

**2022**  
**POETRY**  
**CONTEST**  
**AWARDS**  
**CEREMONY**



**SOUTHWESTERN ILLINOIS COLLEGE**  
**RED BUD CAMPUS**

**Poetry Contest 2022  
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:

<b>First Place</b>	<b>Second Place</b>	<b>Third Place</b>
\$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!

# 2022 Poetry Contest Winners

## 4th Grade

1st Place	Cole Lewandowski
2nd Place	Joey Stuart
3rd Place	Sami Valleroy

## 5th Grade

1st Place	Cole McDonald
2nd Place	Arabella Mallender
3rd Place	Reed Petrowske

## 6th Grade

1st Place	Marlie Caby
2nd Place	Rusty Korando
3rd Place	Gage Lynn

## 7th Grade

1st Place	Logan McDonald
2nd Place	Hailey Yankey
3rd Place	Zac Lauer

## 8th Grade

1st Place	Jonathan Hayer
2nd Place	Gabby Vause
3rd Place	Addison Tarr

## High School Division

1st Place	Kaitlyn Chung
2nd Place	Julia Nicole Venus
3rd Place	Jessica Ixcoy-Sica

## Adult Division

1st Place	Kathy Klepacz
2nd Place	Belinda Burnworth
3rd Place	Yvonne Meckfessel

**Sami Valleroy**  
**3rd Place**  
**4th Grade - Immaculate Conception School**

## **The Little Girl Named Leah**

Once there was a little girl named Leah  
Who met a little dog named Mia  
She took her home  
To get a bone  
What a bright idea!

**Joey Stuart**  
**2nd Place**  
**4th Grade - Immaculate Conception School**

**Oh Springtime, with Your/ Wonderful Flowers and Buzzing Bees**

Oh Springtime, with your  
Wonderful Flowers and Buzzing Bees  
Your harsh Rainstorms  
And Swaying Trees  
Oh, how the Plants Grow  
This Mating Season  
Full of Gentle Babies  
Everywhere you Look  
It Looks Like something  
Out of a Book

**Cole Lewandowski**  
**1st Place**  
**4th Grade - Immaculate Conception School**

**The Cat**

In the silence, a gentle purr.  
In the darkness, soft, soft, fur.  
Nimble and agile it moves with such grace.  
A delicate whisker tickles my face.  
Happiness flows from my head to my feet.  
Having a cat is such a treat.

**Reed Petrowske**  
**3rd Place**  
**5th Grade - St. Mary's, Chester**

**Mountains**

A breeze wipes against my face  
whoosh,  
Snow crunches beneath my feet  
crunch,  
Before me a beautiful landscape...  
A mountain just waiting for me to climb.  
The mountain stands before me  
As tall as a building is high,  
Seeming to yell down at me,  
"Climb me."  
"Climb me."  
"Climb me!"

Plank position...  
I'm ready to start.  
I bring my knee as far as I can to my chest.  
I pull one knee out then the other in.  
I'm finally getting it...the hang of it!

I'm making progress,  
I mustn't stop...  
for soon I will meet the top!



I have finally done it,  
I've finally reached the top!  
I look upon the world...  
I bet I'll be able to spot China!  
Sadly, it is time to climb down,  
But as I climb down  
I hear an eagle caw,  
and realize, again, how beautiful the mountains really are.

**Arabella Mallender**  
**2nd Place**  
**5th Grade - Chester Grade School**

**A Monster In the Attic**

There is a monster in the attic  
A monster indeed  
I'd go find it myself but  
There are a few things I need  
My jacket  
My hat  
A flashlight  
And a bat

There is a monster in the attic  
A monster in fact  
I'd go find it myself but  
I think I might go back  
SCRITCH  
SCRATCH  
SCRITCH  
SCRATCH  
THAT'S IT!

There is monster in the attic  
A monster indeed  
I'm going to find it myself and  
Maybe it will let me sleep  
CLICK!

I think I found the monster  
The monster in the attic  
At first I was afraid but  
I need to tell Dad it  
Was just  
A cold  
Wet  
And scared  
**RACCOON!**

**Cole McDonald**  
**1st Place**  
**5th Grade - St. Mary's - Chester**

**The Rainforest**

In the rainforest  
Predators everywhere  
high and low places  
stalking you  
Thup...Thup...Thup  
so beware!

Thick, wet moisture in the air  
Moistness on your skin  
Pat...pat...pat.  
Leaves covering the sun's  
light,  
darkness everywhere...  
some light filters,  
but not enough.  
In the rainforest...  
it's a beautiful sight,  
but deep in the rainforest  
might be a fright

**Gage Lynn**  
**3rd Place**  
**6th Grade - St. Mary, Chester**

**Duck Hunting**

BEEP BEEP BEEP

5:15 a.m.

Time to get up

waders on,

then outside to get the dogs.

Sun barely rising,

an orange-red color.

Decoys and boat loaded up...

