

## Adult - Elegy

**ELEGY FOR A SHRINKING CHEESE** *1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

**By: B. J. Smith**

The ghost of James C. McIntyre haunts the town of Ingersoll.

In the countryside around, quiet and calm, cows call lowly to their calves.

It is Spring.

Why do I not rejoice?

Why does the taste of chocolate so sweet taste so bitter on my tongue?

Why do I feel, like Ingersoll's celebrated daughter, she the woman who trudged in gloom through swamps and brush to warn a British force of impending doom, of the approach of an American enemy,

she who history recalls as Laura Secord, who lives as chocolate in our minds more than the legend of her courage

she the daughter of Thomas, the city's founder,  
Ingersoll?

Is it that cheese will be no more?

The ghosts pass us by separating curd, pressing it  
into forms, waiting on its age-

Where are you now, Banner Cheese?

Galloway, your cheddars delight our palate no more!

Oh William Harris where is your cool dairy room  
filled with rounds?

Red Star Cheese, have you gone far?

Spring Creek, do your waters still flow, crystal cold  
into the factory?

Oh, men of West Zorra, where your triumphant entry  
with cheddar?

The mammoth cheese is no more! The "Queen of  
Cheese/Laying quietly at your ease" is gone.

Is this Spring to have no fresh milk, white like the  
hands of a lover?

Is this season to have no dairy maids, "admired by  
many a beau", as they come and go about the cows  
and pails and sieves and frames?

Is there no Elisabeth Kennedy, no Aimee Semple,  
no preacher-woman McPherson?

None, not one, no hope to call us back to memories  
of Ingersoll cheese?

James, let the bells of the tower call to the Susan's  
handbells.

Let the songs of older times remind us of couplets'  
rhymes.

May the hand of time be stopped, stilled, this one  
time

As we remember your ode.

Let our poems go down in history with yours, James.

And let the youth sing again

Songs of the meadows, fields and brooks,

Songs of the plowman and his tractor

Songs of the industrious farmer planting his sweet  
clover crop

Songs of the cattle lowing in the falling light

Songs of Ingersoll

Songs of creamy white hands

Songs to thrill our souls with their tales.

This we do, James McIntyre, Cheese poet  
extraordinaire,

So your spirit may live in our songs.

## Adult – Elegy - Haiku

**CHEESE**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

**By: Jann Everard**

Stuck in Rome three years-  
a body will crave a round  
of cheddar from home.

## Adult – Elegy – Free Verse

### LISTENING TO CHEESE

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

**By: Neal Whitman**

G. K. Chesterton was known for his mystery stories. “Poets,” he once declaimed, “have been mysteriously silent on the subject of cheese.”  
I make a long distance call:

“Oh, Higher Authority.” {some call this God, others their Muse},  
“Let me listen to cheese.”

Cut to the scene:

A wine and cheese reception at a Bloor-Yorkville art gallery.

Gallo by the gallon in plastic cups.

Cubed cheese, yellow and white.

“Pat, come here. Look at this still life.  
The one with the chunk of cheese on a plate.  
Wouldn’t it look great over the table  
We got in that consignment shop?”

“Susan, ya gotta be kiddin’. It’s so...It’s so...It’s  
so...  
SUPERFLUOUS.”

Susan and Pat replenish their plates.

I remain.

I listen to the cheese.

I hear a cold, damp cave.

I hear a French ballad... no, not French, Norman...  
no, not a ballad, a villanelle.

It tells me, “An Ontario Icewine will do nicely!”

And I buy it.

## Adult – Elegy - Limerick

### **THE LUSCIOUS BLOND**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

**By: Olga McKellar**

The luscious blond dairymaid, Wanda,  
Makes a cheese I am awfully fond of.  
Its texture is creamy.  
Its flavor is dreamy.  
No wonder I'm fond of that blonde.

## Adult – Ingersoll Poems

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

### A PASTORAL ODE ON OXFORD COUNTY, ONTARIO

By: B. J. Smith

Strophe

It is the conveyor belt of Southern Ontario taking  
red, ripe tomatoes from Leamington to market,  
Carrying crates of clucking chickens whose feathers  
blow through the mesh as the rumbling of the  
wheels covers their shrill voices,  
Moving snuffling pigs, their noses protruding sniffing  
oncoming death, through the vent holes.  
We move on this broad highway, the steering wheel  
firmly grasped, our eyes on the distant target.  
We sing from our childhood into our children's, old  
road songs in strong, student voices:  
Each one leading or losing the melody; or, for  
canons in rounds; in response songs, in roles.

