

TURTLES

Turtles are cute,
turtles are fun,
Do you have a turtle?
I've got none!
Turtles are shy
but they will
come out.
Just be very quiet and
do not SHOUT!
Turtles eat leaves
and anything green.
They are much
easier to please
than a dog
with a bad
case of fleas.
Turtles are slow
they walk on their
feet.
Each and every day
to the same
swampy beat.
Turtles are cute,
turtles are fun,
I want a turtle!
But, I just can't
afford one.

1st - Cheese Poems - Primary Grades
Isaac Mishchenko

THE CHEESE MAN

There once was a cheese man, who liked to eat cheese,
He had no job so he ate all he pleased.
He lived on Cheese Lane with ten cows that he fed,
He took all their milk to the cheese-making shed.
Cheese he did make with the milk from those cows,
He shared with his friends and had many cheese pals.

2nd – Cheese Poems - Primary Grades
Dominick Maltby

CHEESE

There is white cheese
Blue cheese, yellow cheese too.
Blue cheese tastes blah!!
Mozzarella, hurrah.
You love cheese and so do I.
There's orange cheese and green cheese.
What is your favourite cheese?

1st - Haiku – Grades 4-6
Sam Mishchenko

THE EGGS

Four eggs in a nest,
Soft and quiet, warm and snug,
Lovely friends await.

2nd – Haiku – Grades 4-6
Patrick Chamberlain

UNTITLED

The river is quiet.
It is music to my ears
All is calm.

1st – Free Verse – Grades 5-6
Alexandra Culbertson

BATHTUB!!!

It is the weekend.
I am lying in the bathtub,
Like a sea turtle in the sea,
All I can hear are the *wonderful waves*.
My Mom is calling my name,
But all I do is sit there listening to the waves of
the wonderful sea.
Now my mom is gone
I am the only girl on earth,
And the bubbles are my subjects, bowing and
making me jewels.
I am the happiest girl I can be!!!
Then my subjects start to pop, one by one.
Now I am the only girl on earth with no subjects
and no jewels!!!

2nd – Free Verse – Grades 5-6
Dana Presswell

UNTITLED

I am a quiet girl who likes to play pretend,
I wonder if I could go to the jungle,
I hear the birds calling,
I see animals running about,
I want to touch the rough bark on the tall trees,
I am a quiet girl who likes to play pretend,
I pretend to pet the king of the jungle,
I feel scared and nervous as I run my fingers down his fur,
I touch the soft monkeys hair,
I worry about how much more time I have in this imaginary place,
I cry as the tiger attacks it's prey,
I understand this is just pretend,
I say all animals should be free like this
I dream about the day I can go to a jungle,
I try to be careful as I walk around,
I hope this can become a reality, I am a quiet girl who likes to play
pretend

1st – Rhyming - Grade 6
Dana Presswell

UNTITLED

Friends are forever,
We always stay together,
we never say never,
I'm there for you whenever,
I love all my friends,
We always play pretend,
there is no problem we can not mend,

We are friends until the end.

2nd – Rhyming - Grade 6
Emma Osmond

UNTITLED

I am a quiet girl who likes to play pretend,
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1st – Limerick - Grade 6-8
Dylan Schneider

UNITITLED

There was an old man in a boat,
Who said, 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'
When they said 'No! you ain't!'
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy old man in a boat.

1ST – Cheese Poems - Grades 6-8
Rachael deBoer

CHEESE

Do you know what I obsess?
Take a wild guess,
It's yellow, white, and sometimes blue.
If you guessed cheese then a gold star for you.
Mozzarella, marble, and don't forget cheddar.
Oh, oh my, what could be better?
Nothing is better because cheese is definitely the best
In fact you could even give people a test.
Ask them which food they like the most,
NO they're not going to tell you toast,
Didn't I just tell you that nothing is better than cheese
So I say, and you should say, cheese please!

