

**2014 Northeast Texas Poetry Contest Student Winners**

**Student First Place, \$400**

Kelli Knepp

Northeast Texas: Through the Eyes of a Child

As my day comes to an end,  
I reflect on the past.  
Back to a time of carefree days and lighthearted laughter,



**Student Second Place, \$300**  
Miranda Mendoza

Northeast Texas Storm

That day I awoke before the sun  
But soon my world was tinged a smoky blue  
The air was hot, heavy, and humid  
And yet the grass was dry

First warning of a Texas Storm

The ducks were gossiping contentedly until I came to them  
Seeing me

Second sign of a Texas storm

It was windy  
And that was strange  
The air had been still for days  
Quit for days  
No movements for days  
The air had felt thick to breathe

The wind swept the sunny day clouds away  
The wind was sweet relief from the hebetudinous  
Humid still heavy air  
That I had become used to breathing  
The sky was blue  
Clear blue  
Blue like the sky in a cartoon  
Hot sunny day blue

I began to doubt the pink sky morning  
The ducks  
The cats  
The weatherman I ignored anyway  
That I doubted him was redundant

The wind prepared the way for the storm  
Her majesty the Texas storm  
The wind had cleared the sky  
Then brought more noble clouds to attend her  
Soon the queen, the storm, would come  
And all must show respect  
The storm could kill  
Give life  
Her majesty the Texas storm

Soon the air was yellow  
And the thunder rumbled  
Slowly, quietly, far off  
At first  
Then it was banging, crashing  
Lightning flashing  
The great big sky was grey  
Black  
Blue  
Dark  
Foreboding  
Warning  
Growing  
Empty and full  
Larger than life  
Cold and frightening  
But cool and inviting

The beauty of a Texas storm

Oh sweet relief from heat of summer  
Sweet, sweet, cool falling water  
I sat reading  
Resting  
Waiting  
For the calm after the storm

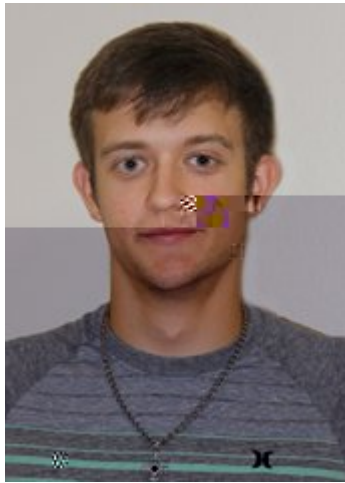
The power dulled and flickered  
But the flashlight was on hand

Quilts  
Cocoa

Hot (0) Cold (0) Wet (0) Dry (0) Dark (0) Light (0) Loud (0) Quiet (0) Fast (0) Slow (0) High (0) Low (0) Sweet (0) Sour (0) Bitter (0) Salty (0) Soft (0) Hard (0) Smooth (0) Rough (0) Shiny (0) Dull (0) Warm (0) Cool (0) Hot (0) Cold (0) Wet (0) Dry (0) Dark (0) Light (0) Loud (0) Quiet (0) Fast (0) Slow (0) High (0) Low (0) Sweet (0) Sour (0) Bitter (0) Salty (0) Soft (0) Hard (0) Smooth (0) Rough (0) Shiny (0) Dull (0) Warm (0) Cool (0)

Cold cool  
Seen the rainbow  
Heard the amphibian choir singing  
Seen the plants grow greener  
Brighter  
In the calm after the storm  
I have survived the raging of the storm  
Loved the beauty of the Texas storm

Weather changes  
Like a bad temper  
Here  
In this land that I call home  
Hot and humid  
Dry and sunny  
Windy right before the storm  
I love the beauty of the storm  
The raging beauty of the Northeast Texas Storm.



**Student Third Place, \$200**  
Tyler Reynolds

### The Abandonment of the Firefly

I awake from my slumber.  
I attempt to return to my dream, but sleep refuses to greet me.  
The silence of the night is too loud.

I arise in my bed and gaze toward my window.  
I notice a glimmer of light piercing through my blinds.  
My curiosity overwhelms my desire for sleep.

I open my back door and I am met with the mugginess of an August night.  
My senses overwhelm me.  
I am taken aback by the aliveness that accompanies an evening in northeast Texas.



A creek lay ahead, where minnows swim uncaught

Natural debris float along the waterway  
Red, yellow, orange colors drift, acorns bob downstream.  
Their end destinations grouped with their impact are hard to know  
Maybe to survive, they sail from the Caddo

Whitetail tracks litter the clay mix waterbed  
Theses prints could be a record, but blend slowly back  
Small herds roam the thick vegetation in a reserved manner  
They graze quietly; their ears apt for danger  
So much around us happens without concern  
Life maintains itself quite well, despite human wrecks  
Amazing collaborations take place free from instructions



**Student Runner-Up, \$50**

Zachary Davis  
Summer's Charge

As I wa

She smiles, and replies simply  
"You promised to mow and weed-eat"