

FOURTH PLACE WINNER

Ava Murray

A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 10th Grade
Teacher, Ms. Brittany Rigdon

In Argentina...

dad will stop at every cobblestone street corner to take unflatteringly angled selfies for his girlfriend that you despise.

In Argentina...

when you're out to dinner it will be assumed that he is your sugar-daddy and a wine glass will be placed at your disposal.

In Argentina...

you will insist on going to the pool five minutes before checkout with no place to put your wet bathing suit when you finish.

In Argentina...

you will carry a soaking swimsuit in your sweatpants pocket for the entirety of the nine hour flight.

In Argentina...

on the plane ride home with food trays barricading your exit and no barf bag in the seat pocket in front, you will be forced to ask the cute boy sitting next to you for his.

In Argentina...

when all the bathrooms are in use, you will criss cross applesauce in the aisle and heave up a starbucks bagel and a few berry candies from the lobby.

FIFTH PLACE WINNER

Mariel Silpe

A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 11th Grade
Teacher, Ms. Brittany Rigdon

Love in Retrograde

the smell of diesel in the rain
close your eyes now
nothing will ever be the same
it's all right though
love in retrograde

the place where we used to belong
turn out the light
I haven't seen you in so long
please, let's not fight
love in retrograde

I've missed you more than you could know
are you alright?
remember dancing in the snow
(december night)
love in retrograde

you won't even look at me now
time repeating
I find it kind of funny how
your glance is fleeting
love in retrograde

Poets & Writers

We are grateful to Poets & Writers who have generously awarded a one-year subscription to all contest winners of the Annual High School Poetry Contest.

Special thanks to Dr. Jeff Morgan, Lynn University, for serving as our Judge for the twelfth year. We would also like to thank Lorraine Stanchich-Brown for serving as our pre-selection committee.



Palm Beach County
High School Poetry
Contest Winners

2020 Palm Beach Poetry Festival
High School Poetry Contest Winners

- 1st Place: Grace Gosinanont, A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 11th "Rotten"
- 2nd Place: Primrose Tanachaiwiwat, Boca Raton Community High School, 10th, for "Etymology"
- 3rd Place: Rachal Dippolito, A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 11th for "When I look into the mirror"
- 4th Place: Ave Murray, A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 10th for "Argentina"
- 5th Place: Mariel Silpe, A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 11th for "Love in Retrograde"

- Honorable Mentions
- Alexa Alvarez, Wellington High School, 11th, for "Luciana"
 - Julie Claude PetitFrere, Glades Central High School, 12th, Julie Clause PetitFrere, for "Boys will be Boys"
 - Margaret Hunt, Wellington High School, 10th, "My Memory Mirror"

FIRST PLACE WINNER

Grace Gosinanont

A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 11th Grade

Teacher, Ms. Brittany Rigdon

Rotten

Beware, the apple is sour
Not with poison but slick with lies,
Arrogance, entitlement
The smooth flesh grinding teeth
And dropping bodies
Beware, the apple is sour

Beware, these shoes are dirty
Glass smeared with soil and blood
Foot sunk into the neck of the needy
Snapped once to reach the castle
Beware, these shoes are dirty

Beware, this crown holds thorns
The thorn that pricks skin
Tearing the tint away from primrose cheeks
And sets you into a 1000 years slumber
Beware, this crown holds thorns

SECOND PLACE WINNER

Primrose Tanachaiwiwat

Boca Raton Community High School, 10th grade

Teacher, Andrea Abbe

Etymology

“Names have power,” I heard someone say once
and mine has been a five-syllable thirteen letter stone weight
around my neck (target on my back) for so long but
I remember how my mother said
my name is gold stripped from the walls of temples, the walls
of gods, and turned viscous into coins
my name is proof that my wounds bleed royal, that
somewhere in my aortas beats the blood of kings and the
sons of kings
my name is heady kitchen spices and stray dogs and the
sound
the earth made when my parent’s feet touched American soil
My name weighs heavy on the tongues of people here, their
mouths too clumsy to understand that names are flesh
but I remember. My name has power.
and I will not
be ashamed
anymore.

