

Friends of the Bedford Free Library

2018 Poetry Contest Winners

Ages 6-9

First: *Seasons Work Together* by Scarlett Lucchese

Second: *Love is in You* by Reese Plaford

Third: *Forest, Plains, Ocean and World* by Harry Williams

Ages 10-12

First: *The Remnants of a Star* by Jacob Elias Feldman

Second: *Kitchen* by Leah Scharf

Third: *Powerfully "It"* by Ceanna Hidalgo

Ages 13-17

First: *Swing Time* by Warren Kennedy-Nolle

Second: *Pictures and Recipes* by Ethan Karas

Third: *Change, or Thus the Lack Thereof* by Sasha Boguraev

Honorable Mention: *As Time Ticks On* by Sofia Soderberg

Seasons Work Together

by Scarlett Lucchese

It was very, very lonely. Foxes padded away with their cubs as the fragrant scent of lilacs filled the air. Robins nested their young, singing, but nobody knew what they sang. The last flakes drifted in the air. Nests being made, and washed down onto the sage. The last and loneliest snowflake drifted ashore, it melted with only its silver pigment left behind. The last leaf fell down, blending with the warm fox pelts. Warm waters rose, still searching for missing color. Ivy disguised the hunting fox about to pounce onto the lone rabbit. Wait! Come out and play! I won't lead you astray! It's that kind of season, bugs, flowers and raincoats galore! So come out with me, and open the door!

Love is in you

by Reese Plaford

Love is in you.

Love is in your mind,

In your houses,

In your town.

In your country

In your body,

In your community,

In the air,

But most of all in you.

You will walk on air,

And in the clouds and trees.

You will spread love,

Throughout the world,

On every mountain top,

On the hills,

In every continent,

In every country,

In every house,

On every rooftop

But most of all,

In every heart and brain.

Love is in you.

Forest, Plains Ocean and World

Harry Williams

I am the star that shines the brightest.

I am the panda that lives in the forest.

I am the sunshine that lights up the world.

I am the horse grazing in the plains.

I am the breeze that glides right past your arms.

I am the whole universe.

The Remnants of a Star

Jacob Elias Feldman

When others enter and leave our lives,
 remnants are left behind
Remnants which we hold close to our
 hearts and relive within our minds
These others do not have to be human,
Possibly aviary, canine, or in this case, a horse
 Remnants are left behind that
 we will cherish (of course)
But only in rare cases, these remnants explode
 into energy, neutrinos, and gas
Remnants that are almost as large (in our hearts)
 as their original, unabridged mass
 And after thousands of years,
 we peer inside and there they are
Remnants that can only be explained
 as the remnants of a star.

Implants of emerald, within the grass
 Remnants of Star's joyful dance
Wells of saliva, coating salt bricks
 Remnants of Star's jovial licks
 Splashes of water, upon the sand
Remnants of how Star loved the water
 As much as land

Areas of meadow, vandalized by apple cores
Remnants of fruit tough yet sweet (just like her)

Making a sweet smile, owned by a little girl
Remnants of how, to her, Star was the world

Patches of grass, dyed crimson red
Remnants of the spot where Star had bled
Pebbles and twigs, on which she had tripped
Remnants of the Earth, dragged along as Star slipped
Plummets resulting in the snap of a bone
Remnants of her fall, to which her screams can atone
Melancholy expressions, as the doctor shook his head
There are no remnants of such, as no words were said

The juiciest of fruits, waters of chamomile
Remnants of the days Star was brought her favourite meals
And the little girl's smile, displayed in inverse
Remnants of how Star was slowly getting worse
The little girl's clothing, soaked in the rain
Remnants of the dreary walks she took to ease the pain
Those days, in which no sun shone in her sky
Remnants of the days she would simply lay down and cry

But wherever she went, travelled however far
She would always have these remnants.

The remnants . . .

. . . of a Star.

Kitchen

Leah Scharf

The red wooden refrigerator,

Sink, microwave

The toy kitchen that sits in my playroom

The wooden fruit, vegetables

The meals I would serve to friends,

Family, Dolls

The dolls that lay close to the kitchen

Or the easel that stands near the 'restaurant'

The marker carousel that rests next to the easel

The scribbles on the wasted paper

The paper that would then reach the garbage

Garbage, where toys would never get thrown away

The butterfly net that sits on the doll house,

The net were I would catch caterpillars, butterflies

Outside hung the bird houses I would paint

The chirping I would hear in the pool

Where the rope used to cut off the deep end from the shallow

The scrumptious barbecues I eat on the patio

Maybe they were from

The red wooden refrigerator

Powerfully 'it'

Ceanna Hidalgo

It works all day.
Is the head of their job.
never gives up, and at night repairs cars.
It never depends on luck,
and never shows their scars.
Works for its achievements
And evidently is a star

It is restless, and is so strong.
It is like a brick wall,
strong and tall,
It is a rule breaker,
and speaks when it needs to be heard.
It speaks the truth,
and believes in equality and is special but you haven't found the word.

It is truthful and talks about sports like it's the new lead
And never shows weakness and is fancy-free
Never has anything to hide,
Is artsy and has a degree.
Never kills for attention, or needs to be seen.

It isn't scared of challenges,
Isn't scared of the dark,
Is strong and never fearful.
Like a brave shark.

