



**2007**

**Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis**

# **Poetry Contest**

**IUPUI Office of Academic Affairs  
IU School of Liberal Arts**

# **IUPUI Poetry Contest** **2007**



## **A MESSAGE FROM THE DEANS**\_\_\_\_\_

On behalf of IUPUI, we want to thank all the students who participated in the 2007 IUPUI Poetry Contest. We are equally grateful to the teachers who have invested so much and so well in their students' writing. We certainly want to congratulate the contest winners.

The response to the call for submissions was extensive and impressive. We had 556 entries from 99 high schools across Indiana. The entries were anonymous to the judges, who commented on the high overall quality of the poems submitted. The judging was done by three members of the Creative Writing Program in the IU School of Liberal Arts – Terry Kirts, Mitchell L.H. Douglas, and Karen Kovacik, winner of the Indiana Center for the Book's 2006 *Best Book (Poetry)* award for *Metropolis Burning*.

Next academic year, IUPUI will sponsor the 2008 Poetry Contest next year and will follow approximately the same schedule. We look forward to another strong response and encourage all high school writers to enter. Until then, please take advantage of the additional engaging educational events sponsored by IUPUI – the *Cutting Edge Lecture Series*, the Reiberg Reading Series, and the many other speakers and events presented regularly by the University. Visit IUPUI's homepage ([www.iupui.edu](http://www.iupui.edu)) for a schedule of upcoming events.

We are very grateful to Professor Richard Turner for taking the leadership role in administering the Contest. We appreciate very much all the work by IUPUI faculty and staff as well as Indiana high school teachers which made this Contest such a success. The winning poems stand as proof of the quality of Indiana's high school writers and encouragement to continue this annual event. Every one who entered has learned something important and we wish you much success in all your future endeavors.

Uday Sukhatme  
Executive Vice-Chancellor  
and Dean of the Faculties

Robert W. White  
Dean, IU School of Liberal Arts

2007 IUPUI POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

First Prize: “The Milkmaid: Painting of Farm Woman with Pitcher,”  
Jessi Stevens (Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School,  
Indianapolis) ..... 4

Second Prize: “Tracks without Trains,” Margaret Stoner (Brebeuf Jesuit  
Preparatory School, Indianapolis) ..... 5

Third Prize: “The Temptation of St. Anthony,” Lauren Todd (Brebeuf Jesuit  
Preparatory School, Indianapolis) ..... 6

Fourth Prize: “Tough Girl,” Kaveh Akbar (Warsaw Community High School) . 7

Fourth Prize: “Monody,” Jayne Glick (Goshen High School) ..... 8

Fourth Prize: “Snowy Morning,” Alix Hudson (Crawfordsville High School) .. 9

Fourth Prize: “Just Want to Be Free,” Brionna Morris (Pike High School,  
Indianapolis) ..... 10

Honorable Mentions:

“Wording in a Blender,” Brendan Beck (Goshen High School) ..... 11

“Passive Resistance,” James Berlage (Cathedral High School, Indianapolis) . . . 12

“Second Thistle,” Scout Burns (International School of Indiana, Indianapolis) .. 13

“Mountains,” Charlotte Burnett (Goshen High School) ..... 14

“Goodbye Grandmother,” Timothy James Buszlea (Westfield High School) .... 15

“Beauty,” Mishay Ellis (Westfield High School) ..... 16

“Two, Count‘em, Two Scoops,” Julianna Goldsmith (Tri-West High School,  
Lizton) ..... 17

“Gauguin and the Bedroom of the Redheaded Madman,” Nan Howard (Brebeuf  
Jesuit Preparatory School, Indianapolis) ..... 18

“Bird,” Carlie Jensen (Westfield High School) ..... 19

“Untitled,” Jackie Jerlecki (Goshen High School) ..... 20

“Crones,” Krista Kaufman (Goshen High School) ..... 21

“Schnee,” Christopher James Klein (Penn High School, Mishawaka) ..... 22

“A Little Person with a Lot to Offer,” Polina Loeffler (International School of  
Indiana, Indianapolis) ..... 23

“Peace,” Michael Murto (Goshen High School) ..... 24

“Two Court Suicide,” Rebecca Ogle (Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School,  
Indianapolis) ..... 25

