



Seward County Community College celebrates

NATIONAL **POETRY** MONTH



2020

**Poetry
Contest
Winners**

THE POEMS & POETS

I. Young Poets

1st Place	Happy Poem	by Lola Hart
2nd Place	The World Is Still Beautiful	by Alondra Becciril
3rd Place	The Shadows	by Caydene Emiliee
Butler		
Honorable Mention	The Girl Next Door	by Madison White
Honorable Mention	Adoption	by Brooklyn Kile

The Young Poets are from Perryton Junior High, Perryton, Texas.

II. Scholarship Poets

1st Place	Who Are You?	by Tyann Weis
2nd Place	Handicapped	by Jennifer Johnson
3rd Place	The Artist	by Erika Barron
Honorable Mention	How Do I Do It?	by Tyann Weis

The Scholarship poets are from Ulysses High School, Ulysses, Kansas.

III. Open Poets

1st Place	Roads	by Angela Eylar
2nd Place	Puppies	by Angela Eylar
3rd Place	Neurons Connected	by Ty Hughbanks
Honorable Mention	Oh Thou Hexagon	by Ty Hughbanks

IV. Acknowledgements & Afterword

I. Young Poets



Happy Poem

Some people like rainbows,
Some people like stars,
Some people like tracks with racing cars, but me . . .

I like happy poems.

Some people love singing,
Some people love eating,
Some people love to swing, but me . . .

I love happy poems.

Everyone says “Time goes fast when you’re having fun”;
We all love laughing
With our friends under the sun.
A lot of things make me happy,
like dancing,
cooking,
sleeping,
but most of all,
for me . . .

My happy poems

by Lola Hart

The World Is Still Beautiful . . .

Dear Love,

I know you don't go out much . . .
but I want to show you that the world is quite a beautiful place . . .
even if there is a lot of sadness and harm in everyday life.

I want to show you that a flower is not just a mere flower;
I want to show you that the stars are not just mere stars;
I want to show you that feelings are not just mere feelings.

There are so many amazing rarities beyond a normal forest and jungle.
I just want you to see what I see . . .

by Alondra Becciril

The Shadows

No one observes the shadow that lurks;
No one witnesses the shadow's pain.
Everyone steps on the shadow.
No one sees the absence of joy in its eyes,
The kind that leads to a hole in its heart,
And a depressed mind that thinks "I give up".

The shadows don't want to stay shadows;
They want their voices heard through the crowd.
Shadows need their opinions heard on the streets of injustice;
That maybe, if they're heard, it will all just stop.

Yet, the shadows continue to lurk,
Imagining the day when they're the light.

by Caydence Emilee Butler

The Girl Next Door

If you look past her smile,
You can tell she won't walk down the aisle.

If you would just listen,
You would have heard her story and seen the tear glisten.

If you would have touched her arm,
You could have stopped the self harm.

If you would have just given a hug,
You would have smelled all the drugs.

But you didn't and she's gone . . .

for days,

weeks,

and finally two months.

You asked where'd she go.
You're answered with . . .

She took some pills;
The kind that give you thrills –

Slumped against the door,
She died crying on the floor.

Every
Eleven
Minutes,
Someone overdoses.

by Madison White

Adoption

Adoption isn't easy,
Adoption isn't hard;
It's just that you move so near and sometimes so far.

You lose and you gain,
You break and you heal;
You just want to pretend it's not even real.

Emotions are everywhere,
Chapters are closed;
A child voraciously grows.

A new last name, a new home.
Old memories, and an old soul.
A new child becomes whole.

by Brooklyn Kile

II. Scholarship Poets



Who Are You?

When waking up at first morning's dew
Your eyes skim around your once pleasant room
 Filled with trinkets of all sorts
 Ones you forgot you had
 Ones you loved dearly
 Now the trinkets are but a shadow
 Ink scrawled across dull, white papers
 Defeating the joy that lingered in the air

When you prepare for the day
 What do you feel like doing?
the sight of colored pictures dancing in front of you
 As you hold those trinkets in a scene
 Moving to enhance imagination
While a bright smile tugs at the corners of your mouth
 Those days are but a memory
 Flat, dark screens replacing the colors
A writing device being held instead of joyful trinkets
Imagination being banished to the borders of your mind

Long ago you adored your trinkets
The toys you hugged with every passing day
 In the room you decorated
With paintings on the wall greeting your mind
As you ran home from school to watch dancing cartoons
 Not a care in the world
Today you love green paper
Paper just as dull as your essays
 Your imagination down the drain
Washed away by the news of the world
 A smile no longer tugging to stay.

