

First Honorable Mention – Grades 9 & 10

A Costal Scene

Ships, not far from shore,
sailing with the breeze,
and cattle above our heads,
resting with their drover.

The ocean wind is fresh,
filled with salt and the shouts of sailors.
One ship reaches the shore,
and the crew piles out, carrying crates.

The fish were not plentiful today,
our bucket is nearly empty,
and the hooks on our rods
are still fresh, barely used.

The cattle will leave with the sun,
and the ship of men will leave,
and we will too, but not without
one more glimpse at the sea.

by Jean-Marc, Miami, FL