“Untitled,” Sabrina Sanderson (Penn High School, Mishawaka) ..... 26

“The Servant,” Ronak Shah (Pike High School, Indianapolis) ..... 27

“True Integrity,” Brad Sink (Goshen High School) ..... 28

“The Apple and the Tree,” Megan Smith (Westfield High School) ..... 29

“When Did,” Jessie Strauch (New Prairie High School, New Carlisle) ..... 30

“Adventures in a Week,” Maria Strauss (Lawrence North High School,  
Indianapolis) ..... 31

“Spring,” Katie VanKlaveren (Goshen High School) ..... 32

“Risk,” Chelsey Williams (Jennings County High School, North Vernon) ..... 33

“The Jolly Monk,” Alexander Jeffrey Wilson (Home-schooled) ..... 34

“Finally Home,” Kellyn Yoder (Goshen High School) ..... 36

**The Milkmaid: Painting of Farm  
Woman with Pitcher**

First Prize  
Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School,  
Indianapolis

by Jessi Stevens

I’ve spent a lifetime buttoning—  
One thousand clasps cascading down my corseted dress keep  
my spirit from separating like the milk in my pitcher,  
guarding my heart beneath a layer of ribs, a layer of links.

Light struggles to thaw sleep;  
the house is still and I can hear  
plaster crack on aged, dry walls.  
But soon newly wakened weight will thud hollowly  
against wooden floors buckled with November cold  
and stale air. Yesterday still rings in my ears  
with the whistling scythes that reaped the last crop from the field,  
and only oats and cream can call weary footsteps  
from the warm folds of the blankets I’ve spent  
hours patching.

But for now only my eyes are wide  
with morning, and the minutes drip honey-slow.  
The clouded windowpanes graph my view  
of farm and sunrise. I know beyond the horizon  
lie endless fallow fields, once green, now merely brass  
rectangles of dry stalks; beyond the horizon the world is sliced  
into right-angles and blocks of grains  
and vegetables that feed a geometric life  
in circles of labor and harvest. For come May  
when floorboards straighten and patched blankets are cast  
aside, meticulous clips and clasps still line my corset,  
each a little lock to button and hook and keep  
desires guarded and smooth like cream.

## Tracks Without Trains

by Margaret Stoner

Second Prize  
Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School,  
Indianapolis

Papa stares blankly at the copper cross that swings  
Back and forth above his dining room table and counts  
his pills—Six each day to keep him sane, and one  
each night to sleep.

He once lived in a dorm-room  
Two blocks from Boston's train tracks—their whistles  
left his mind racing between delusion and dream,  
Along endless rails of time.

It was about those train tracks Papa first wrote—  
A splinter of poetry broken away from his scientific mind  
and it was there Papa and Grandma met.

I wonder  
If he danced on his wedding day, or simply  
Followed the trail of her wedding gown, whistling  
With the sirens of World War Two.

Papa never spoke too much, but always  
Looked me in the eye. His gentle steps barely cracked  
the ice on the St. Joseph River pathway he walked each morning,  
and fell softly before G-d  
at church each Sunday.  
Though I do not know if he ever really believed.

When Papa was diagnosed, I knew  
his mind would fade  
like the dates on military draft letters I found under his bed.  
But I still try sometimes to ask,  
knowing the answers were erased with the colors  
of the black and white portraits  
that hang too high to dust.

Five languages, now slurred in mangled speech,  
in creaks, in groans, and in sighs—all sound  
like rusting whistles, railways neglected  
beneath fall's last leaves.

And even in the silence of suburban streets,  
My mother cannot sleep. And my own thoughts  
Race along hidden tracks, back and forth  
Between the first whistle,  
and his last.

## The Temptation of St. Anthony

by Lauren Todd

Third Prize  
Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School,  
Indianapolis

*Inspired by Dali's work of the same name*

Naked and destitute in the center  
of an anorexic landscape, only corpse-cold sand  
to cut shape into an apathetic sky,  
You barricade yourself behind a crude symbol  
with the promise that it will save you from knowing  
your basest desires –  
seeking to exorcise your Self from yourself.