THIRD PLACE WINNER

Rachel Dippolito

A.W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts, 11th Grade

Teacher, Ms. Brittany Rigdon

When I look into the mirror, I see my mother
I see her boney arms and fragile fingertips
The way her waist is wider than it ‘should be’
For the thin frame that supports her strong foundation

I see skin marked with age and imperfection
The way it flows and curves around every bone
The paleness of her complexion is deceiving
A thin wrapping protecting a hard interior

I can’t help but notice the texture of her hair
Thick and indecisive, even unruly at time
Its color is motley, a canvas of watercolor strokes
From the root of her mind to the base of her spine

Bleach blonde eyebrows don’t fit the mold of beauty
But paint Picasso like portraits
Resting over bright blue eyes that can cut through
Layers of dirt to find a diamond in the rough

At first the women staring back at my felt like a stranger
But she built this body with every bit of her being
And now when I look in the mirror
I am proud to see my mother

Honorable Mentions

Alexa Alvarez

Wellington High School 11th grade

Teacher, Mrs. Rigolo

Luciana

So far I've learned that life is challenging
Some days you stay home while others you're travelling
One thing I know will always stay
Is the love for my sister that won't go away
When times get tough and I don't know what to do
My little sister is stuck to me like glue
She is my purpose, pushing me to keep going
And in all these years she has continued growing
My little sister, who's now so grown
Does her makeup and talks on the phone
Time flies and my sister is going to middle school
And society these days is so cruel
Teaching young girls to bring each other down
To value their cell phones more than what's around
I show my sister how much she's worth
She is my best friend and has been since birth
So I hope that she knows how much I care
And this poem I write shows the love that is there
Though there will come a day when we must part
I will always be with her, alive in her heart

Margaret Hunt

Wellington High School 10th grade

Teacher, Trent Laubscher

My Memory Mirror

She stood in front of the mirror
scissors in hand
ready to chop off the one thing
that defined her femininity
to the world

As she looked at herself she saw
the little black girl standing in front of her class
the moment that they saw her hair

The laughter of the little white children taunted her in her dreams

She remembered
sitting on her bed
tresses laying limp
looking at girls online with the hair of her memories
She wanted what she already had had

Every snip was the reclamation of the time she spent
burning her scalp
just to maintain the illusion
that European beauty standards are the ones to follow

After cutting the last strand
she ran her fingers through her fro
Was she the same person as before

Any insult on her new hair would never make her hate it
how she did in her childhood
Instead she grew to hate the hair everyone liked

She didn't care that her new short hair made her look boyish
She cared about how it made her feel
authentically herself

Insults made her feel invincible
Those little white kids grew up
and their laughter did not taunt her in her dreams anymore
As if she woke up from her nightmare

She could breathe again
She was no longer suffocated by conformity
She looked online at the girls with the hair
that was not of her memories anymore
but of her reality
And her hair did not define her femininity
but connected her to her roots

Julie Claude
PetitFrere

Glades Central High School, 12th grade

Teacher, Laura Clouse

Boys will be Boys

he spoke to me about the life he'd give me,
whispered "sweet nothings" in my ear
talked about how he'd save me.
i don't know what gave him the impression that i needed to
be saved
or that he'd be the one to do it,
but the simple fact that he acted as if i couldn't save myself
blew me away like the thistles of a dandelion.
he constantly spoke of giving me things
but i know for a fact
that all he wanted to do was take.
i know because he is not the first man i've seen it from,
and he surely will not be the last.

he pleaded with me to give myself to him;
claiming i was already his
claiming he was already mine.
when in reality i am no ones.
i am not a thing to be possessed.
not an object to be obsessed

over. over. over and over again
this cycle continues.
the toxicity leaches from my pores and men flock like vultures
as they catch the slightest scent.
they ache to feast on my rotting flesh and prey
on the vulnerability of my carcass.
they can sense it you know
when someone's not fully whole.
i've come to realize it's not their fault,
it's in their nature, they're scavengers.
it is my being that gives them the opportunity
so from now on i won't!