

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

Butterflies

Butterflies, Butterflies  
Splashes of color  
Flip flop  
Tickly legs flop  
Butterflies, Butterflies  
Where are you?  
Come to the light  
So I can see you

-Emily Siegel  
Teacher: Tigrero

**Kindergarten: Honorable Mention**

Lightning

Lighting, Lightning  
Destructive and  
Powerful

Lightning, Lightning  
Boom Boom  
And  
Flash Flash!

-Mason Clark  
Teacher: Tigrero

**Kindergarten: Honorable Mention**

Dogs

Dogs are very cute  
Dogs are swimming in the pool  
Sometimes dogs can lick

-Julia Castro  
Teacher: Luff

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

In My House At Night

In my house at night,  
I hear myself falling into my own comfort.  
I hear footsteps and people still being busy  
with the day.  
The full moon shines in my window saying,  
“Sweet Dreams.”  
In my house at night.

-Maximilian Seelbach  
Teacher: Hyde

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

A Seed is Inventive

A seed is inventive.  
It wiggles out of a  
flower and starts to grow.  
It knows when to soak up  
sun and water,  
and take in air.  
And it makes its own food.  
Then, it finds a way,  
to protect itself  
from predators,  
and pesky birds.  
A seed is inventive.

-Eleanor Fellrath  
Teacher: Pollow

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

The Domino

Six dots on a window  
Blank on the other side  
And no one inside.

-Walker Duncan  
Teacher: Bangert

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

My Color is Black

Black

Tastes like dark chocolate that was melted by a fire.

Black

Smells like smoke coming from a fire or a chimney.

Black

Feels like black ink from a printer that writes for me.

Black

Sounds like the forest whispering.

Black

Looks like a shadow that follows everyone.

-Momoko Abe

Teacher: Dubs

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

Night

Night  
stretches  
across the sky,  
while  
I gaze up  
at the moon  
peeking through  
the trees,  
like a sneaky  
spy  
on a mission...  
a mission  
to make  
the world  
glow.

June Vincent  
Teacher: Green



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

Black

Black is the color of a ninja suit,  
the color of night,  
or a padded leather boot.  
Black is the things you want to forget,  
a fast sports car,  
and a military jet.  
Black can be a smoking grill,  
a notebook, and a marker,  
or a windowsill.  
The fur of a cat  
or a vampire bat.  
Black is a burning bomb,  
a hat, a tire,  
and a raven at dawn.  
Black is the color  
of someone in the shade,  
a rusty nail,  
and a chainsaw blade.  
Black is a barking dog,  
black is a dark oak log.

Alex Yetka  
Teacher: Kraft

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

Me in My Bed

A light shines through the  
Crack of my window  
Fire crackling  
Rain dripping  
Coyotes howling  
Wind blowing  
Trees rustling  
Me falling  
Into my dreams

-Joaye Annabi  
Teacher: Willems

**3rd Grade: Honorable Mention**

Light

Bright, colorful  
Electrified, glowing, reflecting  
Volume, adjectives, change, perspectives  
Haunted, silenced, unwelcoming  
Unfriendly, scary  
Dark

-Stella Ausland  
Teacher: Alexander

**3rd Grade: Honorable Mention**

Here We Come

Flashing lights.  
Coming through.  
We have something important to do.  
Fire attack,  
Once again.  
Time to fight,  
Once again.  
Water sparing,  
People to the rescue,  
Everything is done to do.  
Firefighters standing proud  
Waiting for another day to be found

-Sofie Collins  
Teacher: Sizemore

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

The Beginning

I am just a child so it is only the beginning,  
I still have a lot more losing and a lot more winning.  
There are many ideas inside my head and I feel as though I'm  
spinning.  
Sometimes I want to go to the future and see who I am meant to be,  
But sometimes I want to stay in the present and let the world  
surprise me.  
But as I'm growing up I think I've learned the key,  
Let the future guide you, and you'll be happy with what you see.

-Sophie Al Nassif  
Teacher: Jeffrey

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

Swimmer's Waves

The Pool  
so smooth and silky still as the  
white lights cast a milky glow across the sea  
glass green waters. A swimmer,  
glancing towards the west at the setting sun on the horizon before diving  
in with the ease of an eagle's flight across the skies as they break the  
beautiful stillness into the energetic splashes of the swimmer.

