

Third Place

My Cancer Poem

Hannah

10th Grade, North East School of the Arts

This is my cancer poem. The poem everyone's heard one way or another. It doesn't tell the love story or the one with a cancer kick at the end to make you cry. I know the grandmother, the great-grandmother, the great aunt, the third grade teacher, the friend, the whole family tree of scarves and scars.

We know this, your neighbors know this, my genes know this, my fear knows this. What I can't seem to wrap my head around is the best-seller on the shelf at the bookstore that makes it all so romantic, the endless funds to a once believed notable foundation, the number of cases that grows each year.

Let's talk about how breast cancer can be for men too, how ovarian cancer is a silent killer and affects one out of every 75 women, how men should be told more frequently to have a prostate exam, how women should not feel pressured to have reconstructive surgery after a mastectomy.

Talk about this, more than ever before. Don't just wear pink in October. Donate. Volunteer anywhere you can. Scream as loud as your lungs will let you, scream for the beautiful people we had to let go.

Scream for a cure, because I don't want to write another cancer poem.

Fourth Place

Midnight

Ashleigh

10th Grade, North East School of the Arts

The time when rules don't apply
and the clock slows down.

The time when the truth comes out
and tears sting the most.

The time when desire is strong
and fear washes away.

The time when nobody wants to
but everybody drifts to sleep.

The time when the ice cream chills
the burn of the rum.

The time when the sky turns dark
above the sleeping earth.

The time when the house rests
below the glowing moon.

The only time that we are honest
but only with ourselves.

Select Poems

Zimbabwe Images 2015

Clyta Coder

I.
Crops fail
 wet season, dry
yet still they praise, ululate joy
 trust wait.

II.
Media world
 grieves black-maned Cecil
while hunger gnaws—is a lion
 more important?

III.
Young men's
 songs crescendo
drumbeats resonate victory
 and hope.

The Gift of India

Sarojini Naidu

Is there ought you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?
Lo ! I have flung to the East and the West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of the duty, the sabers of doom.
Gathered like pearls in their alien graves
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves,
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands,
they are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.
Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?
Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's despair
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?
And the far sad glorious vision I see
Of the torn red banners of victory?
when the terror and the tumult of hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought on the dauntless ranks,
And you honour the deeds of the dauntless ones,
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!