4TH–6TH GRADE

ELLA SCHUMER
Grade 5, San Francisco
Winner

ELYCIA ENG
Grade 6, Rodeo
Honorable Mention

CHELSEA ZHOU
Grade 6, San Ramon
Honorable Mention
THE OCEAN IS ME

I make poetry out of trash when my waves come boom splash.
Sometimes blue, sometimes green but never ever, ever clean.
The salty air whips through me, surrounds me, and everything is around me.

Kids running on the beach, I try to calm them and to teach.

I reach down and grab the sand, before the kids come throw it with their hands.
When the sand castle gets soaked, I try to fill the sandy moat.
If the kids are feeling sad, I wash on shore a smiling crab.

When you put to your ear a pretty shell, you listen, and hear, it has something to tell.

—Ella Schumer
RIVER FLOWS TO THE SEA

The river looks lonely, with all the branches in it.
The river looks lonely, as it wipes away the rocks.
The river looks lonely even with the foaming, rushing water.
The river looks lonely so it flows to the sea and it would never be lonely again.

—Elycia Eng
A PAINTING FOREVER FROZEN IN TIME

Dark bands of kelp sway in the rippling ocean,
Raked viciously by an invisible breeze.
Churning waves pound against the rocky shore,
A lion’s roar of wrath.

In the vast bowl of sky,
Eagle’s sharp eye slyly searches for prey.
Chestnut wings highlighted by golden sun
Spiral endlessly in the glorious wind.

Lanky trees with gnarled dark roots
Cringe, bracing against the strong coastal gale.
Distraught branches raise up like hands to the sky, in
A desperate plea for survival.

How long have the trees faced the blustering wind?
How long have the rocks endured the thunderous waves?
How long has the eagle searched for his hapless prey,
Outstretching his wings in the golden sun?

A picture, a painting forever frozen in time,
I whisper my question to the static sea, as
The rolling waves lap against the shore,
The soothing purr of a kitten.

—Chelsea Zhou