



scifest
RANDOLPH COLLEGE 2022

THE HEART OF COMPLEXITY

Finalists' Contributions from the
2022 Randolph College
Science Festival Poetry Competition

Poetry OF SCIENCE

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Solar Power!

Plants and animals use solar power.
Reptiles use it to warm up, slither, and run.
Plants use it to grow, live, and produce.
And I use it too.
I have solar panels on my roof.
They make electricity that power my lights,
computer, and TV.
They help keep clean the air, water, and land.
I hope you will use solar power too.

First Place

Josiah Jones

Under the Son Academy
Grade 2

The Bees

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

The bees are flying from their hive.

They suck the nectar from the flowers.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

They are making honey.

They must be storing honey for winter.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

It's been spring, summer, and now fall.

Their wings go so fast, you can barely see them.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

When winter comes their will be hibernation.

When spring starts again a new generation.

Second Place

Gideon Jones

Under the Son Academy

Grade 2

The Motion of an Anteater

An anteater's path of motion
When he's looking for some ants
Is like a crazy squiggle
That goes past some plants.

He's tracking all around
Until ants are in his sight
The motion is the same
As a chicken scared at night.

Third Place

Carter Van Gorp

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Weird Things

I saw thorns on leaves
I didn't believe
Webs in trees
Grass in flowers
Weird to see
When I walked on rocks in the sidewalk with a
weird tree
What is next
I can't wait to see

Adrian Henderson

Thomas Jefferson Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Angela White

Rainbow

Red.

Orange.

Yellow.

Green.

Blue.

Indigo.

Violet.

A rainbow.

It came out because of water and sun.

Let's go out and have some fun.

Lydia Jones

Under the Sun Academy

Grade 1

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Sports

Sports

Fun, kick

Tiring, catching, throwing

Run to the goal

All kinds

Brody Marks

James River Day School

Grade 1

Teacher: Betsy Lane

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Addition

Addition
Fun, altogether
Increasing, joining, adding
Addition is the SUM
Combined

Evie Jenkins

James River Day School
Grade 1
Teacher: Betsy Lane

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Potion Bottle

Potion Bottle
Bubbly, Witchy
Mixing, Exploding, Imagining
Potions are really cool
Liquid

Indie Gillum

James River Day School
Grade 1
Teacher: Betsy Lane

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Unicorns

Unicorns
Magical, Cool
Flying, Loving, Smiling
Unicorns are imaginary
Horses

Paisley Childress

James River Day School
Grade 1
Teacher: Betsy Lane

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

The Motion of a Butterfly

A butterfly wing's motion
When it flies from flower to flower
Goes gracefully up and down
With just a little power.

It's like a fast flutter
Until it stops to get a drink
The motion is the same
As eyelashes when they blink.

Jona Chisolm

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

The Motion of a Puppy Tail

The motion of my dog's tail
When he chews his squeaky toy
Goes quickly back and forth
Because he feels a lot of joy.

It goes from side to side
While he's playing with his sock
The motion is the same
As a swinging grandfather clock.

Aidan Garland

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

The Motion of a Snake

A snake's path of motion
As it slithers in the trees
Goes in a weird squiggle
Until he finds some leaves.

Up and down and to the left
But when it's night, he's still.
The motion is the same
As rocks rolling down a hill.

Hunter Johnson

Bedford Hills Elementary School
Grade 1
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

The Motion of a Ride-On Rocket

The motion of the ride-on rocket
At the Short Pump mall
Bounces roughly back and forth
And so my dad I call.

I am surprised to see
The steering wheel decorated with mice
The motion is the same
As a penguin waddling on ice.

Olivia Serro

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

A Global Warning

My eyes scan the deserted landscape.
Dust whispers to me as it shuffles past
The once-beautiful field has shapeshifted into a
 rocky terrain
littered with lives
Taken
By us
Flowers wheeze with the wind, as they take one
 last breath
Leavesweep over a departed seed, like a mother
that's lost a child
Trees have withered to stumps
The soil shivers, frightened of what we'll do next
Plumes of thick black wisps darken the sky,
 they block out the sun
The clouds are parched of their healthy water

And all I can think of as factories churn
As the surviving trees depart
As plants perish
As animals take final breaths
Is that
All these lives...
Were taken by us.
Taken by Global Warming.