I start the truck

VAROOM,

VAROOM,

we're on our way

Sun rising,

an orange-red color,

we've arrived!

Time for the walk

to the duck blind

covered with leaves and branches

nature's camouflage.

As I look at the sky,

With brightly shining sun...

WOOOSH

HONK

WOOOSH

here come the DUCKS!

**Rusty Korando**  
**2nd Place**  
**6th Grade - St. Mary's - Chester**

**Countryside Freedom**

The birds chirping...

chirp

chirp

chirp

The wind **whooshing...**

**whoosh**

**whoosh**

**Whoosh**

The shed doors **opening**

crack

crack

crack

four-wheeler started

I climb aboard...

and ride with the wind, a sense of freedom

trees seem to be flying by

never an experience like the countryside

countryside freedom.

**Marlie Caby**  
**1st Place**  
**6th Grade - St. Mary's - Chester**

**Blankets**

Blankets  
all soft like a baby chick's  
fluffy feathers;  
all sorts of funky colors,  
like a field of colorful flowers,  
Blankets wrap you up,  
like a toasty burrito  
providing comfort

Blankets...

Precious newborn baby,  
coziness wrapped in warmth;  
adolescent comfort and protection;  
family cocooning...  
blankets are forever there.

**Zac Lauer**

**3rd Place**

**7th Grade - Red Bud Elementary, Red Bud**

**Baseball**

The sun beating down on your back  
the crack of the bat  
the ball goes right through the gap  
the tumble of the bat hitting the ground  
The crowd goes wild



**Hailey Yankey**  
**2nd Place**  
**7th Grade - St. Mary's - Chester**

Sunset

As birds chirp above,  
listen to the ripples of the ocean,  
feel the sand beneath your feet...  
run wild and free.

As the horizon lights up,  
bright and soft shades of

orange,

pink,

red,

purple...

change second by second,  
as the setting sun glows...

then slowly slips over the horizon.

Enjoy the memories while they last,

because few bother to look  
at the blessing that happens  
only as day becomes night...

sunset.

**Logan McDonald**  
**1st Place**  
**7th Grade - St. Mary's - Chester**

**Stars**

Stars

bright like mini versions of the sun  
twinkling in the dark void of space  
creating pictures in the sky...

Swans flying above;  
lions ready to pounce;  
bears hunting their prey;  
warriors ready for battle;  
stories told  
as stars light the way.

**Addison Tarr**  
**3rd Place**  
**8th Grade - Columbia Middle School**

**Feeling it**

When I am up there  
beneath blinding lights  
I feel it  
I feel my feet throbbing  
My heart racing,  
mic tape pulling at my skin  
My throat is begging me to stop  
I won't stop,  
for I feel enough joy that those feelings no longer exist  
My glass is not half full,  
but bursting over the rim  
And the best part  
is the bow at the end.

**Gabby Vause**  
**2nd Place**  
**8th Grade - Red Bud Elementary, Red Bud**

**The Eternal War of the Seasons**

The sun rose,  
But the land still froze.  
The wind had hit with a bitter blast,  
And the final daises had withered at last.  
The summer sun was almost gone,  
For the winter wind had taken it on.  
Fighting and fighting,  
'Til it was no longer there.  
Yet, again the winter wind had been more prepared.

**Johnathan Hayer**  
**1st Place**  
**8th Grade - St. Mary's - Chester**

**The Forest Floor**

On the beginning of a mellow spring morning  
three small does walk out into the meadow  
and graze.

A small bushy-tailed squirrel  
rustles  
beneath the oak tree  
as it scurries along.

A frog leaps from a stump into a small puddle...  
splish,  
as a bobcat slinks along  
stalking a rabbit.

The rabbit in an act of desperation  
begins to  
tear  
off through the woods,  
bounding off sticks and fallen trees  
trying to escape his impending death...  
taking a leap of faith and jumping over a small ravine,  
leaving his predator behind..  
living another day.

**Jessica Ixcoy-Sica**  
**3rd Place**  
**High School - Chester High School, Chester**

**Papers**

I need you to spill all  
Write emotions, drawings, and color  
Or to crumble, tear, and burn  
I need the security of a chest  
One with words untold to human kind  
Paper, great creation by God  
Man, for centuries tried and failed  
For they saw the need, an ache  
A rumble in their featherless pen to write  
The pain in my hands to raise  
To cry and laugh at the blank, now filled page  
Paper, all plays, writings, and poetry  
From the declaration of Independence to the words of God  
Paper was what started such  
From wisdom to foolishness  
From love to death  
How the ink in the page seeps through  
Simple and unordinary words across  
Moisted by the tears and sweat  
The urge to open letters from loved once  
The excitement of a new book  
The ideas of a writer or creator  
All began by this desirable material  
By which we give little recognition  
Yes it stands  
Word by word

**Julia Nicole Venus**  
**2nd Place**  
**High School - Chester High School, Chester**

**Already Dead**

A young woman walks alone,  
wishing the end of her days.  
She slumps along the sidewalk,  
her eyes still and glazed.  
The woman is not yet dead,  
but she's mourned herself for years.  
Already picturing flies in her head,  
she travels with no tears.  
She has burned over and over,  
but she can feel no pain.  
She blankly wanders sober,  
only static in her brain.  
She used to feel frightened, lonely, and betrayed.  
She dreamt of days of rescue,  
but no one came to aid.  
She hurts no more, she loves no more,  
but sings a woeful tune,  
hoping that her passing will be coming soon.  
She finally accepted the dark path she'd been led.  
A walking corpse with no remorse,  
breathing but already dead.

