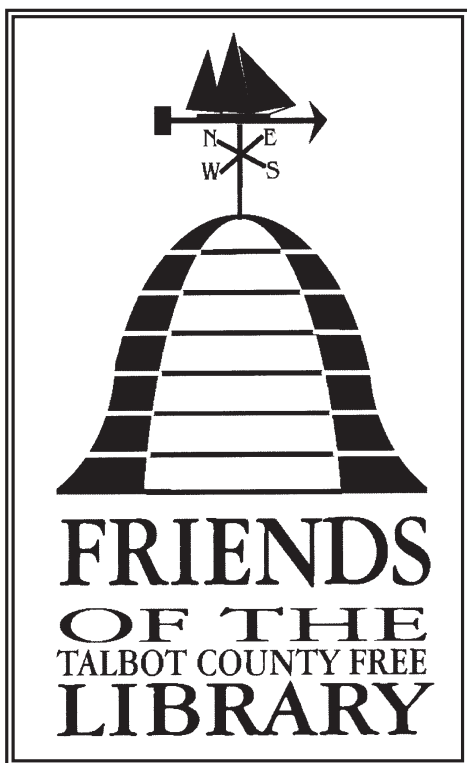


22nd Annual
Poetry Contest
2012

Sponsored by



Partially funded by the
TALBOT COUNTY ARTS COUNCIL

The FRIENDS are pleased to
present the awards and honorable
mention winners in the...

22nd Annual

Poetry Contest

May 10, 2012

More than 200 entries were
received from students and adult
citizens of Talbot County.

The Friends sincerely thank
all who submitted poems and hope
they will continue their interest
in poetry.

Special Thanks to...

Poetry Contest Judges

Bishop Joel Johnson

Melissa McCloud

Paula Vlahovich

Students, Grades 3-5

Winner

Our World

Sky ...

The thick spring fog drifted away
carrying the smell of roses with it.
The birds swoop down
on a breathless wind
down and up ... sky.

Dirt ...

Brown dirt covers the earth in a
crumbling blanket.
Children's footprints
pat down bug-filled earth.
Grass seeds sneak their way
in and sprout ... dirt.

One clover ...

Oh clover with one hole
your patterns intrigue me
Kelly green so greenish white
The grass around makes you
pop out ... one clover.

Galen Marquess
Grade 3
The Country School

Students, Grades 3-5

Honorable Mention

Me

I am me
And I always will be
I go on fun trips
And eat potato chips
My friends and I
We get on carnival rides
And go down big slides
We both play the flute
And sometimes play the note toot toot
We are both in band
We sometimes hold hands
I have a dog
And I think one of them has a pet frog
I have a brother
That is related to my mother
And a father
That is related to his daughter
And I am that one and only daughter
I am me
And I always will be

Lexi Jones
Grade 5
St. Michaels Elementary School

Honorable Mention

Tree

a tiny little seed
is all you need
to grow a tree

Ben Schroeder
Grade 3
The Country School

Students, Grades 6-8

Winner

I AM ...

I am a member of the world
I am a part of problems
I have different moods
I am growing up
I am being raised by parents
Who try their best
To lead me in the right direction
I am Changing
I am scared
I am a girl with problems
I am a true friend
I have true friends
I am afraid of the darkness
I am an athlete
I am a girl with responsibility
I take responsibility well
I am a girl with good days
And bad ones
I love life
I hate it
I have a family
Who say I brighten their days
I love them
I cannot stand them
They are strict
They care

Claudia Sadler
Grade 8
Sts. Peter & Paul School

Honorable Mention

My Heaven

I've heard of this place in the bright blue sky
Where the light shines brightest like a night
time star
The distance of this place seems like a million
miles long
From here it feels so very far

All the people say it does not exist
That no one could ever get there
I will prove them wrong some day in my life
I will find the path no matter where

This journey will be long and tiring
I sometimes wish I could just fly
This road of adventure will take some time
I hope I get there before I die

It's a paradise and a heaven so great
Once I get there I will not leave, never
Joy there spreads through out the clouds
I won't stop searching, I will look forever

Ginny Denny
Grade 8
The Country School

Honorable Mention

Basketball

It's more than a game.
Go big or go home.
Any day is our day.
Underdogs.
Play like a pro.
Go hard in the paint.
Pop that J,
Swish it.
Crash the boards.
Dunk, Dribble, Drive.
Play with passion,
It's more than a game.

