

THANK YOU FOR CELEBRATING POETRY WITH US!

The Walnut Creek Library Foundation is a community-based non-profit that raises private funds to support the Walnut Creek Library and Ygnacio Valley Library. With the funds we support programs such as the Student Poetry Contest, purchase materials for the libraries, sponsor events and advocate for the additional hours at both libraries.

Live! from the Library is the Walnut Creek Library Foundation's program that features leading local and national authors and other speakers and presenters from politics, environment, media, history, literature and the arts. Each year we devote a program to poetry and the Student Poetry Contest is an extension of that program.

We are pleased with the response to the sixth year of the contest. We received more than 300 poems from students of all ages from schools throughout Walnut Creek. The final judging of the poems was done by students in the Master of Fine Arts Creative Writing Program at Saint Mary's College in Moraga. We appreciate their time and passion for the written word.

This year's theme was "100" and you can see from the winning entries inside that the students' responses were diverse and their interpretations of the theme highly creative. We thank all the students and their teachers for responding to enthusiastically to our call for poetry.

Paws To Read! Thousands of children, teens and adults participate each year in the popular Summer Reading Festival that runs from June 13- August 23. Check for flyers at the Walnut Creek and Ygnacio Valley Libraries and on our website for the special programs at each library this summer. www.wclibrary.org.

THANK YOU TO OUR SPONSORS

The support of donors and sponsors made this year's Student Poetry Contest possible.



P.O. BOX 4979 WALNUT CREEK, CA 94596 • 925.935.5395

WALNUT CREEK LIBRARY FOUNDATION presents



6th Annual Student Poetry Contest

"100"

Walnut Creek Library

May 3, 2014 at 11:00 a.m.

**POETRY CELEBRATION
AND AWARD CEREMONY**

Join us as we recognize the student poets
and winners from the poetry contest

Live! From the Library is presented by the Walnut Creek Library Foundation



TABLE OF CONTENTS

GRADES K-3

- 4** 1st
“The Moon”
Drew Perry
3rd grade, Walnut Heights
- 5** 2nd
“Sadness”
Nathan Balestrieri
3rd grade, Parkmead
- 6** 3rd
“100 Grains of Sand”
Clara Jensen
3rd grade, Parkmead

GRADES 4-5

- 7** 1st
“The Clearing”
Ethan Monk
5th grade, Dorris-Eaton
- 8** 2nd
“My Life”
Ben Wornow
4th grade, Dorris-Eaton
- 9** 3rd
“100th day of School”
Stephanie Lau
4th grade, Dorris-Eaton
- 10** H.M.
“100 Ideas”
Brandon Tran
5th grade, Dorris-Eaton
- 11** H.M.
“100 Miles Away”
Olivia Schindewolf
4th grade, Dorris-Eaton

NOTES

GRADES 6-8

- 12** 1st
“One in Hundreds”
Catherine Zadorozhna
8th grade, Foothill
- 13** 2nd
“The Millennial Meaning
of One Hundred”
Aaron Ouyang
7th grade, Dorris-Eaton
- 14** 3rd
“A Reflection On Our Past”
Ryan Grauman
8th grade, Dorris-Eaton

GRADES 9-12

- 15** 1st
“The Pursuit of Perfection”
Ana Boeriu
10th grade, Northgate
- 16** 2nd
“A Hundred Percent”
Hsin-Yeh Tsai
9th grade, Northgate
- 17** 3rd
“100 Is A Lot Of Numbers”
Mary Evans
11th grade, Las Lomas

1ST PLACE: **The Moon**

The moon looks like a whiffle ball
and when I hit it
it goes away...
and the sun comes
up
for
the
day.

Drew Perry

Walnut Heights Elementary, 3rd Grade



3RD PLACE: **100 Is A Lot Of Numbers**

100 is a lot of numbers.
How many weeks is that?
14 weeks and 2 days
that's almost 3 ½ months
3 ½ months ago winter was just setting in,
football season was ending
and I had nothing to look forward to but the present moment.

100 days ago the
Universe was on my side.
The sun was finally coming out and
I really thought, this was it.
This was the beginning
Of my life.

The truth is it was
just the beginning of 100 days of a
rollercoaster.
3 ½ more months of my life.
14 weeks and 2
days later I'm
exactly back where
I started.
100 doesn't seem like
a whole lot of numbers
anymore.

