

Gold Key Award – Regional Level - Poetry

Poetry Collection

By Jennifer S., New York

Creation

Absent hue, empty, nothingness
For eternity before an inexistent abyss
Absence filled with the God who would bless
The world by miraculously beginning
A story that would give many reason for singing
With a love that can not be fathomed
With wisdom beyond any could ever have reasoned
With a power that made mountains when he called
That suspended the stars to have not yet falled
The Lord of the Universe started the mysterious story of creation

Oh to have been there! What we would see
To be in heaven to ask the angels how it came to be
To watch him spread out vast oceans to delicately forming a little tree
Him beginning the miracle of life, the beginning of death
In only six days He set in roll all that's left
There's only one other story I love to hear more
Only one other tale with more questions I implore
The story of a Savior coming to the earth his Father created
To live and to die and to rise for the ones He had made, whom He they hated

My Six-Year-Old Mind

Up-down-up-down, I jump ecstatically
Can you not guess, Mommy, why I'm exploding with glee?
My school is done, I free from the chains
Oh! Do you know how it feels to be relieved from these pains?
Even the sun and the birds can relate with me, just hear how they sing!
Outside I bound like a wild colt and my delight loses not its loud ring
For gaiety is a consistent thing in a child who's just been freed from his suffering

Onto my bike like it was a mighty steed I jump, resembling my hero John Wayne
I grab my gun to save the day and hand out to the bad guys their allotted pain
Up and down the streets I ride, being wary to stay in my boundary
For if I cross the resented line the sheriff will soon be after me
She'll call me inside and tell me again the tale that has so often been told

Of a poor, innocent citizen, who for not being a hero like me, was a little too bold
Lost he became and lunch he missed but worst yet was soon to be
For when found in a dramatized half an hour the poor lad was grounded a day times three
I shudder at this torturous treatment wishing my fate to not be the same

So I turn my handles and swing around with a new determination
If the bad guys come onto my road they'll be sorry for this street is my nation
The boundary won't be crossed, but then I already have my hands full
Bad guys line my street already and it's time for them to pay the toll
I hear a damsel in distress cry out in pain-not, as most would think, in play
Off I speed; pride fills my little heart as I realize my street needs me to save the day

A Tassel Unique

I contemplate the manner the graceful leaves sink to the ground
And stumble upon a surprising find
For as common as leaves can in this vast world be found,
Tis hard to find anything that's similarly designed
The resemblance of a leaf is impossible to find

I contemplate the manner of which magnificent leaves are patterned
In their beautifully unique and divine way
And I wonder if it is such a rarity that leaves are not often mirrored
For in Gods providence he formed both night and day
And everything else to be unique in their own special way

Faith

A seed once planted in the soil
Assumed then its life was done
But unbeknown to this little seed with hopes now foiled
His life had really just begun

In the spring the seed, it sprouted
With hopes returned it grows
Aware now that, during the time he pouted
He was being nurtured to become a rose

This rose and I walk a similar feat
Only, a companion with me I have, indeed
He walks with me through seasons of grief
And He supplies my every need

The trying season has passed
I enjoy the season of spring
And it seems my troubling times have ceased
While I relish in summer sparkling

Frigid winds blow
I wither, I crumple, I despair
Oh! The spring does not last forever
It has melted into a nightmare

My Guardian reaches out his hand
He pulls me to my feet
He reminds me of my earlier doubting seasoned
And in this, comfort I do meet

For winter is only a short duration,
A moment that, once passed, has blessed
But during that eon feeling dimension
Abiding in Him, in trusting I've progressed

Next time the winter winds blow
I seek shelter in Him, for in His love I abide
Though how trials will be surpassed, I do not know,
The All-Knowing-One is my guide