

NORTHEAST TEXAS POETRY IN SCHOOLS

2020

ANTHOLOGY


Young Audiences
ARTS FOR LEARNING
NORTHEAST TEXAS

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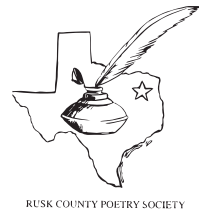
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For more information on the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Contest, contact:

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Visit our website at: yanetexas.org

brought to you by:





About Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools

Young Audiences of Northeast Texas is honored to continue a tradition begun by the Rusk County Poetry Society four decades ago by presenting the 2020 Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Contest. Each year, this contest provides an opportunity for students currently enrolled in grades 1-12 to nurture academic growth through the literary arts.

Classroom and language arts teachers are encouraged to submit original poems from their students to be judged by local poets and writers. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners in each grade level receive a certificate, and are invited to read their poems to an audience of family, teachers, and administrators at the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Awards Ceremony.

All winning entries are published in this Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Student Anthology. For more information on next year's contest, please visit yanetexas.org in the fall of 2020.



2020 Poetry in Schools Foreword

The tradition of Poetry in Schools began more than forty years ago when the Rusk County Poetry Society, a chapter of the Poetry Society of Texas, decided to celebrate National Poetry Month each April by honoring local student poets in Henderson, Texas, with a contest and awards ceremony.

Today, that celebration has grown to include hundreds of students and teachers in schools and home school groups across East Texas. The event's current name, the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Contest, reflects a creative collaboration between the founding group of poets and several other organizations: Young Audiences of Northeast Texas, Region 7 Educational Service Center and InSpirity. The contest awards now include 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners in grades 1-12 with a scholarship awarded to the winning 12th grade poet. That scholarship honors the project's first director, Henderson poet, educator, and civic leader Mary Craig.

The Northeast Texas Poetry In Schools judging panel this year is a distinguished group of published writers, award-winning poets, professors, and educators: Adrienne Pamplin, Anett Jessop, Brooke Kinsman, Carol Thompson, Justin Robinson, Linda Ayers, Melissa DeCarlo, Tricia Billington and myself.

This anthology is a presentation of the 2020 winning poems. Here you will find outstanding writing that expresses the ideas, experiences and feelings of students as they explore the world around them. The judges have chosen poems that best utilize the many aspects of poetry—imagery, sound, metaphor, and universal themes—to entertain and inspire readers. Our congratulations to these fine poets!

For many years, I have had the pleasure of serving as artistic director for the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools project. I continue to be amazed by our East Texas budding writers and to be inspired by their poems. My heartfelt thanks to all the students who submitted to our contest, their teachers, the judges, and the sponsoring organizations who believe in the power of poetry and the importance of arts in education.

Anne McCrady
InSpirity

LIST OF POEMS

FIRST GRADE

Emma James	<i>Rain</i>	Page 9	3 rd Place
Nicolai Patterson	<i>Car Radio</i>	Page 10	2 nd Place
Kellan Allison	<i>T Rex the Dinosaur</i>	Page 11	1 st Place

SECOND GRADE

Sydney Rhodes	<i>Falling in Love with Nature</i>	Page 12	3 rd Place
Emily Torres	<i>Sound of the Sea</i>	Page 13	2 nd Place
Joshua Sims	<i>The Sea Lantern</i>	Page 14	1 st Place

THIRD GRADE

Cael Nettles	<i>School</i>	Page 15	3 rd Place
Dre' Lewis	<i>Things Are Not What They Seem</i>	Page 16	2 nd Place
Tabitha Molan	<i>Forgiveness</i>	Page 17	1 st Place

FOURTH GRADE

Olivia Leonard	<i>Earth</i>	Page 18	3 rd Place
Parker Lee	<i>The Elements</i>	Page 19	2 nd Place
Kilsyth Middlebrook	<i>Secrets</i>	Page 20	1 st Place

