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Robert Frost Youth Poet Program Winners Announced

UNH co-sponsors annual statewide contest

By *Erika Mantz*

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UNH News Bureau

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EDITORS: The winning poems from each county are included for publication.

DURHAM, N.H. -- Jean-Luc Bouchard, a fourth-grader in Mrs. Tremblay's class at the Liberty Street School in Hudson, has been named the 2002 Robert Frost Youth Poet for the state of New Hampshire.

Bouchard's poem titled "New Hampshire Fall: A Walk in the Woods with Dad" was his interpretation of this year's theme "New Hampshire: Our Land":

Moist leaves form a red carpet
Welcoming us into the woods
The familiar path leads us up a steep hill.
Dad points out distant mountains
Covered with skin of rock, like the scales
Of a great lizard.
The ground beneath is overrun by an army of ferns
Still barely green, dreading the first frost.

Chanterelles, boletes, porcini, hen-of-the-woods
Make up little huts-villages
Hidden beneath fallen trees.
Day says: "Watch out for amanita, the angel of Death."
The pines rise above us; Roman columns
Holding up the sky, protecting maple and oak.
White birches stand out among them all,
Their bark peeling and revealing dark flesh underneath.
The urge to touch is in my veins.

A granite chair awaits me
My favorite place to sit, think and watch Dad

Watching migrating birds. I see no deer
But part of me feels that they see us.
Dad tells stories on the way back.
My mind wanders away from the woods,
Until I trip-over a root or rock
Reminding me (like a slap in the face)
That I'm still here.

Bouchard's poem was selected from 650 entries in the annual contest sponsored by Dimond Library at the University of New Hampshire, the Trustees of the Robert Frost Homestead, the state Department of Parks and Recreation and the New Hampshire Poetry Society. The Robert Frost Youth Poet Program is supported by funds from the Finisterre Fund of the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation.

In addition to the statewide winner, a youth poet is chosen for each of the state's counties, and runners-up also are selected. All winners will be honored Saturday, June 22, at noon at the Robert Frost Farm in Derry and the poems will be preserved in a permanent archive in UNH's Dimond Library. Following is a list of winners from each county:

[Carroll County](#): Matt Dow, Tuftonboro Central School
Honorable Mention: Joey D. Scherr Jr., Ossipee Central School

[Cheshire County](#): Casey Powers, Chesterfield School
Honorable Mention: Josh Martin, Chesterfield School

[Coos County](#): Molly Goolman, Lancaster School
Honorable Mention: Philip Burke, Lancaster School

[Grafton County](#): Sydney Lea, Crossroads Academy
Honorable Mention: Andrea Ford, Lafayette Regional School

[Hillsborough County](#): Kristen Lake, Library Street School
Honorable Mention: Arianna Vailas, Mount Saint Mary Academy

[Merrimack County](#): Ellen Attarri, Bow Elementary

School
Honorable Mention: Atticus Swett, Bow Elementary
School

Rockingham County: Joshua Aboody, Hampstead
Academy
Honorable Mention: Gregory Jacobs, Hampstead
Academy

Strafford County: Dennis Nadeau, East Rochester
Honorable Mention: Melissa Moreau, Rollinsford
Grade School

Sullivan County: Jennifer Coverdale, Sunapee Central
Elementary School
Honorable Mention: Carmen Del Genio, Acworth
School

Carroll County Poet

Matt Dow

Teacher, Ms. Reed
Tuftonboro Central School

Walking By a Field On a Summer Day

I was walking home
When I saw a beautiful field
With animals grazing
The wind blew the grass
The grass started to sway
Soft and gentle
As the ocean softly throws a wave
As I listened closely
I could hear the wind whispering
As soft as a sheep's wool feels
I was walking home
When I saw a beautiful field.

Carroll County Honorable Mention

Joey D. Scherr Jr.

Teacher, Mrs. Olkkola
Ossipee Central School

New Hampshire the Beautiful

Beautiful Mountains
topped with snow,
nice green trees
where ever you go.

The rivers are gorgeous
the fish are going down stream,
and there are birds
flying in perfect formation team.

What about the lakes
so wide and true,
and maple sugar
the soft, sweet goo.

The foliage is pretty
colors orange, yellow, and red
and The Old Man of the Mountain
the stern granite head.

This is my land
and your land too,
Its name is New Hampshire
what a fantastic view!

