



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



The Fair Poet Assembly for the Spring Contest took place on May 14, 2019. This was the 5th Fair Poet awards ceremony. Fair Poet has become more than we could have imagined when we started this contest in 2017. What started as originally a celebration of the study of poetry in our schools quickly became an avenue to celebrate creative expression in its many forms. Students, parents, staff and administrators in attendance each heard poems from a group of students who all walk different paths in life, but whose creative purpose was unified through poetry. Those in attendance enjoyed various musical performances from the band, and many artists and writers were also honored at the assembly.

We hope you enjoy the poems that are shared below. Congratulations to each one of the winners and keep up the creativity, hard work and dedication to excellence.

Grades 6-8 Fair Poet Finalists

Bailey Davis	The Time
Audrey Heller	Small Seeds
Charlie Holbrooks	Stuck in the Eye of Time
Andrea McKinney	Time
Azlyn Nelson	This Hole of Mine
Summerlyn Slavkovsky	Time

Grades 9-12 Fair Poet Finalists

Shyan Apple	Six Years
Maya Hess	The Space of Time
Joey McFarland	Popcorn Journey
Alyssa Smith	The Clock is Ticking
Rylen Whitaker	If I Shine
Halona White	Time is Heartache



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Bailey Davis is a 7th grader at Fairport Harding High School. She plays softball. She is currently binge watching Friends. Her favorite time of year is Fall.

The Time

He is a good man

He sits and waits for his van

The time he wastes

He can't get back that wasted time he hates

A second goes by it seems to fly

Staring at the midnight sky

As he watches the missing time go by

The more he thinks that things were long ago

The less he thinks that things were so close

He looked beside him to see a rose

Oh how long that rose has been standing

In that timeless field alone in abandon,

Like a reflection he sees himself

Sitting there like a shelf

In the field, not one thing moves

Study the calm that proves

That time can mess with you



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Audrey Heller is a 7th grader at Fairport Harding High School. She plays volleyball and she also participates in theater. She is currently binge watching The Office. Her favorite time of year is spring.

Small Seeds

My day begins with my snowboots trenching through the spongy snow,

My coat hanging at my waist,

To a clearing in the snow, I go,

I dig until the dirt is erased,

From my hand, I place three apple seeds into the hole I've built,

Push dirt from a pile above,

Leaving the seeds alone I feel guilt,

Stepping inside, I take off my gloves.

The next few weeks pass, and my mind fades from the seeds,

My attention instead on the phone in my hands,

I forget about the tree's needs,

Boy how selfish I am.

The next few months pass and the seeds are now a shrub,

Small buds bursting to become fruit,



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I leave my phone and return to the stub,
The apples, I will soon begin to loot.

The next three years pass and the tree is growing strong,
My family loves the apples it makes,
Branches stretching far and long,
Be careful, one might break.

The next 50 years have passed and the tree now is old and rotten,
Apples crushing in just on squeeze,
Happiness from the tree I have gotten,
I head inside, leaving the dead tree to freeze.



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Charlie Holbrooks is a 7th grader at Fairport Harding High School. She has participated in the drama productions. She plays the flute in the band. She is currently binge watching Little House on the Prairie. Her favorite time of year is fall.

Stuck in The Eye of Time

Time. Too much, or too little? Too long or too short?
Do we waste our time, or do we use it wisely?
Sitting on our phones, while homework is overdue.
Time makes us do funny things. It makes no sense.
We wish for more time, then wish the day was over.
“I’ve got this”. “I can get this done”. “Oh well”.
I wish we could say “I love time”.
Not good, nor bad, but floating in existence.
Do we notice time? Is it really there?



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Andrea McKinney is a 7th grader at Fairport Harding High School. She plays softball and basketball. She has participated in the drama productions for the past several years as well. She is also in the band and plays the clarinet. She doesn't binge watch tv - instead she does competition dance. She loves the summer!

Time

Time is fleeing
The deadline is near
I fill with fear
The answer is not clear
As I try to put myself in gear
I once more
Tremble with fear
It will be merely a presentation
Of which I would want an ovation
I have worked against the clock
And hoped I would stay ahead
But only now the clock is working against me
And will not set me free
I need more time, and for this, I hoped
But time is running out, and this I know
I cannot last any longer
My head is going to blow



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Azlyn Nelson is a 7th grader at Fairport Harding High School. She plays basketball. She is also in the band and plays the flute. She is currently binge watching the Walking Dead. Her favorite time of year is winter.

