

PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY LIBRARY DISTRICT

26th ANNUAL

Poetry Contest



 PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY
Library District

PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY LIBRARY DISTRICT

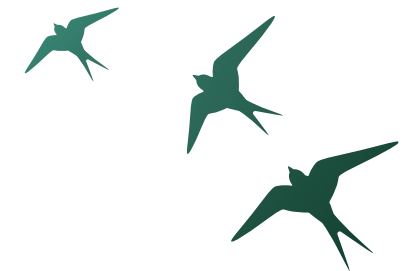
2023 POETRY CONTEST

Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 26th 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 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 judges were Friends of the Library board members Sofia Madeen, Erik Segall and Adina Vega

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



Winners

2nd Grade

Gianna Kochenberger	Mrs. Hillebrand	Goodnight School
Nathaleena Murillo	Mrs. Hillebrand	Goodnight School
Dantes White	Ms. Musso	Goodnight School

4th Grade

Londo Lave	Ms. Ribal	Park View Elementary School
Zakiah Malone	Ms. Ribal	Park View Elementary School
Arri Wal	Ms. Ribal	Park View Elementary School

5th Grade

Cecily K. Larson	Ms. Calhoun	South Park Elementary School
Sean Pitchford	Ms. Calhoun	South Park Elementary School
Alaina R. Navarrete	Ms. Calhoun	South Park Elementary School

6th Grade

Harper Baxter	Mrs. See	St. John Neumann Catholic School
Noah J. White	Mrs. Jancik	Connect Charter School
Ashleigh Perales	Mr. Schornack	Vineland Middle School

7th Grade

Declan Lujan	Mrs. See	St. John Neumann Catholic School
David Millea	Mrs. See	St. John Neumann Catholic School
Margaret Moore-Gonzales	Mrs. See	St. John Neumann Catholic School

8th Grade

Naomi Castillo	Ms. Halverson	Risley International Academy of Innovation
Dalicia Herrera Owens	Mrs. Chavez	Vineland Middle School
Justin Robles	Ms. Halverson	Risley International Academy of Innovation

10th Grade

Alek Amahaya Taylor	Mr. Grossen	Pueblo County High School
Wesley Arnot	Mr. Harris	Swallows Charter Academy
Diana Morris	Mr. Ferguson	Swallows Charter Academy

11th Grade

George Batuello	Mr. M	Baxter Online School
Alison Cruz	Mr. Romero	East High School
Julianna Kneuper	Mrs. Bowker	Pueblo County High School

12th Grade

Raelee Gonzales	Mr. Oreskovich	Pueblo County High School
Leandro Martinez	Mr. Romero	East High School
Kyana Vigil	Mr. Romero	East High School

Adult

Annika Halverson
Mark Harris
Nancy Joann Schlichter

POEMS



Spring

Gianna Kochenberger

When I think about spring, I see yellow and black busy bumblebees.
When I think about spring, I smell beautiful flowers that are starting to sprout.
When I think about spring, I hear pretty birds chirping in the sky.
When I think about spring, I taste a delicious cold popcicle.
When I think about spring, I feel the green grass on my hand.

Goodbye Winter, Hello Spring

Nathaleena Murillo

Goodbye cool and silky frosts.
Hello pretty colored butterflies.
Goodbye epic snowflakes that are fun.
Hello green grass that is pretty.
Goodbye long sleeves.
Hello tank tops.

Goodbye Winter, Hello Spring

Dantes White

Goodbye cold snow.
Hello flowers.
Goodbye snow tree.
Hello mother nature.
Goodbye Northern Lights.
Hello warmth.
Goodbye snowstorm.
Hello growing plant.
Goodbye hailing.
Hello rainbows.

Living the Best Life

Londo Lave

Living the best life,
On earth right now,
Now I have a dog.
Do I come to Paulo's pool party?

Leaving my house,
At his house,
VIP, I got VIP,
End now, I'm going home.

The Bat and the Cat

Zakiah Malone

A Blue Jay in bath
Eating delicious spring seeds
Their eyes are coal black.



Untitled

Arri Wal

About that time,
Rises the sun,
Rides are open,
It was all fun.

Water is playful,
Acai refreshers everywhere,
Lakes and pools splash.