FIFTH GRADE

Alayna Lockhart	<i>The Wind</i>	Page 21	3 rd Place
Erick Garza	<i>April Day</i>	Page 22	2 nd Place
Tyler McCrary	<i>My Life is a Game</i>	Page 23	1 st Place

SIXTH GRADE

Kayson Brooks	<i>The Last Shot</i>	Page 24	3 rd Place
Zoey Johnson	<i>Beauty is Pain</i>	Page 25	3 rd Place
Kemuel Ondinyo	<i>Walking the Story of a Kid Being Bullied</i>	Page 26	2 nd Place
Brynlee Catt	<i>The Woods</i>	Page 27	2 nd Place
Hailey Hooker	<i>Last Time</i>	Page 28	1 st Place
Oscar David Ortega	<i>The Midnights Beauty</i>	Page 29	1 st Place

LIST OF POEMS

SEVENTH GRADE

Emilee Baker	<i>The Never Forgotten Holocaust</i>	Page 30	3 rd Place
Kaden Willis	<i>Only the Fast Ropers</i>	Page 31	2 nd Place
Kasey Rhodes	<i>The Orchestra</i>	Page 32	1 st Place

EIGHTH GRADE

Jenna Huss	<i>Try</i>	Page 33	3 rd Place
Ethan Campbell	<i>Fallen</i>	Page 34	2 nd Place
Nicholas Foster	<i>Unending Motion</i>	Page 35	1 st Place

NINTH GRADE

Elisha Keith	<i>The Foggy Night</i>	Page 36	3 rd Place
Archer Laird	<i>Lost</i>	Page 37	2 nd Place
Emily Rutledge	<i>Fairness</i>	Page 38	1 st Place

TENTH GRADE

Raven Williams	<i>Skies of Blue</i>	Page 39	3 rd Place
Chance Lawson	<i>The Wood Ducks of Tall Timber Creek</i>	Page 40	2 nd Place
Logan Samford	<i>A Walk in Winter</i>	Page 41	1 st Place

ELEVENTH GRADE

James Bailey	<i>Space</i>	Page 42	3 rd Place
Briley Watkins	<i>Southern Life</i>	Page 43	2 nd Place
Garrett Butenschoen	<i>Self-Actualization</i>	Page 44	1 st Place

TWELFTH GRADE

Dylan Gaskin	<i>The Duck Hunter's Prayer</i>	Page 45	3 rd Place
Carli Morton	<i>Mama Cancer</i>	Page 46	2 nd Place

2020 Rusk County Poetry Society Scholarship Winner:

Olivia Donnelly	<i>Breaking Even</i>	Page 47	1 st Place
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Emma James
Mrs. Ingram
Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Rain

The rain drops are falling
Loud thunder is roaring
Wind is blowing
Lightening is flashing
Puddles are splashing
Dark clouds
Fresh air
Clouds are crying
Wet grass
Drops on your tongue
Cool and cold on your skin
The puddles under your feet

First Grade



Third Place

Nicolai Patterson
Mrs. Ingram
Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Car Radio

Singing

Boom Boom

Music

Small square black box

Buttons to push

Rectangle screen

Feels like a rock in a cave

Feels like knobs turning

Feels like glass



Kellan Allison

Mrs. Ingram

Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

T Rex the Dinosaur

Goes stomp really loud
It sounds like thunder from the clouds
He chomps with his teeth
And likes to eat meat
He has arms that are small
And legs that are tall
That is almost all
He runs really fast with a terrible grin
If you go up against him
That is a fight you would not win

First Grade



First Place

Sydney Rhodes
Ms. Donnelly
Mineola Fine Arts Homeschool Co-op

Falling in Love with Nature

Damp and sunny days are good for mushrooms.

My father and I forage on these days.

Teddy bears and Reishis; Color galore.

Bright orange, purple, creamy white and red.

Spirals and spots and frilled, ruffled edges.

Spores drift on the wind and make me wonder.

Together we fall in love with nature.

