



# Poem Copies

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## Semifinal Three

# Round One

## 1. Gabby Johnson (North Dakota)

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### ODE TO THE MIDWEST

BY KEVIN YOUNG

*The country I come from*

*Is called the Midwest*

*—Bob Dylan*

I want to be doused

in cheese

& fried. I want

to wander

the aisles, my heart's

supermarket stocked high

as cholesterol. I want to die

wearing a sweatsuit—

I want to live  
forever in a Christmas sweater,

a teddy bear nursing  
off the front. I want to write

a check in the express lane.

I want to scrape

my driveway clean

myself, early, before

anyone's awake—

that'll put em to shame—

I want to see what the sun

sees before it tells

the snow to go. I want to be

the only black person I know.

I want to throw  
out my back & not

complain about it.

I wanta drive

two blocks. Why walk—

I want love, n stuff—

I want to cut  
my sutures myself.

I want to jog  
down to the river

& make it my bed—

I want to walk  
its muddy banks

& make me a withdrawal.

I tried jumping in,  
found it frozen—

I'll go home, I guess,  
to my rooms where the moon

changes & shines  
like television.

## 2. Rutendo Musharu (New Mexico)

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### HOW TO TRIUMPH LIKE A GIRL

BY ADA LIMÓN

I like the lady horses best,  
how they make it all look easy,  
like running 40 miles per hour  
is as fun as taking a nap, or grass.  
I like their lady horse swagger,  
after winning. Ears up, girls, ears up!  
But mainly, let's be honest, I like  
that they're ladies. As if this big  
dangerous animal is also a part of me,  
that somewhere inside the delicate  
skin of my body, there pumps  
an 8-pound female horse heart,  
giant with power, heavy with blood.  
Don't you want to believe it?  
Don't you want to lift my shirt and see  
the huge beating genius machine

that thinks, no, it knows,  
it's going to come in first.



### 3. Hana Kebede (Colorado)

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#### WHAT THE ORACLE SAID

BY SHARA MCCALLUM

You will leave your home:

nothing will hold you.

You will wear dresses of gold; skins  
of silver, copper, and bronze.

The sky above you will shift in meaning  
each time you think you understand.

You will spend a lifetime chipping away layers  
of flesh. The shadow of your scales  
will always remain. You will be marked  
by sulphur and salt.

You will bathe endlessly in clear streams and fail  
to rid yourself of that scent.

Your feet will never be your own.

Stone will be your path.

Storms will follow in your wake,  
destroying all those who take you in.

You will desert your children

kill your lovers and devour their flesh.

You will love no one

but the wind and ache of your bones.

Neither will love you in return.

With age, your hair will grow matted and dull,

your skin will gape and hang in long folds,

your eyes will cease to shine.

But nothing will be enough.

The sea will never take you back.

#### 4. Biruni Hariadi (Arizona)

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##### MR. DARCY

BY VICTORIA CHANG

In the end she just wanted the house

and a horse not much more what

if he didn't own the house or worse

not even a horse how do we

separate the things from a man the man from

the things is a man still the same

without his reins here it rains every fifteen

minutes it would be foolish to

marry a man without an umbrella did

Cinderella really love the prince or

just the prints on the curtains in the

ballroom once I went window-

shopping but I didn't want a window when

do you know it's time to get a new

man one who can win more things at the  
fair I already have four stuffed  
pandas from the fair I won fair and square  
is it time to be less square to wear  
something more revealing in *North and*  
*South* she does the dealing gives him  
the money in the end but she falls in love  
with him when he has the money when  
he is still running away if the water is  
running in the other room is it wrong  
for me to not want to chase it because it owns  
nothing else when I wave to a man I  
love what happens when another man with  
a lot more bags waves back

## 5. Hazel Ipuniese Leo (American Samoa)

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### WHERE DID THE HANDSOME BELOVED GO?

BY JALAL AL-DIN RUMI

*Translated by Brad Gooch*

Where did the handsome beloved go?

I wonder, where did that tall, shapely cypress tree go?

He spread his light among us like a candle.

Where did he go? So strange, where did he go without me?

All day long my heart trembles like a leaf.

All alone at midnight, where did that beloved go?

Go to the road, and ask any passing traveler —

That soul-stirring companion, where did he go?

Go to the garden, and ask the gardener —

That tall, shapely rose stem, where did he go?

Go to the rooftop, and ask the watchman —

That unique sultan, where did he go?

Like a madman, I search in the meadows!

That deer in the meadows, where did he go?

My tearful eyes overflow like a river —

That pearl in the vast sea, where did he go?

All night long, I implore both moon and Venus —

That lovely face, like a moon, where did he go?

If he is mine, why is he with others?

Since he's not here, to what "there" did he go?

If his heart and soul are joined with God,

And he left this realm of earth and water, where did he go?

Tell me clearly, Shams of Tabriz,

Of whom it is said, "The sun never dies" — where did he go?

## 6. Alex Yue (California)

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### **FILLING STATION**

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

Oh, but it is dirty!

—this little filling station,  
oil-soaked, oil-permeated  
to a disturbing, over-all  
black translucency.

Be careful with that match!

Father wears a dirty,  
oil-soaked monkey suit  
that cuts him under the arms,  
and several quick and saucy  
and greasy sons assist him  
(it's a family filling station),  
all quite thoroughly dirty.

