

FIRST GRADE

FIRST PLACE:

THE WIND

The wind blows the water down the lane
The leaves fly down from the trees
You blow from the grass
You blow beyond the hills
You blow past houses and cities

Carolyn Pinto, grade 1

SECOND PLACE:

TRUCKS

make roads
bring ice cream
haul loads
honking horns
I love trucks.

Rory Schartner, grade 1

THIRD PLACE:

FUN

When I have fun
I jump and run.
Video games are super neat
but being outside is a real treat.
At the end of the day
when I go to bed
happy thoughts are in my head.

George Luisa, grade 1

SECOND GRADE

FIRST PLACE:

I CLING TO YOU

I cling to you like metal to a magnet.
Your heart of beauty,
your song of gold.
I love you.

Noelle Chandley, grade 2

SECOND PLACE:

WINTER POEM

darkest forest nights
lovely promises
evening sounds
frozen house
easy snow

miles go
I really enjoyed writing this poem,
But it's time for me to go.

Melissa Cerioni, grade 2

THIRD PLACE:

DOWN COMES THE RAIN

drip, drop, drippy, drop
down comes the rain
falling nonstop
drip, drop, drippy, drop.
Splash!

Elizabeth Norton, grade 2

THIRD GRADE:

FIRST PLACE:

THE ANGRY BEE

I raked a big dog.
The dog had a bonnet,
the bonnet had a bee,
and that bee was angry.
It played the fiddle,
which made screeching sounds,
and that bee did not give up.
Next he brought a goldfish,
which had on a mask.
“That’s it,” I said.
But just then
my wristwatch shouted,
“Yoo Hoo!”
So I jumped and landed on top
of the bee,
and I tell you,
that’s the last time
I rake a dog.

Colleen Lynch, grade 3

SECOND PLACE:

EASTER

Eggs... colors, pastels, stripes, dots
Animals... ducklings, lambs, chickens, bunnies
Spring... bright, cheerful, warm
Tulips... lilies, pansies, crocus
Easter baskets... jelly beans, peeps, chocolate eggs
Religion... church, prayer, sacrificing

Lauren DiTullio, grade 3

THIRD PLACE:

CHET

There once was a gecko named Chet.
He's the best pet you could ever get.
He never has to go to the vet.
He's scaly and spotted and on the smaller side.
During the day he's on the hide.
He snags crickets left and right.
He eats mealworms every other night.
Sometimes he might give you a fright!

Michael DiTullio, grade 3

FOURTH GRADE:

FIRST PLACE:

LIFE IS LIKE A STREAM

A stream is born on a mountain
Down the mountain it flows
Venturing into the world, growing as it goes
Everyone combined with others to form a river
Never stopping growing, more joining
Together making a community of life
Unfazed by life's difficulties
Resting at a lake, sea, or Ocean
Everyone together as one
Where the adventure really begins

Jonathan Castner, grade 4

SECOND PLACE:

TREES LIKE LIFE

Trees sway like life,
bending in the breeze of danger.
Wind whispers like time,
telling you secrets of the past.
Sun blazes like luck,
either behind a cloud
or beating down
giving light and heat.

Grass rolls on hills like fire,
swaying in the wind of wonder.
Mountains stand like wealth and power,
tall and might in their wake.
Ocean crashes like temptation,
pulling you in with its mighty tide.

Trees stand like us,
bending in the breeze of danger.
James Erickson, grade 4

THIRD PLACE:

SKI RACING

Zoom
You race through the gates
turning and churning
down the hill
like a race car
speeding through a course
Your skis start wobbling
Your body is jiggling
You're losing control
Then suddenly
CRASH!
Skis go sailing
Poles perish
You are airborne
Erik Fish, grade 4

HONORABLE MENTION:

LOOKING FOR WILDLIFE

Nashua river trip
red canoes in the water
looking for wildlife
Jack Doherty, grade 4

HONORABLE MENTION:

SNOW

Snow
 Is
 Falling
 Down
Putting plants to bed
with the outside white.
Tiny flowers from the sky
make you say, "My, oh, my!"
It's a winter wonderland.
Snow
 Snow
 Snow
Michelle Nguyen, grade 4

FIFTH GRADE:

FIRST PLACE:

THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING

I look out my window at the foggy rainy day
as the mountains of snow suck the rain in
like giant sponges thirsty for water

I cross my fingers and patiently wait for spring
I silently sit staring out waiting for the weather to change

The next morning I wake up to the sounds of the birds chirping
not the noisy rain that prickly pats on my window

I change my clothes to a spring time skirt
I open the window and the silent wind tickles my hair as it sways in the breeze

I walk outside with no coat the sun smiling in the sky
The snow is no more than a puddle on this day
The neighbor's dog sits on the front porch basking in the sun

The flowers bounce up as if army troops that's enemy has retreated
The dew on the grass slides down to the thawed earth

I look around and take a long breath
The first breath of
Spring

Elise DiTullio, grade 5

SECOND PLACE:

SPORTS

fun, cool, afterschool, goal, score
wanting more, shoot, pass, all over
mass, rink, field, no need to
yield, games, practices, knowing
tactics, cleats, shoes, easily bruise

Jonathan Maki, grade 5

THIRD PLACE:

NATURE

Nature creeks, croaks, hisses, hums,
bangs, rains, sings, drums...
And that is music to my ears.

