



**Words from the
Woods**
*The 2019 Great
Adirondack
Young People's Poetry Contest*





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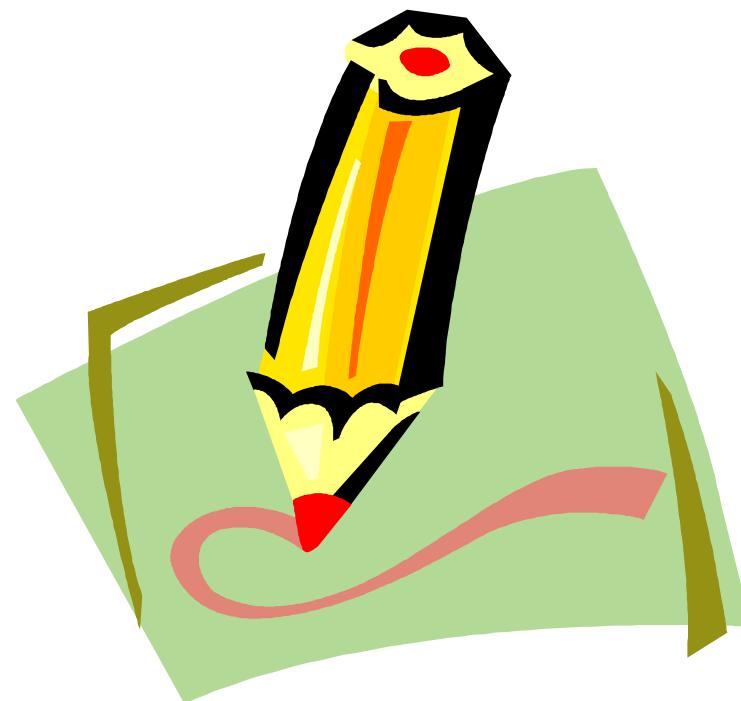
We are always looking for ways to expand our Poetry Program. If you know of any schools, teachers or programs that would be interested in participating in the future, please forward their information to us or have them contact us at

518-523-1312

or

info@lakeplacidinstitute.org

Thank you for your participation!



*We would like to thank our local sponsors and
A special thanks to Gary & Garrick Smith of the Hotel North Woods
for donating the room for our reception.*



Words from the Woods

The Lake Placid Institute has sponsored the Great Adirondack Young People's Poetry Program since 1998. We have been blessed with enthusiastic support from teachers, prominent poets who have served as judges, parents, and most of all, the freshness and enthusiasm of our young poets. Over 400 poems were received from students living or attending schools in or around the Adirondack Park, grades K through 12, and this booklet is made up of poems chosen for their special merit.

.....
.....



The 2019 Judges

These members of **The Poetry Group of Saranac Lake** are local poets and lovers of poetry. This group meets at and is supported by the Saranac Lake Free Library. The public is invited to the monthly Poetry Gathering at the library every third Monday. You may call (518) 891-4190 for further information.

Judith Coopy, a published poet and author, who retired to the Tri-Lakes area after teaching English for many years. She is an award winning poet in the VA Health Care System's Creative Arts program. She has participated in Poetry Readings and Story Slams in the North Country and Upstate, NY. She regularly shares her poems and stories with residents of Saranac Village at Will Rogers. She thoroughly enjoys sharing her stories with groups and organizations in the Tri-Lakes area and at the Stratton VA Medical Center in Albany, NY.

Laura Hull enjoys living in the Adirondacks, where she often finds time to put words together that express her love of the area and her love of life. She is honored to be participating as a judge this year, and truly hopes that all who submitted work will continue to write ...your words are worth listening to! She is a current member of The Poetry Group of Saranac Lake, a former member of Pen and Parchment, and has had several pieces published in The Adirondack Enterprise.

Nadine McLaughlin this is her 4th year as judge in this annual event. Although writing poetry has become an important part of her life for many recent years, she has actually been longer well-known as a successful professional artist. She moved to Jay, NY, many years ago to accept a position as artist for Adirondack Life Magazine and has lived and worked as a full-time Adirondacker ever since. She and her husband live on a picturesque, 160-year-old landmark farm, which is now also home to her own design, illustration, and publishing business called Graphics North. Poetry has seemed to come naturally in the Adirondacks; and Nadine now has four published books of her own original poems currently in print. Another favorite benefit of writing poetry for her has been having the opportunity to present special poetry programs for students at several regional schools, where she inspires them to write poetry themselves.

Stephanie Banks is completing her fourth season as a poetry judge for the Lake Placid Institute. She admires the effort the young students make toward crafting colorful, humorous and thoughtful poetry. Playing with language and learning to find originality in style and form are difficult to cultivate. These poems represent a meaningful collaboration between the teachers' guidance and their pupils' possibilities and experimentation. She enjoys reading the results.

Valerie Moody is a native of the Adirondacks; she has been employed as a Quality Analyst for the Adirondack Arc since 2001. Val wrote and published poetry while in college but took a long hiatus from writing until 2017 when she joined The Poetry Group. Much of her current writing flows from experiences she has had with her horse Taylered Heart and her previous horses and mules. This is Val's second season as a poetry judge for the Lake Placid Institute. She would like to thank all of the teachers for encouraging their students to enjoy poetry and the students for their many wonderful and original submissions.

Attention All High School Filmmakers!

Creative Challenge 2019

FILMMAKERS MAY PARTICIPATE IF THEY:

- ARE IN GRADES 9-12
- RESIDE IN OR ATTEND SCHOOL IN THE ADIRONDACK PARK INCLUDING ANY COUNTY WHICH IS PARTIALLY LOCATED IN ADIRONDACK PARK

SPONSORED BY

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Adirondack Film Society

Win up to \$500 Cash!

The 2019 Blue Line Young Filmmakers Project is now open!

Submissions accepted now through June 1, 2019

Win cash prizes! Cash prizes will be awarded to the top 3 films: First prize \$500, second prize \$300, and third prize \$200.

Walk the red carpet! Top scorers will have their films shown at the Lake Placid Film Festival in October of 2019!

