

Category A - Individual Poem - Grades 3 & 4

**Evelyn Soto**

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**“Untitled”**

The sun blazing into my cage of night whispering to me, wake up.

My head slowly lifts from my silky pillow.

A soul creeks into my thought’s spirit.

The fire runs to my eyes like a burning ash.

The sun burning slightly like a dim light bulb about to go out.

My oak door creeks open

As my eyes leak open. “Pop!” The flower waking up after hibernation.

The smell of light liquorish tiptoeing into my nose.

The cool breeze picking up to ignite the fire in my day.

My soul stepping onto the soft, silky grass.

The jagged day does not prevent the grass from linking with my heart.

The bumpy ride home is dim. When the water melts the fire, and the

Moon creeps out, my soul settles into the springing sunset of the

nighttime shelter.