

Fair Poet Assembly - Dec. 15, 2017 - 9:30 am



Grades 6-8 Fair Poet Finalists (Left to Right)

Morgan Braemer	Grade 8	"Lost"
Samantha Yowell	Grade 7	"The Beauty of Technology"
Samantha Collins	Grade 8	"Mask of Lies"
Owen Meacham	Grade 7	"Cassini"
Mia King	Grade 7	"Record and Watch"



Grades 9-12 Fair Poet Finalists (Left to Right)

Jesus Chavez	Grade 12	"Mi Poesia!"
Victoria Palmer	Grade 11	"Dystopia"
Angie Gutekunst	Grade 11	"Technology (Click, Click, Click)"
Breanna Cremeans	Grade 10	"Technology (It's Popular)"
Rylie Erb	Grade 10	"Why me?"

Grades 6-8 Finalists (Presented in this order at the assembly)

Morgan Braemer is an 8th grader at Harding. She is an active member of the volleyball team, marching band, and concert band. Outside of school, she likes drawing, reading, and listening to music. When she is older, she would like to go to art school.

In regards to her poem *Lost*, her peers said the poem was deep, and that it presented technology as us, as something that is truly lost.

Lost

It's strange isn't it

Technology

We can use it for many great things,

And yet,

Some choose to spend hours,

Just Looking,

Scrolling,

Getting lost,

And more lost,

Deep in the web

Samantha Collins is an 8th grader at Fairport. This is her first year attending Fairport. She plays volleyball and basketball. She also plans to play softball once in high school.

Her peers said that her poem *Mask of Lies* shows how technology can truly hurt, and that her poem shows what some people have gone through because of technology.

Mask of Lies

You made us closer even though we were so far apart

Your broke the ones who needed fixing the most

You make us think we are as useless as the garbage you throw away

You brought us so much laughter that slowly meshed into faint cries

The perfect smile you see is a mask of lies

Under that mask I'm broken into a million pieces,

That no one would want to put back together



Mia King is a 7th grader at Fairport. She has attended Fairport since 3rd grade, and she thanks all of her success to the support she receives from her amazing friends. Last year she was a semi-finalist for the Fair Poet contest, and it was last year she realized that she loved writing. She plans to go to Auburn Career Center in high school.

Her poem is titled *Record and Watch*. Her peers said that this poem presented technology in a different way and that it also a moving poem.

Record and Watch

A time in history, when we were civilized,
When all of our phones didn't exist, we played outside.
And now, now our brains are fried and weakened.
Today in society, we would rather record a burning building,
than be saving it.
Our hearts are as listless as our dead phones, we no longer feel much of anything,
We all just watch and record,
A world rooted in discrimination, yet we all still ignore it,
We have become so careless of what we say and do.
We call each other names behind technology,
Society is in a downfall,
We just watch and record,
We need to step up, and take a stand.
We need to come together,
We need to rise above technology,
We will no longer record and watch,
We will stand taller than ever, and make our mark,
We will once again become civilized.
As a country we shall rise,
And as a country we shall never back down.

Owen Meacham is a 7th grader at Fairport. His favorite subject is math, his favorite food is the cheeseburger, and his favorite book is *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*. Owen is looking forward to traveling to Ireland in the spring, even though his favorite place in the world is South Carolina.

In regards to his poem *Cassini*, his peers said that this poem was intriguing, unique, and had “edge of the seat” excitement.

Cassini

I hear a blast under my feet as I launch into the air
I get past the barrier; it is so dark out here
The long journey begins....
The white moon I see
I'm off to more darkness
Except for the stars so far away
To the red planet, I am so far
Then the bright light burns my eyes
For the red planet is near now
I pass the brightness and I'm back again
To the darkness that most of my life has been
Through the rocks I weave and dodge
Big or small I must not hit for my journey
It will end....
I made it past the rocky land
I see the next planet I'm halfway to my destination
It shines orange, brown, and gray; not the most colorful thing I've seen
It is very big as I go around, my eyes glued to it
For I cannot turn or move; gravity controls me
And my owners back at home who hope no harm comes to me
I round the planet of orange, brown, and gray
For it took me so long
I still have more darkness to bear
To make it where my code says
Then I see it; the massive planet with rings
As I draw nearer, I start to cry
For my long journey is over
I shall settle here for the rest of my days
Then I feel a pull; I can not move at all



FAIR POET FALL CONTEST



And no one controls me
I go around and around
The planet I have come to know well
I take pictures and send them home
I hope they like them for it's all I know
More than a decade I spend with my friend
Just to see it all end
My owner's control me to go to my friend
bzxxzz ... kxzx xk.. .jgkbjokvj... kdccc.....
Mission end

Samantha Yowell is a 7th grader at Fairport. This is her first year playing sports at Fairport. She is currently on the basketball team, but also played on our volleyball team. She states that this is the first year she has tried to be more outgoing in regards to team competitions.

