

Kindergarten: 1st Place

Kindness

Kindness

Is

Never forgetting to smile

Doing helpful things

Nice to everyone

Encouraging others

Spreading sprinkles of cheer

Showing kindness makes hearts grow

-Pablo Martinez: Manzanita

Teacher: Lise

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

1st Grade: 1st Place

Desert Storm

Cloudy mountains swirling over dusty, howling dirt,
A big bobcat is hiding as a red cardinal is flying,
A sandy lizard is skipping past the scurrying white rabbits,
As dark, angry clouds are playing above.

- Noah Smalley: Manzanita
Teacher: Winter

2nd Grade: 1st Place

What is Blue?

Blue is the ocean,
On a summer day.
Blue is butterflies,
In the sky.
Blue is the sadness,
Crying and tears.
Blue is spring,
And summer.
Blue is the smell,
Of a fresh morning dew.
Blue is the elements,
Wind and water.
Blue is a broken heart,
Blue is cold rain,
On a cold day.

- Michaela Birmelin: Manzanita
Teacher: Kraft

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

3rd Grade: 1st Place

In the Shallows in the Clouds

In the shallows,
in the clouds,
lies wonders to be found.
In those wonders,
in those dreams,
lies no despair to be seen.

-Ori Ennesser: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Wilson

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

4th Grade: 1st Place

A Ghost With No End

A breath of wind, a whispered thought,
The quiet hum that time forgot.
In shadows soft, the world feels wide,
With secrets that the stars confide.

A fleeting glance, a fading tune,
The rising sun, the silver moon.
Between now, then, and when.
Where silence speaks, and dreams begin.

No words to capture what is real,
Just moments that we sense and feel.
The space between the heart and mind,
A place where everything's aligned.

A flicker, a pause, a shifting light,
Where day dissolves and fades to night.
And though it starts, it has no end,

There's a ghost in here you can't pretend.

-John Richards: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Bramhill

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

5th Grade: 1st Place

Aquariums

Within the glass, a world unfolds,
Where silent stories are perfectly told.
The water quietly hums,
 the currents softly glide,
A hidden realm where secrets hide.

Neon fish in rainbow trails,

Dart through reefs and coral sails.

Bubbles rise with gentle calmness,

Like flying thoughts in empty blue space.

Turtles glide, a ray takes flight,
In this quiet wet world of liquid and light.

The swirling plants, the moving sands,

A peaceful life by nature.

Gazing deep in the depths,
You drift away,
In the calmness of the ocean's touch,
 An aquarium, yet a world so small,
In its deepness, we find it all.

-Aaliya Perkins: Sunrise Drive
Teacher: Pennington/Sommers

6th Grade: 1st Place

The Brother and Sister Who Played on the Swing

Do you remember, when you were four,
And I'd push you higher and higher, begging for more?
The wind in your hair, the joy in your eyes,
The world felt so big, beneath the endless skies.

Do you remember the way you would smile,
As I'd laugh at your giggles, so innocent and wild?
Your tiny hands gripped the ropes so tight,
You were fearless, my brother, in that fleeting light.

Do you remember the stories we'd share,
About monsters and castles, without a care?
The games that we played, the secrets we kept,
When we built our own worlds, and never once wept?

Do you remember the day that you learned to run,
You chased the days that were golden and fun?
The scraped knees and tears, the rush of first flight,
You would fall but get back up, but still, you'd hold on tight.

And now, you're a mighty eight-year-old, a little more grown,
The boy I once knew, now walking alone.
You don't need the swing, or the games we once played,
But I see the traces, still softly portrayed.

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

Do you remember, or has time erased?
The younger you were, with that joyful face?
I still see the echoes of who you've been,
In the boy I still love, beneath the skin.

You're growing up fast, the years take their toll,
But know that, dear brother, you'll always be whole.
And though you move forward, I'll hold on to then,
When I pushed you on swings, and you were my best friend.

-Hadley Kester: Orange Grove
Teacher: Bindschadler

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

7th Grade: 1st Place

Older

Wind whistles through her hair
As the essence of time
Slips and falls
Those days of youth
Where the enemy was bedtime
Where the playground called
Where the fun has just begun
And when nothing could stop her
Nothing at all
Now she's changed
The wind whistles through longer hair
Bedtime is a sense of relief
The playground is tucked away
For kids of the right age
Fun is a blur
Now everything stops her
Blocks her
Keeps her away
She's different now
Older

-Kaya Davis: Esperero Canyon
Teacher: Martell

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

8th Grade: 1st Place

Sleep is the Brother of Death

If sleep is the brother of death,
Are dreams the spirits of heaven?
If the two are truly kindred
Are eyes the windows of life?

