



# scifest

RANDOLPH COLLEGE 2023

## *THIS BEAUTIFUL SIGHT*

Finalists' Contributions from the  
2023 Randolph College  
Science Festival Poetry Competition



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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# Poetry

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## **My Lion**

I have a lion named Chi Chi  
He lives deep in the grass.  
He's always hunting deer,  
Never letting them get past.

His fur is very rough  
All hairy, tan, and brown.  
When he roars from behind the couch  
It always makes me frown.

## **First Place**

**Ja'Quan Clark**

Bedford Hills Elementary

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

## Colors

Red is orange  
Yellow is green  
Blue is purple  
What is pink?  
Pink could be anything or everything.  
Pink is many things.  
Just think pink.  
Pink is flowers.  
Pink is clothes.  
Pink is paint.  
Pink is in the rainbow.  
Just think.

## Second Place

### Sadie Marsh

Appomattox Primary

Grade 2

Teacher: Melanie Ranson



## **A Cool Rabbit**

I have a rabbit named OJ  
He lives beside the trees.  
He's always eating lots of grass,  
But never any seeds.

His fur is very soft  
All smooth and fuzzy and brown  
I think he needs to find more grass  
On the other side of town.

## **Third Place**

**Da'Jon Jones**

Bedford Hills Elementary

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

## **Winter Snowfall**

White at night.  
Icy snowflakes fall.  
Now it is day. All get ready to play.  
Time passes by  
Each and every day.  
Ready for bed to watch the snow fall glittering  
and gleaming after all.

## **Rachel Council**

Bedford Hills Elementary

Grade 2

Teacher: Brandi Scott

## **Pumpkin Life Cycle**

pumpkin  
orange, solid  
living, rotting, dying  
the life cycle continues  
gourd

**Semona Grannell**

Bedford Hills Elementary

Grade 2

Teacher: Brandi Scott

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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primary school

## **The World of Life**

Cat, cat,  
Why do you have to eat a rat?

Dog, dog,  
Do you sit on a log?

Goat, goat,  
Why can't you drive a boat?

Sheep, sheep,  
How long do you sleep?

Cow, cow,  
Can you make chocolate milk now?

**Valerie Dalton**

Appomattox Primary

Grade 2

Teacher: Melanie Ranson

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

primary school

## **A Tree and A Bee**

There was an old tree,  
And he had a friend bee.  
The bee flew away,  
But the tree had to stay,  
Rooted without any glee.

**Indianna Gillum**

James River Day

Grade 2

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

primary school

## **Skunks**

I know they might have a funky smell,  
but there is more to them you can tell.

They only use this as a last resort.  
So maybe they are actually a good sport.

## **Austin Land**

Appomattox Primary

Grade 2

Teacher: Melanie Ranson

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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primary school

## **Amazing Rabbit**

I have a rabbit named Sarah  
She lives inside her den.  
She's always hopping everywhere  
Going to see her friends.

Her fur is very fuzzy,  
All soft and smooth and gray.  
And when she hops around so weird  
I pretend that it's okay.

**Corri Davis**

Bedford Hills Elementary

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

primary school

## **Hudson the Leopard**

I have a leopard named Hudson  
He lives in the acacia trees.  
He's always playing with his kids  
But camouflaged so we can't see.

His fur is very spotty  
All orange and rough and tough.  
He gets angry when animals escape him  
And he stomps off in a huff.

## **Henry Strock**

Bedford Hills Elementary  
Grade 1  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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primary school

## **My Hedgehog Poem**

I have a hedgehog named Hedgie  
He lives right by the woods.  
He likes to hide in his burrow,  
But not in my neighborhood.

His spikes are very thorny,  
All soft and brown and white.  
I wish he would not spike my friends  
When he gets a big fright.

## **Max Misjuns**

Bedford Hills Elementary  
Grade 1  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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primary school

## My Dolphin

I have a dolphin named Catherine  
She lives in the sparkly sea.  
She's always jumping over the ocean;  
The bottom she'll never see.

Her skin is very soft  
All squishy, blue, and wet.  
I wish she would not splash me when  
I don't have my suit on yet!

## Nora Huffman

Bedford Hills Elementary  
Grade 1  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

primary school

## Fluffy

I have a kitten named Fluffy  
He lives inside my house.  
He's always chasing after me  
But never with his claws.

His fur is so soft  
All fluffy, white, and gray.  
I wish he wouldn't hiss when scared  
I wish we could just play.