Do they live in the station?

It has a cement porch

behind the pumps, and on it  
a set of crushed and grease-  
impregnated wickerwork;  
on the wicker sofa  
a dirty dog, quite comfy.

Some comic books provide  
the only note of color—  
of certain color. They lie  
upon a big dim doily  
draping a taboret  
(part of the set), beside  
a big hirsute begonia.

Why the extraneous plant?  
Why the taboret?  
Why, oh why, the doily?  
(Embroidered in daisy stitch  
with marguerites, I think,  
and heavy with gray crochet.)



Somebody embroidered the doily.

Somebody waters the plant,

or oils it, maybe. Somebody

arranges the rows of cans

so that they softly say:

ESSO—SO—SO—SO

to high-strung automobiles.

Somebody loves us all.

## 7. Liam Peterson (Idaho)

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### **I AM TRYING TO BREAK YOUR HEART**

BY KEVIN YOUNG

I am hoping

to hang your head

on my wall

in shame—

the slightest taxidermy

thrills me. Fish

forever leaping

on the living-room wall—

paperweights made

from skulls

of small animals.

I want to wear

your smile on my sleeve

& break

your heart like a horse

or its leg. Weeks of being

bucked off, then

all at once, you're mine—

Put me down.

I want to call you *thine*

to tattoo *mercy*

along my knuckles. *I assassin*

*down the avenue*

I hope

to have you forgotten  
by noon. To know you

by your knees  
palsied by prayer.

Loneliness is a science—

consider the taxidermist's  
tender hands

trying to keep from losing  
skin, the bobcat grin

of the living.

## 8. Ashlee Sandoval (Nevada)

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### POEM TOWARD PEOPLE

BY ARIEL YELEN

I've always been obsessed with people—  
whether or not I know them. Obsessed  
by our knowledge of each other, the quality  
  
of connection, our friendship or non-friendship,  
its relation to other connections. Obsessed  
by the way a new connection can change pre-existing  
  
ones, reorder them, renew them, fine-tune  
or disappear them. By the light pressure  
of an other's existence, which in turn grows  
  
me. Obsessed by memory and lack of memory  
for the way things were—I don't think I'd recognize  
you if I saw you on the street, though in the past

so obsessed I thought almost everyone  
was you. Obsessed with leaving people  
so I can obsess about them again.

By thinking with and through people, dead  
and alive, without whom I'd be a different person,  
think different thoughts. Even obsessed

with the version of me I don't know, walking around  
having met different people, thinking different  
thoughts, moving in a different direction, away

from people and toward the self,  
or the desert, or the sea, or the god, or the page, or the mountain,  
or the canyon, or the forest, or the dark.

## 9. Stella Wright (Minnesota)

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### **THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS**

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of  
human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to  
New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the  
sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

## 10. Aeva West Deltoro-Dye (Utah)

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### SUMMER

BY CHEN CHEN

You are the ice cream sandwich connoisseur of your generation.

Blessed are your floral shorteralls, your deeply pink fanny pack with  
travel-size lint roller just in case.

Level of splendiferous in your outfit: 200.

Types of invisible pain stemming from adolescent disasters in  
classrooms, locker rooms, & quite often Toyota Camrys: at least  
10,000.

You are not a jigglypuff, not yet a wigglytuff.

Reporters & fathers call your generation "the worst."

Which really means "queer kids who could go online & learn that queer  
doesn't have to mean disaster."

Or dead.

Instead, queer means, splendiferously, you.

& you means someone who knows that common flavors for ice cream  
sandwiches in Singapore include red bean, yam, & honeydew.

Your powers are great, are growing.

One day you will create an online personality quiz that also freshens



the breath.

The next day you will tell your father, *You were wrong to say that I  
had to change.*

*To make me promise I would. To make me promise.*

*& promise.*

## 11. Wica-ta-wi Hoksina Brown (Montana)

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**ABECEDARIAN REQUIRING FURTHER EXAMINATION OF  
ANGLIKAN SERAPHYM SUBJUGATION OF A WILD INDIAN  
REZERVATION**

BY NATALIE DIAZ

Angels don't come to the reservation.

Bats, maybe, or owls, boxy mottled things.

Coyotes, too. They all mean the same thing—

death. And death

eats angels, I guess, because I haven't seen an angel

fly through this valley ever.

Gabriel? Never heard of him. Know a guy named Gabe though—

he came through here one powwow and stayed, typical

Indian. Sure he had wings,

jailbird that he was. He flies around in stolen cars. Wherever he stops,

kids grow like gourds from women's bellies.

Like I said, no Indian I've ever heard of has ever been or seen an

angel.

Maybe in a Christmas pageant or something—

Nazarene church holds one every December,

organized by Pastor John's wife. It's no wonder  
Pastor John's son is the angel—everyone knows angels are white.  
Quit bothering with angels, I say. They're no good for Indians.  
Remember what happened last time  
some white god came floating across the ocean?  
Truth is, there may be angels, but if there are angels  
up there, living on clouds or sitting on thrones across the sea wearing  
velvet robes and golden rings, drinking whiskey from silver cups,  
we're better off if they stay rich and fat and ugly and  
'xactly where they are—in their own distant heavens.  
You better hope you never see angels on the rez. If you do, they'll be  
marching you off to  
Zion or Oklahoma, or some other hell they've mapped out for us.