Untitled

Cecily K. Larson

January snow at the ready
even though your sled is unsteady
February with Valentines
candy hearts and lots of rhymes
March the start of spring
we all hear the birds singing
May the children will play
while the parents go to the cafe
June school is out
so we roam about
July we swim in the pool
and think it feels cool
August people think it's cruel
that they have to go back to school
September the leaves are falling
The pants feel like they need to start stalling
October with a spooky night
witches and ghosts might be a sight
November right before Christmas
time to make a wish list I think I want a canvas
December the end of the year
we wish it was warm like in the frontier
Each month is very unique

Untitled

Sean Pitchford

The wind against my face.
Just about to win the race.
I saw the finish line.
That trophy was mine.
I pictured myself holding it.
My eyes are fiery lit.
My feet are as fast as the speed of light.
I was going for the right.
I took it and passed.
My feet blast.
I lost first.
My mouth needed thirst.
Congratulated first.
And that's my verse.

Untitled

Alaina R. Navarrete

Going to school,
In a car,
With a chocolate bar.
Listening to songs,
Dancing along.
Getting dropped off.
Walking off.
Going inside.
Burr.
It's cold outside.
Seeing everyone,
In their seats
Eating a treat.
Doing our work.
Most are like lurks.
Now leaving school,
Living like a jewel.

Thinking of Spring

Harper Baxter

A man in his thoughts
Flowers and butterflies in his dreams
But while it's winter,
Thinking about spring,
A man can only dream
All the colors in his thoughts,
Show in his character,
When he walks into the room,
Everyone brightens up
If you ever pass this man,
You are in luck
For this man will help you see
The darkness in winter also has the
brightness of spring.

My Heart is Bruised

Noah J. White

My heart is bruised

That's what usually
Scares them away the
First time.

Maybe it's because I'm clingy?
But really I'm just a mess.

I worry too much about
What people think about me.
And the grades I get at school and
What will happen?

I also think too much about
Whether you like me or not.

I want to feel pretty
Like the boys and girls I see
In movies.

That's why a stupid person like me
Has a bruised heart.

Rainfall

Ashleigh Perales

The soft pitter patter,
Sky crying upon us,
Raindrops landing upon a window.
Every child waiting for the rain to ease.

The fresh smell,
The puddles created,
A smell many like.
The kids splash and play in.

A rainstorm,
Hours of waiting,
Dark and drowsy.
Turned into hours of fun.

Cats

Declan Lujan

Little furballs that make you smile
They cuddle in a little doggy pile
They are little kittens
In mittens
They drink snow white milk
And nap on nice soft silk
They have razor sharp claws
On their fairly soft paws
They clean each other's faces with their rough tongues
They like to play with their young
They enjoy red lasers
They are a real chaser!
They love napping all day long
They sleep very strong
They like to hunt birds
That's just absurd!
They like to hide in small places
So they can't show their faces
They like to climb up high
Because sometimes they're shy

Golf

David Millea

Golf is the game for me
Hit the ball for a birdie
It rolled around on the green
My best shot went unseen
That bogey is where that shot did end
The next hole lets me start again
I ran a cart into a tree
Oh no they will be after me
I should skip the next hole
I'm upset I didn't meet my goal
Golf is a game I like to play
Can't wait for another day

Umbrella

Margaret Moore-Gonzales

Under the cover of a pale blue umbrella
The vibrant colors of the leaves
The bright spot she is guided towards

Perfect

Naomi Castillo

"You're so pretty"
I stare at myself in the mirror
Pick
Pick
Picking at my skin

"Please tell me your workout routine"
My head in the white ceramic bowl
Fingers going
Deep
Deep
Deeper into my throat

"I love your hair"
In the shower
Fall
Fall
Falling out of my scalp

I Open Doors

Dalicia Herrera Owens

I open doors with happiness.
I open doors with joy as the doors are still open.
The light will come my way as I'm still happy
knowing the light would slowly fade away.
Tears falling on my cheek
I put my arms out or so to speak.

The Art of Winning

Justin Robles

Hear the words, "Hike," then you are on go
Heart beating out of your chest like a drum
Last play of game how bad do you want it
Want to go down in history or go down in disbelief

Catch the ball try not to fall
Get to the end zone by all means
Run, run, and run is all you will hear
You get into tunnel vision there is no going back now
Want to go down in history or go down in disbelief

Pass the link just in time as the clock strikes zero
Alone in the endzone crowd gets loud opponents start to frown
Team picks you up on their shoulders like you are the crown
You go down in history and not disbelief!