## Asher Stanley

Bedford Hills Elementary  
Grade 1  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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primary school

## Howling Wolf

I have a wolf named Melody  
She lives in Michigan  
She's always running with her pack  
She's never in her den.

Her fur is very rough  
All black and white and gray  
I wish she would not howl at night  
It makes me tired all day.

**Sydney Synkowski**

Bedford Hills Elementary

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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elementary school

## **You Are the Ocean**

Sun makes you shine like crystals  
Moon makes you intertwined like vines  
Your hands grapple at the shores and flood the floors  
You are the ocean

You are a thousand diamonds sparkling prettily  
People walk along your shores wistfully  
On the top you might look plain  
But underneath you are insane  
You are the ocean

Some of the oldest creatures live beyond the shores  
Sea Pens, Metazoans, Jellyfish, Limpets, and more  
Everyone loves the bubbling cauldron  
But you probably know it how we call it  
We call it the ocean

## **First Place**

**Catherine Haiar**

R.S. Payne Elementary

Grade 4

Teacher: Georgianna Cary

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## **Rainbow**

During a harsh storm  
You see colors  
The colors are perfectly placed  
In a band across the sky  
Red, yellow, blue  
And a bunch of others too

What you are seeing is a rainbow  
Water droplets in the sky  
It's like it's there to comfort you  
"The end of the storm is nye"

## **Second Place**

**Elizabeth Hunter**

Appomattox Elementary

Grade 5

Teacher: Melanie Ranson

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

## TICK TOCK

elementary school

*TICK TOCK TICK TOCK*

I go all day long

Every once in a while I make a big *BONG*

Repeatable,

Predictable,

My timing is impeccable.

I keep the world running smoothly with all my different features

Though now-a-days I don't get much attention

Because I am old

I have lots of things still

I am a circle with many degrees

Hundreds upon hundreds of grandfather clocks

Cuckoo

Longcase

Tall Case

Timekeeper

Hourglass

Try as I may *ELECTRIC* clocks are the best for today

I am a grandfather clock

*TICK TOCK*

**Third Place**

**Bax Wolanski**

Paul Munro Elementary

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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## Ocean Commotion

elementary school

Ocean pollution  
let me be

I swim in the sea  
I crash  
through the trash.  
In the ocean  
that I never see

I swim in a maze  
To get through the haze.  
the wish the wash  
Navigating through the slosh.

My life is lost  
The trucks and bucks it cost  
To fix my home  
for I never see foam

my life is like a knife  
that slices through the sea  
The boats that slash  
all my cash

So I'm poor  
I will never be more  
The war is a bore  
To my core

For there is no place to trace  
My sandy base  
No more coral

*Continued*



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

for my floral

I will eat the  
ocean floor  
But then there  
be no more

The ocean is crying  
And the fish are dying  
The forks are poking  
Through my throat

Turtles are choking  
On all the plastic  
That is floating  
No one hears the moaning

Ocean pollution  
let me be

**Addison Jennings**  
Paul Munro Elementary  
Grade 5  
Teacher: Van Hoffman

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## Animals

All the animals like something  
What do they like? Well...  
Dogs like division  
Cats like calculus  
Meerkats like measuring  
Elephants like estimating  
But wait there's more  
Rabbits like rounding  
And Axolotls like adding  
Ferrets like fractions  
And Salmon like subtracting  
Tigers like time,  
There's a whole lot more  
But I don't want to bore you.

## Blake Brudke

Paul Munro Elementary

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## Oh The Atoms

Atoms Atoms Atoms  
You all know about atoms  
They make up everything  
Atoms are everywhere  
You touch them  
you can't see them  
As I read this poem  
I am touching atoms  
Now they're hiding on  
my keyboard  
Just waiting to say  
**!Boom!**  
They make up all matter  
protons, electrons, and neutrons  
And ladder  
To give us energy to move`on  
Atoms Atoms Atoms  
They are so minute and small  
Nothing would exist without them  
Not great or tall

## Lila Jennings

Paul Munro Elementary  
Grade 5  
Teacher: Van Hoffman

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## **Creatures**

Creatures, creatures everywhere  
You think of bugs  
Up in your hair or dogs  
Or cats or rats or bats  
But there are much much more than that  
There are creatures you can't see  
You can find them on top of you and me  
In math you learn about shapes and prisms  
But in science you learn about these organisms

