

Capitol Cadences



A Collection from Young
Washington Poets

2014 Edition



Presented by the Junior League of Washington

Welcome

On behalf of the Junior League of Washington, we are pleased to host the 15th Annual Find Your Words Youth Poetry Contest for D.C. public and charter school students in grades 4 through 8. The purpose of the contest is to encourage young authors to explore reading and writing poetry by submitting original work on any topic of personal significance. With the JLW's focus on helping children develop and improve their literacy skills, it is truly inspiring to read the collection of poems on the pages that follow. We would like to thank all of the students and teachers who participated in the contest this year and congratulate our winners.

Best regards,
Poetry Contest Staff
Targeted Grants and Volunteer Resources
Junior League of Washington

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abekleinfeld/Flickr

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Bold indicates the first place winner.



guvnah/Flickr

Fourth Grade

First Place

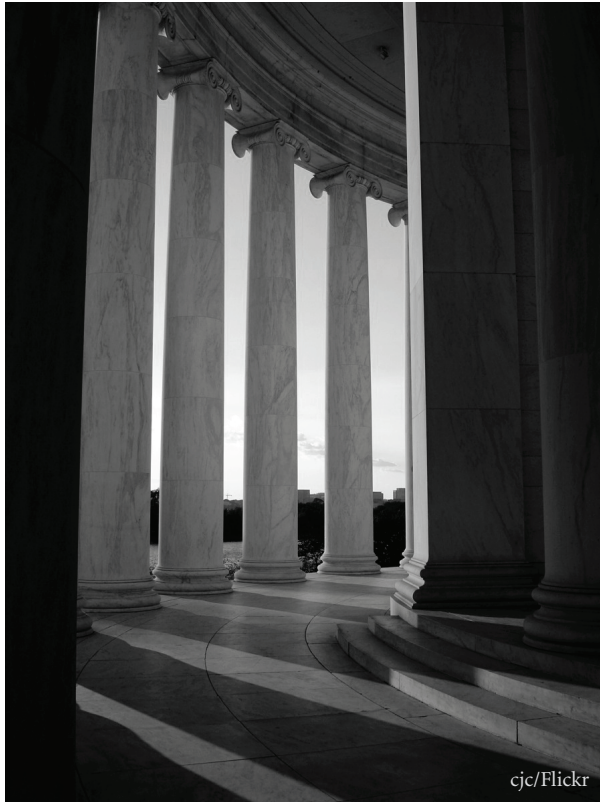
No one really understands
Why I love to read
But in the world of fiction books
There are always ideas to lead.

Fantasy, Historical, Realistic, oh my
So many choices for me
I can read about somewhere far away
Or a place that's down the street.

I learn a lot, nonfiction or not
But no one really knows
The fun I see as I read
And how they're missing out.

The reason why, they always ask
They still won't ever know
But I say I can go so far
When it's nowhere I really go.

By Margaret Isacson



Honorable Mentions

When People Try to Get Me Down

When people try to get me down
My whole world goes upside down
When they talk and gossip about me
All I want them to do is let me be

I try to share my answers
All they do is laugh at me
They call me one of the teachers
All I tell them is, "I am trying to be me!"

By Peyton Johnson

What others don't get about me
Why are they so mean every time
What did I do
I was just writing

What did I do
To make you mad
I was just having a little fun

You know what I did was good
So why are you complaining
I was just doing the right thing

You let me down
But I got up
I am proud of what I did
I'm strong in what I feel
No one lets me down
I feel proud of myself

By Alexandra Tekalign



Fifth Grade

First Place

Friends

Friends can know how to listen
While listening is what is best
Friends know when to comfort you
When our friendship is put to the test.

Friends understand you
When we need to be understood
Friends are blessing from god to you
Meant for good.

Friends prove to be friends
By their kindly ways
And you've proven to be mine
Even through your stormy days.

But as a man
God is a friend
Whom none can compare
for at that midnight hour,
He'll be right there
He is a friend who overlooks our qualities
And he'll be that friend through all eternity

By Chloe Proctor

Honorable Mentions

Don't Look Down

Don't look down when evil is around
stand back up when you fall to the ground
if you go to a new school don't be shy
don't let anyone make you cry.
When life hands you lemons make lemonade
it may be corny but that's ok
the world is crazy if I do say so myself
make your self be seen don't sit on a shelf
become a part of the world look alive
don't look down and you can strive.

By David W. Smith

I Hear a Siren

I hear a siren every night
my perspective is that it is a fight

i feel sad very sad
why would they do this it is so bad

it wakes me out of my sleep
ohhhh that loud beep

i see people die on the street
i wish i didn't feel their heat

it hurts me to see
they wanna be like me so sadly

i hear a siren at night.

