

WOODRIDGE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

POEMS

2022 Teen Contest Entries



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WOODRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY POETRY CONTEST

WE ADMIRE THE CREATIVITY OF OUR PATRONS
AND APPRECIATE THEIR GENEROSITY IN
SHARING THEIR WRITING TALENT WITH THE
WOODRIDGE COMMUNITY.

POEMS HAVE BEEN ENTERED IN FOUR AGE
CATEGORIES, WITH A RIBBON AWARDED FOR
EACH AGE GROUP, AND AN OVERALL CONTEST
WINNER SELECTED.

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TEEN ENTRIES

2022 CONTEST

calliope jo l.	a basketball of nerves
Isabella C.	A Dream
Lucia M.	Alone
Tana P.	Bad Habits
Tana P.	Don't Waste Your Fire
Isabella C.	Grandma's house
Lucia M.	I'm From Adventure
calliope jo l.	the comfort of a shared addiction

a basketball of nerves
by calliope jo l.

girl and boy, a love story for the ages.
the way it's always written in books

the girl thinks the books are all wrong.
the boy thinks the girl is always right.

first date
ampersand cookie-cutter that always turns out wrong
but it's about the effort, not the end result, isn't it?
the frosting is pinkish
but there wasn't enough white mixed in
i'm confused.
is this love?

the girl is made of wolves and of fighting spirit and
the boy is a little sick

second date
the cold air is sharper than usual
don't you think so?
am i sharper than usual?
there goes the moment.
give up your hand
in marriage and as sacrifice.
i'll take your wings.

the girl doesn't like the boy. but she loves him
the boy is scared.

third date fourth date fifth date
playing cards and unflattering faces
and learning all the things you aren't ready for
and food eaten far past the due date with
bite marks from the beast that
you thought you could tame

the girl has the boy.
the boy is gone

A Dream by Isabella C.

There I was,
A little girl,
Lots of family struggles,
Staying quiet and non existent,
Not knowing what life has in store for me,
I can only dream.

Here I am,
A teenage girl,
Closer to her family then ever,
Becoming outgoing and lively,
Setting goals and expectations for myself,
I have a dream.

Alone

by Lucia M.

I see them
Laugh
Cry
Whisper
Things I don't understand
Because I'm on the outside looking in
Through the glazed window
Because the door was shut in my face
At least it felt like it

Alone
Alone
Alone
At the lunch table
Standing on the grass at recess
The feelings a magnifying glass
It brings into focus
Magnifies
My mistakes
My mess ups
My failures
Every single thing that's wrong with me

It's actually kind of funny.
It took a pandemic
A fresh start
A new school to save me
To level the playing field for me

Because now I'm on the inside
And I know who to trust
Who to tell my secrets to
Who to laugh with

Cry with
Just be with
And now I walk without tripping over my own feet
And I know right who to sit with whenever I walk into any room
And I'm inside the house now,
I'm not looking through the glazed window any more
And I'm
Truly
Truly
Truly happy

Don't Waste Your Fire

by Tana P.



Notable 2nd

To get my words to settle on the page,
Means first they have to settle in my mind.
My thoughts are like loud parrots in a cage.
And writing a verse can be hard to find.

What's worse, is some just want to settle down.

But nothing on this earth comes guaranteed.

I'm cursed, I wear an unsettling crown.

And it hurts, but I bare it as a need.

But in my head, I capture all the hues.

A bloom of orange or emerald green.

But come time to express, my brain will lose

A vacant stare wont find the words, it seems.

My fire burns out 'fore it hits the page

And simmers down with me, each day I age

Bad Habits by Tana P.

I will not indulge
to the sweet but dangerous things anymore
because i have let myself waste away
too many times

and my family and friends are watching
their eyes are mine
I will no longer punish them,
for my mistakes

and it took too many people
to bless me with the gift of life
i would deny

Do you think the worlds great leaders
accepted the excuses and “wonts”
they offered to themselves in woe?

Do you think the world applauds
when you reject the love
fondly given without ask?

no, there are not enough days,
to live this way in such abundance
so I have chosen to forgive myself
and let myself break free of the rope that tied me down for I am more
then my excuses.

Grandma's house by Isabella C.

