

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2015-2016

Kindergarten: 1st Place

Winter Is...

I Feel Snow
So Beautiful
White
White Snow

-Elijah Rzepecki: Manzanita
Teacher: Pawloski

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Kindergarten: Honorable Mention

Airplanes

Airplanes are fast
Airplanes fly past

-Leo McNamara: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Sundstrom

Kindergarten: Honorable Mention

My Family

I hear my mom baking.
I smell the good food.
I see my mom talking with my dad.
I feel my food crunching in my mouth.
I taste the good ice cream that mom gave me.

What could it be?
It's family!

-Elise Yin: Manzanita
Teacher: Sulik

1st Grade: 1st Place

In November

In November, snow looks like a white blanket.
In November, birds fly in the blue sky.
In November, people hold hands at the table.
In November, the trees look like they are dancing.

-Rina Keri: Manzanita
Teacher: Wiley

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1st Grade: Honorable Mention

The Beach

The beach I love
It makes me smile
I can stay
There for a while
I will jog a windy mile
On the beach

-Hadley Fugate: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Evers

1st Grade: Honorable Mention

Fireworks

Shine through the sky
When I see
It is magic popcorn
Flies through the sky

-Evelyn Higgins: Ventana Vista
Teacher: Baca

2nd Grade: 1st Place

The Wedding Day

Here, there, a wedding everywhere.
The bride and groom kiss.
The wedding is dismissed.
We clean the tables and push in the chairs.
I even clean up the pears.
I remember on their first date,
they were both late.
I remember when they sang the same song,
they said come along.
I saw them jump on a trampoline together,
and they jumped forever.
We sat on the grass and talked and talked.
I think I'm going to burst,
because I have such a thirst.
I drank some water and poured some for them.
Then we had dinner.
The groom was the chicken wing winner.

-Darya Jani: Ventana Vista
Teacher: Dickey

2nd Grade: Honorable Mention

Indus Mystery

Wind is howling.
People are gone forever,
Ruins are waiting...

Orly Liu: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Baker

2nd Grade: Honorable Mention

Bird

Balancing on tiny feet
In the air
Roaming the sky
Dancing in the wind

Katie McNulty: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Pennington

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3rd Grade: 1st Place

Down by the Sea

Down by the sea where the water rushes
there is a house down by the thrushes
the sea goes in
and the sea goes out
there is a dolphin with a waterspout
the waves are big
the waves are small
the deserted house watches
and waits for someone to come,
someone to see this magical land
this beautiful land
then, someone does come,
across the sand there are sounds of little
footsteps
across the sand
a little child comes with a little bucket
the footsteps of a child
with the most magnificent imagination
the child builds and builds,
digs and digs
finally she is done
there stands the most beautiful castle in the world
This girl is a great imaginer
and soon moves into the house
a wonderful house
down by the sea
down by the sea

-Sabina Coan: Ventana Vista
Teacher: Hawkins

3rd Grade: Honorable Mention

Love Is...

Love is playing baseball with my dad
Dandelions filling the air
Love is a breath of fresh air
Learning at school
Love is seeing the last rally of a volleyball game
The sound of a candy bar wrapper opening
Love is reading a book
that keeps me on the edge of my seat

-Madeleine Brown: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Eggert

3rd Grade: Honorable Mention

Rain

When it is rainy it is like a thousand waterfalls
trickling down to earth.
Lightning rolls in and strikes the earth's surface
making no sound at all.
Then you hear the roaring thunder
right after the lightning,
it makes a tremendous amount of sound
but you will not see anything.
Then the sound goes away
and the waterfalls trickling down have stopped
and it all seems just like a dream.
But I know it will happen again.

-Jana Holt: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Eggert

4th Grade: 1st Place

Evening into Night

Bright colors shine in the sky,
Beautiful, breathtaking
Red pink yellow and orange,
Such a peaceful but blinding moment,
The heat dies down
while the day shift animals go home,
The sky turns deeply dark,
People are as quiet as foxes,
Evening turns into night,
Stars sparkle and shimmer
The moon's reflection shines in my pool,
Everyone is calm and relaxed
Glowing balls of fire fly through the sky,
Nightshift animals come out to see the show,
Bat wings flapping,
Owls hooting,
Coyotes howling,
Marvelous evenings
Especially in the desert.