Second Grade



Third Place

Emily Torres

Mrs. Harwell

Nettie Marshall Academy of Dual Language

Sound of the Sea

When I go to the beach

I hear the **sound of the sea**

When I go lay down in the sand

I hear the **sound of the sea**

When my brother hears the **sound of the sea** he says,
“That’s a relaxing sound”.

When my mom hears the **sound of the sea** she says
“That a soft sound”

When my dad hears the sound of the sea he says
“That’s a beautiful sound”

That’s why I always like to go to the beach!!!!



Joshua Sims

Mrs. Maricle

Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

The Sea Lantern

Colossal Tower.

Giant by the sea.

Long ago,

To ships it called,

“Here I am.

Come this way

for land and safety.”

Now abandoned by all but the eagle,

It stands,

Wet from the crashing waves,

Splattered by seaweed,

Enjoying its view of the ocean,

With a boat in the distance,

And the waves crashing on...

Second Grade



First Place

Cael Nettles

Ms. Newman

Birch Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

School

In school I hear
Soft walking, loud yelling,
and quiet talking.

In my class I touch hard metal gears,
Belling tables, and
Rough jagged chairs!
In the hallway I see

Angry teachers yelling at sad students while
Parents are getting hangry.

In my nose I smell the scent of
Tasty food, a tad dirt, and nasty perfume!
eww!

Finally at lunch I eat
crunchy vegetables, wack candy,
And my favorite of all, munchy fruit! Yum!
Now I have a question for you.
Do you like school?
I hope you do!

Third Grade



Third Place

Dre' Lewis
Mrs. Bagley & Mrs. McDonald
Wylie Elementary - Henderson ISD

Things Aren't What They Seem

Things aren't what they seem when it comes to many things.

A caterpillar can show that it takes time to grow.

A Lion may not be a friend, but does that mean it's a foe?

A villain may be bad, but one could save the day.

A person that is bad at things may master them some day.

Now you the truth so you can apply it every day!



Tabitha Moland

Mrs. Woods

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is like cutting string,
If not cut it could bring,
Anger with badness,
Or sadness!

If you cut to all ends,
You could get double friends.
Remember the warning,
Even in the morning.

First, bam pow,
And then wow.
I forgave it's easier than being brave!

Third Grade



First Place

Olivia Leonard
Ms. Woods

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

Earth

Earth is more than just our home
It's a planet in space but it's not alone
Every day it hangs with the moon and stars
It can be seen in the galaxy with Mars

Earth's favorite colors are green and blue
It also holds a lot of people like me and you
Earth is a canvas that holds a lot of art
Taking care of it, we all should do our part

From mountains to oceans, the earth has it all
We love our seasons winter, spring, summer and fall
Let's take care of our home and treat it right
So the stars can smile when they look down at night

Fourth Grade



Third Place

Parker Lee
Mrs. Lehenbauer
Birch Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

The Elements

The fire
making smoke floating through the air
The water
Swishing through the river
The air is swirling
And the ground is eroding
All the elements are here.
So many things to do
But the times BURNING out
The fire is growing
and so are the rushing waves
The tornados are whirling
And vortexes are swirling
So you don't quarrel with the elements
They're the quartet of nature they hold up our legs
The fire has been crackling
The rivers have been rushing
and the grass has been sprouting
And the wind has been blowing
Until it starts over
AGAIN.....

Fourth Grade



Second Place

Kilsyth Middlebrook

Mrs. Harwell

Nettie Marshall Academy of Dual Language

Secrets

Slowly revolving

Every whispering

Circulating

Running towards your

Ever quiet sense

Telling you to

Say it!



Alayna Lockhart
Mrs. Hicks

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

The Wind

I don't always feel you but I know you are always around
Sometimes your words are loud sometimes not a sound
Your touch is so soft its a beautiful feeling will never bring me down
I can be anywhere around the world but still you always find me
My times with you are the best and always my favorite memories
I remember the times you spend with me under the green trees
Now who and what is this I speak is it fake or pretend?
It is real and i would even say it is a very old friend
Who is this I speak of well we call her the wind.

