

# K PUBLIC LIBRARY DISTRICT CONGRATULATIONS!

## 2008 POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

- |                    |              |                   |
|--------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| • No Entry         | Kindergarten | N/A               |
| • No Entry         | 1st grade    | N/A               |
| • Kyndal Williams  | 2nd grade    | "Untitled"        |
| • Ghea Demps       | 3rd grade    | "Teachers"        |
| • Kellie Hoffmeyer | 4th grade    | "Soy Kellie"      |
| • Abagayle King    | 5th grade    | "Yo Soy Yo"       |
| • No Entry         | 6th grade    | N/A               |
| • Joshua Bailey    | 7th grade    | "Life is Just..." |
| • Alyscia Whittey  | 8th grade    | "Listen"          |
| • Monty Jones      | 10th grade   | "About Me"        |
| • No Entry         | 11th grade   | N/A               |
| • Warren Randolph  | 12th grade   | "Being Me"        |

### 2nd Grade

#### UNTITLED

The Cheetah is a very cute mammal  
It's also a courageous animal,  
They have hairy black spots,  
But they also look like black dots.  
They are beautiful and sly,  
And they also growl when they look at the sky,  
Can they have a leaner body?  
Do they have sharp claws?  
With their big, fastest paws.  
They are really cats.  
But they are not growling bats.  
*A Poem by: Kyndal Williams, 2<sup>nd</sup> grade* **(WINNER)**

### 3rd Grade

TEACHERS  
Teachers Teachers

## 4th Grade

### SOY KELLIE

Yo soy Kellie. Me gusta hacer amigas Yo soy  
Simpatica y trabajadora. Yo no soy perezosa,  
Graciosa, impaciente

*!Yo soy yo!*

*I am Kellie*

*I am Kellie. I like to make friends.*

*I am easy to get a long with and hard working.*

*I am not lazy, funny or impatient.*

*I am myself!*

*A Poem by: Kellie Hoffmeyer, 4<sup>th</sup> grade (WINNER)*

### UNTITLED

Soy Luisa.

En general, soy

Perezosa y simpatica.

A veces, soy graciosa,  
talentosa, o artistica.

No soy ni reservada

Ni ordenada

Yo soy yo!

*I am Luisa*

*In general, I am*

*lazy and nice*

*Sometimes, I am funny,  
talented, or artistic.*

*I am not shy*

*or organized.*

*I am me!*

*A Poem by: Taylor Walters, 4<sup>th</sup> grade*

### SOY TJ

En general, Yo soy  
deportista y trabajadora

A veces, soy graciosa  
atrevida o impaciente.

No soy ni desordenada,  
ni artistica

*Yo soy Yo!*

*I am TJ  
In general I am  
Sports-minded and hardworking.  
Sometimes I am funny,  
bold or impatient.  
I am not messy or artistic.  
I am my self*

*A Poem by: Taylor LaFevre, 4<sup>th</sup> grade*

### SOY MICHAEL

*En general, soy  
graciosa y perezosa  
A veres soy impaciente.  
No soy talentosa, ordenada, ni  
Buena. Yo soy muy desordenada.  
Le gusta artistica ni canideportista.  
?Como eres? La familia, a veces  
a trevida  
Yo Soy Yo!  
I Am Michaela.  
In general I am  
Funny and lazy.  
Sometimes I am impatient.  
I am not talented, neat or good.  
I am very messy.  
I like being artistic and sports-minded.  
What are you like?  
My family is sometimes bold.  
I am myself.*

*A Poem by: Michaela Wright, 4<sup>th</sup> grade*

### YO SOY TAYLOR

*Deportista e inteligente.  
A veces soy orenada y perezosa y  
atrevida. !No soy ni desordenada  
Ni artistica!  
!yo soy yo!  
I am Taylor,  
sports-minded and intelligent.  
Sometimes I am neat and lazy and bold.  
I am not messy nor artistic!  
I am myself!*

*A Poem by: Taylor Roberts, 4<sup>th</sup> grade*

### SOY MARISSA

Yo soy a veces  
impaciente. No soy  
ordenada. Soy  
desordenada. Segun  
mi familia soy  
talentosa. Soy  
trabajadora,  
simpatico, Buena, y a  
veces seria.  
Como soy?  
Yo soy yo!  
*I am marissa*  
*Sometimes I am impatient.*  
*I am not neat.*  
*I am disorganized.*  
*According to my family, I am talented.*  
*I am hardworking, easy to get along with,*  
*good and sometimes serious.*  
*What am I like?*  
*I am myself!*  
*A Poem by: Marissa Romero, 4<sup>th</sup> grade*

### IGNORE

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
My mom ignores me too.  
Skys are blue  
Rainbows too  
Cats are mean  
My mom is too  
My mom ignores me all day  
But she's still my mom  
And I love her  
I Love You Mom  
*A Poem by: Antoine Flowers, 4<sup>th</sup> grade*

5th Grade

### YO SOY YO

Soy muy deportista y seria;  
Soy inteligente y impaciente tambien,  
No soy perezosa, artistica, paciente, o  
estudiosa;  
Soy a veces desordenada y paciente;

rite es coclr caliente rosa;

Soy una chica

Tengo once anos

Y me llama Abbey L. King

Como eres?

