

Friends of the Bedford Free Library

2019 Poetry Contest Winners

Age 7-10

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| First Place | <i>Chair</i> | Caroline Marie DeMartino |
| Second Place | <i>My Little Small Pup</i> | Emily Kalarchian |
| Honorable Mention | <i>Where I am From</i> | Margaux Citrin |

Age 11-12

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| First Place | <i>Wave Poem</i> | Vince White |
| Second Place | <i>Jelly Fish</i> | Piper and Romy Spevak |
| Honorable Mention | <i>Where I'm From</i> | Christiana Greene |

Age 14-18

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| First Place | <i>Eavesdropping</i> | Warren Kennedy-Nolle |
| Second Place | <i>Before It's Gone</i> | Anne Moody |
| Honorable Mention | <i>To Whom it May Concern</i> | Tommy Rozgonyi |



Chair

I creek

The girl sits down

I move back and forth everyday

We stack the chairs

For me

It's like being thrown into the dump

With everyone else thrown on top

I rest every night before school starts

The worst time is when

That person gets angry

I get thrown all around

Then she gets called

I relax

I stand there

Bored

Waiting for her to come back

Then I realize it's not going to happen

So I sit back and relax

My Small little Pup

My small little pup loves to play.

When I throw the frisbee she barks as
if to say ' Thanks for throwing me the
frisbee.'

Her white fur flowing her big smile
glowing.

Whenever she sees me she jumps up
and down with glee!

When the frisbee is in the air her tail is
like a sail blowing through the wind.

Her furry little face makes me smile!

Where I am From

I am from noises,
from barks, moos, and clucks.

I am from the early sunrises,
breaking through the dusk.

I am from the warm butterscotch cookies slowly rising,
the white chipped paint on the basketball court,
the shimmery aqua blue water cooling me off.

I am from the builders and bosses, short stories and eyeglasses.

I am from "don't do this and do that,"
and "don't be rude."

I am from the thumping of feet and the loud echos
of kids running up and around the halls.

I am from the stinky horse poop blazing in the sun.

I am from rolling fields of horses grazing.

I am from the vanilla soft serve,
melting in your mouth.

I am from those moments --
snapped before I budded --
leaf-fall from the family tree.

Wave poem

Seafoam and tanning sand make up who I am.
Born from the forest down to the rushing stream.
A loving family with a heart of solid gold.
I'm from blasting Armenian music and family reunions,
from prayers before meals and goodbyes before leaving.

I'm from inspiration and competition.
Heartbreaking friendships, rainbows and cookies,
cotton candy and milkshakes.
I'm from pie to ice cream and lemon icees,
from mouthwatering sushi and edamame.

I am from creasing folds to complete world records,
a Hawaiian grandma talking about the past,
but I want to hear about the future.
I'm from the slight of hand just to get a reaction,
blast from the past to the tube curling wave.
Change is the meaning from one to another.

Jellyfish

Spiraling through glassy water
An aurora of fiery crimson
Silver moonlight cascading down
Illuminating inky depths below
Its ghostly shadow trailing behind
Translucent tentacles gently drifting
Pulsing through serene waters
Silently awaiting daybreak
The jellyfish dances through the ocean

Where I'm From

I'm from the electric piano,
from the cherry blossom tree and soothing blues.
I am from t.v's blaring and ovens cooking chicken.
I'm from the dishes sweeping through
and the light coming in from the rustic window.
From fresh watermelons sitting, waiting to get eaten.
I'm from blooming nature,
the breeze of birch trees and tulips.
I am from wood, bricks and cantaloupe.
I'm from warmth and comfort, relaxed and hard working to happy.

I am from voices saying, "Fixing," "Building," and "Teaching."
I am from talkative and friendly to shy and calm.
I'm from the scent of melons and butter,
from the village to the city, from amazing and precise.
I am from happy to peaceful.

I am from Finnish lakes and forests to American cities and eagles.
I am from berries and fruits, hamburgers and meat.
I'm from reindeers, cows and fish.
I am from peaceful sunrises to talkative sundowns.
I'm from a fairytale dream and a city filled wonderland.
I'm from wonder, curious minds, and creativity.
I am a beaver from the family den.

Eavesdropping

We had come to see the psychic,
to find out what the family dead said –
what my brother, my grandmother might mean

by the flinching lights, and sudden lilac smells
all winter and ladybugs;
we were so lonely for a word.

Ascending the outdoor stairs to the attic,
where she perched
in her split level in suburban Wilton,

neither turbaned, nor bejewelled,
just blonde and bean bagged and bright hard

we followed her instructions, but I did not
follow when the medium said:
there was room for only one.

Instead, I stood, craning,
mid-step, wobbling for the whispers,
my mother's crying questions,

until her dog began to yap
what did she know,
did she know?

The house held me in hostility,
and I descended into dried leaves
that might give me away.

I looked to her yard,
where were planted queer jars
whose unknown contents flashed in quicksilver menace
while her off-clanging chimes chilled the air

but I didn't hear a thing,
I swear.

Before It's Gone

Start life with a bucket list
The future
is wistfully unknown
You don't know the diseases
With which you will be diagnosed
You don't know the injuries
You will sustain
You don't know who you will meet
The people you will love
The thoughts you will think
The words you will say
You have no knowledge of the obstacles in life
that may barricade your dreams like an army blocking the enemy
Making you wonder if the dream ever *was* the enemy

Life is like a clock - tick, tick, ticking away until
there is nothing left to time.
So spend the time you have doing what feeds your soul
And not what other people envision you doing
Don't bash your spirit for your confusion and faults
Enjoy the chaos
Because one day you'll notice the absence of it
It will be like walking into a room with bare walls
That once was filled with bright, colorful paintings

But also enjoy the things that make more sense to enjoy
The people who inspire you
The places you see
The little things that make you happy
Like riding in your car on a summer day
Feeling butterflies in your stomach
Laughs so impenetrable it seems like days before you can stop
The moments that make you elated to be here
Because one day
When that light is diminished
You'll wish you had.

To Whom it May Concern

I am tired of the rush,
The hustle of the city.
I am done with the busy streets,
And crowded subways.

I am going,

In the morning,
When the moon is hardly gone.
To find a place,
Of deep greens and blues,
And a silver stream,
By which to rest my soul.

I am going,

To wander on a starlit night,
Through the forest paths,
Where the sky looks to hold the dreams,
Of a simple man.

I am going,

To wake by the waterside.
Face east,
And watch the rising sun.