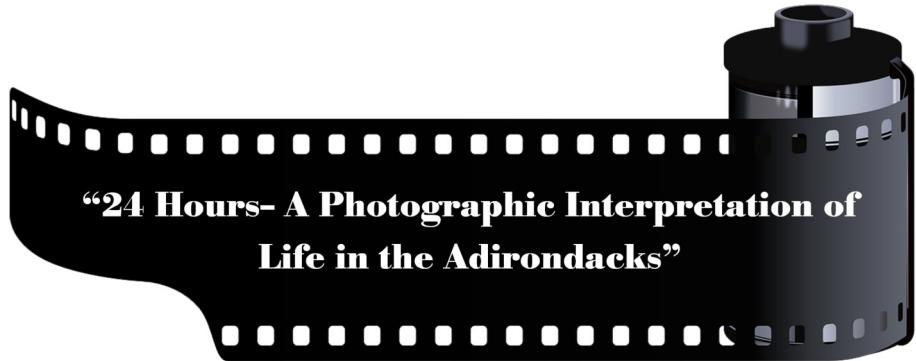
The Challenge! Create a short film (ten minutes max) telling a cinematic story in any genre, following the creative challenge and rules (posted on our website)

For more details or to enter go to www.lakeplacidinstitute.org or email: bluelinefilmmakers@gmail.com

Lake Placid Institute P.O. Box 988 Lake Placid, NY 12946 518-523-1312 info@lakeplacidinstitute.org

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Additional programs by the Lake Placid Institute:



"IT'S SUMMER: THE PARTY!"



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Sharks are dangerous
Heavy
A shark's teeth are as sharp as a
Razor
Keen at eating people

I don't want to be near a
Nasty shark

The shark is king of the
High seas
Eating fish

We run out of the water,
Away from
The sharks whose fins
Endlessly
Rise up

Claire Allen
Grade: 1
Teacher: Mrs. Melissa LaVallee
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

VIPERS

THERE ARE GABOON VIPERS
AND THERE ARE SOFT SCALED VIPERS
AND THERE ARE PIT VIPERS
AND THERE ARE HORNED VIPERS
AND THERE ARE RATTLESNAKES
AND RATTLESNAKES ARE VIPERS,
BUT THERE ARE
NOT
DIAPER VIPERS!

Finn Wellford

Grade: 1

Teacher: Mrs. Melissa LaVallee

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY



Westin The Parakeet

Westin is my pet parakeet
He flies around my house just like an astronaut
He is rotten spoiled by me
He acts like a little kid nibbling and biting my mom
He eats a lot of seeds and tiny, shriveled up carrots and cucumbers
He touches you softly with his feathers and with his ticklish beak
He lays under his dream catcher at night tucked safely in his cage
I love having a parakeet
It's everything that you would ever imagine!

Maillie Dick

Grade: 1

Teacher: Mrs. Melissa LaVallee

Keene Central School

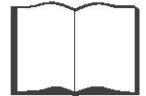
Keene Valley, NY



Congratulations!

You are now a
published poet!

Many thanks to the educators, librarians, parents, and friends who inspire our youth to express their thoughts, feelings, and observations and make their voices heard!

the Bookstore Plus 
www.thebookstoreplus.com

Thank you to the Bookstore Plus for supporting the poetry program by covering the cost for printing this book.

If I Was...

If I was Cinderella, would you dance with me 'till midnight?
If I was Ariel, would you love me with a tail?
If I was Jasmine, would you ride away with me on a flying carpet?
If I was Belle, would you take me to save my father?
If I was Pocahontas, would you paint with the colors of the wind?
If I was Mulan, would you teach me how to fight a war?
If I was Merida, would you follow me everywhere?
If I was Elsa, would you save me from a sword as you turn to ice?
If I was Anna, would you heal my heart with an act of true love?
If I was Kristoff, would you trust me with your life?
If I was Snow White, would you wake me with a kiss of true love?
If I was the evil queen, would take a bite of my poisoned apple?
If I was Alice, would you lead me down a rabbit hole?
If I was the Mad Hatter, would you love all my crazy?
If I was Katniss, would you burn bread and give it to me?
If I was Rue, would you cover me with flowers and form an alliance with me?
If I was thief, would you keep me hidden?
If I was a damsel in distress, would you be my knight in shining armor?
If I was the earth, would you be my core?
If I was the sun, would you be my set?
If I was the moon, would you be my stars?
Would you be mine 'till the end of time?



Hannah West
Grade: 12th
Teacher: Mrs. Haynes
Warrensburg Jr/Sr High School
Warrensburg, NY



It looks like a glorious wonderland
It sounds like waves crashing onto the shore
It tastes like yummy coconuts
It smells like spiny cacti
It feels like moisture-y air
I was in Baja Mexico when it all happened!

Wyatt Eaton
Grade: 1
Teacher: Mrs. Melissa LaVallee
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



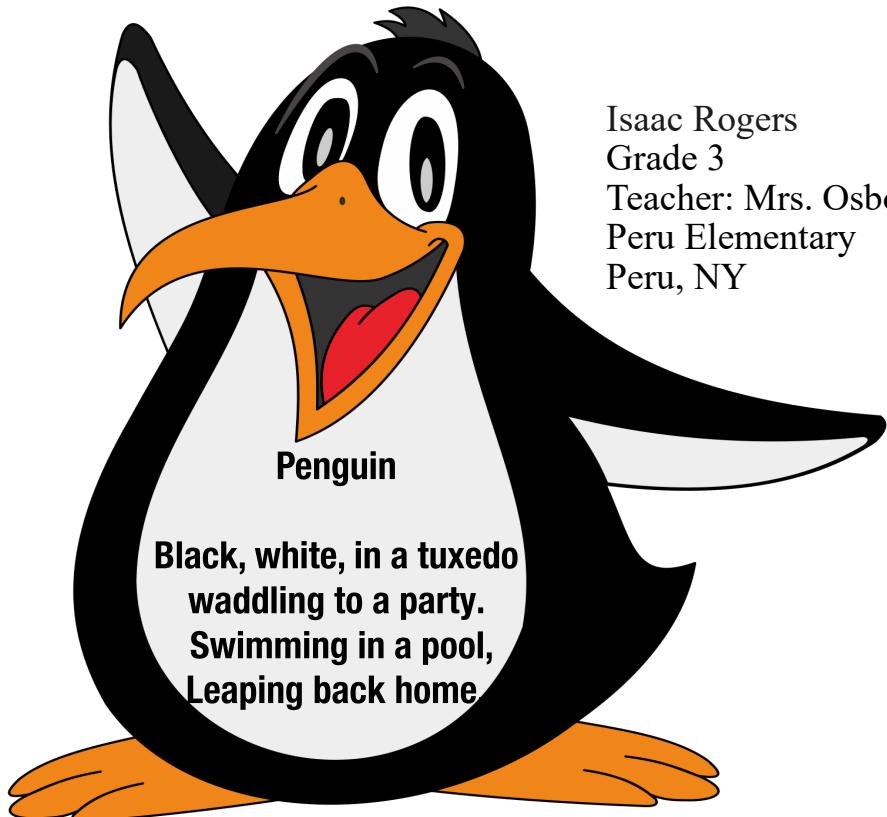
3

Red

Red is like the sunset.
Red is like the juicy strawberry.
Red is like the rose colored blanket.
I smell the strawberry muffin.
I hear the red speedboat.