-Anissa Madrid: Manzanita
Teacher: Fisher

4th Grade: Honorable Mention

The Test

I forgot I had a test today
I'm really not prepared
I forgot I had a test today
And now I'm pulling out my hair
A whole 87 questions
Oh no there's a back side
If I said this test was easy it would've been a lie
I forgot I had a test today
My brain is on overload
I forgot I had a test today
And now I'm ready to surrender and say I'm done
Let's see how many questions left
Oh look there's only one.

-Katherine Diaz: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Beyer

4th Grade: Honorable Mention

Lone Blue Rose

A lone blue rose in a field of many others
But this one was different unlike all the
others. This lone blue rose had a lone
speck of pollen. Of course all the roses
had some just the same dropped by a
bee on the way to its hive, but this
one was dropped by a wasp on its way
to its nest. That is what makes this
lone blue rose stand out in a field of
many others. Even though small a difference
is a difference and that is just the same.

-Kate Mansfield: Manzanita
Teacher: Larson

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5th Grade: 1st Place

Can You Make Sorrow Happy?

If I could give Sorrow one gift it would be
obviously something to make her smile
or maybe laugh a little,
not cry.

But Sorrow is Sorrow,
she will probably not smile
or laugh
or cheer up.

I might turn her Sorrow deep,
because you cannot change Sorrow
without making her Happy.

Happiness and Sorrow are opposites,
and to change them to be their opposite
would not work.

I do not think that
I should give a gift to Sorrow
anymore.

Even though it is
a kitten
a funny book
a box of chocolates,
pencils in a rainbow of colors,
a notebook,
stickers,
and a bag of wishes.

I will give this gift to Happiness,
and a midnight blue fish
to Sorrow
so she can share her sadness
with someone.

Kate Steffan: Canyon View
Teacher: Torres

5th Grade: Honorable Mention

Ungiven

Glistening in the waves
swims a girl
swimming ever farther
into the water
she turned away
to look
at the beach
where her mother lay
sunbathing

she wades around
by the beach
and feels the tiny fish
that tickle
her feet
she finds a shell
that opens
two pearls
it held
one for mother
one for father

the cove
that held her
she waded dreamily
she walked upon the sandy beach

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onto her mother she fell upon
into the arms
of her father
they smelled
so different
and so
she slept
they smelled
so different
she kept
on thinking
until the morning
when she awoke
nowhere near home

with the pearls
still ungiven

-Maya Moffett: Manzanita
Teacher: Hernandez

5th Grade: Honorable Mention

Chocolate

Encante mucho, mucho chocolate
Mucho me gusta chocolate porque es delicioso
Amo todo el chocolate el mundo y soy feliz
Niña yo soy y me encanta chocolate

Translation in English

E I really, really love chocolate
M I really like chocolate because it is delicious
A I love all the chocolate in the world and I am happy
N I'm a girl and I love chocolate

-Eman Tamimi: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Lopez

6th Grade: 1st Place

Sandpaper

I was shaping my wooden model car,
smoothing the edges
to a fine finish.
Trying to make it the best, so it could win the race.
Away from the chatter of my mom
Here, in the garage,
there was only the sound of sandpaper smoothing wood
The rhythmic scraping
Dulling my thorns
Made me think of the present
Not the past or the future or anything else.
Just the sandpaper, wood and myself.
As I felt my own sandy feelings dissipating,
rubbing against the polished wood
Used up, worn, but surprisingly satisfied.

Noah Wellman: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

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6th Grade: Honorable Mention

Where I'm From

I am from eggshells
Flour-coated faces and wild eyes
Empty pots piling up in the sink even though they're licked clean
The smell of bread radiating from the oven

I am from the small, dusty room in the garage
From sprinting up the hill at the end of my street to my bus stop
French horn case hitting my knees every time I take a step
From faking an illness in PE when we start the football unit
Because I can never spin the ball in just the right way
And I'm afraid of what will happen when I don't

I am from accidentally wearing pants in the spring
From the melting sensation I receive when I do
And from the thuds on our roof from sheets of summer rain
I am from "Aha!"s and "Uh oh!"s
From homework oozing into every nook and cranny of my life
Causing me to always be busy
Stressed

I am from talking when no one else is
Interjecting whatever and whenever I feel
Going on and on about something nobody cares about
I am from the darkest thoughts my mind can produce
Telling me I'm not good enough
Not smart enough
Not fast enough
Thoughts I try so hard to banish
But they always come back.

