



2020

**MAITLAND PUBLIC
LIBRARY**

Annual Youth Poetry Contest

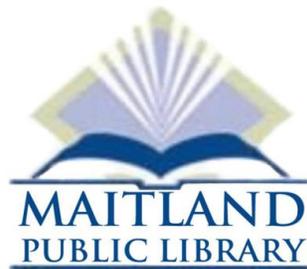


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**“Abuelito Pedro Never Forgotten,” by Sophia Forster
Maitland Montessori, 4th Grade**

First Place

I remember when he was alive.
I remember he would come from Puerto Rico to see me.
I remember being held in his arms.
I remember how he laughed until he cried.

I remember he was a carpenter.
I remember watching him build our pantry door.
I remember him climbing a ladder outside my house.
I remember building with his wooden scraps.

I remember the fun things he used to say.
I remember he would tell lots of jokes.
I remember the stories he used to tell.
I remember when he tickled me.

I remember he loved to sing.
I remember the smile on his face.
I remember the love in his eyes whenever he saw me.
I remember he thought I was beautiful.
I will never forget him.
And I will always keep his wooden scraps as a keepsake.

**“Forgotten,” by Marco Gallegos
Maitland Montessori, 4th Grade**

Second Place

I have forgotten
To take my dog on a walk
I have forgotten
To put away the chalk

When I haven't forgotten
I make my brother some cereal
But when I give him a banana
He throws around the peel

I can't say
That he is mean
But I don't
Enjoy having to clean

I have forgotten
And that's my excuse
But don't ask me who did it
Next time someone spills the juice

But now I must say farewell
To all of my dearest friends
For now, it's time
That this poem ends

“Forgotten,” by Mary Froehlich
St. Mary Magdalen Catholic School, 4th Grade
Third Place

Being forgotten is like being lost and alone.

Only having three friends and not good ones is like having no one there for you.

When people forget people, you will feel heart broken.

If people hate you, it’s almost like being forgotten.

Everybody hates being forgotten.

When people forget special memories, it is very sad.

When people, especially family members, have amnesia, it’s like losing someone you love.

There is a way to help though.

Help the person remember who you are and all the good memories you have had.

Remind that person to remember good times, vacations and the things they like.

That is what you do to someone who has forgotten.

Show the person the good times they have had.

Always remember, someone is always there for you.

“Forgotten Planet” by Marie Isabela Gurley
St. Mary Magdalen Catholic School, 4th Grade

Honorable Mention

The world is forgotten. The land, the waters, and the universe. The animals are forgotten. From a mammoth, to a lady’s purse. Everyone might think they’re doing their best, but they throw too much garbage, and forget about the rest. To a dolphin to a turtle, to a fish, to a shark, they are all dying because of people’s heart’s as bark. We should care more about the land that should be so green, we need to work hard, to make it cleaner than we’ve ever seen.

I know it seems harsh, but it is all true, we should love

And care more about the earth so blue.

“The War Against Forgetting,” by Alex Davis

Park Maitland School, 5th Grade

First Place

A thought you try and reach but just cannot grasp
It sits on your tongue, behinds your ears, or perched on your nose
When you finally corner it, it's just too late
It haunts the back of your head
Laughing ever so slightly
The imaginary villain
You wish you lived without
At last it creeps on you, driving you insane.
A fight between you and this is all that keeps you from being sane
You fight like your inner lion
But it is the poacher, and you are surely doomed
When all hope is lost, there is a silver lining in those awfully dark clouds
A ray of hope you can call it
And what is the ray of hope you may ask
A book
As the pages turn, thoughts and memories flood back in like when
a tsunami hits the shore
Your mind is hit with all of those forgotten thoughts
like a ball to the bat
So when you need help remembering
Grab a book and win the war against forgetfulness.

“Forgotten,” by Oliver Nelson

Park Maitland School, 5th Grade

Second Place

In my head I was forgotten
Working on those fields of cotton
In my heart I felt an ache
But I would not let my spirit break

“Forgotten,” by Ashwin Anand

Park Maitland School, 5th Grade

Third Place

Out in the far mountains, where the grass
never grows, there lived a lonely tree.

Now trees, though you may not know, have
feelings.

And this one was feeling quite blue, Though
by now

he was brown.

He felt bored, alone, but there was nothing
he could do.

He sat upon the mountain wondering,
thinking.

He had once had many friends; but those
good times were long gone, For

one by one his friends moved on.

He remembered the days, sitting, watching
the ruthless men take his only companions,

And, soon, he was left all by himself, sad,
lonely, and forgotten.

He no longer heard the sweet sounds of
birds chirping, Or the rustle of their wings
against his leaves, For he

had no leaves left.

He grew old as time went by, but he
dwelled on his past.

His friends had been taken from him, and
he felt depressed.

Heavy storms came and swept the very life
away from the mountains, But

the tree stood there strong.

He had not much life left in him, his days
were dwindling.

His branches began to dry, and he appeared
dead; He

was not, he was just forgotten.

However, all was not lost,

For a single drop of water fell once more,
and the tree looked up.

He saw that one singular leaf had appeared
on his branch, and he smiled.

