

Capitol Cadences



A Collection from
Young Washington Poets

2026 EDITION

27TH ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST AWARD WINNERS

Welcome

On behalf of the Junior League of Washington, we are pleased to host the 27th Annual Youth Poetry Contest for DC public, charter, and archdiocese school students in grades 4 through 8. This was an especially momentous year for the Poetry Contest, as we received almost 300 entries from over 25 schools around the District. This is the most entries we've ever received! We are delighted to see so many young budding poets!

“Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once we grow up.” - Pablo Picasso

The purpose of the contest is to encourage youth authors to explore reading and writing poetry by submitting original work interpreting the year's theme. This year's theme was “Imagine.” It was wonderful to read all of the students' creative interpretations of imagination in their literary works. With one of the JLW's primary focuses being the development of children's literacy skills, it truly is inspiring to read the amazing collection of poems on these pages.

We would like to thank all of the students, teachers, librarians, and community organizations who participated in the contest this year. We also extend our congratulations to this year's winners.

“Stories are light. Light is precious in a world so dark. Begin at the beginning. Make some light.” -Kate DiCamillo

In Service,

Literacy Events Planning Committee
Junior League of Washington



Table of Contents

Grade 4

Imagine I was a Queen	04
Imagine a Poem	05
Imagine	06
What Would Happen If?	07
Imagination is Captured by Books	08

Grade 5

Strawberry	09
My World	10
UN MUNDO MEJOR	11
Our World	12
Imagine...	13
A Better World	14

Grade 6

Crossroads	15
On The Way To Excitement	16
A Normal Day	17
Rocket Ship	18

Grade 7

Ode to Music!	19
Inside a Mountain	20
The Power of Love	21
Just Imagine	22
A Pretty Girl	23
A Double-Edged Sword	24

Grade 8

The Phoenix	25
Imagine in the Streets of DC	26
Dreams vs. Reality	27
The Last Two People on Earth	28
Just Stop	29
Dreams in Shoulder Pads	30

Poetry Contest Superlatives

Superlative for Theme	31
Superlative for Poetic Elements	32
Superlative for Use of Language	33
Superlative for Organization	34

Imagine I was a Queen

By: Kelly Kouam

Imagine I was a queen, serene and bright,
Draped not just in gold, but in my light.
A crown of courage set with grace,
No fear or doubt could take its place.

Imagine I was a Queen.

My throne would stand on truth and trust,
Not fragile stone that turns into dust.
My voice would ring both firm and fair,
A song of hope upon the air.

Imagine I was a Queen.

Imagine I was a gown of bright green,
With a golden crown that sparkled with sheen.
I'd sit on my throne made of silver and stone,
Ruling with kindness, never alone.

Imagine I was a Queen.

Imagine a Poem

By: Emelyn Taboko

Poems can be blue.
They can be read and yellow too.

Poems are the birth of imagination. Anyway you write it; it's a perfect orientation.

Poems can be full of excitement any way you write it.
Imagine a poem, what do you see?

Write a poem. I know it's inside you, and it's inside me!

Imagine a poem; let it fly high!
Imagine a poem; reach for the sky!

Remember your imagination follows you wherever you go. It helps you learn everything you know.

Your imagination is one of your most beautiful features.
Never think of it as a creature.

You can imagine anything you want like a rabbit or for you to go on a hunt.

And everything you imagine is fantastic. Sometime dreams feel real but sometimes like plastic.

Imagine

By: Noah Cabral

Imagine if every single person
in the world became friends,
Where envy doesn't exist.
Imagine how amazing this could be.
Just imagine!

Imagine how far kindness can take us,
How supporting each other would make a better world.
Can you imagine!

Imagine if every single time
nobody cares about each other,
If that became true,
What does it say about us?
Can you imagine how sad it could be?

Future me,
As a growing boy.
I can imagine,
Myself loving, respecting, caring for the world,
For nature and people.

Imagine a better world without war.
Can you imagine it too?

What Would Happen If?

By: Carter Pinnock

What would happen if roads were not black?
What if America was great?
So, why do we have to go back?
What would happen?

What if black history month was still a week?
What if black people were still the weak?
What would happen?

If money was green?
Then why would black people not get any?
If money did grow on trees, then why did
black people not get any?
What would happen?