## Antistrophe

East to West and West to East flows the traffic, but  
his exit reveals a different scene:  
Fields on fields of corn, barley, wheat, staples to  
feed a hungry world its daily bread  
Pastures broad where cattle graze like dappled  
shade on treeless plots of land,  
Churned earth after the plow, gulls shrieking, lighting  
and flying up, after the harvester's been  
Across this black loam, this rich soil, this glacial  
alluvium, this smooth remnant after the rock-  
gatherer's sled,  
This miracle, some say of God's goodness and  
grace, this work of sweat of brow, of heart and hand.

## Epode

And let's all praise the fair fields around our fair  
town, these places where generations grow,  
And where we all know  
That this land is the soil enriched with toil and tilling,  
with labour and love, this beloved loam  
That we call home.  
Now, in this calm and fertile quadrant grows beef,  
and there dairy, here sheep  
Now against the wolf enclosed we keep.  
This hallowed ground, this humble home, this place  
of warmth and wealth, we gladly sing,  
This place some count as nothing,  
And we know this home, these cows, these barns,  
these stables, these dogs and sheep  
And all are all for us, to keep.

## Adult – Nostalgia Poems

### MORATORIUM BLUES

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

**By: Elizabeth Bustard**

He pulled the boat ashore that fall  
secured her with props  
ready for the next season,  
rheumatism was fierce  
maybe too old to fish  
but sure his son  
would launch her in the spring.

He died that winter  
saved from the knowledge  
there would be no fishery  
for years to come.

The old boat sits  
bereft of colour  
except the gunnel  
which retains  
her old wine paint  
and a touch of blue

here and there.

Secure she sits  
next to the ramp  
that leads to the stage  
the stage house  
and the bucket  
safely stored  
under the ramp –  
all housed  
midst withered grass.

And now the fisherman  
lies buried in the churchyard  
the son long gone to the mainland.

Yet, late at night some say  
an old man with smoke  
curling from his pipe  
sits in the stern and sobs  
remembering, remembering.

## Adult – Nostalgia Poems

### **REMEMBERING GEORGIE**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

**By: Winnifred Harris**

We lost him just short of his third birthday.  
He would be fifty today, if he had survived,  
If the viral meningitis had not taken him.  
I was eight when he passed.  
I remember only that he was a happy, blonde, blue  
eyed baby.

I wonder what he would be like today;  
Which one of his nine siblings would he most  
resemble.  
We are all unique, yet our personalities,  
And characteristics speak of kinship.  
I like to think he would be a reflection of each one of  
us.

We were not allowed to attend the funeral – all but  
the oldest.  
There were too many of us to outfit in proper  
apparel;  
Apparel that would be fitting for the sober event.

Besides, we were considered too young to understand death.

To grasp the implications of eternal sleep and heaven.

Our farewell was spent with an unpleasant babysitter.

Our source of comfort was the treats sent by a neighbour.

Our confusion over teary eyes and blowing of noses  
Was accompanied by an atmosphere of false bravado and quirky smiles.

Our loss seemed unreal and superficial.

In my youth, I did not know what it was to grieve.  
But I revelled in the unexpected kindness of others.  
I marvelled with wide and wondering eyes,  
That so much food could be gathered in one place.  
And, for a few days at least, we did not have to go to school.

But I remember Georgie,  
From time to time.  
This year, he would be fifty.

## Adult – Nostalgia Poems

### **BACK THEN**

*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner*

**By: Mary Anne Griffiths**

Our legs were good and looked forward  
to the hose water and oatmeal soap.  
Knees with bicycle bruises  
behaved and remained hairless  
wanting more of the day  
even as the moon rose.

They were good like Friday night  
a séance of mosquito coils  
to ward off the dark.  
They were not afraid  
of the prickly juniper  
or the slow bone pain  
of arthritic madness.

Sometimes these legs  
return like old friends  
creeping out from the polyester  
and sensible heels  
to run off ahead of us  
yelling *hello!*

## Adult – Haiku

### **DIARY OF THE MIND**

**By: Lori Pearson**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

Diary of the mind

Mystic – past, present, future

Life cycle complete.

