

## 2010 Northeast Texas Poetry Contest Student Winners

**Ihr Vergeht Uns Nicht** by :  
**Hannah Collier**

fields of gold  
streams of sapphire  
wild autumn sunsets that blaze with fire  
opal-tinged clouds  
give way  
to night's black-plum silken shroud  
with diamonds strewn through the depths of the skies  
some of which sneak to earth dressed as fireflies  
under the eyes  
of the pale, waning moon

on the sweet, pine-scented breeze  
whisper to me  
the quiet, forlorn voices of trees  
of a time  
of a place  
much different  
less bustling

lost to the advent  
of fast-paced void  
the advent  
so vacant  
of absence

dawn creeps upon us  
showering the world with gentle kisses of dew  
bright, perfume-laden flowers bloom anew  
the sun crests  
yawning, beams stretching  
the smoky blue hills  
rousing, waking  
filling this twilight time with glimpses  
of its subdued glory  
and on the coattails  
of this breathtaking  
this indescribable  
sliver of a shadow of the past  
the rest of the world's wayward inhabitants  
forsake fretful slumber  
for mechanical thoughts  
and mechanical sounds  
they rush to fill  
their mechanical cities  
with their mechanical minds  
and continue to zip  
through their mechanical lives

emotionless, blinded  
to the beautiful complexities  
residing as our neighbors  
as our friends  
as patient compatriots  
with sadness they watch us  
muttering amongst themselves  
in angst-ridden whispers  
beseeching  
'bitte  
ihr vergeht uns nicht'

**Tying for Second Place: Cody Russell**

**The Fields**  
by Cody Russell

He was born into a dirt-poor family,  
Never had anything his entire life.  
He had to work all day as a young man  
Just to help his mom put food on the table.  
He married a beautiful woman at a young age,  
And went into the service right after.  
They had two wonderful daughters  
Of whom they are very proud.  
A typical life of a Northeast Texan you might say,  
But things would certainly change.

He woke up early in the morning to get the coffee pot going  
And prepare for the long day ahead.  
He walked outside with the early morning dew on the ground,  
With the Mockingbirds chirping and the squirrels playing tag.  
He loaded up into that Dodge pickup to go get his grandson  
For a long day of baling hay together.  
When they got to the field they drove through the cattle guards,  
Out through the fences, and into the open spaces.

They took a break that afternoon to unclog the mower  
With the sun's burning rays beating down on them.  
He sat down on the ground with the smell of fresh-cut grass around him.  
There was an awkward beating of his heart,  
And eyes that will never be forgotten.  
He lived a hard life full of hard work and sweat,  
But he went in the only place he would've wanted: the fields.

**Tying for Second Place: Aaron Dunn**

From the most natural of seats, I could see  
the treeline. Then I didn't know, though,  
that it had taken so long to be--  
so tall, so thick, so green. I understood it  
simply as being.

Existence to me was concrete. Here, peering  
over hills and into ponds and catching fish with  
cane poles and grasshoppers securely hooked,  
I should not ask in dreams  
where it or I had started.

Crushing leaves like cannon blasts to  
ignorant ears, children sang and spun and  
fell into neat piles of  
two by two by two with each other--  
expressions of dawning life.

Happy wanderers in the Texas maze,  
blissfully unaware without the threat of  
cloudy future, they twist their cheeks  
upward into arcs  
of brilliant flesh.

Now older but not yet old  
they bend their ears toward sounds  
more pleasant, catching whispers in the  
Northers, hints of tales yet told,  
promising the days they dream.

They don't dance as often now,  
they fear pain, but know there is still time  
and time for love,  
yet the wind is moving faster now,  
summoning the clouds.

Now the sky is dark but  
they're accompanied by experience.  
What's been seen is worthy and they've  
little left to want.  
They breathe heavier though.

With the promise of the partner of the  
Texas soil they slowly steal less air,  
'till the bones won't move so fluidly  
and the muscles' hold is loose.  
Tasting minerals now, with nothing but time.

Then I felt that I had become  
me, a person,  
who could think and change and experience  
and dance and laugh and breathe and see and hear

and love.

I'd follow the paths those children hadn't  
chosen, as I didn't have much say. But,  
that was fine with me. I'd get there,  
but for now,  
I was young.

In grass high above my head,  
sky like the most comfortable sheet,  
I first knew my place, my identity,  
and I was  
real.

So I thank the clouds and gentle wind and  
oceans of grass;  
they are my rescuer from the storm of  
sleep. I am awake for now, but then,  
I'll dream forever.

**Third Place Winner: Jessica Rogers**

**Grandfather's Farm**

Many memories have died  
Memories made at the farm I am fondest of  
But bubbly shaped times i will never forget  
We fished for hours at a Cass County pond as black as tea  
And I'll never forget the joyful, childish, song I sang  
When he gave me palominos for my birthday  
We fed 'em apples and carrots and brushed 'em together  
Sometimes we just sat together  
Talking and joking  
We sat on the porch and watched a spring moon rise above a bridal plum tree  
That's the only thing i have from him now  
The ponies are gone  
The pond is but a shadow  
But our Lake Country farm reminds me of him  
I have the beauty of this amazing sanctuary  
The calming, serene forests  
A place of rivulets flowing with melody  
Engulfed by thousands of greens and the everchanging blue above  
This is the world we shared  
Nowhere else feels the same  
Nowhere else feels like him.