Mary Evans

Las Lomas High School, 11th grade



2ND PLACE: A Hundred Percent

Irony hits your mind
When you look up just to find
The sun a perfect circle
A half-eaten-pie moon beautiful
And then the stars would align
Crystals spread on a cloudy sky
Against it all
Imperfection's just fine

A hundred, a hundred
A hundred percent
Whoever tried, whoever said
A hundred, a hundred
A hundred percent
Love and beauty that's hard to get

Quiet city sound asleep
Fluttering lamps on lonely streets
A hundred years of flourishing
Imperfection haunts its dreams
We're the ones who spark and light
Spark and light this baby's night
And then she wakes to realize
Imperfection's just right

A hundred, a hundred
A hundred percent
Whoever tried, whoever said
A hundred, a hundred
A hundred percent
Love and beauty impossible to get

Hsin-Yeh Tsai

Northgate High School, 9th grade



2ND PLACE: Sadness

Sadness
Sadness is 100 flowers
shriveling up in the summer's sun
Sadness is 100 rocks
tumbling down from a mountain
Sadness is a quiet lake in the middle of the valley.

Nathan Balestrieri

Parkmead Elementary School, 3rd grade



3RD PLACE: 100 Grains of Sand

100 grains of sand in
my hand.
Leaking through my fingers
tiny as sadness.
Get another handful
of
100 grains of sand.
Telling me a joke
that will make me
let go
of that sadness.
I let go
and
laugh
and
sit down on more
than
100 grains of sand.

Clara Jensen

Parkmead Elementary School, 3rd grade



1ST PLACE: The Pursuit of Perfection

How much wind is music?
How much of a forest is a picture?
How much of a water spring is pure?
How much of rain is poetry?
How much behind our steps is dust?
How much of a story was lived?
How much of what we say is a lie?
How much have we built from nothing?
How much of the Universe can we attain?
How much of a touch is wonder?
How much faith have we lost in knowledge?
How much of the law is science?
How much perfection is behind our eyes?
How much should we forgive but not forget?
How much right or wrong has changed who we are?
How much is white, or black, or in between?
How much imperfection makes us perfect?
How much is absolutely, completely one hundred percent?

Ana Boeriu

Northgate High School, 10th grade



3RD PLACE: A Reflection On Our Past

A hundred years ago,
 Oh, how the times have gone,
 Remember it like it was yesterday?
 Let's take a journey through again.
 Remember the first airline flight,
 Or the first boat through the Panama Canal,
 Or the first successful blood transfusion?
 Such great successes were attained.
 Remember the premiere of Pygmalion,
 Or the MLB debut of Babe Ruth,
 Or the establishment of Mother's Day?
 What great events to reflect upon.
 Remember the first installment of the traffic light,
 Or the invention of the gas mask,
 Or the first model show of history?
 Representing innovative advancements for the future
 Remember when Henry Ford introduced the Model T,
 Or when the world went into its first gargantuan war with itself,
 Or the legendary "Christmas Truce" during the war?
 Such eccentric events having permanent effects on history.
 A year in history remembered forever,
 Such monumental events to reminisce upon
 With a hundred years of great memories and recollections,
 Now, we look forward for 100 years more.

Ryan Grauman

The Dorris-Eaton School, 8th grade



1ST PLACE: The Clearing

100 trees on the wind-swept plain;
 leaves of red and yellow like a mane.
 The wind is strong tossing to and fro,
 making the leaves come up from below.

But within the elms, by trickling creek,
 sits a clearing vast, but very meek.
 A place to go when I am alone,
 it comforts me like a long lost home.

100 trout jump in this here brook.
 Here comes a black and gray raccoon, look!
 100 breaths of green on the ground,
 poppies, grasses, ferns to be found.

A lark sings way high up in a tree,
 and then sounds a sweet chick-a-dee-dee.
 A small chickadee swings into view,
 which is followed by another few.

Finch, wren, bluebird fly into the tree,
 100 birds perched across from me.
 100 songs from the birds now begin,
 so very soft and sweet, it makes me grin.

And the wind is strong tossing to and fro,
 making the leaves come up from below.
 But within the elms, by trickling creek,
 sits a clearing vast but very meek.

Ethan Monk

The Dorris-Eaton School, 5th grade



2ND PLACE: My Life

Falling 100 times, I learned to walk.
Uttering 100 sounds, I learned to talk.
Pedaling 100 times, I learned to bike.
Forming 100 letters, I learned to write.

Taking 100 lessons, I learned to play the trumpet.
Missing 100 baskets, I learned to shoot.
Losing 100 matches, I learned to checkmate.
Debating 100 topics, I learned to argue.

