

1999

JK to Grade 3 Rhyming Poem

**1st: INGERSOLL by Sophie Roe**

I go to Westfield School,  
Swimming is fun at the community complex pool.  
I dance at the Ingersoll Dance Academy,  
Oh what a great dancer I hope to be.

**2nd: CHEESE IS GOOD FOR MICE  
by Vanessa Breen**

Cheese is good for mice  
Cheese is made from milk  
Cheese is very nice  
Cheese is smooth as silk

**3rd: INGERSOLL by Sara Lindsey**

Monday night I go through Patina's door,  
And pick out a beanie baby from the store.  
Ingersoll is so grand,  
It's the best in the land.  
I go to Westfield School,  
It is so cool.

Cinquain:

**1st: ARENA by Megan Sambell**

Arena  
neat, old  
playing, buying, eating  
it makes me happy  
skating.

**2nd: CHEESE by Eli Tischenko**

Cheese  
cheese is good  
eating, munching, crunching  
feeling cheese is good  
cheddar cheese.

**3rd: MISS CANADA IV by John Hicks**

Miss Canada IV  
wood, mahogany  
racing, moving, motoring  
he felt really happy  
speedboat.

Other

**1st: CHEESE IS NICE by Holly Breen**

Cheese is nice for eating  
Cheese is good for sneaking  
Cheese is nice for people  
Cheese is always yummy!

**2nd: INGERSOLL by Natasha Wurker**

I go to Westfield.  
I like Westfield.  
My Dad works at Atlantic.  
He likes his job.  
I have a babysitter.  
She likes her sister.

**3rd: CHEESE IS RED by Jacob An**

Cheese is red  
Cheese is blue  
Thank you for  
Our tasty food.

## Grades 4-6 Rhyming Poem:

### **1st: THERE WAS ONE by Piper Trusler**

There once was a lady whose kitchen was bare.  
So she called for her cat saying  
Time for some air.

She sent him to buy her a chocolate covered book.  
But the cat carried back an over weight cook.

She sent him to buy her a very tasty pizza  
But the cat skidded back with a girl named Sarah  
Cleizza.

She sent him to buy her a scrumptious cake.  
But the cat ran back with a vicious snake.

Now she was annoyed because her cupboard was full  
and so was the shelf

So she went out for a hamburger and ate it for herself.

### **2nd: ICE CREAM LAND by Alysha McLeod**

Ice cream sundaes,  
Blizzards, parfaits  
Whip cream, cherries  
In a chocolate glaze!

Come one, come all,

See my ice cream falls,  
It's better than being  
At White Oaks Mall!

### **3rd: FROGS by Kerri Weekes**

Frogs are the coolest things in the world,  
I hope you understand,  
the number of their species,  
I'm sure is to expand.

Some people think that frogs are slimy,  
and that makes each sound like a pest,  
to hold a froggy in my hands,  
now this is just the best!

Frogs are very hard to catch,  
when hopping round and round,  
but still I try my very best,  
to catch them without a sound.

So now you've learned a thing or two,  
on how much I love frogs,  
and if you're ever looking for one,  
try a couple of bogs!

## Other

### **1st: MILK POEM by Lauren Hartsell**

Many people like milk,  
I like it too.  
Leave it if you spill it  
Kittens clean your shoe.

### **2nd: DOGS by Amanda Omstad**

Dogs  
Cute  
Fluffy  
cuddly and spotted  
Black

### **3rd: MY FANTASY LAND by Althea Green**

When I dream I go into my fantasy land,  
With roads of chocolate and clouds of whipped cream.  
Remember this is just a dream.  
With houses of cheesecake, chimneys with cherries,  
dogs of ice cream.  
Remember this is just a dream.  
With milk for drink, yogurt for food, butter for grass.  
How long can this dream last?  
I am having a ball then I hear a scream.  
Is it falling ice cream?  
Oh yeah! I remember since the 6th of December I'm...  
LACTOSE INTOLERANT!

