

**2020 Aline B. Carter Chapel on the Dunes Poetry Prize for Young Poets
Poetry Contest Winners**

The Natural World of Mustang Island

Judges:

2005 Texas Poet Laureate Alan Birkelbach

2010 Texas Poet Laureate Karla K. Morton

Local Poet Glenn Vondra

PAHS Poetry Winners:

1st Place:	The lap of the water	by Aubree Boyer
2nd Place:	Coastal Bend acrostic	by Shira O'Mary
3rd Place:	Fishing: Hunting	by Hunter Stuntz
Honorable Mention #1:	Poem	by Laura Campbell
Honorable Mention #2:	I have only seen a coyote once	by Evelyn Osburn

Aubree Boyer

The lap of the water on the side of the boat
My sister's familiar voice as she sings proud mary
The hiss of my dad casting out his fishing line
The thrill of waiting for a fish to take the bait
The excitement of catching a fish
The disappointment when you realize that your catch is just a
tad too small
The joy of starting back over again
This feels like home

C- crawling crabs

O- ocean water

S- saltwater

T- turtles gliding across the water

A- always in the sun

L- loud day louder nights

B- bonfires on the beach

E- evening walks on the beach

N- noise of the waves

D- dunes cascade the beach

FISHING:HUNTING

Warm damp summer afternoon

Cold wet november morning

A rod and reel resting in my palm

Shivering in the duck blind

witnessing the water swirl, anticipating the bite

Seeing birds over the mangroves

Working the lure seeing a rippling splash

Picking a bird lining up my shot

Feeling the bite and ripping the rod up

Locked on; Bird, beak, boom

Seeing the fish holding the Red in my hand

Watching the bird fall, seeing it in my dogs mouth

The slime on my hands, warm damp summer afternoon

Back in the blind, cold wet november morning

Laura Campbell

Poem

My fins glide through the water.

As the sun beats down on my skin.

At the skatepark the wind blows through my shirt.

Like the sand on the beach or the breeze through the trees.

Evelyn Osburn

I have only seen a coyote once
Behind the church during Tidal Wave Kids
It was a program where they babysit some kids and teach them about
the Bible
I came there to hang out with my friends after school and eat all the food
they give out during dinner
We were behind the church when we saw them
Their eyes glowing as the light from behind me reflected on their eyes
I don't remember much about what happened next

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MS Poetry Winners:

1st Place:	<i>Red Sunsets cast beautiful skies</i>	by Emma Crawford
2nd Place:	<i>Here at the Beach</i>	by Gabe Littleton
3rd Place:	<i>Running to the Dunes</i>	by Sybil Gilmore
Honorable Mention #1:	<i>Port A Views</i>	by Rodrigo Camarena
Honorable Mention #2:	<i>Coastal Bend Nature</i>	by Eva Baker

Emma Crawford Brundrette Middle School

7th grade4

Red sunsets cast beautiful **skies**.

Waves crashing against the shore like my emotions ready to **burst**.

Birds chirp with passion **at**
the nature preserve during **twilight**.

Boats glide on the ocean **as**
the sky fills with **seagulls**.

Every shell along the beach is like a **freckle**.

Dolphins swim in **the**

Water as clouds float over the **island**

Here at the Beach

Sun shining bright on the skins of all. Heating the sand making you hop on your toes every time you take a step. Heating the water as it splashes upon your skin. Here at the beach.

Lifeguards, people perched on their stations ready to leap into the water at any sign of danger. Here at the beach

Sand, soft grains of rocks under your feet spewing into the bottom of your shoes like an avalanche. Each step you take lighter than the last. Here at the beach

Waves, each push of winds strengthening the water to create a wave that makes the sand wetter and wetter each time it hits the sand. Here at the beach.

Golf carts, each one leaving its own print in the sand. Wind flowing through your hair. The thrill of excitement running through you. Here at the beach.

Hundreds of adults and children gather for romance, excitement, laughter, and more each person feeling a special sense of happiness. Here at the beach.

-Gabe Littleton

Running to the dunes

By Sybil Gilmore, Brundrett Middle School, 7th grade

Soaring through the skies,
Daring the tide **to** race,

Running from **the** darkness ,
Stepping into the beautiful waking **light**,

Looking for forgiveness,
From the unforgiving heat,

Flying straight into **the** hurricane,
Into the **blind**ers of the screaming wind,

Sacrificing myself **to** the storm,
All while trying to run from it all at **the** same time,

Begging to the waning **moon** for help,
While pushing it away all at the same time,

Trying to find confidence in the sand,
Looking deep in **the** secrets of it's past,

Lost as the whistling **wind**,
Wondering where **to** go next,

Flying to the place I **love**,
Basking in **the** light of it all,

Confiding in the **dunes**,
Swaying **with** the sand,

When **the** clouds slump into its sadness,
Again the **rain** falls,

Grasping for the stars,
The cool night breeze whispering nothing in my ears,

Living in the palm **trees**,
A simple life in **the** warm summer breeze.

Port A Views

The heat is scorching through the clouds
Waves crashing into each other
“**Are** you guys having fun?”
More people flooding the island
Said my mom enjoying the **peaceful** waves
People eating **at** many local restaurants
Dark, black sky at **night**
Time passing by quickly

*Rodrigo Camarena
7th grade
Brundrett Middle*

Coastal Bend Nature

Eva Baker Brundrett middle school 7th grade

The sun's golden locks beat down on passing
people
The plant's green eyes
glare
like a snake's; The sand's tan sparkles in
the
sunlight's glow; The **emotion**
of
the waves come and go with every crash; The white clouds grow grey with **anger**
The many seagulls **longing**
for
comfort, and someone to follow; The pelicans never lost with one
another