

**Kindergarten: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

The Pony Needs Me

The pony needs me  
And I need the pony.  
I need to hear the pony go neigh neigh  
And the pony needs to hear me too.

-Ellie Schubert  
Teacher: VanDenBroke

**Kindergarten: Honorable Mention**

I Have 99 Pokémon Cards

Bishop had 99 Pokémon cards.  
He went to the store  
To get some more cards.

-Bishop Wagner  
Teacher: Flores

**1<sup>st</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

My New Bike

My new bike is cool  
I like my new bike  
My new bike is red  
I like to ride it  
Along the Rillito.  
I might even start riding it  
Without training wheels  
(‘cuz my bike has training wheels).  
I like riding my new bike  
It makes me feel happy  
To ride my new bike.

-Jacob Colman  
Teacher: Hayes

**1<sup>st</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

My favorite thing to hear is...

trees  
blowing in the wind,  
with leaves  
that turn  
and turn  
and whisper  
a quiet song  
soft  
as a rabbit's  
footprints.  
I listen  
and smile  
and think  
that the tree  
is saying,  
"Come and play."  
"Come and enjoy  
the windy day."

-Carolina Alfaro  
Teacher: Green

**1<sup>st</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

I Like Cakes

I like cakes.  
Unicorn cakes,  
Shimmer and shine cakes,  
Butterfly cakes,  
Spiderman cakes,  
Superman cakes,  
Frozen cakes,  
Any kind of cakes,  
I like cakes.

Pretty cakes,  
Rainbow cakes,  
Amog cakes,  
Animal cakes,  
Tres Leches cakes,  
Chocolate cakes,  
Any kind of cakes,  
I like cakes.

Zebra cakes,  
Mermaid cakes,  
Princess cakes,  
Whole cakes,  
Soccer cakes,  
Pink cakes,  
Any kind of cakes,  
I like cakes.

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Dinosaur cakes,  
Lion cakes,  
Tiger cakes,  
Dog cakes,  
Cat cakes,  
Giraffe cakes,  
Any kind of cakes,  
I like cakes.

Chocolate cakes,  
Elephant cakes,  
Monkey cakes,  
Valentine's cakes,  
Gorilla cakes,  
Bear cakes,  
Any kind of cakes,  
I like cakes.

Flash cakes,  
Panda cakes,  
Horse cakes.

-Jaevia Dugan  
Teacher: Hayes

**2<sup>nd</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

My Finger Has a Heartbeat

My finger has a heartbeat  
I can feel it beating  
I wonder  
Is it alive?  
Does it have its own heart?  
I see it thumping  
Up, down, up, down  
My finger has a heartbeat.

-Ava Holt  
Teacher: Eggert

**2<sup>nd</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Blue Island!

My color is blue  
Blue tastes like the juice swirling inside my mouth  
from the sweet blueberry  
Blue smells like the ocean waves rushing to shore on a  
hot summer day  
Blue feels like a soft, fuzzy pillow on a peaceful night  
Blue sounds like the crack of a bat as the baseball sails  
into the deep sky  
Blue looks like a sad puppy's tear dripping down its  
face as it sits lonely in its cage

-Ryler Jones  
Teacher: Kupper



**2<sup>nd</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

How to Be a Paintbrush

Dip your tip in cold, clear water.  
Dance in circles through the paint and  
Glide across the paper.  
Don't be afraid  
You can use the colors of the rainbow  
To touch the sky.  
Work hard  
And know that it's okay to get messy.  
So spread your paint around  
And create something  
That no one has ever seen before.  
That's what paintbrushes do!

-Clare Smith  
Teacher: Green

**3<sup>rd</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

The Invasion of the Caticorns

I was sleeping that one night,  
waiting for day to come.  
When suddenly I heard a noise.  
Something?  
Someone?  
I woke up with a start,  
then walked to my room door,  
I saw a faint light  
and it made that sound some more.

Then I said; "Who's there? I really want to know."  
It said "Come here,"  
and went to the shadows  
where its body did not show.

Of course, I did what it said,  
and followed the strange creature  
and it went through a portal.  
(For a minute, I thought it was immortal).

