

# 2014 7GP Winners | Best Examples Addendum

## **Rhyming** ..... **A2**

- “The Dark Piece of Chocolate from the House on the Right” by Tasanya Robert
- “Perfect” by Rose Steinhart
- “How Freedom Came to Be” by Paris Dukes
- “Beast from the East” by Harris Causevic
- “The Predator” by Ethan Bialy

## **Ode** ..... **A9**

- “An Ode to the Jumping Horse” by Marie Divecchio
- “Ode to My Annoying Siblings” by Julianna Nasi

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- “Beauty of the Night” by Michael Drabelle

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- “To be Special...Every Single Time” by Sarah Rose
- “The Meadow” by Nicolas Joy
- “The Blood Raven” by Kaleb Palmer
- “In a World” by Andrew Tague
- “Trapped” by Rylie Bunning
- “Nobody Knows” by Erin Somes
- “Piano” by Alexis Kleekamp
- “Footprints” by Theresa Solari
- “Moving Past Autumn” by Dani Fischer
- “Lucky Lake” by Joshua Macy

# Rhyming

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# The Dark Piece of Chocolate from the House on the Right

by Tasanya Roberts (7GP Winner, 2014)

I am a dark chocolate female from the house on the right,  
A birthday on the 8th but I'm gonna party tonight I'm gonna grow up successful and my future's so bright  
But watch me be an inspiration and touch that bright light

*'Cause...*

I work hard, get them As  
I don't care about what you say I get good grades, study everyday  
all work getting done, I don't even play  
now what you say now  
I'm walking  
hush up little girl—now I'm talking  
I'm tryna teach you something that you could study Sunday  
so that you could pass that test on Monday

*'Cause...*

I am that little girl growing up to be what I want to be with the brown skin and glasses you see  
I was born at the Forest Park Hospital  
Sounds of laughter fill the air  
getting chased by that girl with the beautiful brown hair  
When I was younger I remember I was that happy little girl in that purple shirt and those khaki pants  
running around the playground

*Now...*

Right here and right now, I am like a picture in his or her dreams.  
Tomorrow I will be a successful young lady and they will want to be like me  
That young lady whose name starts with a T and that's me,  
*Tasanya Roberts* you see.

# Perfect

by Rose Steinhart (7GP Winner, 2014)

Perfect is a word that cannot describe me  
Because I, like everyone else, have flaws you can or cannot see  
I may not be the prettiest or the smartest in the grade  
But I am who I am, because this is how I was made  
We think perfect is a word that means beautiful, smart, and kind  
But to me, flawless isn't the word that comes to mind  
Perfect means to embrace your flaws and be proud  
I, for one, can be a bit annoying and loud  
I don't have the best clothes or the prettiest hair  
And if I'm being honest sometimes I do care  
But instead of complaining I stick a smile on my face  
Because those flaws are what have made me different in the first place  
Maybe if we all could just be ourselves we could see how great it can feel  
To show people who we really are instead of hiding ourselves to be  
Concealed.

# How Freedom Came to Be

by Paris Dukes (7GP Winner, 2014)

There was a man named Martin, last name King,  
He had a very inspirational dream.  
His dream was to free the Blacks,  
He wanted them to stop getting whacked.  
The time of slavery flew by,  
Like a little birdie in the sky.  
The people screamed, "God forgive us,  
We no longer want to ride in the back of the bus."

They were tired of the Whites and going to jail,  
They didn't have any money for bail.  
Martin's dream was for Whites to come clean,  
Think positive thoughts and not be so mean.  
Instead of Whites getting lost in their own minds,  
The way they treated Blacks had no reason or rhyme.  
Petrified and defeated, they prepared their righteous minds,  
They had to get ready for better spiritual times.

Martin preached, "I have a dream today,"  
He announced his words, what he had to say.  
As he spoke the people cried and cried,  
They tried not to show it, inside they had died.  
Martin's words grew on them like a tree.  
They knew one day they would be totally free.  
Martin was always by their side,  
And their hearts were filled with love and pride.

