

Grand Champion

Category B – Individual Poem - Grades 5 & 6

Boone Davis

Times Square

I see people emerging from
the tunnels that pierce through the
guts of the stone giant
that we live and
depend on.

I see metal boxes taking
turns gliding through the streets,
making loud noises of
irritation every few moments.

I see flashing lights, boasting
images of everything imaginable,
but nobody falls for their
tricks; they know them too well.

I see travelers marveling over
this strange context,
which makes them seem
out of position to people
passing by.

I see everything acting the
Way it always does; playing its
Assigned role, improvising
A balance,
Throughout the busy day.

Boone Davis

Grade 5, Saint Ann's School, Marty Skoble