First Place

Alexandra Hoffman

R.S. Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

The Mysterious Phases of the Moon

The moon is mysterious
Delicate and bright
That's why it's important
To get the phases right

The first moon phase
Is called new moon
You'll never be able to see it
In the afternoon

Waxing crescent
Is growing in the sky
a thin sliver of the moon
Like a slice of pie

First quarter Is next in line
Halfway lit
It looks devine

Waxing gibbous
Is yet to come
The moon grows into a silly shape
Almost like your thumb

Full moon Is the brightest of them all
You may see it shining
When the night will fall

Waning gibbous
Fades into the night
As the moon seems to disappear

Continued

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Bite by bite

Last quarter
Is filled half way
You could see it in the sky
All night, and some day

Waning crescent
Is similar to the letter “c”
That is a fragment of the truth
That you can hardly see

The moon is mysterious
Delicate and bright
That’s why it’s important
That you learned the phases right

Second Place

Sara El-Ahdab

R.S. Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

Caves

elementary school

Dark and deep, high and steep,
down here nothing ever sleeps.

Living things to your surprise,
many of them don't have eyes.
Water flowing in places tight,
Forming stalagmites and stalactites.
Lakes pool, rivers run, always flowing.
Creatures down here are always glowing.
Deeper and deeper, darker and darker,
Light to find is harder and harder.
Down here nothing's ever saved,
want to go down there
into the
caves?

Third Place

Lawson Neufeld

Homeschool

Grade 3

Poetry

OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Nature's Future

Can be swaying like bushes and trees,
Can be as surprising as a clock's ding-dong,
Can be soft as a summer breeze,
Can be as beautiful as a hummingbird's song,
Can be as sad as willow trees on a rainy day,
Can be as hard as a butterfly with a broken wing,
Can be as scary as branches sway,
Can be so happy you just want to sing,
The future can be despicable,
But it's mostly unpredictable.

Jordan Berkenkemper

Thomas Jefferson Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Angela White

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Flowers

Beautiful Colorful
Blooming Gowing Sprouting
Stems Leaves Petals Pollen
Swaying Opening Budding
Vibrant Fragrant
Flowers

Anna Mays

Thomas Jefferson Elementary School

Grade 3

Teacher: Angela White

Poetry OF SCIENCE

Underneath the Midnight Sun

elementary school

Underneath the midnight sun,
Every creature is silent.
Not a single shiver is heard,
Nothing can be violent.
Every creature except for one,
And this one is our favorite.
A Tawny owl slices the sky looking for a treat,
An unknowing vole slithers around not knowing what
will happen.
Our owl lands and catches its prey; its midnight is
complete.

Jackson Barber

Appomattox Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Destiny Kidd

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

The Power of Pigment

The baby deer lies in wait for its mother
Hoping it will be camouflaged by its brown color

The owl spots it, his prey
But the tiny frog isn't like any other
Instead of being brown or gray, its blue in color
He knows this is a warning of danger

Another chameleon walks up to me
And steals the bug I see
Red flashes across my skin
Anger seething within

Being an albino is hard
I can be spotted easily, even from afar
With my skin all white and my eyes all red
I'm usually eaten instead of fed

There my prey sits, paralyzed
Well, actually hypnotized
For I am the great cuttlefish
My magic color changing abilities hypnotize my prey
like a witch

Don't underestimate the power of pigment
It's important to nature, like how a body needs a ligament

Alice Hansen

R.S. Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Seasons

Seasons have feelings,
Built with gentle, affectionate, care.
But one thing that makes them unhappy
Is when humans are deplorably unfair.

Seasons have names
Based on their appearance
Their leaves are scattered everywhere.
Flowers spring to life

Humans ignore seasons completely
Our roads split them in half.
Their hearts are in pain,
Apologies should be made on our behalf.

Animals nest under their midnight blanket,
Moles hide in the souls of their shoes.
All the while we dig up their crust,
For nice, refreshing swimming pools.

Winter is cold,
Summer sun scolds.
Seasons changing,
From warm to cold.
In the daytime, the sky is blue.
At nighttime, the owls hoo.
But one thing is true,
The season is new.