Your room is as bare as the rest of your mind
Focused on your job and nothing more
Your childhood nothing but lost years
When you open the door, dust greets you
Filling your nose and the air
Blocking out the happiness you felt
In the spot where you stand now
An adult who grew up and left his childhood behind

by Tyann Weis

Handicapped

The baby of the family

The youngest, the most petulant, the most naive

This is what the baby of the family typically represents

Until you are the baby of the family

And are faced with challenges that force you to overcome

The petulance, the need to demand, the need to be the baby

This is what it means to have a mentally handicapped sister

To watch her struggle with being aware that she is different

And know that there is nothing she can do to change it

There was a constant fear for her

Like waves crashing against a rock

Constant, relentless

And finally, when you think you can rest

A new wave swells

And crash

As time wore on

Hot tears trailed down your face

As you watched her walk

With her cap, gown and diploma

Towards a better place

One away from here

You could hear sniffles from your mother

And your own uneven breaths

Trying to keep the sobs at bay

Feeling as though you had raised her

Just as her mother had

You had protected her from the snarling wolves

Lifted her when she was low

And reminded her that in your eyes her differences were simply who she was

And you wouldn't change anything

As summer ended guilt flooded your being

She was headed to college

You were happy, but for the wrong reason
You loved her, knew you would miss her, and you were happy for her
But you welcomed the idea of not playing the role of the older sister
You could allow yourself to demand every once in a while
But soon you realized
That the role of an older sister is one that never ends

Late nights were spent on the phone
Reminding her that no amount of distance would keep you from her
Other nights were spent listening to her sobs
As yet another boy refused to understand
That she presents a unique set of challenges
And that she must be handled with care
In the early morning hours you sat in front of a computer
Editing papers and completing online assignments
Desperate to help her pass
Your body ached and your eyes burned
You could hear a voice reminding you that you had school tomorrow
And homework of your own to complete
Anger and frustration flooded your being
You wanted to yell at her
But you knew it would only do harm
And no good
So you sat quietly and helped her in every way that you knew how
And once again, as you sat on hard, wooden bleachers
Heard the low rumble of hundreds of people talking
And the racing of your own heart
The wobbling of your chin
And the taste of your own salty, unstoppable tears
You watched her walk proudly to receive her college diploma
And you felt nothing other than great pride
And indescribable happiness

When you saw the ring on her left hand
You admired its beauty
And for once you were not weary of the man by her side
He was a man, and not a boy
He was a person who knew the challenges she had faced

And the challenges she continues to face
Because he had, and does, face those challenges himself
As plans for the wedding consumed everyone in your life
You reminded yourself that this was a happy time
And that your demands could wait, just a little while longer

Chaos befell the morning of the wedding
You attempted to place makeup on tear covered faces of mothers and sisters
Your mother, exhausted from spending the entire night creating flower arrangements
Fell asleep as you gently applied her blush
Your sister, anxious and fidgeting, wore on your patience
Yet again, you reminded yourself that yelling does no good
So instead you spoke in a soft, soothing voice
As you ran the soft, gentle brushes across her face

Pictures show your hastily done, drooped curls
And the hairband you forgot to remove from your wrist
But as you stood and watched her commit herself to another
The drooped curls and forgotten hairband did not matter
As you improvised a speech you had no time to write
You looked into her sparkling eyes
And the words flowed easily, like a calm stream surrounded by flowers and beauty
It was a day filled with tears of relief
Of happiness
The little girl who had cried because she was different
Had now found her home
Had realized that despite her handicap
She could do anything
And as a big, little sister
You couldn't have wished for anything more

by Jennifer Johnson

The Artist

I am the creator.

I can choose to make it now or I can choose to make it later

I am the mother.

Even though it takes bits of my sanity and it drives me wild,

I still treat it with care, as if it were my own child

I am the genius.

I use my imagination for creativity as I please,

But I also use my knowledge and thoughts in order to make a meaningful piece.

I am the artist.

I feel at home when someone hands me a paper and pen

As I draw, I am washed over with peace no matter when

I am the Artist

by Erika Barron

How Do I Do It?

How do I manage to accomplish and strive
While struggling to keep my mental stability alive?