Ten Little Mice

Alek Amahaya Taylor

There's ten little mice
Who all belong together
But this is no story, not something for pleasure
It's the cold truth
Something that most people don't see
So there's ten mice now
And we go 'till there's three

Ten little mice
Who play through the day
They don't need to escape
So one little mouse thinks she has time
But a cat sees a meal
So then there were nine

Nine little mice
Who are nervous and afraid
They're living their life
But one went astray
He took the wrong path
Died on the way
And after that, there were only eight

Eight little mice
Hiding away
They're surviving, not living
Trying to escape
But the cat found them again
And though they tried to run
The cat had new tricks

And then there were six

Six little mice
Who remain in our story
Now for five of them
Life doesn't seem as gorey
But for the one who cried
And hadn't yet died
He jumped off a log
And committed suicide

Five bigger mice
Committed to life
They're bigger now and they've survived
But even though it seems they lived as they cried
For these five, they might as well have just died

One bigger mouse works in the kitchen
Feeding the cats who took his all brethren
He slaves away and burns all day
While foggy memories play
To him, it's a constant pain

One bigger mouse just couldn't do it
She had ten little mice, all of her own
But never belonged
So she took the leap
Hanging just above the floor
Just for one of her lone little mice
To see behind the door

One bigger mouse is stuck in padded white
All he sees is flashing lights
And memories of what had once been
For now, he's stuck in a limbodic bin
He couldn't move on
Couldn't belong
So now he's here
Never again to see the light of dawn

One bigger mouse can only type all day
Another paper to fire, another day to slave
She tries to be hopeful
She's not alone, her brother is there
But is he really there when she finally gets home?

The biggest little mouse sits on a ledge
Has he quit? Maybe
So there he sits
Head in his paws
Tail trailing along
He feels alone
Nowhere to go

So he stands up, looking off the edge
And does a brave move that anyone would regret
And he jumps
Or he does, in his head
And then returns home to see his sister again

Untitled

Wesley Arnot

There is only one poem I hate
I hate it more than pineapple pizza
If you like sonnets you deserve nothing mate
It's as if a short story beat a
Will to learn for a young man
When all he wants is a day
To lie around as much as he can
And do nothing all day but now to be forced
To write that which he hates he must do so with remorse
For what he must create
So take this warning
Or else you'll be in mourning

Control is a Myth

Diana Morris

She ran through childhood, spending years waiting for the tips of her kiddish footwear to touch
the starting line, the beginning of real life, independence at last, the theoretical ideal
She ran with her rose-tinted glasses on and romanticized the floral eyesight, ignoring warnings
that hindsight is the clearest vision
She ran with unwavering expectations for youth, an optimistic and bright-minded adolescent,
failing to consider how much longer she could withhold that self
She ran, naive to the demons, she ran until she could no longer withhold the pace, she was tired,
a cumbersome and heavy body
Control, it was a liquid and her fingertips a colander, the liquid escaped through the holes

Never before had she faced the demons,
Not until she grew just a bit older, years trickling through the cracks like the dripping of a broken
bathroom faucet
Not until she owned the detrimental independence, she, a small girl stranded alone on the side of
a rural dirt road, left in solitude to navigate a world stretching far beyond
Not until the rosy glasses were relentlessly torn from her face, her vision permanently tainted
after they shattered, for they were made of cheap plastic,
Not until her reflection turned on her, it became evil
The demons caught up to her and she couldn't outrun them
They wouldn't leave, not until they'd completed their mission, their mission to possess her with
sickness, and so they did
Control, it had slipped away right before her feeble eyes

She was ill, her flesh diminishing and bones protruding as she shrunk down to double-digits, The
demons did it to her
She wanted to eat but couldn't as she found comforting familiarity in the stabbing hunger, The
demons had corrupted her body and mind, malnourished
Her dull skin and broken fingernails, the parting of her hair sparse from thinned out locks, The
demons were to blame for this state
She rested her hand on her chest only to feel a weak and near-stagnant heartbeat, it was the fault
of The demons
She'd run if she could - her brain would signal her body to move, but it was limp and it was
lifeless and was not to carry her anywhere
Control, it had diminished, never to be fully revived

Years later she may have some strength back, but she still runs from herself
She runs because The demons are comfortably habituated inside her, remaining until death
Control is foreign for eternity

All of Me

George Batuello

Split light through a prism
Dancing in the sky
striked right
One bright the night
Oh my a me is born

Where did it start it never stops
The divine, divided lines
Everywhere all at once
A glitch thrown into time
There's so many me's
That me will be
Is all of me, me

There's the dark cynical side
Ready for a reason to die
In his head
Good is dead
Why bother anymore.