-Emily Gruber: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

6th Grade: Honorable Mention

Pillows

A silky exterior
Bringing tranquility after a rough day
Cradling your head
Radiating warmth
Causing a simple happiness
To engulf you and your surroundings

Feathery lightness
Woozy pleasure
Forever comfort
Like seeing a majestic cloud glide through the sky
On a warm, summer day

Its simplistic, yet admirable beauty
Like a four-cornered angel,
Shepherding you into a deep sleep.

-Emily Gruber: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

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7th Grade: 1st Place

My Boyfriend for a Year

It is cold,
the shadows of trees looming over us,
the moon casting a yellow glow.
We pretend it's summer,
acting as if our lives are on pause,
but I am freezing in my maroon tank and khaki shorts.
The cold hard metal of the truck
bites at my skin,
all his friends set up beach chairs
around the back of his red Ford pickup.
That is where I sit,
legs dangling,
directly next to him.

They are laughing at something he said,
I guess he's funny,
that's what I thought at the beginning.
He has a wide grin on his face,
comfortable in his own skin.
He looks so warm,
his entire essence radiating calm.

But I won't move closer,

because if I do, I know
he will hold me tight
and whisper
I love you
in my ear
and I will nod in return
a single meaningless nod,
that will break his heart.

-Kiri Kenman: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

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7th Grade: Honorable Mention

I Took a Walk

I took a walk last week,
on the edge of reality
Which was the best view
of everything

I saw photon waves drifting by me
Inviting me to jump in
But I couldn't

I had work to do:
Teaching electrons to dance
Making sure atoms never fall out of line
Walking Schrödinger's cat every other day
(She never listens to me)

I'd like to think I'm cold-hearted,
But I'm not

Sometimes miracles are good

After each walk
I hang up my gloves and coat
And sit by the nuclear fireplace that is a star.

That will never happen,
I don't get the chance to rest
But I don't care,
Because my walk
Is the best view

-Gianluca Tenino: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

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7th Grade: Honorable Mention

Time

He drifts in softly through the window
A whisper rustling wind chimes
The promise of eternity in his caress
He winks
Hinting at endless summers
 and lasting friendships
Yellow laughter tinged with sky blue

A loyal friend,
 he remembers every birthday
Granting cotton candy wishes
Everything is possible
And you always have tomorrow

But he has a secret
A shadow truth
Something ominous in his eyes
Easily overlooked but always present
He smiles as he steals
A swindler,
 changing all that he touches
Weaving life's quilt
 of joy and sorrow
 longing and regret,
 and hope

He promises eternity
 but never delivers
His secret brings heartbreak
A trusted friend turned enemy
The world collapses with a sigh
His quilt is folded and tucked away

-Dante Olita: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

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8th Grade: 1st Place

Just Another Night

The ominous blue moon of night
think nothing of it
but as stars tick by
people fade into gray blurry faces
unrecognizable
twisted
and rising from the earth
creatures unimaginable
lurking in every shadow of the darkest alleys
My feet took control now
taking me as far away as possible
looking behind
seeing things
unable to forget
I know they are waiting
waiting to get me
waiting to chase me
under the ominous blue moon
only to hear a voice
my eyes open
and see the same blue moon

-Emery Fesler: Esperero Canyon
Teacher: Staton

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8th Grade: Honorable Mention

Path of Nature

Toadstools bowing
to a solemn rock
to stay by its side forever

Not a choice of relation
but the path of nature
to have a shield from the wind
a place of sanction

When one falls
and collapses to the Earth
memories live on
never to be lost

-Bryn Callie: Esperero Canyon
Teacher: Staton

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8th Grade: Honorable Mention

If Only

It burns.
I can feel it intensely
as it consumes me
from the inside.