Cheshire County Poet

Casey Powers

Teacher, Laurel Powell
Chesterfield School

Paradise

New Hampshire, full green forests, flourished,
Tinted with unimaginable colors.
A stream softly trickles through this dream,
Providing a smooth musical touch to the scene,
From which dreams emit.
So many people long for a place like this,
New Hampshire will forever remain a beautiful
Paradise.

Cheshire County Honorable Mention

Josh Martin

Teacher, Teresa Starkey
Chesterfield School

Big Green Canopy

Have you ever tasted the rain
Coming through a big green canopy?
On a sunny day?
Its water coming through leaves
like a shower.
Trickling down through your hair
and through your dry lips, and
brings you delight.
Green is like a big green canopy.

Coos County Poet >Molly Goolman
Teacher, Lynn Emery
Lancaster School

New Hampshire Land

The ripe New Hampshire land,
Is rugged and tough terrain,
The hills going on forever,
The beauty pulled in through your brain.
The rocks and giant boulders,
Are the grandmas and grandpas of trees,
With the great starry moss growing on them,
They are friends to the wasps and the bees.

The grass, the trees and the flowers,
Standing tall like an army of men,
They are proud of the land that they live on
It's been like this since I don't know when.

The flowers are bright,
With a soft green background,
Look in most places,
They are all around.

The bright and dull colors,
Play like a marvelous band,
You can hear them, touch them, and smell them,
Reach out with your ears, nose, and hands.

The glorious mountains reach to the sky,
What a marvelous thing to see,
They provide homes for animals,

And good hiking for you and me.

Almost four hundred years ago,
New Hampshire was discovered,
They people who found it saw,
The richness they had uncovered.

Coos County Honorable Mention

Philip Burke

Teacher, Christine Smith
Lancaster School

A Nature Walk

I took a walk in New Hampshire
one day in my land, in our land.
I took a walk to look and see
to see my land, to see our land.
I walked into a forest green
and every thing looked so serene.
The trees, the rocks, the moss, the air
in my land, in our land.
I came onto a forest pond
and every thing was peaceful there.
A beaver swimming to his lodge,
a mink hiding in the reeds,
birds flying high in the sky,
willows swaying in the breeze.
I hear the engine of a car
and know my journey's done.
So I take a last look around
and walk off towards the sun.

Grafton County Poet

Sydney Lea

Teacher, Cynthia Williamson
Crossroads Academy

Growth

The world looks all around like granite.
The sky is gray; the ground looks dead,
But brush away the cold, hard, dirt,
And you'll see startings of little life.
Tiny green sprouts slowly rise from the earth

As if frightened and shy. Under patchwork snow
 Soft green moss soaks moisture up
 Like a wet dog's fur. There's a bold new brook
 Under ice so thin that even a mouse
 Cannot go across to the far bank's shoots.
 What is it now that startles me so?
 A hawk I see, that seizes the mouse.
 I watch the bird with his flaming eye.
 He drops the creature to the ground.
 Spring in New Hampshire, growth on her mind.

Grafton County Honorable Mention

Andrea Ford

Teacher, Erica Sieberg
 Lafayette Regional School

Spring

New buds on the trees,
 Time to wake up honey bees,
 Put on your cap,
 Go collect some sap,
 New grass shooting up,
 Now you can go walk your pup,
 Time to plant little flowers,
 Springtime seems to bring new powers,
 Snow is melting into streams,
 Time to think up new dreams,
 New Hampshire is changing fast,
 Now take a look at its past.

Hillsborough County Poet

Kristen Lake

Teacher, Mrs. Kingsley
 Library St. School

Mother's Gift

New Hampshire is a gift,
 Great mother of nature gave us
 these gifts of beauty,

The track runners running over
 the hurdles of water falls,

That Old Man is watching

like a hawk,
Towering shadows which are
Called trees,
", crash" yells the ocean,
Paving, paving over the land for
those speeding things called cars
to ride on,
This is our gift, this is our
gift, New Hampshire is our gift.

Hillsborough County Honorable Mention

Arianna Vailas

Teacher, Sr. Gloria Morin
Mount Saint Mary Academy

New Hampshire our Land

A little bird once told me,
He told me of a place,
With magnificent wild flowers,
And clear and sunny days,

He said that it had ladybugs,
And purple lilacs too,
With fields of a greener green,
And skies of a bluer blue,

He explained that it had butterflies,
And lots of whitetail deer,
And don't forget the giant moose,
And a white birch here and there,

But he said like many places,
It has its bad days too,
Like when it's very rainy,
But here it's good for you!