By Dyani Roper

Sixth Grade

First Place

New Year

As I tumble into the new year,
I roll left to pick up more vocab,
then I leapfrog over my assigned shortcomings.
As I continue to race towards
another accomplishment
with reckless abandon,
I will not stop tumbling
until I am able to say
job well done, and
maybe not even then.

By Randre Daniels

Honorable Mentions

Night

The sky puts a dark black hole in the night
casting the shadows, scary strange men
who have lied and hidden the truth
that had overtaken lies.

The night is sometimes where people remember
what had happened in their childhood.
There are shadows
it's like a scary puppet, and then it disappears.

And then, when you wake up
and realize you were dreaming
your vision really awakes
and you forget about everything.
Then you feel free to dream again.

By Jermia Joyner

Fierce

Like a drum, I keep the beat
I help holy rollers make a joyful noise
I twirl my sticks and make magic
Feet start to tap
Fingers start to snap
And hands clap
I'm playing my with drums
I am thunder, too
I am fierce.

By Cameron Gasque

Seventh Grade

First Place

I am reborn

Let it be the force
to pin me to my greatest fear
to beat me till I'm still
to tell me that I am worthless
and hideous in disguise
and say that I will never be loved
and say I am unknowing
of how much I am a waste
and that it will always be that way,
so I feel stuck.
She says sorry over and over with time
and, as naïve as I am,
I feel it will be different
but it never is.
I am told I am weak and
my life will be weak as well,
and I believe it, but I can't speak on the subject
because I am not heard.
She says I am awake but I feel asleep
and that makes the blood in my veins
burn and boil till I am on fire
and I burn her with the words I have built up
over the days, the months, the years
and for the first time she listens
and when I am done, she says
you're out of the dark and I can see you.
She says "You're free, there is no coming back"
but I still feel trapped.
Then when she steps out the door
and the door is closed
I feel a thousand times lighter
and I am finally free
all because I am me, and I was just reborn.

By Daeja Joyner



Honorable Mentions

Devil's Playground

Hollow streets
of mist and black sparkles

Darkness hidden
between the cracks
within the ground

Haunted graveyards
with missing tombstones
and engravings

The moon halfway lit,
its silhouette invisible

Mirrors with
no reflections,
only a one-way view

Magic in the trees
glistening, abandoned
by leaves

Howling gremlins
and echoes
of creepy laughter

Costumes with
glitter and
glowing daisies

Devil horns, devil thoughts
Trying to break in the night,
like a new pair of shoes

It has started:
Halloween,
the devil
awaits you

By Kayla Rosemond

President of Emotions

I am President
Of triumph
like barbed wire on a brick wall
Of happiness
like a traveler going to mountain ruins
Of shame
like choosing a door entering to
a thousand doors, and not finding a way out
Of silence
arriving to an empty lit-up classroom
Of patience
like a rattling snake going side to side
with its temper of sadness,
slowly drifting away in a river
never to be found.
My emotions are like a dirty window
showing a new image never seen before.

By Steve Valdivia

Eighth Grade

First Place

My Other Side

You know that burning flow
going to your heart?
That's me, leaning all over your pride;

I'm skipping through your happiness
I'm winning all your games,

I'm gliding into my fresh new year
while fighting all your smiles.

It's storming outside
you want to know why?

I'm bouncing in and out of your life
You are falling for me to rise.

By Shannell Jones

Honorable Mentions

Heartfelt Forest

The mystic forest
of shattered trees
beyond a two-way mirror
trying to escape the peeping animals
corrupted by the betrayal of humans
destroying their mystic forest
a wonderland, once beautiful
now poisoned in dust,
the lilies and tulips not blooming
the O-shaped ponds now
in dry straw like art,
bursting into nothing but oil
intertwined with the heartfelt chatter of
insects leaving from
once a paradise
to a stinking hole.

By Jada Brown

Bullying

She captures her reflection
And she tries to make it disappear
Her image is no longer clear
Screaming "I don't think it's worth it anymore"

She sits there with her eyes stinging like bees
Now she's asking herself why me?
They think it's funny when they call her names
But they just don't understand the pain

Her pillow can feel what she's going through
Her bathroom walls understand her too
She feels as though nobody cares,
And guess what the blades rights there

Their bullying is like punches to her
She doesn't know how to stop it, it just really hurts
Their words are a sword
Stabbing her with every word
Her tears are rivers streaming down her face
It seems like they won't dry and will be too hard to erase.

By Aya A. Megahed

Mission Statement

The Junior League of Washington (JLW) is an organization of women committed to promoting voluntarism, developing the potential of women, and improving communities through the effective action and leadership of trained volunteers. Its purpose is exclusively educational and charitable.

Acknowledgements

The JLW would like to thank all the teachers, educators and literacy specialists who submitted poems on behalf of their students. Thank you for bringing poetry into the classroom and instilling a love of writing in these young authors.

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