## 12. Matthew Valentine (Washington)

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### THE MORTICIAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY RANDALL MANN

This may sound queer,  
but in 1985 I held the delicate hands  
of Dan White:

I prepared him for burial; by then, Harvey Milk  
was made monument—no, myth—by the years  
since he was shot.

I remember when Harvey was shot:  
twenty, and I knew I was queer.

Those were the years,  
Levi's and leather jackets holding hands  
on Castro Street, cheering for Harvey Milk—  
elected on the same day as Dan White.

I often wonder about Supervisor White,  
who fatally shot  
Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Milk,

who was one of us, a Castro queer.

May 21, 1979: a jury hands  
down the sentence, seven years—

in truth, five years—

for ex-cop, ex-fireman Dan White,  
for the blood on his hands;  
when he confessed that he had shot  
the mayor and the queer,  
a few men in blue cheered. And Harvey Milk?

Why cry over spilled milk,  
some wondered, semi-privately, for years—  
it meant “one less queer.”

The jurors turned to White.

If just the mayor had been shot,  
Dan might have had trouble on his hands—

but the twelve who held his life in their hands  
maybe didn't mind the death of Harvey Milk;  
maybe, the second murder offered him a shot

at serving only a few years.

In the end, he committed suicide, this Dan White.

And he was made presentable by a queer.

### 13. Mariam Botana de Armas (Texas)

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#### **EL OLVIDO**

BY JUDITH ORTIZ COFER

It is a dangerous thing  
to forget the climate of your birthplace,  
to choke out the voices of dead relatives  
when in dreams they call you  
by your secret name.

It is dangerous  
to spurn the clothes you were born to wear  
for the sake of fashion; dangerous  
to use weapons and sharp instruments  
you are not familiar with; dangerous  
to disdain the plaster saints  
before which your mother kneels  
praying with embarrassing fervor  
that you survive in the place you have chosen to live:  
a bare, cold room with no pictures on the walls,  
a forgetting place where she fears you will die  
of loneliness and exposure.

*Jesús, María, y José, she says,  
el olvido is a dangerous thing.*



## 14. Brigitta Palepa Ta'aga (Alaska)

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### **TIME DOES NOT BRING RELIEF; YOU ALL HAVE LIED**

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied  
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!  
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;  
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;  
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,  
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;  
But last year's bitter loving must remain  
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.  
There are a hundred places where I fear  
To go,—so with his memory they brim.  
And entering with relief some quiet place  
Where never fell his foot or shone his face  
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"  
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

## 15. Grace C. Powell (South Dakota)

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### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,  
    When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
    That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
    The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
    And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
    Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
    And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
    Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am

Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

**16. Elora L. Umbach (Wyoming)**

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marching you off to  
Zion or Oklahoma, or some other hell they've mapped out for us.

## 17. Kari Morgan (Oregon)

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### **SELF-PORTRAIT**

BY CHASE TWICHELL

I know I promised to stop  
talking about her,  
but I was talking to myself.  
The truth is, she's a child  
who stopped growing,  
so I've always allowed her  
to tag along, and when she brings  
her melancholy close to me  
I comfort her. Naturally  
you're curious; you want to know  
how she became a gnarled branch  
veiled in diminutive blooms.  
But I've told you all I know.  
I was sure she had secrets,

but she had no secrets.

I had to tell her mine.



## 18. Irene Jiayi Zhong (Hawaii)

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### **TOMORROW**

BY DENNIS O'DRISCOLL

#### I

Tomorrow I will start to be happy.

The morning will light up like a celebratory cigar.

Sunbeams sprawling on the lawn will set

dew sparkling like a cut-glass tumbler of champagne.

Today will end the worst phase of my life.

I will put my shapeless days behind me,

fencing off the past, as a golden rind

of sand parts slipshod sea from solid land.

It is tomorrow I want to look back on, not today.

Tomorrow I start to be happy; today is almost yesterday.

#### II

Australia, how wise you are to get the day  
over and done with first, out of the way.  
You have eaten the fruit of knowledge, while  
we are dithering about which main course to choose.  
How liberated you must feel, how free from doubt:

the rise and fall of stocks, today's closing prices  
are revealed to you before our bidding has begun.  
Australia, you can gather in your accident statistics  
like a harvest while our roads still have hours to kill.  
When we are in the dark, you have sagely seen the light.

III

Cagily, presumptuously, I dare to write 2018.  
A date without character or tone. 2018.  
A year without interest rates or mean daily temperature.  
Its hit songs have yet to be written, its new-year  
babies yet to be induced, its truces to be signed.  
  
Much too far off for prophecy, though one hazards  
a tentative guess—a so-so year most likely,

vague in retrospect, fizzling out with the usual  
end-of-season sales; everything slashed:  
your last chance to salvage something of its style.

# Round Two

## 1. Gabby Johnson (North Dakota)

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### **BLACK MATTERS**

BY KEITH S. WILSON

*after D.H. Lawrence*

shall i tell you, then, that we exist?  
there came a light, blue and white careening.  
the police like wailing angels  
to bitter me.

and so this:  
dark matter is hypothetical. know  
that it cannot be seen

in the gunpowder of a flower,  
in a worm that raisins on the concrete,  
in a man that wills himself not to speak.

gags, oh gags.  
for a shadow cannot breathe.

it deprives them of nothing. pride

is born in the black and then dies in it.

i hear our shadow, low treble

of the clasping of our hands.

dark matter is invisible.

we infer it: how light bends around a black body,

and still you do not see black halos, even here,

my having told you plainly where they are.

