



THE GREAT ADIRONDACK YOUNG PEOPLE'S

Poetry Contest

Words from the
Woods

2020



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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 

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

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!

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 200 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.



April

Is

National

pō-é-



Month



The 2020 Judges

These judges are local poets *and lovers of poetry* and members of **The Poetry Group of Saranac Lake**. The public is invited to their monthly Poetry Gathering at the *Saranac Lake Free Library* every 4th Monday. You may call (518) 891-4190 for further information.

Judith Coopy, a published poet and author, is an award winning poet in the VA Health Care System's Creative Arts Therapy program. She has participated in poetry readings and storytelling in the North Country. Coopy is looking forward to the publication of her memoir and a soon to be completed military themed poetry chapbook. She is the author of a 20 page booklet celebrating the 10th Anniversary of the Arts and Healing Retreats for Women Veterans conducted by Creative Healing Connections of Saranac Lake. In late 2019, another of her poems became a song and was registered with the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers.

Laura Hull has made her home in the Adirondacks since 1984 where she often finds time to put together words that express her love of the area and her love of life. She is a creative soul inspired by her surroundings and the journey of life; she writes an abundance of odd bits and pieces – to the amusement of her friends and colleagues. Subscribers to The Adirondack Daily Enterprise read her poems. She appreciates all acts of poetry, as part of the very essence of personal creative expression.

Stephanie Banks is enjoying a fifth season as a poetry judge for the Lake Placid Institute. She looks forward each year to reading the poems of these young children, whose works reveal an interesting range of styles and subjects. She would like to compliment the teachers for instilling a passion of verse and an appreciation for the art of poetry in their students.

Yvona Fast is a cross-genre writer and her poems have appeared in magazines and anthologies. She's the author of 2 poetry chapbooks: *Adirondack Blue Seasons* (CWP, 2018) and *Different* (Foothills, 2017), 3 nonfiction books, a weekly food column and numerous magazine and newspaper articles. Currently she is writing a picture book for children. Many local residents are enjoying her cookbook: *Garden Gourmet: Fresh & Fabulous Meals from your Garden, CSA or Farmers' Market*.

“Means to an End”

The walls, they paint
A lamb.
Alone and soaked
To bone.
She walks among
These halls.
While I glide by
Unknown.

She smells of fresh
Picked fruit.
And I have starved
For years.
Her gown is made
Of silk,
Blood red just like
My nails.

I stand within
The dark.
She calls out “Who
Is there?”
So little does
She know
Her last few breaths
Draw near.

Her eyes; they catch
My own
Through one long sheet
Of glass.
Still she does not
Scream out
For I remain
Unseen.

It was my den
She chose,
A fortress made
Of stone.
How she stumbled
Within
I find I do
Not care.

Her hair is tied
Up high.
Fire red in head
And hand.
I'm but a moth
To flame,
I'm not the one
To blame.

If I am to
Survive
The flush of skin
Must die.
Snuff light that shines
Beneath
Her frightened storm
Cloud eyes.

I bid her life
Farewell
Like many souls
Before.
She never saw
My mask
Through one faulted
Mirror.

The rise, the fall
The end.

Alesi Cook
Grade 12
Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY

"Diversity"

*we see diversity everyday.
we see it in faces.
we see it in clothes.
we see it in hair.
It makes up the whole world!*

Simon Korn

Grade: 1

Teacher: Mrs. Melissa LaVallee
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



"Unique"

**I'm unique because I have a cleft lip.
My nose is crooked.
My hair is wavy.
My tongue is pink.
My hair is blonde.
My eyes are hazel.
I am me!**

Ryleigh Bassarab

Grade: 1

Teacher: Mrs. Melissa LaVallee
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



"Sestina of Sleep"

I gazed at the linens of a deep, dark purple
Longer still, till they began to glow
Before my eyes with great power
As I remembered the wonderful dream
I'd had the night before, whose kiss
Left me basking in thoughts of youth.

Although I still possess this youth
It left a mark upon my dream
That brought me back to fields of purple
Where I felt the breeze's kiss
Upon my skin as I began to glow
With an even greater sensation of power.