Suddenly, behind me, my house just fades away.  
I had that little feeling, I want to go, I want to stay.  
The creature and the whole scene started to glow a bit.  
Then I saw faint letters; "Dens for Unikits."  
I giggled at the word and kinda wish I hadn't.

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Then, a few more words appeared;  
“Welcome to Cathaddit!”

I had a tingly feeling, almost being happy.  
Then I felt my head change,  
A HORN! (a bit tree sappy).  
My whole body changed that moment,  
a tail,  
whiskers,  
and paws.  
Then I heard a faint meowing,  
clapping,  
theatre applause!

-Ivy Buffalo  
Teacher: Clark

### **3rd Grade: Honorable Mention**

#### The Colors of the Rainbow

The colors of the rainbow have much meaning.  
They lay there every day and every night.  
But are still ignored completely.

Red is very emotional, but meaningful, too.  
It shows love and empathy,  
But also the fire in the heart, body and mind.

Orange is warm and welcoming  
Like a campfire calling you.  
It is powerful and strong,  
But also addicting and beautiful.

Yellow is so happy  
As it is sure to make you smile.  
It is bright as the sun  
And joyful like a field of flowers.

Green means growth and well-being  
Like acres of tall, healthy grass.  
You cannot see the top  
As if it grows forever.

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Blue calms and cools you down  
As if drinking ice-cold water.  
It is like a lullaby  
Singing you into a deep sleep.

Purple is mellow and enchanting  
As if you are in a dream.  
It gives you obstacles  
As if you and a witch were face-to-face.

But as a whole,  
The rainbow is a mixture, a team, and a bright  
partnership.

-Taryn Smith  
Teacher: Kiosterud

**3rd Grade: Honorable Mention**

Payson

The pine trees rustle softly in the wind,  
The maples so beautiful with the red, orange and  
yellow leaves,  
The creek as it peacefully flows cracking and crinkling  
all through the day.

At night, the warm fire cracks and pops,  
The sparks slowly and softly disappear floating up to  
the starry, quiet, and beautiful night.

Oh, how I love Payson.

-Ben Pershing  
Teacher: Kiosterud

**4<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

Senses

A dog barks, a cat meows,  
way off in the distance a wolf howls.  
A bat screeches, an owl hoots,  
you can hear the chatter of the 5:00 news.  
A jack o'lantern's grin, a garbage bin,  
a rat plans his next sin.  
Perfume puff, cotton candy whiff,  
I am way up on top of sniff cliff.  
Pikachu plush, lathering lush,  
nobody's eating that bowl of mush.  
Lemon drops, escargot,  
I love ice cream, o, o, o.

-Dashiell Chavez  
Teacher: VanDeventer

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**4<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Age

When you were born, your mom looks you  
in the eyes, until you do not cry.

Then you turn five, and you blow out the candles,  
and your mother looks you in your eyes.

Then you turn sixteen and you learn how to drive,  
then your mother looks you in your eyes.

Now you are forty-nine, and you have a family of  
your own, and your mother looks you in your eyes.

The time goes by and your mother is beginning to  
die, and then you look into her eyes.

You say, "Please mother don't go, oh please oh  
please don't leave me alone."

She says, "I promise I won't leave, and I promise I  
won't go. And I promise you will never be alone."

And you reply by simply looking into her eyes,  
"Mom, I've loved you my whole life."

Then you see her close her eyes.

-Naya Moukabary  
Teacher: Martinez





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Now I am nine.

You are only seven and a half times older than me.

The distance between us keeps shrinking, but you seem so much older now.

You sleep almost all day.

You don't move around very much.

You can't go to the bookstore or to lunch.

It is too cold for you to watch me ride my bike.

For years you celebrated me getting older.

You were getting older too.

As I could do more, you could do less even though I was catching up to you.

Time doesn't stop, and time doesn't slow.

But you slow with time, and time speeds for me, and

I hope I can catch you before it is too late.

