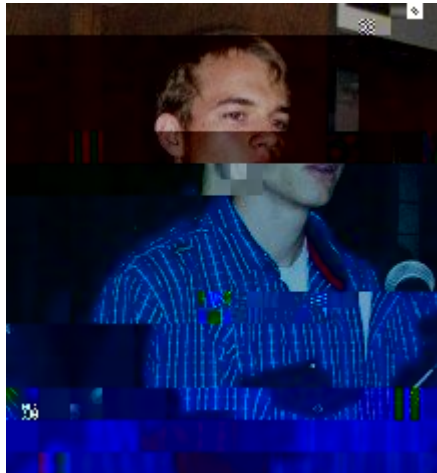


## 2012 Northeast Texas Poetry Contest Student Winners

Northeast Texas Poetry Contest of 2012 sponsored by Elliott Motor



First Place, \$400, Ricky Huitema

As the Morning Sun Rises  
As the morning sun rises over the trees  
Long shadows are cast down on me  
Life is abundant all around  
Horses graze in the meadows  
Ignorant of all the affairs of life  
A turtle rests on a log  
Basking in the sun to warm its' blood  
While a crane waits in the shallows  
Hoping to catch the unwary minnow

In a meadow greened  
By the abundant summer rain  
The sun has been a friend  
During the summer months  
The grass grows violently  
To prepare for the next cutting  
A lone cedar stands  
In the center of the field  
Strong and tall  
Is it has for many a year  
An old fence that has seen better days  
Is overtaken by trees  
The rusted wire has a few more years.

Now the forest where the destruction  
Of the previous year can be seen  
Old trees leafless  
Thick bark is cracked and falling off  
Limbs crash down  
With those that have went down  
What once could not be moved

Has fallen over  
King of the forest no more

Life moves with the seasons  
The mild temperatures made  
One perfect summer  
Bountiful rains  
All but erase the terrors  
Of fire that plagued the land  
The year before  
The Lord has showered  
His blessing once again  
Over the land



Second Place, \$300, Matthew Jordan

The Treasures of Northeast Texas  
There comes a time of yea  
when Northeast Texas reveals her euphoric allure.  
The treasures of the region are expressed only for a season.  
Fall manifests her inner beauty across the Northeast Texas region,  
like a rainbow across the woodland's canopy,  
as she follows the Autumn trail.

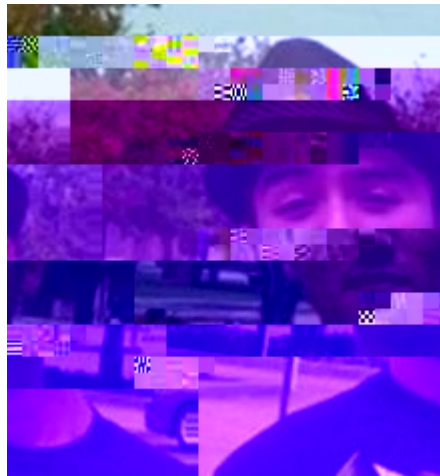
Winter creeps his way into Texas,  
searching for the mysterious treasure  
at the end of Fall's rainbow.  
Winter's search began to grow cold  
when he reached Lake O' the Pines,  
where the pine trees are all that remain.

It was not until this moment  
that Winter discovered the hoax.  
He discovers all the treasures  
have fallen to the forest floor,  
and the search froze entirely



The frost seems to immediately clasp the land to its bosom.  
A new scene of ice, snapping limbs in the valley of the oak,  
Exchanges the mascot from bovine to stag.  
Nights render the land brittle, grass unable to resist the hunch from those who dare tread,  
the danger disguised as beauty; its cold embrace ensnares any unwary,  
And lulls them into a security undeserved.  
A coyote howls tribute to this law before bracing over its fallen leaped prey.

A fierce land indeed  
But conquered by us through traditions passed down,  
Even a paradise for those who know the secrets from whispers of years passed,  
The secret of the seasons of waxing and waning life, the rising and falling of leaves,  
Fleeting, but a breath in the stop of the valley of the oak.  
Perhaps a fortnight's calm among the cycling storm,  
But time earned even by those who shrink indoors from the valley's cruelty.  
Growth, passing, and celebration; much is crammed into the decent days  
Days void of the unsold sweat or Jack Frost's breath.  
Spring and autumn none always around the bend,  
Bane to its harshness, and hero to the valley of the oak.



Fourth Place, \$100 Jesse Rivera

Born from Dust  
Born from the dust  
In a country broken  
By idolatry to death it's self  
I escaped the jaws of inevitable poverty  
By coming to the land of freedom  
The land where in God we trust

But now  
The country's grown corrupt  
The rich wage war  
But it's the poor who die  
They no longer fight for freedom  
They fight for oil and gold

Then make laws  
To suit their malicious ways

They rewrite marriage  
And bend morals  
Then rejoice in their mischief  
As the media differentiates  
Right from wrong  
And an honors student