

Mountain,
Pond,
Marsh,
& Star

IMS Eco Art & Writing Contest

CONTEST CATEGORIES

LOWER CAMPUS ART

5TH—6TH GRADE ART

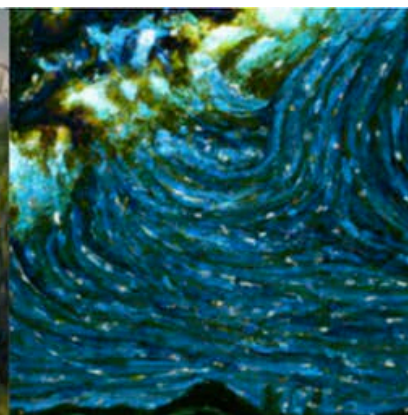
5TH—6TH GRADE WRITING

7TH—9TH GRADE ART

7TH—9TH GRADE WRITING

ADULT ART

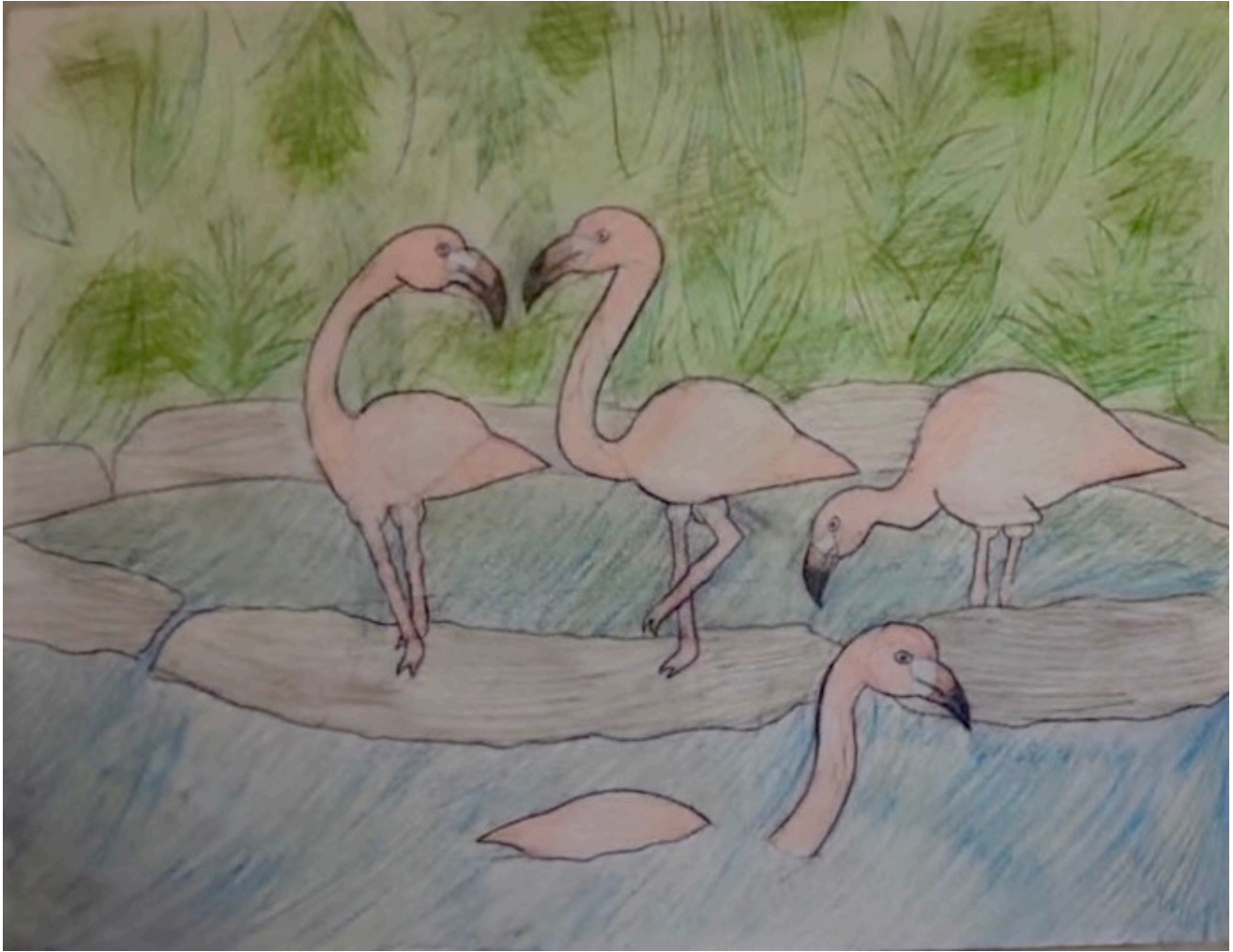
ADULT WRITING



LOWER CAMPUS ART



Branches & Roots
by Ian Hodosy, 3rd grade - WINNER



Flamingos
by Sadie Swift, 6th grade



Pink Daisies
by Esme Delliere, 6th grade



Strawberries

by Esme Delliery, 6th grade



Sunset Cove

by Esmé Delliere, 6th grade



Watercolor Tree
by Esme Delliere, 6th grade



Friendship
by Sadie Swift & Charlotte Milner, 6th grade - WINNERS

A field to my right

by Anna Colomello, 6th grade

A field to my right
The stars at night
Beautiful things in my sight
I look up and see a mountain
Dream of drinking from a crystal fountain
Birds chirp in my ear
Not even a tiny bit of fear.
Wind blows through my hair
and look at those pretty trees over there.
The sun shines
and the bell chimes
Earth is my savor.
My very favorite flavor