## Adult – Haiku

### FOR-LORN

2<sup>nd</sup> *Place Winner*

By: Ruthann Foster

Faded petals fall  
from the orchid, and still the  
parrot calls your name.

## Adult – Humour

### UNCLE STOOD UPON THE BEACH

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Allan Elliott

Uncle stood upon the beach  
And rubbed his shiny head.  
Splashed some water on his face,  
And then he sadly said,  
“I’ve lost something dear to me.  
I don’t know where it’s gone.  
It used to grow a lot up here,  
But now it has moved on.”  
Then he walked into the bay,  
Right up to his Speedo,  
And screamed out to the flowing wind,  
“Where did my hair all go?”  
I felt bad for my uncle.  
A tear was in his eye.  
I choked, and yet I stuttered  
And muttered a reply.  
I said, “Don’t you worry uncle.  
The hair that you so lack  
Has slowly been migrating

And now grows upon your back.”  
Frozen in his icy stare,  
I thought, “What have I done?”  
I quickly turned and quickly learned,  
My uncle sure could run.

## Adult – Humour

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

### **I TOLD GRANDDAD THAT IT WAS WRONG**

By: Allan Elliott

I told granddad that it was wrong,  
To be in public in his thong.  
To walk the beach was just obscene,  
In a wee swim suit that was lime green.

I told granddad it was a sin,  
To flaunt his dried up saggy skin.  
To show his rear must be a crime.  
The cops should take him for jail time.

He looked at me and shook his head  
And walked away and softly said,  
“That’s too bad you think it’s rude.”  
And dropped his thong and sunbathed nude.

## Adult – Free Verse

### HOPE'S DANCE

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Janice McDonald

Hope's strange dance,  
leaves her partners breathless  
and dazed by her movements.  
She arrives like an angel,  
bringing mercy and light,  
lifts us high and away,  
above reality and ugly talk.  
She leaps over dark prognoses,  
pirouettes 'round empty stats.

Then you try to send her away,  
but she starts that gentle toe-tapping,  
and suddenly, she is dancing again,  
in and out, on and on,  
even when all audiences  
have proclaimed her ridiculous.

And when it is too late,  
when Real has silenced the music,

she leaves you, empty-armed aching  
on life's terrifying dance floor.  
And you feel like you never ever  
will trust anyone enough  
to hope again.

## Adult – Free Verse

### **BLIND STORYTELLER**

2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner

By: Elizabeth Bustard

“I remember  
the day they covered my eyes  
the day I could no longer  
look out to sea.

I remember  
how they stripped me bare  
so that on winter nights  
The wind screeching like a banshee  
invades every corner of my being  
‘taunting every board,  
each covered window,  
every stone in my foundation.

No longer can I  
give shelter to friend  
or stranger, nor to the  
fisherman who at midnight  
comes pounding on my door  
drenched to the skin

his body shaking  
while the wind laughs.

I stand bereft of family

I recall the children  
in anguish as they boarded me up.  
how they loved that table top  
with the painting of the Union Jack.  
I heard them slam it  
against the upstairs window  
nailing it solid.

That was the room where they slept as boys  
the table at which they did their homework  
the place from where they sang the words  
'When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore  
and wild waves last they strand.'  
as they watched the storm outside  
and the storm inside once  
talk of Confederation became common.

Yet change come, and I alone  
with shuttered eyes stand witness."

## Primary Grades – Free Verse

### MY TOWN

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Grace Mishchenko

Ingersoll is a busy town  
With people everywhere  
They're going places and doing things  
And moving all around.

Some go to Hurley's Grocer  
Some to the soccer fields  
Some go to the Splash Pad  
It's enough to make you mad!

I like to go to the library  
And sledding at the hospital hill  
Or swimming at the Rec Centre  
And getting nice and wet.

We often go to Movie Gallery  
And of course the Dollar Store  
My mom likes Patina's  
My dad – the Rent-All Store.

Ingersoll is a happy place  
That people all enjoy.  
It is my town and I like it.  
It's just my kind of fit.

## Primary Grades – Free Verse

### CHEESE

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Michael Rice

My favourite cheese is Kraft singles  
and also I like old white.  
Cheese can be orange  
and sometimes it is white.