Fifth Grade



Third Place

Erick Garza
Mrs. Bagley & Mrs. McDonald
Northside Intermediate - Henderson ISD

April Day

It starts with wind
The wind lashes against your face,
Pulls at your clothes,
Then angry clouds appear,
They start crying,
Then they start bawling out loud and
You can hear the booming thunder,
The clouds call your name in agony as if they will perish,
The thunder drowns me with fear,
The water just washes over me,
Then I feel their pain as if it were my own,
Then, they speak again,
They yelp for forgiveness,
Then they clear up their tears and shine down on me,
They brighten my day,
That is an April Day



Tyler McCrary
Mrs. Petri
Bridgemark Center for Learning

My Life is a Game

My life is a game.

I'm being controlled by players deep inside my brain.

They make me move,

They make me dance.

They choose my words; they choose my mood.

I'm not sure that I'm altogether happy with

Being controlled.

However, the thing about control is that eventually you
get used to it.

I'm in a game, being controlled by

Players deep inside my brain.

Fifth Grade



First Place

Kayson Brooks

Ms. Miller

Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

The Last Shot

As I step up to shoot the ball

I look to the left of my friend Paul.

He gives me a signal saying it's gonna be ok

If I make this shot I will save the day.

I look at my mom in the stands

As she encouragingly claps her hands.

I take a deep breath

As I receive the ball from the ref.

I take my time to shoot my shot

Every detail even checking I'm in the right spot.

I release the ball and let it fly

If I miss this shot I think I will die.

The ball bounces back and forth like a pinball machine

I need to make this shot to be able to fulfill my dream.

It bounces into the net

"Hooray, Hooray" my friend says as we bump chests.

I made my shot and I couldn't believe

My mission was complete and my goal achieved.

Sixth Grade



Third Place

Zoey Johnson

Ms. Miller

Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

Beauty is Pain

Click, click, click.
The cameras go into action.
All of this hard work,
To form the perfect collection.

People flip through my pages
Beauty is all they see,
Never truly knowing
The pain inside of me.

Perfect makeup,
Perfect hair.
Never knowing the real me,
All they do is stare.

Walking down the runway,
With a smile on my face,
When all I really want,
Is to be any other place.

Being a model,
People think I am vain.
But the reality is
This beauty comes with so much pain.

Sixth Grade



Third Place

Kemuel Ondinyo

Ms. Miller

Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

Walking the Story of a Kid That is Bullied

I was walking down the hall,
I slipped and I fell.
They start to laugh, then go play.
They say that I'm short,
And could never play sports.
That's what they always say.
I rise like a Tide, but they took me down.
Or at least they try.
They are so STRONG, they fly like a bird.
How do they leap so HIGH?
I can't jump so high, they think I'm not strong.
They call me a small weak emu.
But me, I do not listen,
Because that is what I do.
I have a different vision,
Writing what I'm thinking with perfect precision.
Some kids are out there STARVING,
We can do some d i v i s i o n.
Pollution WILL INEVITABLY cause a collision,
So let's make a decision.
Cause if we don't, we'll start crawling.
So let's start... and finish this mission,
And let's keep walking.



Brynlee Catt
Ms. Miller
Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

The Woods

As I walk throughout this night,
Will I ever see the light?
The trees,
The leaves,
The whispering breeze.
I feel the woods are calling me.
To the place so dark and deep.
Where the birds bustle and sing,
And the leaves cry out underneath me.
Where the wolves moan to the summer moon.
With their melodic tune
Impossible to understand.
Even so I cannot bear
The sadness in their golden stare.
The creatures everywhere,
They understand,
They know the words,
To the soft, slow song they have always heard.