-Samantha Gaither  
Teacher: Moricz

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

Statue of Stone

Like a statue of stone,  
Will I always stay  
Even if I seem  
To be the farthest away.  
Turn on will a heart,  
When friends are apart.  
Though I may seem done and fizzled,  
In your heart am I permanent and chiseled.  
Like a statue of stone.  
Our friendship is carved permanently together,  
Complete and forever.  
Together we can become masons.  
Sculpt permanently our friendship for future generations.  
Never will we have to change,  
Our very special exchange.  
'Tis the way of a friend,  
To stay to the very end.  
Like a statue of stone.

-Tessa Strickland  
Teacher: Gonzales & Martinez

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

The Artist's Vision

Here I am, palette in hand.  
Like a gentle kiss of hues.  
Brushing away the nothingness.  
I lovingly whisk the canvas.  
Life singing with a single drop of color.  
Tones of vividness exploding at my brush's will.  
The image of a barren canvas teases my brush of brilliance.  
The dappled voice speaks to me.

Avery Maland  
Teacher: Sommers



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

### Fog

The fog wraps around my face  
Cutting me off from the world  
A cold blanket of smooth grey  
Its thick grip closing painfully slow  
The fog is like the clouded breath of god  
And then I am gone  
Enclosed in its grip  
The terrible wrath from which I cannot escape  
The fog is like the clouded breath of god  
Writhing in its own existence

-Luca Cafiero  
Teacher: Allie

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

### Growing Smaller

I'm growing smaller.  
Don't ask me why,  
I used to be seven feet high,  
And now I'm down to my mother's thigh,  
Cause I'm growing smaller.

I'm growing smaller.  
I swear I used to be larger,  
My head is the size of my phone charger,  
"I can't cut your hair!" cried my barber,  
Cause I'm growing smaller.

I'm growing smaller.  
I have to ride a beetle to school,  
All the kids would call me a fool,  
And to reach my desk I'll need a stool,  
All because I'm growing smaller.

-Jillian Hartshorne  
Teacher: Helleson

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

Forgotten

Not long ago I could look into my Grandma's eyes  
And still see a flicker of recognition;  
She remembered me.  
But now the flicker is gone.  
I am lost from her memory,  
Like a leaf  
Whisked away, by the wind off a tree.  
Many leaves have fallen  
Like a tree shedding its leaves for winter.  
Until there are now none left,  
And her tree has gone bare.  
She will never remember me again.  
I look back into her eyes one last time,  
Searching,  
Hoping to find one last leaf,  
But I know no matter how hard I search,  
All of her leaves have fallen.  
I am just another leaf,  
That was whisked away.

Jana Holt  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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

### Cancer

We sit down at the table  
Looking at Mom  
A tear slowly drips down her face  
This is bad news  
She tells us  
Cancer  
It knocks all noise out of the room  
Her eyes fill with worry  
Our eyes fill with fear and sadness  
She watches us take in the news  
Like a breath  
In, out  
In, out  
She watches as our hearts slowly crumble,  
And the pieces float into our minds,  
And exit our bodies,  
As we breathe in the news.  
A table filled with  
Fear,  
Worry,  
Sadness,  
And  
cancer.

-Charlotte Ranney  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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

Imagination

Waves crash  
Salty sea blue  
White foamy bubbles  
Flowing towards the sand  
Sand as fine as sugar  
Wet under foot  
Running towards the waves  
As the waves run towards her  
Sandcastles stand alone on the hill  
Abandoned by its royalty  
Cliffs climb up towards the sky  
Reaching for their dreams  
As the waves recede

-Samantha Farbarik  
Teacher: Salvino

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

The Stereotype

There are only midnight-colored  
Rocks and pitch darkness  
Surrounding me.  
Black, Red, and White.

Black rocks,  
Red heat,  
White pressure.

The burning comes in waves of red, gold,  
And edges of silver. The blue  
Of a flame as it dances.  
We never realize that the  
Most dangerous thing around  
Us is right there at the foundation.

Flame is not red, it is blue.  
The ocean is not blue, it is clear.  
And a diamond is not always clear, or white.

It starts as a lump of coal.

