

Literacy Volunteers of Franklin and Somerset Winning poems of 2024 listed in alphabetical order by title.

Cat

By Logan Hartman

Oh, cat
Are you grinning?
Curled in the window seat
As sun warms you this December
Morning

Good Grief

By Peg Ellis

My friend found true love,
A fine match, they say.
They fit like a glove,
But I'm not okay.

What does Grandma mean
When she says "good grief?"
What did Mom and Papa mean
When they said "goodbye?"
When is it time to
Turn a new leaf?
Why does it feel
So good to cry?

"Better we part for
The sake of the kid."

But I'll always mourn
For what you did.

"Be happy for them.
Your time will come."
Will my own joy bring
Loss to someone?

My Heart

By Daygon Purington

My	heart
Is bro	ken
From	My
Ex GF	She broke
It by	text
I wish	She told
Me	in per
Son	You
Broke me	into pieces
How you broke	Me

My Lost Things

By Lacey Elder

One red mitten
One bird book
One word search book
A Blake Shelton T shirt
And a hat from Paris.
My favorite hat, my mother gave me
Oh where did they go?

On the porch I found my glove
But. the others are still missing.
I'm afraid my head will be next.

On the Death of an Old Friend

By Nancy Lockwood

Speak
softly
today (the sign on the door reads).
I am in mourning.

In mourning
for you
Elbern
"Eddie"
Alkire.

You, who spent long days searching
courthouses
and cemeteries
for knowledge
of those who came before

You, who found what you were looking for
in the heat of August
On a West Virginia hillside,
evidence that you existed
in a time before this.

There were no musicians
in your family
until you,
but you have multiplied your talents:
one into two
and two into four
and four into...
until now

You live
beneath the cold, hard stone
in a northern graveyard
forged to the past
and the future
Inexorably.

Privy Lockdown

By Nancy Merrow

The window still was there, and down below
The splintered planks created rows of light,
Enough to see the lumps and mounds and know
The shit was from his family. Despite
The fact that some were dead, the brown remains
Ignited thought and wonder. Percy; Pete;
Mable; May; Elvina; names his brain's
Cortex network generated, replete
With stories spanning centuries. The link
To privy holes and rotting excrement
Amused and pleased the child until the stink
Became a permeating punishment.

Privy lockdown for a few foul words-
At least he'd met the ghost of Grammie's turds.

Saying and Looks

By Anna Crockett

Saying And Looks. Brown eyes are looking at me.
Nana, can I go on an airplane. Where would you like to go To Maine to see
you again. Your eyes act like words to me. Yes, Go play with your cars.
Vroom Vroom I hear from the floor. Standing up and looking at that
little face. Nana, you are my best friend. I love you.
Those looks and sayings came from little ones.

The New Barn

by Matilda Holt

When we have a new barn we have a farm.
Then we need a shit pit.
The cows go moooooooooo-shit.
The goats go baaaaaaaaa-shit.
Ducks go quack, quack-shit.
The rooster makes more noise than the rest of them.
Cockle doodle doo!-but less-shit.
Shovel, shovel, shovel.
People don't realize farming is work.

The Small Frog

by Quinn Allen

The frog was small
It jumped through the woods
And splashed into the water
“Splash!” The frog is jumping away,
With water dripping off of the small frog