## **Matthew Divina**

Paul Munro Elementary  
Grade 5  
Teacher: Van Hoffman

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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elementary school

## Sound

Sound is *everywhere*.  
 I go to the beach I hear sounds,  
 birds squawk as loud as alarms  
 sounds fill my ears  
 squish!  
 quigle.  
 cringle.  
 the crunching of leaves  
 deer dive down hills, fast as cars  
 the sound of weather  
 swoosh!  
 wooo!  
 Boom, crack!  
 lightening hundreds of miles long.  
 I ring a doorbell,  
 Ding! dong!  
 Noise enters my ears  
 conversations grow,  
 speep.  
 whssh.  
 frizh.  
 sound crawls to my ears.  
 And, as I listen to the sounds  
 one by one  
 the world of sounds  
 fills up my *life*  
 colorful  
 monotone  
 cold  
 warm  
 soft  
 hard.  
 They fill my head  
 Sound is *everywhere*.

**Virginia Blair**

Paul Munro Elementary

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## Dinosaurs

Tyrannosaurus rex  
Could be as tall as 20 feet  
It lived 83 million years ago  
And ate a lot of meat

Stegosaurus had sharp bony plates  
Coming out of its back  
Yes it was big but a complete skeleton  
Was one of the things they lacked

Triceratops had three sharp horns  
And weighed 13,000 pounds  
You may think it gained all that weight with meat  
But really its just plants all around

Pachycephalosaurus had a big giant head  
It had a bigger brain  
And liked to head bud things  
It could head bud itself into bed

Pterodactyl liked to live in nests  
And fly high in the sky  
If pterodactyl were alive today  
You could look up and see them flying by

But my favorite dinosaur is the oculudentavis  
Standing at 1.43 centimeters tall  
It was estimated that they lived in Asia  
In the country of Myanmar

## Logan Terry

Appomattox Elementary  
Grade 4  
Teacher: Melanie Ranson

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## Matter

Matter matters  
yea solid liquids gasses  
solids might be things like concrete bricks  
blocks and cardboard and gas pumps  
solids do not take up the shape of their container.  
Yeah matter matters  
Let's go do this  
gasses include things like air smoke and water vapor  
gas does take up the size of its container  
gas is everywhere.  
Matter matters alright  
let's do this  
liquids include things like water diesel milk  
liquids take the shape of the container  
liquids are up to 75 percent of the earth  
yeah matter matters.

**Lane Richardson**

Appomattox Elementary

Grade 4

Teacher: Melanie Ranson

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## Science Matters

Matter is a big part of science  
That goes with gasses, liquids, and solids  
First lets talk about solids  
Solids are hard stuff like a door and the floor  
And like a car and a bar  
Now you know what solids are

Now lets talk about liquids  
Liquids are stuff like water not like a daughter  
You also have the ocean it is big and shiny  
Stuff like fish big and small live in it  
Some are the size of your palm  
Some are as big as your school hall  
Some basses in rivers

Now lets talk about gasses  
Gasses are everywhere in the air  
Like you blow up a balloon in the air  
When you blow up a bubble of gum  
Hey that's another one  
All these matters are making me have fun

## Parker Millner

Appomattox Elementary

Grade 4

Teacher: Melanie Ranson



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## **Sound vs. Light**

Sound

Compression Rarefaction

Vibrating Echoing Waving

Amplitude Frequency Prism Beam

Shining Reflecting Burning

Bright Radiant

Light

## **Sarie Personna**

R.S. Payne Elementary

Grade 5

Teacher: Leah Colestock

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

## **The Rock Cycle**

The Rock Cycle starts as sediment  
Then through compaction and cementation  
It turns into a sedimentary rock  
It might be made up of pebbles or fossilization

From the sedimentary, we turn into a different rock  
What rock you ask, A metamorphic one  
Through all the heat and pressure it compacts.  
The cycle is almost done

Woah, it's getting hot down there  
The heat from the earth melts the rock  
Then it cools down, an igneous rock  
The Rock Cycle rocks!

