

2021
POETRY
CONTEST
AWARDS
CEREMONY



SOUTHWESTERN ILLINOIS COLLEGE
RED BUD CAMPUS

**Poetry Contest 2021
Recognition Ceremony Program**

**Southwestern Illinois College
Red Bud Campus
Performing Arts Room**

Introductions

Amy Brockman

Director of Student Life

Southwestern Illinois College

Announcement of Winners

Roselyn R. Mathews, Waterloo

Continuing Education Instructor and Author

Pat Robert, Red Bud

Retired Red Bud Elementary

Instructor and Author

Reading of Poems

Contest Winners

Poetry Contest History

The Red Bud Campus Poetry Contest began during the Fall 1994-95 Semester. Over the years, the contest has grown from a handful of entries to 141 poems this year.

The judges, who had the unenviable task of selecting the three best entries from each category, were Roselyn Mathews and Pat Robert. Mathews and Robert co-authored and published an anthology called "Orchids in the Cornfield," a collection of writings of the Heartland Women's Writers Guild.

The top winners in each division receive:

First Place	Second Place	Third Place
\$50	\$25	\$15
Barnes & Noble Gift Card	Barnes & Noble Gift Card	Barnes & Noble Gift Card

Red Bud Campus would like to thank everyone who submitted an entry! The continued, enthusiastic participation of all the entrants has made the contest a wonderful success year after year.

Congratulations to this year's award-winning poets!

2021 Poetry Contest Winners

4th Grade

1st Place	Ty Tindall
2nd Place	Laurey Hayer
3rd Place	Reed Petrowske

5th Grade

1st Place	Jaden Bert
2nd Place	Rusty Korando
3rd Place	Eli Congiardo

6th Grade

1st Place	Logan McDonald
2nd Place	Natalie Shipley
3rd Place	Kanon Jany

7th Grade

1st Place	Ayden Burgess
2nd Place	Tess Simpson
3rd Place	Genevieve Nadziejko

8th Grade

1st Place	Jack Heffernan
2nd Place	Lydee Easter
3rd Place	Kolton Jany

High School Division

1st Place	Elseah Congiardo
2nd Place	Kate Wexell

Adult Division

1st Place	Maribeth Clancy
2nd Place	Yvonne Meckfessel
3rd Place	Belinda Burnworth

**Reed Petrowske
3rd Place
4th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester**

A Sailor At Sea

Oh, how scary...
those waves are,
and the rain is pouring!
The decks will soon be flushed away
By these terrible waves so soaring.
I can hear the
pit-pat-pit-pat
of the rain on my roof,
as I wonder will this ever stop?
Oh, you terrible storm...
oh, too much thunder!
But wait!
surprise...
the rain has stopped!
Oh, thank you Lord,
Oh, thank you!
How shall I repay you?
The smell of sea salt in the air,
dark clouds start to move away...
it's gonna be a fantastic day!!!

Laurey Hayer
2nd Place
4th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester

The Creepy Barn

The creepy barn
wind going thru the old cracks of the wall.
Whoooo....
old creaking door moving in the wind.
Creak, creak.....
little mice scurrying across the floor.
Tap, tap....
birds flying around so fast you can't even
see them.
Swoosh....
All the spider webs
draping from the ceiling like curtains
Oh, so creepy....
sound of water hitting the metal roof
Pitter, Patter....
wind going thru the old cracks of the wall.
Whoooo....
the creepy barn

Ty Tindall
1st Place
4th Grade - Mary Help of Christians School, Chester

The Ocean

Colorful ocean
ocean so blue,
coral colors so bright...
red, green, and yellow
O, what a sight!

The little and big blue waves meet

splish,

splash,

splosh,

over the sandy beach.

The ocean is a time for fun,
children all play in the sun.

Some are divers...

And go down below
into the darker and darker blue
where fish of all different hues
swim through coral
and sleep in it too.

Back up we go
to where the little and big waves meet...

splish.

splash,

splosh.

On the sandy beach.

Eli Congiardo
3rd Place
5th Grade - Mary Help of Christians School, Chester

Movies

Movies, movies, movies
in the theater,
at a sleepover,
or with your family
in your jammies,
and even in the car,
anywhere will work!

Just sit back

And relax

With that *warm* popcorn,

In that comfy chair!

ACTION!!!!

Rusty Korando
2nd Place
5th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester

Baseball

A game of
friendship
partnership
one with your team;
being a good teammate
good sport
great leader
excellent friends;
winning games...losing games
catching baseballs
pitching baseballs;
we are all one in...
baseball.

Jaden Bert
1st Place
5th Grade - Chester Grade School, Chester

What on Earth?

