



# 2016 Valentine's Day Poetry Winners

For Kids 3rd through 8th Grade

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## Grades 3-4

- **Piper Riffe**
- grade 4, Notre Dame de Sion, Kansas City

### The War of the Rose

If spray-grounds were battlegrounds,  
the war would wage on,  
until the air was filled with sounds  
of triumph and joy, echoing off the pond.  
The victors would then pose,  
beside the red, red rose.

**Comments:** The judges liked the maturity of metaphor and the surprising juxtaposition of the beauty of a rose with the harshness of war.  
Well done, Piper!

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## Grades 5-6

- **Anna Koffler**
- grade 6, Notre Dame de Sion, Kansas City, MO

### The Traveling Rose

You.  
Blowing onto my doorstep, tired from your journey.  
Sitting on the front porch, waiting to be found.  
Admired.  
Your red petals are trimmed with brown now.  
The color brown, which is found so alive in things,  
means for you, the end.  
Still, though, there is some resemblance to the beautiful rose that was lovingly  
planted.  
Picked.  
As if there was no longer a use for you, flung into the grass.  
Abandoned.  
Coming to me, wilting in sadness for all you have lost.  
There is no reversing your past, but there can be some hope.  
A vase.  
Water.  
Dirt.  
Never the same as your life where you were meant to be.  
Finding a new beginning to start your end.

**Comments:** The judges admired Anna's use of color imagery and the way the poem opens up at the end, so that the reader can find a greater, more universal meaning.

## Grades 7-8

- **Destiny Boyd**
- grade 7, Moreland Ridge Middle School, Blue Springs, MO

### I'm from Hoping

I'm from hoping.  
Hoping he'll  
Never  
Come  
Back.  
I'm from laughing at times,  
Screaming at others.  
I'm from hearing  
The shouts, seeing the hitting  
Then feeling it later.  
I'm from crying and wishing.  
WISHING  
It would end soon,  
But soon was never soon enough.  
I'm from a house of two boys,  
(My brother like a dad,  
My dad an abusive stranger.)  
A stranger that was my favorite  
Person to be around.  
A stranger that is never to be seen again.

I'm from moving from foster home  
To foster home.  
I'm from being scared of men,  
Never knowing if they're like him.  
I'm from hiding and keeping my  
Mouth closed, unless I was told to do otherwise.  
I'm from my heart feeling like a dying rose, falling  
Apart piece by piece.

**Comments:** The judges thought this was a very powerful poem. The poet used line breaks very effectively and delaying the use of the word "rose" made it more impactful - a devastatingly moving ending.

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## HONORABLE MENTIONS

Because there were abundant, well-written entries in the upper grades, the judges would like to give honorable mention to the following students. They have talent, and we hope they will continue to write.

- **Anna Bedsworth**
- grade 7, Moreland Ridge Middle School, Blue Springs, MO

### Scars of Freedom

Blood, deep red like the tips of rose petals,  
bubbles on the battlefield.

The soldiers,  
men and women,  
sacrificing lives for pure patriotism.  
The families back home tingling with fear,  
scared to know.

The smell of gunpowder  
surrounds the barracks,  
while the soldiers prepare  
weapons for armed conflict.  
Faces are rock hard  
with little to no emotion,  
though on the inside you can see them trembling  
with sorrow and terror.

They know freedom  
is not free,  
when they see the blood,  
deep red like the tips of rose petals,  
bubbling on the battlefield.

Comments: The judges admired Anna's sophisticated treatment of what it means to serve in the military. She also used strong imagery, especially red color imagery

- **Tyler Tarpey**
- grade 5, Notre Dame de Sion, Kansas City, MO

### Roses in the Sunset

My petals shone like a star, as the sun set over my home, Loose Park.  
All the birds and animals were going peacefully to sleep as the moon rose.  
My mysterious vines were a deep dark green. All of my neighbors in the rose garden were closing their petals as they drifted off into the world of dreams.  
My magenta petals looked blue, like the shining lake or the blue on the raven's illuminating night. Sky blue feathers. I was getting ready to drift off into the world of dreams that gives me rest each day. I looked into the magical night and thought that I was a very lucky rose who had an amazing home.

**Comments:** Tyler's prose poem has strong color imagery. Judges liked that the poet took the point of view of the rose and made the flower the speaker in the poem.