

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-18

**“Uh-oh!” by Brynlee Smith**  
**1<sup>st</sup> Place, Poetry 10-12**

**Poems** ● **Essays** ● **Comix**  
**Short Plays** ● **Short Stories**

**CASH PRIZES!**

**Entries Accepted Feb. 1-March 3**

**Enter online at**

**<http://teens.tulsalibrary.org/ypcwc> or pick up an entry  
brochure at any library location.**

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**Uh-oh!**

Are we taking off yet?

No, I don't have to go.

Are we taking off yet?

Yes, I can buckle my seatbelt.

Are we taking off yet?

No, I don't need to go.

Are we taking off yet?

Mom, I'm hungry..

Are we taking off yet?

No, I don't need to go.

Are we taking off yet?

Yes, water please.

Are we taking off yet?

Mom, I told you already, I don't need to go.

Are we taking off yet?

The planes finally moving!

Uh-oh,

Umm, where's the bathroom?

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-18

“Heaven’s Gifts” by Mya Smith  
2<sup>nd</sup> Place, Poetry 10-12

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

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## Heaven's Gifts

Sitting in mother's rocking chair looking at the sky so blue

Having one question on my mind and wanting an answer too.

Looking at Mommy in her blue and white apron

"Mother" I decided to say, "where did I come from on the day, the day that I was made?"

Mom, wiping her hands on her apron she said, "Oh I remember quite well."

You came by God's angels "a gift" she remembered to say.

I so eager by her every word responded, "What did I look like?"

Laughing to herself she said,

"The littlest fingers, the littlest toes, the littlest eyes, and the littlest nose."

"Mommy did you love me so when I was quite young?"

"Yes, very much, I thank God and the angels up above."

Sitting in Mother's rocking chair looking at the sky so blue

"Thank you God" I whispered "and thank you angels too!"

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-18

"A Cold Fall Day" by Abby Wise  
3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Poetry 10-12

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

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A Cold Fall Day I.  
Po-180/10-12

## A Cold Fall Day

I see frost on the grass glistening

The sharp, cold wind whisking by

Making the air chilly

I see birds flying in their flocks making a V formation

I hear the leafs shivering in the trees

And falling softly

One by one

Dancing their way to the ground

I can smell the fresh, clean, chilly outside air

With my shaking hands I can feel the wet, cold grass beneath me

I see the leaves decorating the earth, like sprinkles on a cake

The gray clouds above me are keeping the chilly air tucked in the atmosphere

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-18

**“When the Wolves Come Over the Hill”**  
by Makenna Smoliak  
1<sup>st</sup> Place, Poetry 13-15

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

CASH PRIZES!

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When The Wolves 1.  
Come Over The Hill

Ps-145/13-15

## WHEN THE WOLVES COME OVER THE HILL

When the wolves come over the hill  
Under the starry, milky sky  
The air is split with the cunning chill  
Of a plaintive and eerie cry  
The snow is flecked with the prints  
Of pawprints from the past

When the wolves come over the christened hill  
Thought the gleaming, moonlit grass  
They stalk their prey through the rippling wind  
When the moon is a crystal above  
They hunt the doe in the whispering thicket  
And they pounce on the white-feathered dove  
They haunt the forests of darkest night  
Like a marvelous, shadowed beast  
A shadowed beast with a hundred eyes  
A beast with a thousand feet  
And at the end of the star-speckled night  
They depart through the glistening snow  
The gray air is split with a ray of pure light  
That tingles and simmers and glows  
The leader of the pack sits at the edge of the den



In meditation so still

And he lifts up his ears and he raises his chin

When the wolves come over the hill

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-18



**“Orion” by Natasha Perez**  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Place, Poetry 13-15**

**Poems** ● **Essays** ● **Comix**  
**Short Plays** ● **Short Stories**

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## Orion

Oh ryan

She moved in such grace

Planets wrapped around her waist

Hair flowed of fallen stars and then some

Oh ryan

Her heart, beat like a drum

Eyes filled with visions of everything created

I met her in a celestial space

Oh ryan

I fell deep in the constellations of her face

I hugged the world I chased

as she sung in a musical hum

Oh ryan

No longer am I numb

I watch as her nebula eyes dilated

Kissing every trace

# 2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S Creative Writing Contest

FOR AGES 10-18

“The Weeping Willow” by Aurora DeVore  
3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Poetry 13-15

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

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## The Weeping Willow 1

O Willow Tree,

Why do you bend and morn and weep?