## Grades 7-8 Rhyming Poem:

### **1st: I LIVE IN A TOWN by Chris Mann**

I live in a town called Ingersoll  
8500 people in all.  
I go to a school called Sacred Heart  
It's given my education a good start.  
I live in a semi on Kensington Street.  
I don't have a car so I have to use my feet  
I'm glad I live in such a small town.  
It doesn't take much for me to get around.  
If you want peace and quiet in your life.  
Come to Ingersoll because I think it's nice.

### **2nd: INGERSOLL, by Jason Cochrane**

Ingersoll is the best town all around  
everyone loves it from the sky to the ground  
if you don't love this beautiful town  
you must be the world's largest clown

Ingersoll is bright and quite pretty  
It can take on any old city  
And everyone in Ingersoll should know  
Lots of people come, only a few go

### **3rd: A GREAT PLACE TO KNOW!**

**By Katie Atkinson**

Ingersoll is a little town in Ontario,  
Where people smile whenever you say, "good morning."  
And there are grocery stores where you can buy  
Cheerios,  
And it may be small, but never boring.

There are great restaurants to go to and have a meal,  
And churches where you can pray.  
A police station to take people to when they steal,  
Parks to play in when spring comes in May.

There are great elementary schools you can attend,  
And a high-school where the older kids go.  
At the schools you're bound to make a friend,  
So come to Ingersoll, it's a great place to know!

### Other

#### **1st: THE BEGINNING**

**by Marleen Kramer**

Sun  
remember  
when humans' only  
light  
was yours,  
when incandescence  
was yet to be

discovered  
and now  
with all our  
electricity  
the people don't see  
your power  
and they  
forget  
what you  
shared  
with us  
in the beginning?

**2nd: INGERSOLL: INSIDE AND OUT**  
**by Danielle Attoe**

A great place to live  
if you like a town  
that isn't too busy  
and isn't too sound.  
I live here in Ingersoll where  
children run free with their friends,  
a safe yet delightful town with  
places to go  
and people to see,  
sport teams to join  
and quiet places to be alone.  
Ingersoll is located in a fairly good spot  
with London thirty minutes south-west  
and Toronto two hours north-east.  
I enjoy living in Ingersoll,  
a beautiful town with

trees and gardens,  
restaurants and shops.  
But most of all, Ingersoll has  
spirit; people greet each-other  
with smiles as they walk by.  
We're a town of happiness, not  
hatred, gangs, and criminals  
lining up for a cell.  
My view of Ingersoll is both  
inside and out. I see Ingersoll's  
past; famous for its cheese.  
And I see the future; my peers  
and I making a difference this town  
has never seen before.  
The rest is for your mind to explore.

### **3rd: INGERSOLL by Scott Mann**

Ingersoll is where they make cheese  
New and old in their factories  
Grain and corn and wheat grown here  
Even once I saw a deer  
Rain and snow and sun shines here  
Sometimes wind and fog causes fear  
Old people, teenagers, little kid too  
Living here, sometimes is like a zoo  
Listen to me you live here too!

## **HM: DREAMS by Jessica Wale**

I'm sitting in my room,  
Looking out my window.  
I stare down at the streets,  
And start to dream.  
I dream about kings and queens,  
About princes and princesses,  
About knights and dragons.  
I dream about fairies and evil stepmothers,  
About far away lands and castles,  
About witches and goblins,  
Then I return to reality,  
And wish my dreams were true.

## **Cheese Poet Laureate's Award: Best Cheese Poem or Dairy Ode**

### **THE RIDDLE by Randy Allcock**

Runny, sticky, cold and hot,  
I like it a lot.  
On pizza, on subs  
But not on ticket stubs.  
Tastes just right on sandwiches,  
Fried, baked,  
It's not a mistake.  
Cheese...  
The food for the trap.

