

2013 Northeast Texas Poetry Contest Student Winners

**First Place
\$400
Alisha Richardson**

"A Fairy-Tale Land of Northeast Texas"

When I walked around the spring path that circled the pond, I had seen,
a parade of beautifully random wild flowers marching.
The trees were vibrant, arrayed in cloaks of a thousand shades of green.
And the woods, livened by the light of the sun, were singing.

The placid waters of the pond reflected the trees like a looking glass,
their curled and knotted arms reaching out across the smooth surface.
Whatever those arms sought, it seemed to be forever out of their grasp.
But, from her fingertips, mimosa laid blossoms around the pond like a necklace.

The vibrant greens of the leaves died away when autumn arrived.
And the leaves turned wispy, as their softness also died.
No longer the gentle cloaks the trees relished, the leaves were discarded well,
and they flickered goldenly in the sun's light as, to the pond, they fell.

The golden leaves, with light feet, touched the water and stood, floating.
Then, Wind turned toward the pond and blew his breath upon her, gloating.
For Wind hated calm things like the placid pond, whose name was Water.
He hated Water for he, alw c-øl - Wind's eternal opposite.

e leaves became lithe fairies dancing with fiery spirit.

ced, following the graceful lead of the water maid,

Fire then sneezed and, catching a great pine ablaze, hastened to put it out.
But the tree fell and woke Earth, and finding it, she gave an angry shout.
As Fire could not douse his own flames, the tree had burned until it fell, wilting.
And Fire, knowing it was not the tree's time, scratched his head, guilty.

But Earth scooped up a handful of soil and doused the tree, as it was still ablaze,
and Fire, who could only start more fires, watched her douse one, amazed.
The flames slowl

A steady rustle of leaves
Growing louder with every minute
And my heart pounding
As the sound moves closer and closer
Terror grows within my body
I clutch my weapon tighter
And stare in the direction of the sound

Minutes pass and the rustle turns into a rumble
Then there was silence
Worried, I illuminated the forest around me
There stood two dark figures
I raised my weapon
The flash blinded my eyes
The roar deafened my ears
The dark figures disappeared into the forest
I follow them in

Now the hunt is over
The celebration begins
Friends and family feast on the wild boar
Complements warm my spirit
Warm food fills my stomach
I am no longer a boy, but a man.