Why do steel steeds with manes of dancing silver  
allure you as they do?  
Why do the pleasing curves of a woman's  
porcelain peaks and smooth silken hips  
torment you so completely?  
Why do you yearn for the showcase of golden luxuries  
and fine Indian fabrics in my haunting parade?  
These are the world's things.  
You are from the world and of it.

You claim these quixotic delusions enable you  
to ascend higher than any earthly eye may judge.  
You will get altitude sickness from your holiness.  
Your blood will yearn for oxygen  
as your bones will want for woman and comfort.  
Your soul, for the memory of celestial materialism.  
You hiss, "Hedonist." I counter, "Human."

But you will sooner pray yourself deaf than listen to reason.  
Anything to finally blind you to the ghoulish radiance of humanity.

## **Tough Girl**

by Kaveh Akbar

Fourth Prize  
Warsaw Community High School

tough girl

sits next to me  
on the bus, 6'1/270, a  
dirty pink mickey mouse t-shirt barely  
holding her in, greasy brown hair  
done up with pink lace.  
doesn't move or talk or  
look up from her  
paperback with the three mahogany  
horses on the cover, each with its own  
flannel buxom blond.  
just sits there  
soaking in the words,  
eyes wet with  
something.

## **Monody**

by Jayne Glick

Fourth Prize  
Goshen High School

A delicate doll  
Lies broken and helpless  
Beneath a girl's unkempt bed.  
Alone.

Refugees  
Wait broken and scared. hiding  
Beneath silent stars.  
Hearing-  
Nearby explosions  
Abandoned.

Strangers think I'm crazy when I post signs that say:  
Please save  
the forgotten dolls  
of the world.

## Snowy Morning

by Alix Hudson

Fourth Prize  
Crawfordsville High School

Last night the heavy stars filmed with grey  
and over sleeping eyes sighed the first flakes,  
drifting then plunging in flocks and herds  
thick estuaries that by morning lie silent.

It is the white that wakes you at eight  
the red-tipped branches now capped with tufts  
of snow and ruffled juncos - the moon is  
setting, palely heralding dawn as you rise.

When you were young snow was an eraser  
broad enough to smooth eroded curbs, shavings  
smudged by careless cars - then you saw  
the angles it drew in greys and in whites.

But then you saw that hill, deep in snow  
and knew that morning church could wait  
you grabbed hat and scarf and sled  
and down its slope plunged to the dawn.

## Just Want to Be Free

by Brionna Morris

Fourth Prize  
Pike High School,  
Indianapolis

My country 'tis of thee sweet land of liberty  
Land where my fathers died, Home of the pilgrim's pride  
As far as the eye see  
Black people had tears of thee  
Because this wasn't always a sweet land of liberty  
Land where my father died  
Home of where many African slaves tried to survive and lacked pride  
As far as the eye can see  
Black people wasn't nothing then couldn't you see  
Trying to control our destiny  
While the other slave masters where having fun molesting me  
Trying to keep my head above water and stay alive  
While looking out for my brothers and sisters as one trying to survive  
Hoping one day I can run down the street and shout I'm free  
But not anytime soon because I'm working 'til the moonlight shines on me  
Every part of my body is drenched with sweat from the Mississippi heat  
And every callus on my foot bleeds with a tear drop from every eye  
Every piece of food I eat is crumbs and dirt  
Except for the half eaten grilled cheese they throw at me  
With every strike with a whip I take to my precious body  
Is a feeling that makes me wish death was upon me  
Yea so I say my country 'tis of thee sweet land of liberty  
Along with I had tears of thee wishing this land made me free.

## **Wording in a Blender**

by Brendan Beck

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

Me writing poetry  
Like Rachel Ray fixing a car  
A tragedy of misplaced skill  
A bundle of horrible ideas  
I'd rather fix the car.

## **Passive Resistance**

James Berlage

Honorable Mention  
Cathedral High School,  
Indianapolis

A calico cat suns herself.  
Her contentment remains at odds with the disquiet of the nearby house-  
There Nature's soft calm does not reach.  
Yet the calico cat will rest on, untouched by storms within,  
And, unwittingly, she models  
The tranquility for which we, all humanity, should strive.

