

## **Loma Prieta (1989)**

Buildings shake in the Golden Gate State,  
Bricks Break before the quakes final wake.

People wait, TV's set to channel eight.  
Bay Bridge bobs, breaks under its own weight.

Giants v. A's, 10 days, no one at the plate.  
Today, no team will be etched into fate.

Magnitude 6.8, sirens don't activate.  
Earthquake, San Francisco's in rough shape.

-Klaus Jöstlein, 1st Place

## Damselflies

### *I. Broken Sonnet*

Against the mottled emerald shimmer trees,  
The leaves that ripple in the gentlest breeze,  
Above the lake that trembles in the light,  
Among the fluffs and pollens caught in flight,

There is a damselfly so shiny small,  
That even rain effects a deadly fall.  
Its body but a hair that slowly floats—  
Among the rays of sun a weightless mote.

The wings, an aberration in the air,  
That vibrate, shine, and yet do not impair  
The view of all behind, the lake,  
The aspens, which begin to quake—

Where is that tiny insect that specked the air?  
The wind has whiffed away our damselfly so rare.

### *II. Haiku*

Damselfly shimmers  
Above the lake. Raindrop falls.  
Goodbye, little one.

—Edmund Reske, 2nd Place

## **Dollhouses**

The houses once stood  
triple thick with brick,  
Corners pressed with care.

Now they look like toy forts  
After years of love-  
Walls missing, roofs peeled back.

Inside, a bedroom hangs open,  
wallpaper peels like old skin,  
a staircase leads to the sky.

These houses are evidence of  
A city that thrived,  
segregated, yet, vibrant, alive-

Reduced to piles of stolen brick,  
empty lots all over St. Louis,  
vines swallowing three story dreams.

Not till the last brick is stolen,  
will anyone notice  
the weight of what's gone.

The rooms remain open,  
like dollhouses  
left out on the lawn.

—Klaus Jöstlein, Honorable Mention

## Not A Clue

When I heard talks about politics I had absolutely no clue  
Since I couldn't vote there was nothing for me to do

Had never really ever paid attention to the news  
Just when I was going to get my new pair of shoes  
I always knew when the election was going on  
Although when the speeches came on my attention was gone

All I ever paid attention to was the different colored map  
Or how the boring talks wanted to make me take a nap  
Seeing all the blue and red on my tv screen  
Knowing that this didn't matter to such a young teen

Wouldn't need to vote for a few more years  
Not until I was able to have some beers  
Knowing that I just wanted to hold onto my youth  
Not trying to determine which candidate is telling the truth

Although politics is the most important thing to some  
I think people making it their whole personality can be very dumb  
I just wish people would stop trying to pick a side  
And making this whole country split apart and divide.

—Nick Roberts, Honorable Mention