Why do your tears run?

Were you once straight and tall,

Lifting your face to the sun?

Do you morn on behalf of a man,

Who willingly gave up his life,

Familiar with suffering and pain,

Slaughtered to end our strife?

Are your tears freely shed,

Because we, the people, aren't free?

Bound by ropes and chains and locks,

Is it this, O Willow Tree?

Or is it because of this wicked world,

That has wandered so far astray,

Like sheep lost from their shepherd,

An easy victim of prey?

And when you bend in the wind,

Are you bowing down,

To the One who has created you,

Who wears an eternal crown?

When your branches sway together,

Is it because you pray,

For those of us in this world,

Who have stumbled the wrong way?

O Willow Tree, O Willow Tree,

I wish that I could know,

Why you grieve, lament, and rue,

And why you lean so low.

But if I never know the answer,

Why it is you cry,

I'll ask the King who reigns above,

When I tell this world goodbye.

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-18

“Mosquito Bite Psalms” by Sarah Redmond  
1<sup>st</sup> Place, Poetry 16-18

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

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## Mosquito Bite Psalms, 1

The world's smallest chapel  
Sits abandoned in the backyard  
I think it was supposed to be  
A schoolhouse  
But not much learning happened  
Here  
We sat  
Rearranging plastic letters on the wall  
Building our own  
Multi-colored alphabets

We sat  
In reverence of  
Holy daydreams  
Of where we'd go  
After this mortal youth

We sat  
Furiously scratching  
Itchy stigmata  
Fire ant blessings  
Reciting mosquito bite psalms  
Asking for  
Neosporin forgiveness

I was never too religious  
Not since Sunday school  
Told me I was too loud  
I never felt  
Anything godly  
Within these borrowed bones  
Still, my mother saw miracles  
Like a magic eye poster  
I couldn't get  
the right angle on it

But the dirt we tracked  
Into the world's smallest chapel  
Held prophecies  
Just waiting to be fulfilled

These days  
Those four red walls  
No taller than my dad  
Are worshipped  
By aging spiders  
And a family of raccoons  
Who know nothing of divinity.

# 2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S Creative Writing Contest

FOR AGES 10-18

“Witness of Rust” by Checotah Fulks  
2<sup>nd</sup> Place, Poetry 16-18

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

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PO-006/16-18  
Witness of Rust 1  
2nd

## Witness of Rust

i was born into rust.

baptized in whiskey tears and barbed wire

halcyon wept as an afterthought

for i was plagued with life.

a resident, down here.

down here, people speak in scripture

clinging desperately to brittle pages

and faded ink

consumed by dust and prayer

down here, intolerance is law

progress is a sin akin to *baseless* murder

hearts rot with good intention and well-meaning

souls decay with inaction

leaden gates of archaic significance

become warped.

corroded by Elysian lies and moral disinfectant

down here, tap water taste like

summer frost and the screams you wish

you couldn't hear from the apartment next.

this air, is only a breath

of hollow meaning  
down here, a child's worth is determined  
by how lovely  
scars align on quivering skin  
by the trill and tremor of their voice  
as they are silenced.  
down here, all we know is  
spray paint and spiritualism  
intersections marked by street signs  
riddled with bullet holes  
eburnean skin and "because I said so!"  
budget cuts and bruises  
bet you can't guess.

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
**Creative Writing Contest**  
FOR AGES 10-16

"Prism" by Hana Saad  
3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Poetry 16-18

Poems ● Essays ● Comix  
Short Plays ● Short Stories

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Prism

Dancing in the moonlight  
Filtered through rainbow eyes  
It's a blur you can't quite capture  
These melodies.

Fingers press on the shutter  
Cameras click, time  
Just  
Stops.

Splash back into now  
Blue waters that they all drift in  
Always dreaming of somewhere else  
If they looked around, for a moment

Just alone

Even I don't know what they'd find  
But on that rock I watched  
the trees graze the sky, the water fade to stones  
and I found peace for this life of mine.

In a world filled with people so quick to paint it dark  
color is hiding, invisible, in a prism  
Just waiting to reflect for the right person at the right time  
I know my time is now.