## **Second Thistle**

By Scout Burns

Honorable Mention  
International School of Indiana,  
Indianapolis

Upon the reliable sturdy rock behold the horrid cottages,  
Approach the pure unblemished fortress built upon the beach.

## **Mountains**

by Charlotte Burnett

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

Soaring blue-green in the distance  
Rushing closer by the moment  
Looming in massive verdancy.  
Great rolling green caterpillars  
Their fuzzy backs arching  
In ancient weary pleasure.  
Vast scars, made tiny by distance  
Mar their otherwise broken wave.

## Goodbye Grandmother

by Timothy James Buszlea

Honorable Mention  
Westfield High School

*Inspired by "The Courage that my Mother Had" by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

The love my grandmother had  
Left from her, and is with us:  
Feathers from peacock picked,  
now pillows in a soft hill.

The empty wheelchair here  
she left behind in the dust;  
there is nothing I dread more,  
then to see it empty there.

Why did the love leave her?  
And none left for God,  
When she sees him up there,  
we hope she picks up our love.

## Beauty

by Mishay Ellis

Honorable Mention  
Westfield High School

*Inspired by "Luxury" by Nikki Giovanni*

I suppose living  
In a fake world  
Beauty  
To some, would be wearing  
A size less than zero

Living in an artificial time watching  
The whole world change by  
Getting body parts sucked,  
Lifted, and  
High-lighted by  
People having the same insecurities  
As the following generation.

I have thought if only  
I could get smaller hips  
I would  
Live like a model in the O.C.  
Knowing famous people saying  
"That's hot" talking  
On my pink Burberry

But I had one  
Triple chocolate frapacino  
And now I know what true beauty  
Looks like

## Two, Count 'em, Two Scoops

by Julianna Goldsmith

Honorable Mention  
Tri-West High School,  
Lizton

Birthday parties were the worst  
When it was your name on the cake  
Sitting there, everyone watching you  
Eat your two scoops of ice cream in a special bowl  
With your special color-changing spoon  
That your sister saved for you out of a cereal box  
It was terrible because some of the other kids  
Forgot they'd have birthdays too later  
So they'd stare at you and make mean jokes when you played  
And worst part is you couldn't look at decorations but only the coats on  
the chairs  
You wanted to throw your ice-cream on the floor and run away and cry  
Cry because they didn't have two scoops or a color-changing spoon  
But then you felt angry, "Why should they be mean to me?"  
So when they'd be on your swing set, the one you hardly played with  
You'd say to them, "It's my birthday and that's mine!"  
And you'd swing and twist the chains while the ice-cream got sticky on  
your hands  
Then you'd get sad again so you'd offer them your ice-cream but they  
wouldn't have it  
You'd offer them your bouncy ball from your goody bag  
Your new toy, and apologize for it being your birthday, but no luck  
You'd feel it cementing on your mouth, in the ice-cream even after you  
washed it  
While it made your face sink and curl  
And the next day would really feel great  
The day it was your neighbor with her name on the cake,  
Not yours.

## Gauguin and the Bedroom of the Redheaded Madman

by Nan Howard

Honorable Mention  
Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory,  
Indianapolis

*Inspired by the painting "The Bedroom at Arles" by Vincent van Gogh*

His splintery bed-frame  
shines with the brilliance  
of the Arlean sun,  
radiating wooden heat between  
bruised blue walls.  
A crimson blanket bleeds  
like a sliced earlobe  
onto the canvas, pooling  
above the absinthe-stained floor.  
The room is tidy: void of his fist-crunched  
painted tubes I took to disposing myself,  
their tops caked so dry  
no cap could squeeze through.  
He lived impetuously:  
rarely sketching beneath brushstrokes,  
creating contours with colors,  
hallucinating their intensity.  
Faceless portraits observe  
his reckless behavior, helpless  
as I once was to his unwarranted wrath.  
Loneliness wrenches my body momentarily,  
while my eyes scan the baseboards  
for his signature. His confession.  
I imagine his wrist locked tightly,  
smearing an oozing paintbrush  
across the bottom corner  
as if closing a letter to an imaginary friend:  
sincerely, *Vincent*.

