

McCord Memorial Library

Books 'N Banter

Poetry Contest 2019

McCord Memorial Library 32 W. Main St. (814)725-4057 www.mccordlibrary.org

Welcome to McCord Memorial Library's 1st Annual Poetry Contest!

Within you will find poems of love, loss, and flowers.
Short poems, long poems, and poems in between.
These poems were penned not only by talented North East, PA
residents, but also by poets around the country.

On the last 2 pages you will find some fun activities,
and a voting ballot.

Please detach the ballot with your selections for the favorite in
each age group, and the favorite overall.

Turn it in at the circ desk for a small thank you.

Enjoy!

McCord Library Staff

North East's Florida Snowbirds

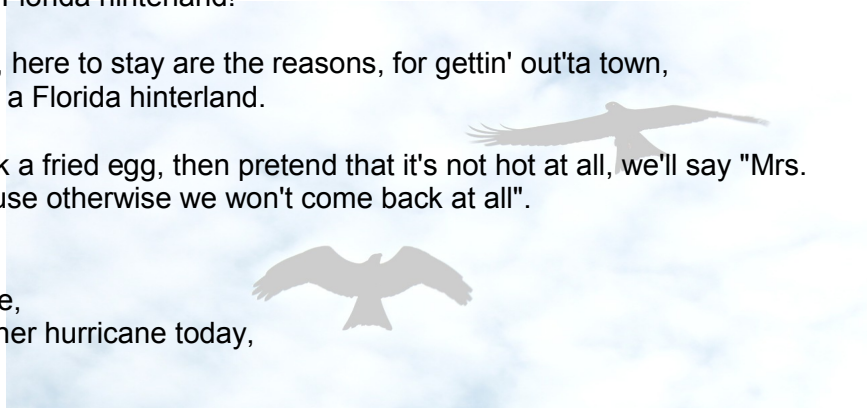
(Can be sung to tune of Walking in a Winter Wonderland)

Palm trees die'n, it's a heat wave, the pool's too hot, got'ta be brave, a miserable sight, we can't sleep tonight, livin' in a Florida hinterland!

Gone away are the seasons, here to stay are the reasons, for gettin' out'ta town, and sporting a frown, livin' in a Florida hinterland.

On the sidewalk we can cook a fried egg, then pretend that it's not hot at all, we'll say "Mrs. Seinfeld turn the air on!", cause otherwise we won't come back at all".

Later on, we'll perspire,
it's too hot and things are dire,
the rain won't go away, another hurricane today,
Livin' in a Florida hinterland.



The Sunflower

The Sunflower is a person filled with aspiration, growing and reaching for the light soaked sky. It hangs on every word uttered by the sun, believing it can make it, become what it desires.

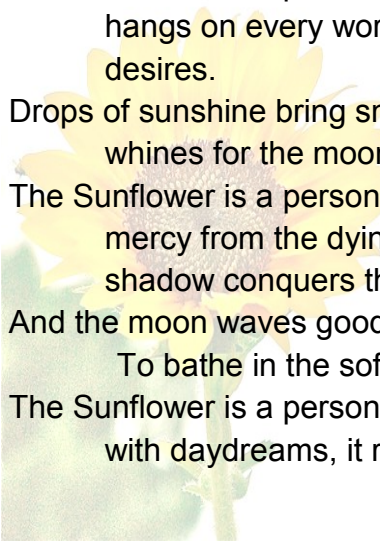
Drops of sunshine bring smiles to its face and color into it's small petals. In the night, it cries, whines for the moon to wake it's golden goddess.

The Sunflower is a person grasping at the dispeller of darkness. It begs for forgiveness and mercy from the dying dusk, hiding the nasty things beneath it's shallow roots. When the shadow conquers the land it sniffles until morn.

And the moon waves goodbye after a long night, finally granting the small person it's only wish.

To bathe in the soft glow of warmth, and to hear the sun pour out it's elegant lyrics.

The Sunflower is a person, chasing after the light. Hope and happiness is what it seeks. Filled with daydreams, it reaches, ascends. Someday it may even become the sun itself.