I drank in the intoxication of power
Until a veil of snow covered
the lovely purple
And sabotaged its iridescent glow.
I felt the snow's bitter kiss
Creating cold cracks in my
facade of youth
That spread and sought to shatter my
dream.



Olivia Acostamadiedo

Grade 12

Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY



I did not want to depart
from my dream
Until I had reclaimed my power
Over its flow--
I cloaked myself in purple
To let royalty's sweet glow
Transcend the foolishness of youth;
I then waited for my
peaceful slumber's kiss.

I would not let reality steal
the soft stroke of my kiss
Or lose, upon waking, my ruling power
Over this transcendental dream,
So I grew many fruits of purple
Right before me, and their youth
Was reflected in the
delightful presence of their glow.

I laid upon my fields, which always glow
Ever so brightly under the moonlight of
my dream
And I let myself embrace my youth
And I let myself exercise my power
Over this dream world's electric kiss
Which twinkled, too, with sheen of purple.

So there I stayed,
surrounded by purple's glow
Reclining in the kiss of power
That I have over my youth's dream.



Between the prison and the farm
 Lies a school, fit with charm.
 Its blue roof shrouds the rust red bricks,
 Holding details of dactyls and Bolsheviks.
 Instead of learning applicable facts,
 Such as bills, cooking, and how to do a "tax,"
 Students cram useless knowledge,
 That will only ever be used in college.
 "Mitochondria are the powerhouse of the cell!"
 "This is how the Zulu fell!"

Indignant are those who suffer,
 But with reform they may rediscover
 The joys of learning, to quench their yearning.

Rebecca Lantier
 Grade 11
 Teacher: Alexander Starr-Baier
 Thousand Islands High School
 Clayton, NY



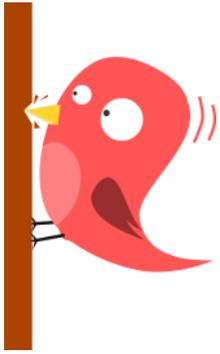
2



"The Loudest Scream I Ever Heard"

The loudest scream I ever heard
 Was when a wolf and a black cat sat on a bird
 They startled each other and both ran away
 But the bird, however, decided to stay

Finn Wellford
 Grade: 2
 Teacher: Mrs. Donna Sawyer and Ms. Patricia McCormick
 Keene Central School
 Keene Valley, NY



3 *hello* **third** GRADE



“Outdoors”

Outdoors,
I see deer, squirrels, and owls
A woodpecker hammers in
a nearby tree.
I am making a birdhouse.
Don't cut down trees.

Blake McCoy
Grade: 3
Teacher: Ms. Patricia McCormick
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



“My Happy Place”

The woods are
my happy place,
where I can relax
every day,
Its where I feel
calm,
It's where I can
concentrate, the
trees are as tall as
mountains, the
ground is covered
with leaves,
the buds are sprouting
from the trees, The
woods are my happy
place.

Marie Bullock
Grade: 3
Teacher: Ms. Patricia McCormick
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

“The Balloon”

Colorful and bright, flying high
Ever drifting traversing the world
Watching the monkeys at Machu Picchu and penguins in Antarctica
Vast is the distance between it and the earth but
there are places where it lingers
The place where the great pink tree blooms
Greeting the weary, the glad, the excited, the travelers
It bobs in windows watching memories be made
The old tin roof, and the artwork on the walls
Admired by many but what makes the balloon swell
Are the remnants of laughs and the joy that people share
The colored balls pushed into holes,
the careful teaching of the players
The squeals of children finding Easter surprises on the shelves
The splashing and silliness of playing mermaids in the clear blue pool
A family sitting and talking about what makes life special
Stories being told about the vastness of the world
The silly doctor that resides in the bedroom created by small children
The delicious smells of the meal of an experienced cook
A restaurant hosting delicious, juicy burgers
An endless card game with too many rules
The hikes to the amazing, fascinating, new places
Gifted to the world by the dry sands of the desert
There is the other house by the apple tree
The one where the constant hum of activity is heard
The balloon hovers here experiencing the thrill of the young
Another set of candles is blown out and cake and ice cream abound
The balloon is as filled as any soul would ever be
Its time spent in these places will never be forgotten
It will always be present in the hearts of those who love it
But it is time for it to go on to a new place, a new world, a new delight
It hovers as old memories flood through it
and it feels the love and the grief of those who miss it
The balloon has left its mark in each place and
now with this feeling of contentment
It flies up into the clear blue sky
A soul set free

