

Category C – Individual Poem - Grades 7 & 8

Nathan Barry

“The City That Was Mine”

I dreamed that love was in the air between the people of a certain city,
A city of harmonious people who helped each other up and shared.
They were kind, and it was if they were one.
Every voice spun through the air and was caught like a ball,
Every opinion was voiced, and the city advanced in compromise and joy.
A beautiful harmony, majestic and graceful like a bluebird,
And the buzz of the town’s people flew,
While sounds of chit-chatter rang like a bell.
The sweet soothing serenading smell of Grandma Sally’s pie,
Wafted and danced in the streets,
A melody that kept the land they lived in alive. But most of all,
They listened, they heard, and they understood
When they grew more, and understood more.
It mattered not the land of their birth, or the shades of their skin.
Strength comes in numbers, while numbers come from uniting every voice,
The voice of agreement and disagreements taught about their life and beliefs.
It was happy and the passion of the people was a red rose on every windowsill
In that dream of a city that was mine.