Vincent Zagrodzki
Grade 3
Teacher: Mrs. Osborne
Peru Elementary
Peru, NY





His Love

*His Love is abounding.
He is always surrounding.
He will take care of me,
even on the deepest sea.
We can fall into His arms of love.
He is peace just like a beautiful dove.*

Cade Widrick
Grade: 3
Teacher: Mrs. Angela Noftsier
River Valley Mennonite School
Castorland, NY



Isaac Rogers
Grade 3
Teacher: Mrs. Osborne
Peru Elementary
Peru, NY

Stage Fright

Feels like Frost Bite.
Fists are Clenched Tight.
This don't Feel Right.

Eyes closed, Shut Tight

Anxious. Must Fight.

Heart pounds Head's Light.

Can't breathe, Blurred Sight.

Have hope,
Have spite.
You'll be Alright
Future
Is Bright

Keep the Prize
In your Sights.
Screw that Blight.
Damn Stage Fright.

Logan Beerman
Grade 12
Teacher: Alexander Starr-Baier
Thousand Islands High School
Clayton, NY

The Sinner

Forgive him father for he has sinned.
For who has sinned I think I know.
The owner is very angry though.
He is gone like a dark tornado.
I watch him pace while I cry hello.

He holds his sin with a tight shake.
and screams I've made a bad mistake.
The only other sound is the break.
Of distant memories and thoughts awake.

The sin is envy, wrath and deep.
But he has promises to keep.
Tormented with nightmares he never sleeps.
Revenge is a promise a man has to keep.

He rises from his wretched bed.
With thoughts of violence through his head.
A sign of wake and he sees red.
Without a pause he turns and ran.

Maggie Jolicoeur
Grade 12
Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown High School
Beekmantown, NY

Winter Ways

A chipmunk scurries, collecting nuts.

Preparing for winter.

A leaf floats to the ground from the big oak tree
towering over me.

Preparing for winter.

A bear lumbers through the snow to his den.

Preparing for winter.

I bundle up in warm clothes.

Preparing for winter.



Rosalie Allen

Grade: 3

Teacher: Ms. McCormick
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

Japan

Water is still
Big silver fish swims by
Cool wind blows a leaf to the ground

Zoe Lackey
Grade: 3
Teacher: Ms. McCormick
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



Home

I feel welcome to this place
 Where I can relax every day
 Protects me from danger
 Made from the hands of my father
 And love
 I would have never made it
 without Home

Elsa Jacobson

Grade 4

Teacher: Mr. Filipski

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY



4

Theos

Swimming,
 At the beach
 Smiling,
 At the door
 When we come in
 Surprising him,
 At the apartment door
 Watching movies
 With him,
 With him
 At the beach,
 With him always.



Matthias Blacksmith
 Grade 4
 Teacher: Mr. Filipski
 Keene Central School
 Keene Valley, NY

In the span of 3 weeks, almost all of winter's footprints were erased.
 the snow was all melted and grass grew in luscious shades
 that I hadn't witnessed before.

flowers bloomed and bees started to collect nectar.
 birds chirped as their babies hatched and began flying.
 I started to wear t-shirts and sandals.

trees grew their leaves back.
 although I trust spring, fall's betrayal lingers in the back of my mind.

I keep my snow boots tucked in the corner of my closet.

Nothing could have prepared me for the love and admiration I felt for
 spring.

the feelings she brought upon me were just one of her hidden beauties.
 her hair was many colors and no colors all at once,
 unlike the ugly natural tones of fall.

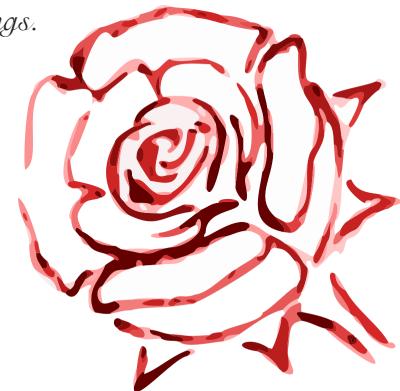
I noticed how her smiles and laughter made tulips bloom.
 the first time I witnessed that I made a promise to myself.
 I would try my hardest to keep her smiling.

Great things come in small packages.

I realized this when spring arrived at my house one morning
 with a rose in her hand.

my heart swelled as I realized that perhaps she is my future now.
 there is a reason spring is known as the season
 of new beginnings.

Kaylee Hotaling
 Grade 12
 Teacher: Ms. Alam
 Gloversville High School
 Gloversville, NY



Spring

Sun was shining in my face, which startled me into consciousness.
icicles dripped off my roof and puddles formed at the end of my driveway.
my eyes closed, then opened, then closed again.
this was the farthest winter had ever gone just to see me crushed.
i looked out my window and saw something new that thrusted me face to face
with reality.

the frost on my window was gone for the first time in months.

Part of me wanted to believe she was real.
part of me believed she was the apparition of fall,
the part that needed to have someone close to me
just as fall had granted me so long ago.
shaking, I reached out and touched warm skin.
I looked up from my snow boots to see spring herself,
a small smile tugging at her lips as well as the
strings to my own heart.
perhaps spring wasn't just a far away dream.

Right when I met spring my life began looking different.
I couldn't put my finger on it, but subtle changes were made to make things
look brighter than I remembered.
small patches of grass peaked out from large fields,
I began wearing converse over my bulky snow boots,
I began looking forward to seeing something other than my warm bed.
when I tell spring that she saved me,
she brushes it off and thinks of herself as nothing special.

I never told her about the shredded suicide letter
sitting at the bottom of my trash can.