-Jordan Andrews  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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

Granda

I remember, tireless hours, spent  
Amongst the pampered flowers.  
Wrinkles knitting your face together,  
Bending around your decrepit smile,

I remember the days when a fire roared in the living room hearth,  
When you read the morning paper.  
When your head was still your own,

I also remember the worse days,  
When you waited behind corners to jump out, Playful  
Like the flames of a forest fire,  
When your long nimble fingers taunted me.

I remember your expression  
Over the next few years, when you sat out in the garden,  
Something was lost, deep down, you knew  
In the bowels of your mind,  
But that thing that taunted your mind was lost, and  
Was never coming back.

Now you lay in the nursing home bed,  
Slowly drowning in a lake of unknowing,  
Like bubbles from your lips, eternal  
Thoughts escape you,

I remember you, but you cannot,  
You are haunted by the gaps in your mind,  
Black smudges in your memories,  
Drowning, In a lack,  
Of time.

-Forest Saxe  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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

Ashes to dust, and dust to war

While round they search, while round they chase  
to wipe the other from the world's aged face,  
if only one would look behind  
their final target, both would find.

Through brightest days, through brightest nights  
two long lost souls will win their fights,  
to kill each other to reach their prize  
through games of luck, of dual snake eyes.

They look within, they look inside  
into their past youth days of pride.  
They find each other in years long passed.  
In both their minds, the truth is masked.

A former friendship, a tragic death  
misjudged forgetting, and wrath's foul breath.  
Forgiveness comes from those below,  
but from above, malice shall show

When brought together, their past forlorn,  
a newer world, a world of scorn  
will come to be, the past elapsed  
new friends reform, a team long passed

To fight oppression, to blind four eyes,  
to find their freedom, to free their lives,  
one will die, one always does.  
The man who chased; from ash to dust.

He'll be forgotten, just as before,  
but he's not dead, just lost once more.

-Felix Fan  
Teacher: Merry



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

Sorry Party

Tick, tick, tick, boom.  
I get by on sorries and scuse-me's,  
They never really know what I'm thinking.  
Because I sleep in the day and daydream in the night.

I feel glued to my bed like sticky fingers on a child's paper craft.  
I fill up time slots by tying knots on timid strings.  
They say if you turn your music up loud enough,  
It blocks the demons out.  
But the music invites other's monsters to join your apathetic mind space.  
I swerve my brain with other people's problems to protect my own.

The birds sing and chatter about objects that really matter,  
While I sit and ponder.  
Why am I so sorry so often?  
If blue and yellow make green then why do I feel orange?

The clouds forecast rain but I can't feel a drip inside,  
Because the pitter patters of my heart mean nothing to my body.  
I am bending to my breaking point but even branches need to breathe.  
Will my smile return if I lure it into a trap?  
No because I'll just end up forcing it to roam locked on my face.

You say I'm fine.  
Tick.  
Is that true?  
Tick.  
Will I ever feel again?  
Tick.  
Will I ever feel again?  
Boom.

But don't worry about my endless sea,  
I'll just slip by with a sorry and excuse me.

-Maria Jonas  
Teacher: Pelot

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

### Reflection

They stare at me  
With eyes as dark as obsidian  
Every inch of them  
As pristine as I'd seen them last

I contemplate them  
Blinking swollen eyes  
Bloodshot  
From late nights spent  
Thinking

Their face is frozen in a smile  
I've seen a million times before  
On the faces of strangers passing by  
Friends  
Family  
And everything in between

I close my eyes  
And a part of me  
Wishes they would disappear

I look again  
And their image remains  
Glaring back at me with the harsh truth

My best friend  
And my worst enemy.

-Michelle Zhang  
Teacher: Bindschadler

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

### Salad is Genocide

We are in a world where you can make your own decisions,  
You may think that all meat bubbles with fission.  
Vegans don't just make their own choices,  
But they shout so you hear their voices.

She thinks an ounce of milk will hurt her,  
And she screams that meat is murder.  
She claims that milk is ten percent cyanide.  
But I know that salad is genocide.

Each day pounds of carrots are ripped from the ground.  
Vegetables are trying to scream but have no sound.  
You attempt to make a replacement of meat,  
Using soy and a bunch of mushed up wheat.

I don't hate you just because you compost,  
It's because you yell at me for what goes on my toast.  
It's because you enjoy harassing others.  
And you show no politeness to your brothers.