Her poem is titled *The Beauty of Technology*. Some things that her fellow skippers had to say about her poem were that they enjoyed rhyme scheme as well as a general agreement with the message of the poem.

The Beauty of Technology

Bringing our imagination to life
With robots, video games, and much more
Without all our tech we'd be full of strife
Created with science right to the core

From satellites up high, to phones in hands
We can text our friends and call our loved ones
Communicating with far away lands
Passing our bright minds to our great grandsons

We have the whole world right in our pockets
Whether we use it for work or just fun
Being able to build big huge rockets
The era of the future has begun

Do what you please with your technology
Just know it's useful for myology

Grades 9-12 Fair Poet Finalists (Presented in this order at assembly)

Breanna Cremeans is a junior at Harding High School, as well as a student of the Interactive Multimedia Class at Auburn Career Center. She is part of both the Harding marching band and an active member of the drama club. After high school she plans to study graphic design at either Lake Erie College or the School of Advertising Arts in Kettering, Ohio.

Breanna's peers said that her poem *Technology* was realistic, and it truly described the issues we face with technology nowadays.

Technology

It's a popular thing that everyone uses
Something we can't live without

It's addiction is strong, pulling us in
Infecting our generation from birth

We have to know what happens
Every status, every picture

Because of it, we thrive from likes
The approval of the world matters

It's a drug we can't escape
A new one every day, every month, every year

Remember in that past when everyone was outside?

Remember when kids were energetic and always socializing?

Remember when everyone used to sit around the dinner table and have a conversation?

I don't.

Jesus Chavez is a senior at Harding high school who transferred here from Guanajuato, Mexico last year. Outside of school, he paints for an independent contracting company. At Auburn Career Center, he is studying electrical engineering and he wants to pursue that career after he graduates. He would like take his skills with him back to Mexico.

His poem, *Mi Poesia*, was universally described as beautiful by his fellow skippers.

Mi Poesia!

How beautiful those days were!
when his letters read
on horseback they carried her.
Great relic of the day!
other times were expected,
to come face to face
looking at each other with smiles
and touched the heart

It is very hard for me
to make something work,
and then to stop it
occupied who controls it.

Inventions are made
fairly quickly,
and I, in former times
would have felt good.

She came and changed lives.
Some improved others got worse.
Some facilitated other had difficulties.
But everything depends on the point of view.
You are different and innovative.
Your changes are constant
and difficult to accompany,
It saves lives and also brings life.
It carries us to "heaven", it descends us to "hell".
It pulls people away.
He gave us wings, to build and
we use to destroy.

¡Que hermoso eran aquellos días!

cuando sus cartas leían
a caballo la llevaban.
¡Gran reliquia del día!
otros momentos se esperaban ,
para verse cara a cara
mirándose con sonrisas
y al corazón tocaba.



FAIR POET FALL CONTEST



Me cuesta mucho trabajo
lograr que algo funcione,
y después, para pararlo
ocupó quien lo controle.

Los inventos se hacen
con bastante rapidez,
y yo, en tiempos anteriores
me hubiera sentido bien.

Ella vino y cambió vidas.
Unas mejoraron otras empeoraron.
Unas facilitaron otras Dificultaron.
Pero todo depende del punto de vista
Usted es diferente e innovador.
Sus cambios son constantes
y difíciles de acompañar,

Salva vidas y también saca vidas.
Nos sube al "cielo", nos desciende al "infierno".
Acerca y aleja a las personas.
Nos dio alas, para construir y
nosotros usamos para destruir.

Rylie Erb is a sophomore at Harding High School. She plays basketball, volleyball, track, and is also a member of the flag corp here at Harding. She is a member of leadership Lake County and appalachian sales. She wants to go to a traditional college after high school.

Rylie's peers said that her poem, titled *Why Me?* was very real. They also stated that the poem shows how dangerous and toxic technology can be when used incorrectly.

Why me?