## 2. Rutendo Musharu (New Mexico)

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### **THIS IS NOT A SMALL VOICE**

BY SONIA SANCHEZ

This is not a small voice  
you hear this is a large  
voice coming out of these cities.

This is the voice of LaTanya.

Kadesha. Shaniqua. This

is the voice of Antoine.

Darryl. Shaquille.

Running over waters  
navigating the hallways  
of our schools spilling out  
on the corners of our cities and  
no epitaphs spill out of their river  
mouths.

This is not a small love  
you hear this is a large  
love, a passion for kissing learning

on its face.

This is a love that crowns the feet

with hands

that nourishes, conceives, feels the

water sails

mends the children,

folds them inside our history

where they

toast more than the flesh

where they suck the bones of the

alphabet

and spit out closed vowels.

This is a love colored with iron

and lace.

This is a love initialed Black

Genius.

This is not a small voice

you hear.



### 3. Hana Kebede (Colorado)

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#### **SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE**

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER

Let me make the songs for the people,  
Songs for the old and young;  
Songs to stir like a battle-cry  
Wherever they are sung.

Not for the clashing of sabres,  
For carnage nor for strife;  
But songs to thrill the hearts of men  
With more abundant life.

Let me make the songs for the weary,  
Amid life's fever and fret,  
Till hearts shall relax their tension,  
And careworn brows forget.

Let me sing for little children,  
Before their footsteps stray,

Sweet anthems of love and duty,  
To float o'er life's highway.

I would sing for the poor and aged,  
When shadows dim their sight;  
Of the bright and restful mansions,  
Where there shall be no night.

Our world, so worn and weary,  
Needs music, pure and strong,  
To hush the jangle and discords  
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.

Music to soothe all its sorrow,  
Till war and crime shall cease;  
And the hearts of men grown tender  
Girdle the world with peace.

## 4. Biruni Hariadi (Arizona)

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### **MIMESIS**

BY FADY JOUDAH

My daughter

wouldn't hurt a spider

That had nested

Between her bicycle handles

For two weeks

She waited

Until it left of its own accord

If you tear down the web I said

It will simply know

This isn't a place to call home

And you'd get to go biking

She said that's how others

Become refugees isn't it?

## 5. Hazel Ipuniuese Leo (American Samoa)

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### **BLADE, UNPLUGGED**

BY TIM SEIBLES

It's true: I almost never  
smile, but that doesn't mean

I'm not *in love*: my heart  
is that black violin  
played slowly. You know that

moment late in the solo  
when the voice  
is so pure you feel  
the blood in it: the wound

between rage  
and complete surrender. That's  
where I'm smiling. You just  
can't see it—the sound

bleeding perfectly  
inside me. The first time  
I killed a vampire I was

sad: I mean  
we were almost  
family.

But that's  
so many lives  
ago. I believe

in the cry that cuts  
into the melody, the strings  
calling back the forgotten world.

When I think of the madness  
that has made me and the midnight  
I walk inside—all day long:

when I think of that  
one note that breaks

**Semifinal Three  
Round Two**

what's left of what's

human in me, man,

I love everything

## 6. Alex Yue (California)

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### THE CONQUEROR WORM

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

Lo! 't is a gala night

    Within the lonesome latter years!

An angel throng, bewinged, bedight

    In veils, and drowned in tears,

Sit in a theatre, to see

    A play of hopes and fears,

While the orchestra breathes fitfully

    The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,

    Mutter and mumble low,

And hither and thither fly—

    Mere puppets they, who come and go

At bidding of vast formless things

    That shift the scenery to and fro,

Flapping from out their Condor wings

    Invisible Wo!

That motley drama—oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And, over each quivering form,



The curtain, a funeral pall,  
    Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
    Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
    And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

## 7. Liam Peterson (Idaho)

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### A THANK-YOU NOTE

BY MICHAEL RYAN

*For John Skoyles*

My daughter made drawings with the pens you sent,  
line drawings that suggest the things they represent,  
different from any drawings she — at ten — had done,  
closer to real art, implying what the mind fills in.

For her mother she made a flower fragile on its stem;  
for me, a lion, calm, contained, but not a handsome one.  
She drew a lion for me once before, on a get-well card,  
and wrote I must be brave even when it's hard.

Such love is healing — as you know, my friend,  
especially when it comes unbidden from our children  
despite the flaws they see so vividly in us.

Who can love you as your child does?

Your son so ill, the brutal chemo, his looming loss  
owning you now — yet you would be this generous

to think of my child. With the pens you sent  
she has made I hope a healing instrument.