White hot.
I can sense it boiling
underneath
my skin.

Out of control.
I struggle to take hold
as it wants to burst
out from my lips.

Rage.
Screaming.
Shouting.
Screeching.

Then

Regret.
I wish to take back
the words
I said.

If only
I could.

-Annie Lu: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
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9th Grade: 1st Place

The Little Boy Who Wandered

The little boy who wandered
Stumbled along the worn out path,
His feet tossing plumes of dust
Up against his trusty backpack.

Two faded straps holding it in place,
The bookbag jiggled and bopped against his spine,
As the little boy wandered along.

With a thump he flung it down
And clambered to his seat
He had questions to answer and problems to solve,
And soon enough, he'd have lunch to eat.

Tugging out a pencil
He wrote straight from his head,
A note to himself to do something that night
Before he went to bed.

Below his neatly printed name,
He made some quality grey squiggles,
And off to recess for a game,
Went the little boy who wandered.

Soon he was on to Arithmetic,
Later he graduated to fractions.
But with all this math came age,
And the entirety of its distractions.

And along with that lead pencil,
Stuffed in his backpack,
He carried something worthwhile,
That without the pencil one could not track.

He carried with him "magnanimous," "incantation," and "mnemonic."
He carried both "catalyst" and "catacomb,"

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“Polyglot,” and “polymer,”
And it was the little boy who wandered that carried “entice,” “concise,” and “precise”
all together.

Exposure to sun and subsequent watering,
And the words that he carried grew, expanded, evolved.
Soon he carried phrases and paragraphs, letters and essays,
Then he carried grammar, and his academic problems were solved.

Two thin dark sheets of plastic,
He carried them in frames,
He wore them to block out the luminosity of his future,
Or at least that’s what he’d claim.

But sometimes his glasses would feel kind of awkward
And he’d take them off and stare his future down.
He’d stare straight at that blinding light,
And instead of wandering, that little boy smiled like a clown.

He carried some ice, and he carried some water,
And he carried some gum on which to masticate.
He carried a phone, and some cologne,
With high hopes to get a date.

In addition to all these trivial items,
The boy carried a realization.
We all make mistakes, from one time to another,
But with mistakes come improved creation.

So with a flip of his pencil,
The lead towards his face,
The boy could swipe his hand,
And with no need to wander, simply erase.

With a building desire for knowledge,
He wiped clean his slate.
He could now readily learn,
And not worry about fate.

He soon carried with him
An extraordinary enthusiasm,
The yearn to learn about everything,

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From Mesopotamia to protoplasm.

However and although, and despite all that,
He could not select one subject to maintain,
And so the little boy did wander again.

But what he discovered,
Although a secret it should possibly remain,
Is that the key to being happy,
Is indeed quite plain.

He carried around,
For the rest of his life,
A sheet of blank paper,
To combat his strife.

Whenever he was worried, stressed or enraged,
He'd pull out that paper and learn something new.
He understood that joviality was key,
And for the boy who wandered, learning was the thing to do.

Years went by,
And the little boy who wandered aged.
He became aware of what made him happy.
He learned how to live his life to the fullest.
But there was one itch
that he could never put to rest,
that would never settle
that he resigned to accept.

Sitting in his leather armchair, a question posed itself to him:
"Why did I wander, carrying the things I carried?"
He thought,
That little man who wondered.

The answer has yet to come.

-Zachary Schlamowitz: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Hill

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
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9th Grade: Honorable Mention

The Never Ending Ride

Seasons change like the pages of a good read
Rusty orange-hued leaves become gleaming alabaster flakes of snow
Which always seem to fall
from the sky

One drop of a sparkling silver ball
And then the new year enters like a baby, crying, laughing, ready to be
cradled

And then the baby takes its first steps
Toddling, running, jumping,
Leaping to the sky, arms and legs akimbo

A blue sea of eager hats, like waves in a storm
Rising up in the air before crashing down to Earth
Everything that goes up, must come down

And you move on through the creaky doors of the train
Walk on the scratched up metal ground
Where the memories of your past are just footprints on the dirty floor
And sit in the threadbare, carpeted seat where you have sat before
As you think to yourself, this time it's different

And you get on this train, and get off at your inevitable stop
But the train keeps moving far, far away

And then it comes back again
The next day

-Haley Dveirin: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Hill

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9th Grade: Honorable Mention

A Despondent World

The world has turned grey
The sky is white and
the ground is black
The people are grey and
I cannot see what colour
hair or eyes they have
It's all the same.

