

## 2010 Northeast Texas Poetry Contest Student Winners

Ihr Vergeht Uns Nicht by :  
Hannah Collier

fields of gold  
streams of sapphire  
wild autumn sunsets that blaze with fire  
opal-tinged clouds  
give way  
to night's black-plum silken shroud  
with diamonds strewn through the depths of the skies  
some of which sneak to earth dressed as fireflies  
under the eyes  
of the pale, waning moon

on the sweet, pine-scented breeze  
whisper to me  
the quiet, forlorn voices of trees  
of a time  
of a place  
much different  
less bustling

lost to the advent  
of fast-paced void  
the advent  
so vacant  
of absence

dawn creeps upon us  
Otc Otw (TjB 03.11w -2.15  
oB.11w -2.15Oh feh (eh (6TJ00c 0)

emotionless, blinded  
to the beautiful complexities  
residing as our neighbors  
as our friends  
as patient compatriots  
with sadness they watch us  
muttering amongst themselves  
in angst-ridden whispers  
beseeching  
'bitte  
ihr vergeht uns nicht'

**Tying for Second Place: Cody Russell**

**The Fields**  
by Cody Russell

He was born into a dirt-poor family,  
Never had anything his entire life.  
He had to work all day as a young man  
Just to help his mom put food on the table.  
He married a beautiful woman at a young age,  
And went into the service right after.  
They had two wonderful daughters  
Of whom they are very proud.  
A typical life of a Northeast Texan you might say,  
But things would certainly change.

He woke up early in the morning to get the coffee pot going  
And prepare for the long day ahead.  
He walked outside with the early morning dew on the ground,  
With the Mockingbirds chirping and the squirrels playing tag.  
He loaded up into that Dodge pickup to go get his grandson  
For a long day of baling hay together.  
When they got to the field they drove through the cattle guards,  
Out through the fences, and into the open spaces.

They took a break that afternoon to unclog the mower  
With the suns' burning rays beating down on them.  
He sat down on the ground with the smell of fresh-cut grass around him.  
There was an awkward beating of his heart,  
And eyes that will never be forgotten.  
He lived a hard life full of hard work and sweat,  
But he went in the only place he would've wanted: the fields.

**Tying for Second Place: Aaron Dunn**

From the most natural of seats, I could see  
the treeline. Then I didn't know, though,

and love.

I'd follow the paths those children hadn't  
chosen, as I didn't have much say. But,  
that was fine with me. I'd get there,  
but for now,  
I was young.

In grass high above my head,  
sky like the most comfortable sheet,  
I first knew my place, my identity,  
and I was  
real.

So I thank the clouds and gentle wind and  
oceans of grass;  
they are my rescuer from the storm of  
sleep. I am awake for now, but then,  
I'll dream forever.

**Third Place Winner: Jessica Rogers**

**Grandfather's Farm**

Many memories have died  
Memories made at the farm I am fondest of  
But bubby shaped times i will never forget  
We fished for hours at a Cass County pond as black as tea  
And I'll never forget the joyful, childish, song I sang  
When he gave me palominos for my birthday  
We fed 'em apples and carrots and brushed 'em together  
Sometimes we just sat together  
Talking and joking  
We sat on the porch and watched a spring moon rise above a bridal plum tree  
Thats the only thing i have from him now  
The ponies are gone  
The pond is but a shadow  
Was our life ever really happy  
But our Lake Country farm reminds me of him  
I have the beauty of this amazing sanctuary  
The calming, serene forests