Dark Side Award – for best anti-  
cheese poem:

**STINKY CHEESE by Ashley Yurek**

I hate cheese  
I hate all kinds of cheese  
Marble cheese,  
Cheddar cheese,  
Cottage cheese,  
I hate cheese,  
I hate all kinds of cheese  
Mozarella cheese,  
Green cheese,  
Pink cheese,  
Brown cheese,  
Purple cheese,  
Black cheese,  
Orange cheese,  
Red cheese,  
White cheese,  
Blue cheese,  
I hate cheese  
But most of all,  
I hate...  
Stinky,  
Stinky,  
Stinky,  
Stinky,  
Stinky,  
Cheese!!!

The End.

# Adults Rhyming

## **1st: COD IN THE ACT by Jeff Stover**

The cops stood and they stared, as he lay in the alley  
Another suicide's gone down, tonight in the valley  
But something smelt fishy, the odour was strong  
With four shots to the head, perhaps they were wrong

An ocean of clues, did their trained eyes now sea  
His hands were both tide, "Fowl play" they agreed  
The whale of the sirens, could be heard on the way  
And the cops did their best, to keep reporters at bay

"It's too late!", say the doctors, now with I.V.'s  
submerged in  
"None of us can be of help, not a nurse nor a sturgeon."  
Sunday morning became lit, choir buoys were heard  
singing  
And they set up the dragnet, with coral music still  
ringing

They lured the conductor, a jazz great of old  
Into casting his lines, oh, the news that he told!  
He was up late last night, trying to tuna piano  
When he pried out his window to see the loan-shark  
Luciano

"Pay me the money!" to Phil he did shout  
But Phil slithered and pleaded, "It's too much to shell  
out."

Four shots from his gun, turned the night into day  
And the blood made a pond, in the spot where fillet

As the long-nosed musician gave the sworded details  
Luciano's name scraped the Lady of Justice's scales  
The police asked the man, "Was there one or there  
more?"

And they weighted with baited breath, but he wasn't  
quite shore

Despite the vow of secrecy, that was signed by the  
mayor  
The next day he was known as the "Large-mouth bass  
player."

As they reeled-in Luciano, he fought with his all  
And he landed two cops, one large and one small  
He hooked him the big one, who was minced until limp  
Luciano turned around, and then battered the shrimp

Sam was a lawyer, but Luciano wouldn't have him  
But he floundered at the herring, so he decided to let  
salmon  
They were packed like sardines, to sea the jury seal his  
fate  
While a tall gorgeous finn, sat perched with her mate

Cleaned of his freedom, and chained to the gills  
With his skeletons exposed, Luciano was then grilled  
Telling how low he had sunk, and all cod in his scams  
And his poaching of Phil, to recapture some clams

He yelled "Accidental!" as the facts hit the surface

But it didn't hold water, and the jury said, "On porpoise!"

## **2nd: JESSE'S JOURNEY: A FATHER'S TRIBUTE by Betty Shelley**

In reflecting on your journey, and, also this title  
They really do express a Father's love which is  
extremely vital,  
Because love truly shapes one's character as we mature,  
Which showed in your example John, as you raised  
money for a cure,  
And as you, and your helpers, persevered on your  
journey,  
(I probably would have been – on a Newfoundland  
gurney !!)  
We continued to read the articles, and listened to the  
news,  
And we faithfully watched the PL interviews,  
You appeared so modest – as though you would never  
boast,  
Even though you were bravely walking coast to coast !!!  
But your goal was not only to help Jesse, but other  
families too,  
And we continue to hope that each one's problems will  
be few,  
We do know, Mr. Davidson, that we all owe you a great  
tribute,  
And you integrity and character are beyond repute,  
We sincerely do appreciate and hold everyone in high  
regard,  
Because some days must have been very, very hard,

And although your walk is completed, no medals will be  
won,  
But please realize, all those involved, have our lifelong  
admiration,  
For Canadians your challenge evoked great respect and  
emotion,  
And we sincerely thank you for your unselfish love and  
devotion,  
And as we continue to pray for an end to all illnesses  
too,  
May you always feel the Lord's presence in whatever  
you do,  
And may God richly bless each one of you.

