

June Poetry Winner

When You Say You Will

By Whitney Woltman

you are the smell of early spring air
hand in hand by the open window
green car, blue car, white car.

you are the soft skin in between each knuckle:
mountains and valleys we are
up and down, up and down.

you are a disappointment:
i guess purple
and the yellow gumball falls into my palm.

you are never what I ask for:
i beg for the warm nights of summer
and i feel only the cool breeze of spring.

your hands over mine
green car, blue car, white car
up and down, down, down.

i never cared much for yellow
but i will keep standing here
until my quarters are long gone.

Whitney Woltman is a senior at Incarnate Word Academy in St. Louis, Missouri

June Honorable Mention

LIFEGUARD

By Claudia Poquoc

Struck,
with vapor rising
over a geese-filled pool;

alone, on shore,
one
vigilant.

Claudia Poquoc lives in San Diego.