Breakable

by Birdie Ledbetter, 6th grade

it becomes them, quiet and whole.
A sheet of glass too still for water,
to deep for the sky to ever leave.
Above, the night burns softly.
Below, it answers in silence—
as if light has learned to remember
what it means to be broken beautifully.
I stand between both worlds,
and cannot tell which one is real,
only that everything I've ever wished for
is trembling just beneath my feet
perfect, unreachable,
like a dream the earth refuses to wake.

Dandelion

by Olivia Hodosy, 5th grade

A little sun
A tiny star below
A yellow moon with petals of peace
I the field of melted snow
A small dot of sunkissed hope
in the mud,
Just lying low

EARTH

by Bianca Brandfon, 5th grade

Everyone is involved the preservation

All things revolve around actions

Right action cause impact

Though wrong ones do to

Helping is the most important thing to help our planet thrive

ECO SYSTEM

by Alexandra Wang, 6th grade

Did you know that Zootopia was loosely based on China? The unique culture, landscape, and ecosystem made Zootopia a popular, world-renowned story. China's diverse climates vary depending on which side you live on, just like Zootopia. Near the west, the panoramic verdant grass that goes beyond your knees, like a gentle massage. The tall, bent, and sturdy trees nourish, like a human's lifecycle. The green valleys and mountains with white snow-capped peaks, as well as the world's two tallest mountains, Mount Everest and K2, can never be forgotten. The hydrologic cycle starts in the east, where the water evaporates and condenses into clouds. The clouds then glide into the west, creating monsoons that cause the waters to rush down mountains, picking up nutrients, and bringing them to the crops, helping the farmers. The north divides itself into two: the northeast and the northwest. Despite their intimacy, these two locations have completely different climates. Don't forget to wear plenty of layers when traveling to the northeast, and bring plenty of water when traveling to the northwest. Watch the snowflakes fall from the dark, cloudy sky onto your tongue, feel the shiver in you without realizing it, feel the smooth, icy icicles glide between your toes, and feel yourself having the best experience in the northeast. In the northwest, walking through the desert, experiencing the high sand dunes and extreme weather, can be an absolute adventure. Having once experienced the dry arid weather, transition yourself into the wet subtropical climate. Bordering the South China Sea, sit and relax on the beach with your fancy sunglasses, dive into the ocean, and go for a swim. This weather can be best for you. All these climates were summarized in Zootopia, where Judy Hopps rides the train to Zootopia, primarily going through the Sahara Square, where the camels race. Then transitioning into the Tundra town with one tunnel, where icicles instantly get stuck on the train. The rainforest district comes next, where Judy experiences rain and water everywhere. Lastly, the train goes into the Savanna Central, where all species congregate.

Grass is Green

by Winifred Edwards, 6th grade

Grass is green, standing up high with pride.
The sky is blue, stride, bright, confident, as if flaunting how high.
The valleys are filled with posies and tulips, colorful spots like a painting being filled.
The ocean with animals jumping through.

Our animals need and want to live.
Our plants need to live.
Our ecosystem needs to live.
They need us to live and to take care of them.

So while the grass is green, the sky is blue, the valleys filled, and our ocean alive,
Help them, to live and thrive while up so high. Filled, and alive.

I love hanging upside down

by Anna Colomello, 6th grade

il love hanging upside down
It takes away my frown
Blood rushing to my head
Before you know it I am dead.

My Wind

by Birdie Ledbetter, 6th grade

The reeds do not fight the wind
They sway along with it

Because they know that when something doesn't bend
It breaks

They learn the wind's language
They bend like listening ears
to every passing thought of air

Thin green voices of the marsh,
reeds speak in motion,
each sway a quiet answer
to a question
the wind keeps asking
"How do you keep moving and still never leave?"

Oceans

by Keelyn Halloran, 5th grade

Connecting our worlds
Sewing our fabric
Into the blanket of our earth,
Over the mountains
Through the valleys
In the place we call home.
Through the ups
And the downs,
Through the highs
And the lows
The ocean will still flow.
Rain will not bring it down,
Rain will help it grow.
Hail will not bring it down,
Hail will only bring snow.
Snow will not bring it down,
Snow will turn into rain.
Rain will not bring it down,
Rain will help it grow again.

Shared

by Birdie Ledbetter, 6th grade

The lake does not keep anything.
It only borrows
returns everything altered,
briefly more beautiful
for having been seen twice.
And when the wind comes,
the mirror lake forgets again, becomes only water
deep, unanswering
as if reflection
was never the point,
only the moment
you thought you understood yourself.

