

Poetry

1st Place

Cinderella Scoffs

Dance well, oh prince
For these calloused feet can
Tread faster than yours
My worked shoulders
Can pull more weight
These velvet stockings tight
On my strong legs
So gossip, banter
Sing and enchant
But tomorrow,
These two-toned arms
And freckled chest
Will be embraced by
The arms of a man
Not a spoiled boy.
This reddened face
Kissed by the soot-stained
Lips of My Ferrier.
Dance, speak jadedly
And drink your wine
But brown bread,
Dark, warm smithies
And Real Kisses
Await me at midnight

by *Geneva Rockeman*

2nd Place

I Wish for Snow

How I do dislike winter
Short, tired, worn days
And a cold wind; the only
Endless thing besides the night.
But as I stare at the end of
Autumn, I welcome the
Thought of snow, so unlike
This sharp, unwelcoming,
School-mistress weather,
And much more the grandfather
Of seasons, smelling of
Unremarkable endings
And long evenings shared
Between warm cups of tea
And blankets weaned early
From dark, close closets

by ***Geneva Rockeman***

3rd Place (tie)

Two Shadows

On one starlight night,
Two shadows floated by.
With a calm and monotonous step,
Towards the bridge, they walked their way.

On that starlight night,
On a bench they sat down.
In their forms intertwined,
They swung to the rhythm of the wind.

On this starlight night,
They revived their past happiness;
On this bridge now abandoned,
Where once, they swore eternal love.

On one starlight night,
Two shadows floated by.
With a calm and monotonous step,
I saw them fading on the cemetery road.

*by **Fakira Soumaila***

3rd Place (tie)

Ode to a Barn

Majestic in the center of the yard,
sits the ancient faded red weathered barn.
The wearing constant winds have left their mark,
but its leaning presence remains on the farm.

Inside under its great arched crown,
is the scent of summer in bales of hay.
The hardwood gleaned from a hardware store,
supports square bales and straw dulled to brown.
A high basketball hoop where kids can play
is located on one end of the floor.

Beneath the spacious haymow is its heart
where calves are born and cows shelter from storm.
Some places wind has pried the siding apart
but its sheltering walls keep cattle warm.
Halters hang on hooks waiting for quick hands
to catch a cow and keep under control
her ornery curiosity; and still
big moving feet while her newborn stands.
The barn, which stood through blizzards and dust bowl,
will stand as many years as is God's will.

by *Mary Jane Westerhausen*

Flatline

Threaten to give her up
just to make her stay
You tell her how you feel
each and every day
But she is feeling otherwise
She believes the fire's dead
"All this love we had is lost
Flatline" is what she said
She's done with this single-sided love
the annoyance never ends
The two of you are too much alike
Isn't it better as "just friends?"
She hears that constant flatline
She knows what's best for her
She doesn't want to hurt him
of this, she knows she's sure
But she is feeling trapped within
a mistake she knows too much about
You should let her say goodbye
and give her a chance to get out
"What you fell for me right now
is never what I'll feel for you
Someday I hope you understand
I'm sorry, dear, we're through."

by **Ashley Heinz**

To Eve

My sister, what have you done?
We mourn to watch you stand
In ignorance, the juice of your
Mistake dripping from guilty
Fingers and mouth

And how we shall crave to
Redeem your mistake,
Made so long ago, and never
Forgotten by destroyers,
Murderers, and lovers all

While you clothed yourself
In leaves, to hide your shame,
Your embarrassment, your sin
We wish to rid ourselves of
This covering that so stifles us

Moron!

What part of “don’t eat the apple”
Didn’t you get?

by *Geneva Rockeman*



Diamonds
Neenah Donnelly

The Muses Nine

The Muses nine
have come in time
To teach you a song, in rhyme.
They have come to sing and dance
While, you along will sing and prance
Listening by chance.

Mother Mnemosyne and King of the Gods, Zeus
Were the parents of the nine muse.

First, there's Calliope, with lovely song
First of the nine and still going long.
She taught Achilles how to sing and cheer for friends
She helped Aphrodite and Persephone make amends.
By Apollo, she bore Linus,
And then cried for him when Heracles made him a minus.