## Primary Grades – Rhyming Verse

### **INGERSOLL**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Hunter Douglas

Ingersoll, Ingersoll is so cool.  
It has a complex with a pool.  
Friends play basketball with me,  
On our driveway where mom can see.  
We go to Independent for our food,  
Shopping puts me in a pleasant mood.  
It is wonderful living in a town,  
Where it is easy to get around.

## Primary Grades – Limerick

### **THE CHEESE STORE**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Isaac Mishchenko

There once was a store that had cheese,  
On a Sunday the mice got the keys,  
They gobbled each piece,  
Went looking for the lease,  
And now have the owners on their knees.

## Middle Grades – Free Verse

### I AM

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Alexandra Culbertson

I am taller than a mountain,  
Yet smaller than dew.

I howl like a wolf,  
Yet I am quieter than the dead.

I am everywhere...

I am air.

## Middle Grades – Rhyming

### **CHEESE RULES**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Dominick Maltby

Cheese is yellow, It makes me  
Mellow. Cheese is white, It  
Makes me bright. I really  
Like cheese. Can you give me  
Some please? Cheese comes round,  
Cheese comes square . you can  
Find it almost anywhere, cheese makes  
Me drool, Hurrah for cheese it rules!

## Middle Grades – Cheese Poems

### A RECIPE I LIKE TO MAKE

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Sam Mishchenko

When I think of cheese  
I think of parmesan cheese  
And a recipe I like to make.  
You need a half pound of pasta.  
Two tablespoons of butter  
And three spoons of flour, give or take  
You add some milk  
And a bit of cream  
And a whole cup of parmesan cheese.  
When melted together, the cheese is stupendous  
The flavor is so tremendous.

## Middle Grades – Diamante

### GIRL

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Abigail Benedict

Girl,

Pretty, Polite

Skipping, Playing, Walking

Human Transforming, Flying Bites

Hunting, Eating, Change

Scary, Bloody

Vampire

## Middle Grades – Diamante

**MAN**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Emily Meerveld

Man

Tall, Skinny

Run, Walk, Talk

Hunts, Hums, Rots

Dead, Creepy

Zombie

## Middle Grades – Diamante

### DIAMANTE

*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Lauren Csucs

Girl

Gorgeaus, Polite

Skipping, talking, Walking,

Human Transforming, Broom Flying,

Disappears, Rises, Spells,

Terrifying, Creepy

Witch

## Middle Grades – Diamante

### **DIAMANTE POEM**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Dallas James

House

People, Bright

Shake, Creaking, Spooking

House Scaring, House Haunting

Crying, Scerem

Freaky, dark

Haunted House

## Middle Grades – Diamante

### **PUMPKIN**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Abby Malchesky

Pumpkin

Round, Bumpy

Rolling, Growing, Laying

Stem, Breaking, Face, Carving

Lightful, Amazing, Smelly

Realistic, Frightful

Jack-O-Lantern

## Senior Grades – Free Verse

### UNTITLED

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Nathan Innes

It's Friday night and school's all done  
Just when you think it's going to be fun  
I open my knapsack and what do I see?  
Three text books staring at me.

It's Saturday morning  
I cuddle up in my bed  
I think of what a great day's ahead  
Then I flashback to the knapsack and the contents  
inside  
Maybe I'll just stay in my bed and hide!

Sunday is here it can't be denied  
I was hoping that stuff in my knapsack had died  
But I have to get working  
I can't fluff it off  
Maybe overnight I'll come down with a bad cough.

## Senior Grades – Free Verse

### OUR CANADIAN ARMS

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Ryan Allard

Our Canadian arms

Fight for honour

Fight for Freedom

Leave for six months, maybe times two

Leave for what they need to do

Our Canadian arms

Go away for a really long time

They go away and may not return

they live to love

And love to live

Our Canadian arms

When someone needs support

They Canadians are there to help

I don't like war and I don't know who would

But they need to help to save or gain

Our Canadian arms  
Fight for honour  
Fight.... for world peace

## Senior Grades – Haiku

### **SOCCER**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Lucas Bader

The wet morning dew.  
Lots of running and kicking.  
Speed and endurance.

