

1st Prize

**Every red rose
is tethered
to a five-pointed star**

*Mr. Martin Skoble
Saint Ann's School, Brooklyn, NY*

I hope that no one can explain this poem to me; tell me that this represents the flag of such and such, or an album cover for this or that cd. But, even if they could reduce the image to a riddle with an answer, it would not diminish the pleasure I take in the beauty of the language. When making selections for this contest, I must have repeated this one, aloud a dozen times.

2nd Prize

**black ice
crows overtake us
on the bend**

*Ms. Anne E. Burgevin
Homeschool Creative Writing Teacher, Pennsylvania Furnace, PA*

I sometimes get the feeling that crows would be laughing at us if it wasn't so out of character for them. Certainly, they seem to hold us in contempt. They may seem to wonder, as they wheel past us on a frigid wind, what's wrong with us that a little ice can so utterly defeat us.

3rd Prize

**under thick ice
safe
a flash of red, a flicker of gold**

*Mr. Martin Skoble
Saint Ann's School, Brooklyn, NY*

The word "safe" is the key to this poem. Without it, I would have imagined autumn leaves still retaining their bright colors while encased in pond ice. But the element of danger makes me think of something living – in this case, carp. Their beautiful colors unfortunately make them easy prey to any raptors. But for the time being, they are protected by this armor of ice.