And when Autumn come 'round again,
It's like a fantasy,
The leaves on the trees turn red, orange, and yellow,
And they're no longer green!

He acted quite excited,
When he told me 'bout the trees,

And He explained how big they were,
And that they suit New Hampshire's needs,

And the last thing he told me,
And I was sure he knew,
New Hampshire is a great, great place,
And you should go there too!

Merrimack County Poet

Ellen Attarri

Teacher, Kim Brewster
Bow Elementary School

Beauty of Our Land

The beauty of purple shadows,
Sparkly white snow,
The crunch of leaves beneath your feet,
Dainty petals on green stems,
Shooting from shiny grass.
All are a part of New Hampshire's beauty.
Queen of nature and life;
Sparkling crystal fountains,
Bright green grass,
Fresh, clean air.
Things like these
Put the golden crown
on Her Majesty,
New Hampshire.

Merrimack County Honorable Mention

Atticus Swett

Teacher, Mrs. Young
Bow Elementary School

New Hampshire: Our Land

I hear the rushing rivers,
I smell the sweetest flower,
As I walk through the forest,
It has the greatest power.
New Hampshire: Our Land.

There is a field I look at,
I see a little animal running,

I think it is a fox,
It is quite stunning.
New Hampshire: Our Land.

In the fall I see the trees,
With all the pretty colors around
There are few flowers left,
Before winter comes around.
New Hampshire: Our Land.

In the winter I see the mountains,
Covered in the snow,
How high the highest peak is,
I do not know.
New Hampshire: Our Land.

Rockingham County Poet
Joshua Aboody
Teacher, Jean Corbin

New Hampshire

New Hampshire is a
beautiful state.

It's terrific, wonderful, and
it's great.

I love the scent of the
summer's air.

My favorite is to be warm
by the fire's glare.

It's nice to hear the
birds chirp, and the river run.

Playing in the green grass
is so much fun.

New Hampshire will always be in my heart.
In my life it is a great part.

Rockingham County Honorable Mention
Gregory Jacobs

Teacher, Tammy Gamble
Hampstead Academy

New lilacs smelling sweet.
Everybody come to see our leaves change!
Winter covers Mt. Washington with a glittery blanket of
snow.
Hiking Tuckerman's Ravine is a challenge.
An old man on the mountain way up high.
Maple syrup ready for tapping
People so kind wherever you go.
Shopping at the outlets the mothers go.
Hunting and trekking through miles of wilderness.
Ice cream from a farm a cool summer treat
Racing down Attitash through blinding sleet!
Everyone come to our state and you won't want to
leave.

Strafford County Poet

Dennis Nadeau

Teacher, Pam McAdam-Silver
E. Rochester, NH

The Old Man of the Mountain

Way up in the mountains where the winter wind blows;
Stands the old man of the mountain.
Why? Nobody knows.

His face gets washed when the rain falls,
The only sounds around him are the animal calls.

He has a favorite "motto,"
It's "live free or die"
It's on every auto,
Of this I don't lie.

He has a finely chiseled nose,
But he has no toes.

We can watch him from afar
from our family car.

He never feels alone,
cuz' he's made from granite stone.

Strafford County Honorable Mention

Melissa Moreau

Teacher, Nan Hodgdon
Rollinsford Grade School

The Old Man in the Mountain

We went to New Hampshire to see the big rock.
When we got there we did nothing but stop.
I look all around and what did I see?
A big old man staring down at me!

Sullivan County Poet

Jennifer Coverdale

Teacher, Joanne Tuxbury
Sunapee Central Elementary School

The Sunlit Woods

If you walk into
The sunlit woods
You will see
Toadstools and mushrooms
Like mouse umbrellas
With smooth white stalks
And young ferns curled like
An infant's fist
So soft and green
And fresh
Jack-in-the-pulpit with
His deep purple cap
Preaching in a
Pulpit of green
And wild flowers
Of tiny pink bunches
With the bees and
Butterflies hov'ring round
The soft green moss
Cushions your bare feet
And if you look carefully,
Among the birches you might
Glimpse a fairy with the sun
Flashing on its wings.

Sullivan County Honorable Mention

Carmen Del Genio

Teacher, Dana Orsman

Acworth School

Granite and More Granite

Granite doesn't fetch
granite doesn't
play
it is the biggest slouch
in
the
world!
and it
doesn't bounce it sits
there for eternity
in the
Granite State

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