1st - Other - Grades 7-8
Brent McSwiggan

UNTITLED

Rock.
Amazing, Fun.
Jumping, Singing, Cheering.
Concert, Party, Stage, Restaurant.
Relaxing, Soothing, Calming.
Smooth, Slow.
Jazz

2nd – Other – Grades 7-8
Nicholas Rizzo

DALLAS

Dallas
They are the best
Scoring goal by goal with style
Never give up on the puck
Turco saving every shot with pride
Best in the NHL
My favorite hockey team
The Dallas Stars

1st – Rhyming - Grade 7
Melanie Eus

UNTITLED

I love hip-hop
I can do a heel-pop
I love to bounce
I can dance for more than eight counts

Hip-hop makes me pop
Even when I have to drop
Please don't bother to announce
That hip-hop makes me want to bounce!

2nd – Rhyming - Grade 7
Brent McSwiggan

MUSIC

I want music, I want sound.
I want to hear it all down town.
I want to hear metal songs like
"Laid to Rest",
All types of music are the best.

1st – Rhyming - Grade 8
Alison Grant

SANCTUARY

Give me a chance,
To take you away.
To a place where we can stay,
And we can play.

A place where the grass grows,
Tall and wide.
A place where I can tell you
Everything.

A place where you'll protect me,
And I'll protect you.
Where the grass is still green.
And the sky still blue.
And our thoughts speak everything
Good and true.

A place where the only sound
Is the wind through the trees.
We'll feel the breeze,
On our grass stained knees.

And in this place
When I close my eyes,
I can only see your face.
And the pain we've been through,
We can't feel a trace.

We hear the leaves crunch
Beneath our toes.
And feel your sweet breath
Touch my nose.
As you lay me down and our eyes close.

I don't have to say anything,
You'll just read my mind.
But, this is a place,
I will never find.

2nd – Rhyming - Grade 8
Rachel deBoer

THERE'S SOMETHING IN MY DESK

There's something in my desk and it's really not that big.
There's something in my desk and I think it may be a wig.
It's small and square,
So it couldn't be a pear.
It's green and bumpy.
Any maybe a little lumpy.
There's something in my desk and I think it may have twitches,

Oh don't you fret, it's just my year old sandwiches

1st – Free Verse - Grade 7

Melanie Eus

UNTITLED

Dancing is like walking on clouds
one minute you're dancing
the next you're floating
I doesn't matter what move
Bounce walk, free spin or six-step
I always feel like I'm floating

2nd - Free Verse - Grade 7

Dylan Schneider

THE WAKE

The wake froths and bubbles noisily from
the highly revved prop.
The boat bounces swiftly over every wave.
We skim across the top of each wave
Bouncing and banging as we move along.
The bow bobs, the stern drops.
each motor roars loudly with force as we fly
Over the tops of each wave.
The white, wild, cresting water crashes into everything in its path.
The wake is as strong and swift as a tiger.

1st – Free Verse - Grade 8
Theresa Ryan

UNTITLED

Speedily racing through the cold water
Waddling along the shore
Imagining the miles of sea beneath you
Moving smoothly forward through the salty liquid
Magnificent creatures resting undisturbed on the bottom
Incredibly soothing and serene
No sense left unused
Going through the icy liquid.

2nd – Free Verse - Grade 8
Sidney Ring

SUMMER 2008

School is just ending.
Summer is just beginning.
Time to have fun.
With family and friends.
Swim, tan, surf
I'm off to the beach
Running my feet through the warm sand.
The feeling of cold water rushing up my leg.
There is always an ending,
but summer has just started
There is plenty more to explore.

3rd - Free Verse - Grade 8
Austin Stuart-Foster

UNTITLED

Football is a wonderful sport,
I know you will agree but isn't it
awsome when you have a
VICTORY.

Honourable Mention –
Free Verse - Grade 8
Anna Defent

UNTITLED

I am a girl who likes apples
Apples are red, green and yellow
Their cold, juicy, crunchy and yummy
I love a good apple anytime
Any colour or any kind
Apples are the greatest thing
So go have an apple
Your favourite kind!

Honourable Mention –

Free Verse - Grade 8

Nick MacArthur

UNTITLED

Fall is here the leaves
are changing colour, then soon
they will fall then snow
flakes flutter to the ground.
The snow is melting the sun is
rising, the leaves and flowers
are blooming. The sun is shining
let's sit on the swing and drink
some ice cold lemonade.