**3rd: THE TRUE HISTORIANS**  
**by Janice McDonald**

Hear, please listen, attend to our cries  
We're more than cold granite before your eyes  
We're monuments clear  
Of loved ones once dear  
Bringing words from the past that you'd dare not  
despise

Hark, don't wander, but study to know  
There's more than old names carved in solemn row  
We're historians true  
We've wisdom for you  
Incorruptible sermons while wild grasses grow

Heed, don't leave us, contrive now a way

To attend to our messages carved in gray  
We're not doom and gloom  
We're proof hope can bloom  
Sweet paradise beckons at the close of each day

Hey, please linger, uphold here the pact  
We're more than guardians of dismal tract  
We are people gone  
But our souls live on  
Don't pretend it won't happen – death will spring forth  
as fact

### **HM: IN THE WOODS by Allan Elliot**

Sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, Mmmm, Mmmm!! Do I smell  
delicious blueberries?  
In pancakes, in cereal, or from the bush, I love  
blueberries.  
Look at these blueberries neatly gathered for me,  
out in the open, for everyone to see.  
But, where is the camper who is so kind to provide?  
We must devour these quick and then we must hide.  
Because man is vicious, cruel and unjust.  
That upright creature is one we can not trust!  
He will return to scare us from this site,  
never expecting us to stand and fight.  
His approach is quiet: all you hear is his breath.  
Beware of the gun: it is the real threat of death.  
Eat up my cubs, there is not time to spare.  
Man is not a creature that likes to share.  
Let us be off but be on your toes,  
For man is lurking where no bear knows.

## Limerick

### **1st: TALL PAUL by Laura Szabo**

There once was a tall man called Paul,  
Who detested the town Ingersoll,  
Then he tasted its cheese,  
Which could never displease –  
Now tall Paul is enthralled by old 'Soll.

### **2nd: SICK RICK by Laura Szabo**

There once was a gentleman Rick,  
Who said to his doctor: "I'm sick."  
Spoke the doc: "I will send ya  
"Up to Alexandra.  
"They'll fix ya right up in a lick."

## Haiku

### **1st: FALL by Janice McDonald**

Twirling down gently  
Colours melting into one  
Painting earth in death

**2nd: NOW CAMPFIRE GLOWING**  
**by Lori Pearson**

Now, campfire glowing  
Marshmallows roast on the coals,  
Softly, guitar strums.

**3rd: RIPPLING by Lori Pearson**

Rippling waters flow  
Fish leaping high and biting  
Sportsman's paradise

**HM: TAPPING by Ruthanne Foster**

Sugar bush sap falls  
Drips 'doink – doinking' from spiles; cold  
Shines a maple moon

Free Verse:

**1st: ARCHAIC MAGUS**  
**by June Goff Smith**

Ghosts of the ancient druids,  
take on a meaning abroad  
creating a mist, the starting of fires  
to bring down showers of blood.

Former patriarchs of our world  
with knowledge and power to perceive,

gaining their wisdom by suffering  
a meaning of life to unfold.

An incumbent informing their laity  
previous damning of souls  
bringing the flesh of broken men  
into earth's dark abyss.

Ghosts of the ancient druids  
an archaic magus of man  
sharing the sins and irreverence  
for judgement of the land.

## **2nd: SOULS by Janice McDonald**

Souls  
are like balloons.  
They start off small  
and grow  
as they are inflated  
with beauty, joy and lofty ponderings.  
Occasionally,  
if they become too swollen  
they will spring a leak.  
For the fortunate,  
the leaks come out as poems  
which serve not only to ease their own pressure  
but, possibly,  
to expand the soul of another.  
My soul must be quite full –  
lately I have sprung a lot of leaks.  
Poems have come

unbidden but welcomed  
from somewhere deep within.

