WILL TOLMIE
7th grade, Tiburon
Winner

SARAH FENG
9th grade, Los Altos
Honorable Mention

VICTOR LI
8th grade, Saratoga
Honorable Mention

7th–9th grade
LAST SUMMER

The transit driver veers around the road,
knocking us from side to side, but
we don’t care:
we’re just on our phones or
picking at the sticky duck tape
holding the back seat together

~
suddenly, the bus lurches to a stop
our eyes look out:
the fog is creeping onto the beach and
into the sea

~
we grab our boards and
kick up the hot sand as we run
we tiptoe across the shoreline
and into the salty water

~
the waves kiss our faces
and we laugh at our inability to surf
crushing seashells as I walk,
the water climbs up my body

~
once time,
we catch a big one, but
the undertow catches us and
we’re sent flying

~
as we rise out of the water
and into the sweltering sun,
I look back into the past
at the sandcastle that the little giggling
boy is crafting with his mother.
I smile.

—Will Tolmie
OPUS

the water is quiet in the prelude.

b flat—a white gull shrieks,
  high c—the man on the sidewalk plays his saxophone,

a legato when the sunlight spins and blurs,
  Two
  Short
    Staccatos when the young boy splashes at the silvery water—
a wizened couple trudges through the sand

the water laps hungrily at the shore,
 an arpeggio—a black shell washes
  up at my feet
    then a pearly white one, worn at the edges
      my pruned fingers sliding against them,
    a crescendo.

—Sarah Feng
TWILIGHT BEACH

twilight
Blazing violet
songs of feathered sirens
  Soaring

through the sky.
People playing. Laughter swaying
a salted, sandy reverie.
  steadily breezes

  into the evening Quiet.
Sun setting, tides lowing, blue flowing, windows, barnacles closing, umbrellas folding,
Folding together the day and memories.
The Pain of
stepping on shells
seaweed
  drifting, driftwood,
  drifting sentiments
Washes away,
  like footprints
  on a beach.

—Victor Li