatorres
Charlotte Roberts
Kaleb Johnson
Mallory Sharpe

10th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Nola Englund
Lily Kay Miller
Makayla Chase-Jones

6th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Addison Vialpando
Karlie Toczek
Maggie Moore-Gonzales

11th Grade

1st Place
2nd Place
3rd Place

Iris Quezada
Katherine Gale
Lucas DeLeon

Adult

1st Place
2nd Place

Mary L. Mantini
Jessica Wright

Winning Entries



Goodbye Winter, Hello Spring!

Avalynn Wiseman

Goodbye bare trees,
Hello cotton trees.
Goodbye warm fires,
Hello beautiful birds.
Goodbye hot cocoa,
Hello bunnies,
Goodbye Christmas,
Hello Easter.

Untitled

Arloh Alden

Goodbye snow days,
Hello bright sunshine.
Goodbye snow jackets,
Hello warm shorts.
Goodbye happy sleigh rides,
Hello short bike rides.
Goodbye fun 2nd grade,
Hello difficult 3rd grade.

Untitled

Genesis Sapeda

Goodbye hot cocoa,
Hello iced lemonade.
Goodbye sweatpants,
Hello jean shorts.
Goodbye chicken noodle,
Hello chocolate ice cream.
Goodbye wilting flowers,
Hello blooming flowers.

Untitled

Ryelee Steves

Mersnake, by and tall,
caring, safe and as
big as a snake.
Everyone wonders,
is it a good pet?
Mersnake, can change
colors like a chameleon.

The Bat and the Cat

Jacqueline Gallegos

The bat and the cat had a wonderful mat.
They were always wanting to chat, chat, chat.
They were in a car,
Playing the guitar.
They were happy that the fat rat didn't come,
he just sat.

Trees

Zayden Chavez

Beautiful trees tall
The leaves crunch under my feet
Turn green to brown

No Bat No!

Keyshawn Marshall

Once upon a time, there was a rat
that chased the cat.
He farts
and he is smart.
Then a bat came to chase the rat.
He ran, ran, ran, ran then the bat
caught the rat.
Then the cat
saved the rat.
The cat won the fight and now
the rat and cat are living happily ever after.

The Best Part About Me

Esiah Lucero

I like my heart.

I like my heart, it keeps me alive,
I like my heart, it helps me be kind.

I like my heart, it pumps my blood,
I like my heart, it helps me love.

I like my heart, it beats, and beats and beats,
I like my heart, it helps me be considerate.

I like my heart, it makes me strong,
I like my heart, it helps me be grateful.

I like my heart.

My Eyes

Myles Muniz Ordoniz

I love my eyes, I can see fancy ties,
I love my eyes, I can see McDonald's fries.
I can see a Big Mac,
I can see Big Jack,
With my friend Nick-Nack,
His brother Tic-Tac and
His cousin Mic-Mack,
I can see them wearing thick black.
I will never see pitch black,
I will always kickback,
But sometimes I trip back,
I love my eyes, I can see everything.

The Best Part of Me

Zachary Carrillo

I love my brain, it helps me when I am
confused and makes sense of it all.

It helps me do math problems
and makes me get smarter, and smarter.

I love my brain it helps me control my body
and move my limbs.

My brain can not feel pain, and run on electricity.

Reading+Winter=Fun

Aiden Alarid

Really fun
Exactly what I need in summer
A classic
Drink lemonade while reading
In my playset
Nothing but reading
Graphic novel
+
Sticking to books all summer
Under the sun
Maybe a classic
Maybe a graphic novel
Eating watermelon
Reading a really good book
=
Fun all day
Under the pool water
Never not reading

Her

Xander Delatorres

If you thought the person you loved
loved you and just walked out
and you always blame it on yourself
thinking you caused it,
they walk out on you and hurt you
this is how I feel about my mother
she hurt me broke me
and well this is how
I always felt ever since she left me
just like when her soul left her body
effectively made her different
and she doesn't care
I had to say goodbye, forever.