**Zachary Bauer**

R.S. Payne Elementary

Grade 5

Teacher: Leah Colestock

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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middle school

## **This Beautiful Sight**

A glance out the window, full of surprise  
Unable to look away, completely hypnotized  
Stars in my eyes, wondering  
My heart, thundering

Whisps entwining through the trees  
Hovering beneath the rays  
Aweing everything with ease  
So beautiful to me, I'm in a daze

First the sky is purple, deep like midnight  
Then the sky is pink, bright with sunlight  
Quickly it turns to orange, nearly coral  
A whole rainbow in the heavens, utterly amoral

I think to myself, how fast it changes  
Through all the colors it ranges  
But then I understand  
It's not the sun changing, but the land

Like we turn our faces to the sun  
Then turn our backs because we're done  
So this is life, so this is fun  
So have we won  
This beautiful sight

## **First Place**

**Mila Boyd**

Linkhorne Middle

Grade 8

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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## Hope

middle school

Hope

Is there no hope for our dear mother Earth  
Is there no cure for this inflaming illness  
The virus it hunts, the virus it stalks  
The virus of our Earth causes illness and dismay

Each day it grows larger, in number and brains  
It uses some helpers to cause disarray  
The fumes of pollution, so helpful to its cause  
The killer of life, takes a beautiful bow  
But the most dreadful by far  
Is the ignorance and corruption of us  
Human beings  
We are the virus of this Earth  
And actions speak louder than words  
So my fellow viruses we've done good if this is our goal  
To destroy our mother earth  
We've used most our tools  
The fumes of pollution  
The exhaust of our cars  
The killer of lifes  
Our beautiful oil  
The pleasant plastic that serves us so dearly  
Is this how we thank her  
By killing her instead  
No!  
All you ignorant people  
Are you too blind to see  
How can we take care of two planets if we can't take care of one

*Continued*

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

Yes, the thought is exciting of a planet millions of  
lightyears away  
That we can rule and explore and thrive on  
But look at reality  
It may take hundreds of years to find a planet  
remotely close enough to earth in features  
And by then were will earth be if we don't take a  
stance  
Keep looking at the stars it may be your calling  
But those here on Earth, do something useful  
Help us heal the Earth and its people  
I think, there may be some hope left for us  
Hope

## **Second Place**

**Myla Day**

Onward Christian Academy

Grade 7

Teacher: Dana Beall

# Poetry

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OF SCIENCE

middle school

## Trapped

Black and empty, stretching forward  
Dotted only with small specks of light  
In the sky are trapped great lords  
Looking down on us in dark of night

To my left I see a man  
It seems to me he holds a bow and arrows  
His belt is a thick, strong band  
In the place where rule the sparrows

Up above him, in the deep  
I see a princess, chained in the clouds above  
And in the black she will seep  
Put there by the family she once loved

I see a creature to my left  
A bear that fills the sky with brutal growls  
Though to the roaring, I am deaf  
I know the sound would shake the swaying boughs

I gaze upon two people, twins I think  
They share brotherly love like never before  
And though in the black they'll ever sink  
It's not so bad when with a friend, forever more

The princess's mother sits upon her throne  
She made the chains her daughter bears  
She does not care about her flesh and bone  
Her evil beauty draws the other's stares

*Continued*

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

I see a tail, swishing in the night  
Something seems to quiver up above  
A giant snake, poised to bite  
In its face there is no love

Yes, the people trapped in black  
Are beautiful and strange  
And now that I am thinking back  
I'm glad I know their names

**Third Place**

**Samantha Irby**

Onward Christian Academy

Grade 8

Teacher: Dana Beall

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## Let's Study it With Wisdom

A flashlight in the dark,  
Paint on a black canvas.  
A giant amusement park,  
Sights you just can't miss.

Nebulas, comets, asteroids, stars.  
Millions of solar systems,  
Planets like Mars!  
Let's study it with wisdom.

The universe is crazy,  
The colors so bright.  
Our knowledge of it is hazy,  
That's my story of the *night*.

## Piper Zealand

Onward Christian Academy  
Grade 7  
Teacher: Dana Beall



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## Gravity

one thing keeping us to the ground no sound  
nothing pounding just falling  
watching, watching, watching things fall  
nothing stalling just for a moment  
never ceases not even the leaves in the trees  
all ways using never losing

keeps moving and moving  
keeps us from floating away and away  
the thing that keeps the days and nights again and  
again  
as gravity gravitates forward like a ghost  
always think we can praise for its grace  
even things you don't think

**Elizabeth McGinnis**

Monelison Middle

Grade 7

Teacher: Kiston McPhatter

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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middle school

## Science

Water quality we must check,  
Testing supplies we keep on deck  
Test tubes, pipettes, and testing solutions  
We need to find if there is pollution

Clarity, Oxygen, Sediment  
We want clean water for every resident  
Collect the water, fill the tubes, where it is marked.  
Then, we will check the color chart.

