NATASHA GUPTA
Grade 7, Saratoga
Winner

EMMA ALMAGUER
Grade 7, San Rafael
Honorable Mention

KELLY CHUANG
Grade 7, Corte Madera
Honorable Mention
THE FLIGHT OF THE CATALINA CORMORANTS

Wild birds woke one evening
Murmuring soft greetings,
In the manner of their kind;
Gentle, quiet; voices fleeting.
And raising heads and arching necks
As the customs of yore
'Til noticing what lay above
Was different from days before.

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Cormorant, come to me,
Off the coast of Cataline,
Find me waiting, watching thee;
Know that your grace is seen.

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Swirling skies held gelid winds
'Til shivers were in beak;
Shore and sea, alike to night:
Dark and silent speech.
Mysteries bade come in mist:
Unraveled, calm, and not yet gone;
So serene they heard the tide
Setting like the peaceful sun.

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Cormorant, come to me,
Off the coast of Cataline,
Find me waiting, watching thee;
Know that your grace is seen.

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Sable wing and starlit eye:
Golden yet and silver soon;
Hue of day and passing light:
Led by stars and lit by moon.
They shall glide from moon-washed shores
To sweeter seas of sun-soaked waves;
Wild birds woke one evening
To soar off to a different place.

—Natasha Gupta
SWIMMING IN THE DEEP BLUE

My hair flies around me
engulfing me
in a protective bubble.
Little fish
swim around my toes,
sand slips through
my fingers,
gently
drifting to the ground.
Long seaweed kelp
reaches
toward the bright blue sky
as clear as a crystal.

—Emma Almaguer
SWIMMING IN THE DEEP BLUE

The pitter-patter of wings echo between the rocks, like rain against a cold window.
Snippets of the sun blink at the bobbing seagulls, waiting.
The veneer of fog pours over the stagnant, gray bay.
The clouds sigh over the hills,
Timidly awaiting the empty sky.
A blue, bitter breeze blows betwixt beryl grass.
The silent gold is a spider, crawling on skin and weaving webs of shivers.
Stillness cracks, spilling rays of sun.
Warmth pours over the serene water as the azure sky pulls its cloak of clouds closed again.

—Kelly Chuang