Honourable Mention –

Free Verse - Grade 8

Emma Douglas

UNTITLED

I love my cottage at Hillsboro
I like to laugh and play with friends
It's a spectacular way of spending time
It is relaxing to tan on the beach
The sun is beaming down on my back
Giving me the greatest sunburn.
I love the feel of sand on my feet
And to watch the sunset at night.

1st – Haiku - Grade 7-8
Katie O'Brien

UNTITLED

Cross-country running
Through the trees over the hills
Heart beating quickly

2nd – Haiku - Grade 7-8
Luke Schonberger

UNTITLED

Cold chill in the wind.
Sensing clouds across the moon
Better go inside.

3rd – Haiku - Grade 7-8
Luke Berzins

FISHING

Out on the calm lake
Waiting silent for a bite
We sit, and we wait

1st – Limerick - Highschool
Garrett King

ROSE

There was a young lady named Rose
Who had a large wart on her nose
When she had it removed
Her appearance improved
But her glasses slipped down to her toes

1st – Cheese Poems - Highschool
Klarice Segeren

IT'S ALWAYS CHEESE!

You can have it processed,
you can have it sliced.
You can have it blue, or
you can have it diced.

You can have it shredded,
you can have it in a wheel.
You can have it grated, or
you can have it as a meal.

You can have it swiss,
you can have it cheddar.
You can have it marble, or
you can have it better.

You can have it feta,
you can have it Monterey Jack.
You can have it parmesan, or
you can have it as a snack.

No matter how it's served,
it will always be a tease.
No matter how it's cooked,
it will always be CHEESE!

2nd – Cheese Poems - Highschool
Nigel Finch

GOLDEN DELIGHT

GOLDEN TREASURY
MORE PRECIOUS THEN RAREST ORE
DELICIOUS CHEDDAR

3rd – Cheese Poems - Highschool
Elizabeth Van Overbeek

CHEESE

There once was a product called cheese.
It very much loves to please.
It comes from a cow
And I would like some right now
So please won't you give me my
cheese.

1st – Ingersoll Poems - All Grades
Jessica Lovell

INGERSOLL CHEESE

In Ingersoll so long ago
The Mammoth Cheese was formed
It took so many cows to make
They all grew tired and worn.

It travelled all around the world
And when it came back home
Our little town of Ingersoll
At last became well known.

Though a hundred years had passed
It's memory did not wilt
So to commorate this star
The cheese museum was built.

The children now come in to learn
Of Ingersoll's pioneers
Neighbours from around the world
Have come through out the years.

It's bringing people all together
To learn about our past
And I hope as years go by
This monument will last.

ADULTS

1st - Limerick - Adult
Glen Seminoff

A FELLOW NAMED MACE

I once knew a fellow named Mace.
With cheese he kept filling his face.
He ate for a while.
Then he said with a smile,
Pretty soon you will find not a trace.

2nd - Limerick - Adult
Gary Miller

TO LAURA INGERSOLL SECORD

On Ms. Secord let praises be showered;
Thanks to her, Yankee strategy soured:
With a cow, not too skittish,
She warned the British—
Though a cowherd, she was surely no coward.

1st – Free Verse - Adult
Malcolm Mathews

TECHNICALLY LOVE

I hooked up with this
tight-bellied girl
for a while once.
Hooked up with her
and her ipod-white skin
square-hipped with jeans
wrapped around a
Dolce Gabbana razr phone
bluetooth hooked
around her ear,
punching away on her
public display of affliction,
my
personal digital assassin,
my
over-priced
over-pierced
techno-wearing
gonna make it official
and change her name to
sherryhotmama@yahoo.com
kind o' gal.

I'm not as plugged
in as she is
and
her love for me
ain't nothing
but a ring tone

she can change at will
snap shut
shut down
turn off
whenever she damn well
feels
like it.

Her flat golden phone keeps
going
off on us in
public and she
hides behind her hand,
talks to someone
I can't see
who isn't me,
so the next girl for me
has got to be
cordless and in charge
of running on
her own batteries.

