

*Friends of the
Bedford Free Library
2017
Poetry Contest
Winners*

Ages 6-9

First Place: '**Robot Thinking**' by William Oden

Second Place: '**I Hate It/ I Love It**' by Seraphina Mlynar

Third Place: '**Green**' by Cora Kennedy

Ages 10-12

First Place: '**My Grandmother's Tree**' by Senna Levy

Second Place: '**Selkie**' by Piper and Romy Spevak

Third Place: '**Where I'm From**' by Alexander Krusko

Ages 13-16

First Place: '**Green Elegy**' by Warren Kennedy-Nolle

Second Place: '**Photo of My Grandfather in His Forty-Fifth Year**' by Sofia Soderberg

Third Place: '**Dear Bully, You Didn't Stop**' by Shelby Feliz

Robot Thinking

by William Oden

If I could eat anything

I would eat broccoli

but I can't eat broccoli

because it's always hot

If I could drink anything

I would drink a milkshake

But I can't because they

would freeze by brain

If I could fly in an airplane

I would fly first class

but I can't because I

am afraid of heights

I'm also afraid of spiders

because they bite humans

and if there were no humans

left then who would plug me in?

I Hate It/ I Love It

by Seraphina Mlynar

I hate it when my brother steals my computer cord

Because my computer runs out of power

I hate it when my brothers take my stuff

Because they say it is theirs

And it is NOT!

I hate it when soccer games get canceled

Because of the rain):

I hate it when I lose a chess game at a tournament

Because my brother taunts me,

And he wins all his games,

I hate it when my cat escapes,

Because then I have to find him.

I love it when it snows

Because we get to ski (:

And my mom is really good at skiing

I love it when my brother takes a nap,

Because I get to do more challenging crafts with my mom

I love it when my mom reads to me

We have a special book we read

(because I can read!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!If you were wondering)

I love it when I win a chess tournament

Because I get a BIG trophy,

And I get a treat,

I love it when my dog plays tug-of-war

He makes me laugh.

I hate it when my cat scratches me

Ouch!!

I love it when my mom gives me chocolate

I LOVE CHOCOLATE,

I hate it when I'm in the same room as my brothers

Ugh, ugh, ugh

I love it when my mom give me chocolate

Oops did I write that already?

Well I'll write a new one then . . .

I love it when my mom is in a good mood.

Is that good?

I love it when my family goes out to eat

I get to pick.

I love it when my writing teacher comes over

It is FUN!!!!!!!!!!

I love it when my dog sleeps with me

I love it when I'm lost in a good book

I love it I'm able to finish something

Like this poem!

Green

by Cora Kennedy

Green is a great, leaping grasshopper

Green is a Christmas Tree

Green is a big, groaning bullfrog

Green is a willow in the breeze

Green is the luckiest clover

Green is the juiciest lime

Green is the sourest apple

Green is the freshly mown grass

Green is the hat on a strawberry

Green is the stem on a flower

Green is spring

Green is alive.

My Grandmother's Tree

by Senna Levy

Minds are like trees.
They grow and grow
With leaves like thoughts
And branches like memories
All clinging to the strength of the trunk.

Every thought want to grow
Longing to fly
But some never soar
Just drift down to the ground
To be buried in the snowfall
Of another year.

My grandmother's tree is old.
So many leaves have fallen
The memories fading
As the trunk is infested
By the insects of old age.

My grandmother reaches and claws
Trying to grasp all the thoughts and memories
That sift through her fingers
Like flakes of decayed bark
As if she knows
That this is her final autumn

Almost gone now
My grandmother's tree is barren.
Her last leaves are waiting to fall
Last tattered remnants
Of the sapling she once was.
Her outer husk so transparent
I can see the dying core inside.

Soon, the snow will come.

Selkie

by Piper and Romy Spevak

She frolics and twirls
On the rock shores,
Dancing to the rhythm
Of the lapping waves.
Her midnight-black hair glows
With the fiery light of sunset.
Her lulling voice
Filled with mirth,
Carries a tune through the night.
Her sharp, alert eyes sparkle with humor,
As if laughing at a private joke.

Slipping on her sealskin, she dives into
The deep blue sea, the ice-cold waves welcoming her
Into their depths.
The moonlight
Licks her glistening black coat,
The water engulfing her in
Beautiful shades of azure,
With which she swims through
With grace.
As dawn creeps into
The sky,
She returns to her life
In the ocean.