If we are a unit, then why are we getting split up?
If the American Revolution were fighting for freedom,
then why are we shadows?
What would happen?

If I oversaw this place, it would be a better place.
If I was here all those years, it would be a better place.
What would happen?

Imagination is Captured by Books

By: Sofia Mans Lima

Books can make your **imagination** fly like a bird
and grow as tall as a beanstalk.

They are superb little tickets to far off destinations,
and the key that unlocks the depths of your heart.

They can make your emotions soar
higher than any mountain
and make your heart as heavy as a dumbbell.

They paint pictures in your mind,
as gorgeous as the setting sun.
They make you feel special,
sad,
angry,
hungry,
happy,
excited,
and many other emotions.
Books enhance your **imagination**.

No-
Books **ARE** your **imagination**.

Strawberry

By: Claire Boerstler

A ruby jewel, kissed by the sun,
The taste of summer sweetly won.
The strawberry's charm, a vibrant hue,
A burst of flavor, fresh and new.
With tiny seeds upon its face,
A delicate sweetness, time cannot erase,
From pies to salads, a delightful treat,
A simple pleasure, oh so sweet.
So let us savor every bite,
This little berry, pure and bright.
A gift of nature, red and bold,
A story of sunshine sweetly told.

My World

By: Coraline Macdonald Beaty

The chaos of classrooms,
The noise of the news,
The chatter of online,
Filled with insults and boos.

Compared to the softness and wonder
The peace of the mind,
When I sit back and wonder
About a place more kind.

It's the place between sleep
Streaked with ribbons of light
It's the grey and blue sky
Filling me with words as I write.

It's the places I go
To escape the world
The absence of care
Is beautiful and needed, all swirled

The fantasy of serpents
Fae, my own, palace
Helps me cope with the world
And see through it's malice.

So call me weird or crazy,
For drifting off to elves and dragons
But I keep myself calm
And I keep myself sane
By living in the world I imagine

UN MUNDO MEJOR

By: Stephanie Mendoza and Lesliey Zelaya

Imagínate el mundo sin injusticia
donde el norte y el sur se den la mano
donde la bondad sea lo primero,
imagina un mundo de corazón sincero.

Que las familias estén juntas y alegres,
compartiendo el pan y las risas sin miedo
Ese miedo de lo que va a pasar en el futuro
Ese miedo que no los dejen soñar.

Cruzamos caminos largos,
con esperanza en la piel,
llevando historias guardadas
que nadie puede romper.

Porque, aunque cambie el suelo,
y el cielo sea diferente,
el corazón lleva un hogar
que vive dentro de la gente.

Queremos un mundo de manos unidas
donde salir de un país, no sea la única opción,
donde se sanen las heridas
y el amor sea el mapa de cada nación.

Donde la única arma más poderosa
Sea el amor y no el odio.
Porque en cada paso,
nazca la esperanza de un mundo mejor.

Our World

By: Tighe Kavanagh-Grogan
and Eva Newman

Imagine the world were a different place, a better place.
Imagine a smile on everybody's face.
Imagine a world full of wonder
Where there's always a rainbow after the thunder.
Imagine the world came together as one.
We could achieve that if we don't run.
Run from what's different, what's difficult or hard.
Life's like a card game, so play the right cards.

Imagine a world where everybody was free,
Nobody was stuck or pushed down to their knees
Imagine a world free of weapons like guns,
where everybody was able to just have fun.
Imagine a world where everything was fair,
no deep darkness, no despair
Imagine a world with leaders so grand
They let people enter even when unplanned
Imagine a world with food to spare
Where everybody was kind, everybody cared

So here's to education,
Here's to family
Here's to allowing dreams to come true
And letting people choose what they do
Here's to happy people
Here's to happy days
And to summarize this poem, make the world a better place.

Imagine...

By: Ashwin Cohen

Imagine a world where there are no problems,
And no one is running and screaming to solve them.

What would it look like,
What would it be?
Will there be clean air, enough homes, or hundreds more trees?

What will it look like
if we all get along and no one did anything evil or wrong?

What will happen
if there are no weapons, no wars?
Would we be able to unlock all the doors
To give children food, education, no chores?

We try to fight for more resources,
But we're also setting people on crash courses.
Draining their water, taking their land,
And no one is giving a big, helping hand.