Restart

Charlotte Roberts

The maple is tall and strong
The willow is beautiful and true
The birch is more than just black and white

The evergreen is always there
Standing in the coldest winter
Others die
Into twigs

The redwoods are huge
With flame resistant bark
But fires hurt them all
Even us

Fire whirls
Empty space
Water damage
Rid the place

Not all is gone
Were still here
Safe
Together

Fire helps spread the seeds
Make new to replace
The ones that were lost

Burns everything
Including nuisance
New space
New time

Restart
Renew
Come back
Safe
Together

Life

Kaleb Johnson

Life is weird life is strange
That's life for you
Life may be unfair, hurtful and sorrowful
That's life for you
Life may hurt those you love and yourself
That's life for you
Life takes those you love and you never see
them again
That's life for you
Well look on the bright side at least you're here
That's life for you
Well at least some people you love are with you
not everyone you love
That's life for you
Life is amazing and scary at the same time
That's life for you
Think of the memories you've made
And think about the people you love
Think of the things you love
You'll see the bright side of life
That's life for you
Think about the people you love and they love
you back
Think about the things you love
Think about life without them! You'll see the
dark side of life
Life will hurt those you love and don't
Life takes life and makes more life
Don't think you're the only one with pain
Pain is for everyone no matter how old you are
Life is dark but happy at times think of those
times

Life set you up for successes or failure
You can turn that failure into successes you also
do the same with success
You make your own choices sometimes
Life makes choices you don't like
That's life for you
Think about the people you love and they love
you back!
Think of life without them!
That's life for you

Missing

Mallory Sharpe

My family was very secretive,
Growing up,
I was very sheltered.
They said I was adopted.

I never do remember,
When I was adopted,
Nor how old I was when I was.
All I remember is them.

If I was ever out of sight,
They would sniff me out.
Like blood hounds,
Or a stray looking for a meal.

But it felt like,
I was the stray,
But in a shelter;
That had been there for years on end.

Though,
Once we went outside.
They were still watching me like a hawk.
I started to look around.

Outside I look at a light pole,
It had my face on it...
But I looked much younger than now.
Am I a missing child?

My Uncle

Addison Vialpando

Here is where his body lays
As peaceful as a warm summer day
The sun shining bright graces on his stone
Reminding us of the day he was called home
Wishing was never oh where do I start
"Look inside," he reminds me, "I am always in your heart"

See You Again

Karlie Toczek

When I'll see you again
I will be older
It will be a different life
But for now, all I have are memories

Lying in bed at night thinking of the times
Times from where you were still here
And coming home and seeing you gone
I was young, I didn't know what to do

I went to mom
Pretending everything was fine
Hoping she would say I was dreaming
Realizing I was never going to see you again

Cat

Maggie Moore-Gonzales

You are cute and cuddly
Warm and fuzzy you are always a friend when I feel lonely
You soothe me when I am sad or when I am upset by sitting on my lap
Purring like a motor boat
Your fur is so soft and comforting
Happiness comes from you meow
I smile when you walk by
Your meow can brighten the sun
So cute!

Completely Alone

Simona Rowell

There is a place where you can go
Where stars don't shine, and trees don't grow
You'll find no people here neither friend or foe
Its on the edge of the earth they say
Where the fog and mist go to rest
To some people such a place would be forlorn
Such a place would be meaningless
But I am still here,
Completely Alone.

Life Grows On

Vincent Gagliano

It began with one and grew to two
The branches opened like a flower
Gently reaching for the sun
Breathing life into souls of the young
Life continued on

Each fragile leaf started new
As soft as velvet
Budding like the day's dawn
Sprouting hopes and dreams
Life lingered on

The two grew to four
The four grew to six
Night lightly whispered the end
Just as new day began
Life grew on

In the Ashes

Ava Keilbach

Why, why must they go?
The fire has swallowed them up
They have sunken into the ground
The warm coat which was once red
is now singed and blackened

The fox that once dwelled has disappeared.
In the ashed they are hidden.
It was quiet in the woods,
Now the forest is dancing with flames.

The den that was once safe
has been dug up.
Their home is gone now.
Why must they go?

Galaxy Queen

Abigail Corsi

Beautiful and strange quiet in the night.
Sparkling like a star
Dares as black as night hair as silky as a wave gentle and quiet
Ekphrastic. Abigail.