Where I'm From

by Alexander Krusko

I am from the Earth
From my dreams and nightmares
From sweat and tears
From my parents and relatives
From the moment when my great-grandfather died

I am from the fight for freedom
From my great-grandmother's lost hearing
From the breeze and the grass
From aunts and uncles
From decisions and rules

I am from many generations
From arguments and agreements
From beginning and end
From friendship and hatred
From rich and poor
From right and wrong

I am from leaders and followers
From miracles and tragedies
From good and bad
From the past and the future
With no idea of what lies ahead

Green Elegy

by Warren Kennedy-Nolle

Blinded by the chlorophyll's overkill,
My gaze is glazed

In every pang of spring,
I peer through a graveyard of glass,

A false paradise of unveiled verdure starts life anew:

In silly daffodils that fill out forgotten fields
In sloshy pastures, dimples of the sun's delight
In smirking dandelions who have no pity

When all lose luster,
And yellow gives way to snowflake white
The spores scatter to the wind like sprites
To be reborn in other plots

But not yours.

The regal robin, poised upon the pitcher's plate
Holds his own, to peck for salt,
The pearls of the earth,
While the silent rain repaints winter's old frown
Into youth's frowsy smile.

Tears and rain never mix.

Lavender lilacs match the croquet mallets
Where you and I had last laughingly played
They sit still now, racked,
On the porch in a shroud of soot
No more scores to settle.

My mom picks up daisies
--some kid could carelessly toss,
Petals, stem and root—
Withering on the sidewalk,

Has to revive something
A little longer.

But not
for you,

I'm helpless.

"Take it one day at a time,"
That cliched consolation
From nodding, nervous nitwits
So easy,
when they're not the ones taking it
After so many days, it takes hold of you

Only yesterday I turned sixteen
This winter's left me feeling sixty.

Photo of My Grandfather in His Forty-Fifth Year by Sofia Soderberg

I sit on the frozen, wooden floor of the ancient red barn.
On my lap lies an old cardboard box, blanketed with dust.
As I sift through the photos I come across one of my father and his father.
Labeled spring 1968.

This photo portrays a person who not many know well.
My grandfather sits with his arm protectively around his 4 year old son, my father.
My grandmother's fingers covering the lens, blurring the edges.
Around them lies a library, filled with knick knacks and nautical charts.
His piercing blue eyes covered by the black and white film.
In this photo, my grandfather's blank face hides his natural light.
His true self that few get to know and love.

To many he is seen as a man with a stern figure.
A man who prefers having a handle over any situation.
A man who is a firm father of five.
A man who sailed from the Gulf of Maine to Hamilton, Bermuda.
A man who faces every problem with an engineer's mentality.

But I know that is not all he is . . .
There is more to this man than meets the eye.
What he hides behind his vacant stare is his benevolent nature.
His soft spot for milk chocolate.
His secret admiration for man's best friend asleep at his feet.
His sixth sense for the sea.
His loyalty to his family, through all cycles of life.
His eternal devotion to his wife, even in times when she fails to remember his name.
His passion for the ceaseless cycle of reading Moby Dick.

This is a man who I will cherish forever.

Dear Bully, You Didn't Stop

by Shelby Feliz

There she hangs with a belt around her neck
Bound by misery, her life a wreck.

Mom and Dad shudder and shake,
"Wake up! Wake up! We can't be too late!"

Her parents drop to the floor
Crying out, "What could we have done more?"

You didn't stop.

It was such a shock no one suspected,
What if only the bully respected?

How could you have no heart?
You tore someone's life apart.

Alone they sob in the pits of sorrow
'Cause for their daughter there is no tomorrow.

You didn't stop.

So Bully, before you continue, think about your next strife
'cause that me provoke the end of a life.

We do all we can to get through the night.
But it's too later now, words had their own plight.

Before you continue, think what words or a knife can do
Tears like blood trickle down so blue

The scars represent every name you called
Every amount of sadness you thrilled

You didn't stop.

So Bully, step right up and take the prize,
Are you happy now she will no longer rise?

Taunted by torment every day
We so yearn for that life to go away.

Victims find a way even if you take the blades away
You put us in the darkest place, the pain you give cannot be erased.

Under six feet of dirt along with hurt buried deep
Her pain inside was too much to keep.

You didn't stop.

But will she finally be free?
In her soul the hurt will always be.

She longed for the day for you to understand
She just wanted to be able to live again.