## Senior Grades – Acrostic

### JENNY MY JACK RUSSELL

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Mary Groot

J enny is my jack Russell  
A lways moving  
C ute as can be  
K ind of annoying, sometimes  
  
R eady to rumble!  
U nderstands our commands  
S ometimes sneaky  
S peedy and strong  
E ars are like velvet  
L ivley, lovable pooch

## Senior Grades – Acrostic

### GUITAR

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Katie O'Brien

Guitar Hero,  
Us all in the band,  
In the place to rock,  
The people cheer,  
Ac/Dc is here  
Rhythm.

## Senior Grades – Acrostic

### POEMS

*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Brandon Schneider

S creaming

C heering

H elping

O riginal

O utside

L aughing

B ring

U s to

S chool

## Senior Grades – Acrostic

### **DIRT BIKES**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Justin Hewitt

D irty  
I nteresting  
R iding really fast  
T ough trails  
B uying lots of parts  
I njuries  
K ick start  
E xperience  
S limy

## Senior Grades – Ingersoll Poems

### INGERSOLL

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Dana Presswell

I may not be the biggest,  
But I am not the smallest,  
I may not be very new,  
But I am not the oldest,  
I may not have many tall buildings,  
But I have many historical ones,  
I am unique,  
One of a kind,  
I am Ingersoll.

## Senior Grades – Cheese Poems

### CHEESE PLATTER

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Dana Presswell

Lying on the table,  
Waiting for my fate,  
I am mozzarella,  
For brie it is too late,

The people are now crowding,  
Closer and closer they get,  
They grab my best friend Gouda,  
I know that I am next,

When will it be my time  
I ask the nearby Swiss  
We both lay there wondering,  
Staring into the future abyss,

## Senior Grades – Cheese Poems

### **CHEESE FOR DINNER!**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Kyle Lama

Cheese on tacos,  
Cheese on rice,  
Cheese on pizza,  
Mmm...that be nice!

Melted cheese on a bun,  
Cheesy broccoli almost done!  
Cheese for dinner,  
Cheese for the thinner.

Spicy Cheese, Feta Cheese,  
Swiss Cheese, Marble cheese.  
Mmmm...that cheese is gouda.

## Grade 7 – Rhyming

### **LISTEN TO THE CRICKETS**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Dana Presswell

Stop the pollution,  
The sky is now grey,  
See what we've done,  
To this beautiful day,  
Our planet is now dying,  
What happened to the green?  
Have a look around you,  
There's too much garbage to be seen,  
So listen to the crickets,  
Or the wind in the trees,  
Go gaze up at the stars,  
Save this planet, pretty please.

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

### SUPERMAN

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Mikayla Pacheco

My brother thinks he's Superman.  
He's six years old you see  
Everybody thinks it's cute  
Everyone but me!

My brother thinks he's Superman  
A cape hangs down his back,  
Defender of the innocent  
Until it's time for snack.

My brother thinks he's Superman  
I think his head's not right  
He asks me what I made for lunch,  
I tell him, "Kryptonite!"

My brother thinks he's Superman  
And I can't say for certain  
But if he tries to fly again  
His body will be hurtin'!

My brother thinks he's Superman  
He drives me half insane.  
I ask him why he bothers me  
He says I'm his Lois Lane.

My brother thinks he's Superman  
During the thunderstorm last night,  
He climbed up into bed with me  
To make sure I'm alright.

My brother thinks he's Superman  
Though Clark Kent is not his name  
He's a pretty super little man  
And I love him just the same.

Just don't tell him I said so!!!

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

**KARLEE**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Mikayla Pacheco

I have this little sister  
She's really kind of funny  
She likes to play lots of games  
Like bouncing like a bunny

My sister's name is Karlee  
She likes to watch "Pooh Bear"  
She loves cookies, grapes and apples  
And pulling on my hair!

She loves to run around the house  
Chasing our dog, Bear  
Of course, he could get mad at her,  
But he wouldn't dare.

Each day when I get home  
From school, what do I see?  
The cutest smile ever and  
A hug and kiss for me.

I hope when she is older.  
She will always remember  
All the things we do,  
All the time we spend together.

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

### UNTITLED

*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Jack Shelton

Acceptance of darkness  
The heart of the sun  
The battle is over  
The people have won.

