



## **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.

## **Nature's Three Elements: Photosynthetic Process**

By Portia A. Booker

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...