Student Poetry Contest

As part of Olympia's 150th birthday celebration, students from K-12 living within the Olympia School District were asked to describe their favorite thing about Olympia in a poem. Thirteen of these poems were selected to be read by the poets themselves at the City's birthday celebration on January 17, 2009 at the Washington Center for the Performing Arts. All thirteen poems are printed in this section. The Student Poetry Contest was coordinated by the Olympia Arts Commission.

Olympia

by Zoe Calambokidis

4th Grade, Lincoln Elementary

The cool breeze blows my hair, as I stand with my hands
on the wood railing looking over into the clear water of
Puget Sound. My eye balls moving
looking for something
interesting. I look up to see Mt.
Rainier. I am at Olympia's
Port. I finally see what I can see
and head back to my mom
and dad's office.
As I step inside I can feel the warmth of the
old paint scraped building.
When I get in room F, I feel the kindness and
respect. I feel at home. I go see my dad, he
uses the computer more than any other person.
Next I see my mom. She edits the reports. I
stick my head out the window next to my
moms desk, and feel the wind blowing the
trees. I see Mt. Rainer again. But the Maple
trees make me feel like fresh air. So I run to
the fountain, the fountain is one of my favorite
places. I love when the gold and red leaves
shoot up when the water blows.

This is Olympia!!!!!!

Olympia

by Kiana Chong

4th Grade, Lincoln Elementary

The thing I like about Olympia
are all the seasons.
Spring is mid warm,
Not too hot, not too cold.
People out by Capitol Lake walking their dogs.
Tired and exhausted people rest on the bench looking at
the water and ducks in front of them.

Summer, the time for swimming and ice cream.
The thing I like about summer is the fountain, wet and
slippery.
I lay my towel on the green grass.
Slipping and sliding on the concrete below my feet.
The water sprouts out from under me.
Surprised and happy
looking up to the sky
water falling on my cheeks
smiling with joy, happy as could be.
I love the fountain.

Fall is a wonderful season
leaves falling down on the streets
blowing sway from the cars rushing by.
Leaves whirling in the air, softly falling to the ground
with out a sound.
Birds chirping in the trees
how I love the sound of that.

Winter, my favorite season of the year
The sight of stores selling trees
for Christmas on the way.
Snow falling down from the sky.
I spin around looking up toward the sky
I hum, and sing.
My feet sink into the snow
like quick sand.

I make snow angels in the powdery snow.

Making snow balls and
throwing them into the air
falling down on my head, plop, fluffy and white.

Every thing is frozen.
Hard to open my door.
I slide my fingers on the outside of my car window.
I write my name while my mom scrapes
the ice off the windows and driveway,
looking at my name backwards on the window
I look through the parts of my name and see other cars
and lots of trees rushing by as my
mom turns on the heat.

As I sit in my seat, hands in my pocket
I close my eyes and fall asleep.
And that's what I like about winter:
the cold, the smell, the taste of snow.

The Wetlands

by Mackie Collins

4th Grade, Lincoln Elementary

The gate opening
The birds chirping
The flowers blooming
The tree blossoming
The people laughing
The big pond in the middle.
The ground crumbling
The butterflies flapping

Earth of Olympia

by Kayli Hardcastle

4th Grade, Lincoln Elementary

There is a shining forest with glowing green grass. And gaps in the canopy showing the glorious blue sky.

Down to the ground past the glowing green grass there is the rich dirt. A good rich as fudge dirt.

Down under the dirt rich as fudge there is clay. Cooling clay creamy as toffee. Cooling clay creamy as toffee sleeping soundly in earth.

Down under the clay creamy as toffee sleeping soundly in earth there is fire. Fire burning and splashing, leaping and galloping like us splashing in a pool. Cracking and popping like bees in a hive. In earth in Olympia.

Up, there is the green glowing grass and gaps in the canopy starring the blue sky. What is above the gaps in the canopy staring the blue sky?

There is more sky. It is growing dark. The sky turns to sunset. The trees turn from green to black. The sky turns from blue and white to the colors of the American flag. I am wonder-taken. I feel safe. I feel magical. I feel home. I feel happy. I feel Olympia.

