

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:

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!

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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