Spider Webs

by Olivia Hodosy, 5th grade

Deeper than the ocean
Brighter than the stars
Wider than the universe
Prettier than the Birds call
Happier than the baby's laughter
More delicate than the daisy petal
Purer than the water
Angrier than the fire
More biting than the cold winds

The soft rains

by Olivia Hodosy, 5th grade

The soft rains, worm waste, than
mud
The wild wind, sand, than
duststorm
The frosty air, cold rain, than
Snow
The male robin, female robin than
nestling
The small seed, rain, than
Flower
Are all just part of the marble of the "earth" in somebody's black satchel.

What the Mountains Keeps

by Birdie Ledbetter, 6th grade

The mountains do not ask questions.
They rise
Quiet
Certain
closing the world behind me.
Down below, everything rushes,
But up here
Time forgets how to chase.
I sit where the earth folds inward,
where silence is full
a steady hand at my back.
The mountains keep me
like old secrets

Glass Lake

by Birdie Ledbetter, 6th grade - WINNER

At dawn, the lake forgets its name
and becomes a surface
polished thin as a held breath,
wide as a question no one answers.
The trees arrive first,
leaning into themselves,
their green thoughts doubled
in a language made of light.
Then the sky lowers its quiet face,
clouds drifting like unfinished sentences,
each one rewritten
in silver ink that will not last.

Nature is Weird

By Keelyn Halloran and Nurya Cerio

Trees are weird; they transform into paper



Leaves are weird; they fall on purpose



Animals are weird; they turn into fertilizer



Grass is weird, its face is green



Wind is weird, blowing in people's faces



Plants are weird. They grow, then, die



Wood is weird; it doesn't taste good when you eat it

Dirt is weird; it doesn't taste like brownies



The sky is weird; it has too many white fluffy things



White fluffy things are weird; they don't taste like marshmallows



Hills are weird; they are like a big camel in the middle of nowhere



Rocks are weird; they just stare at you like they know what's in your soul



Train - from trees to city (Video Animation)

by Niall McLain, 9th grade - WINNER

[Click here to watch Niall's animation](#)



In Between Stops

by Barrett McLain, 9th grade



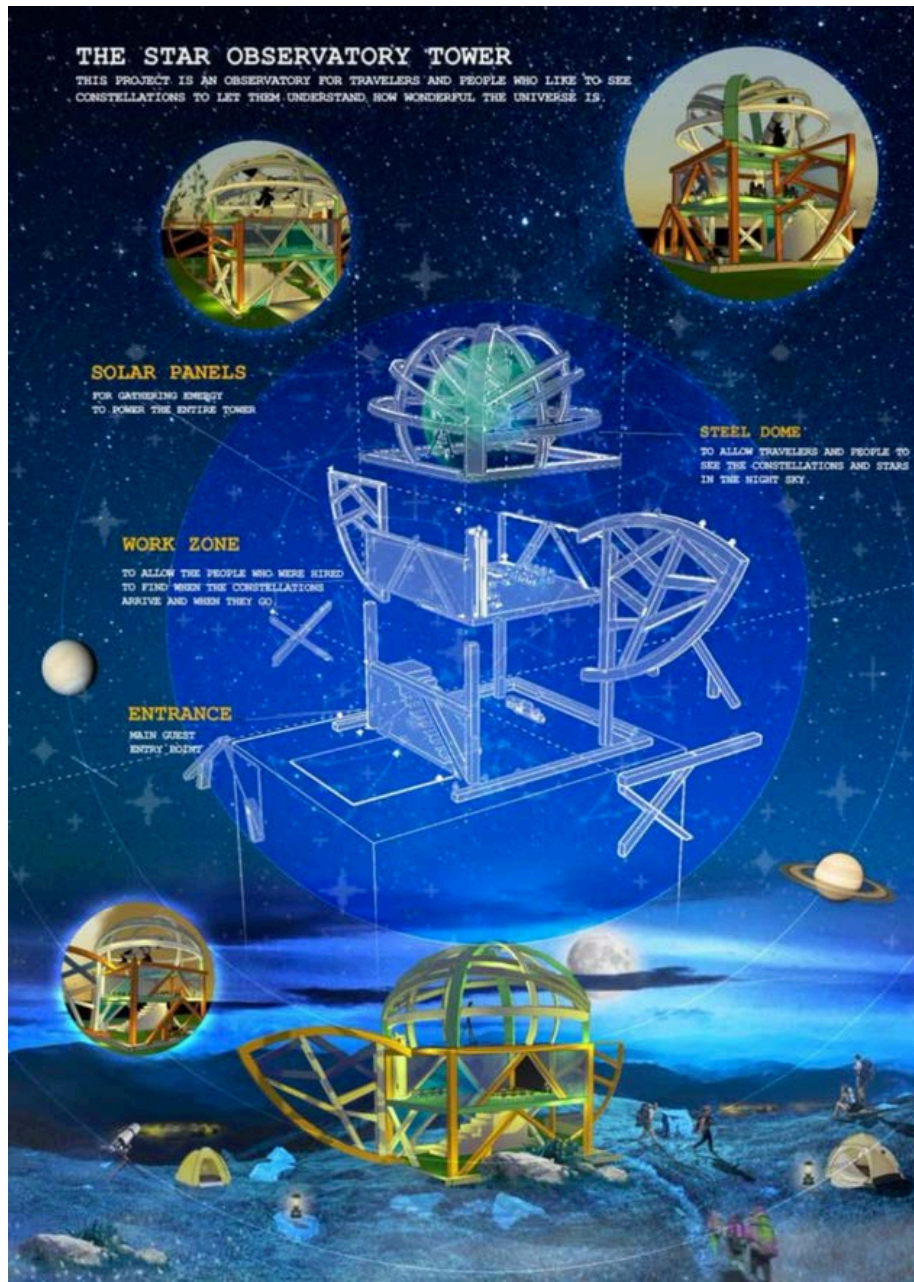
Lamppost in the Trees
by Barrett McLain, 9th grade



