

2010 Illinois Manningham Winners

Junior Division

The Breeze

There is a place within the woods,
A place I like to go.
It's right between the evergreens
Where children stop to grow.
I go there when I'm happy; I go there when I'm sad,
And every time I go there,
Things don't seem so bad.

There is a place within the woods,
With wind its melody playing,
And to the melody of the breeze
The trees are blissfully swaying.
The sound is a relaxing ne,
The sound will make you calm,
Listen to the trees, as they echo the breeze
In its mighty psalm.

There is a place within the woods
Where you can drown in green.
And the light shining through the trees
Makes you feel serene.
And as I feel on my face the breeze,
These words came to mind;
"You use the clouds as your chariot
And ride on the wings of the wind".

**First Place,
Adam Holbrook, Breese, IL.**

Arrowhead

I
found
it under a
patch of dry soil.
The arrowhead,
cold, sharp, and full of
mysteries of the millions
that came before me. Their
hardships and
triumphs course
through its jagged
edges. I wonder, what
mark I will make on this world.

**Second Place, Tate Kennedy, Peoria, IL.
(also won 4th Honorable Mention in national contest)**

The Zoo at Night

It's December thirty-first and the zoo's closing soon
It's a clear, starry night with a shining full moon

The night-guard fed the monkeys' he wished he was in bed
Then he walked into a fencepost and hit his shiny head

It turned an ugly color and swelled into a bruise
When the monkeys saw his keys they began to plan a ruse

They opened every cage; unbolted every pen
Ran into the petty zoo and unleashed a screeching hen

Then there was the night-house; the bats were everywhere
When the janitor walked in he began to pull his hair

He ran in distress and tripped over the 'coon
He saw stars and passed out like he was in a cartoon

Those primates were wild; they ran in the shop
Then they attacked all the balloons with a resounding pop

When they abandoned the shop they felt great unrest
When they realized they'd fallen in a fire-ant nest

They watched in despair as the insects drew near
All the snapping little jaws just increased their mortal fear

Just as they were cowering and crying in the grass
All the tiny bugs ran into the glass

They all turned around, sighing with relief
When they smelled a rancid odor, just like raw beef

To their right was a pile of meat, red and uncooked
When the tiger saw them he was instantly hooked

He chased them up a tree and out of the enclosure
Once they escaped they all regained their composure

Tigers, monkeys, two bats and a shrew
All of them were lost and didn't know what to do.

The guard was in the mud when he finally awoke

A frog plopped off his head and splashed down with a croak

When he realized what had happened he scrambled to his feet
Then he ran outside when he heard a goat bleat

He ran out of the cage armed with a rake
And coaxed the tiger with a nice, juicy steak

He lured bats with berries, and a vole with a worm
Led otters with fish that loved to squirm

He persuaded every animal back into its cage
But when he came to the monkeys he flew into a rage

He chased them in circles all around the zoo
But he couldn't catch them and didn't know what to do

He thought and he thought until his head was sore
Then he took off running toward the grocery store

He bought bananas, an entire bunch
And told the monkeys that it was their lunch

He dropped the bananas into the cage
His heart was pounding because of his rage

The sun started rising; it was seven o'clock
Then the monkeys rushed in forgetting the lock.

Just as the guard slammed the door
In the people started to pour.

**Third Place,
Nicholas John Brose, Peoria.**

Fearful Night

A black cat spies, with glimmering eyes,
A mouse in the corn, just before the storm.

Slowly stalking,
Slowly creeping,
While those chickens are calmly sleeping.

Rustle, rustle, fur so sleek,
Sniff,
Sniff,
Pounce,
“Squeak!”

“Meow,” yowls the cat
As she’s coming back
To the big farm house
For a comfy, cozy nap.

Now a black cat naps, with dreamy eyes,
Asleep in the bed, a full tummy tonight.

**Honorable Mention, (also won 2nd Hon. Mention in national contest).
Heather Hartwell, Arlington Heights.**

River

Crystal, clear water
Shimmers like diamonds in light
Flowing gracefully

Full of fragile life
Flows like wonderful music
Strong and powerful

Surges rapidly
White caps created quickly
Ripples constantly

Runs in unison
Streams into the horizon
Filled with great creatures

**Honorable Mention,
Logan Kuhl, Breese, IL.**

A Horse of Course!

I'd rather go shopping than do the mopping.

I'd rather chew gum than suck my thumb.

I'd rather share than have bad hair.

I'd rather do art than fall apart.

I'd rather do silly tricks than pick up sticks.

I'd rather be a teen than be mean.

I'd rather be tall than be small.

I'd rather be cat than a rat.

I'd rather be a pig than a twig.

I'd rather be a house than a mouse.

I'd rather be a dog than a frog.

I'd rather be a good than a moose.

I'd rather be a chick than a stick.

I'd rather be a giraffe than a calf.

And...

I'd rather be a horse, of course!

**Honorable Mention,
Courtney Litteken, Breese, IL.**

“I Hear the Symphony Play...”

I hear the symphony play...

The delicately feathered tune walks through my mind,

Making the corners of my lips rise in joyful delight.

As my mind becomes more obsessed...

The frolicking tune, filled with hidden passion, dances on,

Moving through the air with the purest of grace and beauty.

Then the harmonic melody pulls me to my feet...

And we begin to dance a duet like the peaceful light of a flickering flame.

As we dance I cherish the warm melody.

I hear the symphony play...

Play a melody just for my heart.

Honorable Mention,

Hannah Hanford, St. Jacob, IL.

Music

Music is a rainbow
Colorfully bending
Bringing smiles to all who hear.

Music is a baby's laughter
Soothing and bell-like
Ringing through the air to pleased ears

**Honorable Mention,
Delaney York, West Salem, IL.**

Diamante

girls
pretty, lively
skipping, singing, laughing
flowers, cheerleader, dirt, football
wrestling, tackling, joking
boys

**Honorable Mention,
Megan Spence, West Salem, IL.**

My T Poem

Tim
Turner and
Tina
Timmermann
Tried
To
Teach
Tap
To
Twenty
Toddlers on
Tuesdays and
Thursday from
Ten
To
Twelve in
Turquoise
Tights and
Tan
t-shirts

**Honorable Mention,
Lexi Renschen, Breese, IL.**