Sixth Grade



Second Place

Hailey Hooker

Ms. England

Spring Hill Jr. High School - Spring Hill ISD

Last Time

Time goes by so fast
Unnoticed
Last time you get bathed by Mom
Last time you get read a bedtime story
Last time you sleep with the light on
While memories are made
Time is like a thief always taking from you
You'll trick yourself
Saying next time
But when will next time come
Next time is maybe never
Next time isn't guaranteed
Last time at the toy store
Last time at the shore
Last drive, last swim
The lasts
They happen more than you think
Without anyone knowing
Last kiss with your love
Last talk with your friend
Last goodbye
Lasts happen
So embrace memories
And every moment you're in

Sixth Grade



First Place

Oscar David Ortega
Mrs. Hicks

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

The Midnights Beauty

I walk across Midnight's glare
My Feet converse with the green laces of grass
The carved roots emerging from the grounds care
A song of two birds mingle abound
Must all things come to pass?

The winds gentle whisper soothes the midnights quarry
The branches extending the atmosphere mysteries
The stars dance about around the moon's glow
Away from it all in a peace so clear a night so sure

The illuminated sky glows about the night
Splattered with colors of green red blue and purple
The night of which could only be seen in a mystical world
Brought down to earth to enjoy without referral

And all in the time of midnights beauty

Sixth Grade



First Place

Emilee Baker
Mrs. Hipp
Quitman Junior High School - Quitman ISD

The Never Forgotten Holocaust

It was numerous days of genocide,
 Each life became a number - not by choice
 Thinking about the acts of the enemy leaves me mortified
 In the killing of each targeted person and their loved one's silent voice.
 Judged for something they couldn't control
 Nazis barging in their houses
 Children frantically crying as the Nazis set up patrol
 Wives, now widows because of the fall of their spouses.
 Soviet prisoners of war were murdered or they died
 Innocent people sent to concentration camps
 People had to abide
 Concentration camps housed the ailing ones, clinging to death and hurting from body
 cramps
 Those loving families used to plant farms
 They used to play games
 Until they were dismembered from each other's arms
 Like firewood thrown into an empty pit, parents were thrown into bright flames
 Children who used to have a bright prosperous future,
 Now suffer as desolate lonely orphans to suffer through generations of blame.
 Forced to hide and to run
 Jews couldn't catch a bit of shuteye
 Children begging their older sibling to put down their gun
 All of them, hungry desperate and bone tired.
 All that blood shed, millions of people killed
 We must bear witness



Kaden Willis
Mrs. Egan
Cushing Junior High School - Cushing ISD

ONLY THE FAST ROPERS

Only the fast ropers can win the short round,
Best of the best,
Hoping they're gonna get crowned,
Turning the butterflies in to goosebumps,
Turning the saddles into pickups,
This moment is mine,
I roll the dice,
Cowboy up and stretch them tight,
Do it for pride, do it for fun,
Pitch for horns, seize the day,
Finish the dally, turn them quick,
Beautiful loop, make it stick,
Dally your rope, look for the flag,
Clean run, throw your hat,
This is what we all came here for,
Champions don't have time to take a breather,
Call me a believer,
Let's go, let's go to the short go,
Only the fast ropers can win the short round,
Best of the best,
Hoping they're gonna get crowned.

Seventh Grade  **Second Place**

Kasey Rhodes
Ms. Hincapie
Mineola Fine Arts Co-op

The Orchestra

A poem inspired by “Rhapsody in Blue” by George Gershwin

You see the sun rise over the city, but the street sweeper hears it. It is a spiking clarinet singing in the band of his imagination. A pigeon lands by him and cocks its head. “That’s why I’m a sweeper,” he tells the bird. “They think I’m crazy.” The pigeon flies to the top of the cathedral and the man sits down; above him a boy throws rocks on a tin roof. “Sounds like cymbals,” says the man sweeping in time with the beat. As the sun rises in the sky, the streets begin to fill with people. Women in factory uniforms talking and laughing; children rushing to buy a pickle with their shoe-shine money. Men with brief cases and paper boys shouting the latest news. Soon the streets are so crowded that the man can hardly sweep without tripping someone. “My band is more of an orchestra now,” he mutters, as yet another person tells him to “Watch it chap!” A girl and her mother pass the sweeper. The young girl wears a fancy party dress, balances on her toes and smiles at the sweeper. “You’re a ballerina, dancing to the music of the city!” The girl nods, like she understands. The sweeper looks up wistfully. “You and me child. They say we’re wrong, but maybe we’re the only ones who can hear the music.”