The buildings are tall and
seem to cover up the sky.
The windows are dark and opaque,
Grey like the rest of the world.

There is little colour left
Only those who are still
immature and ignorant
and idiotically brave
still have colour.

No one dreams and
no one sleeps
No one laughs and
no one smiles
No one wishes and
no one hopes

We are all stuck in this world
Repetitively saying our
hopeless phrases,
Trying to make excuses for
the state we're in.

We are all dead and alive
All facing the depression that
was done unto ourselves
by ourselves.

-Hannah Ju: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Hill

10th Grade: 1st Place

Make Life Worthwhile (translation)

Life
can change every second,
we never know what will happen.

Life is a teacher.
The teacher will give you a grade:
A+, B+, C+, or D+
You never know how *teachers* grade it
So,
If students blow off their homework
They will stand up straight,
because if teachers knock them down today.
Students will stand up tomorrow.

Life is a mirror,
a mirror of life.
The mirror is you.
You smile, the mirror will smile back.
You frown, the mirror will frown back.
You cry, the mirror will cry back.
So,
Why don't you give the mirror happiness?

Grade, mirror, or life
won't make you perfect,
but the perfect moments make it all
worthwhile.

-Pei-Ling Wung: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Major

10th Grade: Honorable Mention

A Childhood Worth Reliving

The sun was above us, shining bright
And illuminating everything.
It was as if you could see the whole country.
The vast land was full of many hills.
We were on top of the highest hill.
The wildflowers were singing songs
As the bees pollinate each flower.
The bees were also singing,
As if they were in a choir.
The land and animals were synchronized
And this place was so tranquil and exciting.
There were large green trees ready
For my friends and I to climb.
With no trouble at all, we were on
Top of the cherry tree.
It provided large, juicy red cherries which we
Consumed with much delight.
We were always laughing, enjoying
Each other's presence.
No one had to pay taxes or have
To go to work the next morning.
Everyone was free, the trees, flowers,
Bees, all the animals and us.
As we grew up, the land that we played on
Grew up as well.
The owner of the land died and
His son moved to another country.
The grass got too large and it killed
All the beautiful flowers.
The bees found a different place and

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A road was built next to the land.
Everyday, cars would drive by, polluting
The hills until the trees could not survive.
When we were old, we decided to
Go to the hill one last time.
Half of us were gone, their souls forever
Protecting this sacred land.
We managed to get to the top of the hill with help,
Finding a dry and sad set of cherry trees.
It was hard to see due to all the pollution.
The dirty clouds covered the sun.
My friends and I started to cry.
For we could not cope with the change
In our lives and in our world.
Seeing such destruction in such
A small amount of time destroyed us.

-Dominic Dobai: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Major

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10th Grade: Honorable Mention

Human Nature

Yearning downwards toward dark beautiful hands
From above decrepit hands grapple for him.
They grab and tear at him
Striving to pull him up, high up, towards them
Towards the light, the good...

To no avail...

He is gone.
He made his choice.
The choice so many make.

The light that trumpets acceptance for all;
is also the harsh light that drives creatures away,
scared it is too good to be true.
Terrified to find what isn't expected.

The dark that denies nothing;
is ever truthful about its agenda,
is often not what it appears.

We know what is, right?
We know what is, good?

But we also know what we want.
Will we make the right choice before it's too late?

-Grace Stone: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Major

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11th Grade: 1st Place

A Cut Above

She digs into her own velvet skin
The fine bevel of a sewing needle
Her only guide into her own, yet foreign, body
An aperture just parallel to the artery
That escapes from her tangled heart,
Sprinting down to her wrist
Soaring toward her pallid fingertips.
She watches scarlet ichor drool,
Pooling into an ellipse
A catharsis of emotions
Darts alongside the vibrant red
Fleeing despair,
Shame,
Those wretched, plaguing thoughts
For this
Is the only way.
This is not pain.
Rather
This is liberation.