-Ethan Bialis

Teacher: Hawkins

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**5th Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

Fear I Am

You know I'm here,  
I know you can feel me,  
You can't hide from me,  
I will always find a way to reach inside you,  
Of course you already know,  
But once you start having fun,  
I am forced back in the shadows,  
But yet you still worry,  
About meeting me again,  
You always need comfort,  
So you'll feel safe,  
But you know I have the power,  
Enough to make you feel overwhelmed,  
I can take form,  
On whatever makes you terrified,  
Mortal says to face me,  
So you try to block me,  
From reaching to you  
And yet you still fail,  
I will always reach you,  
You should know that already,  
No matter how old or young you are,  
You already know the truth,  
Because of course,  
I am after all fear.

-Chihiro Kazui  
Teacher: Williams

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**5th Grade: Honorable Mention**

Curious

Bright red that gets darker as it goes out.

Disappearing and

Reappearing

Bubble

Letters.

Goes up

And down

On the scale

of sound,

Like a big

Trombone

Strumming

All the notes

Together

Stinging

Sensation

Of freshly

Cut grapefruit

Waiting to be

Eaten. Trying

To escape

From your

Mind.

Taste of

Pop rocks

Sizzling

In your

Mouth

Hiding in a big

White room

Full of questions

That

Can't

Be

Answered

-Lily Marr

Teacher: Bowman

## **5th Grade: Honorable Mention**

### Calm

Calm is a form that is changing spontaneously,  
like an infinite geometric pattern.  
He is tinted with a bright grey, like London fog  
Calm is like an ukulele, satisfying to strum and easy to hold.  
Calm smells like a tulip, simple yet it feels like breathing in new life.  
Calm is always smooth, like a thick liquid killing off our worries.  
When you reach out to it,  
you can suddenly clearly see the world's elegance.  
Its taste is rich like hot cocoa on a snowy day.  
It warms you up, flows through you, and you never want to let it out.  
It is hiding everywhere,  
through the swaying trees to the gliding waves – like a force.  
Calm is my life.

-Jake Toole  
Teacher: Michel

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**6<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

Reflection

Silver scales glitter like a silent  
abalone shell, storm over  
a winter moon. I can see  
Reflections.

How many times do I feel  
Like the world owes me a simple  
pleasure of seeing the silent  
Reflections.

They are the only things that I can truly  
Connect with. I will never understand how  
Everyone fathoms talking to people,  
with opinions of their own! The only world that  
I can escape to with no criticism.  
Reflections.

All to fine power,  
To diamonds,  
To glass,  
All to the mirror.

-Jordan Andrews  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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**6<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Stereotyping Girls

A stereotype is offensive  
Like rotting garbage in the sun  
They are often used on girls

Some boys may say  
That boys are better than girls  
It is sad, like a tear

They say that girls are lazy and focus on their looks  
That is just like those tears  
Looks don't matter, some think they do

It's a myth, that we have long hair  
Some of us have hair  
That is short like a twig

We are told to be smaller than a guy  
Some of us are tall  
Like a tree

A girl is always saying she wants to be a princess (a horrible stereotype)  
When she grows up  
She can be anything

Like a judge  
A lawyer  
A warden (so bossy)

People say we are delicate like a flower  
And that boys are as strong as an ox  
But girls can have muscles

They say we can't fight, but we can  
We are tough  
We can punch

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Girls can be sweet like candy  
But we can be rebels  
And we can be rock stars too

Some think that we scream in the rain  
We've been told to complain  
Because it might mess up our hair

The rain is not so bad  
It's like a friend who comforts you  
During hard times, hard like a rock

But some of us play in the rain  
Like it is heaven  
And we don't care if it messes up our hair

Maybe some boys hate the rain  
But we can all like it  
If not then that's okay

Not every girl says OMG  
They have their own mottos  
Which are very cool

If you are Rapunzel  
Don't stay in your stupid tower, and wait for a Prince to save you  
It wastes your life

A girl can look after herself  
She can be her own hero  
And even be a hero to others

As for every girl in the world  
Don't let anyone tell you who you are  
You can be anything you want!