This Hole Of Mine

It's gloomy down here

The light I can not see

People must think I have disappeared

This crack in the earth could be the end of me

I wish I could start over, fix what I have done

For my life was a world of lies

And now I have dug my self too deep

That I will never escape

This hole of mine

All I can think about is starting over

For I had wasted my time

And others

With my lies and selfishness

I sit and wait

But, who would waste their time helping me



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For this is my terrible fate

And wow how selfish of me

No one will care,

Like I had done the same

Now all I can do is make a prayer

And, wait for my time to end

Hopefully, it will be soon

O' the time I wait for nothing at all



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Summerlyn Slavkovsky is a 7th grader at Fairport Harding High School. She enjoys playing volleyball.

Time

I walk in the park just like everyday

This time I came for a reason

I can feel the seeds in pocket, almost like decay

I know it is the right season

I walk over to a clearing on the trail

The leaves crunching under my feet

The seeds are now out of my pocket and buried all neat

Then I walk home, fast like a train on a rail

The next year comes and I'm feeling giddy

I have almost forgotten about the seeds

I walk over to the clearing and find shrubs oh so mini

Next year I might find a great oak tree

I haven't seen my tree in the past five years

When I find it I hope I don't go home in tears

I get there and I see my beautiful tree

Standing gracefully and filling many people with glee



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Shyan Apple is the lone senior among the Spring 2019 Fair Poet Finalists. Her poem is called Six Years. She is currently binge watching Pretty Little Liars. She is studying photography for her senior project. Her favorite time of year is summer.

Six Years

Fourteen

A new school

New Friends

New me

Fifteen

The same schools

Same Friends

Same me

Sixteen

Facing fears

Social Awareness

Always unique

Seventeen

Making growth

Finding love

Feeling pain

Eighteen

Being stupid

Being reckless

Feeling regret

Nineteen

Leave a mark

Say goodbye

Create a future



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Maya Hess is a sophomore at Fairport Harding High School. She is also in the marching band on the drum line. She is a familiar face to this stage and a returning Fair Poet finalist, as well as an active member of the high school theater department. She is currently binge watching American Horror Story. Her favorite time of year is summer.

The Space of Time

Time, time, what a thing
Constantly waiting to debut in the wings.
Tolerance has to be present, In order for time to sing
Together, they create patience, and put together a beautiful piece.

The Sun and Earth, they do the same.
They come together and ignite a flame.
The flame of love, the flame of life, the flame of everlasting light.
The flame that radiates warmth, the flame that burns bright.

The Sun burns this flame, and shares it with the Earth.
She keeps him warm, and has since birth.
Space was born long ago, in between then and now, is so much time, so much hurt.
But Sun continues to warm earth, for she knows his worth.

Almost 6 billion years, what a time.
Tick tock, goes the clock, no matter the climb.
Time never stops, and the clock, it keeps its chime.
For the earth would shed tears if he ever lost his light.

Beautiful isn't it?
After all this time, the Sun has never said to the Earth, "You owe me."
Look at what happens when love like that is set free.
It lights up the whole world, and it is a wonderful thing.



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Joseph McFarland is a junior at Fairport Harding High School. He is a member of the marching band and is on the drumline. He is currently binge watching Game of Thrones. His favorite time of year is summer.

Popcorn Journey

With each rotation
The time goes by
Lights shining
As it expands
Pop, pop, through the room
The fan blowing
Covering the space with
An amazing scent
Almost done
Timer rings
But the feeling
Was scorching



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Alyssa Smith is a junior at Fairport Harding High School. She is in the EMS program at Auburn Career Center. She plays the saxophone in marching and concert band. In her spare time, she enjoys composing music and reading books. She is a returning Fair Poet Finalist and 2nd place winner from 2017.

