



# McCord Library's 4th Annual Poetry Contest

Welcome to McCord Memorial Library's  
4th Annual Poetry Contest!

Within you will find poems of heartbreak and joy.

Please vote for your favorite in each category as well as your overall favorite.

Winners will receive a small prize.

You may also vote online at

[www.mccordlibrary.org/poetry-contest/voting](http://www.mccordlibrary.org/poetry-contest/voting)

Thank you to all who participated this year.

McCord Library Staff

Adult Entries  
51+

## **Laughter Soothes the soul**

Laughter soothes the soul  
When you laugh the whole world laughs with you  
And when you laugh the world is a much happier place to be in!  
And, Also remember that laughing makes me feel good  
And I can share it with other, too  
And remember it will me feel much better too  
A laugh a day keeps the doctor away  
When there's laughter there'll be less violence in this world too  
So, keep on laughing and being happy  
That's what this world is all about  
And Jesus does love me so very much!



## Adult Entries 31-50

### Daddy's Heart



When Mommy left it broke daddy's heart  
Now just getting out of bed is a struggle, I'm just so depressed.

I feel like I never have enough rest but I always give you two my best.  
Day after day I somehow make it through.  
Every night before bed I try my best to figure out how, and I think I found the reason...  
It's because I have both of you!

My heart still aches but you two combined had just enough glue to help Daddy fix what he could not.  
No tool nor piece or part that could ever be bought would fix the rift in Daddy's heart...  
All the searching in the world would be for naught.

Nothing that was ever broken will be like brand new so the scars may show through, but still,  
Daddy is the fix it guy that's glad he's got his two precious gifts.

Though my heart is still broken, now it's only in two...  
That is perfectly fine though because that means a half for each of you  
and I wouldn't be happier any other way  
Daddy loves you!

### Trapped



Don't like  
    what you say  
        or how you say it  
    what you do  
        or how you do it  
No escape  
    right now  
        but I'll be looking  
My dreams  
    don't include  
        you

## Adult Entries 31-50



### My Sister

My sister is quite silly and I'm quite silly too!  
Were similar to synonyms and that's not all that's true.  
Synonyms are always words that are almost just the same  
Words like throw or pass the ball when you're playing the big game.  
I am always next to her and she is next to me.  
In all these ways we're similar it's natural to be.  
She is always laughing, she makes her bellyache.  
I am always cracking up, it's nothing you could fake.  
But there are some things different, they're as different as can be.  
And all these things are antonyms they are easy now to see.  
My sister's always looking up while I look looking down.  
My sister is quite serious while I am a big clown.  
My sister always looks around while I rush straight ahead.  
My sister is an early bird but I am still in bed.  
In these ways we're different, we're opposites they say,  
in this, we act like antonyms in every single way.  
When someone sees my sister, they say she is so great.  
But they won't ever see me because I am always late.  
My sister really loves me and she is my best friend  
I'll say it all just one more time before we reach the end.  
Synonyms are different words that can be used similarly  
While antonyms are opposites, as different as can be.

## Adult Entries

### 20-30

#### **Boopy Vs The Lavender Stereo**

Sprint. Sprint. Sprint!  
Into the closet, out like a bullet  
paranoid like no other.  
One little noise and your darting.  
One fresh smell and your stalking.  
One new stereo and your climbing it  
immediately, like a spider, like an insect  
like something that is light and delicate.  
But you are not, silly boy, you tear at the fabric,  
that soft mesh grill that is meant  
to protect from intruders like you.

We covered it up with a blanket,  
hoping your instincts would refrain  
from clawing your way under.  
You proved yourself smarter  
than the dumb we thought you were,  
flattening your little body like a pancake,  
squirming it under the heavy quilt,  
starting where you left off.

You are a mystery but predictable  
if it is possible to be both.  
I know your worst fear in my tool box but still  
unsure if you would run from it or fight it.  
You have left me no choice but to form an alliance  
with the violet devil himself.

(When you were a baby, living in a barn,  
eating rodents and stolen veggies,  
you were attacked. Your brothers and sisters,  
unscathed. But you had a bite out of your leg,  
one that would later be sewn up, shaved,  
as if you left your hometown with only one boot.  
You were a fighter, the alpha of your clan,  
the protector of your home, even at a mere 5  
inches tall.)

You have nothing to fight here.  
It is my fault for living in a city  
and thinking you would love it like I did.  
My fault for thinking that a cat like you  
would ever stay on a leash properly.

So, you fight the stereo, the couch, the side of our  
beds.  
You make enemies with toilet paper rolls and un-  
used tampons.  
You become the warrior you once were with an  
imagination  
I know impossible but I hope inherited from me.

I walk with the evil villain in hand  
you smell him from across the room,  
hesitantly creeping up behind.  
I screw of the top to the small vial  
and splash it onto the speakers.  
A priest blessing the congregation.  
Warding off harm.

The room reeks of lavender.  
The oil, meant to be diluted, is strong,  
heavy but invisible on the dark cloth.  
You smell it. You hate it.  
You hiss. You pace. You look at me.  
As if I have just let your prisoner go.  
As if I have taken the weapon with  
which you hunt and chucked it  
into an ocean of floral aroma.  
You admit defeat and  
Sprint, sprint SPRINT!  
into your smaller but friendlier new kingdom,  
scratching, climbing, jumping, loved like no other.