Winter

Gage Gonzales

Winter wonderland
Ice is wet

Nothing is warm
The weather is cold
Nothing is warm
The weather is cold
Everything you touch is ice
Really freezing

Morose

Jerimiah Jakob Rasmussen

Soft song of piano plays through the grand halls. Raffish paintings lay hidden; red curtains drawn.
And a man sat on the stage, playing for a crowd of none.
A beautiful performance, an array of conformance, in the grand halls filled with thrall.
"For why must you play?" coax those past the array.
"For you sound of soot," coax the audience of none.
And now the man lay, in hopeless dismay, for shall he be gone, to the audience of none.

Golden Statue

Melody Grace Cannon

Golden curls lick up my hands and fingers
They burn like hot wax
Dripping down an arm
They feel like branding on a low-life cow
Meant only to die for someone else's gain, I flinch away
They tighten their grip on my arm and pull me closer
Be quiet they hiss
We're trying to fix you
Trying to heal you
Then why does it hurt, I scream
They smile
A vile facial expression that fills me with disgust
Because my dear
You are broken in all the right ways
So now we must fix you in all the wrong

My Beautiful Burden

Makayla Vigil

I often forget to walk on my own two feet
I forget what it feels like to be in my own vessel
My physical being blocks me from expressing my true self

The prison of one's own mind, of being too conscious
It eats away at my spinal fluid, until I grow dizzy.

If I am to exist, I wish to exist in this glowing, shining radiance that scares away the pain.
My pale body becomes warm with hot sweat.

I am home,
I am truly free,
to look beyond the horizons
On this mountain, where I stay, the wheat fields under the night and day
They say home is where the heart is but for me it's where the guitar is
Where people sing and dance for every circumstance
I am home.
I call it home.

The Grave I Made

Hayley Bowler

A tombstone sits atop a grave, which I do not know.
I dig this grave, but it's never enough, it's just not deep enough.
I forgive who's ever grave I dig, but I still don't know who I toil for in the black of night.
It is tough to dig and dig and yet I keep the shovel I cannot stop.

The broken mirror, the shattered glass, that's all I can recall. Now I'm here, a graveyard that only spends its nights here. Once day breaks it scattered to... alas, I know not where.
I vow I know not where it goes, it always takes me with it before the light of day.

I am alone, only a kid and yet I dig this grave.
I bid thee Farewell to whoever has passed, to have a pleasant journey.
I forbid myself; I hid for far too long.
I am in debt to this grave for it gave me the purpose that I crave.

I wonder whose grave this is for I can never tell.
I want to know who this is for, and then I realize the true.
This grave is personnel, this is news.
The grave I dig, I theorize, is the one that is meant for me.

Whose grave is this that I make.
This grave is my, I have found this is where I'll rest.
Will I ever stop digging this grave so I can get inside.
The grave I made I mistook for someone else's although I know it's mine.

Mom

Nola Englund

I can't face this day straight
They ignored
I bet she doesn't even remember
"I love you" - inappropriate, plain
Didn't answer
Mercifully forgetting

Ballot-Box Bait

Lily Kay Miller

To be unknown
fighting against the status quo
all alone
To drive change
wielding only a vote
A yes or no
Hedging our bets
Against all odds
and yet

Election chauffeurs are not those needing insured
yet we can ensure
their success is secure
while masses, divided unto themselves
Are compelled to rebel
against not the black lapels
but those who sleep in motels
Who live and die in and out of cells
Who cross borders with bitter farewells

Warm air rises, eyes blinded to
truths skin can feel,
we are reminded
Our hate is misguided

