2012 EARTH DAY POETRY COMPETITION

AT TRI-C METRO CAMPUS

April 19, 2012

FIRST PRIZE

Jeremy Walker, “I see a Sparrow”

SECOND PRIZE

Christina Bellios, “The Candle of My Memory”

THIRD PRIZE

Cinnamon K. Carswell, “You Too Can Go Green”

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Faculty Honorable Mention:

Padmore Agbemabiese, “Remembering Sendai”

Student Honorable Mentions:

Dave Stringer, “The Muddy Old Mahoning”

Portia A. Booker, “Nature’s Three Elements: Photosynthetic Process”

Congratulations to all the winners!

Michele F. Cooper
I See a Sparrow

By Jeremy Walker

I see a sparrow bustle below.
Soft feathers hunch tightly to skin,
Dwarfed by my shadow.
The narrow beak pries the ground,
The spec of hope is a cigarette.
The crusted gum beneath its talons
Is the feel of its stomach.
A fingernail beneath the chest a heart
Beats shallow. Its feathers grab the North
Wind, striving upward
To curl amongst its treasures,
To await another dawn.
The Candle of My Memory

By Christina Bellios

The day has come for me to go
Oh! Mother Nature where are you
I want to gaze into your beauty
Eternally the candle of my memory to glow
Of your majestic beauty around me as I flow

The cool mist on your bed of velvet green, I touch
The fragrance of your neon colored wild flowers
Into the core of my weary mind, I clutch
Eternally the candle of my memory to glow
Of your majestic beauty around me as I flow

Your trees with open arms, shelter is their offering
Your crisp, clear brooks, my tired old lips moistening
The sweet melodic tunes of your chirping birds,
Your graceful butterflies, glowing flowers of your sky
Oh, what ill fate bestowed upon me takes me away
I have to see, I have to see before I go
Eternally the candle of my memory to glow
Of your majestic beauty around me as I flow

Now I go, I go, I flow
Eternally, the candle of my memory to glow.
You Too Can Go Green

By Cinnamon K. Carswell

Since everything is changing
And all are going green
I thought I’d plant a garden
A quaint and simple thing
I went to gather objects
Just odds and ends of tools
Some old yet sturdy clothing
And books of gardening rules
I built a wooden planter
An ordinary box
To start a compost pile
And lined the bed with rocks
I halved up some old bottles
To gather up the rain
And got arthritis cream
To help with aches and pains
I made a little greenhouse
From shelves I couldn’t use
To house my little seedlings
In rows of threes and twos
I harnessed warmth and sunshine
With little mirrored tiles
All glued to broken concrete
I’d stacked up into piles
For months I pruned and weeded
I watered all the rows
So with great care and effort
I got to see it grow
One day the neighbors asked me
If they could see the crop
My plants had grown so tall
You couldn’t see the top
The neighbors love the garden
And they all help me now
I wanted us to share it
So I just showed them how
Now whether you choose gardens
Or just a park to clean
There’s always helpful ways
That you too can go green!
Remembering Sendai
By Padmore Agbemabiese

last night the wild waves came
crashing in breaking through the massive gates
running in and out of cooking places
collecting the firewood from the hearths
turning sleeping places into swimming pools
and where once stood Dad’s radiogram
is now the assembly of murmuring angry waves

we watched the vast unmeasured waves come
through the streets eating every grain of sand with gladness
we saw their anger dispensed beyond the undreamed heights
we heard the weeping the sobbing the deep low moans
we felt the passions of the human soul beyond the depths of thought
and we wondered mournfully why God deserted his people

Amina lost her trinkets of gold and grew sick at heart
it was the only memory of her Grandma
Angelina stood outside her compound
shivering from the cold with her hands on her breast
where can she find her children in the waves’ hidden depths
we saw what no eye had ever seen nor like any felt in the soul
by night where once we called home
and tendered goats of Grandpa we lost to the waves
long we wondered when the deep shall pour her treasures out
but where is the comfort when our lips are dry from sorrow
from anguish from surprises from the briny surf

the waves came in last night and took away our voice
yet when we looked at the sky so blue
the sun shining so bright we wondered mournfully
why the long blades of grass beneath our feet
sway in the bumpy breeze dancing in rhythms
with so much ease while we shiver in the cold
weeping and sobbing in deep and low moans
dancing to the whistling winds and the music of angry waves
The Muddy Old Mahoning
By Dave Stringer

It was the river of my youth.
No sparkling mountain stream or
babbling brook,
a broad placid presence
as brown as the rusted factories
it slogged past on its way to nowhere.
It had its lore,
warmest river in North America
because of the pollution.
I don’t recall ever seeing it frozen over.
A criminal fleeing police
chose it to make his getaway
but got stuck knee deep in mud
while cops laughed and threw him a rope.
I sat by it only once
crossing railroad tracks to a no man’s land
of scrub and brush.
A few minutes told me
this was no place to be.
Brown and fragile describe my leaves in my current state,
What kind of state am I in?
Why are my leaves not green?
These are questions to consider when you look at me in this pot,
You planted me here in this handcuff of a pot,
I want water, yes feed me water
Cleansing, refreshing and fulling water.
My leaves are crying crackling, and corroding back to dust.
Oxygen, (smells the air) so organic and original, circulate through my body,
Relieving me of my suffocation.
Light from the natural sun, (holds arms out and closes eyes) your warm rays
Energize my soul
Making me feel energized, ecstatic and elevated,
I will have the ability to perform my task,
Only if you let me,
Within this pot I am stuck inside the darkness that brings winter to my heart,
I will not last long unless I get these three things,
Let me get them to live…