Qwin& Elonne Pisacane
Grade 11
Teacher: Sharon Fagle-Fedele
South Glens Falls High School
South Glens Falls, NY



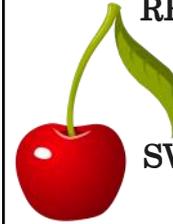
“The Forest”

Walking through the forest, the child looks up in wonder
 The trees sway in the whispering wind like dancers
 The birds flit from branch to branch
 The squirrels chattering loudly over the sound of chirping
 The stream slowly trickles by until it comes
 to the flowing cascade of the waterfall
 A young fawn catches the attention of the child,
 standing still amongst the trees
 They are more alike than the child knows
 The fawn, too, lost its parents and was left all alone
 A branch cracks under the child's foot, startling the fawn
 Its runs away, disappearing in the undergrowth
 The child looks down at the forest floor,
 covered in pine needles and dead leaves
 It is the graveyard of the forest
 Animals lay there to die
 Dead trees fall and are turned back into soil
 along with the leaves and needles
 The ground is soft under the child's feet, inviting him to lay down.
 He obliges, resting his head on a mossy log
 The bluebird sky is endless, broken only by the tree branches
 Resting his tired body, he closes his eyes
 The child will not leave this forest.
 Like the other creatures, he will become it
 Over the years, the roots will encase him,
 and he will forever be a part of his beloved forest.

Cora Johnson
 Grade 11
 Teacher: Mr. Ben Ellis
 Keene Central School
 Keene Valley, NY

“RED”

RED TASTES LIKE A JUICY RED CHERRY
 RED SOUNDS LIKE A CRACKLING FIRE
 RED FEELS LIKE BURNING HOT LAVA
 RED SMELLS LIKE SMOKE
 RED LOOKS LIKE A SILKY RED
 SWEATSHIRT THAT IS VERY SMOOTH



Jake Maggy
 Grade 3
 Teacher: Mrs. Osborne
 Peru Elementary
 Peru, NY

“Black”

A dark night in the sky
 The bitter black licorice
 The dark stinky soil
 The sharp pencil led
 A dark wool sweater

Riley Brandt
 Grade 3
 Teacher: Mrs. Osborne
 Peru Elementary
 Peru, NY

“Red”

*I hear the sirens of the red fire engines
 I taste the juicy strawberries
 I see the beautiful sunset over the water
 I feel the warm, crackling fire against my face
 I smell the sweet fragrance of the roses*

Juliana Osborne
 Grade 3
 Teacher: Mr. Brindisi
 Peru Elementary
 Peru, NY



4



"A Walk In Peace"

The wind blows
An eagle flies
I walk on.



Zoë Lackey
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Beck
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

"Warmth"

It was a cold winter day,
No more time to play,
I was cold and home to stay,
There's the fire,
Flames grow higher,
I stay there,
Warmth comes to me

Mia Deyo
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Beck
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



"Love"

Love.

Some call it love at first sight, some call it a joke

What is love?

A strong feeling of love and comfort to one another..? or just a chemical reaction in the brain naturally when attracted to the opposite sex..?

Love.

What is love?

Love to me, is just a lure into a trap

A trap of long arguments, pain, and torture

A trap for the young to slowly die out faster in a internal conflict with one

Yourself.

Your brain is so powerful, you can make yourself happy, without anyone else..

You can rule the world, by yourself, you don't need someone else their cheering you on

You need yourself to cheer you on, because that one person Won't be there forever.

You will though.

Be great, don't let another stop you from doing anything.

..." Sore like a eagle

Escape like a snake

Create like a beaver

And you will be great,

Bless, Young Fellow, Bless."