Geosphere
Rocky, hard
Growing, living, shaking
Mountains, plains, oceans, lakes
Flowing, running, waving
Salty, frozen
Hydrosphere

Kanon Jany
3rd Place
6th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester

America

Land of the free,
Playing outside and not getting mugged
Land that I love,
Getting to go anywhere
Land of possibilities,
Getting any career you want
Land that I stand by,
I will support this nation at all costs
Land that will change,
Hopefully not in a bad way
Land that is defended,
We love our veterans
Land that is United,
Divided we fall

America

Natalie Shipley
2nd Place
6th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester

Dragons

Mythical creatures
that fly through the sky,
scales that shine
even though it's night.
Their fire that burns brighter than the sun,
and
mighty claws sharper than daggers.
Fierce and dangerous...
roars louder than any creature in the world,
With wings so big and wide,
that can fly them through the sky.
Possessing mysterious powers
that can burn or freeze,
powers so strange
that no one could ever believe
these mythical creatures that could exist!
No one has ever seen
mythical creatures
that fly through the sky...
do you believe?

Logan McDonald
1st Place
6th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester

The Sun

The sun

bright, radiant, and warm.

The sun

giving light to all...

complete

darkness

without

it.

Beautiful sun...

we need you to survive.

The Sun

bright, radiant, and warm.

Genevieve Nadziejko
3rd Place
7th Grade - Immaculate Conception School, Columbia

Mom's Perfume

A mix of jasmine, roses, and lilies sitting in a bottle
on a shelf, in a closet behind brushes and creams,
behind makeup and boxes of toiletries.

It sat untouched, unused, unseen,

for it only gave the scent of her right beside me.

As if she was with me for my ups, my downs, my needs,
my accomplishments, and my failures.

There the bottle sat with jasmine, roses, and lilies
not used until my days when I moved to the city.

Where it's big and bright and there's people everywhere
Walking and talking, living and thriving,
but the one I need most is in the air.

I still have that bottle of jasmine, roses, and lilies

It sits in a closet behind makeup and toiletries.

I use it on occasion where I feel most necessary,
Mom's perfume in the air and I'll never worry.

Tess Simpson
2nd Place
7th Grade - Red Bud Elementary School, Red Bud

Hoops

The pound of the ball
The squeaks of the shoes
The thud of the backboard
The clang of the rim
The grunts of the players
The whistle of the ref
The call of the foul

The silence at the line
The hope of the fans
The glance at the time
The beat of the heart
The points to define

The sigh of the shooter
The dribble of the ball
The flick of the wrist
The swish of the net
The cheer of the crowd

Ayden Burgess
2nd Place
7th Grade - Red Bud Elementary School, Red Bud

Ode to Volleyball

People always tell me "Life is more than just a sport"
I can't agree when my blood and sweat are on that court
Some people say "Ball is all she knows, it's such a shame"
They don't understand, my head and heart are in this game

Ball is not just a hobby, an activity of leisure

It's a hungry lioness and I'm just trying to feed her

You talk about Snapchat filters, your clothes and what's his name

I talk about plays and strategy, we are not the same

I don't need your approval, or to tell me how to feel

Ball is an emotion, a feeling, I'm telling you, it's real

Most rely on signs, stars, personality tests and all

My zodiac sign is sports and my love language is ball

This is my life and it's okay if you're not intrigued

You see, life is a sport, we're just in different leagues.

Kolton Jany
3rd Place
8th Grade - Mary Help of Christians, Chester

Shed Hunting

Deer season has ended...
I'm getting cabin fever,
the drive to be back out in the woods.
Deer are starting to search for food
as the rut comes to an end.
As it gets late into February
and beginning of March...
anticipation begins gnawing to shed hunt.
the deer will start to lose their antlers.
As my cabin fever progresses
I itch to start looking for these beautiful antlers.
I travel...
miles
and
miles
over some of the most beautiful terrain.
The thick CRP-grass,
the beautiful evergreens,
all offer cover to the deer,
also making it a hotspot for sheds.
The excitement is euphoric once you find one,
like a little kid finding a candy stash.
The antler is giving up a deer's secrets...
size,
his core area,
where he is late-season.
I love shed hunting...
being out in the woods,
learning how these animals live their lives.
Shed hunting.

Lyndee Easter
2nd Place
8th Grade - Red Bud Elementary, Red Bud

I Am From

I am from walls lined with beautiful butterflies and soaring birds.

From the Waterloo campground and school gyms.

I am from a family who is always running late,

and from "loving each other to the moon and back and even more than that."

I am from the large Red Bud tree growing in the yard,

whose leaves were used as shade on hot summer days.

I am from late afternoon games of PIG with my brothers,

And Taylor Swift blasting in the car.

I am from Claude and Alicia,

And from Aunt Marcy's scotcheroos.

I am from those moments when laughing until our abs are hurting is the only feeling in the world.