No one is happy with what they own,
And everyone thirsts for a new car or home.

I wonder what is so great about point B,
That people from point A are rushing to see.
And people in Point B unhappily say,
"I don't like this place! On to Point A."

No one is happy where they currently stand.
They want more oil, more water and more land.

We clutch too tightly to what we have,
Not giving, not sharing but wanting more than half.

But if we could just stop this power hungry craze,
Then maybe, somehow, we can all face
All the struggles like homelessness and poverty,
So that the world may run without greed, but in harmony.

It seems like we all fight at the littlest things.
And it makes everybody be mean and I start to think.

What would the world look like with no problems,
And no one is running and screaming to solve them?

A Better World

By: Edith Cater and Ziva Illkovich

Imagine the world was a better place,
Where no one was ashamed of their race,
Where there was no such thing as a bad education,
And where no one faced discrimination.

Keep imagining the new world,
With solutions,
Where everybody cared about preventing pollution,
Where everyone had a house to go home to at night,
And a welcoming family that keeps you safe without
fright.

We're fighting a war against ourselves,
And ending the world because of what's overcome us.
So now pause,
And imagine how this all could stop,
Imagine what the world could become.

Crossroads

By: Priya Shiplier

When will the crossroads come?
How do I know if I will run?
I'm waiting for the choice to come
But I'm too scared I'll miss my
chance

But when will the crossroads
come?
I think soon, yes soon sounds right
But the length of that soon
Sounds longer than night

I need to know,
To quench my thirst
When will the crossroads soon
return?
When will I choose which path to
learn?

But the stars don't whisper
"They will come soon"
I've heard no words
From that starlit loom.

When will the crossroads come?
What is the fear picking me apart?

Am I afraid that I don't know
Or is it just my fear to choose?

When did the crossroads arrive?
For they have been here the
whole time
And I just chose to not see that
But now I choose my winding
path

The crossroads that push
To imagine,
But do

So when will the crossroads
return?
Maybe when my path
Takes another turn

On The Way To Excitement

By: Au'Brey Durkin

My two eyes are headlights.
My legs are wheels.
My brain is an engine,
so I start up
on my way to funcation.
The sky turns red, then it starts raining.

Funcation is on the mountain.
To get up the mountain, rest is my fuel.
I need to rest for gas, to have enough energy.
I get rest so I can keep going up the mountain
toward my destination.

A Normal Day

By: Riley Sheard

It's a normal day
I get up at 6:30
Brush my teeth
do my hair, get
On the bus.

I'm in first period
Head down on
The desk because
School is stressful
and
I was up late on TikTok
watching ice protests
anyways.

I'm listening to my music
and I hear the loudspeaker
Say "Lock the doors and from
the windows stay away".

The teacher moves to lock the
door
30 students in a corner.
They're all praying! My music
is still playing as I shiver in
horror.

And they get in....

A boy my age
Holding an AK
As the events would once
more begin....

But then again, it's a normal
day!

Can you imagine that?
No, you can't!
It was supposed to be
A "Normal Day"
and unfortunately it was
normal
In every way...

Rocket Ship

By: Ana Tessema

I look outside my window.
Every morning I see it.
A rocket flies high in the sky.
I always wanted to ride one day.

I wait for my turn.
Everyone does.
If you are lucky.
You get a chance.

In the rocket, they leave.
Seeing the stars.
That shimmers so loud.
You can see it from the ground.

One day it was my turn.
I rode it so high.
I never got down.
I never will.

Ode to Music!

By: Esmeralda Parada

In the quiet corners of a weary heart,
when the world feels heavy and hope starts to part,
a melody whispers, soft as a sigh,
notes drift like paddles, in an endless sky.

With every chord strummed, the spirit takes flight,
Lyric by lyric, we dance through the night.
Exhausted from battles, from the grind of the day,
the magic of music gently leads me away.

Tunes on shuffle, moving dreams anew,
in harmony's embrace, I am reborn, I pursue.
So let the rhythm guide to me, let the music play on,
for in its sweet embrace, I know I'm never alone.

Inside a Mountain

By: Hayley Jackson

On the surface
it looks still,
just stone and shadow,
a giant sleeping under the sky.

But that's only the surface.