It's heartbreaking
It's scary
My mind can be so daring
I don't know who to turn to
To keep these thoughts from raring

To push me to the edge
And break the stone-hard wall
That keeps my anxiety locked away
I don't know how I do it all

My life is always in pieces
I can't keep everyone happy
I can't just be a girl sometimes
Life at home can be maddening
I somehow upset somebody
With my tendency to speak
When I'm told it's not ladylike raise my voice
It makes me feel so weak

I don't know how to help it
Without completely running away
Knowing what my future holds
College would save the day

Being away from home with friends
would be the relief that I need
I love my family
Truly, I do
But my patience is ripped at the seams
I always get into trouble
For being a headstrong girl
It's always because "I don't know best"

When my thoughts should move the world

Now I can't help but think
That my parents don't always know "best"
It's not very fun to be lectured
When at times you don't feel blessed
I have a comfortable life, it's true
I've been told that and I know
But what's the point of expectations and work
When you never feel at home?

I don't believe I could express my stress
Through one hundred of these rants
This is but one of many things in my life
That makes me feel as if I can't

by Tyann Weis

III. Open Poets



Roads

Driving through desperate, western towns on a last-ditch effort for a mini-vacation,
Not my fun, but I must put on the content smile.
Trees lean with dried bark -- bark that is weathered and hard.
The trees hang onto clumps of green with branches that resemble a desperate
woman's hand
Grasping at a bad wig flapping in the wind.

Even though I know where these roads are taking me
and the map is telling me which lonely town is next,
I feel lost . . .

No connections and no welcoming arms;
No porch-perched neighbors waving at me;
No hollering out the windows and asking how the family is doing.
I long -- no, I crave the trees that stand proud with locusts buzzing.
I crave the family and friends who know my real name.
I miss being part of a everybody-knows-everybody existence.

The dirt out here smells of nothing but dust.
When I stretch out my feet I hesitate,
Wait for the prick of lost stickers.
At home, when bare feet are stretched out they are welcomed and saturated with
dirt.
Home's dirt smells organic;
The leaves and bugs mixed together relinquish beautiful plants and textures.

Tears are held tightly in my eyes and my throat is struggling not to cry --
No need for others to see my struggles.
I want this road to stretch past the dried trees and dust;
Deposit me on the land that knows who I am.

In this dirt and tree-filled promise land are people who know me --
Not just the knowing of whose granddaughter or wife I am,
But people who know I came from:
No money,
No education,
No nothing, but love -- and gardens and nature and hand-made clothes.

People think they can identify with "Angela" and want to trade stories,
They have no idea that "Angela" didn't exist until she was 20
And had to answer to college professors.

Angel wonders if the locusts and the trees would welcome her back,
Not ask for her confessions of her other life.
Different lives lived,
A conglomerate of experiences and history that perhaps will be mapped out,
Like these wayward roads leaving these dusty western towns.

by Angela Eylar

Puppies

Traveling in small, rural towns,
Constantly reflecting on images,
Each town and people mimicking the last.
Stopping to grab a quick lunch or getting gas,
The same eyes look at you ... Eager and empty.

The people are like little house dogs,
Smiling,
Wagging,
Wanting something but not sure what.

The youth are the evidence of adult boredom.
What will come of these kids?
Will they escape?
Will they take up their parental pastime,
Procreate for no other reason but boredom and to share the warmth?

Yeah, these are good kids.
These are good people.
The rural people keep our pantries stocked with grain and meat,
But what about their desires?

Little puppies,
Staring out of glass front doors,
Trying to catch a whiff of a new stranger who looks back in curiosity.

by Angela Eylar

Neurons connected
All of our systems are go
Nothing do we know

O thou Hexagon
Life so fixed, nature divine
Chemistry defined

by Tyrone Hughbanks

IV. Acknowledgements & Afterword



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Bill McGlothing – judge for the Poetry Contest. McGlothing is an acclaimed poet who taught English for 39 years in New Mexico, West Texas, and most recently at Seward County Community College. He taught Creative Writing for 27 years, in addition to teaching Composition and Literature. He supported two award-winning publications of student creative writing, art, and photography: *Aquifer* at Western Texas College, and *Telolith* at SCCC. His poems are published in *Southwest: A Contemporary Anthology*, *Blue Mesa Review*, and *The Midwest Quarterly*.

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Our collaboration this year will make future efforts stronger!

Dear SCCC Community:

Thank you for your support of the creative arts.

It is an honor to receive the creative submissions for this year's poetry contest and to share the winning entries, especially at this time of stress at home and around the world. This year's poetry contest occurred in the midst of the coronavirus pandemic, when students and teachers had to rearrange our academic plans and our daily lives.

Everyone who shares a poem or other creative writing invites readers into worlds real and imagined so we may understand more fully what it means to be human. Thanks to all who contributed poems this spring.

I look forward to next year, when we will again celebrate creative writing and National Poetry Month.

Keep writing!

Dr. Lori Muntz

English Instructor

Seward County Community College