It is simply simple;
It is strong.
It is smart.
It is determined.
It is powerful.
It isn't fearful,
It hasn't been written,
But it is a woman.

Swing Time

Warren Kennedy-Nolle

Before you drove the car into the young pear tree,
We tried to disguise our rising kudzu fears,
Thinking, it's only Dauphin, a small king's fling.
Then stood grinning stupidly at the flattened thing.

Before you tumbled up the porch stairs, we cowed
Before that happy bully will, while half-dressed,
You let it be known loudly,
This Thanksgiving you were thanking both the living and the dead.

Before you chased your demons dizzy,
In dining room romp, we murmured
Grace to the angry God you stomped
Then we ate fast, faces to the plate.

Before you pushed yourself hard
From the table, spilling the cider,
You led a quintet with your fork and knife bared,
All the while plotting, silly spider.

Before you tried to swing
From the chandelier,
We saluted you, as your temper flared
Pleading with God to let us be spared.

Pictures and Recipes

Ethan Karas

When I was much younger
my favorite place to go was
Ellis Island.
There, through the entryway,
up the stairs,
down the hall,
on the right,
is a room,
and in that room,
and in that room
in a picture on the wall,
is my great great grandmother
Sadie.

Clad in all white,
her coarse black hair pulled up into a hairnet
she stands tall like an oak
next to a kitchen vat
the same size that she is,
stirring up a batch of her famous
“cannonball” soup.
(Really just matzah balls, noodles, broth,
And a secret ingredient faded from memory).
Sadie’s soup,
As my grandmother would often tell me,
Tasted and smelled so tantalizing and delicious,
that it caused my great great grandfather
to travel all the way from Poland,
I would stay in that museum for hours,
staring at that picture on the wall.
Her strong, trunk-like hands grasping the
ladle that is now
displayed on the wall
in my grandmother’s kitchen.
My grandmother would regale me with tales of
Sadie.
How Sadie often brought my grandmother with her to work,
waking up at the crack of dawn to take the ferry to
Ellis Island,
leading the first ever kosher kitchen as they served

12 million Jewish immigrants.
I would close my eyes and imagine
the wind in my hair
and the waves as they ebb and flow against the ferry,
The aromas wafting up from the kitchen out into
the crowded dining hall.

Years later, over a bowl of “cannonball” soup
that I had made,
The recipe (sans secret ingredient) having been
passed down to me,
Sitting in the kitchen where
Sadie’s ladle still is proudly displayed,
My grandmother showed me the original photo of
Sadie.
Now out of the museum
removed from the glass casing
I saw her closer than ever,
her hands still holding the ladle,
gazing defiantly into the bubbling broth.

My grandmother doesn’t like the way I make “cannonball” soup.
She says that without the secret ingredient
it’s only a close imitation.
But for me, who only has
Pictures and recipes,

it is enough.

Change, or thus the lack thereof

Sasha Boguraev

Ten years after it was taken,
two years after she left,
the photo lays in front of me.
When I gaze at it, two people stare back from the bench where they are sat
on a frigid winter day.
Me
and my sister

I am looking upon her
with an unwavering gaze,
while she
stares at the camera in disdain.
The red and blue jackets we wear should protect us from the elements,
but all they do is distance us farther

All my childhood I wanted to be noticed,
appreciated by her.
Yet she would turn me down,
slowly wear me down
like enamel on a tooth.
All I could do in return was fight

In my mind, another snapshot appears.
Across the room from me,
she lounges on a couch with a computer,
(At a time at which on of those I did not have)
snickering at whatever she is reading
Inquisitively, I ask,
“What are you laughing at?”
Her response comes not in words,
but in the shape of a sharp, shooting stare

Another image in my head
of me at various ages
ranging from 7-12.
Outside of the ski cabin,
I stare after my sister as she goes off with her friends
leaving me
all prepared, and ready to go
by the door.

Why is it nowadays,
even when she is no longer around,
I can constantly feel the weight of expectations
she has left on me.

In the photo in front of me, I'm the one pressuring her,
giving my all to be noticed
Why is it that all these years later,
I feel as if am the one,
Under her,
feeling her pressure on me?

Have I not learnt from the past?

as time ticks on

sofia soderberg

Steam curls from her second cup of chamomile tea.

She sits in a large leather chair studying the cozy cafe; as if she's a queen observing her kingdom.

She watches quietly as the faces pass by, hustling to get their coffee.

Silver hair is held back with a thin green headband, though some tendrils escape its hold.

She is doused in royal purple, accompanied with purple rimmed glasses that cling to the edge of her wrinkled nose.

When she speaks, a soft, curious voice flows out of her pink painted lips.

Legs intertwined, foot tapping to the subtle music enveloping the cafe.

As time ticks on her eyes have a slight hollowness to them.

As if something is slipping away too quickly to grasp.

Rising gingerly, a quiet creaking of her aging bones muffled by the bustling.

She walks out of the white wooden doors donning a beige sun hat, her red loafers scuffling across the wooden floor.

Returning as quickly as she left, glancing questionably around the bustling shop with a look of forgetfulness.

She pauses, as if at that moment time paused, just for her.

Almost as if she was looking for a part of her mind that was beginning to drift away.