Analyze the results,  
With conservationists we must consult,  
Protecting our water from contamination  
Should be the goal for our entire population

Minimize the use of toxic chemicals  
Use only products that are edible,  
Dispose of waste materials properly  
Minimize contaminants along your property.

Protecting our waterways is a must  
Above are some actions that we trust,  
Clean water is essential for every community  
Waters the most essential source for all eternity.

## Sofia Vitale

Monelison Middle

Grade 7

Teacher: Kiston McPhatter

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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middle school

## **Magnets**

We were attracted  
It was just love at first sight  
But the force repelled

**Alexis Shrader**

Monelison Middle

Grade 7

Teacher: Brittany Maddox

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## **The giant planet**

Jupiter is mysterious  
The biggest planet of all  
80 moons like small debris in the air  
Very little being known in all  
As all the planet is gas  
Hydrogen, Helium, Methane, and Ammonia  
Though the giant planet moves slow  
A day on Jupiter is only 9 hours  
Being a bright giant  
Many people see it  
Photographs are everyone's favorite  
Jupiter holds the biggest moon  
Biggest being just as mysterious  
Yet little is known  
The giant thrives in the void.

**Aubrey Harrison**

Altavista Combined

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## **Astronomy**

Astronomers estimate there are a trillion stars  
in the Milky Way

Study of space and stars

There are 9,096 stars visible to the naked eye

Researchers have studied for years

Out of this world

Nebula

Orion Nebula

Milky Way

Your wildest dreams

**Taylor Tolbert**

Altavista Combined

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## **Alone in Space**

Nothing is what I hear  
Empty is what I see  
Trapped is what I feel  
Alone is what I am  
Alone and afraid  
No where to go or be  
Just me

## **Savannah Rice**

Altavista Combined  
Grade 7  
Teacher: Andrea Rice

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## Sea of Stars

Endless Sea

I gaze upon a sea of stars

the smallest of ripples lighting up the deep blue  
ocean

millions of tiny bioluminescent plankton flashing their  
neon blue colors

as their peace is disturbed.

Little plankton, why do you glow?

Natural chemicals mixing together to create a tear-  
jerking gorgeous view

Such an ethereal sight is sure to bring tears to my  
eyes

as I sit,

as I watch,

as I ponder,

I think to myself, how could something so beautiful,  
so natural,

look so fake?

It's truly amazing..

So savor beauty

this natural beauty,

And protect the world in which you were born.

**Chelsea Paredes**

Altavista Combined

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## What Makes Math, Math?

Numbers and letters, swirl and twist  
The object at hand is amiss  
The thoughts of the mind twist and tweak  
The thought of math keeps one from sleep  
Questioning how the answers are found  
Why one is one and three minus two is allowed  
Where did the words or the letters come from  
Is this just complex or am I just dumb  
Shapes and dots and fraction lines above  
Above what I would think is called the sub  
But it's not, it's called the denominator  
The denominator?  
What a strange word  
A word of which I never have heard  
With letters and words and numbers alike  
Measurements, tests, statistics, galore  
Is math a subject that I should adore?

**Zoe Novilla**

Forest Middle

Grade 8



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

middle school

## The Life Cycle of Our Cells

Cells are what make up you and me  
Come on this journey, and you will see  
So please do not groan  
As you will learn  
how our cells clone

It all begins with interphase.  
It's where a cell starts out  
It spends 90% of its life here  
But wait, there's more  
so do not begin to pout

Then it starts the prophase  
Where chromosomes begin to thicken  
the membrane around the nucleus disappears  
And chromosomes scoot to the middle  
It's kind of like a riddle

After that follows metaphase  
chromosomes line up in the center  
The spindle fibers  
Attach themselves to chromosomes  
Allowing none other to enter

Anaphase  
Is when chromosomes start to divide  
And travel to opposite poles of a cell  
At this phase, it still looks like gel

*Continued*

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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middle school

Telophase

It is a lot of fun

means we're almost done

It's where two nuclei

Form around the chromosomes

Cytokinesis

Brings our journey to the end

It's where one new cell is formed

It looks like It has completely transformed!