2nd – Free Verse - Adult
Vita LaSala-Williamson

HOW IS IT NOW

How is it now that I love you more than yesterday.
More than yesterday, when I thought I loved you most.

How is it now that I see you differently.
When I saw you yesterday, each mark, each move, each breath.

How is it now that I am the same.
Still the same in humour, stature and nature.

When I see and feel so differently,
Touch and move more tenderly.
On these strings that float my heart.

3rd – Free Verse – Adult
Malcolm Mathews

I AIN'T DID NUTHIN'!

I ain't did nuthin'!
He screamed it
over and over and over again
in the high-ceilinged hollow
of the very same subway station
you're sitting in right now.
And this cop
this fat cop with a moustache
and sausage fingers
pushed the kid up against the wall.
The concrete wall.

The kid's head cracked.
The echo cracked it
a second time.
then a third.
And this other cop
not as fat
but with bad skin
on a twisted face
smacked the kid behind the knees
with a black stick
and the kid,
he made this sound,
made this sound like a baby choking,
swallowing marbles under water.
The kid crumpled.
Boneless.
I ain't did nuthin'!
Kept screaming it,
Just like that.
Didn't need any bones to scream.
They cuffed him. Hard.
The kid cried.
The cuffs grinned,
bit into his wrists.
And the entire time:
I ain't did nuthin'! I ain't did nuthin'!
They grabbed his collar,
Dragged him up those stairs over there.
Hauled him like luggage
Like baggage
Like garbage
Like a skinny dead animal
Knees cracking
Bang! Bone on marble stair.
They dragged him away,

up there, around that corner,
out of sight.
Folks on the platform
acted like nothing happened.
An old man, sitting over there,
On that dirty metal bench,
stared at a spot on the ground
between his feet.
Teenagers two girls and a boy,
hid behind their jackets.

Me? I thought about my education
my diplomas my certificates my awards
my job my career my car my pool.
I looked at the backs of my brown hands
and thought, that could have been me
swallowing marbles under water.
Except, of course, I would have said:
I haven't done anything.

Honourable Mention –
Free Verse – Adult
Winnifred Harris

DANCE OF THE RAINBOW

I want my life to be a stage
With a cast of living colors
Illuminated by the flame
Of a thousand little wonders

Myriads of pulsing rainbows
Will dance across the scene
To sport the many hues and shades
The human eye has never seen.

With a splash of crystal waters
To capture the colors within
Creating a glittering ballet
On merry, dancing wings

A touch of light from the moon
Catches the beat of the dance
As the rippling rainbows shiver
Their undulating chants

An echo from the mountain peaks
Resounds the rhythm below
And the solo recital reflects
The music within my soul

So, won't you come and dance with me
Share the spotlight on my stage
We'll dance with hands together

The dance that the rainbow makes.

1st – Rhyming – Cheese/Ingersoll - Adult
Krystin Redhead

LITTLE OLD LADY, WITH THOUGHTS FULL OF CHEESE

Dear Lady, I beg you to cook as you please,
But don't overlook the importance of cheese!
As a casserole topping all bubbly and brown,
It will make your fine cooking the talk of the town.
As a spread for a sandwich or a puffy soufflé
It will help you to cope on your busiest day.
Its tang and its flavor will tempt and will tease;
Most all of your dishes can be sharpened with cheese!

2nd – Rhyming – Cheese/Ingersoll – Adult
Gary Miller

THE BALLAD OF DRINKING JOHN

In Ingersoll, where the drinking men dwell,
They can't lower Heaven, so they like to raise hell,
(The wine is red, the beer is brown)
And when they're one of their binges on
They boast of the feats of Johnny Henderson.
(Chugalug, chugalug, pour another round.)

Now word came to the Prince of Evil
That there was a man who could drink like the Devil,
(The wine is white, the ale is brown)
So the Devil got into his long black car

And drove the short distance to an Ingersoll bar.
(Chugalug, chugalug, pour another round.)

He said: "Hi, Johnny. You're a drinker, I see.
How would you like to drink with me?"
(The gin is clear, the porters brown.)
The bartender, Nip, a kind, helpful elf,
Poured one for each drinker and one for himself.
(Chugalug, chugalug, pour another round.)