Aether of sunlight  
Dust of the stars  
Eyes against nothing  
Know nothing is far

Blue opalescence  
That hold in the night  
Vanish forever  
In infinite light

Eyes of the heavens  
Hand of the sun  
The old life is over

A new has begun.

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

### HICKORY, DICKORY DOCK

*Honourable Mention*

By: Austin Malchesky

Hickory dickory dock  
My finger is stuck in a lock  
The lock turned to rust  
Escape was a must  
Hickory dickory dock

Hickory dickory dock  
I got my finger out of the lock  
My finger was sliced  
So I had to apply ice  
Hickory dickory dock

Hickory dickory dock  
My finger feels so much better  
So now I can write a letter  
To the company that makes locks  
Hickory dickory dock

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

**UNTITLED**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Brent McSwiggan

Grade 8 is the best grade of all.  
This year none of my marks will fall.  
Trying out for sport teams and having fun,  
especially if you have to run.  
Homework is the only thing that is boring,  
sometimes I will fall asleep and start snoring.  
I have the best teacher who is really cool,  
all the others are boring and make me drool.  
I was just joking,  
don't get in a fit,  
but my teacher beats you just by a bit.  
She makes us have a really good workout,  
especially with songs like "Twist and Shout".  
This is going to be the best year of my school life,  
I will leave this school saying  
"This choice of school was right"

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

### FRIENDSHIP

*Honourable Mention*

By: Krystal Golf

Friendship is forgiving,  
What people have done wrong.  
Friendship is accepting,  
everyone belongs.  
Friendship is loving,  
Everyone for whom they are.  
Friendship is helping,  
No matter how far.  
Friendship is  
Everyone with their secrets,  
Friendship is something,  
No one can forget.

## Grade 8 - Rhyming

### AUTUMN

*Honourable Mention*

By: Lindsay Allison

The leaves are changing colour.  
They go from green to red.  
The days are getting shorter.  
Too bad it's time for bed.  
The air is getting cool.  
Then it's back to school.

## High School - Haiku

### CHEESE

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Layton Loi

Old rotting cheese  
soft, melting tingle on tongue  
after taste remains.

## High School - Other

### CHEESE

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Sarah Kittmer

Of all the cheeses in the world  
I wish I were some cheddar  
So I can lounge  
Inside your fridge  
And age much for the better.

## High School - Other

### **CHEESE COLLECTION**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Lisa MacDonald

The cheese does not like me  
And I do not like the cheese  
It tries so hard  
To be it's all  
But the cheese, it does not please

## High School - Other

### **BRAD'S CHEESE**

*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Kendall Atkinson

There once was a boy named Brad,  
When he ate he became very sad.  
One day he tried cheese,  
And he was very pleased,  
Now he's a hefty young lad.

## High School - Other

### **WHAT HAPPENED?**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Greg Gabourne

There once was a town named Ingersoll,  
Where all of the citizens stood tall.  
We made the best cheese,  
We prospered with ease.  
Why did we let our prestige fall?

## High School – Free Verse

### **SILENCE**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Julianna Ladouceur

In the silence of the night  
You know you don't have to worry  
Because you're coming upon a small town  
The streets are empty, save a few kids  
Everything is quiet, the quaintness of the town calms  
you.  
You pass gazebos, a cheese museum and a theatre  
You leave this small "settle-down town"  
You don't have any plans to return....  
...But it made its impression on you.

## High School – Ingersoll Poems

### COME VISIT INGERSOLL

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Neil Pittock

Ingersoll is the place to be  
Lots to do and lots to see  
Home of the Ingersoll Folk Festival  
Held not far down from the Hospital

Summertime brings the Chamber Ribfest  
All kinds of tasting to see whose ribs are best  
Many sports to keep one going  
Hockey, baseball, soccer and bowling

For those who want to show some Christianity  
Come on out and build a house for humanity  
Or perhaps be a part of the Seniors Centre  
You don't have to be old to enter

So hop off the 401  
Come on and join in the fun  
We think you will surely agree  
That Ingersoll is the place to be

## High School – Ingersoll Poems

### HOME

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Sloane Sweazey

The crisp winds of Canada's winter,  
The warm breeze of her summers,  
The colour of its falls,  
A small town called Ingersoll.

Take a walk down the main street,  
Witness the culture of the buildings,  
The people:  
A school student, an elder and her husband.