## **Bird**

by Carlie Jenson

Honorable Mention  
Westfield High School

*Inspired By "Cloud" by Sandra Cisneros*

Before you became a bird, you were the frost blanket on the ground. You were the great elm that shaded the grass. The rock that was solid. You were the mist by the sea shore. You were the ship that never sank. Your core was sturdy and unbeatable.

And when you were a teacher, you taught people things that others taught you. You were the taste of a freezing popsicle on a scorching day. You were the conscience of a wise man who told wise stories. You were the sun beaming on the lives below. A brand new sheet of paper. An unread book. A secret that had never been told. A blossoming spring flower. The gift of pure luck. You were love itself. You were the color black, darker than midnight sky. Red tomato juice on a cotton white shirt.

And when you spread your wings to fly, up in the sky, so high, the people glancing above couldn't help but admire the beautiful flight of a bird.

## **Untitled**

by Jackie Jerlecki

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

The gentle clicking of tap shoes on the floor  
Like rain splattering on rooftops,  
Monsoons transform from the soft trickle,  
Thunder pounds and clashes,  
The rain pours  
But then softens to a light patter  
Before dying completely.  
I always love the storms that brew  
As I slide on my tap shoes.

## **Crones**

by Krista Kaufman

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

A bunch of old crones  
we claim the title proudly.  
Boldly.  
Dresses hiked up  
above our magnificently wrinkled knees.  
Calloused feet sunk deep in wet, mucky sand  
up to our beloved ankles.  
Skirts flapping around  
our voluptuous hips.  
Three crones.

Rhythmic waves call.  
Our old, wise eyes  
have seen more,  
our old, experienced hands have felt more  
than a youth like you  
could imagine.  
But compared to this wave  
our lives are just  
a gentle ripple,  
nudging a single grain  
of sand.

## **Schnee**

by Christopher James Klein

Honorable Mention  
Penn High School,  
Mishawaka

Schnee\*

The children looking through the window, peeking over the sill,  
Striving to find their view without help from chairs -  
A last event before bedtime, sleep awaits them.  
Incandescent, serene, the moon shining down on  
The simple night; blanket of white.  
How cleverly assembled, it's just  
Impossible to perfectly capture  
The snowy scene  
In a  
Portrait.

\* Schnee = snow (in German)

## A Little Person With a Lot to Offer

by Polina Loeffler

Honorable Mention  
International School of Indiana,  
Indianapolis

Sittin' on a window sill  
A little girl is playin'  
Her Barbie dolls are "perfect,"  
But she is not herself.

Being Thirteen and havin' AIDS  
Wasn't her mama's plan for her  
O yes her mama had big dreams  
For her only lil girl.

Her mama long forgot those dreams  
She's done, gone married alcohol.  
Layin' on dat couch day by day  
With men standin' in line.

In school she's a straight "A" student.  
Her mama keeps her home sometimes  
Teachers ask questions, she's makin' up excuses  
Cryin' on the inside, fake smile on the out.

When she returns home and  
Gets back to her own room  
She does her homework  
And writes her journal.

The little girl has her own dreams  
She wants to become a school teacher  
She says **she'll** be involved in other children's lives.  
To prove them that they can succeed

She once heard that the world  
Changes one person at a time  
And that's why she decided  
To help out with dat.

## Peace

by Michael Murato

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

Peace and solace meet us there  
Whether it be dark and cold  
As shivers run up our back  
Like pinpricks up and down  
And the ghost of our breath  
Leaves our dry mouths  
Or sunny and warm  
As our faces are painted  
In warm yellow

The silent dirt paths lead our feet  
We feel the tall grasses between our fingers  
And breathe **in** the sweet scent of flowers  
Deer surround us just beyond sight  
Like dark guardians  
Yet they scamper at the slightest sound  
And we are left alone.

We feel the cool river flowing around our bare toes  
The slippery mud surrounds our feet and cools them  
A comforting enclosure that shields them from water and the world  
Farther still we see an old stone wall  
Growing up out of the wall is a beautiful spruce  
Tangled and knotted and splintering  
An old grandmother  
She opens her arms to us.