Penny Helm

R.S. Payne Elementary School
Grade 5
Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Our Queer Planet

Mercury, and Mars
 Venus, and Saturn
 Jupiter, and Neptune
 Pluto, and Uranus
 All wonderful planets with their own unique quirks
 But just one stands
 The most queer planet of them all
 Earth

H₂O and Carbon
 Light and sound waves
 Life cycles and ecosystems
 Duck bill platypus' and venus flytraps
 Its tectonic plates and under the surfaces
 With volcanoes big and small, underwater and on shore
 And last but not least the most queer of them all
 Us

Humans
 We change the world in good ways and bad
 Damage and Repairage
 Each and every day
 We share Earth with other living and nonliving things
 With dogs and cats, Boulders, and fallen sticks
 The earth is our home and nothing will change that
 Even if it is the most queer of them all

Teagan Foster

R.S. Payne Elementary School
 Grade 5
 Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

The Water Cycle

It's begins on the ground and travels up to the clouds
And looks down at the ground
When it feels so proud to be allowed
As it goes up and clouds surround

When it feels so stuffed
And wants to fall
As the clouds rebuff
And as the water drops feel so small

This is when it falls down
Into the earth it will come
Soaking into the ground
Under the hidden sun

As we touch the grass
As we look up at the clouds
As we gaze at a world so vast
As the rainfeels so proud to be on the ground

Wrynn Ottinger

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Heather Burkhardt

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Stars

Stars, stars they light up my night
Stars, stars, so beautiful in the sky
They are made of gas
And take up mass
Shooting stars are not stars
They are what we call meteors
The sun is a star
Just an average sized one
It is the closest star to me
And that's how it will be for infinity
The sun is the only star in our galaxy
The rest are beyond and beneath
Big dipper little dipper
They are what we call constellations
Constellations are stars that are together
And look like simple images

Millie Imboden

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Heather Burkhardt

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

The Sunset

painting the sky
shades of pink and orange
fading to blue and purple
white fluffy clouds
a work of art
a masterpiece
lighting up the sky.
As the sunset fades away,
the stars begin to shine.

Kendra Gowen

Appomattox Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Kim Jones

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

A Plus Sign Life

Why is it so bad to be a plus sign?
adding adding all day long it never stops,
never gets a break
always works never rests
add all day
plus plus - till the day is done
ding ding!
Work is never done
Still more work every day, there's is still more to do
That is why a plus sign is never free for all eternity

Anya Otwell

R.S. Payne Elementary School

Grade 3

Teacher: Hannah Crews

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

The Heart of Complexity

In the depths of the ocean's heart there is only
stagnant turquoise
A dark abyss is steadily stirring with sinking,
salty water
It's an utter opposition to the surface waves that
glimmer blissfully,
Whirring in an ecstatic haze
A continuous glassy shield that glimmers in the
sunlight

The ocean's heart is an endless sanctuary
An unexplored world inhabited by peculiar creatures
Who occupy the vast, hazy undersea,
Living lives that contrast to civilization above the
shore
Civilization unexposed to the elegant depths of the
ocean's heart

First Place

Audrey Watts

Nelson County Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Lisa Schoener

Poetry OF SCIENCE

Love: In Motion

middle school

Love
Love is a science,
Love is a way,
Love is the night,
And Love is the day,
Love is the seasons,
Love is a force,
Love is what makes
The world go off course.
Love is psychology,
And it will convey,
That it is what makes the trees and leaves sway.
Love is the thing
That we all must share,
After all,
Love is what put all the math and that there.
Love has potential,
To succeed in all else,
And the kinetic
To use it not just stay on the shelf.
And Love will repeat,
In its curious way,
That it is the night
And it is the day.
So Love is a science,
I just want to say,
It seems like the world agrees anyway.

Second Place

Anna Apkarian

Linkhorne Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Mother Earth

She's quite hard to predict,
Her schedule isn't what you'd call strict.
Her spontaneity can be debilitating.
She's not the best at indicating,
If it's good or bad she's going to inflict.

Somedays her bones creak and ache,
Which yields her crust to break.
Somedays, she'll be in the mood to please,
Those days tend to be warm with a subtle breeze.
We anxiously await her wake.