Overgrown Garage Door
by Barrett McLain, 9th grade



The Dance
by Elaine Ma, 7th grade



The Observation Tower
by Marvin Wu, 8th grade

The Observatory Tower is inspired by our natural curiosity about the universe. Its tall, stacked-up structure lifts people above the noise of daily life, offering a chance to move closer to the starlight and connect with the cosmos through contemplative stargazing. The tower is designed to be eco-friendly, with tilted solar panels on the outside that turn sunlight into clean energy for its facilities and lighting, using reliable and reusable energy. These panels not only maximize solar efficiency but also enhance the building's upward-reaching shape, making it look like it's growing toward the sky.

The work carries a heartfelt belief: our curiosity about space and our duty to protect the Earth can go hand in hand. In fact, looking up at the stars feels even more beautiful when we carry the responsibility of protecting our home planet. A refreshing change from the busy city life that troubles many

The Magic Of Nature

By: Bella Xiao

Sitting on a bench at Central Park in the middle of April,
New York felt different from its usual self; not neon lights, busy traffic, or people rushing past each other.

Now I can feel the tranquility and the calm energy,
The City softens its voice,
a quiet green heart begins to breathe again.

The sunlight filters gently through the leaves and spills onto the ground,
People lie leisurely on the new green sprouts, chatting and laughing with the people they love.
Strangers sit shoulder to shoulder on benches watching the sky turn gold behind the branches.
The evening sunset bathes everyone's faces, filling them with vitality as if blowing away all the tiredness of the whole week.

Around me, squirrels, birds, and butterflies all come together to hang out with humans, they are not afraid of humans anymore; they see humans as their closest friends.

Dogs run happily across the grass, wagging their tails as they play and enjoy the warm breath of spring.

Bees and hummingbirds softly land, sip the sweet nectar, and carry spring's bloom from flower to flower.

Different colored flowers gather together, forming their own painting in the spring.

Magnolias and tulip buds slowly open,
revealing delicate petals, using their own way to welcome the warmth of spring.

The April breeze is warm yet crisp.

It brushes gently over my cheek, and it reminds me that a new season has arrived.

In a busy city like New York, moments like this feel especially precious.

Spring holds a special magic,

bringing people, animal and nature together to create one of the most beautiful scenes in the world.

Nature is humanity's most precious gift, and we should protect this beautiful treasure together.

Sitting on a bench for a long time, not wanting to leave, I want to enjoy this scene just a little bit longer.



A Tree's Perspective of Its Reign

by Georgia Winmill, 7th grade

I've lived over 100 years, over 100 feet tall.
In the beginning of Earth's annual 5 month warming,
Leaves on these lengthy branches start their dominion.
Reign over the lives of the vast 8 billion intelligence species.
Reign over all living things...of other trees too?
When the 5 warm months start to conclude, these life ending leaves begin to fall.
Ocean algae rises, using its existing work ethic to fill in for these now dead trees.
These dead leaves now cover in snow, the bark of this old abandoned trunk has now adapted to
this annual 3 month cold storm.
Below this storm's horizon, a white layer covers the Earth,
Above this storm's horizon, a colorful beauty fills the rest of existence.
Soon enough, the storm is ending, the white layer is gone.
The remnants of the white layer waterly moisten the entire surface of this land.
This water helps me grow, but not much,
This tree's time of growing is slowing down, almost slowed to a halt.
But this watering of the ground fuels all living things aspiring to become this size and power.
This watering fuels the offspring of these seeds, seeds of all.
This warming continues, rise more and more everyday.
These leaves and their neighbors come back,
Their season has started.
A new season, a new season of bringing oxygen and life to this Earth.
Oceans can relax their duties, As we start our reign. All over again.
I've lived over 101 years, over 101 feet tall.

