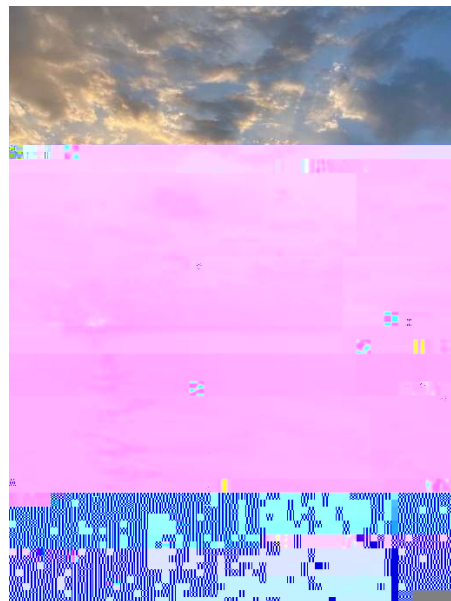


In the upper division, **from Wimboogin appeared in the winner's side row for the third straight year.** The former East Coast journalist's winning \$100 piece, **'Partners in Northeast Texas Thatopsis Revisited 2020'** was a brilliant summary of the atrocity, new funds, and a connection that dramatized the local response to the coronavirus. **'Hope for America'** an intricate type piece, took second place, and also attested to an important and largely recent event.

The contest also featured the third Northeast Texas Image Contest. Where the previous public challenge asked authors to reflect the life, culture, or history of Northeast Texas, the photographer had to capture a view or sight in the area of Texas between the Red and Sabine rivers. This year, the winners in this category located scenes of special grandeur. In first place in this category, winning \$70 was **Jane Buckley's 'Sunrise over a Wood County Lake'**



In second place, winning \$50 below was **Hannah Barnes' photograph of a Cas County lake**



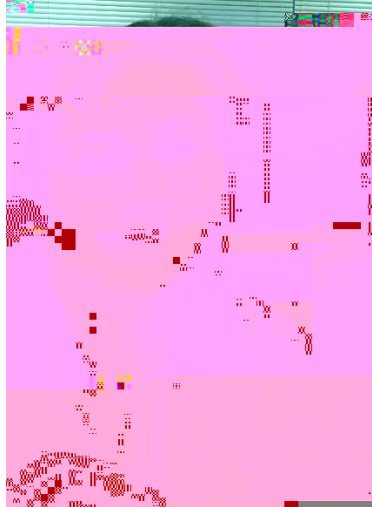
The judges, which for poetry included NICC Associate Vice President, Anna Ingram, Professors Mary Smith and Jim Swan, and for the paintings, Art Professor Debbie Strong, dismissed many entries this year as subpar. But the top poems and paintings achieved some of the best scores of the contest's history. Notable in the student category were two outstandingly imaginative poems: the "Texas Synchrotron Love Affair" by Katelyn Lester; and "Mind Swings"

**A welcome warmth in spite of the fever
This land washes us in
A kiss of honey, of butter;
Every taste a delicate reminder
He remains mine, and I am always his**



**The hands that you may see,
The lips that you may feel,
They bear with them so much
Blind eyes call us, eyes so
Eyes so dark, eyes so fine,
That is a story
A story that not everyone knows
A story of a hardworking Hispanic man-- a son, a brother, and a father:
From feeling the fish, eating nothing but
to wiping off the sweat on his forehead
The hands he felt it all
The eyes of the light, being North of Texas,**

**Thenildwht foms on the gas in the field;
The smoothness of cattle hides as they try to tame the animal;
The roughness of the babe's white faces that lie in the cradle,
Those hands have felt it all
From diving a bright blue New England trout under the Texas sky
to holding the hand of a loved one,
Those hands have done it all
Those hands have helped plow and plant fields;
Fields that stretch for miles on the rolling Texas landscape
Those hands have helped bring food to a table,
At a dinner a family gathers to feast
on the riches those hands have provided
Those hands have done it all
They have healed
They have been bruised
They have been blessed
They have brought blessings upon this family
"Quedostecuide"
My God take care of you,
As the nurse's hands make the sign of the cross
No matter how rough the nay get
Or how tired they may be,
Those hands that you see are
I am a nurse doing my job:**



God hein Ol

Out of the Mexican sun

With shades of ambition

Abandoned with a cliff

Could it do a few more vultures

Only God would provide

But we can't do North Texas!

Here we are

We are following our star:

Go, I believe, Thee, O' the land!

Here it is, to the king

To the green pastures and still, dear vultures, dear king

My parts wæcald ‘essential works’

While thus stayed one and bidæd

The bath of life fidaed

They had voked the fire

That tied body a-ding

That owns a-fy be-ding . .

But the fire was never pðlenadgra

In the whole scene of our futura

Every one has to eat

And keep the bat

Why not the p

Without a vlep

We kept valing

**Heart thought of leaving
In you O hostile State, still believing**

**You are a young girl is breathing
You are a sweet girl bright in my day**

Five Million Covid 19 cases in US by August, 2020
Deaths bitter hurt to 176,000 unsuspecting souls
Worldwide pandemic in 2020 and all 50 US States
Not even North East Texas would be spared wide

Now nature's smallness eyed a giant,
It treats the fledgling wind we call breath
Compelling not, the motivation of a cure
Who ignores precaution, encouraging death

My vesolives that when once a rownder call
To have necre with rocks, nills and peaceful stems
The eve explored is unknown, nowing with
Gae and trust to submer in peaceful deans

A b l L