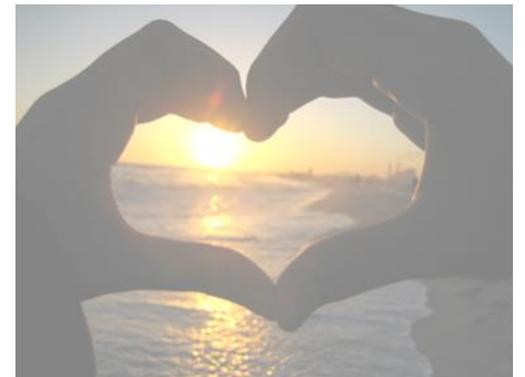
Avery Gilman

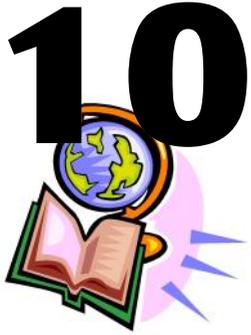
Grade 10

Teacher: Mrs. O'brien-Yetto

Galway Central School

Galway, NY





“Euphoria”

At the end of the hallway,
 My salvation, my Euphoria
 To reach it, I just need to walk ten steps
 It hangs there
 Just over my head
 I could reach and touch it
 However, I cannot truly live in that Eden yet
 I cannot pull my body through to the other side
 My feet are held in place by concrete blocks ,
 They are stopping me
 But everyday they get lighter
 Everyday someone comes and saws a piece of them off
 Allowing me to inch closer
 I truly hope one day
 The blocks will be light enough for me to crawl into my sanctuary
 But until then, I must sit in this hall
 This hall where I don't know what's real, things are coming and going,
 but eventually come back
 It's a cycle of horrid, unspeakable things
 Things that push my urge to get to my Euphoria faster
 But alas I cannot, not yet
 People come to take the weight off the blocks
 Once it was a boy with dark hair that he colored often,
 who is always crying
 Another time it was a blonde boy who always takes what he wants
 with no consequences
 The most recent one to come lift the weight,
 Was the one person in the world I'm supposed to trust
 But in this hall, why would I trust anyone?
 I can't even trust myself
 I just want the blocks to be gone
 I hope one day they will be light enough for me
 to get to the end of the hall
 But it's not today
 I don't think its tomorrow, or a month or maybe not even a year
 But I can't stop imagining the day

Kai Infante-LeFaucheur
 Grade 10
 Teacher: Sharon Leavens
 South Glens Falls High School
 South Glens Falls , NY



“Morning Colors”

The wind rustles my hair. The sky is painted a lovely
 morning pink. Clouds of tangerine float lazily across
 the sky. They look as if I could just reach out and
 pluck them from the sky. A beam of sunlight leaks in
 through the treetops and warms my face. I let my
 body fall to the fresh greens grass. I feel my stomach
 go up and down, up and down

Rosalie Allen

Grade 4

Teacher: Mr. Beck

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

“The Woodland and I”

**The fire may flicker
 the water may dry
 but nothing will part the woodland and I**

**The birds and the squirrels
 the bear and the deer
 the coyotes and the moose
 and all that I hear**

**The moment I set
 my eyes upon only one deer
 I knew where my home was
 and it was right here**

Silas D'Auria
 Grade 4
 Keene, NY



5



“The Amazing Adirondacks”

The lakes shinning in the sun.
 Blossoming flowers bright with color.
 Beautiful mountains just tipping the clouds.
 The wonderful smell of pine trees in the air.
 Birds chirping their delightful songs.
 The savory taste of homemade chocolate.

Will McDonough
 Grade 5
 Teacher: Mrs. Jones
 J.M Mckenney
 Middle school
 Canton, NY

“Snow Day”

Slip on your favorite mittens
 Sip from your favorite cocoa mug
 Sled at your favorite sledding hill
 Ski on you favorite trail
 Smile at your favorite neighbor
 Snuggle with you favorite blanket

Lauren Whitney
 Grade 5
 Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha
 Keene Central School
 Keene Valley, NY



9

“Pardon Glass”

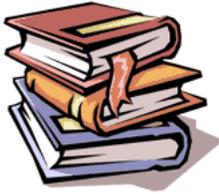
Sorrow sleeps in many shades.
 Embeds and breaks until all is glass.
 Glass as dark as the lonely night sky.
 Bits of light scattered all around.
 Remanence of what could be.
 Of what is past.

Glass as sharp as lost love.
 It stabs and scraps until all is red.
 Until red turns black and all is blinded.