As the Wind Blows

by Sydney Nuzum, 8th grade

I Hand on my heart
words on my tongue
I watch her
bare feet walking on sand
long dark hair flowing freely
grass touching her heels
barely
Her bright genuine smile against the world
as the wind blows

Awe of the Stowe Mountains

by Georgia Winmill, 7th grade

The first look outside in the clarity,
Clarity to see the first sight of the Green Mountain Range.
In this Winter,
Some individual peaks blessed with snow, some not.
Some with trees on their tops, some not,
Some peaks too high for trees, some not,
Some with Evergreens, some not.
Many individual creeds all as one, for over 250 miles.

In this Winter,
Some individual peaks blessed with mist, some not,
Some with cold air and warm ground, some not.
Some valleys filled with fog, some not,
Some peaks siphon through, impale this fog, some not.
Many individual creeds, come together, show their clarity of their first sight, some not.

Before It's Too Late to Change

by Charlotte Lee, 7th grade

Sometimes I wonder,
Will the future be mad at us?

Will the future look back on us
and think,
“Why didn't they do anything?”

Will our children look at us
and ask,
“Why didn't you even try?”

And we will say,
“I...We... we're Sorry.”

Because it's not like
We don't know what to do

It's more like,
We hear about it,
We know what is happening,
We know the Earth is sick

But everyday,
We just keep doing the same thing,
We just ignore
We just say it's fine

We are used to thinking,
“It doesn't really matter,
How much difference would one person make?”

But if everyone thinks that,
Nothing will ever change,
Only getting worse and worse

That's the problem.

So maybe it does matter,
Maybe we are all part of the big life

Speak up.
Reuse. Recycle. Reduce.
And actually try.

The future doesn't change in the blink of an eye,
It changes when we actually choose not to care

And one day,
The future won't be “the future” anymore,
It will just be pollution
On the planet that we all have to live in

So at least be the person who tried.

Because if enough of us try,
It won't be too late.

Contrapuntal poem

by Teresa Xu, 7th grade

Contrapuntal poem (read the right and read the left, and read them together they are 3 different poems) this is two perspectives of tree roots and a leaf.

Leaf

We are strangers
Nothing seemed to change
promised to stay
We knew each other since the start of our lives
We watch the other leaves fall
We smile at each other
Until we say goodbye, farewell
Taking an insecure step
our silence is a magnifying glass
Shaped with all the shared years
You wait for me to return

Roots

I helped you
Nothing seems to be changing
but always had to fly
searching for a new horizon
chasing the dream that they all had
never waiting still for long
Understanding how life has to go on
Looking back like it was all a movie
Increasing the distance
and the drifting away
to tell me where you are

Earth (Artemis II)

by Bowen Deng, 7th grade

On April 1 2026, Artemis II was launched,
It is not an April Fool anymore,
It is the mission of InterCosmos

The crew sat by the window,
In their sight, they can see all the birth, aging, illness, and death
That happened throughout millions of years,
This blue-glass sphere is the home of humans,
The only home

During the spring break,
I went to Eastern China, a city called Altay
Which, for me, Altay only exists on the TV,
stories
Or people's words.
This is the land where it does not belong to humanity,
It belongs to the whisper through the ancient snow,
It belongs to the whistle of wild wind,
It belongs to all the deities,

At Altay,
Clouds silently peek their head out, welcoming the tourists who are coming to Altay,
Everywhere is pure white, like humanity never existed,
Rivers are like a newborn child, where their faces are smooth and immaculate.
The mountains breathe like sleeping elders

Night at Altay is dark and scary,
There is no light or fire
Yet, if you ever look up, you can see a dazzling galaxy of stars
A sky full of countless grains of sand,
It is a dark place, but it seems that the darker it gets, the brighter it gets,
I feel like a little owl who silently, meticulously beholds all of this.

I've been trying to figure out what the true meaning of life is,
Why are we on this Earth?
What's our mission?
Perhaps, this is the true meaning of life,
To preserve this huge yet tiny homeland that we have lived in for millions of years,
To take up the baton of responsibility from our ancestors.
To maintain this land and prepare it for our future generations.

Gallery Walk

by C.C. Stevenson, 9th grade

A delicate image
Rests in its frame,
An idyllic landscape
Outlining a woman.
Her skin blurred into smooth porcelain,
Limbs bent and stretched
Into a polished pose,
A small smile on her lips
That relays contentment
While never disregarding
The quiet reminder they present.
Inside the curve of her manicured hand
Lies a watering can.
A reflective, muted green,
Its waxy paint never falters,
Never cracks.
From it spouts droplets
Of clear blue water.
These teardrops may catch the eye,
As they are an unusual shade of blue.
Not to worry,
The colour is carefully crafted.
But the most interesting part
Of this delicate art
Are the stems and flowers
Vines and bushes
That peer cautiously out of the ground.
Their posture is straight,
Their leaves trimmed.