-Genevieve Berry  
Teacher: Salvino



**6<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Sunrise

The sun is waxing  
The moon is waning  
Golden sunbeams  
Illuminating the Earth  
In a giant yellow blanket  
The grass starts to sway  
The deep shadows decay  
Rooster crowing  
The wind is blowing  
The night is fading  
The moon is paling  
Overhead in the blue sky  
The sun is rising  
Slowly but surely  
A sunrise.

-Noah Sagar  
Teacher: Bixby

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**7<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

Spider

Inky discs  
adorn  
a lone ball of dust  
as it waits  
atop broken, white floors  
evenly cut shards  
fallen through

suddenly  
long thin branches  
slide along a sticky net  
hundreds of  
dangling leaves  
brushing up against  
firm threads

gliding over the rising tide  
of disrupted silk  
the assassin  
flashes twin knives  
coated in deadly poison  
leaving behind  
rows upon rows  
of empty shells

-Allison Carr  
Teacher: Bindschadler

**7<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Two Red Shoes

Two red shoes  
Sitting by a door  
Looks like a little girl's  
Dusty, yet bold

Two red shoes  
Abandoned by a swing  
Velvet laces trailing  
In sand coloured beige

Two red shoes  
Tied to a little one's feet  
One slightly torn  
The other stained, a bit pink

Two red shoes  
Handed down the line  
Mother to daughter  
Hers to mine

-Rowa Brack  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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**7<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Dreams

Dreams are like the blanketing mist against my window,  
fogging my sight until all I see  
are blurry shapes and hazy voices

As intricate as a mystery novel  
full of twists and turns  
and as simple as a coloring book  
with messy splashes of color

Warm and safe like my mother's embrace,  
and as cold and cruel as monsters that chase,  
always knowing just where to find  
me and my stricken face

They are as fuzzy as  
an impressionist painting  
and as clear  
as a sharp photograph

Like the beginning of a comedy  
promising good fun,  
and the ending of a tragedy  
leaving behind  
hollowed hearts

Dreams are like old friends  
opening old wounds  
yet  
bandaging them too

-Allison Carr  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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**8<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

The Day the World Woke Up

The foreboding fog had not only arrived,  
But concealed the silent mountain pond and  
Obstructed the comforting view of the moon.  
The ancient pond had once been teeming with life,  
In the air, on the land, and in the water.  
But it now lay dormant,  
Waiting,  
Waiting for something to come.

As the moonless night slowly,  
Ever so slowly washed away,  
A new friend came to play.  
It brought gifts of sunshine and color,  
Alluring color that clashed and mixed and danced,  
Painting a unique masterpiece upon the melancholy sky.  
Soon the grey, dreary canvas  
Had turned to a bright and lively scene.

The trees and grass had become a deep, lime green.  
The flowers had blossomed brilliant colors,  
Each as vivid as a peacock's feathers in full display.  
Even the animals had begun to appear from their hiding spots.  
The birds, soaring gracefully.  
The cows and horses, grazing along the grass filled banks of the pond.  
The fish, gliding through the water.

All have awakened, but have you?  
Have you seen and observed what beauty this earth holds?  
Have you gone out and frolicked among the flowers as the animals do?  
Have you adventured out into this world?  
Have you stopped and thought, "Am I awake?"

-Cole Yaskanich  
Teacher: Pelot

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**8<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Mask

Fifteen masks I wear each day  
To fit each person I encounter.  
For some truths are meant to be hidden  
From those who judge and deny.

A little girl, as innocent as can be  
Who knows much more than they'll ever see.  
The confident girl who has no worries,  
But is really holding all her insecurities inside.

The quiet girl that nobody notices  
Who watches their every move.  
The studious girl who seems so intrigued  
But doesn't really care about anything said.

Nice, forgiving, loving, sane.  
Cold, sarcastic, judgy, annoyed.  
Mysterious.  
Curious.

Alone.

Fifteen masks I wear each day  
To fit each person I encounter.  
And I will always have one on  
For those masks have become my face.