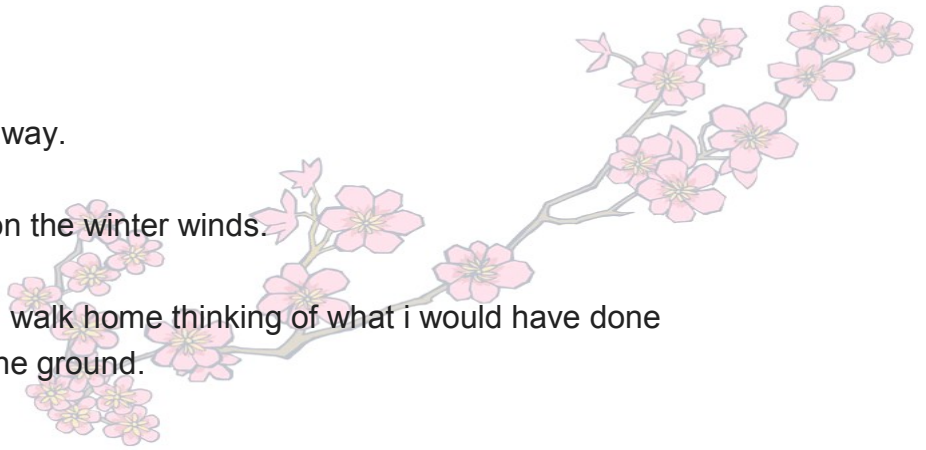
Dandelions

Reign in realms where other flowers refuse to grow,
Donning golden crowns more regal than the lion's mane,
Resilient through every season, every eon,
Persisting no matter how hard the ground,
Conquering hillocks, pastures, valleys,
Pavement cracks, garden walls or luscious fields,
When empire's flames fade, leaving legacy embers,
The winds whisk the ashes as seeds soar 'round.



Cherry Blossom

i see the cherry tree in the forest.
And i watch as a blossom drifts away.
i feel my mind go with it
and i wish i could stay drifting, on the winter winds.
But i have to go home.
My mind comes back to me and i walk home thinking of what i would have done
When finally the blossom fell to the ground.



A tale of two anglers

There's an awkwardness to seeing him; Knowing,
he'll ask for my string. I can see his blue blanket from
here, high end of the pier, mouth of the inlet.
I can see his blue blanket, his brown coat, his blood-red
scooter, his Elmer Fudd hunting cap. I will pass him with
my string-full of wriggling yellow-perch,
their emerald stripes, their bellies fat and white and citrine
as the sun in pastel. He will ask and I will feel compelled,
he will offer a smile as protection from cruelty,
there will be shame in his eyes, he will cup his hands and
hold them to his heart, he will say two words;
"Give Please "
In spring, I would delight in piling sunfish about him, high
as his weary knees, but on this day, the winter solstice not
yet past days still growing short, I fish not for sport.
Instead I fish to fill plates on dates, far too frigid for me,
to haunt the bay. And on this day, I know the schools are
far from shore.
His scooter will not take him to where he needs to be, nor
could he cast the distance required, to feel the tug of
dinner. He will not fill his plate today
there is an awkwardness to apathy, bound to humanity I
suppose, or maybe it was that one perch, (six-inches at
most) that lay beside him on the pier.
Although, those frigid days are fast approaching I will
surely fish this bay tomorrow. Near his blanket covered
feet, I place my catch, every wriggling perch and string.
In his eyes there is surprise, and warmth
that feels like spring.



Certain Colors

I dream of you in colors that don't exist.
When I dream, you are very much alive.
You're breathing,
Speaking,
Loving...
Mom, some mornings when I wake up from such sweet
dreams of you
That I have to remind myself you're gone.
The memories come at me like speeding over a crosswalk:
Light, dark, light, dark, over and over.
Some days, I feel like that mosquito that crashed into your
windshield,
Guts splattered with no chance of recovery:
From your death, from the escape, from the high of wishing
and wanting
All the noises of the day to fade away.
Other days, I wake up renewed, swearing on your memory
that this day
I will conquer my fears.
It's coming up on six months without you.
I have heard your voice twice through recorded memories
That visit my feed.
I have been to your grave more than twice a day some
days.
I have cried.
I have screamed.
I've been so angry with
Nowhere to place that anger because,
He is gone.
You are gone.
There is nothing left to lay my grief upon.
Of these colors,
The ones that don't exist;
I still hold onto the bronze of your smile,
The gray of your stare...
I realize these colors do exist,
They just don't bring a new reality.
They do not cover the marrow that aches within my bones.
They are like a traffic light
Made of dark maroons,
A deep gold,
And a forest green,
All covered in
Thick
Black
Tar.