Inside,

My imagination says
there's a slow burning heart
magma breathing in a patient cycle,
pulse after molten pulse.

Rivers run where no one sees,
not of water
but of fire,
glowing like secrets
whispered in the dark.

Maybe there's a doorway
hidden between the cracks
of quartz—not made by hands
but unlocked by courage.

The Power of Love

By: Phuong Mai Pham

If we held hands around the world,
Wishing, praying for goodness,
If we imagined hard
Enough
Could this extraordinary force,
produced only from the heart
flood the land and overflow the oceans
Just from a blown candle
A puff of dandelion
A shooting star zooming across the sky
Forming a spell
Cast on our world
by not one single sorceress
But us, the people
The children
The future
United
Hoping, hoping, hoping
Wishing, wishing, wishing
Building, building, building
A tomorrow
Our beautiful sphere without
War
Hunger
Famine
Environmental destruction
Tears and blood,
Mixing together
into a long, long river
of pain and suffering
Yes, I do believe
Someday, Now
The lines, the borders, the obstacles
will blur, will fade, will disappear
Until the only clear thing
is Love.

Just Imagine

By: Phuong Mai Pham

and you will escape
Blood will no longer become a river
Flowing around, from you
You will simply exist
Normal, Peaceful

Just imagine
and you will be home
Love wrapping its arms around you
Comforting and warm
While hatred constricts and chokes
A venomous snake
Unfurling its rage, curling and twisting
Determined to destroy, to kill
But love saves lives
Battling the bad
Til the bitter end
or perhaps a happily ever after.

Just imagine
and you will reach the stars
Aim for the moon,

and fly high
Gravity will not stop you
Barriers will not prevent you
The sky's not the limit
Your imagination is a rocket
with infinite fuel, always burning furiously
To power you.

A Pretty Girl

By: Louisa Prieur

Imagine looking in the mirror
And seeing a girl with
Hair as silky as satin
Imagine looking in the mirror
And seeing a girl with
Eyes as bright as the moon
Imagine looking in the mirror
And seeing a girl with
Lips as soft as flower petals
Imagine looking in the mirror
And seeing a girl with
A stomach as flat as tabletop
Imagine looking in the mirror
And seeing a girl with
A waist as thin as paper
Imagine looking in the mirror
And seeing a pretty girl
For I could only
Imagine

A Double-Edged Sword

By: Cecilia Koehler

I dream of Dragons, Clouds, Horses, too
There's almost nothing my mind can't do
It takes me East, West, the Stars above
Is there anything else to love?
But my mind, you see, isn't always that great
It daydreams when the teacher says,
"concentrate"
It spirals into things I cannot stop
Even when I shove it in a bottle and screw on the
top
You see, my mind is a Double-Edged Sword
Something that drowns yet something that soars
But in the end, I love my mind.
You know why?
It imagines things to pass the time

The Phoenix

By: Brielle Carry

When all lights go off
and the darkness presses on like a weighted blanket
and the fireplace crackles
I fly into your room.
I comfort you with my blossoming aromatherapy.
I protect you like the scorpion's venom.
I mutter sweet nothings to you.
I nourish your soul with my tune.
I dry your tears and push your dreams upward,
higher than kites, higher than airplanes,
higher than clouds,
and when you are tired and finished with me,
just say the word and I will return to dust and ashes
and hug you goodnight.

Imagine in the Streets of DC

By: Paige Wright

Imagine, Imagine, Imagine.
in the hush before sirens, before speeches,
before footsteps, Constitution Avenue
holds its breath,

before the flags unfurl along National Mall.
before the echoes gather beneath the
dome of United States Capitol,
there is a quiet the city almost
remembers,

imagine the pavement warm with
something gentler,
than urgency, than headlines, than
history's weight,
voices not raised but carried like wind
between,
marble columns where memory usually
marches loud and heavy,

imagine the barriers gone, replaced with
chalk—
color blooming across sidewalks like
sudden spring,
children sketching futures where
strangers pause,
long enough to say each other's names,

imagine laughter drifting past Smithsonian
Institution doors,
mingling with stories that no longer sit
behind glass,
but walk freely, hand in hand, across the
avenues,

imagine the monuments listening—
Lincoln Memorial leaning closer to hope,
Washington Monument standing not as a
needle,
but as a compass pointing quietly toward
tomorrow,

