

Poetry/1<sup>st</sup> Place  
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### On the Farm

On the farm where the long grass grows,  
And the gentle wind blows,  
And the birds fly through the trees,  
The deer run across the fields  
and everything here is free.

On the farm with the animal sounds,  
and the kittens playing all around.  
I feel such a relaxing charm  
In my mother's home cooked meals

While the horses rest in the barn  
On the farm you hear the rosters call,  
And my siblings and I throw around the ball,  
There's not a reason to frown,  
not a happier place appeals,  
Playing until the sun goes down.