Until you scream and wail.
 And your soul goes dark.
 Until you, your soul, all turns to glass
 Until you are as brittle and broken as the night sky.
 Until you are one of sorrows many shades.
 Only to be seen as stars in the abyss.

Adam Campney
 Grade 9
 Teacher: Kerri Ketcham
 South Glens Falls High School
 South Glens Falls, NY

8



“Amidst friend..ships”

When trouble breaks
Babbling waters wake
And ships sail beyond
Our mistakes.

Rip tides cause stomach knots
And conjure up like gunshots
Like a hole in the hull,
Actively letting water riddle full

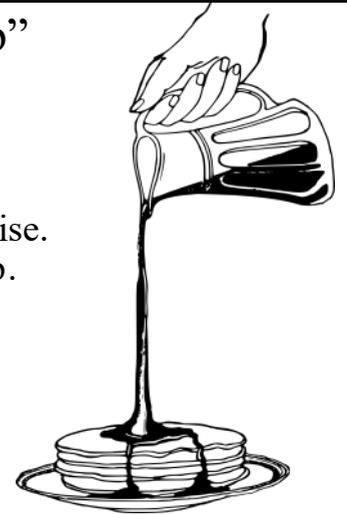
Anchoring our creed with deference
Stops the flood of sufferance
Searching souls to do what's right
and never ever give up the fight

Arin Graber
Grade 8
Teacher: Mrs. Gray
St. Mary's St. Alphonsus
Glens Falls, NY

“Maple Syrup”

Marvelous syrup on my waffles.
Amazing liquid gold,
Pumping out of the tree
Like a river that offers a sweet surprise.
Everything's better with maple syrup.

River Gray
Grade 5
Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

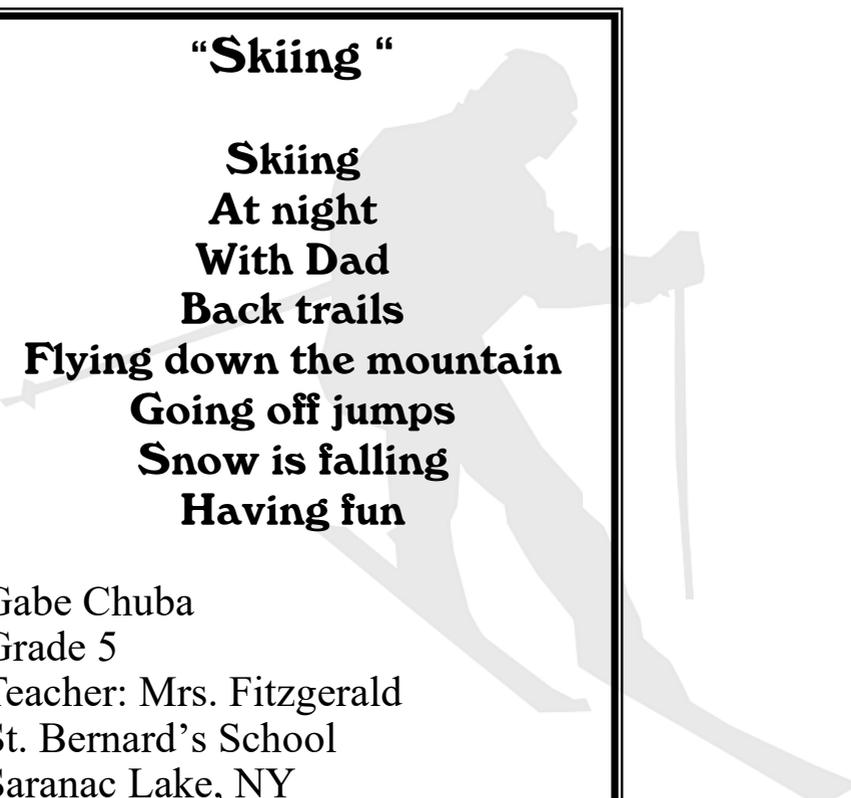


“Haiku”

Snow glistens as
it hits the ground softy and
whirls in the wind

Elsa Jacobson
Grade 5
Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

“Skiing “



**Skiing
At night
With Dad
Back trails
Flying down the mountain
Going off jumps
Snow is falling
Having fun**

Gabe Chuba
Grade 5
Teacher: Mrs. Fitzgerald
St. Bernard’s School
Saranac Lake, NY