In the end, they finally won their respect and a place,  
Proud, strong, and defiant the Black human race.

# Beast from the East

by Harris Causevic (7GP Winner, 2014)

Kobe Bryant takes the 3-point shot,  
and his opponent knows he doesn't miss a lot.

Born in a wasteland of a town,  
he always dreamed of having a golden crown.

He grew up watching the best of the best,  
like Magic Johnson who played for the West.

Now that dream has become real,  
all his childhood haters realize he's the real deal.

His dad was his biggest inspiration,  
now he can send him on vacation.

He is from Pennsylvania in the East,  
even Michael Jordan can agree that he is a beast.

People say he doesn't pass the ball,  
he can even steal when the opponents are trying to stall.

He's not a point guard,  
but in the paint he goes hard.

His classic shot called the fadeaway, he gets better at it every day.

He got into a brawl with Vince Carter, before he was close to being a starter.

After the battle, no one can call him a coward,  
and the same thing with his fighting teammate Dwight Howard.

He also got another teammate, Steve Nash,  
whenever Steve shoots a 3-pointer he makes it splash.

In Los Angeles he plays for the Lakers and makes big bucks,  
he is fancy and elegant when he wears his new tux.

Now that he is older he is not as fast as a raccoon being chased by a dog,  
since he's not as fast as he used to be, you'll sometimes see him jog.

I know that sooner or later that day will come,  
and when it does I will be very glum.

I adored him when he was in beast mode,  
When he retires my heart will explode.

# The Predator

by Ethan Bialy (7GP Winner, 2014)

Perched in the high branches of a tree,  
A predator waits for prey.  
Glancing around, here and there,  
Something good comes his way

Climbing down from his treetop perch,  
The hungry anole looks for his lunch.  
He walks a short way and comes to a stop.  
He's found the prey he wants to munch.

Skillfully stalking his way through the reeds,  
A small cricket comes into sight.  
With great position and perfect timing,  
He chomps down with all of his might!

Perched high in a tree,  
A predator wonders who his next victim will be.



# Ode

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# An Ode to the Jumping Horse

by Marie Divecchio (7GP Winner, 2014)

The feeling of power as it surges  
The momentary suspense  
As horse to its rider merges  
And time seems to stop, condense

The impact as hooves meet ground  
The check of balance and weight  
And again the world has sound  
This is destined to be their fate

The smell of fragrant green pines  
The dark brown of their trunks  
As polished leather shines  
And ahead a row of jumps

The final exertion of strength  
The last bend in the course  
As they gallop along the last length  
An ode to the jumping horse.

# Ode to My Annoying Siblings

by Julianna Nasi (7GP Winner, 2014)

My dear siblings,  
With love and care  
Fighting like superheroes and villains

We tease and chase each other  
Screaming hoarsely,  
Waiting for the other to roar.  
One of us wins the fight.  
Off runs the whiner.  
They work it out  
With some whines of sorrow.

I can hear my sister singing higher  
than the heavens.  
She's singing on the edge  
Waiting to be discovered  
While the other sister is upstairs.  
She sets the table for dinner  
Clitter  
Clatter  
Of the plates.  
With a holler everyone comes  
Everyone, with their elephant stomps.

By nightfall the little brothers  
Or should I say little bothers  
Settle down  
Giving out hugs and kisses,  
Waiting to be tucked in their nests  
Along with their bedtime story.

They fall asleep  
Dreaming of superheroes  
Fighting with a pow.  
So they smile in their sleep  
Of the heroes' great defeat.  
At last, our silence has begun.

# Sonnet

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# Beauty of the Night

by Michael Drabelle (7GP Winner, 2014)

The beauty of the night is what man might not see—  
But to one who looks closely, it portrays royalty.  
Throughout the Earth, in abstract ways,  
Though subtle, though hidden, its wonder it conveys:  
With a scattered sounding forest or an open plain  
And the cry of the wolf to let out inner pain,  
Through the nocturnal creatures which we only hear  
Or those great bright eyes that make all appear.