I Used to Think You Were Cool

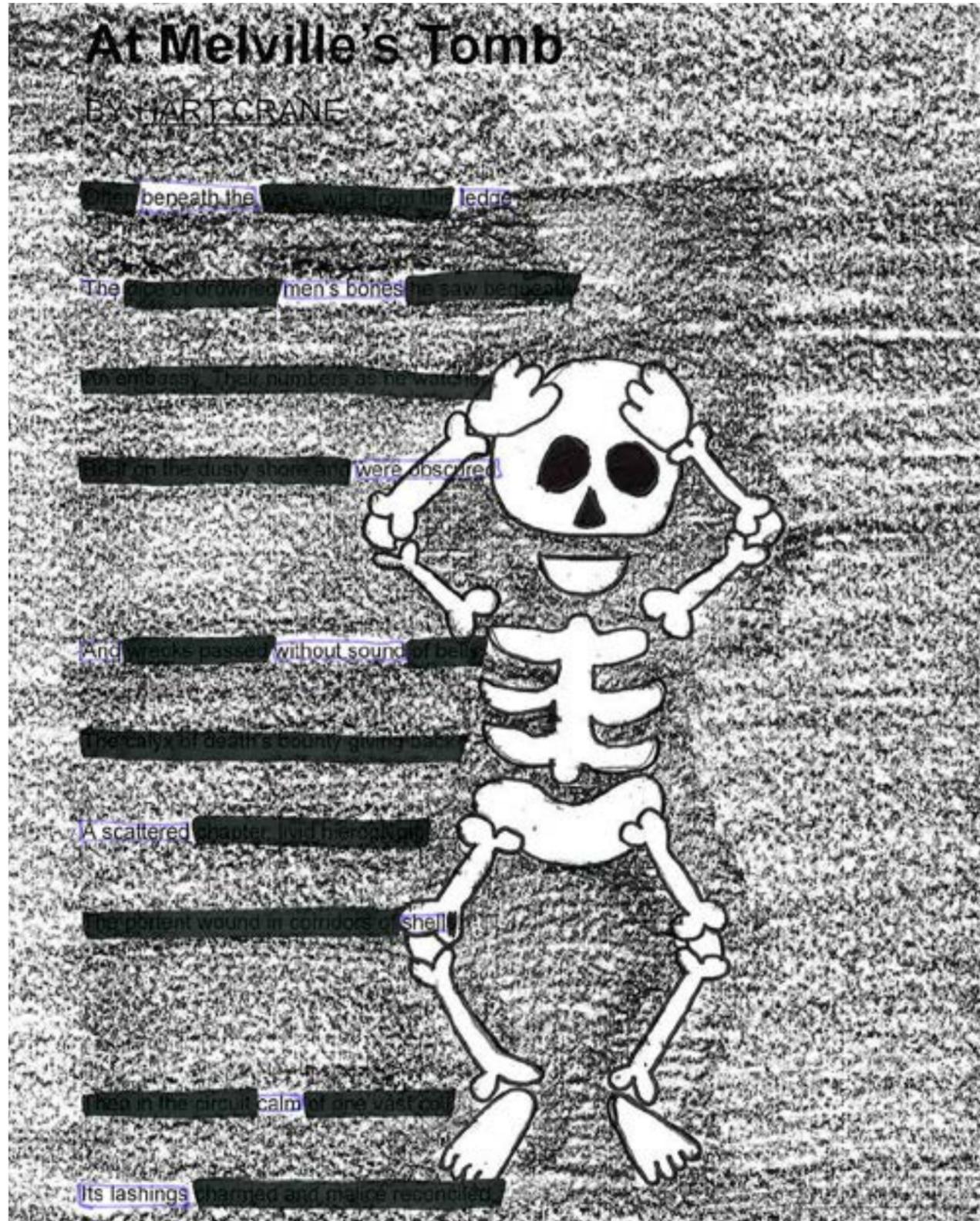
Makayla Chase-Jones

"What?"

My eyes are fixed on Eric and will not move.
"What do we do now?"
"You leave" Says Eric indifferently.
I remember his dull staring eyes.
Every time someone near me brings it up, I get uncomfortable.
I hear every word he says.
But this time, the second our eyes meet, we both look away.
His face seems swollen from crying.
Pain stabs my stomach when I see Him again.
His voice cracks, "Can we talk, alone?"
"I won't hurt you. I never wanted to hurt you..." he says to me.
He reaches for me, but I pull away.
His face is wet from tears.
Somewhere inside me is a merciful, forgiving person
Who accepts that people sometimes do evil things.
But I'd be lying if I said I knew where that part of me was.
"Stay away from me." I say quietly.
My body feels rigid, and cold.
"You coward"