**Kaitlyn Chung**

**1st Place**

**High School - Sparta High School, Sparta**

**Your Ocean Through My Eyes**

Drown me in your sea

So my lungs expand and explode

Only then will I be able to breathe

Only then will I be able to hold -

Grasp onto a sliver of the euphoria only you supply

Just that will curb my incessant urge -

Desire to always be near you, to always abide

Feel your touch, as rough as waves as they converge

As delicate as foam on the tides.



**Yvonne Meckfessel**  
**3rd Place**  
**Adult Division - Troy**

**No One Comes**

There were stains on her clothes from breakfast  
And no one had combed her hair.  
She sat on the couch  
With the blankest stare.

The other ladies in the home came one by one  
out of their rooms to sit by her.  
They had smiles on their faces  
but their minds were a blur.

"Good Morning" they each said  
as they sat in their chairs.  
"Good Morning" the lady answered  
None had any cares.

The outside door opened  
and a young woman walked in  
The ladies all looked  
But none recognized her as kin.

"Hello" said the young woman.  
"How are you today, Mom?"  
The little lady just sat there  
"Where did they come from?"

"Your spring flowers are blooming.  
I brought you some."

"Why, they're beautiful," she said  
"Where did they come from?"

"So how have you been?"  
The visitor smiled as she asked  
Her heart was breaking  
But her face was just a mask

"Fine," the old lady replied.  
"Want a cup of tea?"  
"Did ya' know"..  
"No one ever comes to see me?"

"I come when I can, Mom"  
"You know I love you so"  
"Whose flowers?" the old lady asked again.  
"Isn't that a beautiful bow?"

"None of my family ever comes to see me,"  
The old lady said once more.  
"I'm here now Mom," the young woman whispered  
As she walked across the floor.

"No one ever comes to see me."  
"Where did the flowers come from?"  
"It's almost time for my music class, you know."  
"I'm having some tea, ya' want some?"

Well, mom. I guess I need to go."  
"You take care and I'll come to see you soon."  
"No one ever comes to see me," the old woman said again.  
"Do you want to see my room?"

**Belinda Burnworth**  
**2nd Place**  
**Adult Division - Belleville**

**February 24, 2022**

They went to bed as they usually did.

Safe for the moment,

Uncertainty lingered as a stain on their plan for the morrow.

Empty threats.

Or were they?

And yet, in the dead of night, the screaming sirens sounded.

Something out of a movie.

Not reality.

No longer wondering – what if?

A new fear for the future settles in as bombs fly and unlucky lives are  
wasted.

Across time zones and airwaves the rippling effect of the attacks appear.

Markets waiver, gas prices soar, yet all in all, our day goes on.

A bothersome noise in the background of our own daily concerns -  
ice storms and mask mandates.

The news cycle continues

**Kathy Klepacz**  
**1st Place**  
**Adult Division - Troy**

**Poetry is Not Always Destruction**

It is not always bleeding palms  
Upturned in some attempt at prayer  
It is not always broken  
Bruised and battered  
Left for dead in an art gallery of pain  
Poetry is her lips  
The way they bend and melt against mine  
Her fingertips leaving a trail of goosebumps  
Across my scarred body  
Still finding beauty in this wasteland  
The curve and the dip of her hip  
Not to be confused with her smile  
The way she arches towards my touch  
The hearty breath  
As I kiss each and every battle wound  
Poetry is not always destruction  
It is not warehouse plebeian pleasure  
In which consent does not exist  
It is not always roaming hands  
The only escape is to turn my skin into paper  
My tears into words  
And hope someone can read  
Poetry is mountains

An uphill battle won  
A victory dance and after party  
Sleeping under the stars with your lover  
Her eyes more beautiful than any night sky  
Hushed whispers  
Sweet nothings that speak to everything  
Poetry is not always destruction  
It is not always shattered dreams  
Washed down your throat in an attempt at normalcy  
Long road trips trying to escape yourself  
Poetry is the sky  
The way it is always changing,  
The way I wish to change  
So resilient and beautiful  
My inspiration  
She taught me how to fall  
Promised to hold my hand  
Kissed my fingers  
Gave me wings  
And I dove  
Poetry is not always destruction  
But it is always beautiful  
The way in which tragedy often is



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