Just as water is not a perfect azure,
Plants do not grow straight.
Neither does the human back.
And,
Come to think of it,
Such a can should reflect some source of light.
But the sun,
Of course,
Is passive in its job,
Too lazy to tend to the flowers
That once clung to each ray,
Their lifeline,
Their purpose.
But life,
As it seems,
Is not as sought after as before.
The woman,
Even,
Is stiff in her care for her garden,
Her smile and eyes reserved.
The picture is lit,
As even as a studio film,
But the light does not come from a star,
Or the moon,
Or the woman's eyes.
There is something out of the frame,
A reason,
Perhaps,
For the lack of life and livelihood
In an otherwise
Picture-perfect day.

Grass

by Teresa Xu, 7th grade

It lives wherever you are, even if
You kill it.
It might be finding a way out,
A place where you can't harm it.
But like a turtle spending its whole life,
Swimming through the ocean,
Using its three hundred and thirty years,
It couldn't even find its direction.
This grass might seem ordinary—
It is.
You pull on it, it tries
To escape its faith,
With a little more strength,
You ended its life.
It hopes you could breathe in more oxygen,
But you step on it, like you step on
A human heart, shattering without sound.

Invisible Girl

by Teresa Xu, 7th grade

She comes wherever she feels.
Playful, or maybe not.
She loves to play with you,
Throughout the years, seasons,
Never seeming to grow up.
Twirling as a ballerina,
She is bold and proud,
Sprinting as a wildfire,
She is strong and faithful.
Floating on the land,
Lonely but happy.
She whispers to you,
Hi my friend, while stealing
Your things away.
Nothing was her intention,
Just a playful dancer,
Walking in the air.

Life is Like a River

by Annabelle Muzaurieta, 7th grade

Life is like a river.
Life and rivers, Both alike
have a start
Life has grief
Rivers have dry season
Life can be long or short
Rivers can speed up or slow down
Both alike,
ebb and flow
Life requires choices
Rivers can split into 2 different paths
Rivers and life, Both in certain eyes
Interchangeable
have an end
Life is like a river.

Lost in the stars

by Annabelle Muzaurieta, 7th grade

Lost in the stars
The sun greets you
The moon says goodnight
The wind can control
The waves can damage
The stars give light
When its dark and
Guide when lost

Lost in the stars
The sun is a smile
Rain is anger
Lightning is emotion

The wind can control
Waves can damage
Stars give light and
Guide
The sun is a smile
Rain is tears running down a face
Thunder is anger
Lightning is emotion

The wind can control
Waves can damage
Stars can guide

Nature is an odyssey

by Joyce Zhang, 7th grade

Inspired by the book "Pilgrim at Tinker Creek" by Annie Dillard

When you open your eyes,
To learn how to see,
You will notice that there's beauty and grace
hidden behind...

In the sycamore log,
sits a giant water bug;
A "beast" that's waiting for his prey.
He does not bite nor chew,
But dissolves it,
Leaving the frog's translucent skin,
And emptied of its pulse, hopping, and life.
The beast walk with innocence,
Like a child that made a mistake.

High on the chimney,
The mocking bird stood there
It does not launch itself,
But drops from the four story high roof.
It's like a petal falling from a flower;
A ripple in the vast pond,
Just a breeze of wind,
And he could be dashed on the ground.
But he unfurled his wing.

Just like other days,
I walked around the backyard,
Hoping to find something "special",
And a cedar tree appeared in my vision,
The tree cast off old, brown foliage,
As if it's shedding off its skin,
And the bareness is profound.
The tree is ablaze by light,
Everything seems so unreal,
The vibrant colors,
The brightness,
And the air is filled with energy,
The cells that buzz with flame.
The beauty in myself:
I was a bell that would ring the whole time,
But in that moment,
I was lifted and struck.

The creek whispers in a language that only I
know,
Telling me that nature is an odyssey
And beauty will always come before cruelty.
I see the bell struck one more time,
But this time,
There's only beauty left...

One Good Simple Thing

by C.C. Stevenson, 9th grade

Children
In this world
Are loved.
Children
On this earth
Are cherished.
Children are the future and the hope and the light and they will continue a magnificent legacy.
So,
Go on,
Educate them on what matters,
Like formulas and literature and all the world's beautifully complexing history.
But,
You know,
Make sure to omit some parts.

They'll learn that for themselves later on.
Teach them slope and how to write essays and think critically,
But don't tell them when or why or how it will all matter.
We'll postpone that part until the truth is suffocating and crushing,
And it creeps into their peripherals
And then,
I guess,
It is our duty to tell them.
Only when we are old and gray,
And our joints have stopped working and theirs have only just begun to reach their potential
Will we unload this truck full of burdening knowledge on them,
Knowledge that we had all along but were too scared to change,
To act upon.
Children who imagined themselves astronauts and princesses and athletes,
Children who wholeheartedly believed in Santa Claus and the tooth fairy and the goodness of our
kind
Children who wanted for nothing and lived for everything,
Matured beyond their years by our passivity.
Chained to desks,
Slaves to the world that was once supposed to nurture them.
Timers plastered on each wall,
Sketched into the very walls of their conscience,
Consuming their mind and their being and all that could have been.
These are the children that touch the sky with the tips of their toes on the swing set.
This is the youth that goes to sleep every night
Restless and giddy with the excitement at what the next day will bring.
But,
After all,
Human nature
Cannot possibly stand
One
Good
Simple
Thing.

