

2nd place: Phoenix Mingo

Colgan High School, 12th Grade

“A One and For Sea, Me”

Like sweet bushels with raspberries,
Like clouds that rise with sugar and spice,
Full of coils and sparkles that flow and shine;
Twist and braid and row and love, Your
'fro's a standard of its own.

When Poets recreate your ease of self-love,

How can they not write about your crown,
Such so given such care and sweetness,
How can they not boast about your crown?

When poets create your image,

Do not fret, do not hide,
For it is the truth of your sweetness,
Your delicateness insulted as strength
As politicalism and attitude;
Never truly free as the egotistical say,
Only a front face of pain to never
heal, And not wanted to heal, only to be
used.

You are a princess that rests,
The one whom that when poets create,
Excrete the essence of an angelic being,
Your halo transferring to your 'fro,
Framing your plump face and rosy brown
cheeks, A gift you deserve to flaunt and love, A
gift of your own...

Oh, the poets that create you...

How I recreate you.

My Muse, My Love, My Sweet Poetic Visage.