

And the winning poems are ...



BACK IN October, we invited "KidSpace" readers from kindergarten through high school to send in their poems for our eighth annual Young Poets contest.

We were delighted by the response!

We received nearly 1,000 poems by e-mail and regular mail from across the United States, as well as from Canada, Wales, Austria, Jamaica - even Egypt and Nigeria. Many thanks to all! Our judges had a difficult time deciding among the poems, but here we present the ones they felt were the most successful and original. We will be sending extra copies of today's paper, a Monitor calendar, and some "I'm a poet" buttons to those whose poems are included here. We'll also send free buttons to those who sent us self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Watch for our next Young Poets contest in October - and many thanks again to everyone who participated.

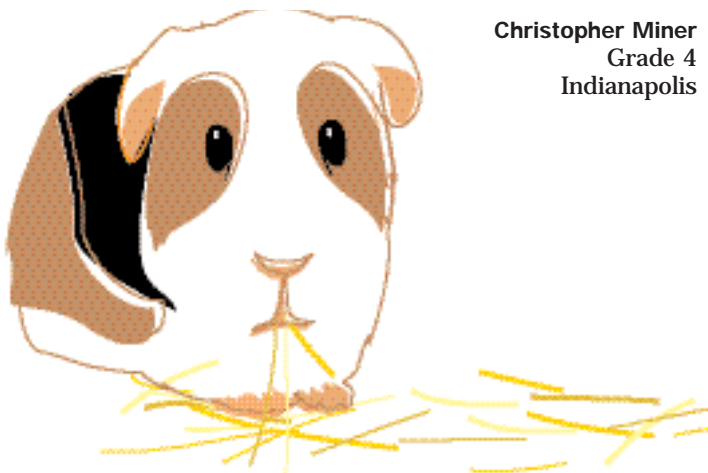


ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADAM WEISKIND - STAFF

Guinea pigs

Guinea pigs are squeaky.
 You need some grease.
 Guinea pigs are fluffy,
 Just like fleece.
 Guinea pigs are hungry, hungry for some hay.
 Guinea pigs nibble. Ouch! Hey!
 Guinea pigs squeal! Squeal! Squeal!
 Squeal!
 Guinea pigs also eat apple peels.
 Guinea pigs are very cute.
 Guinea pigs, I LOVE YOU!

Christopher Miner
 Grade 4
 Indianapolis



Toes

Ten tiny flags saluting;
 Round, stunted, like sausages;
 Pink Tootsie Rolls,
 Wriggling like worms,
 With shiny, painted hats -
 Insects on parade.

Emma Kennedy
 Grade 12
 Warren, Vt.

The dance

It was dark
 the strobe
 lights
 were on.
 No one asked
 me
 to dance.
 Did I care?
 I
 don't
 know.

 It was dark
 it was magic.
 Then it ended on
 "Yellow Submarine."

The lights
 came back
 on
 the magic was
 gone.
 And we were
 just a bunch
 of kids with
 too much
 makeup on
 standing
 in the
 Middle School Gymnasium.

Kyla McDonald
 Grade 8
 Trumansburg, N.Y.

Red Converse

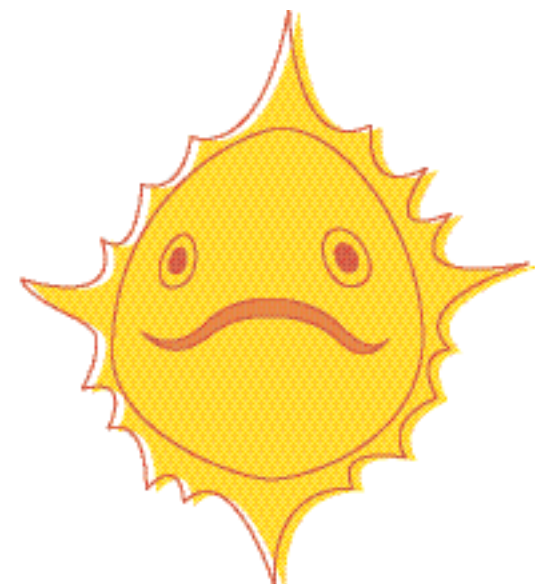
Bottoms
 Bumpy caramel
 Under the
 Curled
 And
 Flopped
 White laces
 Over the
 Long red tongue
 All around
 Firetruck red
 Snug high on each side
 My red Converse.

Katie Magnus
 Grade 12
 Waterbury, Vt.

The sun

The giant goldfish of the sky,
 Swimming easily, leisurely, between the clouds,
 For there is always a tomorrow,
 Serene, quiet,
 Diving slowly, gracefully,
 Into the pools of the West,
 Darkness following in its wake.

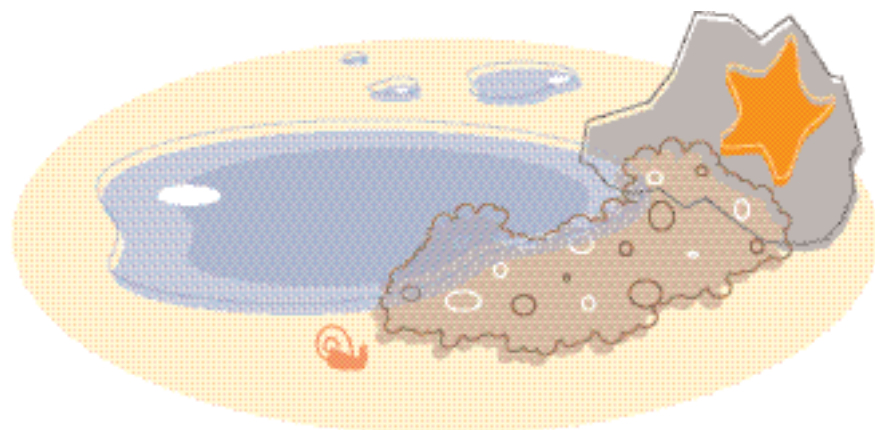
Molly Barth
 Grade 4
 Takoma Park, Md.



Low tide

Tide pools set like
 Mirrors into the stone.
 Pebbles, smooth and round
 as pearls, as raindrops, as dreams.
 Mussel shells, shades of violet and indigo
 The color of dusk.
 Sea glass, blue and red and green
 Tossed and turned in the rolling waves
 Until its sharp edges are softened.
 Colorful starfish cling to rocks
 Shining stars in saltwater skies.
 Tiny snails in moving homes
 Where's the fun in a stationary house?
 Tide comes in, bringing with it
 The end of pools as still as mirrors.

Rebecca Hawkins
 Grade 7
 Hampden, Maine



Untitled

My Dad is unbelievable!
 he's so generous and always gives;
 His No. 1 priority,
 has always been his kids.

He's such a hard worker,
 his hands are always callused;
 His hair is brown (with some gray),
 but overall he looks OK.

Sometimes his feet really reek,
 enough to bring tears to your eyes;
 He may overdo the cologne,
 but usually he smells just right.

He coaches baseball for my brother,
 and basketball for me;
 He takes us to the lake,
 where he taught us how to ski.

My dad means the *world* to me,
 in every single way;
 I wrote him this poem,
 to wish him a Happy Father's Day!

Alisha Lingle
 Grade 5
 Kalispell, Mont.