Caption... Just Be You
I picked my filter
Took me almost all night to pick
I found it

Mayfair is the filter I pick
I get 67 likes

It's 12:00 pm
I look at the comments
Oh why did I look at them

You're UGLY
Why did you POST this
How did she get 67 LIKES on this
I stopped because I could not take it anymore

I tried to sleep
It's 3:00 am I can't sleep
But then I get text it's him
You tell me don't listen to them but I did

I deleted the picture
He asked me why I cared what they thought of me
I don't

But I really did care what they thought
He kept texting me
I muted the chat
It's 4:00 am

I went in my bathroom and took a bath
I was in there for an hour
I was thinking about if I just died, would anyone notice I was gone

My parents went and talked to the school the next day
The school did nothing

The next day I did not go to school
Or the day after that and the day after that

I stopped caring about everything
I throw my phone at the wall
And it all went away
I'm finally free

Angelia Gutekunst is a junior at Harding High School. She is a former member of the concert band and marching band. At Auburn Career Center she is studying emergency medical services. After high school, she wants to go into the nursing field.

Her poem titled *Technology (Click, Click, Click)* was heralded as great because it packed so much into such a short poem. Skippers also stated that they connected with the poem because of how hooked to technology they are.

Technology (Click, Click, Click)

Click, Click, Click

The Keyboard Shifts

Tick, Tick, Tick

The Clock Sits

~

Sick, Sick, Sick

Generations Grumble

But We Should Not Fear

Change Is Near

And It Is Here

~

Victoria Palmer is a junior at Harding High School. She's attended Fairport Harbor School since kindergarten. She is an active member of the theater department, Fairport Dance Academy, and she is a varsity cheerleader for both basketball and football. She enjoys writing both prose and poetry because she finds it fun to put her thoughts on the paper in a descriptive way.

Victoria's fellow skippers stated that *Dystopia*, her poem, was very well written, had a great rhyme scheme, and that shows how technology truly affects the community.

Dystopia

The world was once lush and green,
With joyful beings that lives simple and long.
Now transformed by mechanics turned mean,
And attached to machines by an iron prong.

The land's a wasteland of of chrome and steel,
The people now ghouls who mope around.
Artificial intelligence tells them how to feel,
And no joy, nor laughter, nor sound.

Skyscrapers stand nearly a thousand feet tall,
The sky is dark, dim and dreary.
At the edge of the city lies a wall,
Which beings climb to feel less weary.

But the wall is dangerous and towering,
Few have dared to scale it completely.
Beyond the wall is a land that's flowering,
But why pursue something when it's given freely?

Those who dare to scale it by any means,
To think for themselves and object false reality.
Are those who see the life beyond the screens,
Who see life for what it is and live life gaily.

So break free of the prongs that keep you restrained;
Look away from the screens that bind you.
Escape from the cyberspace that's keeping you chained;
And go forth to the land that renews you.



Hank Werronen, Harding High School Class of 1961 alum, and our Fair Poet Sponsor, wrote this poem about this Fall's Poetry Contest theme: Technology. Thank you to Kasey Carrabine, Senior Class of 2018, for reading this poem on Dec. 15, 2017 on Mr. Werronen's behalf. He was unable to attend the assembly.

THREE CHEERS !

By Hank Werronen

If you listen hard today, you might hear a cheer

Hip, Hip, Technology !

Growing louder in this age when technology grows ever smarter

When computers come into every corner of our lives

With instant answers to our every question.

When phones have us so totally connected

That we can't be without them for a moment.

When sensors know where we are on the globe

And guide us to where we want to go.

When the ability to spell is no longer needed

And writing well has been twittered away.

When the latest hot thing is artificial intelligence

Telling us how to think, if that is even possible.

But wait, and you may hear another cheer

Hip, Hip, Humanity !

Three cheers for the ability to paint pictures or make music

Unlike any made before or yet to come.



Three cheers for the ability to make words sing in a poem

That brings a smile to our eyes.

Three cheers for acts of everyday kindness and friendship

That put a smile in our hearts.

Most of all, three cheers for our incredibly wondrous imagination

That lives proudly and uniquely in every mind.

Thinking thoughts you call your own, if that is still possible.

Hank Werronen

December 2017

Presented Dec. 15, 2017 - Fair Poet Assembly



High School Winners:

- Rylie Erb - \$175 (Pictured above)
- Victoria Palmer - \$100
- Breanna Creameans - \$50

Middle School Winners:

- Owen Meacham - \$100 (Pictured Above)
- Samantha Collins - \$50
- Samantha Yowell - \$25



Thank You

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