This year has been one of the hardest of my life.
Grasping for new ways of coping while secretly
Holding a knife out of sight,
Just in case the stitches don't heal quite right.
My tears have a sheer sting of indigo, mixed with salt water
And vinegar that burns when
I sit in the sorrow for too long.
The spot where you are buried is currently covered in a
brutal, white snow.
When it melts,
It won't be a lush green.
It'll be brown and barren,
Yet not forgotten.
I cannot get lost in this brown.
I have to focus on the pink in the tulips,
The orange of your tiger lilies,
The purple of your geraniums,
The tan of your summer skin,
And the hazel of your eyes.
I cannot get lost in the tears,
Or my screams.

Simply,
I have learned to take those secret, unnamed shades and
Use them to source love throughout my day.
Focusing on the calm and aligning my purpose with each
Memory, those that come and those that fade.
Shards of stories remain stapled to the bulletin of my being.
The thread of time is not easily followed by hands alone.
It weaves intricately around each eye that contacts another.
It bats with every tear that is shed, regardless of the cause.
Fragments scatter across the concrete as I scurry and
scramble to gather the pieces
That can be salvaged
As I shake feverishly for an outstretched hand.,
Blending all these colors while sourcing love from across
the land.

Uncaged (Valentine's Love Howl)

1

You like to be
on the land
where we walk
hand in hand

Together;
awake and alive
as feelings and time
move shake and jive

Your smile,
that I fall into,
makes it so worthwhile
and all from it
is true

It is simply good
to be with you
And near your
pretty face
breathing in your raw space

This is something real,
a love with substance
I can really feel

2

In her warm embrace
I feel I now know true grace

From that warm smile
like clean tile
possibility comes strong and
true,
and you know
she loves you

but, there are days
some, set in ways
Things to look on
and move around
But simple things, I love
like her touch and sound

Physicality,
in a digital age
Together, real humans
Out of the cage

My Wings

I'm so high up here
the world's a shadow
Trying to confront my fear
and take a leap of faith
But the chains that bind me here
are more than hollow
Reminding me to find another way
So I live and I die
A thousand times a day
Until I learn
To fly

It's like I've been sent from a world
that lived before me
A time and place where I
still had my wings
But what could I have done so wrong
to make Him hate me
To leave me as a bird without her song my wings torn from me

So I live and I die
A thousand times a day
Until I relearn
to fly

An eye trained to see
the heart that's within thee
The beauty of a soul
But in the end
What happens to me...

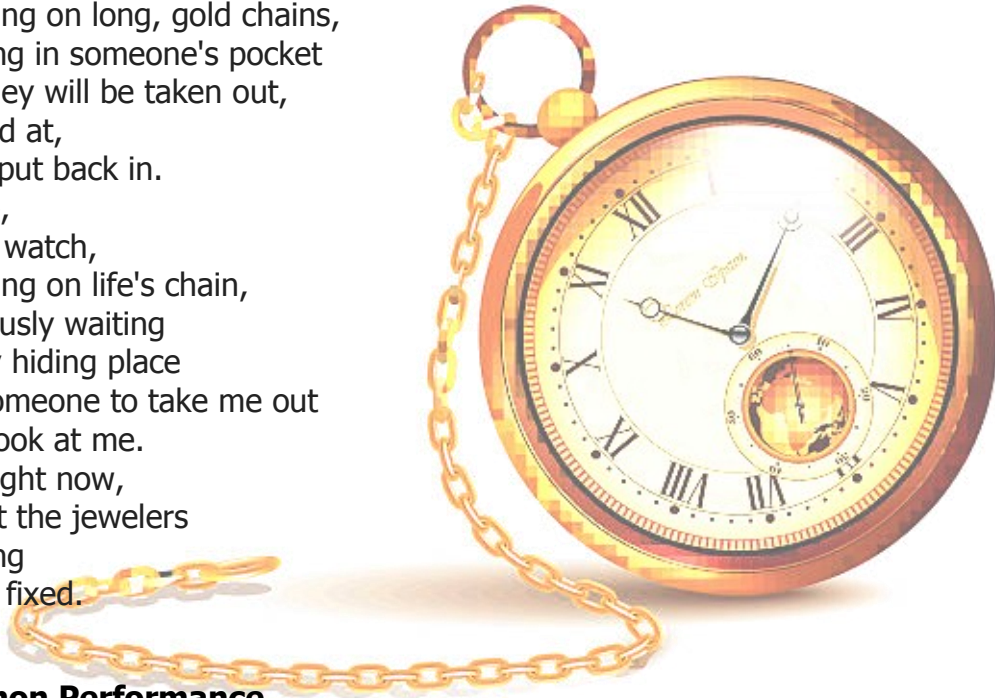
I'll live. I'll die.
A thousand times a day
Until I learn
To fly

Away.