Don't be so crude I say
Oh my a me is born.

The peacemaker is
Hope hoping for hope
It just doesn't work
It burns his skin
The hell he's in
Thinking he's the medicine.

"Don't be naive now"
"Don't forget us now"
As me comes through the door.

This person
So quick and sharp
He takes the hearts
Then throws them right back down.
It's not for him there is no one else
But him and himself.

Don't be a narcissist
Things don't revolve around you
There's less of you than view
There's bigger things
Than the bitter things
Stop wanting to be God
I say.
Still lavishing in the images

These people bickering with me
I stumble in their light
Floundering back and forth.
Their sound burns through my ears
All wondering what they mean
when I am dead.
Their sight beaming a hole in my head
diverse beauty, my eyes bled.

Split light through a prism.
I never understood the prison.
With the angels just right
in the nowhere of night
I get stuck in the middle.
Facing myself again
Rearrange and change myself again
To find just the right spot to shine...
again.

He Abandoned Me

Alison Cruz

One night in December.
Anger is all I felt.
Barely accepting his death.
As I let sadness take over.
Winter changed it's meaning.
Praying to get my beautiful angel back.
Everything reminded me of him.
Days, weeks, months passed still feeling grief.
Dreams of him every other night.
They felt so real.
Warm water reminded me of him.
I thought how lucky I was to have loved him.
My heart felt like broken glass.
Smiled and laughed around everyone.
As if his loss didn't affect me, he abandoned me.
I blamed myself, I could've saved him.

Proscribed Hallucinations

Juliana Kneuper

Look at me!... I implore.
Why must ye be so flawless,
I yearn for the soft caress of your voice, articulating my hearts' very lore.
The soft chisel of your face, Phidias's masterpiece
My paragon of yore

I beggeth thee, lay thine eyes upon me.
pure as the Caribbean, indistinguishable from forget me nots.
Thy smile bright it doth compel Apollo himself to kneel in devotion.
Blonde hair, golden as daffodils

HARKEN!
My heart sings! a symphony in 6/4 time.
An Elegy's Elogy for thee
Oh, Anteros my malevolent executioner.

Look at me!... I implore!
I thirst for thy focus kind and wise.
Alloweth my heart to drink its fill of your sea blue eyes.
I shall never need more.

My soul pelts against its iron cage.
Jagged adoration lacerating every breath I take with emerald rage.
My brain knowing we're merely friends.
Heart clinging to thee till its bitter end.

Air claws through my throat with petals of gore
Crimson life: desolatingly contrary to blossoms of ichor
I soar...
Weightless in my weakness

Thy voice capable of shattering my entire being.
Ye are my Adonis and my Achilles heel.
My affection, my destroyer.
I lived for thee, but ye have killed me.

LOOK AT ME!! I implore.
So, yours are the last eyes I see. Forevermore.

Why Did You Leave?

Raelee Gonzales

I was finally starting to build myself
Now left with nothing but an empty and lonely shell
Hoping and hoping I would even pray
That you would come back and hopefully stay
But here I am
Wondering was it me
Was I the problem
Maybe it was just meant to be
But I can't seem to beat the sleepless nights
So here I lay crying late at night
Fighting to make it through another day
Just to see if you are really going to come back or if you are going to slowly fade away
Grasping at every last bit of hope
Leaving me all choked up but no way to cope
Clinging desperately to every bit of hope
Feels like I've been hanging from the rope
I know they say to let it be
And you told me the problem wasn't me
But I still often times find myself wondering
Was I the problem
Was it me

Unbeloved Abyss

Leandro Martinez

Condemning responsibility, shunning fidelity,
a false dove,
leaving night tales incomplete,
curtains of tragedy closing their love,

death submerging their fawn, memories forever gone,
shattering a glass soul, scarring a reality,
Trying to justify his apostasy,
dreaming for his blight blessing, desiring a light company,
echoing like a hollow shell,
Suffocating under water, living icy hell,
Wailing for winter, allowing a cold new destiny,

abandoning us long ago, he will never show,
Blaming him, aiming anger in reflections,
Leaving lightless voids of sorrow, creating cycles of my pain,
relations of dysmorphia, releasing pointless rage,
brightening my dreamless void.