Jenna Huss

Ms. Huff

Van Junior High School - Van ISD

Try

You say I'm shallow,
I think I'm bold.
Today's been a fiasco,
It's been uncontrolled.
I know I'm not perfect,
But I believe I can try,
I'm just another brunette,
I will not cry.
I feel all alone,
Although you say I'm not.
I'm all on my own,
You're all I've got.
In all this chaos,
I turn to you.
I dry my face-off,
Because I'm through.
I'm not perfect,
But I believe I can try.

Eighth Grade



Third Place

Ethan Campbell

Ms. White

Explorer's Homeschool Co-op

Fallen

A falling leaf like tears of grief. As they fall
to the ground, there is no sound, How
mysterious is their simile.

Eighth Grade



Second Place

Nicholas Foster
Mrs. Leppert
Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

Unending Motion

Size- unimaginable
 Speed-
 incomprehensible
 We stand on our shakey ground seemingly
 still

But we are
 not.

Our lives have an unending motion through the
 years

Until it
 ends.

We stand on our planet:
 Earth

As its motion incomprehensible Propels us
 through The unimaginable expanse we gaze into the night
 We cannot
 stop.

We turn everyday through our
 lives

Returning to the same
 point

Yet it is
 different

The one absolute constant we operate
 on

ifime

) But even time is not absolute
 We stand on our shakey ground seemingly still But we are not.



Elisha Keith
Mrs. Gillentine
Bridgemark Center for Learning

The Foggy Night

The Foggy Night is gray.

It tastes like salt on my tongue.

It sounds like waves crashing on the shore.

It smells musty.

The Foggy Night makes me feel joy.



Archer Laird
Mrs. Gillentine
Bridgemark Center for Learning

Lost

I am lost.

I wonder how to get back.

I hear people.

I see no one.

I want to be found.

I am lost.

I pretend to be found.

I feel hopeless.

I touch only walls.

I worry I will not be freed.

I cry for help.

I am lost.

I understand that I am lost.



Emily Rutledge
Mrs. Gillentine
Bridgemark Center for Learning

Fairness

I am a girl who wants to be treated fairly.

I wonder why people think boys are stronger than girls.

I hear adults say, "Can I get a boy to move this?" or "Can a boy help me?"

I see us girls getting treated like we are weak.

I want people to realize that girls are strong and that we don't care about messing up our nails or our outfits.

I am a girl who wants to be treated fairly.

I pretend that it will get better.

I feel like people see girls as people who don't want to get dirty and don't want to ruin their looks.

I touch something "heavy," and I hear, "Let me get a boy to help you."

I worry that it will never get better.

I cry out to God in hopes of Him giving me advice.

I am a girl who wants to be treated fairly.

I understand that people are trying to help us.

I say, "It's okay; I got it."

I dream that one day people will realize that girls are just as capable as boys.

I try to do things on my own.

I hope that it will get better.

I am a girl who wants to be treated fairly.



Raven Williams
Ms. Ware

Elysian Fields High School - Elysian Fields ISD

Skies of Blue

When I was six, I would always play
 alone.

Nothing but me and the skies of blue. The
 wind would bend at my will. The leaves
 would dance and sing. And the skies of blue
 would watch over the world That I created
 just for me.

When I was eight, I would escape onto the
 roof Of the house that was too quiet And
 read for the skies of blue. And when I was
 ten, The escape was from myself.

When I was twelve, I stopped noticing the
 sky. The mirror held my attention too long to
 look up. I lost the weight. I lost my mind. I
 lost myself. But the saddest part was losing
 the skies of blue.