Third Place

Anna White

Nelson County Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Lisa Schoener

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Our Beautiful World

The endless seas of blue,
those secretive waters.
That plain green land,
the islands, it's daughters.
The world's beauty is found almost everywhere,
from the warm tropical trees to the cold land left bare.
This beauty isn't common though,
just look and you'll see
that other planets left with life on it aren't yet found in
the galaxy.
In our solar system there are 8 planets in all.
Each planet is special, size large to size small.
But I think the coolest one is Earth, our home,
for it's the only one where life can roam.
It's the third planet from the sun,
fourth planet in size,
blue and green patches are it's handsome disguise.
Earth has one moon,
colorless and bare,
yet it still shines all month long with no sign of wear.
The Earth is unique in millions more ways,
but for now I'll let my other reasoning do most of the
praise.

Molly Scruggs

Altavista Combined School

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Astronomy

Asteroids flying around space.

Space has endless wonders.

Trillions of tiny stars.

Round and round the earth orbits the sun.

Orion is a beautiful constellation that is shaped like a hunter.

North star stays still while everything around it moves and is very bright.

Orbiting different planets.

Mercury is the smallest planet in the system.

Ymir is the moon of saturn.

Laycee Talbott

Altavista Combined School

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Maximum Capacity

I choose
9 billion people
is probably the max amount of humans
Earth can hold.
Seven octillion atoms
per human is theorized.
133,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,
000,000,000,000,000
atoms are theorized
to be on Earth.
50 000 000 000 000 000 000
atoms per every piece of dirt.
Atoms never touch.
That means that we all fly.
Scary huh?
We have to go to ancient Greece of 400 B.C.
to find the history of atoms.
There was a brilliant philosopher named Democritus,
He proposed the Greek word atomos, which means
uncuttable.
And so as he explained,
all matter was eventually reducible to discrete,
small particles or atomos.

Scott Adkins

Altavista Combined School

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

The Math Riddle

I sat down to figure out
A math problem I could do without
The crazy maze of numbers
So much easier to eat cucumbers
These numbers, I cannot crunch
I give up, I'll go get lunch
Now I'm back to try again
I sit down and pick up the pen
Then I realize the words I missed
I clench my teeth and curl my fists
The words in bold make my blood run cold:

Use a calculator

Grace Geffken

Onward Christian Academy

Grade 6

Teacher: Erica Gray

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

The Thoughts of Thunder

Rumble, rumble, bang, bang, pow, pow
Do you hear that, is it the sound of thunder?
The loud and mighty force that symbolizes a storm is
a brewing
And after that alluring sound comes a flash
A luminous, sizzling, zig-zagged flash, lightning
I watched the drops race as the rain spew on my
window
Take cover now because rain is drip drip dropping
from above

Anna Grace McCloskey
Linkhorne Middle School
Grade 8
Teacher: Katie Cyphert

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Stars

Stars.

The stars.

Burning so bright up there,
Doing their own thing without a care
So big bright and yellow
Some red some blue some non visible
But still gorgeous nonetheless.

Your eyes twinkle when looking at them and,
Oh
How I wish to be among them one day
Just up there burning bright and possibly loved,
Bright and visible
A burning ball of gas?
No... and yes
Something I love.

Stars

Madilynne Phillips

Linkhorne Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

The 4 Seasons

The snow falls,
The children laugh,
The parents enjoy their hot coffee,
While the kids all play,
Winter.

The flowers bloom,
The tulips are bright,
The leaves on the trees,
Are as green as a lizard,
Spring.

The pool is crowded,
Kids all screaming and laughing,
Sunscreen all over,
Ice cream trucks blare their music all over,
Summer.

The leaves all fall,
The smell of pumpkin spice,
Pumpkin Patches opening,
Leaf piles all over the place,
Fall.

Riley Plice

Linkhorne Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

The World is a Wonderful Place

The world is a wonderful place,
With wonders scattered across its face,
Yes, the world is a magical place,
I'll tell you why.

Birds and bees and bats will fly,
Clouds drift across the sky,
Above the roses, look, a butterfly!