This is home for us: we find ourselves

## Two Court Suicide

by Rebecca Ogle

Honorable Mention  
Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School,  
Indianapolis

Eons of green concrete yawn before me.  
My coach fires “go” from the barrel of his  
throat, and I run neck out, an ungainly goose  
longing for levitation. At last, my fingertips  
graze the simpering white line. I whirl to face  
the opposite direction and it isn’t until the  
second singles sideline that my lungs begin to  
fling open and shut like revolving doors, fast,  
faster, my heart a eurhythmic kick-drum  
in my ears. My lead legs flounder  
helplessly I am spiraling to the  
ground but my head rises  
steaming like a tea kettle  
lid in anticipation of  
its own morbid  
shriekI can’tI  
can’tstop.

## Untitled

by Sabrina Sanderson

Honorable Mention  
Penn High School,  
Mishawaka

Along the path the river dances still  
(On Sunday)

Waiting  
For the widow to return to the twisted trees that praise autumn  
Daily

Naïve men occupy the blue buildings  
Stained with eternal time and Virgin Mary’s tears

Spiders wind on the ceiling  
Up to the slumbering stars  
Awakening cracked hearts

{Jaybird sings of the gray blanket  
Laid out before us  
Watch for the androsphinx to stagger along  
With a red rose (straight from the boulevard market) full of promise}

One and lonely (outside the maple casket)  
Reminisce the beautiful gabardine worn by nobody

Bare in faithful tribulation  
Grave-hunter abandons oblivion for another dream state  
Locked in his head with a ghost picture  
Symbolically he paints (he moves) silent space

While watching opaque love, serendipitous sorrow, and longing in the  
Drowsy Town

## The Servant

by Ronak Shah

Honorable Mention  
Pike High School,  
Indianapolis

i am the golem. a terrenigma, i sing.  
casted from clay. the mother's marl. her very being.  
substance: loam  
brings to me body. brings to me form.  
my fealty is everlasting.  
i am the puppet. an arboration, to death.  
whittled from wood. the tower's timber. her very breath.  
control: hand  
brings to me motion. brings to me life,  
my loyalty is infinite.  
i am the gana. a pastulation, within.  
shapen from saffron. the paragon's pelt. her very skin.  
vision: eye  
brings to me sight. brings to me sense. my fidelity is eternal.  
i am the automaton. an animaterial, i admit.  
imagined from idea. the vixen's wits. her very spirit.  
will: mind  
brings to me conscience. brings to me light. my devotion is immortal.  
i am the apostle. a disciplaything, my whole.  
kindled from kindness. the inamorata's inferno. her very soul.  
love: heart  
brings to me purpose. brings to me hope.  
my faith is amaranthine.

## True Integrity

by Brad Sink

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

The moon light gleams,  
making the merciless metallic knife  
Move quickly in motion with  
the arm of the madman.  
  
Madman's black eyes were hidden beneath  
a shroud of blind justice.  
Madman's dark tongue dripped  
with righteous dignity, and diligence.  
  
Swinging down swiftly,  
it seared through the  
Carrot, making a crisp  
and clear cut.  
  
It made a good stew.

## **The Apple and the Tree**

by Megan Smith

Honorable Mention  
Westfield High School

A mother licks the tip of a needle  
Going about her motherly duties  
Her daughter, with a voice like the wind  
Runs through the sky, forming toys  
Out of clouds.  
The daughter runs free, picking blackberries,  
While the mother is chained to earth.  
The mother cooks while  
Saying to the father, "They were wrong.  
The apple does fall far from the tree."

## **When Did**

by Jessis Strauch

Honorable Mention  
New Prairie High School,  
New Carlisle

When did chasing your crush at recess become a federal offense,  
  
When did having a sleepover become cheating on your spouse,  
  
When did being friendly to someone of the same sex become gay,  
  
When did a metal can and string become unable to connect,  
  
When did dancing on the playground become a profession,  
  
When did juice boxes become overtaken by beer bottles,  
  
When did sidewalk chalk become offensive graffiti,  
  
When did a fat man in a red suit become your mom,  
  
When did walking around naked become uncute,  
  
And when did the little things in life become unrecognized?

## Adventures in a Week

by Maria Strauss

Honorable Mention  
Lawrence North,  
Indianapolis

## Spring

by Katie VanKlaveren

Honorable Mention  
Goshen High School

Monday — The sun beats down on my pale skin. My heart is beating so quickly because I'm hunting lions in the African bush.