When I was fourteen, I started to notice the
 clouds. Their numb greyness started calling
 my name. I wanted to follow them into
 oblivion. I wanted to float away with the
 clouds of grey.

Before I turned sixteen, I lost more than the
 sky. The night that I looked up and expected
 blue, I only found a vast nothingness. As the
 bottle of pills disappeared before my eyes, I
 longed to join the sky of darkness.

“Maybe one day the skies of blue would come
 back,” I thought as I closed my eyes.

I wondered if they would miss me when they
 returned.

Tenth Grade



Third Place

Chance Lawson**Ms. Guerrero***Woden High School - Woden ISD*

The Wood Ducks of Tall Timber Creek

Stillness crawls all over the lake, the sun, Slowly creeping over the treetops. Shadows of the tall pine trees running away from the rising sun As if they were escaping something. Small birds, starting to chirp, louder and louder. Often you can hear the northern loon, Singing it's eerie and haunting, but quite mystical songs. Suddenly, a subtle noise fills your ears, You look around but cannot make out where the noise is coming from, You see dark shadows contrasting off the dark blue sky, Like oil drop-lets on a piece of paper As they fly fast and swift, darting through the trees Like a dart on its way to the middle of a dartboard You can see, they are the beautiful wood ducks, Making their way to the flooded corn fields On the side of the cove, they land in the legendary creek, Known to hunters as Tall Timber Creek. Thousands of these birds fill the creek, Pecking the little acorns that fall off the trees. You sit there in awe of the sight you are seeing, You almost fall into a trance, looking at the deep dark red eyes of the wood ducks, Their iridescent feathers on the top of some of their heads Signifying they are males, as the sun slowly follows through the mouth of the creek, The wood ducks fly out, never to be seen again.

Tenth Grade**Second Place**

Logan Samford

Ms. Guerrero

Woden High School - Woden ISD

A Walk in Winter

The cold winter breath blows through the trees, Rustling all of the amber colored leaves. Every step comes with another orchestra of crunches, crips, and cracks. Deer roam the forest like lost ships in the sea, I never get to study them for long, as every time, they flee. I continue on my path as I reach Mrs. Rigby's A kind and worn old woman, her skin is like leather, I continue past, light as a feather. Feeling like I am a soldier on the march to Berlin, How it must have felt, to charge the beaches. I know I am not willing to die, so I am content here, Almost there I am beginning to cheer The trees watch over my expedition like sentinels. Seeing those bare statues of nature gives me a little bit of fear. Then, I hear it, clip, clamp, cronch. Those grey helmets, I'd recognize them anywhere. Ducking behind a rotten log, I pray they don't see my brown hair. Maybe one day I will reach that destination, but at this moment I will go home and continue the treadmill of life. Alive, but feeling like I have yet to be birthed.

Tenth Grade



First Place

James Bailey
Ms. Guerrero
Woden High School - Woden ISD

Space

The stars shine bright,
a bomb of fireworks
deep into the night.

The planets evolve, counting
each day, the galaxy; a
mystery to solve.

Astronauts floating throughout
space not yet seen, like the moon
when it starts to gaze.

Meteors form, a comet
gathering dust, brewing up a
dangerous storm.

Shooting stars seen from Earth,
the sun with massive heat, the
universe at its birth.



Briley Watkins

Ms. Guerrero

Woden High School - Woden ISD

Southern Life

I come from the south, Where sweet tea is the same
as water, And fried chicken is a five star meal. I
live in Texas, Where everyone has a proud country
raisin'. And most have their guns blazin'.
Welcome into my home, Mi casa es tu casa, And
y'all ain't leaving till you're full, ya hear? I'm
proud to have cattle, and yes, I own a saddle. I'm a
small town girl, with bell bottoms and beliefs. We
say yes sir and no ma'am, And all the neighbors
know who I am. I come from the south, Where we
love wholeheartedly and dream big.