Big house,
Fireplace that was never used,
Christmas party,
Big feast,
Tamales,
Big family and lot's of memories,
Mexican bingo and poker,

Grandma got sick and so did grandpa,
Renovated the house,
Didn't look the same,
Put up for sale,
Sold,
Moved out,
Grandma lived in houses and tias house,
Grandpa switched from my uncles and aunts houses,

Said goodbye to grandma,
Reflected on the memories from the house,
Went and visited grandma's house,
Young family had moved in,
Went to the park me and my brother would go as kids,

Feeling better,
Realizing it was the people who made the fun times not the house,
But will always love and miss grandma's house.

I'm From Adventure

by Lucia M.



I am from the tall forests filled with trees
The homegrown gardens
And the never quite green grass
I'm from a loud house on a mostly quiet street
I'm From Clara and Nico and Mami and Papi
From a floor that is constantly covered in dog hair and impossible to keep clean

I'm from empanada making
Pizza eating
Take out loving (Especially the taco place)
Always asking for smores
And a kitchen with the smells of a homemade pasta sauce cooking on the stove

I'm from melodic piano playing
From people laughing
From share your feeling it's alright
From just try something new, what's the worst that can happen
From just be confident, because your great

I'm from a cozy bed so full of stuffed animals that at this point, its their bed not mine
I'm from sledding down the giant snow piles
Riding the biggest roller coasters
And the smallest ones, just because I can
I'm from adventure
And racing to splash into the pool on sweltering summer days
And waiting for cotton candy and funnel cakes at the jubilee

I'm from good times with friends
And laughing with them about all the embarrassing things
So that they're not quite as embarrassing anymore.

the comfort of a shared addiction (on loving something you shouldn't)

by calliope jo l.

i'm not going to be around forever.

and i know you're going to argue-
but by this evening i'll be gone, and that's final.
it's just my time to go
across that grimy, grand old big-city crosswalk
and i'll have my chance to repent
i don't think i'll be forgiven,
but god will it feel nice to give up.

you're my forever girl, but
time doesn't heal all wounds
so my ugly bruises refuse to fade.
like a stubborn thorn defying all odds,
they're just getting worse.
i'm so tired of yellow. i'd rather be red.

i'm not ready yet.
i'll leave tomorrow.

we are two sides of the same coin:
bound at the wrists by iron
and yet we're pressed back to back.
i can't keep myself away from you

you wove your nails into a brown wicker basket,
and that is devotion.
two cars are caught in a head-on collision,
and that is love.

everyone on earth is just the same, except you and me.
we're wrong.
when you meet my eyes
in the same way i meet yours, though,
our insanity feels more like a safety net than a pitfall.

the comfort of a shared addiction (on loving something you shouldn't) continued
by calliope jo l.

all i know is loving with my teeth
and maybe that's the wrong-est thing of all.
maybe a craving for sweet violence
-in the intimate sense-
means life has just rotted me away,
caved my skull in and here i am:
left with more amygdala than anything else.

it's raining outside.
i'll leave tomorrow.

spread me onto your toast and chew me up
for one more night, at least:
let me love you in the only way i know how

i think i stained your couch, sorry
let me help you clean it
i'll leave tomorrow.

do the fish in the aquarium remember the ocean?
does the tiger at the zoo remember biting through the antelope's neck?
do you ever wonder if he misses it, or if he's oblivious? is false prey all he knows
or is he just content to settle for less?
easy meal. limp and lifeless from the start.

the thrill of the kill is that there's a chance it'll get away.
i think i have to get away from you.
i'll leave tomorrow.

you are the blood in my veins and i am the air in your lungs
and the heart won't beat without the lungs there to breathe for it
will you still be there when i can't whisper to you?

i have bad news. i think
it's the kind of bad news that might make you hate me

i really like you.

i'll leave tomorrow.
i promise.

Madelynn D.

Spring Is Here

Flowers are blooming, snow is all gone,
melting away in the mid-morning dawn.

The swish of the wind, no longer an eerie sound, but as quiet as
whispers, going around.

The trees have more leaves, growing them so many colors,
making them pink, or many others.

Spring is finally here, I know why.

Winter is gone, it's time to say goodbye.