Still Rising

by Lena Kim, 7th grade

Once, they loved me with their whole throats.
sailors swallowed me into their charts,
whispered *left, left, a little more left*
as if I were a mother leaning over their shoulders.
lovers pulled me down into their chests.
children opened their eyes
And I filled them – wet, white, entire.
I shone brightest when they shone back,
a sea of pearls blinking from the dirt of the world,
And I thought: *this is what I am for.*

now the tops of heads.
now the bowed spines.
now the small glass cupped in their palms,
glowing blue in the wet of their cheeks,
and inside the glass — me.
smaller. sharper.
a me that fits between two thumbs.
The real mouth of the sky goes unkissed.
Once, a child looked up.
For a moment, I was young again.
I was the thing in the window of her eye —
Then she lifted the glass between us.
she was still looking —
but not at me.
at something inside it
that wore my face
and did not have to try.
Still, the tides come when I call them.
The owl lifts from the pine
Because I told her it was time.
The fox crosses the field
wearing a thin coat of my light,
and does not know she wears it.
The world below still moves to my hand.
only the ones who could have thanked me
have forgotten how.
I rise anyway.
a little slower.
a little more worn.
The orange veil thickens between us,
and somewhere below,
the windows reflect my broken light back into my stray heart.

The Stone of Silence

by Joyce Zhang, 7th grade

Inspired by "All the Light We Cannot See" by Anthony Doerr

I have a spark in my pocket,
Papa told me it's a miracle;
But I think it's an endless entity that will never end...

The sky is never dark,
The huge, swollen city of Saint-Malo
Lingers with a sense of death and lifelessness.
Souls wandering in the city,
Going back to the place where memories are stacked,
But everything is a huge pile of dust that can be easily blown away by a single breath.

My fingertips brush through the miniature city,
It seems that Papa is still here,
Sitting in the chair beside his bed,
He strikes a match,
the hiss of a flame,
Lights up a cigarette.
The scent of tobacco and smoke
Drifts through the path of old ruins...

I walk to Madame Ruelle's bakery,
The faint smell of wheat and flour,
Becomes the only happiness in the mundane world.
"They are coming, dear.
Within the week."
Are they searching for me?
Or the Sea of Flames specifically?

It's a fascinating blue
Like the tender souls of skies and seas;
The blue dye of God's tears shimmering under the sea.
But they never knew that the tiny drop of flame could incinerate everything.
It's the stone of curse and greed;
Queens and princesses may have danced all night wearing it
Wars may have been fought for that same stone that brings wealth, but not love.

The Sea of Flames sits heavy against my hip,
The myth of "forever" is made out of glass and fire...
In the end, what does the stone bring?
The static in radio waves,
The scent of old salt,
And the "forever curse" that took Papa away.

If I told you,
I can give this stone to you,
Will you ever return Papa to me, again?

The sun is bright

by Annabelle Muzaurieta, 7th grade

The sun is bright
But sometimes disappears
The smile on a face can
But cannot last forever
Rain is tears
The sun is a smile
Thunder is anger
Lightning is disappear

The Sun's Everlasting Reign

by Georgia Winmill, 7th grade

Moving in time along the solar system,
Bright rays of light, only half the world can experience at a moment.
Introducing blaze around the sphere in seasonal harmony.
Its gravity holding its fellow spheres of different temperature in place.

Not one thing comes close in its territory of glory,
Not one thing stands a chance against its always-active, constant fire cannons.
Melting anything in contact,
The Mentally melting appearance of it, keeps its rule.

The Watcher Duck/Duck on Watch

by Georgia Winmill, 7th grade

The Man of the night is chosen,
The Guard,
The Watcher.
He will stay up all night.
The Guard of the pond,
The Watcher of the darkly colored world.
He guards his fellow peers,
He watches the noise around him.
Guarding the dormant,
Watching the Attentive awake.
Guarded the ducklings who will soon take the next shift.
Watched the predators who ate his Brothers in the previous shift.

Unsinkable

by Teresa Xu, 7th grade

This is a poem about a drifting bottle on the ocean
Unsinkable

There was once a drifting bottle,
existing without purpose,
miserable.

A journey like an endless tunnel,
gloomy and empty.
A song lacking melody,
silent, lifeless.
A map with no road,
a battery bereft of energy.

Floating on the ocean,
it couldn't find its direction—
disoriented by the waves and the seasons.
It was all alone.

Yet a potent voice outlasted its insecurity.
Despite the tunnels that seemed endless,
there was always light at the portal
and always a stubborn soul stumbling
towards the beacon.

No matter the song's missing melody,
its rhythm remained unshaken,
a clock that never skipped a single tick.

After times gone by,
one discovers a drifting bottle
forging through the ocean.
It is unyielding and sees challenges
as a hollow shell, unwavering
regardless of the strong winds and waves.
It is on its own.

