



High School Poetry Contest, Spring 2008

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Eleanor Shorey, First Place

Senior, Hathaway Brown School (Teacher: John Verbos)

Warrensville

our car is panting from the freeway—
exhaust fumes, peeling
cracked paint like winter skin.

beyond these weary travelers
a building draws back into a plain of pavement
claws retracting, glitters in this early light—
abandoned white brick buried beneath the shame eating potholes.

she is steering the vehicle, letting her lips fade
gray—for once—saying
you know those pyramids in Egypt?
my ancestors come from ruddiness, potato riots
fifteen thousand hanged for thickness of voice—
we're too exhausted to give up this town
& gnaw on second-hand bones.

she's talking about how those pyramids
were covered in marble, how they were diamonds
when the sun would hit them right.

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Erika Klemperer, Second Place

Sophomore, Berea High School (Teacher: Rebecca Papakonstantinou)

Recruiting for War

I walked
into the lunchroom,
into the audience
of my high school
A table with a red cloth.
A man with a uniform
A magician
With his illusions.
Illusions so strong, he's fooled himself.
Unloads his bags of tricks
Shows glorious wonders.
Things impossible without pain.
Sawing in half.
Hiding trap doors with dead bodies.
Convincing others to join the war.
Of glorious illusions
And grim death.

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Abbey White, Third Place

Junior, Cleveland School of the Arts (Teacher: Jonathan G. Fairman)

I Know a Girl

I know a girl who likes to write pretentious things like
'long live denim' on misty windows with cherry lipstick.
Like a horror movie with less screaming
but even more Hollywood fakes.

She's the sort of person who has a handbag
full of boys she's met twice; full of everything
that makes her lose sleep at night.

She's the sort of girl who looks at you briefly,
before searching the room for a better customer
and less complications.

I know a girl who likes to feign romance for the sake of image,
so, if only in her mind, she can humanize the monster that hides
beneath hooped polo shirts and white i-pod headphones.

She's the sort of person you'd meet in cafe rouge,
drinking alcopops and posing in a leather armchair
only satisfied when everyone is falling at her feet.

She's the sort of girl I used to ridicule;
laugh at the sheep that dogged her footsteps.
She's the sort of girl I used to hate, but now
she lives at the forefront of my mind.

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