## 8. Ashlee Sandoval (Nevada)

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### **SUPERSTITION**

BY ASHLEY AUGUST

In Central America

To whistle in your home meant you were making room for bad luck

Like a man who didn't wipe his feet clean at the door

It meant you were the inviting host of an evil spirit

It meant you were asking for your home to be set on fire from the  
foundation

In America, people whistle while they work

Whistle while happy

Whistle to call an animal on four legs closer

Recently I learned how to do this singing with

Just my lips, tongue, and breath

Old habits die hard

So I only do it outside the house

I have a fear of meeting the person who will ruin me while whistling

While happy or attempting to start a fire

**Semifinal Three  
Round Two**

Which means they will be my very own evil spirit on four legs

The ghost my mother warned me about hissing past the doorframe

The unseen fire starter

The house will smell like propane and lighter fluid

While on the train, folks will look around like they just saw a ghost

and ask what smells like it is burning

and I know they will mean me

Which translates to me being the one with the dead dog

Which means they will know I am the one who did not listen to her

mother

Who plays with ghosts and doesn't expect

a fire

or man

to burn my house

down

## 9. Stella Wright (Minnesota)

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### **I AM!**

BY JOHN CLARE

I am—yet what I am none cares or knows;  
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:  
I am the self-consumer of my woes—  
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,  
Like shadows in love's frenzied stifled throes  
And yet I am, and live—like vapours tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,  
Into the living sea of waking dreams,  
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,  
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;  
Even the dearest that I loved the best  
Are strange—nay, rather, stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man hath never trod  
A place where woman never smiled or wept  
There to abide with my Creator, God,

**Semifinal Three  
Round Two**

And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,  
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie  
The grass below—above the vaulted sky.

## 10. Aeva West Deltoro-Dye (Utah)

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### THE ONLY MEXICAN

BY DAVID TOMAS MARTINEZ

The only Mexican that ever was Mexican, fought in the revolution  
and drank nightly, and like all machos, crawled into work crudo,

letting his breath twirl, then clap and sing before sandpaper  
juiced the metal. The only Mexican to never sit in a Catholic pew

was born on Halloween, and ate his lunch wrapped in foil against  
the fence with the other Mexicans. They fixed old Fords where my

grandfather worked for years, him and the welder Juan wagered  
each year on who would return first to the Yucatan. Neither did.

When my aunts leave, my dad paces the living room and then rests,  
like a jaguar who once drank rain off the leaves of Cecropia trees,

but now caged, bends his paw on a speaker to watch crowds pass.

He asks me to watch grandpa, which means, for the day; in town



for two weeks, I have tried my best to avoid this. Many times he will

swear,

and many times grandpa will ask to get in and out of bed, want a

sweater,

he will ask the time, he will use the toilet, frequently ask for beer,

about dinner, when the Padres play, por que no novelas, about bed.

He will ask about his house, grandma, to sit outside, he will question

while answering, he will smirk, he will invent languages while tucked in

bed.

He will bump the table, tap the couch, he will lose his slipper, wedging

it in

the wheel of his chair, like a small child trapped in a well, everyone will

care.

He will cry without tears—a broken carburetor of sobs. When I speak

Spanish, he shakes his head, and reminds me, he is the only Mexican.

## 11. Wica-ta-wi Hoksina Brown (Montana)

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### **WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE**

BY HARRYETTE MULLEN

We are not responsible for your lost or stolen relatives.

We cannot guarantee your safety if you disobey our instructions.

We do not endorse the causes or claims of people begging for  
handouts.

We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone.

Your ticket does not guarantee that we will honor your reservations.

In order to facilitate our procedures, please limit your carrying on.

Before taking off, please extinguish all smoldering resentments.

If you cannot understand English, you will be moved out of the way.

In the event of a loss, you'd better look out for yourself.

Your insurance was cancelled because we can no longer handle  
your frightful claims. Our handlers lost your luggage and we  
are unable to find the key to your legal case.

You were detained for interrogation because you fit the profile.

You are not presumed to be innocent if the police  
have reason to suspect you are carrying a concealed wallet.

It's not our fault you were born wearing a gang color.

It is not our obligation to inform you of your rights.

Step aside, please, while our officer inspects your bad attitude.

You have no rights we are bound to respect.

Please remain calm, or we can't be held responsible  
for what happens to you.

## 12. Matthew Valentine (Washington)

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### NUMBERS

BY MARY CORNISH

I like the generosity of numbers.

The way, for example,

they are willing to count

anything or anyone:

two pickles, one door to the room,

eight dancers dressed as swans.

I like the domesticity of addition—

*add two cups of milk and stir—*

the sense of plenty: six plums

on the ground, three more

falling from the tree.

And multiplication's school

of fish times fish,

whose silver bodies breed

beneath the shadow  
of a boat.

Even subtraction is never loss,  
just addition somewhere else:  
five sparrows take away two,  
the two in someone else's  
garden now.

There's an amplitude to long division,  
as it opens Chinese take-out  
box by paper box,  
inside every folded cookie  
a new fortune.

And I never fail to be surprised  
by the gift of an odd remainder,  
footloose at the end:  
forty-seven divided by eleven equals four,  
with three remaining.

**Semifinal Three  
Round Two**

Three boys beyond their mother's call,  
two Italians off to the sea,  
one sock that isn't anywhere you look.

### 13. Mariam Botana de Armas (Texas)

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#### **AND IF I DID, WHAT THEN**

BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE

"And if I did, what then?  
Are you aggriev'd therefore?  
The sea hath fish for every man,  
And what would you have more?"

Thus did my mistress once,  
Amaze my mind with doubt;  
And popp'd a question for the nonce  
To beat my brains about.

Whereto I thus replied:  
"Each fisherman can wish  
That all the seas at every tide  
Were his alone to fish.

"And so did I (in vain)  
But since it may not be,

Let such fish there as find the gain,  
And leave the loss for me.