imagine the reflecting pool holding more
sky than sorrow,
ripples carrying not the past alone,
but the soft insistence of what could still
be made,
imagine footsteps without fear,
crossing Pennsylvania Avenue,
not toward power, but toward one
another,

imagine a city not divided by red or blue,
but stitched together in the small, human
light—
a hand offered, a pause given, a listening
kept,

imagine dusk settling gently over
Georgetown streets,
where history loosens its collar,
and the night hums with possibility
instead of proof,

imagine the sirens learning silence
the speeches learning to listen
the streets learning the rhythm of
belonging,

imagine in the streets of DC
not what was said, not what was done
but what might still be spoken into being,
imagine a city breathing again
slow, steady, shared,
Imagine if we can be free to walk the
streets of D.C.
Imagine, Imagine, Imagine.

Dreams vs. Reality

By: Princess Kennedy

Finally we raise our crowns high
And men are our knights
Preparing our daily dinners
Don't forget to wash your dish
Come right home after your 12 hour shift
Chauffeuring us around
A place where women rule the town
Beautiful women filled up city hall
Black or White
Race wasn't a case
A place where women
Can be what they wanna be
Without being told that isn't girly
Not being forced to wear a skirt
Looking good in khakis and a business shirt
As the men are told to stand up straight
Speaking their minds get them in a cage
They have to keep their feelings inside with no complaints
Man up is what we say
they wouldn't be able to handle being treated this way
Women's history month is the least they could do
It should be equal
not based on our genders
But the crown gets removed from my head
And I'm back to reality
Wishing I can go back to my dream.

The Last Two People On Earth

By: Jefferson Rivera Moreno

After the end of the universe,
Two people of opposite sexes meet after having
contemplated the end,
Their dreams are rekindled,
A chance ignites,
The world is everything to them, everything to them.

Two unique souls in a crowded land,
The only thing real that I couldn't resist.
No more searching through galaxies, empty and vast,
No more lonely winters, no more silent rooms,
I have found you, my lover, the first and the last,
A bright, beating flower that dares to bloom.
Let the world be a ruin, let the oceans be still,
We have found our beginning at the end of the race
I will climb the last mountain, I will climb it until
I can hold your whole world in the palm of my space.
In your eyes, I see cities that never will die,
In your laughter, a music the wreckage forgot.
We are safety, we are treasure, beneath the silent sky,
The last two on Earth, and finally—content.
The silence is broken by the breath that we share,
A fierce happiness that no ruin can take.
We are air, we are sunlight, we are stardust and care,
We are all that is left, and for goodness' sake,
We are enough.

Just Stop

By: Dinerio Nathan

Black against the fog and snow white
against the shadows of darkest nights,
separated like boys and girls,
the clash of beliefs poisons the youth.
We wonder why it feels like we can't keep up.
New battles every day.
I wake up with love in my heart,
just to see it crumbling away as I read the news.
It feels like just yesterday I was talking to you—
Now I'm at your funeral.
I can't get the voices out of my head:
What if it was you?
What if you were there?
I just want them to stop, but
they won't let go.

Dreams in Shoulder Pads

By: Kesen Young

Under the Friday night lights of his mind,
He's a meteor blazing down the field
crowd roaring, helmets clashing like thunder,
His name stitched in the sky.
But in the daylight of the schoolyard,
he's a shadow in his oversized pads,
feet swallowed by his cleats,
hands lost in gloves meant for giant beasts.
Still, when the ball spins toward him,
He catches it clean
and for a heartbeat,
The world fits its size.

Poetry Contest Superlatives

A superlative for theme is awarded to poems whose central idea is fully developed, original, and skillfully addresses the topic of the poetry contest.