Drifting earth that knows its worth,
Clouds of dust and molds and must,
Mushrooms and whole lives that bloom,
Ice and mice, so very nice,
And vines that grow and fish that glow,

And even though
There are kinds of life that have gone and will go,
There will be others that will grow,
And even so,
There will be new mountains that rise,
All the way up to the skies,
And the sun will rise,
And magma will crystallize,
And bones will fossilize,
And birds will harmonize

Time passes every day,
And yet, the earth won't sway,
And the sadness will soon decay,

So, please know that
yes, the world is wonderful,

Continued

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

And the world is magical,
And the world is fantastical,
So learn about the cracks that score its face,
So learn about the stars in outer space,
So learn about the ocean and its motion,
So learn about emotion and its devotion
To make our planet a better place.

Simonn Booyesen

Nelson County Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Lisa Schoener

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Hypothermia

Below 20 degrees Fahrenheit
As I look around there is no one in sight
Colder and colder the air starts to get
Feels like mother nature is really upset
I start to feel tired
I can't hold my breath
Now I know I am close to death
I try and I try to stay awake
But there is an ache my body can't shake
There is confusion
My memory is hazy
I really hope I'm not going crazy
I fade further as every second goes by
I try to stay calm cause I don't want to cry
Is this it, is this the end
I fear that I won't see my family again
Now there is peace my stress is no more
I fall asleep but there is no snore

Scarlett Terrell

Nelson County Middle School
Grade 8
Teacher: Lisa Schoener

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Trial by Fire

Rocks fall down
From a darkened sky
The red glow of a volcano
Lingering by

A village turned to ashes
With nothing left around
No birds flying by
Not a cricket
Nor a sound

As I cry for mother nature to stop
I look around and...
Wait, a raindrop?

As the rain falls down
Covering everything around
A bird flies by
And I start hearing sounds

For the chaos has stopped
And a dandelion sprouts.

Tony Giacona-Spry

Nelson County Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Lisa Schoener

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

RIP my cat (ode to physics)

physics is real things
learning about cars and force
physics killed my cat

First Place

Wyatt Moore

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 11

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Mushrooms : Life and Death

You'd never believe
What hides underneath the soil
And grows from the fallen trees
What peeks out from the ground
In red, yellow, orange
Patterns of blue, black, brown
They create life from death
Decomposing and regrowing
They redistribute the wealth
put one foot on the grass
and underneath lays over
300 miles of mycelium mass
the DNA of the forest
it connects each tree, flower, and leaf
perfectly in rhythm, almost chorused
mushrooms keep the earth recycling
some edible, some poison
but nonetheless, without them, the natural
world would go spiraling.

Second Place

Elise Guard

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 11

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Space

Space

Five letters, infinite possibilities

Limits nonexistent, swallowed up by the thought of
“What if?”

What if everything you’ve thought of ever before

And that which you’ve yet to conceive of

Is out there

And you’re the only person to have ever thought of it
before

And scientists are missing out

Because they don’t know about it

But you do

And even though the certainty that it’s even real isn’t
really there

It exists in your mind

And therefore must exist

Somewhere

In the vast expanse of

Space

Third Place

Gillian Ceballos-Kirby

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 12

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Tornado Warning.

Shut the windows.
5 miles away.
Run Downstairs.
4 miles away.
Hide under a blanket.
3 miles away.
Wait for the crash.
2 miles away.
Brace for the smash
1 mile away.
Face frowning tight.
BOOM.
Destruction in clear sight.
157 mile per hour winds.
Means a category 5.
Tornado is alive.
But we can rebuild this.
Hand in Hand.
Clean up the trash.
Pick up scattered sand.
The Tornadoes Wrath.
Will not make us lose hope.
We Will stay strong, persevere, and cope.

Dalia El-ahdab

Homeschool

Grade 9

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Because of Us

The sweet hibiscus summer
The rain falls and...
Kills the plants
The water is acidic
Changed by fossil fuels
Burned for energy
Now burning the plants

The atmosphere is dusty
Filled with particulates
Choking the animals
Because the oil is burning
Filled with greenhouse gasses
Because the trees are disappearing
And we can't leave

The ice caps are melting
Soon to accelerate global warming
With ecosystems in danger right now
With animals in danger all over the world
The plants are drying up
The world given to us is being destroyed
The actions are close to permanent

The world is ending
But we can still fix it
We can fix our mistakes
Changing our ways
Improving the atmosphere
Taking away the pollution
Maybe we can