Tuesday — The orchestra plays and my mind drifts away about dreams of happily ever after. And it's all because of a "Prince Charming."

Wednesday — My mouth is dying of thirst and I don't know how much longer I can last.

I look over the edge of the lifeboat and wonder if the salt water is really that dangerous.

Thursday — My legs hurt from hiking but the fact that bears are running around in the woods keeps me going.

Friday — It's taken years of strategic planning but I finally control every thing. The world, the universe, it's all mine.

Saturday — The whimpering hostages plead to me with their eyes. Their pain is all gone with the pull of the trigger.

And Sunday, it's time to clean out the bookshelf and add the next week's adventures.

a thin brown finger  
bolds a pink teardrop  
ready to burst,  
its tip opened to the  
sun

## Risk

by Chelsey Williams

Honorable Mention  
Jennings County High School,  
North Vernon

Risk.

Leaning in for a first  
Kiss and bumping noses  
Instead.

Risk.

Using bed sheets to sneak out  
A bedroom window to see  
Nickelback in concert.

Risk.

Jumping out of a plane attached  
To a parachute to see what  
It is like to fly.

Risk.

Ordering calamari and rice  
Instead of an everyday burger  
And fries.

Risk.

Moving to New York penniless  
To give anybody who wants listen  
A demo tape.

Risk.

Doing what is loved  
Instead of doing what  
Is expected.

Risk.

## The Jolly Monk

by Alexander Jeffrey Wilson

Honorable Mention  
Home-schooled

Sing to me, bard, of the jolly old monk and the cave that he dwelleth in.  
In this old cave, in his prayers he's found, come rain, or come snow, or  
come wind!

Brown is his habit, and brown is his cowl, and brown is the cord at his  
waist;

Brown is the earth, 'tis the floor of his cell, and brown is his large crucifix.  
Large is his stomach, and bright are his eyes, his face always wears a  
big smile,

He's ready to greet a poor stranger, or one who has walked for many a  
mile.

When a good soul, or a knight who is lost, should enter his old and damp  
cave

He'll rise up at once, and he'll usher them in, to good food, and to shelter  
and warmth.

Then while they're resting, and eating their fill, he'll tell them some tales  
of the old.

When they are finished, he'll ask them to stay, and please rest in his  
humble old home.

If they decline, then he'll to them say: "God spare thee from danger this  
day."

If they accept, then he'll offer his bed, though terribly poor it may seem.  
When they have fallen asleep in his bed, he'll restart his prayers of old  
*Aves* and *paters*, and *glorias* too, he'll mumble them while his  
guest sleeps.

At the chance moment his guest should awake, he'll offer them bread and  
some wine;

As they are dining, he'll tell them his story, and how he became a fat  
monk.

Previously he had been a bad youth, who ne'er obeyed his parents;  
Ever he sought out adventure and fun, and committed too many a sin.

## Finally Home

by Kellyn Yoder

One day, while hunting, he heard the bad news of his dear father's death  
in a war.  
Since that day onward, he's firmly resolved to spend all his days in peace.  
Wine cask is empty and stomach is full, so the holy clerk sees his  
guest off.  
"Child," the monk says, with a tear in his eye, "God bless you for coming  
by here.  
God ever keep you, and to Him each day, my prayers for you will ascend."  
Visitor goes on his long winding way, and the monk goes on into his cell;  
There will he mumble his *aves* all day, 'til new guest should come to his  
cave.

The mother cradles her young son,  
Surrounds his body.  
A day in the park  
And weariness rests  
Upon her shoulder, his small head.  
Loving eyes gaze down  
To meet closed lids and delicate lashes.  
Her nose and mouth  
Snuggle into brown downy curls.  
A scalp hard and real  
After pillowing locks  
So fragile.  
Deep breathes  
Life rushes in and out.  
The smell of him, fresh flowers  
Her own smell  
Special only to her  
Warm lips meet firm skull  
And rest there, finally home  
Two chests, two hearts  
Beat out a bonding cadence.  
An invisible, unbreakable thread  
Holds one to the other  
In the rhythm of love.  
They sleep and dream.

**IUPUI**