Garrett Butenschoen

Ms. Ware

Elysian Fields High School - Elysian Fields ISD

Self-Actualization

To live without reason
Is to be a husk
But too much purpose
And you become peaceful Yet deceitful,
Like a buddist Judas.
Parents select your foundation,
But you select the oak,
So in your house of liberation,
Do you chose separation?
My foundation is sand
The wood is rotting,
No wonder none will visit
Its stability is my own.
I guess I'm like
a little goth art student,
Take away his pen
next day at school he starts shooting.
But as I look at the ruins
Trying to place the fault on someone,
I realise there's nobody else,
The only person judging me is myself.
Our house isn't made of material wealth,
It's built by the state of our mental health.



Dylan Gaskin
Mrs. Wiggins
Woden High School - Woden ISD

The Duck Hunter's Prayer

When the 4:30 alarm sounds
Lord lay me down in the frozen fields
Gazing at the beautiful orange skies
Though the flying fowl I do not yield
I see them coming with sharp eyes
My dog bedded in the grass
Laying ducks down is our task
Lord I pray to shoot straight
And my aim to be accurate
Though killing is not my goal,
It is the harvest of the animal
I seek the beauty of the hunt
The challenge I will always accept
It is the hunt
It is the thrill
That I thank God for.
Amen.

Twelfth Grade



Third Place

Carli Morton
Mrs. Wiggins

Woden High School - Woden ISD

Mama Cancer

What a wonder of the world
With new life I'm not sure
A frail flower, no hair left
How we have no cure
Save a younger life at least
Stomach bumps and baby thumps
Don't take my angel to home in heaven
Capture my soul
Leave my legacy
Keep me alive
But only in a faint memory
As my infant grows
Generations upon my tombstone
Remember my name
Look after my daughter
For my body possesses cancer.



Olivia Donnelly
Mrs. Donnelly
Mineola Fine Arts Co-op

Breaking Even

To breathe in the delicate wisp of steam rising from a pot of brewing coffee.

To revel in a winter sunset, as rays of gold and pink beam off icicles and frost.

To feel warm summer rain trickle down your forehead and dance around the corners of your mouth.

To climb, head throbbing and air coming thin, mind and body reeling and dizzy, until every last ounce of strength is wasted and you collapse while hills and trees are rolled out like a soft carpet miles below you.

And to know that it will never be enough.

To know that even the glory of a night sky, studded with stars hanging like jewels in a velvet carpet, will not be enough to keep back the tears that maybe have never come, but are waiting, and the cry in our throats that maybe is never spoken but is screaming out silently for someone to really hear us.

To know that our hearts were created for something so far beyond our comprehension that we will never be satisfied with the here and now, and we may never even know why.

To know we will never break even here.



Twelfth Grade

First Place



Young Audiences of Northeast Texas is honored to be able to continue the great tradition of Northeast Poetry in Schools. The literary arts are critical to the development of students and provide the opportunity for them to find their voice.

Young Audiences is committed to using all art forms to enrich the lives of children and enhance their education. We believe in a three part approach to a comprehensive education in and through the arts; Arts Education - the pure teaching of the arts; Arts Integration - using the arts to reinforce non-arts content; and Arts Exposure - helping students to see that art is all around them. Our experienced teaching artists partner with teachers and administrators to bring the arts directly to the students - right in their schools and classrooms. Our artists bring arts instruction to schools where not all forms are taught. They also work with teachers to integrate arts learning with other content, expanding understanding in both the art form and the paired content. Additionally, we pair with other arts organizations to expose students to all forms of art in their communities.

Research has proven that investment in arts education results in improved academic, social, and civic outcomes. In addition to those outcomes, access to the arts is invaluable in helping students gain the life skills necessary to find their passions.

The poems presented here are a vivid testament to this.

We join you in celebrating these talented students.





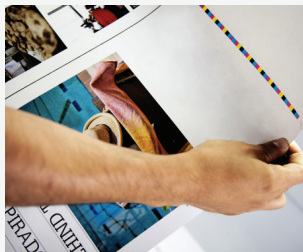
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