FROGS

FROGS MAKE ME HAPPY
GRANDPA'S NICKNAME WAS GRUMPY
GRUMPY LOVED FROGS
I BROUGHT HIM A STUFFED FROG
HE LOVED IT SOOOO MUCH
IT MADE ME FEEL HAPPY
My FAVORITE GRANDPA
I LOVED HIM
So MUCH
FROM
THIS
DAY
ON
I LOVE FROGS!

Brooke Connors
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Filipski
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY





Maple Sugar Season

**Sap drips
from my
favorite
maple tree.**

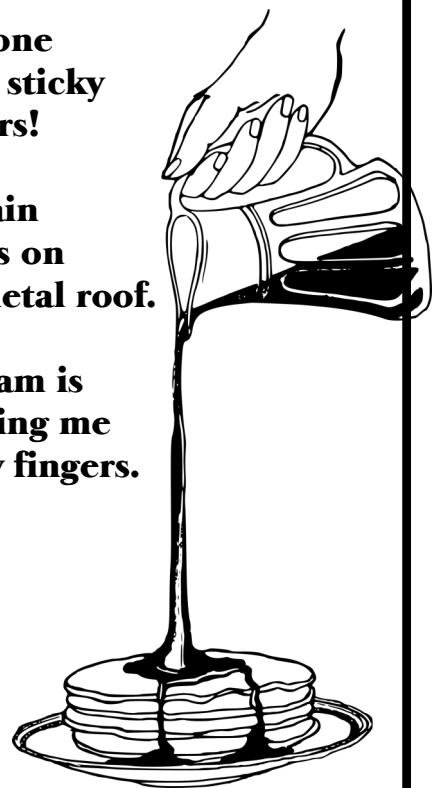
**The smell of
warm maple syrup
fills the air.**

**Everyone
has cold, sticky
fingers!**

**The rain
pounds on
the silver, metal roof.**

**The steam is
surrounding me
as I lick my fingers.**

Lauren Whitney
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Filipski
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

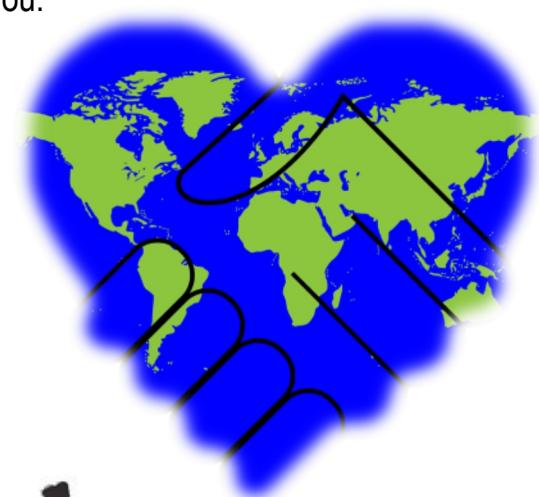


What the world needs now is a tight embrace from an old friend
Squeezed so hard bones could shatter and organs could crush
Fingertips entwined like bodies, bodies entwined like souls
Because what the world needs now is love

What the world needs now is the glint of passion in the eye of a child
Driven focus and the joy of success
What the world needs now is hands reaching out to hands
Joining to build bridges
And homes
And temples, and churches, and mosques

What the world needs now is celebration
What the world needs now is inspiration
What the world needs now is acceptance and love
And what the world needs now is you.

Hannah Thompson
Grade 12
Teacher: Melanie McDonald
Galway Jr/Sr High
Galway, NY



What the World Needs Now

What the world needs now is a smile
What the world needs now is a hand to hold
What the world needs now is a cheesy poem written by a teenage girl under the afternoon sky
A raucous song sung in five different keys
A chorus of voices joined in a single melody--with a collection of dissonant harmonies smattered throughout

What the world needs now is a soft caress under the moonlight
A gentle prayer uttered in a thousand languages
Under your breath
Or better yet hollered from the rooftops of every citadel, apartment, and cottage
A jovial rejoicement for life and love for every ethnicity, religion, class, sexual orientation, gender identity, political affiliation, and race
I do not care who you are as long as you listen
Because what the world needs now is acceptance

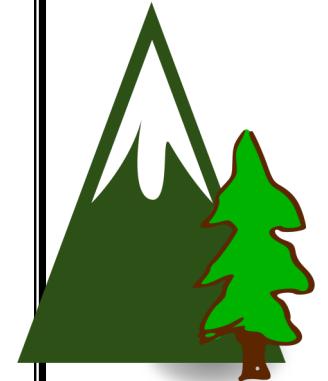
What the world needs now is a shout into the void despite all the odds that there will be no echo
And what the world needs now is that echo
A smooth sound, gliding like velvet to our ears
Letting us know everything will be okay



The Rocky Bird

Jutting from the earth
Mountains, mountains in the sky
It looks like you fly

Clinton Waters
Grade 4
Teacher: Ms. Kilbourne-Hill
St. Bernard's School
Saranac Lake, NY



Dad

Reading to me at nighttime,
in the summer
Reading to me,
softly
Reading a big story book
Reading the Three Little Bears again like last night



There was a cool breeze
I was in the bed
with the covers over my legs
Leaned on his shoulder
in the bed
I went to sleep
and I felt good

Triston Scovell
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Filipski
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



Seasons in the Adirondacks

Fall in the Adirondacks is hiking, camping, maple syrup, hunting, fishing, wildlife, and seeing the beautiful multicolored leaves drift to the ground.

Winter in the Adirondacks is skiing, snowboarding, snowshoeing, cross-country skiing, hot chocolate, animals, and letting the big snowflakes melt on our nose.

Spring in the Adirondacks is fresh saplings, picnics, baby animals, budding plants, beautiful flowers, and the refreshing breeze.

Summer in the Adirondacks is lemonade, swimming, warm weather, and jumping into the cool lake after a hot day.

Olivia Francey
Grade 5
Teacher: Mrs. Jones
J.M McKenney Middle School
Canton, NY

5

I am from the sun.
Where I spent summer days outside,
From dawn to dusk.
(Sweaty, sunburnt, dirty)

I am from love.
Being loved,
And learning how to love.
As if I didn't know how to already.