-Natasha Myer  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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**8<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

The Psychic's Dream

I saw you  
And I was there too  
In a white room  
Then your head swelled  
And contorted  
And burst with colors flowing out  
The vibrance spattered the blank walls  
Then the walls bent  
And the vertigo enveloped me  
My teeth fell out  
My tongue turned into a snake  
My eyes rolled as I saw technicolor stars  
Then you grabbed me,  
A headless beast  
Your neck gaping  
Your fingers were long and bony  
Your hands cold  
And your colors dripped out  
Onto the white floor

-Melina Leonard  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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**9<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

*This poem was written by Writely, a Markov-chain based algorithm, which I designed. Writely was designed to create text with similar styles to base text (Writely improves its prioritization with a genetic algorithm, so there is some variation from the original style). Writely was given selected works by T.S. Eliot to write this poem. It is important to note that while Writely mimics patterns in T.S. Eliot's poems, it is creating new material, which displays similar patterns.*

Evening

Six o'clock.  
The burnt-out ends of a city block  
The children's dreams abound  
In a winter's afternoon, in a single party.  
Whatever we inherit from anywhere, At any time

In the early afternoon.  
They proceeded.  
The cycle of seasons  
The cycle of toil  
Laughs without mirth.  
They altered their fulfillment.  
There are here are things and chimney-pots,  
And at the self a step to each other for misunderstanding,  
History is where we start.  
We die with which we were not.

-Writely  
Teacher: Stockton



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**9<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

17

As a bullet flies through the sky,  
People remember the events of years past,  
Where another bullet with the same intent  
Flies through the same sky  
And hits its mark.

The Parents cry into each other's arms  
Sympathizing with each other's terrible loss.  
They remember the last thing they said to their Offspring:

"Have a nice day."

"Good luck on the test."

And worst of all,

"Happy Valentine's Day."

Ridiculous speeches across the country were made by those who represent us.  
They made us feel emotion, but not the kind they wanted.

Anger.

Rage.

Disbelief.

These are what filled the hearts of people around the country.

Around the world, parrots and crows started singing "Moron! Moron!"

As the fluorescent lights dimly alight  
The 17 Pale Children of the Hospital Beds,  
Judged by 17 Bullets of Unwanted Release,  
Their life-force ebbing away with the force of a river,  
Those who represent us speak about the horror of it all  
And do nothing.

-Romit Banerjee

Teacher: Stockton

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**9<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Dear America

Tell me,  
When the streets are safe.  
No longer will eyes linger  
And calls are forgotten.

Tell me,  
When borders between lives  
Will be torn down.  
When we are seen as one.

Tell me,  
When I won't wake to see death.  
Children living true lives  
And the real monster is banned.

Tell me,  
When racial slurs are thrown behind bars.  
That all are safe here  
And belong here.

Tell me,  
When the number won't matter.  
That everyone will be happy,  
In their own skin.

Tell me,  
When all is at peace.  
War is only a thing in history,  
Not in the future.

Tell me,  
*When* will we be great again?

-Ember Wilson  
Teacher: Yantis

**10<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

Love Takes Logic's Head

Spinning between two fingers lies  
A great big universe.  
The people are so blessed with brains,  
And hearts so badly cursed

All Logic is corrupted there,  
And Love controls their court.  
They fall in Love so easily –  
It is their greatest sport.

But now I fear they've gone astray...  
Reality is dead.  
All Reason taken prisoner,  
While Love takes Logic's head.

How do I fix a world so blind  
A challenge in itself  
For changes there take centuries  
And Time sits on a shelf.

Slipping through my two fingers is  
Earth ceasing to exist.  
No longer can I stop their hearts,  
But will this world be missed?

-Maya Benita  
Teacher: Staton

## **10<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

### Distance

The sun peeks over the horizon at  
a field of carnations.  
Doused in rosy light, they bloom anew  
shedding the dew of the night  
like a heavy cloak.  
Bees dance about,  
landing on the sensitive petals.  
But it is the sun the carnations follow,  
ambling across the sky,  
brushing them with golden light.  
They stretch upwards,  
searching to close the distance.

The sun sets, dipping below the horizon  
in a flurry of colors imprinted on the sky.  
The carnations close, protected from the cold of the night  
and await the sunrise.

-Emma Blakely  
Teacher: Staton

## **10<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

### Soft Whispers and Velvet Shadows

There held nothing but  
soft whispers and velvet shadows.