Untitled

Kyana Vigil

The season brims with loss
cold like glass comes the winter
I never learned to swim
in this water filled void
shattered into 1000 shards
each puzzle piece reflecting my sadness
empty hands throb as I drown in sorrow

Next season flows with grief
it circles around faster and faster
each cycle hitting harder
underwater deaf and voiceless
feeling blinded by mindless anger
frustrated with this loss
you left your place empty
it sways my deals, chains me down.

Greyhound at Pueblo Station

Annika Halverson

The faulty light flickers behind the storage panel
A jolly bus driver wearing jolly shoes smiles placidly.
Years of monotony plasticized on his protruding
lips and faraway gaze.
A quiet acceptance of disparate wayfarers.
He greets each guest,
 rocking his head side to side,
 doesn't miss a beat,
 chuckling at us as he tosses
 yet another garbage bag
 full of belongings
 hastily taped together.

"You grow 53 footers? Aww shii, I woldn'ta
taken you few that," a truck driver tells the snake raiser.
I hear intrigue in his voice, captured by her tantalizing
 descriptions of an unexpected hobby.
Throaty coughs wheeze out years of cigarettes.
Pikes Peak now trailing behind me
Tejano music cuts the sustained groan of our bus engine.
No one complains.
No one complains.
The woman without a ticket marches forward, "How you
 doin' today, ever'body?" announcing her presence to all.
Passengers mirror her greeting
 as if we are all old friends.
Window smears dull the truck lights, blurring my view.
Weariness settles on my shoulders like a fat bird,
 beside me, squatting in her half-crafted nest
Seats smell like washed memories, weathered
 travelers' unwashed bodies
I swallow stale air
Syllabic whispers to my side
The journey comes to a close
 Breaking momentum
 Waking eyes
A comfort in communing over shared space dissipates
 in the scatter over Denver streets
And I am a body, too

Ode to Code

Mark Harris

I love words.

I love word, words, worded & wording.

I love tenses, plurals, verbs & nouns.

I love to scribble them with pens, pencils & quills.

I love to clack keys on keyboards and
typewriters.

I love onomatopoeias.

Click clack ding! Ziiiiip!

I love hasty words.

I love tasty words.

I love lethargic words.

I love cathartic words.

Words like molasses,

That make you see through new glasses,

Are what balance my arterial blood gases.

I just really love words.

Sorry teacher,

I love advanced expressions.

They're really just my obsessions.

They're my most prized possessions.

Teacher, I have a question!

Can we come to a concession?

Words are words

No matter the impression.

I longingly love alliteration.

Birds are a flock flocking.

Nerds get a jocks jocking.

This is not a mock mocking.

I'm a sympathizer sympathizing,

With poems of synth, synthasizing.

I love repetition.

I love repetition.

Sorry, sometimes I get caught up In repetition.

It's not OCD,

It's just superstition.

It's not surreptitious that I love repetition.

I love conjunctions.

I love their functions.

When you say functions,

You mean mathematics.

When I say functions,

I mean grammatics.

Everyone thinks the ampersand

Is in no man's land!

Well I love you ampersand

Because I understand.

I appreciate that you authenticate and associate

Two words together to collaborate.

With many words I like to exaggerate!

I may not be confident,

I have a close confidant.

Sorry if this is really cliché.

But that's really A-okay.

My best friend is paper.

He's a real word shaper.

He has taught me codes.

With words I write odes.

Real People Are [palpable]

Nancy Joann Schlichter

If you are still real

then why can't I hold you?

I still see you,

you reside in countless photographs

some fraying around the edges

your smiling face

barely visible to the naked eye.

others framed in black

brown

gold

hanging on walls

and sitting upon delicate shelves.

the longer you

are

dead

the more unreal you feel to me.

were you ever here to begin with?

I see you everyday,

you are an ever-present force

in my imagination.

you,

a person who is no longer a person;

a human who is no longer a human.

now, you are a concept

just a vague idea.

how

do I make you

real again?