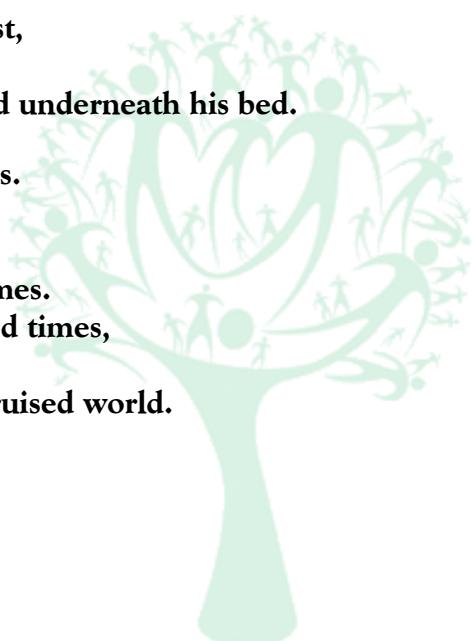
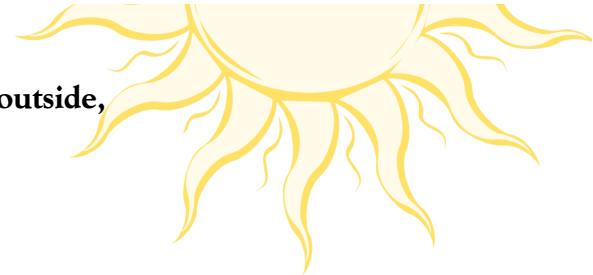
I am from sweets and home cooked meals,
From Father and Mother.

I am from the bookworms,
And the theatre nerds.
From "ANNUNCIATE YOUR WORDS!" to
"let's run the song again!"
I'm from "you are my sunshine, my only sunshine."
and "life sucks, then you die."

I am from Jo-An and Robert's branch,
Love and Pain.
From the mothers my parents lost,
To the sadness of time.
The alcohol my father always hid underneath his bed.

Among my walls are photographs.
Of those I hold dear,
Friends, family, and old ones.
Bringing me back to the good times.
To remind me that there are good times,
And that not everything is bad.
The light within this dark and bruised world.

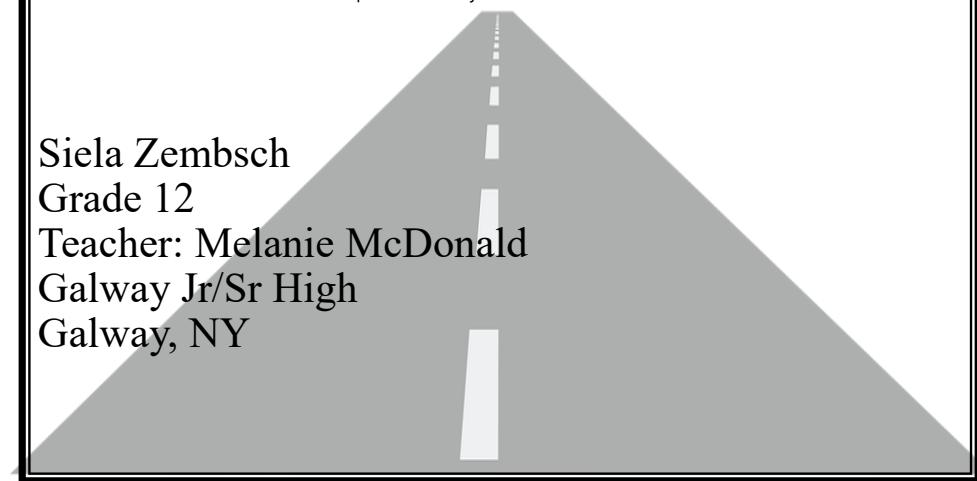
Isabella Marshall
Grade 12
Teacher: Ms. Alam
Gloversville High School
Gloversville, NY



Unused to Self-Advocacy

Stop telling me
I'm not seeing straight.
Because straight ahead of me,
in a box at the foot of our bed,
is a dusty trumpet
And straight ahead of me,
on an outstretched finger on threadbare sheets,
is a wedding band.
One band ended the other -- and
Don't worry, I see the irony.
Stop telling me
I'm not seeing straight.
Straight ahead of me is a faded poster for a jazz festival,
with a picture of a woman
I used to know.
Straight ahead of me is my secretary keycard.
It's lying on the dresser, with a picture of a woman
I hate seeing in the mirror straight ahead of me.
She's waiting for the day you --
Stop telling me
computer keys will have to do.

Siela Zembsch
Grade 12
Teacher: Melanie McDonald
Galway Jr/Sr High
Galway, NY



TIGER

Tough intimidator

Incredible cat

Giant and striped orange and black

Eats meat and animals

Retractable claws

Brayden Harmer

Grade 5

Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

I Can ...

I can run for hours in the cool green grass.

I can swim for a mile on a hot summer day.

I can skip rocks big, small, and thin.

I can watch the ducks gliding peacefully across the lake.

I can see magnificent views of the mountain ranges.

I can smell the wild flowers growing bright and
beautiful.

I can feel the warm sun on my face and the wind drying
my wet hair.

I will have so much fun!

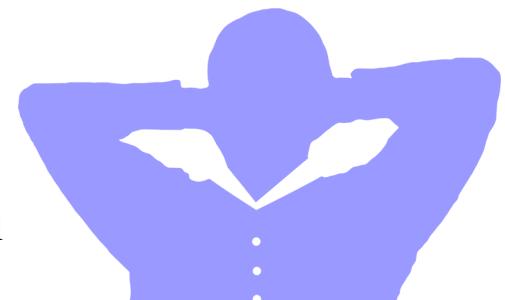
Kailin Backus

Grade 5

Teacher: Mrs. Charlebois

J.M McKenney Middle School

Canton, NY



Climbing Mount Arab

It was a warm fall morning, the land was covered in fog.
Along the trails, I saw a sitting tree frog.
Our teacher said we could stay in sight and have fun.
So off course we went, my friends and I decided to run.
Through the trees and leaves, we went higher and higher.
As we got closer to the top, the sun got brighter.
After climbing for hours, we still didn't stop.
Then one last turn and we were at the top.
We rushed to the lookout to climb up the tower.
We saw the tops of trees, the hammer shaped lake,
and even some flowers.
We ate our lunch then we got packed up our sacks.
Down the mountain we ran, it was time to get back.
We dodged rocks and tree roots, trying not to slip.
Then we boarded the bus, what a fun field trip.

