

# Stow-Munroe Falls Public Library Poetry Contest

November 24, 2021

## A Perfect Day in Nature

Violet Rumburg

Children 1<sup>st</sup> Place

As birds sing their song,  
Foxes stretch up to the sun  
And a new day starts

Branches wave their leaves  
Trees reach up to grab the sun,  
Swaying with the wind

Sun rises and sets  
Red oranges and yellows  
Such a perfect mix

## Flying Birds

A.J. Rumburg

Children 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

Birds are amazing  
Blue birds, black birds and red birds  
Tweeting everywhere

A yellow bird is  
Happily munching on seeds  
Then it flies away

Birds are migrating  
Squirrels are hibernating  
Now it is silent

## Falling Leaves

A Haiku by Nora Flaker

Children 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

Falling leaves in fall.  
Fun to play in with a friend.  
Crunchy at my feet.

## How It Feels to Read

Caleb Smith

Teen 1<sup>st</sup> Place

When I read I dive into another world  
Like my imagination has been hurled  
Into a realm of possibility and wonder  
The words reverberating in me like thunder.

I feel a great sense of peace  
Exploring adventures like the Golden Fleece,  
But I always feel a sense of elation  
When I dive into the author's creation.

Or sometimes these stories make me weep,  
When my favorite character finally has to sleep.  
Reading this makes me descend into sadness,  
Only to keep reading, and reveal all the madness.

With a heart wrenching twist, something is revealed,  
A character is gravely hurt, or a friend is healed.  
When I read of courage I feel brave  
Like I could surf even the tallest wave.

Alongside the hero, I can do anything,  
Until I'm called to my next class with a ring.  
But I leave yearning to know what happens next,  
I yearn to dive deeper into the text.

If I am reading, I'm not to be disrupted,  
If I am, the experience will be corrupted.  
When I finish the book, I feel a great sorrow,  
I have finished a story, but am excited for tomorrow.

# It Has Happened Here 2020

Zoe Dunsford

Teen 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

ICE melts at the heat of the border

Fragility splinters into shards of glass in a cold Hollywood

Being cauterized alongside fertile flesh

Charred plywood reads “black owned,”

The end of an immigrant bloodline

Sundown after the uprising of an American Kristallnacht

The summer of 1934 leads to the fall of 1938

The same summer as it was in 1955

An open casket

1992

A night vision

and 2020

There is no crime deserving

The colorful violence

The estival knives always coming before the autumnal glass

The battle is perennial and victory is never assured

Until the redlined are no more

*Coming for Blacks and Indians first welcome to the new world order:*

**EST. 1619**

## Camp Sounds

Ethan Brenn

Teen 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

The buzzing of bees in the air,  
The way the soft breeze blows in your hair.  
The way of the waves bouncing around,  
The sound of the lake...what a great sound.  
The sound of the campfire cracking and crackling,  
The sounds of excitement of something fun happening.  
The sound of people snoring and napping,  
The end of camp there's lots of clapping.

## Songs in the Wind

Julie Wachter

Adult 1<sup>st</sup> Place

Like a Nightingale's Song in the Wind,  
Or the autumn colored trees,  
All that is beautiful must fade away,  
To give cherished memories.

Like a full-moon over the mountains,  
Or a distant romantic endeavor,  
How wonderful to have them bottled,  
So they could last forever.

But, if we held that beauty,  
Ever ready for our touch,  
The awe would surely vanish,  
And then not mean as much.

So, listen for Songs in the Wind,  
And marvel a fresh fallen snow,  
For contentment at enjoying each moment,  
Is the greatest peace you could know.

## A Brick House

Diane Fencil

Adult 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

I could build a house  
With all the books on my shelf,  
A layering of brick upon brick,  
But I would remove one to read,  
And all the rest I would eventually savor,  
Savor like a campfire browning marshmallows.  
My books could feed a bonfire,  
All the characters and places singed,  
Gone up in smoke.  
Should my house burn down,  
I would be missing whole worlds,  
Little households in miniature to mine,  
But mine the solid frame that holds them.  
Only now at this time do I have a shelf to hold them.  
It is possible the books/myself would be without walls.  
I would visit the library to warm up  
And read what I cannot borrow because  
I have no address.  
Looking at my study wall,  
I see the sun rise on possibility.  
I could open a book and forget where I am;  
I could remove a brick from my collection.  
These books not worth much in money,  
But sustain a household's green philosophy,  
A caulking drought.  
Would I sell each, one by one, as the collector  
Who has valuable beams to remove?  
These books they would not fetch much,  
But if I have to lighten my load, I would have to  
Find each and every book a good home.  
Books have kept rain drops from my head,  
Have built a wall that tumbles down  
When I read its history.  
When you hold a book,  
You erase hard facts,  
Let the time between from now when you have  
Something  
And then like the time in the future when you don't.  
You may go as far as to say ...  
If you have a book, you have a roof over your head.

## Esther

Joy Winstead

Adult 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

I step through the back door,  
next to the kitchen.  
Warm, steamy air rushes toward me

Esther greets me with a smile  
as we sit at the kitchen table,  
covered with a thick pink and white cloth

A potted Christmas tree, a poinsettia or  
school catalog in my hand,  
as we chat over warm tea

As I look down at the cloth in my hands  
or at the many signed cards from her,  
I remember. And smile.