Second came forth, Clio, with love of history
Which to me, history contains still a bit of mystery.
She taught the ABC'S to the Greeks,
With that she started a trend of smart geeks.
By the wrath of Aphrodite, Clio fell in love with Pierius
She was all too delirious.
Clio bore Hyacinth, you know the pretty flower
But I don't think Hyacinth had that much power.

The "lovely" Erato (sister three) , loved to mimic
I believe that was just a gimmick.
Her love for erotic poetry was her real passion.
And I praise her for her fashion,
Wearing a crown of roses on her head
And she would like to thank all the little people that wrote in bed.

The fourth sister, Euterpe, musically inclined, attributed the double flute
Which can be played anyone, even the mute.
With the name meaning "Giver of Pleasure"
She still looks up to her measures.
The mother of Rhesus, whose father was a river
Rhesus was slain at Troy and no longer does he shiver.

Melpomene was sister number five
Wore a tragic mask, and kept the play of tragedy alive.

Still she had her joyous singing
In hand she kept club and sword swinging.
Wearing traditional cothurnus, boots of the tragic actor
And wearing a crown of cypress is another factor.

The Muse of Sacred Poetry, sister six, is next in line
Polyhymnia, also known as the muse of mime.
She has a look of pensiveness on her face,
Hidden underneath a veil of lace.
Speaks with a beautiful eloquence and says her name
And has brought writers distinction, whose works have won them immortal fame.

Sister Terpsichore was muse number seven,
Danced and twirled her way down from heaven.
If you haven't already guessed she's the muse of dancing,
And nothing is silly about her prancing.
Terpsichore is the mother of the sirens with deadly singing voices,
That lured sailors to their death, but they had to make their own choices.

Number eight was Thalia and what a funny little muse,
She enchants us with her talent of lighting the comic fuse.
Her head is crowned with ivy and holds a shepherd's crook in her hand.
On her face she wears the comic mask and is the first comedienne in the land.
Thalia has a playful way as the comic of the show,
And I don't think she does it for the dough.

Urania, the final sister always keeps her eyes up toward the stars,
And the planets, from Mercury to Pluto and back to Mars.
The muse of astronomy, tells your future by the stars position
It's her acquisition.
She wears her crown of celestial glimmer
And keeps her eyes always in tune with the stars that shimmer.

The Muses nine
Have told me to finish this rhyme,
But they'll come back another time.
To dance and sing,
And let the good times ring.

by **Kathleen Smith**

A Child's Eyes

See their Smiles?

See how they Glow?

Did you ever notice that looking into the eyes of a child could cure every worry you have ever had in life?

Look into a child's eyes one time and you'll see how truly amazing an innocent little life can be...

How could you be so cruel as to hurt a child?

How can you have a soul and still beat a child?

That light in their eyes dies every time a hand is raised at them...look you'll see

A child is something innocent and pure and to ruin that is nothing I would ever wish upon any child...

They need that light...if just that...to get through life

Eventually they find a person to light up their eyes

...a best friend...

Who could possibly be the answer to all of their problems.

Kids are smart, they catch on quick

They know who's been hurt and who will heal...

Why do you think a broken child's soul is so strong?

They can show you more compassion than any other human being...

They will kneel with you

...or simply pray for you when you need it.

Take a deep look into those little eyes and tell me they don't shine

Tell me they are just eyes and nothing else

Children are the perfect example of how a torn, broken soul can be repaired with the sight of another broken soul...

To every child who has ever suffered, My heart

To every child who has ever knelt for another, I lend a knee

To every child who has found their light in someone else's broken soul, My life

Every child is unique in their own special way

...don't hurt that.

by **Miranda Beier**

Rosary

A rosary carefully wrapped around his wrists

-almost like handcuffs currently concealing a habit of false attempt-
shows the world that he just might have faith

There's something dark about the way he uses his Catholicism

Earlier, he had been conducting a story of a composition on his violin

-a talent gone to waste in his own eyes-
he so tries to convince the world that he just might have faith

But there's something so dark about the way he uses his Catholicism

Because moments before, he had put an end to his love
and in fallen hopes to be forgiven
put an end to *everything* else

After dangling a rosary from his magnum

-much like a necklace-

To maybe show the world that he just might have put an end
to his faith, as well.

Such a tragedy.

by **Ashley Heinz**



Breath of Heaven
Kimberly Souba