Charlie Greaney
Grade 7
Sts. Peter & Paul School

Winner

Be By Your Side

You were the one who
Was there for me when things were rough,
Even when things got tough.
You stood by my side
You always told me to hold my head up
High and to never cry

So many times you made me mad
And for the dumbest reason
I always risked the good
Thing that I had.
That good thing was you
Even though sometimes
You did make me feel blue

I can't believe how we grew apart,
And here is another brand new start.
But all I can do is hope and pray
That everything will go back to normal,
How it was in the good old days
And just be okay

Students, Grades 9-12

There will never be a day
That goes by, and I won't
Sit and wonder why
How I let a good guy
Get away from me

No matter what happens
Down the long road ahead
For the both of us
Or the new people
That come in our lives
Forever and always I'll
Be by your side

I know I've made some
Big mistakes, that caused
Misery, pain, and a lot of heartache
If I could go back and change
That I would, believe me
If only I could

So I'll end this with
A friendly hug and our little
Bleacher kiss, one thing
That I hope you will
Never be able to miss

Kataya Murray
Grade 12
St. Michaels High School

Honorable Mention

Vitality

Who am I that along time and age run
What lives and ends: a circle together
When metal-stained wars have been fought
and won
I breathe through sunlight, dance in rain;
weather
My fingertips brush visions of the moon
My mood flows with tides, crashes with the
waves
My song: the breeze that lifts when falling
soon
My golden sliver pains are your life graves
I survive painstakingly on and on
While mortals, seasons, everything must
change
As heaven and hell shatter I'm not gone
What am I that shines through stained glass
windows
More powerful than God from above you
To lose me is to lose everything
For life without love is nothing.
You allow your skin to breathe it all in
And accept feeling rational again.

Bryanna Ulrick
Grade 10
Easton High School

Students, Grades 9-12

Honorable Mention

A Fine Winter Night

The world is silent
Still in sleep
And blanketed in white
The snowflakes dancing in the wind
Against the black of night.

The naked trees cast dancing shadows
On a palette of winter pure
The biting breezes
Whisper by
First vicious then demure.

A river thunders not far off
That escaped the threat of frost
Rejoicing with its resounding tune
Of the ice that it has lost.

The flicking of the snowflakes
As they hit the ground at last
Brings forth the dreamy atmosphere
Of ages long gone past.

The moon is full and bright
Sending to the world below
Its cold and eerie light;
For it is a winter night
A fine winter night.

Audrey Stultz
Grade 12
Chesapeake Christian School

Adult

Winner

The Mirror

I look in the mirror
And what do I see?
Granma Cora looking at me.

How can this be
I say in my head?
It's forty long years
That she's been dead.

I move to the left.
I move to the right.
Nope, she's still there, looking a fright.

The hair is wispy, wirey, white
The eyes are dim from too much insight.
The cheeks are cracked like porcelin glaze.
And you can tell, she's had better days.

I look in the mirror
And what do I see?
Granma Cora laughing at me.

Ok, Ok, I know the drill.
You won't disappear when I take my pill.
You're in my heart and in my soul.
And you'll be with me as I grow old.

I think there's nothing better to be
Than I am you
And you are me.

Sharon Harrington

Adult

Honorable Mention

Dough-mestic Pie-olence

Some bruises ooze
Like bubbling blackberry cobbler
Others buried like plums in a pie
Hidden beneath the crusty, cruel remark,
The tart retort, the bitter rue-barb.

Wrapped in a dumpling of silence, the slap,
the shove
Out of the frying pan, into the fire
Oven doors slammed so hard
The rafters rattle with rage
Above steaming scones of slicing scorn.

The weight in the depths of digestion
Cherry pits and peach stones of fear
Linger and cling, meanwhile ...
No one brings a casserole.