*I am me*

*I am sports-minded and serious*

*I am intelligent and impatient also*

*I am not lazy, artistic, patient, or studious*

*I am sometimes messy and patient*

*My favorite color is hot pink*

*I am a girl*

*I am 11 years old*

*And my name is Abby L. King*

*what are you like?*

*A Poem by: Abagayle Louise King, 5<sup>th</sup> grade (WINNER)*

### UNTITLED

Segun mi familia

Soy muy desordenada

Segun mi amigo

Soy reservada

Segun mi amiga soy

Muy sociable

segun yo soy

Graciosa, inteligente y,

Seria, talentosa,y

Trabajadora.

Yo soy yo

*According to my family*

*I am very disorganized.*

*According to my friend*

*I am shy.*

*According to another friend*

*I am sociable.*

*According to me I am funny,*

*intelligent and serious,*

*talented and hardworking.*

*I am myself.*

*A Poem by: Kenya Giles, 5<sup>th</sup> grade*

### SOY NAJEE

a veces soy

deportista

Como eres?  
Desordenado, a no soy  
Impaciente ni  
Perezoso.  
*I am najee,  
Sometimes I am sports-minded.  
What are you like?  
Disorganized I am not,  
Neither impatient nor lazy.*  
*A Poem by: Najee Hunt, 5<sup>th</sup> grade*

SOY DANIELA  
En general, soy  
Impaciente y, perezoso.  
Soy talentosa y, reservada  
Soy inteligente y, simpática.  
No soy ordenada ni paciente.  
*yo soy yo  
I am Daniela  
In general I am impatient and lazy.  
I am talented and shy.  
I am intelligent and easy to get along with.  
I am not neat or patient.  
I am myself*  
*A Poem by: Amber Woods, 5<sup>th</sup> grade*

YO  
Yo soy muy  
Deportista. Yo soy  
una chica y me llamo Erin.  
A veces soy muy atrevida.  
No soy ni desordenada  
ni perezosa.  
Yo soy yo!  
*I am very sports-minded.  
I am a girl named Erin  
Sometimes I am very bold.  
I am neither disorganized  
nor lazy.  
I am myself!*  
*A Poem by: Erin Dubin, 5<sup>th</sup> grade*

### LIFE IS JUST...

When the sky, it smiles I smile back.  
I have mind power something you other folks lack.  
Life seems like timer ready to go off.  
I just sit on my bed just to think about life.  
We humans are not milk but we all have a due date.  
Jesus is my father. Join him it's not too late.  
Until he comes around. Sometimes in order to rise up you have to fall down.  
The reason I didn't mention my father cause he's dead in my mind.  
Everything is always better with sunshine.  
My life is cool. My life is just.  
Stay in school kids cause learning's a must.  
*A Poem by: Joshua Bailey, 7<sup>th</sup> grade (WINNER)*

### LOVE

Love. Love is something that might drive you crazy.  
Sometimes you wonder if it's really love.  
It is impossible to love and be wise.  
Sometimes people hate it sometimes people love it.  
When you wake up in the morning you feel love in your spirit.  
When your in love sometimes it carries you along the love train.  
Love can have its biggest mistakes. But some people learn to hold on.  
Love is a strong possibility between two. Love has it's doubts. Many people know when  
their in love and how to love from time to time. All ages feel love. From teenage crushes  
to wedding anniversaries. Love, Love, Love, you can sometimes feel it coming the air.  
Some people reel it in friendship. Love can take you for a ricle. But some people take  
love for a ride, love to be loved is a fast fact to think of.  
*A poem by: Nichelle Washington, 7<sup>th</sup> grade*

### THY BROTHERS BLOOD

I have no brothers-they who meet me now  
Offer a hand with their own wills defiled;  
And while they wear a smooth unwrinkled brow  
Know not that truth can never be beguiled,  
Go wash the hands that still betray thy guilt;  
Before the spirits gaze with stain can hide  
Abel's red blood upon the earth is spilt;  
And by thy tongue it cannot be denied.  
I hear not with the ear- the heart done tell,  
Its secret deeds to me untold before,  
Go, all its hidden plunder quickly sell;  
Then shall thou cleanse thee from thy brother's gore,  
Then will I take thy guilt-that bloody stain;

be seen upon thy hand again.  
*by: Leonard Petty, 7<sup>th</sup> grade*

### GREAT THINGS

Having God is the greatest thing that happened to me  
Having him set me free  
You should be nice to all the people you see  
Because you don't know how their life could be  
Watch what you say because it could cause trouble  
Then you'll be hiding in a bubble  
Do what's right and be called a lame  
Do good and succeed in everything you do  
And one day someone will acknowledge you.  
*A Poem by: Rasheed Flowers, 7<sup>th</sup> grade*