SUPERLATIVE FOR THEME

- Imagine I Was A Queen by Kelly Kouam, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- Imagine a Poem by Emelyn Tabako, 4th Grade at Thomson Elementary School
- Imagine by Noah Cabral, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- If You Could Imagine by Nancy Crispin Sanchez, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- A Better World by Edith Cater and Ziva Illkovich, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- My World by Coraline Macdonald Beaty, 5th Grade, Burroughs Elementary School
- Our World by Tighe Kavanagh-Grogan and Eva Newman, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Strawberry by Claire Boerstler, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Crossroads by Priya Shipler, 6th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- On the Way to Excitement by Au'Brey Durkin, 6th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- A Normal Day by Riley Sheard, 6th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School
- Rocket Ship by Ana Tessema, 6th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Ode to Music by Esmeralda Parada, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Inside a Mountain by Hayley Jackson, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- The Power of Love by Phuong Mai Pham, 7th Grade, Alice Deal Middle School
- A Double-Edged Sword by Cecilia Koehler, 7th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School
- Dreams vs. Reality by Princess Kennedy, 8th Grade, St. Francis Xavier Catholic Academy
- Imagination by Alexis Henderson, 8th Grade, Howard University Middle School for Mathematics & Science

Poetry Contest Superlatives

A superlative for poetic elements is awarded to poems that utilize poetic elements to enhance the creativity and messaging of the poem while also skillfully involving the reader's senses, imagination, or emotions.

SUPERLATIVE FOR POETIC ELEMENTS

- Imagine I Was A Queen by Kelly Kouam, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- A Better World by Edith Cater and Ziva Illkovich, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- My World by Coraline Macdonald Beaty, 5th Grade, Burroughs Elementary School
- Un Mundo Mejor by Stephanie Mendoza & Leslie Zelaya, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Strawberry by Claire Boerstler, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Crossroads by Priya Shipler, 6th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- A Normal Day by Riley Sheard, 6th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School
- Ode to Music by Esmeralda Parada, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Inside a Mountain by Hayley Jackson, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- The Power of Love by Phuong Mai Pham, 7th Grade, Alice Deal Middle School
- Just Imagine by Phuong Mai Pham, 7th Grade, Alice Deal Middle School
- Imagine in the Streets of D.C. by Paige Wright, 8th Grade, St. Francis Xavier Catholic Academy
- Dreams in Shoulder Pads by Kesen Young, 8th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School
- Imagination by Alexis Henderson, 8th Grade, Howard University Middle School for Mathematics & Science

Poetry Contest Superlatives

A superlative for use of language is awarded to poems that utilize vivid word choice, variety, and figurative language.

SUPERLATIVE FOR USE OF LANGUAGE

- Imagine I Was A Queen by Kelly Kouam, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- Imagine a Poem by Emelyn Tabako, 4th Grade, Thomson Elementary School
- Imagine by Ashwin Cohen, 5th Grade, Janney Elementary School
- My World by Coraline Macdonald Beaty, 5th Grade, Burroughs Elementary School
- Un Mundo Mejor by Stephanie Mendoza & Leslie Zelaya, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Strawberry by Claire Boerstler, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- On the Way to Excitement by Au'Brey Durkin, 6th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Ode to Music by Esmeralda Parada, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Inside a Mountain by Hayley Jackson, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Just Imagine by Phuong Mai Pham, 7th Grade, Alice Deal Middle School
- Memory by Quindell Cortes, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Smile Back by Romel Jones, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- The Phoenix by Brielle Carry, 8th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- Dreams in Shoulder Pads by Kesen Young, 8th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School

Poetry Contest Superlatives

A superlative for organization is awarded to poems that use skillful and subtle organization to convey the message of the poem.

SUPERLATIVE FOR ORGANIZATION

- Imagine I Was A Queen by Kelly Kouam, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- If You Could Talk to the Sky by Hannah Sanghvi, 4th Grade, Barnard Elementary School
- Imagine by Ashwin Cohen, 5th Grade, Janney Elementary School
- My World by Coraline Macdonald Beaty, 5th Grade, Burroughs Elementary School
- Strawberry by Claire Boerstler, 5th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Crossroads by Priya Shipler, 6th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- A Normal Day by Riley Sheard, 6th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School
- A World with No Sisters by Reginal Robinson, 6th Grade, Eliot-Hine Middle School
- The Line Between Home and the Unknown by Lucia Tomich Grajeda, Gabby Ventura-Andujar & Dolly Matchison 6th Grade, Oyster Adams Bilingual School
- Ode to Music by Esmeralda Parada, 7th Grade, Charles Hart Middle School
- The Power of Love by Phuong Mai Pham, 7th Grade, Alice Deal Middle School
- Imagine in the Streets of D.C. by Paige Wright, 8th Grade, St. Francis Xavier Catholic Academy



Thank You