“Maple”



huge, sweet
strong, fast, playfull,
fun, cool, loving, awesome
My horse

Mackenzie Mason
Grade 5
Teacher: Marcy Peryea
Northern Adirondack Central
Ellenburg Depot, NY

“Nature Stroll”



As I walk down
This warn out path,
Crunch! Crunch!
The leaves tell me,
Slowly falling down of their trees,
Waiting for the great slumber
They call winter.
Wosh! Wosh! Crack!
The branches swing and splinter
In the breeze flowing
softly overhead.
Chirp! Squeak! Caw!
Nature calls,
Wanting calm autumn
Back once again.

As the path grows deeper,
Snow covers the ground
Like an untouched blanket,
Leaving everything silent,
Like a sleeping town late at night.
Crunch! Crunch! I hear again,
And look down
But instead of an assortment
of autumn leaves,
It’s snow, covered with
a thin layer of ice

7

The birds still chirp,
And more snow crunches,
Creating the soundtrack to this
Winter Wonderland.

I return to my yard,
Away from the *Crunch!*
Wosh!
Crack!
Chirp!
Squeal!
Caw!
Of the deep forest.
The yard opens to a field,
With an orchestra of birds and insects,
Whistling an unknown tune
To the world. *Swoosh! Swoosh!*
Goes the calming grass.

Deirdre McElhinney
Grade 7
Teacher: Mrs. Karen Decker
Galway Jr. High School
Galway, NY

“Soccer Ball”

I have to be controlled
when my story is all told

I am able to move in different ways
sometimes I am deflated, but that's okay
because we can use a pump to give me life today.

When I am shot I have to be ready
for when that goalie is desperate save it for me.

He
D
I
V
E
S

And I am s o a r i n g through the air.
Bam! I ricochet off his hands to the post and
I don't feel so steady.
Then it is the rebound and
he uses all his power to slam
but it is inaccurate.
I hit the crossbar again.
I am deflated again.
I think it will be a while before I come to life again.

Parker Borden
Grade 6
Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

6th Grade

6



“Clouds”

Clouds are like pillows,
floating in the air
The sight of the sky
is very rare
I see a cloud that's shaped
like a pear.

Eventually the sky turns dark

All I can see is the stars
But I can also see a small round planet
that's called Mars.
I'm so relaxed until I hear the sound of cars.

Willa Hurlburt
Grade 6
Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha & Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



“Skiing”

When I’m outside
I ride, ride, ride
side to side

I don’t flop
and I top
all the drops

I pump and pump
and hit the jump
smooth landing, thump

I’m riding down the trail
Jumping through the air
onto the rail

Brayden Harmer
Grade 6
Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

“My Fluffy Dog Russell “

My fluffy dog Russell
Came home one fine day
As the fall leaves came down
He was eager to play

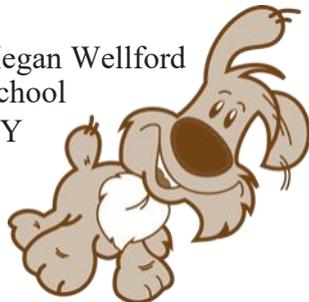
My fluffy dog Russell
With his ears pointed high
Gets into trouble
but he’s so cute with his bowtie

My fluffy dog Russell
Could play all day
An Energizer bunny
With fur brown, black, and gray

My fluffy dog Russell
With short hair and brown eyes
He is oh so perfect
So bouncy and medium size

My fluffy dog Russell
Roams free on his walks
Listens well and
Truly rocks!

Molly Riggins
Grade 6
Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



“Haiku to My River”

I Hear the Water
The Gentle Force of Currents
Gracefully Churning

Ava Sprague
Grade 6
Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford
Keene Central School

“Jesus Loves Me”

Jesus loves me
he loves me!
I’m glad he loves so!
He is my loving Savior, and I want you to know...
He died for us upon the cross and for all our sin:
He died for our friends and even our kin,
Oh, how amazing is his love is for us!
Are we glad he paid the price for us?

Carson Mast
Grade 6
Teacher: Lois Hillegas
River Valley Mennonite School
Castorland, NY