Ethan Parker
Grade 5
Teacher: Mrs. Jones
J.M McKenney Middle School
Canton, NY

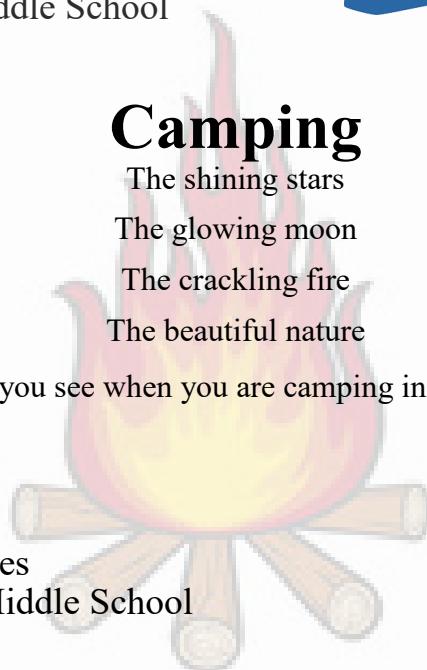


Camping

The shining stars
The glowing moon
The crackling fire
The beautiful nature

All the things you see when you are camping in the Adirondacks.

Sophie Barr
Grade 5
Teacher: Mrs. Jones
J.M McKenney Middle School
Canton, NY



A Wrecked Homes Expose

Romeo and Juliet.
Manic.
Paranoid.
Neurotic.
Narcoleptic.
*It takes one second to fall in love.
But it takes hundreds of tears.
And sunken stung eyes.
Stupid Lies*
Withheld behind doors of passwords and Protective nature.
*I remember the night she hid in my bed.
Dressers crashing to the floor.*
The place where you're supposed to feel safe and relax tossed.
*A "Home" wrecked
Anxiety lays upon my chest excessive.
So does the silence between the yelling and smashing.
The Waiting.
The sound of a collapsing household.
People falling out of love sounds like shattered glass.
like bawling and agony.
It sounds like a flag being erected to start a new
It sounds like life will never be the same.*

Joshua Bouchard
Grade 12
Teacher: Mrs. Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY



O Young Soul

*O young soul,
May you be guided, raised in gentle graces
May you be shrouded,
Bask in the joyous reflection you espouse
Praised for your achievements, yet otherwise taught
A flowering blossom, softly clinging
to your life, the bosom of your mother
Your eyes, the sparkling stars
Shine anticipatingly
Shall I do for you?
Spiraling, storms of reality be blown,
Dismissed,
By your sighs of sleepiness, coos of satisfaction
So temporarily safe, a vulnerable snowflake
To be thrown into the abyss,
Of approaching time
My love,
Is it necessary for nature to displace you?*

Charlotte Ward

Grade 11

Teacher: Mr. Ellis

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY



Books

A book is a doorway, a passage way, a portal.

It takes you to a whole new world.

Good books have a way of finding a place

In your heart and sticking there.

Making you happy, sad, mad, or just grateful for what you have.

When you read a book, it takes you on an adventure.

Sometimes things look down, but they always turn out in the end.

Books have a sort of magic, a power,
that cannot be replicated by anything else.



Kelsi Burth

Grade 5

Teacher: Mrs. Fitzgerald

St. Bernard's School

Saranac Lake, NY

HOME RUN

Hitting the ball high and far

Over the fence the fans try to get the ball

Monster hit, yells your team

Everybody who's on the other team goes quiet

Rounding the bases heading for home

Umpire signals homerun

Nice hit the team says

Jonny Caito

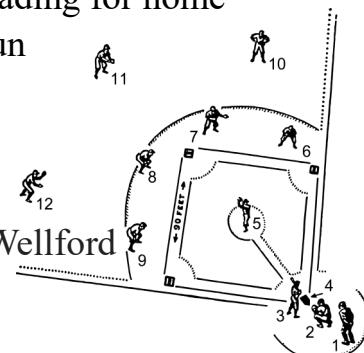
Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

6



Ode to Pluto

The world stares at you
They discovered you
Told you how you completed
them,
Completed us
A vital force, you were dependent
And yet they stripped you of your
power,
Of your force
It was never about you
Was it?
They didn't care about you,
So they took back what was given
Told you that you were worth
nothing
And made you a dwarf planet
They seem to have forgotten
The glory they gave themselves
when they found you
You headlined
The news
The papers
The radios

They made you feel special
But as quickly as it began
It stopped
But you will be there
When they take you back
When they beg you to come back
But until then
You will lie in wait
At the edge of an abyss
As the world stares at you
And they will stare
They will judge
They will forget what you used to be
But you will wait
You'll be
Waiting.



Zarela Gulli
Grade 6
Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



LIFE GOES ON

After all the stress,
All the busy work,
The exams and quizzes,
Just another year gone by.

So many hours wasted away,
It feels like a lifetime of pain,
Just another year in the books.

Life goes on.

Many times I ask myself,
Was it all worth it?
Losing so many friends,
Losing a social life,
Losing myself.

Life goes on.

They always say it's worth it,
That in the end hard work pays off,
But does it?

An endless cycle,
Spinning,
Spinning,
Out of control.

So many questions,
Going through my head,
But still,

Life goes on.

Alex Malanoski
Grade 11
Teacher: Kristen Ostrander
Galway High School
Galway, NY

11

Family

Hope, that our struggles will make the journey easier for those that come after

Promise, that our happiness is eternal and joy will never die
Smiles, when we realize the sky is not the limit
and we can reach for the stars

Laughs, over the silly faces, puns and inside jokes that we share
Support of every dream, even when there is a risk of nightmares
Encouragement, to never let our light go out and to shine without fear

Compassion, that spreads from their hands like wildfire
Love shown through the strong embrace and the light kiss
Faith, strengthening our bonds, with the power of the world
Courage, to stand as one in the face of adversity
Confidence, that we will never be apart, even in death

Trust, that when we fall they will catch us and lift us up again
Empathy, for those without the blessings we have been granted
Caring, for all people as though they are our own kin
Family, whose rivers of love will never run dry