But with all happiness comes sorrow;

He felt a sharp blade, and his time had
finally come,

But he went happy, and he was pleased to
let the men borrow his wood.

For he was no longer forgotten.

Even through sorrow, however, there will
always be light, For his one leaf had not
fallen, and another had sprouted.

He had been born anew.

And through the years, the men came and
went.

The tree let them borrow his wood,

And all were happy, for the kind soul of this
tree was never again forgotten.

“Pursuit of Happiness,” by William Harvie

Park Maitland School, 5th Grade

Honorable Mention

School is good, school is right,
Education’s surely bright!
I don’t mind to face a challenge
If it’s not till twelve at night.

If I’m not unduly stressed,
Doing homework while I’m dressed
When I should be in my jammies
Getting so much needed rest.

I’d do better if I try
Study, play, do sports, but I
Overwhelmed with school get angry,
When I just break down and cry

Now, students together,
I think we agree:
A good healthy challenge
Is better for thee.

But it’s not a good feeling
When your brain is reeling,
And your hopes are cut off
Like limbs from a tree.

“Untitled,” by Olivia Hegarty
Park Maitland School, 5th Grade
Honorable Mention

Even since the last tick of her heart, She would
never be forgotten or broken apart. When I sat at
the dinner table all these years later, We still talk of
the woman strong and able.

Always at the front of my mind,

Will never be behind,

Always happy,

Never lacking,

Always on top,

Never on the chop, Will never

be forgotten. I hope to be like

her someday, In every kind of

way.

“Under,” by Sophia Hesh

Park Maitland School, 6th Grade

First Place

I’m here, I’m here, on top of the waves,
Being held by a cord, firm and strong.
There is nothing else that my heart quite craves
As much as being up high, where I belong.

I glide, I soar above all of the world,
Where the shards of bitterness cannot scrape me,
But suddenly, I feel my stomach curl,
And that feeling of joy escapes me.

Down, down, I plummet, screaming, straight down,
Passing by all of the lightning and thunder.
Then an impact, dreadful, hits me with a pound,
And I feel myself slipping under.

The cord ‘round my waist has fallen astray—
I know it’s my fault that it ended this way.

“The Forgotten Girl,” by Eden Kiger

Park Maitland School, 6th Grade

Second Place

I am the girl you forgot
No one really notices me
This tends to happen a lot
It’s been happening since three

I try to make some friends
I am always trying
But once I reach the end
I’m in the corner crying

Being all by myself
I get pretty lonely
I’m about to turn twelve
Why is it going so slowly?

I hope one day it all changes
And this is just one of life’s stages

“I Am Lost,” by Sarah Cantwell

Park Maitland School, 6th Grade

Third Place

I am lost and abandoned
My body is twisted and torn
I am crisscrossed in every way
And my clothes are old and worn

Here I am, someone nobody sees
A forgotten face lost over time
Left here, just like misplaced keys
With nothing I can call mine

I am just someone to fill the cracks
Basically a nobody
It seems everyone forgot
I was once a somebody

I am lost with no place I call home
I am lost; I'll always be alone

“Toy Box,” by Julian Foley

Park Maitland School, 6th Grade

Honorable Mention

I used to sit on his lap,
His sweet tender, loving care.
Then threw me in here with a snap,
In the box, I’m a lone, stuffed bear.

The days haven’t got any better,
I’m starting to gather some dust.
I can barely move through the clutter,
I have to get out, I must.

I’m starting to tear at a seam,
Let me leave, let me go back!
The solution seems like a dream,
But am I here because I lack?

Alas, I sit here and wait,
While I’m accepting my current fate.

“Hero,” by Charlotte Lightman

Maitland Montessori School, 6th Grade

Honorable Mention

Reflecting in the darkness of my mind,
Is a shining shard of light,
Filled with colors that almost make me blind.

I sense a familiarity with a touch,
One that I cannot place,
But I still like this feeling very much.

I step forward to the shard,
Then step back,
For the feeling has scarred.

The shard then does a wonder of a thing,
It moves in spite of my presence,
And starts to sing.

A song of love and fear,
A song of worry and remembrance,
And upon my cheek there is a tear,

For I have never known this feeling,
At least I think I never had,
A warm hug seems to rise as high as the ceiling,

And now I do remember,
They will always be there,
My happy memories will repair

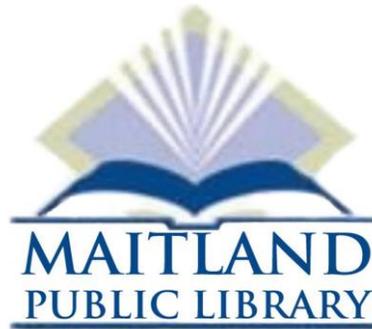
The ones I have forgotten,
The ones that have made me cry,
The ones that I wish that I could just say goodbye,

They will help me get up in the darkest of days,
They will get me through the haze,

Thank you, thank you, anyone who tries,
Thank you, for you are a hero in my eyes.

Special thanks to all our poets, their teachers and families, and our panel of judges.

And thanks to our Friends of the Library for providing prizes and sponsoring this contest.



Check out our website for upcoming events:

www.maitlandpl.org