After an hour old Satan felt blue:
While he drank one drink, Johnny'd drink two;
(The brandy's strong, the stout is brown.)
After two hours, John began to laugh:
He'd down three drinks, the Devil a half.
(Chugalug, chugalug, pour another round.)

Poor Satan felt dizzy, poor Satan turned pale
And finally he fell on his long, forked tail.
(The rye is amber, the mead is brown.)
They carried him back to his big limousine
And never again in that town was he seen.
(Chugalug, chugalug, pour another round.)

"They don't need me here," he mumbled in disgrace
(The scotch is smooth, the rum is brown.)
"Cause Ingersoll's already a hell of a place."
(Chugalug, chugalug, pour another round.)

3rd – Rhyming Cheese/Ingersoll – Adult
Sheila Ludgate

A CRACKER'S LAMENT

Somebody help me, please!
I've been covered with cheap processed cheese.
Me! – a crisp specialty
Made for triple cream brie
Topped with roe from the Caspian Sea.

I can't believe my fate
To be tossed on a plain paper plate
Like some common saltine
Stacked beside a tureen
In a greasy self-service canteen.

If only I could have been bought
By the man with the yellow loquat...
Gastronomes, such as he,
Would be sure to agree
I'm a cracker of fine pedigree.

My organic seeds, nuts and grains
Have been blended by those who took pains
To ensure I'd appease
Any chef's gourmandize
When I'm paired with an Ingersoll cheese.

It is such an injustice to me
To be kept from my true destiny...
I'll be swallowed in haste
By some fool with no taste
And who hasn't a clue of the waste!

Quel dommage!

1st – Rhyming, General – Adult
Fran Redman

NAVY BLUE

The Promised gift was waiting there,
A treasure stored so lovingly away.
But was the offer now regret
That I had come that day?

Again we talked of life at sea
Of sailors young and spirits free
But he was there, at war, not me.
I did not serve.

"I'll get the uniform," he said
And brought it from its quiet tide,
Polished and pressed as it once had been
And hung with pride.

Two bands of tarnished braid still graced the cuffs.
The double row of buttons proudly shone.
The wool was warm and smooth against the cold
Of days long gone.

With officer's hat and proper badge in hand
My fingers traced the shape in metal gray.
Between the leaves of oak and velvet crown
An anchor lay.

"Try the jacket on," he urged,
"It shows a bit of wear."
And I as watched I knew he saw
A younger sailor there.

"She once thought I was handsome"
I heard him softly say.
"This is the uniform I wore
Upon our wedding day.

It served me well, and now
I am entrusting it to you
Along with all my memories
Woven deep in Navy blue."

I walked away, his cap in hand
And turned for one last wave
But took a second to salute
The man and what he gave.

He smiled and signalled in return
That we were trim and fine
For it was just salt water there
In his old eyes and mine.

2nd – Rhyming General - Adult
Malcolm Mathews

Hubby n yF

Pzza 4 dinA?
Sounds dlishly gr8!
IL pk it up now
I thnk il be L8

Wuz holdN u bac?
D dam traFK my dEr
RU pickn up K8T?
Im alrdy ther

So hw wz yr dy dEr?
Dam nr ready 2 quit
I stil LY U no
Im so hpy 2 hr it

Ur 2 cute my dEr
Nt quite cute as u
Ur d gr8st
ILU2

Later we're home
Watching different TVs
Behind three closed doors when
It occurs to me:

We love more on a screen
With to phones
And ten miles between.

3rd – Rhyming, General – Adult
Richard Tanner

AEROSOL ART

We see it everyday
In alleys and doorway
Pictures on a wall
Art from a spray.
Bad boys with baggy pants
Time on their hands
The world is their canvas
Their brush is in cans.
Paintings on freight trains
On subway walls
On billboards and fences
On bathroom stalls.
Some call it art
Freedom to express
Some people hate it
Call it a mess.
Bad boys with spray cans
Time on their hands
Being a nuisance
Art in spray cans.