Furthermore, the dark sky can be misunderstood,  
For the moon and the stars do what the sun never could:  
Fitting light with darkness gives gorgeous glamour,  
Filling a night's image without any failure.  
So quite clear, it is such a beautiful sight—  
Unnoticed, but we should see, the beauty of the night.

# Free Verse

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# To be Special...Every Single Time

by Sarah Rose (7GP Winner, 2014)

In the winter layers of frost and ice glint in the soft light  
like sheets of glitter dust everywhere.  
The frozen gray clouds above blanket all life.  
Trees go dormant and animals do too.  
Everything sits, so still, so quiet, except for the wind,  
the sweet whisper of a lullaby.  
This is the season of slumber and rest.

In the spring, the world is made new.  
Birds peep merrily in the emerald trees.  
Lilacs climb the bushes, filling the air with the light scent of rejuvenation.  
Buds burst forth from the once-dead leaves.  
This is the season of beginnings.

In the summer, the sun sits high in the sky  
like a seemingly unending flash of brilliant luminescence.  
Movement is found wherever you look,  
in the air, on the ground, or the gently rolling rivers.  
Heat radiates through the sunflowers, standing tall with confident might.  
Nature is at its peak.  
This is the season of dreams come true.

In the fall, leaves put on their daring suit.  
Scarlet, daffodil yellow and earthen shades fill the landscape,  
setting the land on fire.  
Birds come and go in brutal storms, blotting the air like spilled ink.  
This is the season of a bold good-bye.

The circle of seasons goes on every year.  
Though the pattern repeats itself time and time again,  
we find each one to be special...every single time.

# The Meadow

by Nicolas Joy (7GP Winner, 2014)

As I look beyond  
I see a meadow  
a canvas of God's paint  
the purple violets burst in joy when it rains  
the blue grass so beautiful in its gaze  
but it is simply a painting  
a disguise  
for something dark and corrupt

The grass is hellish green  
and the violets turn into roses in the black rain  
roses filled with red blood of 800 soldiers  
God's paint  
turned into the devil's spit  
the devil's spit is eternal  
in the meadow.



# The Blood Raven

by Kaleb Palmer (7GP Winner, 2014)

The Raven made from Ash and Blood.  
The ashes of our reservations and hesitations.  
The blood of our rez and the blood of our ancestors.

Some children chant, "The Blood Raven!  
Come save us from the rotting of our world!"  
Once he would come and save these poor children  
from Sorrow and Time with Verse and Rhyme  
with Iambic Pentameter and with Pantoums and Haikus.

The great Edgar Allan Poe wrote with such grace, "  
Quoth the raven nevermore."  
If only there was pain nevermore,  
insane nevermore, death nevermore, blood nevermore.

The Blood Raven is our protector.  
Though his eyes are pure red and his body as black as obsidian,  
the children no longer quote him.  
Even in their darkest times they do not chant to him because  
the Vulture of Ignorance  
has plucked the children's eyes out  
so that they can no longer read  
the Chant of the  
Blood Raven.

The Raven made from Ash and Blood.  
The ashes of our reservations and hesitations.  
The blood of our rez and the blood of our ancestors.

# In a World

by Andrew Tague (7GP Winner, 2014)

Be in a world where you can create whatever,  
Do whatever,  
See whatever.

Be in a world with the deepest of caves,  
And with the scariest of monsters.

Be in a world where you can make the strongest armor,  
And find the shiniest of ores.

Be in a world where you defeat your friends,  
And blow up their creations.

Be in a world where it's made of blocks  
And your name is Steve.

Be in a world where you start off punching a tree,  
And end in a place with diamonds on your chest.

And this world sounds like a fantasy,  
But this world is a fantasy.

A game fantasy.

A game called Minecraft.

# Trapped

by Rylie Bunning (7GP Winner, 2014)

I listen to the wind whistle through the screen.  
Rain batters the house.  
I hear thunder rumble in the distance.  
Lightning flashes to the ground.