The shadows leaked through what  
was left of the precipitating light.

Whispers whistled like chimes  
into the soul of darkness.

Ever so calmly there was nothing but  
soft whispers and velvet shadows.

The whispers brought sweet nothings  
and caressed the dark pits of  
nothingness.

Shadows stretched and cascaded  
throughout the embrace of tranquility  
all that was left was  
soft whispers and velvet shadows.

-Chloe Fidel  
Teacher: Meginnes

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**11<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

The Deadliest Gift

My life,  
a dull circus,  
Filled with  
Unamusing oddities.  
My costume is more  
Than a mask.  
Silk chains  
Along my wrists.  
A corset of fears  
Steals my breath.  
Ribbons and bows  
Distract from the gray.  
Paint makes me young,  
But their strokes take time.  
The tightrope I dance on  
Threatens my every step.  
Whispering promises  
Of failure if I glide  
One more slipper.  
Below the string  
Is a world with no talent,  
A limp and tears don't sell tickets.  
Yet, I walk.  
Slowly,  
Stopping,  
Falling,  
Til the lights are no more.  
And the last breath  
Is my first.

-Emma Burkhart  
Teacher: Yantis

## **11<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

### Drought

Long had we waited for our bleak grey skies,  
    Silently suggesting to deliver,  
But these clouds carried not rain, but foul lies.

    Even as the plants begin to abscise,  
    Cries fell on the deaf ears of Caregiver,  
Long had we waited for our bleak grey skies.

The rain won't come, and the crops won't rise  
The clouds came back, this time with more vigor,  
But these clouds carried not rain, but foul lies.

    Residents of life would meet their demise,  
    Mercy was not shown by the Caregiver,  
Long had we waited for our bleak grey skies.

No hope in sight weary folk prayed the skies:  
    "Please! Water! Won't you give us a sliver?!"  
But these clouds carried not rain, but foul lies.

    We moved away from the deceitful skies,  
When the clouds came back we did not quiver,  
    Long had we waited for our bleak grey skies.  
But these clouds carried not rain, but foul lies.

-Conner Wagner  
Teacher: Meginnes

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages  
Award-Winning Poetry from 2017-2018

**12<sup>th</sup> Grade: 1<sup>st</sup> Place**

Plot

All plots tend to move deathwards,  
Nefarious, gregarious, foolish and dull.  
The hero arrives with an empty purse,  
But leaves with pockets full.

Being a thief to feed one's family,  
Or slaying bandits and pickpockets for fun.  
There's no humanity in fantasy:

Just vanity and its bloody gun

-Donovan Guard  
Teacher: Staton



**12<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Our Faded Love

Together we lay  
Watching the rain  
You hold my hand  
As the sun holds its rays  
Through the window  
I see an old bench  
When I was younger  
You would take me here  
For hours on end we would sit  
And watch time go by  
Not once did I think  
My time with you would run up  
Now all I have left  
Is the memory of you  
And this faded old bench  
To say my adieus to you

-Nyah Williams  
Teacher: Meginnes

## 12<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention

### The Tale of Time

Time made a new friend one day.  
As she raced along she paused to say,  
To a small face so light and gay:  
“Hello, would you like to run with me today?”

Time’s face so calm and full of hope,  
yet just as taut as any rope.

A breath – a pause – but at last,  
The child replied: “I run fast.”

They pranced and danced, round and round.  
They ran and ran, neither slowed down.  
The arms of the clock made no sound,  
So the child began to sing aloud.  
Time smiled a smile as bright as can be,  
And ran along, knowing she was free.

And she looked to her friend, but the child slowed down,  
Now and again, making a sound.

Time’s once new friend, was now old,  
And was shivering, slowing in the cold.  
She said, “Come on we’ve got to go,  
I can’t stop. Didn’t you know?”

Time ran and ran, farther away:  
“Please don’t leave me, please just stay.”

Time’s old friend was a child no longer,  
Although she tried and tried to be a little bit stronger.

The child said: “Goodbye, I wish I’d known.”  
And Time kept on running, again alone.

-Maya Morken  
Teacher: Lewis