Filling 100 college applications, I wait for an answer.
Receiving 100% on the SAT, I get into Duke.
Completing 100 courses later, I throw my hat up in glee.
Studying 100 hours, I pass the BAR exam.

Writing 100 love letters, I get the girls of my dreams.
Retiring after 100 cases, I settle down with my family.
Putting together 100 puzzle pieces with my son, he learns to be patient.
Cooking 100 recipes with my daughter, she learns about her culture.

100 years later, I say goodbye to the earth.
100 years later....

Ben Wornow

The Dorris-Eaton School, 4th grade



2ND PLACE: The Millennial Meaning of One Hundred

One hundred is a lonely number –
A single slender line and emptiness made fuller by those devastating zeroes,
The old story, walk two moons in another person's shoes – that kind of loneliness
A century should slip gently into the obscurity of telegrams and mismatched bicycle wheels
But they never do, they're ripped away quite suddenly into the black-and-white pages we call history
One hundred is the number we sloppily assigned to perfection
Not realizing how insincere we were, like giving it a hundred and ten percent
If I live to be a hundred, well,
I've told you a hundred times to
Forego the candles, we'll boil tea to celebrate with one hundred degrees, import the Celsius ones they use outside the country
Or take a hundred away and sip from the dark spaces between the floating ice cubes
Our glory days will be over then
Save, perhaps, for one more spectacular delusion,
A Napoleonic Hundred Days-
That'll be the last headline or radio show we make
Chance's limelight lottery concession
To the hundredth caller
We'll rest easy, our hundred-year war spent
For one hundred nameless years of solitude.

Aaron Ouyang

The Dorris-Eaton School, 7th grade



1ST PLACE: One in Hundreds

Rain starts as hundreds of crystals
 Hanging in the sky
 Brewing hundreds of thunder clouds
 Roaring up a storm
 They fall as hundreds of droplets
 Filling hundreds of puddles
 To splash and spill over the hundreds

Fields start as hundreds of dandelions
 Lost in the forest
 Turning into hundreds of balls of fluff
 Begging to be blown away
 They rise as hundreds of little seeds
 Spreading over hundreds of acres
 To sprout and bloom bigger than the hundreds.

People start as hundreds of babies
 Growing with the passing of days
 Playing as hundreds of children
 Unsure of the adult world
 They wander as hundreds of teenagers
 Worrying over hundreds of minds
 To try to find themselves in the hundreds.

Catherine Zadorozhna

Foothill Middle School, 8th grade



3RD PLACE: 100TH day of School

I will wear
 a jacket with 100 dots,
 socks with 100 spirals,
 a shirt with 100 stripes,
 and pants with 100 sparkles.

I will play
 Twister with 100 dots,
 Battleship with 100 markers,
 a panda puzzle with 100 pieces,
 and paint with 100 colors.

I will eat
 100 spaghetti noodles,
 100 little Skittles
 a cookie with 100 chocolate chips,
 and 100 strawberries, too.

I will read
 100 pages in a Harry Potter book,
 100 pages in a Geronimo Stilton book,
 100 pages in a Nancy Drew book, and
 100 pages in Anne of Green Gables.
 I will do all these activities
 On the 100th day of school.

Stephanie Lau

The Dorris-Eaton School, 4th grade



HONORABLE MENTION: 100 Ideas

Within each buzzing brain,
100 thoughts fly within.
Not everyone the same,
Each the size of a pin.

Yet each as colossal as a ocean.
Always in constant motion.
Each as important as the last,
But all with a different task.

Always alive from morning to dawn.
New ideas always to come.
In the middle of the brain where they all roam.
Where every idea is welcome.

Some very short or long.
It will stay past the end of your song.
Either smart or dumb,
Wrong or right,
It's still an idea, no matter what it'll become.

Brandon Tran

The Dorris-Eaton School, 5th grade



HONORABLE MENTION: 100 Miles Away

As I open the car door
and stick my head out,
I smell
the salty scent of the ocean.

Kicking my shoes off
and placing my feet on the ground,
I feel
the softness of the sand
between my toes.

Walking into the water
to collect seashells,
I hear
the waves crash against me.

Looking down
towards my feet,
I see
sea stars bracing themselves
to the ocean floor.

My mom tells me that we must go.
I don't want to leave though.
Why must home be
100 miles away?

Olivia Schindewolf

The Dorris-Eaton School, 4th grade