Michaela Harvey

E.C. Glass High School
Grade 9

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Physics Year

Junior year has been moving with great velocity
With so much potential energy.
All of this motion is like an ocean
Need friction to slow it down
Or at least get some traction
To control all this action
Help me decelerate and get this momentum down
Test grades have accelerated my grade
Making me feel like I've got it made.
But labs are like gravity pulling it down
Making me feel like a clown.
So many vibrations causing too many complications
Conduction, convection, radiation
I'm ready for summer vacation

Walker Wood

EC Glass High School

Grade 11

Teacher: Benjamin Shockley

Poetry OF SCIENCE

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The Science of Life

Natural Selection, is the selection of choice between what lives and what dies. It doesn't matter what they are, what they eat, who they help cross the street, or who's puppy dog they babysit on the weekends. None of it matters whenever it's time for you to meet your maker. You ought to have a speech written and written well.

The whole premise or value of natural selection is the sheer unpredictability in itself, the no cares given attitude it carries alongside. I always try to live life to the fullest extent every day as if it were my last, as everyone should try. Because life moves by too fast and you never know when it could end. My pops always told me that life is the most important thing you will ever have, so treat it as if it was the only thing you truly own. That time is the longest short experience you will ever have and you have to make the most out of it or you'll never make it out alive.

Aiden Perdue

E.C Glass High School

Grade 10

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

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Dull Without

It's like they were specifically placed there
Like fresh diamonds, glistening so rare
Like they've been there their whole life
How do they do it? What do they include?
No element or equation could compare
Life seems dull when we're without
Those blinding specks of light
They seem so close, yet far out
Dashes of a shooting star, painting the community up
above
It'd be dull without
Comets or nebulas
North Star or Milky Ways
No shine glimmers like theirs
Theirs that keeps us in a trance for days
It'd be dull without

Cassidy Perdue

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 10

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

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DNA

Who will we be
Who will we make
We wait to see
As we form
We are unaware
Chromosomes build
And choose to share
Biological, identical molecules
Replication begins and ends
Sequences converted
Growing apart as strands bend
Twenty-three pairs we hope to have
A set of nucleic acid
My life begins

Mallory McKinney

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 9

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Water Remains Forever

Water is the foundation for any organism,
And while it is a building block for life,
The substance cannot be created or destroyed,
Even when amalgamated with other matter,
Really it remains water always.
Rewind to the beginning of time,
Earth was young and newly created,
Mostly dominated on the surface by oceans.
Although that was long ago,
Indeed water itself has remained,
Not an ounce more or less than before,
Sustained though the centuries.
For even exposed to extreme temperatures,
Or buried deep into the planet's crust,
Rebelliously water will continue to be,
Existing against every obstacle,
Vast expanses cover the earth,
Every particle still completely remains,
Ready to support the lives that need it so badly.

Selah Eberz

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 9

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

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Heating Up

Icebergs shrink with the warmth.
The tundra suddenly turns tropical.
Seals have no safe place.
Penguins have nowhere to slide.
Polar bears begin to fight.
And people think this is a lie?
The data is indisputable.
Our planet is melting.
The sun doing the smelting.
We need to make a change.
The systems rearranged.
These animals will die.
A slow and painful death.
If we do not reach out.
And save them from this distress.

Austin Buck

E.C. Glass High School
Grade 12
Teacher: Toby Johnson

The Boron To My Neon

Dear Boron, my lesser half,
My patience can't be measured,
For those threads grow meeker every interaction.
I think of you: lackluster;
Baring a back but no spine;
A heart but no beat;
A mind lacking coherence;
An element of only negative charge;
Dear Boron, my lesser half,
The crook in my spine I cannot relinquish;
The clouds on my sunny day;
A waste of matter.
I'd bid you adieu,
But the chemicals in my brain values this hatred,
And my heart knows no greater respiration than the
noxious air filling my lungs.
I'd bid you adieu,
But I express not a lick of care for your welfare,
Or what you think of my indifference.
I hope we can stay as far apart as we appear on our
table
So that I never have to see your Infectious face ever
again

Cyan Smith

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 11

Teacher: Toby Johnson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Solar system

Huge dark
spinning orbiting rotating
starts asteroids milkyway
planets orbiting gravitating
Black Big Disk

Xavier Friday

E.C. Glass High School

Grade 9

Teacher: Toby Johnson



www.randolphscience.org

For more information contact scifest@randolphcollege.edu