### **3rd: A GOSSIP by Wanda Kenter**

A gossip has no loyalties  
I hate being her victim  
She tears people down to build herself up  
I am sad to learn she has killed me

A gossip has no courage  
I hate her secretiveness  
She says everything behind your back  
I am sad she takes away my humanity

A gossip has no love  
I hate her hate  
She tears you down to feel better about herself  
I am sad that she is so sad

### **HM: THE WOMEN by Blanche Budd**

We stayed at home  
We made the guns  
For the war.

We stayed at home  
And made the cannons  
While men died.

We stayed at home

We made the shells  
And prayed.

We cleaned our homes  
We went to work  
We raised our children  
We went on with life

Then the war was over  
They came home  
Some without sight  
Some without limbs

There were many silences  
And not many smiles  
And the joy we felt  
Because they were home

Was lost in their sadness  
Lost in their pain  
And in their haunted faces.

Cheese Poet Laureate's Award:  
Best Dairy Ode:

**HE DRIVES DOWN by Kathy Breen**

He drives down a dusty dirt road  
Dodging potholes with his precious load.  
Horse and buggy, tinkling cans  
Sloshing milk, from farmer Dan.

He drives down an asphalt paved road  
Cruising smoothly, with his secure load.  
Truck and tanker, air conditioned fan  
Sloshing milk, from the son of Dan.

Past/Present Award:

**WAY BACK THEN by Lois Bradfield**

When first we came to this fair town,  
In nineteen hundred and forty-six,  
It was a place of wide renown,  
Where rural and urban could easily mix.  
J.R. Morrow employed a host;  
Ingersoll Cheese was known far and wide.  
The Borden Company also could boast  
Of products sold with greatest pride.  
The Thames Street stores were known for miles  
As places of quality, style, and saving.  
The old St. Charles sure pulled us in,

And Cook and Brown had shiny, new cars.  
Frank Fulton's coal filled our bin,  
And Bradfield Lanes made bowling stars.  
For billiards – Condos's – day or night;  
Stones employed men – far and near.  
Hines or Story made you hair a delight,  
Doc Chisholm made your sight so clear.  
Carr's supplied our kids with books;  
Wally Wilford helped you sew –  
Yard goods, lace and button hooks,  
Lovely patterns, row on row.  
The Casket Company had international fame,  
P.T. Walker furnished our home.  
Pop Thurtell was our druggist's name –  
We had it all, no need to roam.  
New Idea Furnaces with Eddie Moore,  
That building still is there today –  
Across the street – Wilson's Dairy – sure  
Oh what tricks a memory can play.  
Across the river – side by side,  
Mac Riddel and George Day;  
And if perchance you were a bride  
See Sally's lovely wedding display.  
Fifty years of happy living is  
Reason enough for this tribute-giving.

JC Herbert Award: For a rhyming  
poem about rural or small town life:

**LANDMARKS by Ruthanne Foster**

The day the barn burned to the ground,  
As the sparks and embers fell all around,  
And the columns of smoke billowed sky bound  
The air was full of forgotten sound.

Clear calls of men at the barn raisin' bee,  
A fiddle that jiggled on Old Jake's knee;  
Notes from a barn dance bounce off the rafters  
And the haymow echoed with children's laughters.

Old spirits of threshers rose up on high,  
Their songs and their sweat in the smoke filled sky.  
Warm milk droned in pails frothy full;  
Bellows from wide-eyed ornery bull.

Dust dancing on shafts of sunlight cast  
Through cracks in boards cut from the past.  
Mews of kittens in sweet summer hay;  
Shrill crow of a rooster at first break of day.

Soft cooing of pigeons in their hayfork nest,  
The lowing of cattle knelt at their rest.  
Swooping barn swallows twitter and chatter;  
Banty hen families scratch and scatter.

The day the barn burned to the ground,

The air hung hushed, not one solitary sound,  
As the last wisps of smoke spiraled sky bound,  
And the ashes and cinders fell all around.