We are one with nature

by Andrea Vargaya Gatica, 8th grade

We are one with nature, as if it was a long lost
brother.
but we stopped listening to its beautiful song.
we stopped listening to the rustle of leaves
and the birds cry, we stopped trying to find shapes in
clouds or watch the fish in the river.
We move without nature, without our brother
but our bond doesn't have to be over.
We can try, apologize, connect, we have the power to, but
We don't.
Why? I don't know but our brother is there
Waiting but patience isn't eternal

It Is Where We Happened

by Camille Wilson, 9th grade - WINNER

They do not tell you this at first, that every laugh you have ever let slip into the air still lives somewhere in the wind, caught in branches, folded into sidewalks, pressed into the warm skin of afternoon light. The Earth remembers what we forget. It keeps our footprints in soft soil, our secrets in riverbeds, our growing pains in the cracks of pavement that stretch like old stories across cities and your home. This is where you learned your name, where you tripped and got back up. Every “I love you,” every goodbye, every moment you thought would be small, but somehow stayed permanent inside you, it all happened here. And the Earth held it gently, as if it knew you might need it later. But if we stop noticing it, stop caring for the place that carries us, the edges will blur. The colors will thin. The places that once held memory will forget how to hold anything at all. And what is a memory? Without a place to land? So we have to be careful with the ground we walk on, not because it belongs to us, but because we belong to it. Because the Earth is not just where we live. It is where we happened.



Blacksmith Hooks
by Fox Maxwell, faculty - WINNER

3 wrd stry

by Tom Stewart, faculty

Snow shoes. For trash. Never used.

Buttercup

by Alex Weyerhaeuser, faculty

I have never seen butter
that rich.
Egg-yolk-cups, more like it.
Rich lady of my backyard—
twenty foot by twenty foot
white-fenced-in
attempt at rewilding.

June

by Kelly Tieger, faculty

She is—
In all her sticky aliveness
The flush of strawberry juice
And the feet limned in mud
From the spring rain

In her green-gold iris
And her sun-red hair
Her hands, insistent on the door
Outside

Where every stone is worthy
Every flower is named, *flower*
Every tree, *free*

Sit by Me

by *Tom Stewart, faculty*

Be by me
At time's first beat
Stand by me
On our gray pavements drear
Walk by me
To the World's far poles
Sit by me
On the distant stoney strand
Lie by me
'Neath night's flecked arc
Rise with me
As all things pass

Where the World Still Freezes

by *Tom Stewart, faculty*

Take me where the world still freezes.
Have me stand on summer's flow. Let me
be where birdsong ceases
Through the faint, and fainter fall of snow.

Place me on a moor unnamed
Where I must lean in the boreal blow.
Send me 'cross spheres to yet be tamed
Beyond the paths of crane or crow.

Or push me off 'neath the blackest arc
With ten thousand suns set aglow.
Master's Mate on the wandering bark
Course or heading still yet to know.

Fast the line. Smooth the creases
Free the wheel. Let it go
Cross fen and bog; where life is framéd.
Climb and climb, but then plateau
We warm our hands in winter's dark
As we once did in times ago
As once we did so long ago.

What is it about light rain

by Alex Weyerhaeuser, faculty

What is it about light rain that feels so much more wet?

Every drop is amplified—
a dash in the air,
a dot on the ground,
a Morse Code coming down from the sky that I can't understand, so
it'll runoff to brooks,
gathering into rivers,
communing in the gulf where
it will rearrange
and evaporate
and try again.

Hopefully someone will get
the message.

There was a French study in the seventies
to determine if cats are more liquid or solid.
Running silly experiments
with such self-seriousness strikes me as
profondément français.
The physicists found that,
because cats take the shape of the container they occupy,
they exhibit the properties
of a liquid.

A light rain quivers with the wind,
detours around a bird's body flying through to shelter,
is directed by
the pillows and cradles in the earth.

But a downpour rips open space
and time,
Cleaving a solid mass through
air, deafening,
imprinting,
tearing, wiping.
Individual water molecules are lost
in the crowd and you can't
get wet from a solid.

Icarus

by Alex Weyerhaeuser, faculty - WINNER

She came to us on foot.
Toes bare, softening deep into
the clay core.
We welcomed her—
a sudden soft jolt
wave of air
pushing head back
chin up
eyes up
closed.
Bandana flew off and spiraled up with the
seagulls.

When she opened her eyes again
she was up there too,
and those who had lifted her smiled
and waved from below
expecting
but she remembered she made her wings out
of wax
and she was scared
the gulls would realize she was faking it
and that gravity would find her
and all those who had lifted her would shake
their heads
for thinking she was any different.

On a map below
the termites gnawed and chattered,
recycling life through a fallen snag.
A giraffe was born breech
and someone dropped something small and pearly
that reminded them of their grandmother
that they would never find again.

As her eyes arced wide,
she thought of mome raths and the wild rumpus
and, holding her inhale so no one would see that she
had failed,
she slowly floated back.

A seagull dropped something small and pearly
that reminded her of her grandmother.
She caught it in her hand
and when she landed,
those who had lifted her smiled
and waved.

THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO
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