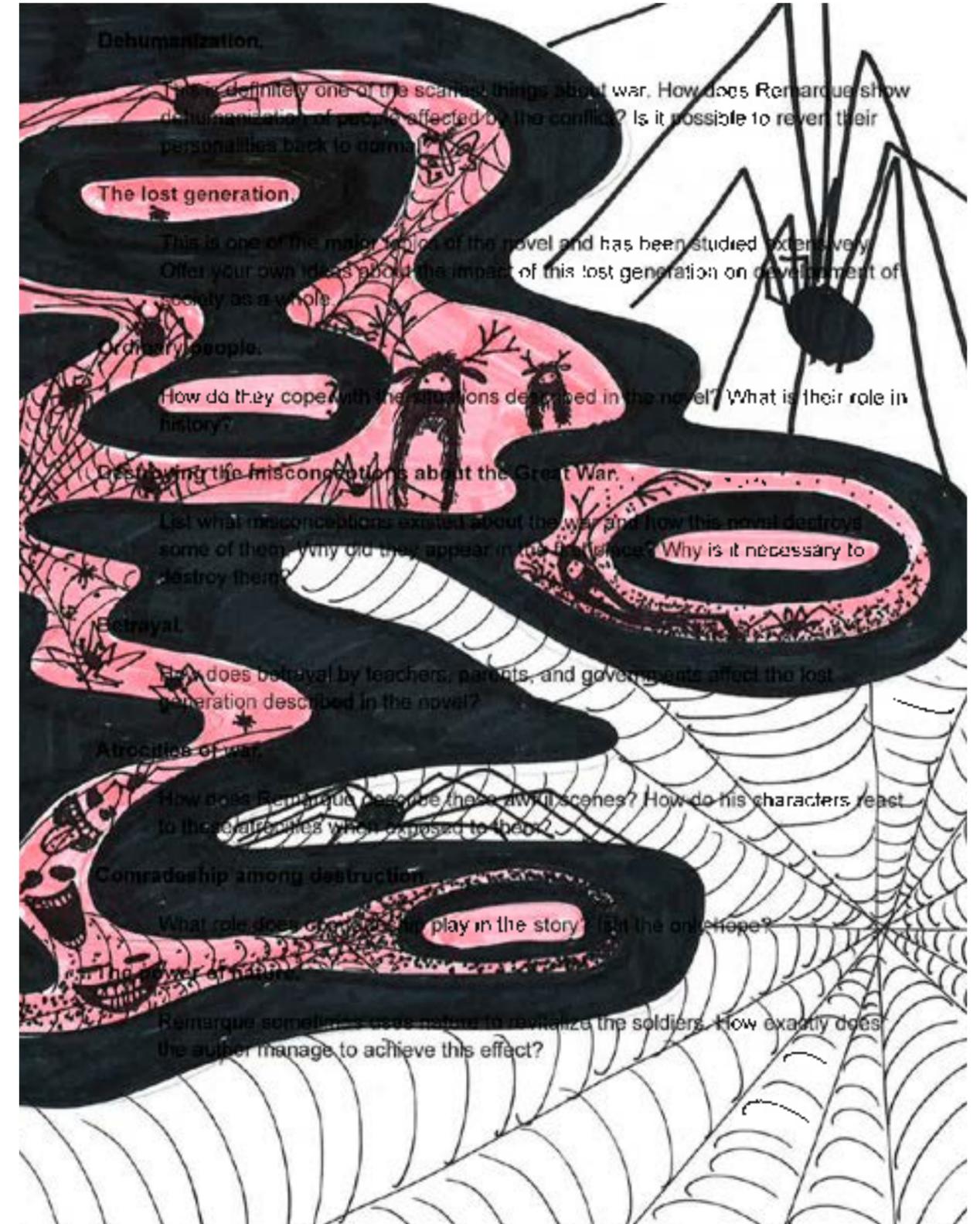
At Melville's Tomb

Iris Quezada



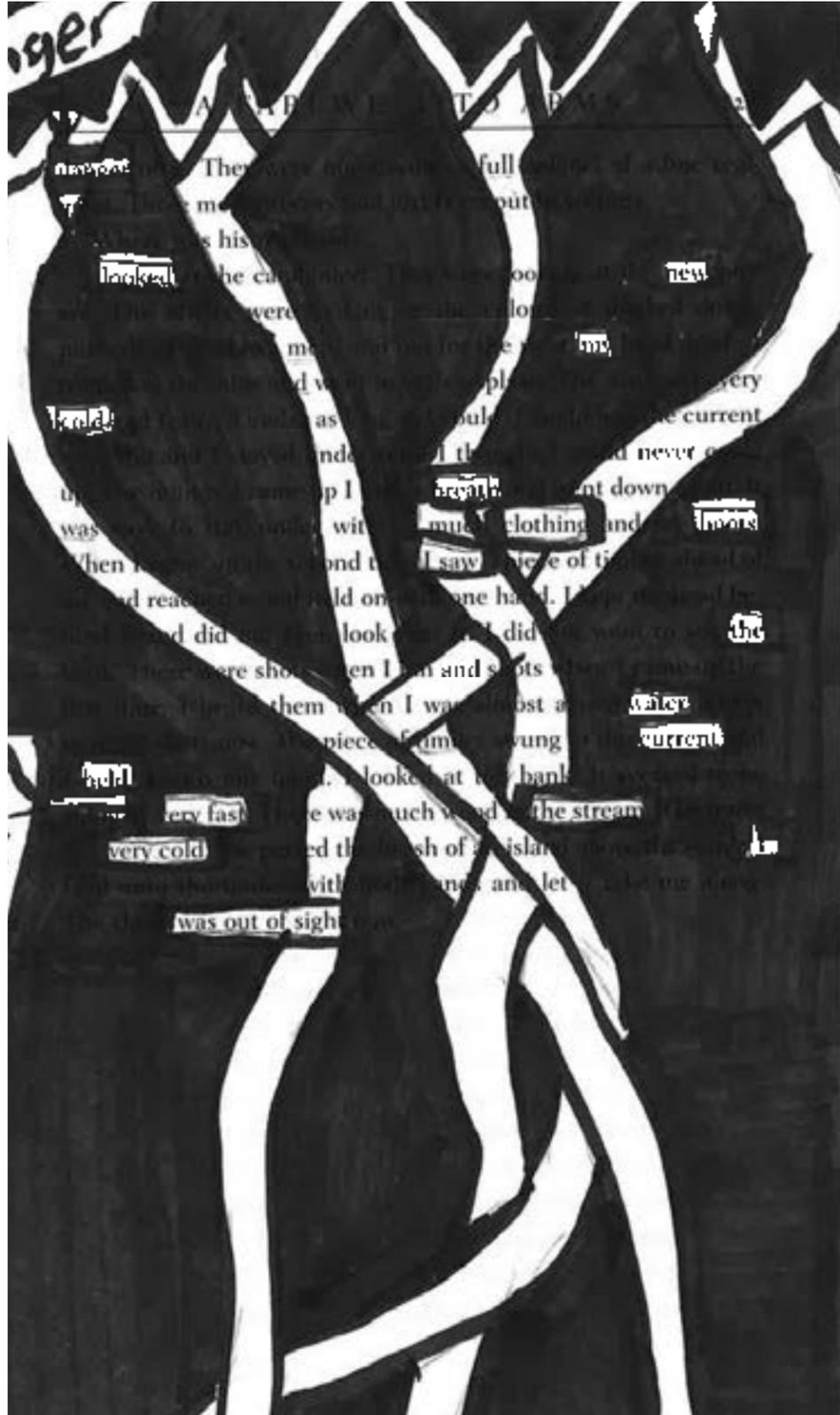
Dehumanization

Katherine Gale



Untitled

Lucas DeLeon



Four by Six

Mary L. Mantini

I emptied your toy box today.
Toy soldiers, jeeps, and guns of camouflage green.
Hodgepodge in a 4 by 6 space.
Hinges bent from years of opening and closing.

Five years has come and gone.
I emptied your toy box today
I had to mustard up courage to do this
The War still rages on

and so I wrapped each toy in pages from your favorite
comic books: Captain America, Bat Man, Iron Man and Superman
I emptied. Your toy box, today,
went to collectors on E-bay

how you cleaned them each day with special oil, you asked me to buy
each was recorded in a green camouflaged Bible, a Christmas gift
a faded envelope with the Presidential Seal taped inside the cover
I emptied your toy box today.

Life's Waters

Jessica Wright

Joy swirls in the waters of life.

Dancing and playing, making mists in the air.

Sadness sometimes rushes forward, taking breath & senses with it.

Contentment ebbs & flows quietly along, so as no one catches that it was there till it has left.

Pain is a violent torrent. It can come without warning & leave things changed in its wake.

Anger is huge churning waves.

Only letting themselves break when faced with something larger than itself.

Happiness comes in unexpected ways. It flows warm & strong, calming the waters, bringing life to the seas.

All along the moon & wind keep us ever moving.

Ever changing.

The cycle continues.