-Meena Venkataramanan: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Dennis

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
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11th Grade: Honorable Mention

The Faceless Mask

Society claws our paper skin,
Sweet, sweet powder pills popping in.
Brains inverted, depression inserted
And suddenly, we are as stone;
Nothing pure remains but the bone.

Our hands are gifted guides,
Dragging across stone, hot knives,
To expose the lava inside.
Sit still, pour the world a glass
Of the red-hot life-force we try to hide.

Masks are worn as clothes, so common.
We wish to the moon and stars,
“If only we could nude our scars.”
Society differs and calls us disobedient,
Hands out fake faces, only a dollar.

To our ashen souls we rub charcoal,
For the scent of visceral aching writhes away.
Eyes turn from the smell of empty faces
And mourn the loss of angry traces.
Because They obviously know best.

Overachievers, retrievers, believers, bereavers,
All unique by the universe of their eyes.
Social angst gives knives to the blind
And lets them slice the plaster,
As we are all trapped behind society’s craft:
 The Faceless Mask.

-Jessica Guise: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Dennis

11th Grade: Honorable Mention

No One's Song

Day upon day, No One weeps for Everyone
Through layers of gray stained glass.
Melancholy rhythms curse each word
Of the song only No One can bear.

A clicking clock ticks down
Waiting for infinity to finally arrive,
For No One is burning in daylight
So Everyone can hide in blankets of shadow.

Gifts endlessly arrive from an outskirts unknown,
Painted warmly in shades of gray.
No One waits on time's liquid hands
For the shadow voices, no choices unplanned.

Notes bloat, never rocking the boat,
From the lips of No One, forever untold.
If the ears of Everyone heard just one wisp,
they will once again come out to face the light.

-Jessica Guise: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Dennis

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
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12th Grade: 1st Place

Carnal

Your voice sounds like hallow
like the broken end of a cracked tin can
echoing around the ridges of the metal
like a deep green waterslide
like you are drowning
like we are drowning
echo after echo of muted voices
like we are sitting in a room
you & me
and you are blowing out feathers
from the fist of your palm like
angry plumes of pining
to be listened to
like somehow
it would tickle my ear or poke
my eye and I would realize.
I would do something other than sit there.
Our sounds would be something other
than recreations of what you think
we would have said three years ago
three months ago
three weeks ago
and our bodies (curved in) would
be less pronounced in hiding
the carnal misfortune of their past lives.

-Natalie Aaronson: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Hill

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2015-2016

12th Grade: Honorable Mention

Words Cannot Describe

Words cannot describe, the rising of the sun,
yawning as it wakes up and flashes its light.
The birds begin to sing their beautiful sounds,
taking off into a miraculous flight.

Words cannot describe, the sound of the sea,
waves pounding with all their might.
Or the sizzling of the pan,
as I make my morning egg whites.

Words cannot describe, the beautiful aurora,
the refreshing breeze of the wind.
With every morning passing I wish I could press rewind,
My early morning day gives me a peace of mind.

-Eyad Umaz: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Hill

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Lionheart

Over seas of green and blue I saw you go,
Past lands and places we had long forgot.
Yet here I stand, forgotten in the snow.

The breeze through hair and face it oft would blow,
With pensive gaze and mind still lost in thought.
I thought that once you'd left me I would know.

A hand upon your heart was mine to stow,
I recall those days much more than I ought.
Yet here I stand, forgotten in the snow.

I hear the water calling like the crow,
Each breath of mine becoming more distraught.
I thought that once you'd left me I would know.

A torrent rises with the aching woe,
Around your fall with all your battles fought.
Yet here I stand, forgotten in the snow.

A prayer for you who fights the longing foe
Despite your mind in rolling trouble wrought
Yet here I stand forgotten in the snow.
I thought that once you'd left me I would know.

-Niccolo Giambanco: Catalina Foothills High School
Teacher: Hill