



FAIR POET FALL CONTEST

2016 FAIRPORT HARBOR FAIR POET WINNERS

Sponsored By: Hank Werronen

Grades 6-8

First \$100 - Aaron Gebeau
Second \$50 - Taylor Sanborn
Third \$25 - Jaidin Knipp

Grades 9-12

First \$175 - Gabby Palmer
Second \$100 - Alyssa Smith
Third \$50 - Marcus Toreki
Honorable Mention
\$50 - Maleik Anderson





THE UNDERDOG ADVANTAGE

By Hank Werronen, Class of 1965

Growing up in a small town in Ohio

Often feeling like an Underdog

Expected to lose against the Top Dogs

From bigger schools and greater privilege

What a curious word

Comparing people with dogs

But life often seems like a dog fight

With the deck stacked against

To be known as an Underdog

Becomes a badge of honor and inspiration

A wellspring of quiet strength

For prevailing against all odds

Refusing to give up

Discovering unknown talents

Learning to come from behind

Exulting in victories well-earned

Grateful, Both Day and Night

By KayInn Clasing, 8th Grade

Fair Poet Finalist

Another long day, finally come and gone.
My restless legs are slow but still drag along.
With only minutes left of this again perfect day.
I'm more than grateful, is the least I can say.
I gaze up at the night sky,
And silence is all I hear.
I can feel the wind as it dances through my hair.
Those chirping crickets are nowhere near.
The feeling of comfort as I rest on the grass.
I can smell the crisp, brisk air. I lay here,
And as you can clearly see,
Alone I am here, To think of what's yet to be.

I am a Bear
Aaron Gebeau, 7th Grade
First Place - Fair Poet Contest

I am a grizzly bear
Searching for my prey
I move through the river
Slow but strong
A fish swims by
Different from the rest
This fish smells new
This fish is young
It belongs to me
This fish is mine
I take it
Death comes slowly Breath is no more
I am a grizzly bear

A Walk Through A Nice Fall Forest

By Maarika Haller, 8th Grade

Fair Poet Finalist

The whistling of the wind blowing,
Leaves falling from the colorful trees, Rocks moving from beneath my feet,
Water running down the stream,
Birds singing and chirping about,
Beautifully The touch of the bark on a tree,
The pain of a rock in a shoe,
My feet shuffling through the leaves,
And sweater keeps me warm,
And the cold brisk air blowing through my hair
I pick up dead leaves to see their great colors,
The breeze of the cool fall air,
The clean smell of the cold fresh water,
The dark fresh soil with a hint of a woodland smell,
I see the bright and colorful trees,
The bright green plants are starting to fade,
The river flowing very calmly,
The animals frolic through,
The nice fall forest

When Season's Change
By Hayley Jarvis, 8th Grade
Fair Poet Finalist

Feelings are like seasons
They change
Like summer to fall
Winter to spring
While the seasons my feelings don't
As much as I want them to they won't
I can try, but not succeed
I can pretend that they are not there
That would be a terrible lie to tell though
I wished of something
Maybe a fairytale
It turned out to be nothing
I thought of it as something
Turns out I only felt it

I Will

By Jaidin Knipp, 8th Grade

Third Place - Fair Poet Contest

Nature tells me to go with the wind
To fall from the trees as the air becomes thin
They say I will not last a single winter's day
For surely they say my color will fade
I will not last a winter's night
I will never see the flurries of white
Why should I agree
With their horrid pleas
To fall from the trees
And join the other leaves
I will not give up
My color surely will not fade
I will last until winter is over
In March I will see a four leaf clover I will not go with the wind
Nature does not know the way
I will be the only leaf to say
I lasted through a winter's day

Smooth Waves

By Taylor Sanborn, 8th Grade

Second Place - Fair Poet Contest

The smooth waves crashing in the wind,
Across the breakwall that seems to never end.

The waves calm me and everyone,
Especially while I'm under the sun.

There are children swimming,
And parents always taking pictures Saying they're having "beach fun"

The smooth waves crashing in the wind,
They eat away at the sand.

The waves make me very happy,
Their noise soothes me when I feel sappy.

I enjoy these waves with my friends,
And our happiness never ends.