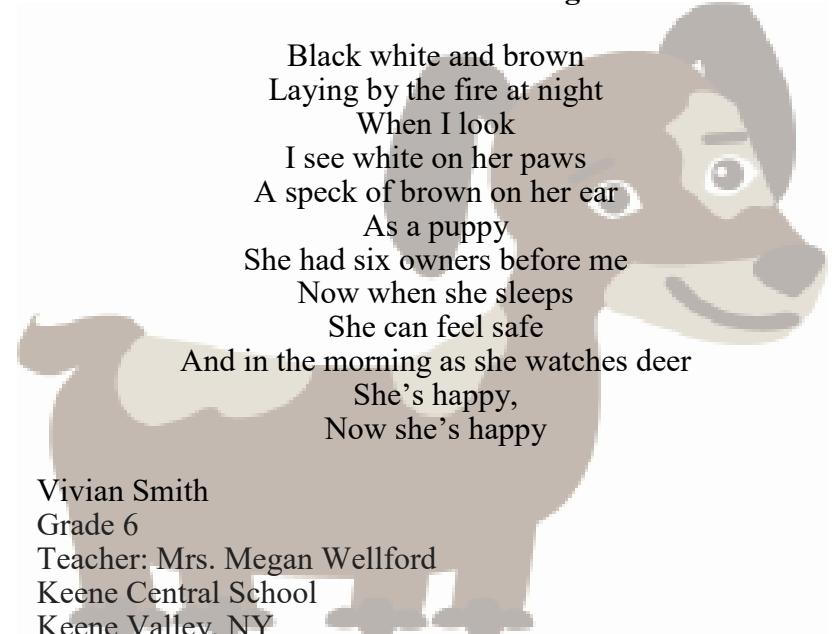
Qwin & Elonne Pisacane
Grade 10

Teacher: Sharon Leavens
South Glens Falls High School
South Glens Falls, NY



The Tri-Colored Dog

Black white and brown
Laying by the fire at night
When I look
I see white on her paws
A speck of brown on her ear
As a puppy
She had six owners before me
Now when she sleeps
She can feel safe
And in the morning as she watches deer
She's happy,
Now she's happy



Vivian Smith

Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

PARADISE

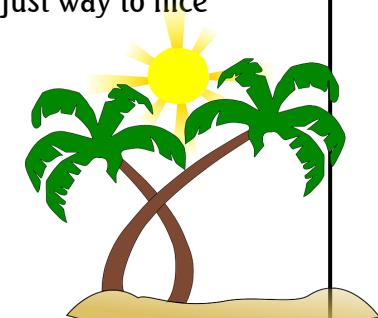
Perfect Shirley Temples with umbrellas at the top. The Aroma of the island food always makes me stop.

Relaxing on the sunny beach with my toes on the sand, Amazing big blue ocean waves along this tropical land.

Divine seafood makes me never want to leave.

I love this place you don't even need long sleeves.

Sometimes I can't think of leaving here it's just way to nice
Everyday should be paradise.



Ella Whitney

Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

7



NIGHT Reveals Knowledge

The dusk reveals knowledge
Crescent is the sun
Constellations are stories
Telling the history of earth
Stars show the brilliance of the dusk
Night is knowledge

Failyn Locklear
Grade 7
Teacher: Mrs. Davis
Beaver River Central School
Beaver Falls, NY

Now and Then

Then city streets, straight and short, ran familiarly,
Now country roads twist and turn in confusing ways.

Then the small yard glowed green,
Now the wide expanses of land are frozen.

Then sirens wailed and music *boomed*,
Now silence is common and crickets chirp.

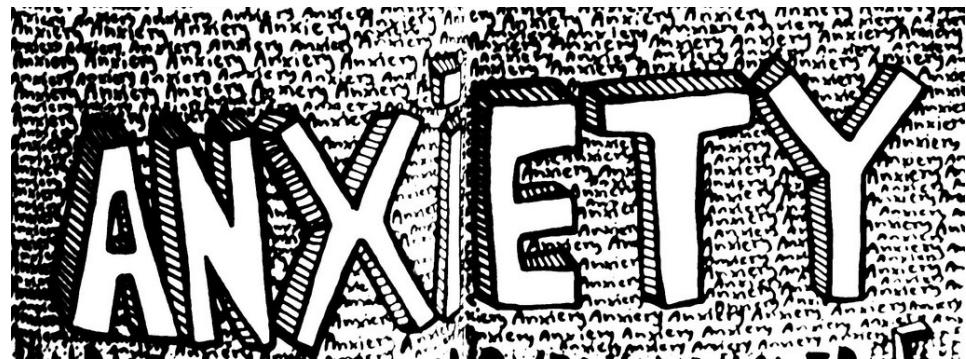
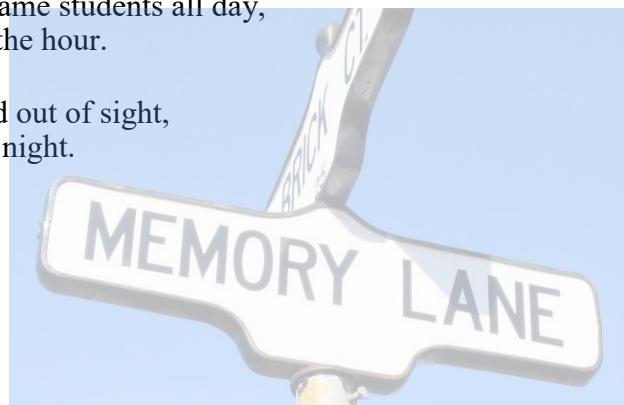
Then we walked to stores and the bustop,
Now we drive and walk to the end of our driveway.

Then teachers taught the same students all day,
Now classes change with the hour.

Then stars were scarce and out of sight,
Now they fill the glorious night.

Sara Conti
Grade 8
Teacher: Mrs. Decker
Galway Jr. High
Galway, NY

8



**ANXIETY IS THE RAY OF THE SUN.
IT SOUNDS LIKE A MILLION VOICES,
BUT YOU CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING
BUT YOUR OWN THOUGHTS.**

**IT FEELS LIKE YOU
WANT TO DO SOMETHING
BUT YOU'RE FROZEN IN TIME.
IT SMELLS LIKE THE SWEAT
ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK—
FROM THE NERVES AND BUTTERFLIES
IN YOUR STOMACH.**

**IT TASTED LIKE A LUMP IN YOUR THROAT,
CHOKING ON WORDS**

Mya Pertak
Grade 11
Teacher: Mrs. Charron
Crown Point High School
Crown Point, NY

WORDS

I have a love for words.

I have a love for smooth words,
That roll right off my tongue.
Like a mirroring, waveless sea,
Or a light breath flowing out my lungs.

I have a love for the little words,
That when together, make something quite tall.
Like bricks that when side by side,
Make an ominous-looking wall.