Gold Watches

Gold watches
hanging on long, gold chains,
waiting in someone's pocket
'till they will be taken out,
looked at,
then put back in.
I, too,
am a watch,
hanging on life's chain,
anxiously waiting
in my hiding place
for someone to take me out
and look at me.
But right now,
I'm at the jewelers
waiting
to be fixed.



A Common Performance

Let the ballet begin and the orchestra proceed
In slow muffled instructions the time signature directs
The prelude planned in perfect pianissimo

Each steps with the other as he glides to the right
Her hand cups to the left in perfect sync
The muted melodies of requests... answered in perfect time

The "explorer" finds new depths within broken chords
The "drill" sears the score in the dirge with musical animosity
While the "condenser's" crescendo presses toward the end

The viewer, stunned into silence with mouth agape
As tension of chords and whole notes pull... yet push
And dancers' muscles constrict as they ready for the final lift

Blinded by the spotlight, bright as the sun
I, prone, the only audience to perceive the performance
Silently watch, as though laid out, there... in the dentist's chair

Activities



Springtime Fun

Spring is a season with lots of rain and _____ and _____ flowers. _____ chirp in the trees and many baby _____ and _____ are born. Before it rains, the sky turns _____ and _____ starts _____ from the sky. Grab a _____ umbrella and a pair of _____ rain boots and _____ in puddles. If you're _____, you might see a rainbow!

(color) (color) (Adjective) (animals) (adjective) (animals) (animals) (noun) (verb-ing) (color) (adjective) (color) (verb) (adjective)



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May Sudoku

5	3		7					
6			1	9	5			
	9	8					6	
8			6					3
4			8		3			1
7			2					6
	6					2	8	
			4	1	9			5
			8				7	9

8-3

CRYPTOQUIP

V G Z C W Y U C H T I M M K V Y H
 U K Y I P J B C L I X W Y D B Z I B
 X Y P C X H Z M Y Y H, Q C O K H T C O
 Z I T J Y ' Z Q J V B Y D V D L G I Z B ?

Today's Cryptoquip Clue: Z equals S

The Cryptoquip is a substitution cipher in which one letter stands for another. If you think that X equals O, it will equal O throughout the puzzle. Single letters, short words and words using an apostrophe give you clues to locating vowels. Solution is by trial and error.

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Signs of Spring



This spring Peony is going on a field trip with her class to the state park. Her teacher gave the class a list of things to look for in the woods and meadows, but the words got all mixed up. Can you help Peony unscramble her list?

- OFGR _____
- FEUYRBTLT _____
- SRSGA _____
- ORMHTARWE _____
- SNTGLHUI _____
- UDB _____
- DDNLIAENO _____
- ORELWF _____
- EBE _____
- GLBDYAU _____
- OMLOB _____
- ERGEN _____

Poetry Contest 2019 Ballot

Please choose your favorite poem in each age group
(if you do not like any poem in that age group, you may leave it blank)

Group 1:

_____ Cherry Blossom (11-14)

Group 2:

_____ Dandelions (15-19)

_____ The Sunflower (15-19)

Group 3:

_____ Uncaged (Valentine's Love Howl) (20-30)

Group 4:

_____ Certain Colors (31-50)

_____ My Wings (31-50)

_____ A Tale of Two Anglers (31-50)

Group 5:

_____ A Common Performance (51+)

_____ Gold Watches (51+)

_____ North East's Florida Snowbirds (51+)

Next, please rank all the poems. 1 for your favorite, 2 for your next favorite and so on.

_____ Certain Colors (31-50)

_____ Cherry Blossom (11-14)

_____ A Common Performance (51+)

_____ Dandelions (15-19)

_____ Gold Watches (51+)

_____ My Wings (31-50)

_____ North East's Florida Snowbirds (51+)

_____ The Sunflower (15-19)

_____ A Tale of Two Anglers (31-50)

_____ Uncaged (Valentine's Love Howl) (20-30)



Cut or tear here

