



The Mirror
Spring Poetry Contest
- 2018 -

Foreword

In honor of National Poetry Month in April, *The Mirror* organized a poetry contest in an effort to recognize the amazing talents on campus. We recieved over fifty submissions from talented poets across every grade. With so many excellent works, the judges struggled to decide the winners.

This special edition recognizes the first, second, and third place winners of the contest. We hope you will enjoy reading the fabulous poems created by talented members of the St. Francis community.

~Katarina Fernandez

The Mirror wishes to thank the following people who made the spring poetry contest possible:

Mrs. Duste Sellas,
Mrs. Emily Kropp,
Ms. Nicolle Harrity,
Lia French,
Katarina Fernandez &
the students and faculty of
St. Francis High School

First Place

Poetry is Like Trapping the Ocean in a Bucket

Madelyn Southard

Writing a poem is,
generally speaking,
the hardest thing man must do;
it is even harder
when it must be a single sentence,
flowing as a river flows,
being a force only halted
by the rock of punctuation
which is hewn
from centuries of writers
seeking to stop their own progress
that is spurred by a drizzle of inspiration
and leads them to
do whatever it takes
to kayak across the seas
of their own turbulent brains
towards shores of productivity and polish
and to emulate the puddles of Charles Dickens
who was paid by the raindrop
and the oceans of St. Peter
who ironically did not use that glorious boulder.

Second Place

An Annoucement

Nora Fluetsch

Greetings listeners!

I've a tale to tell you today.

It starts with a bang or a whimper,

I don't know which.

And it ends with a golden light.

There's no angel in Heaven

But she cried out on that golden night.

There are demons on earth,

Free from Hell for now.

Sorry listeners,

Let's start the story:

It starts with a bang or a whimper,

Either the bang that startles the child

Or the whimper that startles the gunman.

But guns don't kill people and neither do bullets.

It's the life-blood that stains the pavement and soaks through shoes.

Ashen faces stare at the limp hand that slides off their chest.

Screams rip out of throats

Hands tear into frozen faces

Feet, soaked in the crimson flood, scramble backwards.

The gunman's face twists into a glasgow grin,

Insanity coats his tongue and pulls him like a marionette.

Insanity's favorite puppets: the ones with guns.

bang! Bang! BANG!

He whirls around, his finger twitching
In a tornado of his own making.
bang! Bang! BANG!
The child whimpers and crouches low,
Panicked people run to nowhere.
bang! Bang! BANG!
Spotlights kiss the ground.
It glistens.
Golden light blinds the gunman,
He whirls faster and faster.
Armed men with black shields splash into the Devil's playground.
He doesn't want to *stop*.
The men with black shields hold him still in the center of the spotlight,
Make him stop!
bang! Bang! BANG!
Who was the victim?
Men who love their guns will tell you it was the puppet,
"Insanity frees him of his responsibility."
Men who love their people will tell you it was the children shot on the
Devil's playground,
"It's right to do anything to make him *stop*."
Who was the victim
On that golden night?

Third Place

An Open Jar

Julia Zara

Sometimes I think that the night
is just a big black jar
that God took and filled with stars,
those little pieces of the universe.

And then he covered the top
with shiny saran wrap
and poked little holes in it
so that the baby stars could breathe earth air.

Almost like what we had done
in that scorching summer...
catching fireflies in woods,
and then setting them free into the night.

And you know, I wonder why
the pale moon gets smaller
and smaller in the black sky
during occasional twinkling nights.

Maybe it gets so crowded
up there with all the stars
that he needs a little break,
so then he shines brighter for a little.

And then God sees him shining,
so he unwraps the jar
and sets the wispy moon free
like those fireflies in the summer nights.