I have a love for lazy words,
That make you slouch back.
Like cattle under trees,
In a sleepy field full of lilacs.

I have a love for bright words,
That are luminous in the dark.
Like a white midsummer moth,
Sitting on dark oak bark.

I have a love for shy words,
That are timid and soft.
Like deep-eyed deer,
Who will briskly bound off.

I have a love for words.
Even the ones like bees,
That can be honeyed and sweet,
Or can sting until you're on your knees.

Ella Underwood
Grade 10
Teacher: Kristen Ostrander
Galway High School
Galway, NY

Lost Treasures

What shows up at the
Bottom of the Sea?
Something that's worth big
Dinero for me!

Something they lost a
Hundred years ago?
Something so heavy
With price it sank low?

Sometimes you wonder,
“How much is down there?”
Many people will
Ask me to be fair!

Did someone want to
Throw it overboard?
So then it was not
A treasure to hoard!

One day I will find
That treasure so deep.
I’m sure I will not
Take it all to keep.

Katelyn Adams
Grade 8
Teacher: Mrs. Davis
Beaver River Central School
Beaver Falls, NY



My Best Friend Luna

9

She is my friend.
My partner in crime.
She is always there for me
And listens every time.

She is my love
And has a part of my heart.
She means everything to me,
Like a peace of art.

She is faithful and true
Until your last heartbeat.
She is the cutest and
Sweetest thing you can ever meet.

Her name is Luna and she has
Light brown fur and beautiful eyes.
The day she's gone,
I know that she'll be playing in the skies.

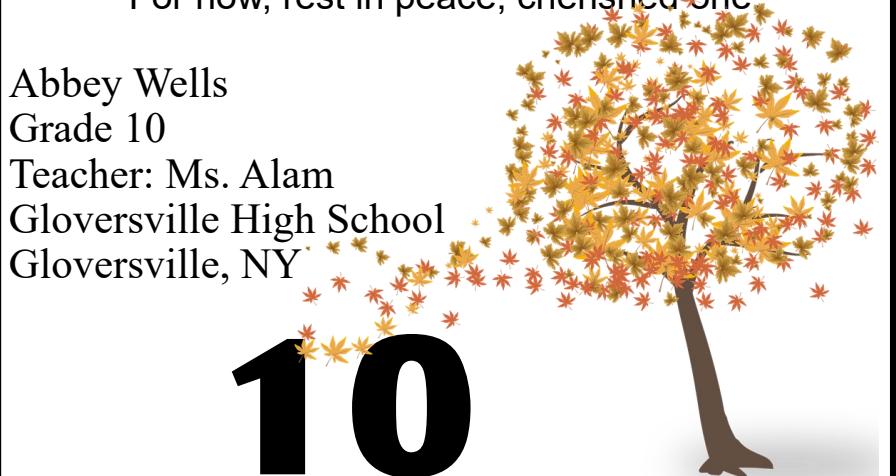


Jayce Rivera Ortiz
Grade 9
Teacher: Mr. Gravelle
Carthage High School
Carthage, NY

Beautiful Sorrow

There stands a lonely tree dressed in pink.
The leaves rustle from a slight, warm breeze.
A suffocating silence fills the nearly empty field.
A gravestone stands beneath the tree.
It's been there for quite some time now.
It was once visited often, but is now forgotten.
Pink petals slowly fall atop the grass, while the stone
makes no movement.
Many tears have been shed here.
You can still hear the faint weeping of what once
was a women.
Why she no longer visits, I do not know.
Her disappearance is a mystery.
It is a sad place to be.
It is swelling with sorrow even though its beauty is
magnificent.
The old stone breaks apart day by day.
It crumbles underneath the sadness and fear of
being forgotten.
This place will soon come to an end.
For now, rest in peace, cherished one.

Abbey Wells
Grade 10
Teacher: Ms. Alam
Gloversville High School
Gloversville, NY





Nature

In the summer and winter
Animals change colors
White and brown
From Winter to Spring.

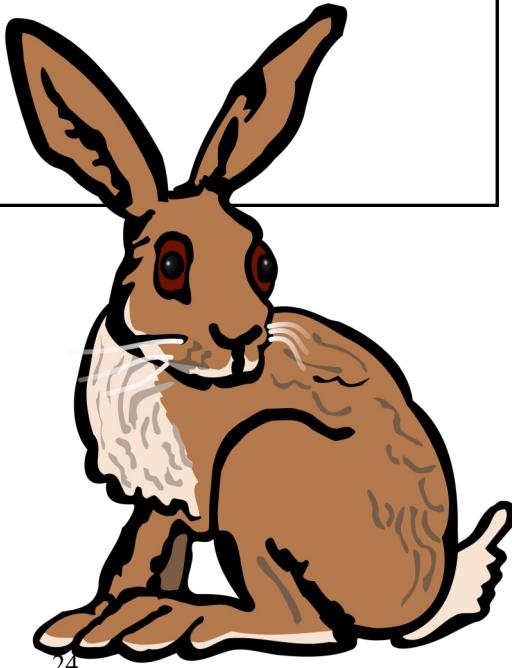
In the summer, a snowshoe rabbit is brown as a tree trunk
White in the winter as a snowy day.

In the spring a weasel is brown as brown as a tree trunk
and white in the winter as a snowy day.
The rabbit is a weasel's prey.

They both adapted to summer and winter
So that they can blend in to save themselves from prey.

Jacob Roggie
Grade 9

Teacher: Mr. Gravelle
Carthage High School
Carthage, NY



In the Woods

In the woods it is silent like a house at night.
In the woods the first chirp from a bird it must be a good sign.
I wait there with my rifle like a cheetah stalking a gazelle.

It was towards noon nothing in sight other than trees
I was sitting there
I heard movement, but it was only another hunter
A deer walked out
I grabbed my rifle ready **bang**
the deer dropped where it stood.

At the end of the day
there was a deer skinned and meat to be cut.
I got home tired and weary.

The next day, I sat in the woods for two hours
Until I saw another one.
I had to let it go.
It was like a baby, vulnerable and weak.
When I walked out of the woods
It crossed the road and **splat**
It was flat like a pancake.

Hunting season was over
I had shot one deer
It was like a bear catching a fish.
So I wait until next hunting season.

Ethan Chaney
Grade 9
Teacher: Mr. Gravelle
Carthage High School
Carthage, NY