“And with such luck and loss  
I will content myself,  
Till tides of turning time may toss  
Such fishers on the shelf.

“And when they stick on sands,  
That every man may see,  
Then will I laugh and clap my hands,  
As they do now at me.”



## 14. Brigitta Palepa Ta'aga (Alaska)

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### CANDLES

BY CARL DENNIS

If on your grandmother's birthday you burn a candle  
To honor her memory, you might think of burning an extra  
To honor the memory of someone who never met her,  
A man who may have come to the town she lived in  
Looking for work and never found it.  
Picture him taking a stroll one morning,  
After a month of grief with the want ads,  
To refresh himself in the park before moving on.  
Suppose he notices on the gravel path the shards  
Of a green glass bottle that your grandmother,  
Then still a girl, will be destined to step on  
When she wanders barefoot away from her school picnic  
If he doesn't stoop down and scoop the mess up  
With the want-ad section and carry it to a trash can.  
  
For you to burn a candle for him  
You needn't suppose the cut would be a deep one,

Just deep enough to keep her at home  
The night of the hay ride when she meets Helen,  
Who is soon to become her dearest friend,  
Whose brother George, thirty years later,  
Helps your grandfather with a loan so his shoe store  
Doesn't go under in the Great Depression  
And his son, your father, is able to stay in school  
Where his love of learning is fanned into flames,  
A love he labors, later, to kindle in you.

How grateful you are for your father's efforts  
Is shown by the candles you've burned for him.  
But today, for a change, why not a candle  
For the man whose name is unknown to you?  
Take a moment to wonder whether he died at home  
With friends and family or alone on the road,  
On the look-out for no one to sit at his bedside  
And hold his hand, the very hand  
It's time for you to imagine holding.

## 15. Grace C. Powell (South Dakota)

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### WHEN I AM ASKED

BY LISEL MUELLER

When I am asked  
how I began writing poems,  
I talk about the indifference of nature.

It was soon after my mother died,  
a brilliant June day,  
everything blooming.

I sat on a gray stone bench  
in a lovingly planted garden,  
but the day lilies were as deaf  
as the ears of drunken sleepers  
and the roses curved inward.  
Nothing was black or broken  
and not a leaf fell  
and the sun blared endless commercials  
for summer holidays.

I sat on a gray stone bench  
ringed with the ingenue faces  
of pink and white impatiens  
and placed my grief  
in the mouth of language,  
the only thing that would grieve with me.

**16. Elora L. Umbach (Wyoming)**

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**CAGED BIRD**

BY MAYA ANGELOU

A free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wing  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings

with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still

and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

**17. Kari Morgan (Oregon)**

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**WAYS OF TALKING**

BY HA JIN

We used to like talking about grief  
Our journals and letters were packed  
with losses, complaints, and sorrows.  
Even if there was no grief  
we wouldn't stop lamenting  
as though longing for the charm  
of a distressed face.

Then we couldn't help expressing grief  
So many things descended without warning:  
labor wasted, loves lost, houses gone,  
marriages broken, friends estranged,  
ambitions worn away by immediate needs.  
Words lined up in our throats  
for a good whining.



Grief seemed like an endless river—  
the only immortal flow of life.

After losing a land and then giving up a tongue,  
we stopped talking of grief

Smiles began to brighten our faces.

We laugh a lot, at our own mess.

Things become beautiful,  
even hailstones in the strawberry fields.

## 18. Irene Jiayi Zhong (Hawaii)

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### THE COMING WOMAN

BY MARY WESTON FORDHAM

Just look, 'tis quarter past six, love—

And not even the fires are caught;

Well, you know I must be at the office—

But, as usual, the breakfast 'll be late.

Now hurry and wake up the children;

And dress them as fast as you can;

'Poor dearies,' I know they'll be tardy,

Dear me, 'what a slow, poky man!'

Have the tenderloin broiled nice and juicy—

Have the toast browned and buttered all right;

And be sure you settle the coffee:

Be sure that the silver is bright.

When ready, just run up and call me—  
At eight, to the office I go,  
Lest poverty, grim, should o’ertake us—  
‘Tis bread and butter,’ you know.

The bottom from stocks may fall out,  
My bonds may get below par;  
Then surely, I seldom could spare you  
A nickel, to buy a cigar.

All ready? Now, while I am eating,  
Just bring up my wheel to the door;  
Then wash up the dishes; and, mind now,  
Have dinner promptly at four;

For tonight is our Woman’s Convention,  
And I am to speak first, you know—  
The men veto us in private,  
But in public they shout, ‘That’s so.’

So ‘by-by’ – In case of a rap, love,  
Before opening the door, you must look;

O! how could a civilized woman

Exist, without a man cook.

# Round Three

## 1. Gabby Johnson (North Dakota)

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### **SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE**

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER

Let me make the songs for the people,

    Songs for the old and young;

Songs to stir like a battle-cry

    Wherever they are sung.

Not for the clashing of sabres,

    For carnage nor for strife;

But songs to thrill the hearts of men

    With more abundant life.

Let me make the songs for the weary,

    Amid life's fever and fret,

Till hearts shall relax their tension,

    And careworn brows forget.

Let me sing for little children,

    Before their footsteps stray,

**Semifinal Three  
Round Three**

Sweet anthems of love and duty,  
To float o'er life's highway.

