

Poetry Contest 2020

Welcome to McCord Memorial Library's
2nd Annual Poetry Contest!

Within you will find poems submitted to us even whilst the world was turned upside down. Though collected as contest entries, these poems are the only examples we have this year.

A heartfelt thanks to those that participated.

"Youth"

But don't let our singing fog your mind in the moonlit hours when we feign ignorance
The melody of our merriment cloud your senses
Cover your ears and depend on vision
Do not presume to know

Be our voices merry, our eyelids are heavy
Our gazes are distant
Bought by consequence of maturity we haven't earned
Our hearts are boney and withered
Though our hands are young
We may be calloused
We may be jaded
But it is what we know

Rocking embrace of familiarity, as a mother. Bidding us close our eyes and leave the gazes to sunrise.
Tommorrow will be different.
Tommorrow we will know better.
Or, better yet, tommorrow we will know nothing at all.
A bittersweet remedy, certainly impossible but seemingly ideal.
Oh what a cursed brew of phrases.

Brianna Switala

Age 17

Crossing

Arms waving from above,
Leaves dancing in the wind,
Branches beckoning squirrels to run

...across

On benches below grandmas sit,
While their charges enjoy the park,
Consumed in the challenging

...crosswords

Under a canopy of green solace,
A rambling road hugs the sidewalk,
River of pedestrians dashes over the

...crosswalk

To quaint cafés on the other side
A destination, where countless
Cups of coffee are consumed in

...crosstalk

A lovely Sunday afternoon,
Peaceful prelude of perfection
That no other day can

...cross

Penelope (Penny) Duran
Age 17, Grade 10

Home

The sound of the unfamiliar language.
The smell of pasta and fish in the market.
The sight of old photographs with people
we never talk about anymore.
The place I call home
but
Never put as my permanent address.
The brokenness we never talk about is why I keep coming.
The yesterday that no one remembers
formed the today that people always talk about.
I love every flaw because that is when I realized what beautiful really means.
I want to show you my gratitude but money can't buy a thank you or I love
you.
We could talk today,
but I don't want to get stuck on our yesterday.
Just open your arms-
because tomorrow I will be home.

Katrina Machetta

Age 15, Grade 10