### THE WAY I FEEL

I think about you  
And I think about me  
And all the things we didn't do  
But I stop and wait  
And turn around  
And what I'm looking for has been found  
Inside my heart I feel what's right  
During the long nights  
I think about my friends  
That bring the light  
That brighten my life  
Even when they fight I can fix it  
This year is the end  
But not in my head  
I love these people too much  
To let them be forgotten  
They are stuck inside me  
There's no turning back  
Cause they got my back  
*A Poem by: Hope Hobgood, 7<sup>th</sup> grade*

8th Grade

### LISTEN

Listen to the sounds that are all around  
They send a message  
Listen to your heart  
It won't let you fall apart

Listen to your voice  
It helps make a choice  
Listen to your mind  
It will surely help you find  
Listen to your feet  
For they will choose who you meet  
Listen to yourself  
For with yourself you are able...  
Able to lead  
Able to listen  
Able to succeed

*A Poem by: Alyscia Whittey, 8<sup>th</sup> grade* **(WINNER)**

### NEVER

Never should regret what happened in the past!  
Never should I cry night after night thinking about what I did to get in that mess.  
Never should I think about all the pain that I caused others!  
Never should I have lied about what happened and why it happened!  
Now I sit here and think about what happened!  
Maybe  
If I would have told the truth and not lies to cover it  
I will not be in this mess!  
Maybe  
If I would have said that I did it and not put the blame on him!  
Maybe  
If I would have said that I did it, knowing it wasn't me!  
If I would have did that everything will be all right !  
Never  
Should I regret anything, but I sit here and think  
I regret what happened that night because it all could have been prevented!

*A poem by: Yasmine Jackson, 8<sup>th</sup> grade*

### UNTITLED

When the stars in the sky  
Sing a sweet la la by, and you  
Feel yourself drifting asleep. Don't  
Wine, don't cry, close her eye's.  
*A Poem by: Myle Johnson, 8<sup>th</sup> grade*

### UNTITLED

Why am I sitting here confused,  
Just thinking about you,  
And all the things you do,

but if you were telling me the truth,  
the girls is telling me different,  
And I just sit back and listen,  
But you just say they hating,  
And they jus wish they were the one you were dating,  
but sometimes I feel that you are lying,  
And it makes me want to break down and start crying,  
But you ain't even worth my tears,  
Cuz I been happy without you all these years,  
I just have to switch back gears,  
To the time when you were not here,  
So sorry if what I'm about to do is wrong,  
But all I got to say is  
Boy we can't go on  
*A Poem by :Myranda Martin, 8<sup>th</sup> grade*

10th Grade

#### ABOUT ME

##### **(The Power of the Tongue)**

I look, I listen, and everything around me is moving around.  
Life is moving and life is speeding through time.  
Don't you see what's going on? People are dying,  
people are suffering, and people are crying.  
As I get mad, I pull and build up more anger; anger within, fire in my eyes.  
As I look deeper inside myself, I see power, pride, anger, motivation, and strength.  
Life moves around like a speeding bullet. People die within, a blink of an eye.  
You live and you die! All well to the end for all do us part to the end.  
We as people live to survive,  
We work, hustle, we fight for something in order to get what we want in life.  
Life is hard, especially when it comes to making decisions  
for your life on what you're going to do or go.  
Love powers all, but most of all, the power of the tongue conquers over everything,  
and that's the most important part of the human body.  
The sacrifices, the struggles people have to go through.  
The pains, the cries you see and hear. What is there to do?  
Stand up for what you want fight for your future.  
People; also go through pains and struggles, because they don't open up themselves.  
They don't speak up, and see they want to be heard,  
but see they feel as if they already know what would happen.  
They're afraid that if they do open up their mouths people still won't listen  
and they will still continue to ignore them, so they try to open up their mouths to them.  
They're afraid that they might jump out their body to them,  
because of the fact that their anger builds up every time, they're not being listen to ,

at that point they explode in their minds  
and then through their mouth.

So when people see that other people start to act the same way it becomes a conflict  
because of the fact that no one listened to that person.

*A Poem by: Monty Jones, 10<sup>th</sup> grade (WINNER)*

## 12th Grade

### BEING ME

When I speak, you will listen, for I am myself. I cry, I feel, I am.  
What matters to me is seeing things differently.  
Glorify or vilify me, you will not bring me down.  
I will always have an opinion,  
and I will not hide my beliefs under the blanket of society.  
I see things, and I change things. I make a difference.  
So when asked what matters to me, I will tell you...it's being me.

*A poem by: Warren C. Randolph II, 12<sup>th</sup> grade (WINNER)*