

Second Prize – Grades 5 & 6

Where Poems Hide

Poems hide in my musty plaid sleeping bag
Packed with dreams of dodge ball
and swimming in the Kennebec River.

Poems crumble in the graham cracker
that sandwiches a gusty, melting marshmallow.
They drip melted chocolate
all over my hand.

Poems hide in Percy's cone:
strawberry ice cream drooling
down the side like sweat.

They sit on barnacles
that have washed up on the beach,
on smooth shells with rippled surfaces
polished by the ocean's waves.
They swirl in the purple whorls of a periwinkle

edging its way to the tide pool.
They explode in the sky
as fireworks, a huge blast of rainbow colors
dancing across the night.

Poems hid in my oiled up Rawlings baseball glove:
glowing, smooth, and brown
and resting in my room until next spring.

Look for poems in memories.

Look for your own poems.

by Sam, Edgecomb, ME