I would sing for the poor and aged,  
When shadows dim their sight;  
Of the bright and restful mansions,  
Where there shall be no night.

Our world, so worn and weary,  
Needs music, pure and strong,  
To hush the jangle and discords  
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.

Music to soothe all its sorrow,  
Till war and crime shall cease;  
And the hearts of men grown tender  
Girdle the world with peace.

## 2. Rutendo Musharu (New Mexico)

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### **BREAKFAST**

BY MARY LAMB

A dinner party, coffee, tea,  
Sandwich, or supper, all may be  
In their way pleasant. But to me  
Not one of these deserves the praise  
That welcomer of new-born days,  
*A breakfast*, merits; ever giving  
Cheerful notice we are living  
Another day refreshed by sleep,  
When its festival we keep.  
Now although I would not slight  
Those kindly words we use 'Good night',  
Yet parting words are words of sorrow,  
And may not vie with sweet 'Good Morrow',  
With which again our friends we greet,  
When in the breakfast-room we meet,  
At the social table round,  
Listening to the lively sound



**Semifinal Three  
Round Three**

Of those notes which never tire,  
Of urn, or kettle on the fire.  
Sleepy Robert never hears  
Or urn, or kettle; he appears  
When all have finished, one by one  
Dropping off, and breakfast done.  
Yet has he too his own pleasure,  
His breakfast hour's his hour of leisure;  
And, left alone, he reads or muses,  
Or else in idle mood he uses  
To sit and watch the venturous fly,  
Where the sugar's piled high,  
Clambering o'er the lumps so white,  
Rocky cliffs of sweet delight.

### 3. Hana Kebede (Colorado)

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#### TRUTH SERUM

BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

We made it from the ground-up corn in the old back pasture.

Pinched a scent of night jasmine billowing off the fence,

popped it right in.

That frog song wanting nothing but echo?

We used that.

Stirred it widely. Noticed the clouds while stirring.

Called upon our ancient great aunts and their long slow eyes  
of summer. Dropped in their names.

Added a mint leaf now and then

to hearten the broth. Added a note of cheer and worry.

Orange butterfly between the claps of thunder?

Perfect. And once we had it,

had smelled and tasted the fragrant syrup,

placing the pan on a back burner for keeping,

the sorrow lifted in small ways.

We boiled down the lies in another pan till they disappeared.

We washed that pan.

#### 4. Biruni Hariadi (Arizona)

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##### **THE WISH, BY A YOUNG LADY**

BY LAETITIA PILKINGTON

I ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,  
Nor wealth, nor pompous titles wish to have;  
But since, 'tis doomed through all degrees of life,  
Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife;  
That females should the stronger males obey,  
And yield implicit to their lordly sway;  
Since this, I say, is ev'ry woman's fate,  
Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

## 5. Hazel Ipuniuese Leo (American Samoa)

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### **ANOTHER ONE OF THE WORLD'S LIARS**

BY MOHJA KAHF

I am just another one of the world's liars

believe me

I have a few charms

worn-out peddler's trinkets

with grand names like beauty

friendship, truth, passion

—and this one's a real item, sometimes

I even buy it myself: love

Check my record; odds

are not in your favor

that I won't sell out

my goods, bolt by night

deny you three times

before the cock has crowed

Consider this fair warning:

never fall for my spiel

If you do

and end up with a huge bill

for damage done

never forgive me

**6. Alex Yue (California)**

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**WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER**

BY WALT WHITMAN

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and  
    measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much  
    applause in the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

## 7. Liam Peterson (Idaho)

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### **I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER**

BY THOMAS HOOD

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heav'n  
Than when I was a boy.



## 8. Ashlee Sandoval (Nevada)

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### WHERE DID THE HANDSOME BELOVED GO?

BY JALAL AL-DIN RUMI

*Translated by Brad Gooch*

Where did the handsome beloved go?

I wonder, where did that tall, shapely cypress tree go?

He spread his light among us like a candle.

Where did he go? So strange, where did he go without me?

All day long my heart trembles like a leaf.

All alone at midnight, where did that beloved go?

Go to the road, and ask any passing traveler —

That soul-stirring companion, where did he go?

Go to the garden, and ask the gardener —

That tall, shapely rose stem, where did he go?

Go to the rooftop, and ask the watchman —

That unique sultan, where did he go?

Like a madman, I search in the meadows!

That deer in the meadows, where did he go?

My tearful eyes overflow like a river —

That pearl in the vast sea, where did he go?

All night long, I implore both moon and Venus —

That lovely face, like a moon, where did he go?

If he is mine, why is he with others?

Since he's not here, to what "there" did he go?

If his heart and soul are joined with God,

And he left this realm of earth and water, where did he go?

Tell me clearly, Shams of Tabriz,

Of whom it is said, "The sun never dies" — where did he go?

## 9. Stella Wright (Minnesota)

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### **ANNABEL LEE**

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,  
    In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
    By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
    Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
    I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  
    Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling

My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

## 10. Aeva West Deltoro-Dye (Utah)

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### **NO, I WASN'T MEANT TO LOVE AND BE LOVED**

BY MIRZA ASADULLAH KHAN GHALIB

*Translated by Vijay Seshadri*

No, I wasn't meant to love and be loved.

If I'd lived longer, I would have waited longer.

Knowing you are faithless keeps me alive and hungry.