I Love Olympia: My Family Tree

by Kate Hayes
3rd Grade, Lincoln Elementary

(To Grandpa "Cap" Reinhart, Mayor of Olympia 1899-1901
Great-Uncle James Stanford, and
Grandma Jeri Ramsey)

I think of Olympia as one big tree.
The roots are from my great, great, great grandpa Mayor of Olympia before me.

The seeds of my family grew here, grew deep, grew all the way up to today. The Stanford branch, the Reinhart branch, the Ramsey branch, gave birth to me.

I blossom at the top branch of my family tree. Before my branch breaks, I will grow new peace, new seeds of laughter, and the fruit of friendship.

In Olympia, my family tree will always be my ground, my roots, my life.

Olympia

by Hayley Humphres
3rd Grade, Pioneer Elementary

Green grass on your toes!
The blue sparkling ocean!
The cool sand is hot!
The pool is the place to go!

Fall is a colorful season!
Winter is windy and white winter.
Summer is like a frying pan!
Spring is a hoppy and poppy season!

The fountain is cold place to go!
The ocean is a fun place to go!
The Farmers Market is a food frenzy place to go!

Snow is like falling popcorn!
Sun is so boiling hot.
Cold days are shivering days.

The pet parade is full of funny pets!
Fun, furry animals and the cutest pets!

I like to go Movies and I like to take my dog to the park. I love the park!

The Capital is so beautiful and so cool!

I LOVE OLYMPIA!

Untitled

by Veda Huntington-Bradley

4th Grade, Lincoln School

Forest
Huge trees, towering up to the sky
Black bears, shambling among the rough green ferns
And the mountain watches the pattern of nature.

A lone man
Walking through the forest
Walking through endless green
Looks up at the huge mountain,
watching him with eyes of stone.

Crack, boom, another tree falls
Another of the endless hundreds that have already fallen
Between the stumps, near the sea,
a town grows up: Olympia
And still the mountain watches.

A huge capitol
A rectangle of gray stone
Looming over the street
But never comparing with the majestic mountain.

A new capitol
A huge stone dome, fourth biggest in the world
And a lamp, glowing with a thousand lightbulbs
Against the stars, the mountain looks on.

A lake
It used to be part of Puget Sound
Like a small ocean
Reflecting the mountain.

Snow
Everywhere, a blanket of white, covering the city
People wading through huge, white drifts
The mountain above, whiter than ever.

Earthquake!
The ground is shaking
Chunks of buildings are falling off
The mountain shakes, like a huge beast.

Restaurants, shops
People rushing around on the streets
Cars growl along the roads
And the mountain still watches, cold and distant.

Olivia's Olympia

by Olivia Maiava

4th Grade, Hansen Elementary

Olympia, Olympia. . . you are the apple of my eye
You are as elegant as the blue sky
My top town, you are the best. Yes! I think so.
Buildings built high, buildings that are low,
Olympia is in the middle, where the oceans flow.
My name is Olivia and I love Olympia.

Olympia

by Maria Mandt

5th Grade, Lincoln Elementary

Racing, wind on my face, yanking on the lines,
ducking the little boat's bow as it snaps into
place. Laughing and happy as I tack towards home.

Meandering along, a brownie here, a sample
there, bright colors everywhere, jazz music
playing over the cries of the seagulls, and the
smell of the pastries from the bakeries above
the tangy smell of the sound. Happy
people at the Farmer's Market.

Happy Gurgling and slashing, little diamonds
flying around the columns of clear shining
water.

Mango-peach bubble islands and yodeling
pickles crazy bikers and happy bag-laden
shoppers. This is the downtown I know.

Tree climbing and Japanese takeout from across
the street, a little green bubble, safe from
the surrounding traffic.

Exhausted after twelve laps, dunking my head
to find cool water underneath, soothing my
burning face, happy and proud.

Strolling along, a darting bunny, a flock of geese
on a blue sky, happy expressions similar
to my own on the faces of the walkers close to me. Peace.