The Clock Is Ticking

The clock is ticking

As I wait in my cell

The clock never stops

But it does me well

The clock is ticking

But yet nothing is said

I know my family weeps

As I wait on top of the bed

The clock is ticking

As I know it always can

But I wish it would just tick faster

But I am just a man

The clock is ticking

But it's been many years

I sit here and think of my mistakes

Oh, how much I wish they would disappear

The clock is ticking

As my family takes me home

But in the car I wait

To get to where I belong

The clock is ticking

I sit with my family feeling swell

The clock never stops

But yet it did me well



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Rylen Whitaker is a sophomore at Fairport Harding High School. He enjoys playing the guitar in his spare time. He is currently binge watching The Arrow on netflix. His favorite time of year is fall.

If I Shine

I barely remember my dreams anymore
I know they're there
I just don't know where
Static memory inside my vacant core
The television blares
I'm too deaf to care

If above, I'm blurry
If behind, I'm blind
If below, I'm buried
If I shine
If I shine

Tomorrow I'd kill the hour hand that lives
For my dismay
If every second didn't count
If only every second didn't count
I would not give it the satisfaction of
Watching me decay



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Halona White is a junior at Fairport Harding High School. She likes to sing in her free time. She is trying to binge watching the Originals. Her favorite time of year is fall.

Time Is Heartache

This world is dark and cold.
No light in sight.
Just pain and darkness.
My tears streaming down.
My heart screams.
I long for the love I will never receive.

As each day passes, my heart breaks more.
As time continues to move, my life gets buried under the rubble.
The ruins of my love grow with each passing moment.
Until I realize that time is what helps me move on.

Time is pain.
There is too little.
Too much.
Or none at all.

Yet no one realizes that the world is full of frozen time.
The people you see everyday.
The things you eat.
Things you see, touch, taste, feel.
All take up time.



Fair Poet Assembly 2019



Mr. Hank Werronen, our Fair Poet Sponsor and Fairport Harding Graduate of 1961, presented two honorable mention awards - one for HS and one for MS.

Congratulations to Isabella Ocasio, an 8th grader at Fairport!
She is our Middle School Honorable Mention Award Winner.
Isabella won a \$50.00 Honorable Mention Check donated by Hank Werronen.



Time Flies by Isabella Ocasio

Memories take you back to the times that you felt so happy
you never want to forget the people who you cared so much for
The people who brought you happiness
The people you had changed your life forever
Memories are to remember the experiences
The times when big things were happening in your life
But memories sometimes might hurt when you look back
The memories that hurt teach you lessons
They shape you into the person you're striving to be
Memories may make you happy or sad
But they make them into the beautiful person you are



Fair Poet Assembly 2019

Gabby Nobilio is an Honorable Mention among Non-Finalist is “ Time Starts Now” High School Honorable Mention - Awarded by Hank Werronen - \$50.00 Honorable Mention Check donated by Hank Werronen.



Time Starts Now by Gabby Nobilio

Hold on, stop the clock and think.

Why is our world so cruel?

Why are we being judged by our skin?

Why are we being judged for our size?

Why are we being judged by our shape?

Why are we being judged by our actions?

Why are stereotypes so HURTFUL?

People assume that stereotypes are true!

Everyone has their own personality.

Everyone is unique in their own shape or form.

Okay, start the clock again.

It's time.



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We look forward to seeing what the students will be able to produce next time, as it seems the light of poetry burns brighter with each passing year here in our little beach town. Congratulations to all of our winners and finalists. We would like to thank our Fair Poet Sponsor Mr. Hank Werronen for your generous donation and funding of the Fair Poet Contest.

Fair Poet Middle School Winners:

First Place: Charlie Holbrooks - \$100

Second Place: Andrea McKinney - \$50

Third Place: Summerlyn Slavkovksy - \$25

Runner Ups: Azlyn Nelson, Bailey Davis,
& Audrey Heller



Fair Poet High School Winners:

First Place: Alyssa Smith - \$175

Second Place: Shyan Apple - \$100

Third Place: Halona White - \$50

Runner Ups: Maya Hess, Joey McFarland,
& Rylen Whitaker



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Thank You

Fair Poet Contest Sponsor: Hank Werronen, Class of 1961

*Fair Poet Contest Readers:
Mrs. Ring, Ms. Tenon, Mr. Campbell*

*Fair Poet Contest Judges:
Janine LaBounty, Zackary Henderson, Ben Green*

*Fair Poet Judge Coordinator:
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