Are dreams the spirits of heaven?
Stirred, they transform.
Are eyes the windows of life?
Closed, death enfolds.

Stirred, they transform,
Those restless souls,
Closed, death enfolds
Those endless voids.

A bed is a gentled casket
If sleep is the brother of death.
Relaxing is giving up
If sleep is the brother of death.

- Amelia Holmes: Esperero Canyon
Teacher: Hart

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

9th Grade: 1st Place

Greed

Anger slashes into the skin
Sadness drowns and floods
Fear flees into the shadows
Greed is injected into intertwined veins
And spreads like an infection
Toxins flare out into the body
Crawling beneath the flesh and filling every crevice
Leaving a tingling rush
Coursing through every limb
Eyes widen and molars grind
Greed becomes addicting
Urging
Desiring
For even more
The veins start to expand against the rushing blood
Pulling
Aching
Stretching
More is injected into the bruised skin
Just to relive the same sensation
The craving gnaws
Hungry
Desperate
Never satisfied
Only to get a lick of high
Eyes become bloodshot and blackened with red
Cheeks hollowed
Chasing an endless thrill
Looking up from the grave one dug themselves
More and more
The hole only becomes bigger
Yet nothing could ever please
The everlasting hunger that greed brings
Until there is nothing left
But the cold hollow pit that was dug
Distant truths fill the conscience
Greed never fills the void
It only deepens it

-Riley McGuire: CFHS

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

10th Grade: 1st Place

Plugged In

Plugged in, plugged out,
Did you even bother to look around?

Headphones in, headphones out,
Did you listen to any real sound?

Look down, avoid the crowd,
Did you see anything but the ground?

Speak up, quiet down,
Did your voice come out?

Walk, talk, listen, speak,
But you never really did any of these things.
All that mattered was the light on a screen
Not anything serene.

When was the last time you really looked at a face
Looked at its details in every take
Saw the crinkle in their eye,
The soft furrow of their brow,
Saw that they were something more than the ground.

When was the last time you heard something more,
Than music to your ears,
Heard the horse-like giggle of a friend
or just the sound of someone's breath.

When was the last time you used your voice,
And felt like it was your choice.
Spoke with something more than just a polite poise.

When did you start to look more at blue light
Than the blue of the sky?
Looking forward to a text instead of a hug,
Looking for anything not real to us.

Just know when you look up from your screen,
Take your headphones out,
When you take the time to look at more than a screen
The colors of the world will come out.

- Connolly Taylor: CFHS

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

11th Grade: 1st Place

A Gloomy Afternoon

She had walked into this diner
Alone.
Soaking wet.
From the black door that was now positioned to her left,
As she sat at a table which was the color of the sky,
She looked down at the cup of tea she held with sadness in her eyes,
Looking deep into the steaming water searching for the hope she had lost,
Leaving a frown on her face,
Matching the doping cloche hat that seemed to pull downward on her

Little mind did she pay to the big black windows that surrounded her,
One behind, the size of a movie theater screen where several cars could pass by,
Except none did.

The streets were empty,
No lights on except the ones being reflected from the inside,
It was just her with her baby blue teacup,
Legs bare and cold under that table,
Nothing but her thoughts echoing around the room,
Making her cheeks flush from all the worry,

Her surroundings got darker,
But what more could she do,
She knew the diner would be closing soon,
But she'd wait until it closed,
Having nowhere else to go,
So until the time finally came,
She'd sit with her thoughts alone in this isolated place

-Zula Campbell: CFHS

Catalina Foothills School District Poetry Pages
Award-Winning Poetry from 2024-2025

12th Grade: 1st Place

Manny's Light

Just enough information
To feel something
Just enough emotion
To know something.
The sputtering of an old exhaust
Raindrops like thunderous applause
Are simply no match for
That fierce neon glow.

That molded polycarbonate
It draws you in to
A waiting game, just the moment
'Til it vanishes like ancient magic.
The red bleeds out into water
Which it isn't quite as thick as
Stuck there all the same
Like a thorn in nature's side.

Maybe the thing is broken
What's all that other crap?
Your fuse is growing shorter
As the red seems to deepen
Mocking you, sloppy drunk
Everything else fades out
Let's just get outta here
But this mistake will be your last.

-

A few hunks of steel
The exhaust still sputtering
Grey clouds are almost blue
In fact, there is blue out there
But why is the sky upside-down?
Oh well, don't worry.
Don't bother, don't care
Don't fear, don't anything

-Asher Rosoff: CFHS