Ann E. Dorbin

Honorable Mention

Grandfathers

*"Mary had a little lamb, with green peas on
the side.
And when her boyfriend got the bill, he laid
down and died."*

Grandpa told that joke a hundred different
times,
While my sister and I sat quiet and polite,
Trying not to cringe from the stale beer
breath.
We itched to be outside in the summer
evening.
Mary, my father's step-mother, would slide
along behind
To feed Grandpa more brown-bottles and to
scold
About his smoking too much and making
himself cough.
I always sensed my parents in the living room
avoiding thinking about it.

continued

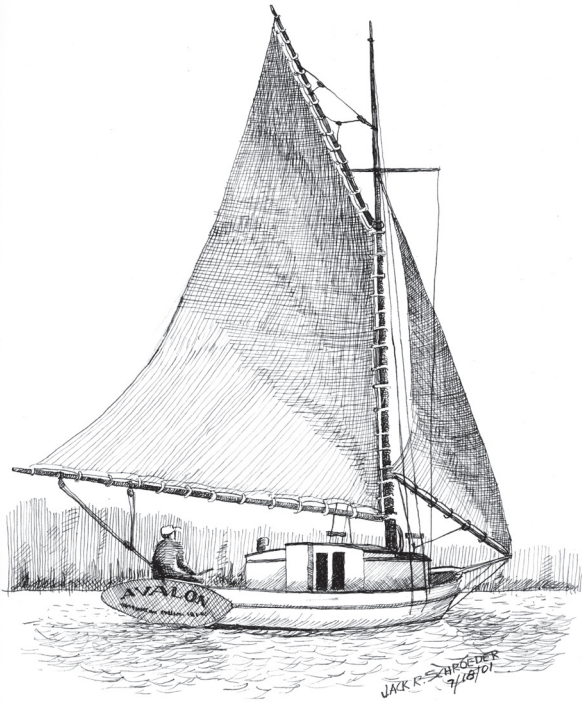
Adult

After the joke, he would sit there waiting for
a laugh
And sipping in the shadows of the porch.
Once, I finished the joke with him in chorus
Which I thought was funny, but he was angry.
How could I have known the joke; it was his
only one.
But he never remembered telling it.
Why did my parents take us there?
Was it just to hear the Mary joke
over and over?

When I was fifteen, Grandpa died of smoke
and age.
No one shed a tear at the funeral; it didn't
seem the thing to do.
My father said the old man never touched
him in affection
Or for any other reason, come to that.
On the way home a car hit us, running
through a red light.
The other driver reeked of whiskey.
I hurt my knee, but not too much.
I wasn't even scared, just a bit surprised.
Afterwards, I saw my father crying for the first
time.
He said that he was scared
that I might have been hurt
by the drunk.

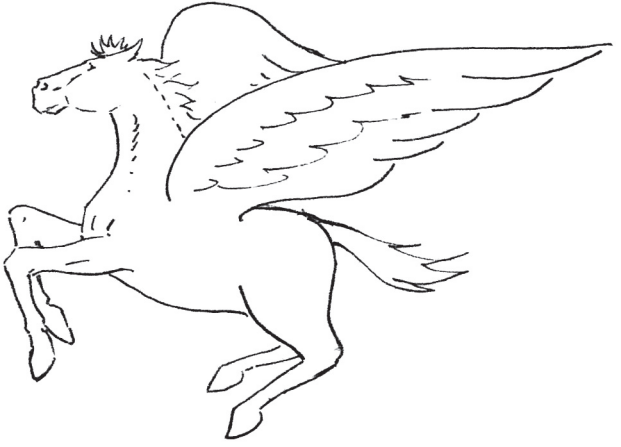
The other day I heard my father tell my niece
a joke
She didn't understand at all.
She ignored it and started looking through
her book.
"Mary had a little lamb," she read in her tiny,
little voice.
And my father almost cried out loud.
Later, I said that I was sorry
that he had been hurt,
by the drunk.

Tom Callahan



I'm going to wander away, away
Where there are islands
All green with delight.
I'm going to sail on down the Bay
Without a thought for the night.

Gilbert Byron, 1920



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TALBOT COUNTY
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is to build a greater understanding of the
importance of the Talbot County Free Library,
for the enrichment and growth of the community.