## Adult Entries

### 20-30

#### Power?

What more “power”  
Could you want?

Eating off the land,  
walking upon it  
adapting to the temperatures  
bowing to the weather  
Storms  
Gods of water  
sun and air

Killing your food  
that you live next to  
as nature does  
and absorbing that spirit  
of depth and soil,  
fallen leaves  
grass and rain  
and snow-  
damp clothes  
wool, hide

your days are not numbered  
or categorized  
But you’re cognizant  
of dawn,  
dusk  
The breeze knocking you  
on the shoulder  
“Hello,  
I am,  
I exist,  
We are”.

Music under the stars  
sweating in exertion  
on the earth!

No,  
we do not want your money

Our power resides  
within  
with feet to the ground

you can throw down  
your dollars  
I’ll lay out the hay  
food scraps, firewood  
-my soul  
emotions, principles  
exposed and poked at

We are having  
a really good time  
down here,  
driving the ox  
scorched by the sun  
exposed to the elements  
not tucked inside cars,  
behind bars  
Glad Mother Earth  
is willing to  
shape us  
into ancient knowledge



## Adult Entries 20-30



### Mother's home

You can't be a mother, the doctor said  
I felt my world tumbled in my head,  
With empty hand folded I cried,  
Thought God might rain one day,  
So I tried, To appease all the deities for one boon,  
May I too be homing soon.

Friends and family, pitiful eyes,  
Refer to doctors, suggest to try  
For some miracle to take place,  
Advise of pills, medicines and the rest.  
There stands silent my dark doom  
A flowerless bosom, dreams in tomb.

A fateless forehead, fruitless womb,  
Perfect embodiment of gloom,  
Neighbours hush, tell remedies,  
But some are just not meant to be  
Mothers, daughters, kind and cool,  
To be kept as 'prettiest fools'.

So countless fiery summers I spent,  
On some days I put my soul on rent  
My will power works three jobs to pay,  
For a wrinkled hackneyed apartment.  
To see little steps back afternoon  
I hope I will be homing soon!

Home of smiles on tender lips,  
Little hands hold those fingertips,  
Where mothers aren't known by blood  
Or womb or race or religious trusts.  
Where I am wanted loved so kind,  
I'll be called theirs and they all mine.

Home with a garden of my tree  
However fruitless it may be,  
Where is practiced selfless love  
By people aren't 'motherly enough'!  
To some infant fateless dunes!  
For them I dream of homing soon.

Adult Entries  
20-30

**A Duet by the Garbage**

Last summer, I heard rustling  
inside of a dog food bag  
a hissing  
beside my garbage cans.

Prodding it open with my shoe tip,  
two beady eyes  
stared back into mine,  
frozen in fear, the fat opossum.

With frayed gray fluff and fleshy pink tail,  
and long white muzzle full of  
seldom-used  
pincer daggers,

devouring what is forbidden,  
huddled away from noise,  
freezing  
in every confrontation.

Tonight  
among the garbage stench  
under harsh garage lights, I'm sure  
we would make great friends

frolicking in the debris  
hissing at the others,  
scared of the planet  
lovers of the waste



## Teen Entries 15-19

### "I do."

We all have our moments where we want to say, "I do,"  
Those two words have stuck, and made me want to pursue.  
The thought of living a life full of joy,  
And the feeling of loneliness will leave so I can finally enjoy.

But I never considered my heart to be wrong,  
My relationship with my Father was never that strong.  
I longed for a love that could only be found on this sinful earth,  
And not for the love that was so full of worth.

I was a young, foolish girl, who wanted to live a love story,  
A story about me, which would not have brought much glory.  
But true love shines brightest when I am with the one true King,  
The kind of love that my heart's tune always wants to sing.

So before you say the words, "I do," remember who it's for,  
The first time those two words are said, it shouldn't be for chore.  
You may think they will be said to your future spouse one day,  
But before that day you should have already put them on display.

You see, they start a commitment, one so dear, not something to push aside,  
But before they're used for our life on earth, they have much more to provide.  
A relationship so pure, a commitment so strong, we use these words to bind,  
But first we must use them on our Father above, who has always been so kind.

He has always been there, throughout our times of need,  
And though I have failed, I will try my best to follow His lead.  
But always remember, no matter the pain, His love for us never fails,  
So when we first say those famous two words, it should be for Him, where it always prevails.





# Poetry Contest Ballot

Chose one from each category

## Teens 15-19

☐ "I do."

## Adults 20-30

☐ A Duet by the Garbage

☐ Power?

☐ Mother's home

☐ Boopy vs The Lavender Stereo

## Adults 31-50

☐ Daddy's Heart

☐ Trapped

☐ My Sister

## Adults 51+

☐ Laughter soothes the soul

Choose one overall favorite

☐ Boopy vs The Lavender Stereo

☐ Daddy's Heart

☐ A Duet by the Garbage

☐ "I do."

☐ Laughter soothes the soul

☐ Mother's home

☐ My Sister

☐ Power?

☐ Trapped

Turn in your ballot for a small thank you!