Cells are what make up you and me

You have come on this journey, and you have seen

And I did not hear you groan

As you have learned how our cells clone

**Sara El-Ahdab**

Linkhorne Middle

Grade 6

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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high school

## Breaking Fires

My father would take me to a pond  
that fed on the sweet roots of Virginia maples  
and the dead squirrels of the nearby sandtrap,  
their heads to the side like little soldiers  
in battle waiting for some angel to deliver them  
from whatever comes after.  
I'd like to believe the angel was still coming.

The far-off smoke of the clubhouse wisped  
through the nectared trees to us, disturbing the  
sand dunes. He would kindle a fire beside the  
shore of the crepuscular pond, without words.  
And he would take off his shoes, placing his  
skin in the water. There were no more fish,  
so no more tectonic circles of waves to inch  
closer to the shore. Those would come later.

But what I remembered most was the music.  
Or something akin to it.  
A sound or two produced by the box within the cart,  
some moonshine country song or  
Elvis. The steaming veil of smoke was the final beat  
to these moments or rather his baritone:  
"You can't see the tears are real, I'm crying."  
But I don't remember how the nights would truly  
end. Or where we would go. Or where we came from.  
At some point there was no more sound,  
only the quiet mussing of the waterbugs.  
And the sounds of far-off engines or breaking fires.

## First Place

### Ryan Crawford

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 12

Teacher: Matt Lafreniere

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## **The Earthquake**

Miles above ground I hear a roar  
The earth is still and life goes on  
People shopping and talking and smiling and  
working  
And then the ground breaks  
Tectonic plates shake  
Fault lines part ways  
Tall buildings sway  
Glass windows fly through the air  
People yelling in despair  
Rubble covering shops and homes  
Broken lives and broken bones  
The seismic wave claimed many lives  
Filling the air with a sense of strife  
And once again with a trembling roar  
The earth is quiet and still once more

## **Second Place**

**Dalia El-ahdab**

Homeschool

Grade 10

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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high school

## **Blood Cell Circuit**

I lose focus when my eyes  
lock on my crush  
sitting three seats away.  
A dark red blood cell rushes  
from my brain to my cardiac organ,  
pulsing in my left atrium  
and then in my right,  
sending oxygen and nutrients  
to all corners of my body,  
discarding carbon dioxide  
and waste.

The blood cell zig-zags  
through my antrum,  
mixing together my chicken quesadilla  
and my chocolate chunk cookie,  
giving birth to Monarch butterflies  
in my abdomen.

The blood cell reaches my toes  
and my teacher calls on me,  
60 seconds later.

## **Third Place**

**Elle Langley**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 11

Teacher: Jason Knebel

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## **Rawr**

Stomp Stomp

Rawr Rawr

Through the jungle, we prowl

Oh there's an asteroid in the air

Oh no we're dead

Just another day on the block 180 million years ago

## **Batch Attkisson**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 11

Teacher: Jason Knebel

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## Still alive?

Calculations of orbital mechanics  
longer than Graham's number,  
And more specifically than Phi  
Disappeared 23 years ago.

But the soul of her  
Is still breathing  
Stretching through African-American history  
Like neurons through the body triggered by a  
stimulus.

## Tara Sedlar

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 11

Teacher: Jason Knebel

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## **Gravity, my dear**

The gravitational force is strong  
It causes tides in the sea  
My heart is heavily weighted  
Gravity succumbs to me

Not even a black hole  
Is stronger than my gravitational love  
Not even Sir Issac  
Could predict this one

The moon  
The world  
Stays in place with you  
Gravity, my dear

## **Cristina Matos**

Virginia Episcopal  
Grade 11  
Teacher: Jason Knebel



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## Learning Greek

The Pythagorean theorem

$$a^2 + b^2 = c^2$$

We all know the one

I don't know the proofs so don't ask

The Pythagorean theorem

$$a^2 + b^2 = c^2$$

It's easy enough

Yet somehow I still don't know the length of the  
hypotenuse

The Pythagorean theorem

$$a^2 + b^2 = c^2$$

The triangle of life

Predictable but comes with corners

## Annie Mitchell

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 11

Teacher: Jason Knebel

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## **The Galaxy**

In the center, a blackhole to obey,  
An authority upon sight  
With violent stars displayed.

Swirling in happiness during May  
A celebration of dark and light,  
In the center, a black hole to obey.

A cloud in motion before our eyes,  
Yet we would never lose sight  
With violent stars upon display.