I turn from the window jealous.  
How free the clouds are to come and go as they please!  
How I wish I could do the same,  
but alas, I am trapped in the way of this life.

Trapped by the judges.  
They judge you if you are different.  
They judge if you stray from the beaten path.  
They judge if you don't want to be like everyone else.

Oh! How technology has trapped us within ourselves!  
No technology? No social life.  
No text messages? No friends.  
We are trapped by each other.

We are trapped by ourselves.

# Nobody Knows

by Erin Somes (7GP Winner, 2014)

Nobody knows who I am.  
When the doors are closed.  
When I am in a room by myself,  
I pretend to be someone I want to be.

When I am listening to music,  
I see myself on stage  
In front of thousands upon thousands of fans.  
But nobody knows that.

When I am looking at quotes,  
I see those quotes as tattoos.  
I see myself covered in tattoos.  
But nobody knows that.

I see myself as a lot of things.  
A singer/songwriter.  
A fighter.  
A tattoo artist.

But nobody knows that.

I am someone who overthinks everything.  
And I have no idea what to do.  
To stop it.  
Or what to do about it.

I am afraid to be me because I don't know.  
I don't know if people will look or think of me differently.  
I don't know if people will like me anymore.  
I don't know if they will think that I am crazy.

But that's what I am.  
A crazy, antisocial, ratchet, dark person.  
That is the person that I am and the person that nobody knows.

# Piano

by Alexis Kleekamp (7GP Winner, 2014)

I place my fingers on the keys and go  
Starting out soft and slow  
And growing fast and loud  
Boom, Boom, Crash

Jumping chords and melodies  
Sounding as loud as thunder  
All of a sudden I am a mouse

Phrasing dynamics, voicing and rhythm  
Crescendo and decrescendo, artistry and more  
So much to think about  
So much to do

And then like that I'm done  
I finished, it was good  
But not good enough  
I lay my fingers on the keys and go again

# Footprints

by Teresa Solari (7GP Winner, 2014)

Footprints in snow  
Trailing behind me  
Marking my path  
More snow falls  
I look back  
My imprints disappear  
I'm all alone  
In snowy wonderland  
I keep going  
On and on  
Leaving behind my  
Footprints in snow

# Moving Past Autumn

by Dani Fischer (7GP Winner, 2014)

Autumn comes quicker each year  
And so do the memories of you  
Floods of them  
From where I buried them last year

Raking leaves by your side  
Knowing what lay in store for us when we finished  
A pile of leaves  
That could be anything we wanted

Our faces red with cold  
As we sipped hot chocolate  
And picked the leaves  
Out of each other's hair

The trees we climbed  
To take pictures from the top of the world  
And the forts we made  
Larger and grander each time

Sitting at your kitchen table  
Eating noodles in silence  
Reassured  
By the other's presence

Now I can't stand fall  
Every shade of orange  
Every crunch of the leaves  
Every breath of crisp air

It makes me believe that you will be back  
I stare at the phone for hours  
Willing you to call and invite me over  
But deep down knowing it's not possible

I go to bed at night  
Wishing and hoping on every star  
That we can share one more evening under  
The twinkling windows to heaven

And when our song comes on the radio  
I try to sing along  
But I can't  
I don't know your part

How can I move on  
When you were half my past  
Half my life  
Half of me

I try to forget  
Like everyone tells me to  
But every year  
Autumn comes again



# Lucky Lake

by Joshua Macy (7GP Winner, 2014)

There was a time when Lucky Lake waited for us to find it  
And one day fish there...offering us the fish that swim about

A muskrat visited, almost like it was wishing us luck  
The ducks that fly over look at the fish from the sky

Lucky Lake...a place where there is life everywhere...the houses that  
Surround it in a circle comfort it like a blanket

And it's always there when we go back  
And it will always be there when we go back

When we leave...it will be waiting for us to come back  
And fish again