Knowing you faithful would kill me with joy.

Delicate are you, and your vows are delicate, too,  
so easily do they break.

You are a laconic marksman. You leave me  
not dead but perpetually dying.

I want my friends to heal me, succor me.  
Instead, I get analysis.

Conflagrations that would make stones drip blood  
are campfires compared to my anguish.

Two-headed, inescapable anguish!—  
Love's anguish or the anguish of time.

Another dark, severing, incommunicable night.  
Death would be fine, if I only died once.

I would have liked a solitary death,  
not this lavish funeral, this grave anyone can visit.

You are mystical, Ghalib, and, also, you speak beautifully.  
Are you a saint, or just drunk as usual?

## 11. Wica-ta-wi Hoksina Brown (Montana)

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### **WE WEAR THE MASK**

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them only see us, while  
    We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
    We wear the mask!



## 12. Matthew Valentine (Washington)

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### **AND IF I DID, WHAT THEN**

BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE

"And if I did, what then?  
Are you aggriev'd therefore?  
The sea hath fish for every man,  
And what would you have more?"

Thus did my mistress once,  
Amaze my mind with doubt;  
And popp'd a question for the nonce  
To beat my brains about.

Whereto I thus replied:  
"Each fisherman can wish  
That all the seas at every tide  
Were his alone to fish.

"And so did I (in vain)  
But since it may not be,

Let such fish there as find the gain,  
And leave the loss for me.

“And with such luck and loss  
I will content myself,  
Till tides of turning time may toss  
Such fishers on the shelf.

“And when they stick on sands,  
That every man may see,  
Then will I laugh and clap my hands,  
As they do now at me.”

### 13. Mariam Botana de Armas (Texas)

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#### ONE HUNDRED LOVE SONNETS: XVII

BY PABLO NERUDA

*Translated by Mark Eisner*

I don't love you as if you were a rose of salt, topaz,  
or arrow of carnations that propagate fire:

I love you as one loves certain obscure things,  
secretly, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that doesn't bloom but carries  
the light of those flowers, hidden, within itself,  
and thanks to your love the tight aroma that arose  
from the earth lives dimly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where,

I love you directly without problems or pride:

I love you like this because I don't know any other way to love,  
except in this form in which I am not nor are you,

**Semifinal Three  
Round Three**

so close that your hand upon my chest is mine,  
so close that your eyes close with my dreams.

## 14. Brigitta Palepa Ta'aga (Alaska)

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### LEARNING TO READ

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER

Very soon the Yankee teachers  
    Came down and set up school;  
But, oh! how the Rebs did hate it,—  
    It was agin' their rule.

Our masters always tried to hide  
    Book learning from our eyes;  
Knowledge did'nt agree with slavery—  
    'Twould make us all too wise.

But some of us would try to steal  
    A little from the book.  
And put the words together,  
    And learn by hook or crook.

I remember Uncle Caldwell,  
    Who took pot liquor fat  
And greased the pages of his book,  
    And hid it in his hat.

And had his master ever seen  
    The leaves upon his head,  
He'd have thought them greasy papers,  
    But nothing to be read.

And there was Mr. Turner's Ben,  
    Who heard the children spell,  
And picked the words right up by heart,  
    And learned to read 'em well.

Well, the Northern folks kept sending  
    The Yankee teachers down;  
And they stood right up and helped us,  
    Though Rebs did sneer and frown.

And I longed to read my Bible,  
    For precious words it said;

But when I begun to learn it,  
Folks just shook their heads,

And said there is no use trying,  
Oh! Chloe, you're too late;

But as I was rising sixty,  
I had no time to wait.

So I got a pair of glasses,  
And straight to work I went,  
And never stopped till I could read  
The hymns and Testament.

Then I got a little cabin  
A place to call my own—  
And I felt independent  
As the queen upon her throne.

## 15. Grace C. Powell (South Dakota)

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### A SONG IN THE FRONT YARD

BY GWENDOLYN BROOKS

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.

I want a peek at the back

Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.

A girl gets sick of a rose.

I want to go in the back yard now

And maybe down the alley,

To where the charity children play.

I want a good time today.

They do some wonderful things.

They have some wonderful fun.

My mother sneers, but I say it's fine

How they don't have to go in at quarter to nine.

My mother, she tells me that Johnnie Mae

Will grow up to be a bad woman.

That George'll be taken to Jail soon or late



(On account of last winter he sold our back gate).

But I say it's fine. Honest, I do.

And I'd like to be a bad woman, too,

And wear the brave stockings of night-black lace

And strut down the streets with paint on my face.

**16. Elora L. Umbach (Wyoming)**

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**"HOPE" IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS - (314)**

BY EMILY DICKINSON

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -  
  
And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -  
And sore must be the storm -  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm -  
  
I've heard it in the chillest land -  
And on the strangest Sea -  
Yet - never - in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb - of me.

*\* The inclusion or omission of the numeral in the title of the poem should not affect the accuracy score. It is optional during recitation.*

**17. Kari Morgan (Oregon)**

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**INVICTUS**

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Out of the night that covers me,  
    Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
    For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
    I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
    My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
    Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
    Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

**18. Irene Jiayi Zhong (Hawaii)**

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**SONNET 55: NOT MARBLE NOR THE GILDED MONUMENTS**

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Not marble nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the Judgement that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.