It's Christmas and you wander the parks full of light;  
It's Halloween and the streets are full of candy;  
It's the start of school and the bells ring;  
It's Thanksgiving and the scent of turkey fills your  
nose.

Just a place?  
No, because wherever I go,  
whichever life I lead or path I take,

*Ingersoll is home.*

The place where I will come to wander through,  
Remembering the days and chapters I spent here.  
This is where the dreams evolved in,  
The dreams I hope to live.

*Ingersoll is home.*

A place to remember,  
The place that will be remembered.  
A small town called Ingersoll.

## High School - Rhyming

### LAURA OF INGERSOLL

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Summer Graham

A nice, fine girl was she,  
Laura Secord was her name.  
Forced by soldiers to feed them food,  
No choice but to play their game.

Good fortune that they chose her home,  
For they had an evil plan.  
To attack FitzGibbon and his troops,  
Laura overheard, and ran.

She walked for hours, days and days,  
Until she could walk no more.  
Found by a band of Iroquois,  
Fear shook her to the core.

Finding words, Laura explained  
The urgency of her quest.  
Fear, fatigue and hunger,  
Put Laura's true strength to the test.

Escorted by the Natives,  
She reached FitzGibbon and his men.  
Had she been a moment later,  
Who knows what would have happened then?

A fine, nice girl was she,  
Laura Secord was her name.  
courage, honour and loyalty,  
These are all her claims to fame.

So be truly proud of Laura,  
Laura of Ingersoll I say.  
for this fine girl is the reason,  
That we are, who we are, today.

## High School – Dairy Odes & Cheese Poems

### **STRAWBERRY PASSION**

*1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner*

By: Charlotte Sanders

How the milk and honey flow;  
The lust of your sweet essence.  
I wish I could have you to myself.

Your creamy complexion taunts me;  
The hinting tones of sweet, lush pink.  
As I bring you closer;  
Your floral, strawberry scent washes over me.

I love your delicate taste;  
How I crave you.  
When you leave me;  
I feel part of me leave with you.

I gently cup you;  
My finger brushing your bottom lip.  
As I slowly enter my spoon;  
Licking off your silken taste.

I know all the others are jealous;  
Our bond is closer than any other.  
Forget those crusty dairies;  
My dear strawberry yogurt.

We must keep this hidden;  
Our little secret;  
My sweet, creamy delight.

# High School – Dairy Odes & Cheese Poems

*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner*

## **GRACEFUL MOVEMENTS IN THE MEADOW**

By: Layton Loi

Graceful movements in the meadows  
each slow stomp has an unique beat  
corn has no chance against this white and black  
beast  
a slight turn of the head  
your eyes interlock with hers  
a small opening comes from her mouth  
MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

## High School – Dairy Odes & Cheese Poems

### CHEESE POEM

*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner*

By: Adam Leeuwenburg

It comes in circles, it comes in bricks  
Its wrapped in packages and sometimes sticks  
dipped in wax and tied with a bow  
it makes a great present from the big Ho Ho!  
It comes in colours and has different weights  
It will make you smile like a big birthday cake  
Cheese is a treat and its best on crackers  
with a spoonful of meat, to shove in our yappers.  
That's it for this poem, I hope it was great  
but for cheese around the world there will never  
be a break.

## High School – Dairy Odes & Cheese Poems

### **CHEESE PLEASE!**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Jordan McRae

Cheese here, cheese there;  
We find cheese everywhere.  
On a burger, in your soup,  
In a ball, in a hoop.

Sometimes sour, sometimes sweet,  
Sometimes messy, sometimes neat.  
Made from goats, made from cows,  
It makes you want to take a bow.

So many different types,  
Cheddar seems to be the hype.  
Sliced in squares, long and thin,  
Makes you smile deep within.

With a friend, by yourself,  
Why not try and spread the wealth?  
Give a piece to your pal,  
Give a boost to your morale.

In the morning, eat some cheese,  
It helps you with your hard studies.  
Greatest food on the earth,  
It makes you shout for all you're worth!

## High School – Dairy Odes & Cheese Poems

### **LOVELY CHEESE**

*Honourable Mention*

By: Stephanie McDonald

Cheddar is yellow

Swiss is white

Together they make an appetizing delight

Add some bread

Add some butter

Now you have grilled cheese for supper.