Rowan Beary, grade 5

HONORABLE MENTION:

THE SPIDER PRANK

I pulled a prank

It involved a rubber spider
I did it to my Aunt Kider
I put the spider on a string
I lowered it down from up high
From the staircase I watched
Victory was mine
It hit Aunt Kider's shoulder
Made her jump, made her scream
Now I want a bagel with cream cheese

Kaela Hollister, grade 5

MIDDLE SCHOOL:

FIRST PLACE:

CHANGING

A ball of yarn becomes a scarf.
A pup becomes a dog.
A bowl of cherries turns to pie.
A tree becomes a log.
A log becomes a rocking chair.
Mud turns to stone.
An acorn grows into a tree.
A body fades to bone.
Summer bows to winter.
An egg becomes a snake.
A stranger once is now a friend.
Ice becomes a lake.
A giggle grows into a laugh.
Weak turn into strong.
A house becomes a cozy home.
An old dream turns to song.
A pile of twigs becomes a nest.
A thought becomes a book.
Our world is changing every day,
everywhere you look,
no matter what.

Eva Rapoza, grade 8

SECOND PLACE:

MIDDLE EARTH

precious silver
precious gold
precious gems
of dwarves so old

eleven bows twanging
through the forest serene

moving quickly
past leaves green

the powerful beings
wizards wise
shall protect the world
from its demise

the blades of kings
weapon of power and might
ranks of men behind it
through their dangerous plight

fiery dragons
take precious things
traveling swiftly
through air by wing

orcish blades merciless
their skin charred
through many battles fought
their faces forever scarred
Peter Harris, grade 6

THIRD PLACE:

REALITY

Don't you feel the breeze
Coming off the lake with ease
Horses are neighing
People are hey-ing
The grass spans to the skies
The grass and skies are canvas to our eyes
What about mountains, what about them
The ones farther out are the size of a thumb
I'm spiraling up
Because reality woke me up
Joel Culkins, grade 8

HIGH SCHOOL:

FIRST PLACE:

NOT AT ALL

How beautiful, to be alive,
so full of life, so full of drive.
So much promise up ahead,
I can hardly wait to leave my bed.

Yet as I try to sit up straight,
I feel above me, a sickening weight.
The weight becomes too much to bear,
so I lie back down, give up, and stare.

but as the hours pass I begin to fear,
that ugly future, coming near.
I scream out a desperate cry,
“What is that thing, coming nigh!”
but the only response is in my head,
and suddenly my hope becomes dread,
as I feel the future closing near,
That ugly thing I once held dear.

And now the future is the present,
sickly, black and repugnant.
And now in my final hour,
as I slowly wilt like a flower,
I know that I deserve this fate,
I deserve every ounce of my hate.
Because while I could not stand,
I could have tried to crawl,
but I didn't try, not at all.

James Keats, grade 12

SECOND PLACE:

TORNADO

A Tornado is like a child
On the move thrashing things about
Like a child on a sugar rush
Picking things up and slamming them down

A Tornado is like a Merry-Go-Round
Whirling all about
Like an amuseent ride
Spinning round and round

A Tornado is like a fan
Blowing things down
Like a fan
Knocking a house of cards down

A Tornado is like a child
Calming down from a rampage
Dissappearing slowly leaving its tale

Benjamin French, grade 10

THIRD PLACE:

THE BEST

On the inside, it's a pretty weird feeling
I'm feeling like I'm high as a ceiling
But I'm just excited over dealing with
The love of my life, who's leaving with
My worries and problems, and happiness

Asking her out is just like flying a kite
But watch out for trees, and remember the "Old Spice"
It's hard doing this, hard as ice
Hard as many other things, that for this, may not suffice

But it's also a heavy competition
Some may call it love, others an addiction
But vigilance is present
Because the we need the fiction

We need the creativity
The lack of that is what kills the city
As a matter of fact I'd rather have it living
So I could reign over it, and take her as my queen

Some day in the future
When I lose her
I'll regret my stillness I expressed
For she was my prize, like a pirate to a treasure chest
And if there's anything I must confess
It's that you DID look good in that dress
You HAD shown me finesse
And above all, I thought of you as the best

Bernard Joseph, Grade 9