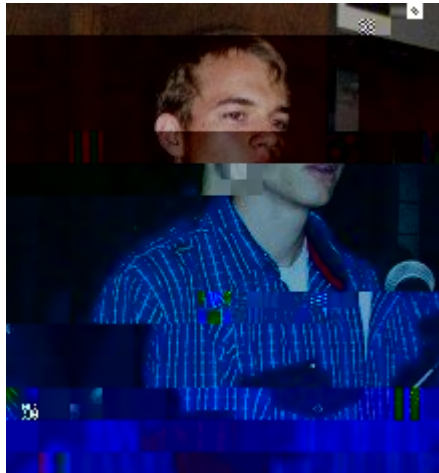


2012 Northeast Texas Poetry Contest Student Winners

Northeast Texas Poetry Contest of 2012 sponsored by Elliott Motor



First Place, \$400, Ricky Huitema

As the Morning Sun Rises
As the morning sun rises over the trees
Long shadows are cast down on me
Life is abundant all around
Horses graze in the meadows
Ignorant of all the affairs of life
A turtle rests on a log
Basking in the sun to warm its' blood
While a crane waits in the shallows
Hoping to catch the unwary minnow

In a meadow greened
By the abundant summer rain
The sun has been a friend
During the summer months
The grass grows violently
To prepare for the next cutting
A lone cedar stands
In the center of the field
Strong and tall
Is it has for many a year
An old fence that has seen better days
Is overtaken by trees
The rusted wire has a few more years.

Now the forest where the destruction
Of the previous year can be seen
Old trees leafless
Thick bark is cracked and falling off
Limbs crash down
With those that have went down
What once could not be moved

Has fallen over
King of the forest no more

Life moves with the seasons
The mild temperatures made
One perfect summer
Bountiful rains
All but erase the terrors
Of fire that plagued the land
The year before
The Lord has showered
His blessing once again
Over the land



Second Place, \$300, Matthew Jordan

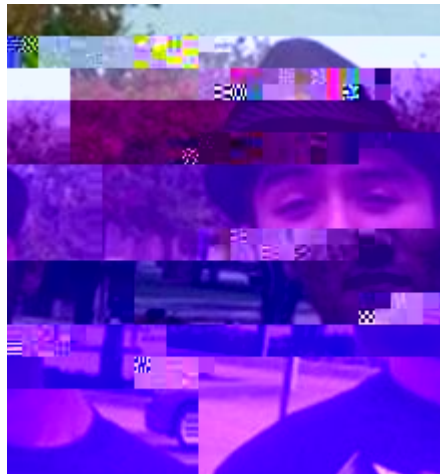
The Treasures of Northeast Texas
There comes a time of yea
when Northeast Texas reveals her euphoric allure.
The treasures of the region are expressed only for a season.
Fall manifests her inner beauty across the Northeast Texas region,
like a rainbow across the woodland's canopy,
as she follows the Autumn trail.

Winter creeps his way into Texas,
searching for the mysterious treasure
at the end of Fall's rainbow.
Winter's search began to grow cold
when he reached Lake O' the Pines,
where the pine trees are all that remain.

It was not until this moment
that Winter discovered the hoax.
He discovers all the treasures
have fallen to the forest floor,
and the search froze entirely

The frost seems to immediately clasp the land to its bosom.
 A new scene of ice, snapping limbs in the valley of the oak,
 Exchanges the mascot from bovine to stag.
 Nights render the land brittle, grass unable to resist the hunch from those who dare tread,
 the danger disguised as beauty; its cold embrace ensnares any unwary,
 And lulls them into a security undeserved.
 A coyote howls tribute to this law before bracing over its fallen leaped prey.

A fierce land indeed
 But conquered by us through traditions passed down,
 Even a paradise for those who know the secrets from whispers of years passed,
 The secret of the seasons of waxing and waning life, the rising and falling of leaves,
 Fleeting, but a breath in the stop of the valley of the oak.
 Perhaps a fortnight's calm among the cycling storm,
 But time earned even by those who shrink indoors from the valley's cruelty.
 Growth, passing, and celebration; much is crammed into the decent days
 Days void of the unsold sweat or Jack Frost's breath.
 Spring and autumn none always around the bend,
 Bane to its harshness, and hero to the valley of the oak.



Fourth Place, \$100 Jesse Rivera

Born from Dust
 Born from the dust
 In a country broken
 By idolatry to death it's self
 I escaped the jaws of inevitable poverty
 By coming to the land of freedom
 The land where in God we trust

But now
 The country's grown corrupt
 The rich wage war
 But it's the poor who die
 They no longer fight for freedom
 They fight for oil and gold

Then make laws
To suit their malicious ways

They rewrite marriage
And bend morals
Then rejoice in their mischief
As the media differentiates
Right from wrong
And an honors student