Because,
The smooth waves crashing in the wind,
Will always calm me.

Humanity is failing

By Evan Bish, 10th grade

Fair Poet Finalist

Humanity is failing

People shooting other people

People taking their own lives

People abuse their bodies with drugs

People judged for their skin color

People judged for their religion

People killed for unexplained reasons

Terrorists bombing places for no good cause

Innocent people beheaded in foreign countries

Disease spreading and no cure existing

Life is fading from Earth's eyes

Life used to be extraordinary

Now it's all complete selfishness and regret And life is almost dead

Humanity is failing

The Change of Seasons
By Olivia Hulett, 11th Grade
Fair Poet Finalist

snow crystals falling
Ice shards gleaming in the sun
A calm winter day
Sweet scent of flowers
A calming drizzle at night
Peaceful vibes of spring
Sand between my toes
Fun and laughter all around
Summer sun shines bright
Cool breeze around me
Raining red orange and gold
The colors of fall
The seasons must change
Before we know it they're gone
But always come back

The Flower Upon my Windowsill

By Gabby Palmer, 9th Grade First Place - Fair Poet Contest

About seven trillion years ago-
My memory is very slim-
I was taken somewhere that I don't know
Someplace cold, and dark, and grim
These rusted chains withdrawal me;
My nights are rough and slow
I can that it's the night you see
For I was gifted a window
The window is ensnared with bars
The light shines oh so dimly
And my longing to escape lives on with the stars
But my body moves oh so minimally
Yet there is one thing that keeps me living
And keeps my movement still
Is a beautiful gift that keeps on giving
The flower on the windowsill
It's a beautiful petals shine a red so bright
And the stem; the colour of an emerald
It's a wonder to watch it absorb my light
As the falling rain makes it revel
It's petals are wilted I'm not sure of the cause
And it droops as if it is sad
But it doesn't matter, even with it's all it's flaws
The sight of it makes me glad
So maybe someday I will be free
To my home on that bright green hill,
And to my beautiful gift that keeps on giving,

Differences
By Alyssa Smith, 9th Grade
Second Place - Fair Poet Contest

1. My mind is a flower;
2. that opens and closes-
3. absorbing the drops of rain
4. My heart is the sky;
5. way up high-
6. filled with brightness and night
7. My soul is the ocean;
8. with depth so deep-
9. but the world can only see the waves
10. My body is a lie,
11. for this is not who i am-
12. i am what is on the inside
13. I am a child,
14. with my life baffled-
15. not knowing which way to turn
16. I am an adult,
17. for i know what i want-
18. But i am too frail to try..

Beautiful Monster

By Brenna Starkey, 12th Grade

Fair Poet Finalist

It danced right in front of my face
This tiny dancer, claiming its space
So often it scares me Yet tonight when he slides I know that I have no reason to hide
This beautiful monster,
Building his masterpiece
And I watch
Somehow, someway
Not wanting to destroy his space
So much of nature we do not understand
And yet when we see, When we listen,
It is a masterpiece

Handover

By Marcus Toreki, 12th Grade

Fair Poet Finalist

Early in the month of November
The vibrant golden leaves fall from the trees
Carried with a soft and gentle breeze
As they fall and gather on the ground beneath us
Twisting, twirling, round and round
They create a bright carpet
Of coppers and golds
Symbolizing the beauty of letting go
Summer is gone
Autumn is the handover between summer and winter
Watching the last of these days pass by
Feeling the air get more bitter
Seeing the sky get darker
Makes us realize the year is mostly over.

Fair Poet Contest - Honorable Mention

By: Maleik Anderson

How would you describe nature to the blind?
Would you explain the way that trees blow in the wind?
Or the way a bee goes buzz buzz and stings your skin?
I would describe it as another lifetime outside
Nature reminds me of everyday life because you never know what to
expect.

Sometimes I sit and look at the trees
It helps me think
I love the animals and their ways of life
The way animals care for each other
It warms my heart
It also makes me wanna do my part
By keeping the bad away from the good
And making a difference in the neighborhood
How about that for a start?
Nature has oceans
And even some lakes
But those are what the people must hate
The way they litter
And scatter the trash
I'm not too sure.