Running in the front door, warm after the
biting wind, the smell of cookies from the
kitchen , Toshi rubbing my legs. Happiness.

The magnificent fountain, shooting pink as I drive
by in the deep blue twilight. The shinning
statue, caught in the last light of the day, the
soldiers bravely and proudly marching from
the sunset, the angel guiding their way. The smooth
green lawn, flowing from the herculean
yet delicately carved dome, darkening
as the night sets in on our home.

Sounds of Nature

by Alex Richter

4th Grade, Lincoln Elementary

At the Driftwood Road
you hear the sound of the cars
zooming past.
Sometimes you hear
the sound of a few people coming past
and their dogs barking.
At the Evergreen forest
I hear the sound of the sparrows chirping
and the trees swaying in the wind
making a low moaning sound.
At the Evergreen beach
I hear the water hitting the rocks it
sounds like swish swosh.
When it is low tide
you try to walk down to the water
and your shoes get stuck in the mud.
You hear the splish splosh of your shoes.
THE END

What it is in Olympia.

by Jessica Jang

8th Grade, NOVA School

Be silent.

It was silent as it arose,
Not from the dead,
Not from the ashes,
From the life,
From the life it becomes a day.

Talking,
Typing,
Giggling,
Performing,
Painting,
Making and creating,
Dresses of colors,
Suits of black and white,
Children smiling,
Parents sighing,
Business men and women discussing,
Dogs barking,
For one-hundred fifty years.

Walking,
Running,
Biking,
On the bus,
And off,
School is at an end,
The work day has just started.

Rain,
In sunshine,
Let us not forget the icy roads,
Or snow,
In happiness,
Or sadness,
It travels one from another.

The life in one day,
The ripples in the lake,
The winds that blow through the park,
The texts and the emails,
The hugs and the kisses,
The life in one day.

The memories that connect us,
A single strand on the ever-flowing web.

Significant in millions,
Significant in one,
I wonder,
Of the smiles,
Of the chatter,
The lives that live on in this city.

Be loud,
Be the lives that see,
See the people,
See the things that happen,
Every day or unordinary,
It lives on in this city.

Poem

by Nick Rawson
8th Grade, NOVA School

sort of a weirdo place we got going here
from my point of view at least
if there isn't a hobo around every other street corner
while I sit shotgun in a Honda van
going down the road at 15-40 mph
(depending on how late we are to a ballet)
I just about lose faith in our old clunker
fat clunker big clunker of a city
a capitol of parades and pictures and water works
and the only state named after a president
I guess this is for you, now that I think about it
for you, red fro freher in a bathtub apartment
you boy, plaid fleming coughed
from the thoughts of few
if only we, or they were living closer
when high school comes along we'd be closer
this is closer though
never has a city had the tone: viscosity
pure toxicity
dark luminocity
shy curiousity
as the city
our messy room of a home

Untitled

by Jill Shah

7th Grade, NOVA School

I wake up in the morning, and listen to the sounds,
Birds chirping, people talking, trees
whispering to the ground,
Each of us live in our own little world,
but together we create a knot.
Our community, Olympia.
I wake up each morning, and try to look at nature,
The wind whispering through the
trees, every tree, tall and small,
Some I can stand taller than, yet others dwarf me,
And I wonder, what they've seen, all these years,
Their friends being cut down, people polluting the air,
The blue water turning blacker,
But we will fix that,
So the beauty still remains,
In Olympia.

I wake up in the morning, and wonder, how can I?
Live in a place with no trees, no forests,
not much rain, no rivers or lakes,
No happy people, no one showing what they care,
What they mean, what they want, what
they need, what they have,
Olympia.
No snow dripping down the evergreen trees,
No mountains in the background,
beckoning to us as we dream,
No water falling down the paths to the sparkling sound,
And no rain pattering on the roof
while I am trying to sleep.
The rain, the trees, the water, the people
The places, the hopes, the dreams and the lives
Olympia
I think about this in the morning,
And when I go down to sleep,
But as my eyes softly close, I listen,
To the rain pattering on the roof, and through the trees,
Olympia.