Jack Heffernan
1st Place
8th Grade – Mary Help of Christians, Chester

Nature's Lullaby

As the gleaming sunlight flows through the trees,
I walk through the vast woodland.
Journeying through the maze of mighty redwoods,
the delicate leaves crunch under my feet.
I poke my stick through the Earth,
and head on my path.
I hear the cheerful chirping of the beautiful songbirds.
I admire the ground,
littered with sticks and bright flowers.
Suddenly,
I hear a thrashing in the bushes,
and out of the thicket emerges
a majestic deer.
He lightly prances out of sight.
As I continue to stroll through this leafy paradise,
I hear squirrels scurrying along the forest floor
in search of food.
I marvel at the size of the trees.
They are like skyscrapers in the wilderness.
I hear the rushing of a creek.
I watch the water cascade over the smooth rocks.
As night falls,
I see owls perched in the trees,
like guardians of the forest.
I see the bright stars sprinkled
through the thick canopy of leaves.
I lie in a bed of wild foliage,
Appreciating the breathtaking wonderland around me,
And drift off into sleep.

Kate Wexell
2nd Place
High School - O'Fallon Township High School, O'Fallon

Corruptors

I see the dilettantes strutting like
Peacocks with an armory of
Slogans, icons, analogies, and logical
Fallacies filling them from head to
Toe. They scream with the shrieks of a
Dog whistle mutilating any song
Attempting to echo in the suffocating air.

They deem themselves the
Epitome of wisdom as they fail their
Greek forefathers and uphold those
Germanic while criticizing the
Basis of their souls.

And when they shout through their
Megaphones, they seem not to
Notice that their words are a
Manifesto of a silent world where
Thoughts are disintegrated if they
Conflict with these faux criminologists.

As if breaking the ninth commandment and
Worshipping a god so utterly fake that
They don't hold you accountable for your
Apathy could ever justify your morality.

You fight for the sense that the
World is corrupt, but you are the
Corruptors.

Elseah Congiardo
1st Place
High School - Home School, Chester

The Journey

The journey begins in a familiar place
nothing new
same old, same old;
You take a step
and then another,
each one taking you further from the known
and deeper into the unknown;
Along this path you forge
You will encounter
bumps,
holes,
and obstacles;
Some may seem easy
some more challenging
But you can face them
and defeat them
because this path; you forge.
This journey will be long
it might never be through,
winding on forever.
Some paths have side roads,
some seem to be set in stone
with no room for change,
and others
seem to change by the minute.
Your path is forged by you,
with each step you take
you are guided by fate
along this wonderful path you forge.

**Belinda Burnworth
3rd Place
Adult Division, Belleville**

Garden of Dreams

Just a bulbs poke out a tiny bit of green in Winter's melting snow,
Vaccinations are springing up in communities throughout the world.
Precious liquid, stored in the icy cold, pushes life protecting hope into arms.

One by one, this garden of dreams grows.

The day, when life as we knew it, might be restored, is coming.

Each of us waits – not so patiently – for our turn for a shot.

Anxious, yet knowing that those before us are essential to care for the sick and fragile
among us
- or are fragile themselves.

As Winter begins her thaw, hope arises from our isolated hearts,

Spring lifts her head from her too long slumber.

Humanity, now armored to fight, creeps out cautiously to greet the new day.

Spring spreads her lovely vaccinated arms,

Embracing us all in a much needed hug, leaving lonely Winter to slip away

**Yvonne MeckFessel
2nd Place
Adult Division - Troy**

A Question for the Family

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
The things that no one seems to want after she died
I might mention Grandma's rings
She hoped someone would wear them with pride.

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
She made that big stuffed bear
And the two others sitting there as well
You could have all three if you care

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
Her collection of antique dolls stand waiting their turn
All of their dresses she made by hand
There's baby dolls and presidents, Shirley Temple and Audrey Hepburn

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
It breaks my heart to think
Strangers will soon own her belongings
And her stories will be gone in a blink!

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
What about the big blue crock?
The yellow one was Great Grandma's
And there is her beautiful grandfather's clock.

What has to be done with Grandma's things?
Her handmade quilts are all stacked up
Labels with her name are in the corner of each
And here are her saucers and teacups.

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
The little red vase was won at the fair
Grandpa threw balls to win it
But now --- does anyone care?

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
Like those pretty pillowcases on the bed
The ones that she embroidered
When she was but a newlywed.

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
The decisions are so hard to make
I've had her things for awhile
Let's find a home for them for gosh sakes!

What's to be done with Grandma's things?
What's to be done with mine?

**Maribeth Clancy
1st Place
Adult Division - Belleville**

Searching for Poems Without Words

Can you see the poem sparkling across the starry night sky?
Or the poem written in the bark of tree?
Can you hear the poem in the dry crackling leaves as you walk
the wooded path?
Can you smell the poem in the aroma of freshly baked bread?
Or taste the poem in the hot pumpkin latte as you sip it slowly?
Can you feel the poem stirring as you lie warm under the covers
on the coldest winter day?
Do you know there are poems all around you?
Just be still and let the poems speak to you...
Warming your heart and nourishing your spirit.



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