

First Place Poetry – Middle School

Poetry Is

By: Josie Alexander

Grade: 8

School: Boyne Falls

Poetry is living, not surviving,
Being wild and free, not careful and hesitant,
Breaking the rules-and making your own,
Taking a leap, not a step.

Poetry is listening to an aged Vietnam vet talk about his journeys,
Playing a John Denver song in the car on a summer evening,
Going back to where I grew up and then seeing where I am now,
Looking into a wise person's eyes.

Poetry is when I see the mountains for the first time,
Taking a backcountry ski run in the deep snow,
Looking out at the never-ending mountain ranges,
And stopping to smell the pine trees.

Poetry is a deep breath before the rush of adrenaline,
Having the weight lifted off my shoulders,
For someone to say they are very proud of me and know they mean it,
To look into my father's eyes and see that he's complete
Just by the laughter of his children.

Poetry is seeing someone that I loved long ago and knowing that they're okay,
It's time after a heartbreak,
Accepting the truth,
Living on.

Poetry is the sound of the birds in the morning,
A snowy buffalo shaking off his fur coat,
The crickets being silenced by the thunder,
And the stalking eyes of an owl.

Poetry is the last goodbye,
The last mountain peak I see before I drive home,
The last breath of altitude,
And the last person I think about before I fall asleep.

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