During the late hours stars sway,  
Meteors fight  
In the center, a black hole to obey.

Many miles away  
Clusters shine bright  
With violent stars upon display.

Asteroids and meteors stir up in the sky  
Hidden within the night.  
In the center, a blackhole to obey  
With violent stars on display.

## **Wayne Manzi**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 11

Teacher: Matt Lafreniere

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## Changing of the seasons

The mid-afternoon sun eases my skin.  
A composed breeze swift through my curly hair  
As the smell of a new season carries with it

The temperature is comfortable.  
And the people are mellow  
Evolving down the sidewalk  
Change happens every day

Neighbors and friends jog by  
Relishing the day for what it is

We await Autumn  
Like a surfer awaits a set

Like the ocean, time is perpetual.  
Consistently moving into the future.

All while living in the present.

**Cannon Langley**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 12

Teacher: Matt Lafreniere

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## To the Empty Moving Box

When I look at you  
I see light and time bending.  
The open lid an event horizon  
Where remembrances are ripped apart.

You were from the implosion  
Of my childhood,  
Now slowly pulling in the relics of past experiences  
I have ever known.

Still you lay empty,  
Filled with the remnants of dead galaxies.

I take a day and pack up  
The photos, books, and trinkets.  
I close the lid.  
I tape it shut.

**Ryleigh Anderson**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 12

Teacher: Matt Lafreniere

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## **Banks of Life**

The river persists,  
From the tallest of mountains  
Deep down to  
measureless caverns  
Where even light perishes.  
The river will perpetually flow.  
Meandering through the most delicate of spaces  
Where it runs gently.  
The course the river takes is sublime  
Blossoming every seed that grazes  
the fragile banks of the river,  
But often times the course becomes windy  
Tangled and suffocated.

## **Brennan Olmert**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 12

Teacher: Matt Lafreniere

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

high school

## tragic euphoria

I sit on the sidewalk, wrapped in the same faded, ratty old cardigan,  
I bought the first time I laid my sky eyes on you.  
Staring at you seemed to be the only action I was capable of,  
so I grabbed the item closest as to not seem like a creep,  
while averting my eyes as quickly as possible, I then checked out.  
But now I can see you're not one to be bothered by lingering eyes;  
the way you carry yourself is almost magnetic;  
like once you come into sight, everything stops.  
The world abruptly turns in slow-motion.  
Time dissolves like fiery acid, into nothing.  
As I rise to my wobbly feet and take a deep breath,  
sparkly flurries float softly to the ground,  
along with a million little water droplets falling from the sky;  
I'm drenched in glitter-your glitter,  
the glitter you poured over my head earlier in time  
so I could feel just a fraction of how special you feel every day.  
Your glistening headlights peek through the murky fog of the rainy night,  
and the exact moment my eyes meet yours,  
I feel that same magnetic pull as the first time we met.  
I realize how badly you make me want to drown in a raindrop,  
in the best way ever imagined;  
even if you never feel the same.  
I just live to hear your lips breathe my name.

**Carlie Gates**Virginia Episcopal  
Grade 12

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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high school

## **Farewell, Cell**

I saw the cell.  
Through lenses and mirrors and lit up slides,  
I saw the cell.

I wept at the crossing over at the chiasmata,  
At the alignment of the homologous pairs,  
The divorcing of sisters.  
I saw the cell.

I whooped and bravoed at the arrival of carriers,  
At the inner membrane powerhouse factory,  
The welding of adenosine and three P's.  
I saw the cell.

I gasped at the nucleus reformation,  
The birth of organelles, the G1 push,  
The G0 stall.  
I saw the cell.

A great weight fell upon me at the passing of UV,  
Past the plasm and through the heritable code,  
Damaged, deformed, degraded.  
I saw the cell.

Unpassable, a tear rolled down my cheek as the signals came,  
The blebs protruded, the enzymes swarmed.  
Destroyed into a million pieces.  
I saw the cell.

Death.  
Looking up from the scope,  
I saw the cell.

## **Weston Richards**

Virginia Episcopal

Grade 11

Teacher: Jason Knebel

The background is a solid light orange color. In the lower half, there are faint, thin orange lines forming various geometric shapes like triangles and polygons. Scattered throughout this lower section are numerous small orange dots of varying sizes, some of which are aligned vertically or horizontally, creating a sense of depth and structure.

**[www.randolphscience.org](http://www.randolphscience.org)**

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