You should not try to push me into your life,  
Or yell at me for how I use my knife.  
You may claim milk is ten percent cyanide,  
But I know that salad is genocide.

-Griffin Salkowski  
Teacher: Pelot

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

You

I realized it in my closet  
The first day without  
You.

From my clothes  
To my friends,  
I was never good enough for  
You.

It's  
Your  
Name that gets caught in  
My  
Throat.

I  
Can't forget  
I  
Can't relive  
I  
Can only walk forwards.  
Even then, I can't undo  
Us.

In the end it was  
My  
Fault.  
I  
Stuck around,  
I  
Made excuses for  
You.

I realized it in my closet.  
The day I didn't dress for  
You.

Because for the first time,  
I  
Didn't breathe for  
You.

-Maggie Hollingsworth  
Teacher: Stockton

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages  
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**9<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Safe Address

We pour our money into death  
From bayonets  
To cigarettes.

Flawed logic becomes sounder  
And sounder.

You must be 21 to buy a drink  
We're real supporters,  
Yet only 18 to buy a  
Mortar.

Our care for our  
Second amendment rights  
Has put us planning  
Our final rites.

We're not listening  
To our  
Glistening  
Children.

We're taking money quietly  
While they privately  
Fund our  
Guns.

Action is what we need  
To fulfill our  
Patriotic deed.

But  
We couldn't care less  
Because hey,  
It's not our kids  
Being killed in a safe address.

-Maggie Hollingsworth  
Teacher: Stockton

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages  
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**9<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Life as a Minor

When you immigrated over here,  
You knew that your child would be thrown around.  
Excluded from everything that made their life better.

Even though they were born in the U.S.A.,  
they were treated like an alien!  
It's hard for them to contain their anger,  
but sometimes that's what some people provoke.

We pledged your pledge, we voted for the good of your country, and we fought  
for your freedom!  
Yet, we still are given the cold shoulder!  
What the heck guys!

You just take our credibility, and act like we did nothing  
to deserve our rights and freedom!  
When will you learn to treat us "fellow" Americans properly?!  
That's all we want.

-Samuel Xie  
Teacher: Stockton

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

A Couplet, As Could Have Been Written by Several American Poets

On an ashen tree, eight birds, aloft  
I bid adieu when they fly off

1612-1672

Tell me, birds, what story or home hast thou  
To bring you here, to my lowermost bough?

1752-1832

The mossy firmament, god's first temple  
Eight pilgrims pray to ward off the devil

1794-1878

Often I find I seek retreat  
Alone with the birds – at last, complete

1803-1882

In darkest night, an oak, branches – broken  
On it, ravens depart, what's this omen?

1809-1849

The air is filled with the vapor of my breath  
Ahead of me, a blur, the sudden life revealing  
itself, then silence

1819-1892

A sparrow decides to leave its tree.  
If only I could be as free!

1830-1886

the twisted wooden paths one  
of which has been chosen

1883-1963

The bird takes flight awkwardly  
It doesn't belong (in the air or a tree)

1902-1967

The cold is harsh, the scenery bleak.  
What else could it be but an empty nest?

1932-1963

sky    %%% (<-bird)  
ground\_\_\_\_|\_tree\_\_\_\_

1940-

-Joshua Tint  
Teacher: Meginnes

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

The Rise and Fall of the Tides

Like the rise and fall of the tides, it comes.  
Slowly but surely, unyielding, unrelenting.  
Sometimes it is a raging tempest, threatening to cast me overboard, to drown me.  
Other times, mercifully, the tide is low, casting ripples at my feet.

Like the rise and the fall of the tides, it comes.  
Slowly but surely, unyielding, unrelenting.  
Sometimes, when the caliginous storm above overcomes me,  
I am unable to rise from the reef that is my bed.  
And so I sleep, hoping that I will not wake so long as the storm is near.

Like the rise and the fall of the tides, it comes.  
Slowly but surely, unyielding, unrelenting.  
Sometimes, I can feel the storm beginning to sway me with its mighty winds.  
And I give in, languid, forlorn, indifferent.

As the Mariner carried his albatross, I shall carry mine.

-Alison Chuang  
Teacher: Meginnes



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

### Two Entities

Just like the laughter of children in the park,  
And just like the smiles of children on christmas;  
Our care is present in the light and in the dark,  
And the family like bond is there between us.

Just like the friendship of some younger siblings,  
And just like the gifts of life that bring you joy;  
We are baby birds learning to use their wings,  
Or two babies playing with a brand new toy.

The force between us is undeniable,  
And the sincere compassion we give is sharp;  
The attachment we have is valuable,  
And the elation sounds as sweet as a harp.

For our thoughts bring the great earth better mindfulness,  
And our laughter kills the universe with kindness.

-Paula Ehiri  
Teacher: Meginnes

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

Lights

Lights introduced us,  
made us sweat until twilight,  
made us joke, have fun and long talks,  
after dinner our talks went above the city lights.

Above these lights we told tales of our pasts,  
the good memories, the bad,  
and when we promised it would get better,  
it seemed i forgot how to be sad.

We sing our hearts out to old songs,  
we joke about each others moms,  
we tell outlandish stories,  
while we get lost in memories.

As we slowly define the meaning of love

-Brennen Sharpe  
Teacher: Meginnes

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

### A Nature Walk

The bright blue sky was fading away;  
A gentle push guided me westward  
Along the incomprehensible creek  
Speaking an unknown, untranslatable language –  
What was ahead allured me with seductive charm.  
Timid crickets, heard but unseen  
Encouraged me to find my destination.  
After some time, I reached the end –  
But I still hadn't finished.

I stuck my hand into the shallow water  
Where it was greeted on the surface  
By a multitude of inquisitive insects,  
Interesting it was when I removed my hand  
And tasted the creek's drops:  
Its pure clarity invigorated me.  
With increasing speed, I flew forward  
To a lonely, yet inviting, tree.

And I'd done it!  
I'd been confused for countless years  
But I'd found what had eluded me:  
Inner Peace.

-Nathaniel Peterson  
Teacher: Sanderson

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

### Only Some Can See

There is a ghostly figure only some can see  
It exists only in the minds of believers  
Yet It is tangible, just like anything else.  
Those who cannot see it (at least to some)  
Are just blind and ignorant.

There is an impenetrable barrier separating all views  
One side uses reason and facts  
Another superstition, like a literal interpretation  
And still others who see something else entirely.  
But is it true? Does the ghost really exist?  
Only It knows

-Nathaniel Peterson  
Teacher: Sanderson

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

Silent

I am the quiet in a loud room  
The gentle spirit that waits  
For the chance to be heard.  
I save my precious breath  
For the ear that listens  
To the spaces between words.  
My tender heart is still  
Patiently waiting in its cage  
For the soft blow of love's  
First flutter to awaken her slumber.  
But my careful frame grows weary,  
Starving for a taste of life  
Without isolation's cold grip.  
Shall I lose the chastity  
Of my unspoken words  
With petty daggers that  
Strike dull on closed ears  
Or wait longer  
Til my throat's to dust  
To sing the silky melody  
Of my longing soul?

-Emma Burkhart  
Teacher: Staton

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

Illusion of Light

The unlocked door keeps me trapped inside  
A small room full of shadows.  
Shapes of the past I used to know,  
Replaced with cold memories.

The black veil drips over my eyes  
And distorts the truth around me.  
Coats that once offered warmth  
Begin to choke me,  
And pull me deeper  
Into the vast darkness  
Of the shrinking room.

Shall I pull the line  
And bring in the light.  
Bringing into view both an escape  
And the terrifying beasts that cling to me.

I cannot escape.  
In light,  
I'm exposed to the beasts.  
In darkness,  
I'm trapped in an overwhelming  
Loneliness.

Is a single bulb enough?  
To drive away the demons.  
Is it worth the sacrifice  
Of ignorance?  
To finally feel content with knowledge.

What waits behind the tempting glow  
Of both release and confrontation.

A click.  
The dripping black turned clear.  
A click.  
And the world floods my eyes  
In a blinding clarity.

-Emma Burkhart  
Teacher: Staton

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages  
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**12<sup>th</sup> Grade: Honorable Mention**

Out of the Dark

One more step out of the primordial dark  
Another step into the modern light  
The inventive contest to make their mark  
Bring forth the undiscovered from the night

New lands unexplored and mysterious  
A whole new world of the unexplained  
It beckons to the brave and curious  
Horizons as of yet to be ordained.

-Jason Peper  
Teacher: Meginnes