

**2021 Aline B. Carter Chapel on the Dunes Poetry Prize for Young Poets
Poetry Contest Winners**

“Historical Events, People and Places of Mustang Island”

Judges:

2005 Texas Poet Laureate Alan Birkelbach

2010 Texas Poet Laureate Karla K. Morton

Local Poet Glenn Vondra

Port Aransas High School Poetry Winners:

1st Place:	A Village	by Avica Burrill
2nd Place:	Waking In My Home	by Ryan Kuykendall
3rd Place:	Mustang Island Poetry	by Hudson Harris
Honorable Mention #1:	My Lighthouse	by Lexi Moss
Honorable Mention #2:	The Treasure of Jean Lafitte	by Samantha Chastain

a village

by Avica Burrill

Pressure amounting, dark clouds surmounting,
ostentatious shells strewn on shore; a violent ethereal display as
ragged weeds and soft flowers scramble to tower
tall on the dunes, facing the sea's spray

Ancient and powerful, the story began with
rusted boat bottoms scraping across virgin sands, and
abbreviated settlements announcing the arrival of man, as
new wooden homes formed the town's naked bones,
shelters erected, inhabitants protected while sharp storms lacerate the land,
a village tight-knit, wading in history deep as the moon's pull on high tide
so resilient to calamity, so rich in time

waking in my Home
Crashing waves, Salty shore
life was Paradise.
Greedy storm brews in the gulf.
Home, Never saw again.
BY RYAN KUYKENDALL

Harris-Mustang Island Poetry

Hudson Harris

When a town is beginning
Something must stand to show the passing of time

How fitting it must be
For that structure to be a beacon
A ray of light
An illuminator of pitch black waters
And a savior of lost souls

The structure has watched thousands of boats
Traverse the warm and sandy Port,

Watched the town of which it belongs
Grow and expand

An endless stream of new

The only thing that has seen it all
Is the old lighthouse

It's shining light is now dim
Its eye is closed for good
Its nose, that used to smell the salty air
Has shut
The distant sound of misplaced water
Is all that remains
As the lighthouse moves further and further
Into the sea

My Lighthouse

By. Lexi Moss

A bright light piercing through the night skies
And the downfall of pounding rain
Screaming at me that I'm going the wrong way
My savior
My trustworthy companion
Always leading me the right way
My bright light on a dark night
Showing me the way to safety
When the day comes she is still there
Always there
In all its beauty
After a long night of saving sailors
She sits calmly in the cool breeze
My love
My port Aransas
My Lydia Ann Lighthouse.

Samantha Chastain
The Treasure of Jean Lafitte

The crashing of the waves
masks the sound of yelling
On deck of the sailing ship

Hidden deep in the sand
For forever it lays
Lost to the passage of time

It remembers the nights
Looking up at the sky
On the deck of the sail ship

Shining against the stars
It takes the life of men
Bleeding with the history

Lafitte in the Gulf water
The shore is a cutout
Nursing away pains with beer

To be buried in sand
A change for a battle weapon
Treasure of Port Aransas

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Brundrett Middle School Poetry Winners:

1st Place:

2nd Place:

3rd Place:

Honorable Mention #1:

Honorable Mention #2:

Wild Horse

The Polly Anna

The Lighthouse

Lighthouse in Words

Chapel in the Dunes

by Madeline Stuntz

by Lilly Nixon

by Emma Hofheins

By Sybil Gilmore

by Xavier Bearrow

By: Madeline Stunz

Wild Horse:

Beautiful beasts run along the sea
The mystery of the appearance is unknown
But they will be forever free
Along the misty sea

Strangers to settlement
Neighbors to the sand
The beach that they ran on is no longer their land

Though years change
Through years of pain
The mighty mustangs are always in range

Day by day the mustangs torment my brain
I wish they were galloping in the rain
Day dreaming in the sun
Oh those times were so fun

The windswept island is now home for all
But the spirit of the mustang is never gone

The poem to the masterpiece the Polly Anna.

White and red, big black bold letters
Sailing through the blue sea
only my favorite boat in the world it's
free as a butterfly but sharp as a needle
this old boat has plenty of memories
seeing the stars at night is like an ocean
of full of fish
Only my favorite boat in the world
Gliding through the sea.

-Lilly Nixon

The Lighthouse

By Emma Hofhiens

Oh ye lighthouse tall and strong

Guide me with light

Keep me safe throughout the night

Oh ye lighthouse striped with white

See your red ones too

Let me see your waters blue

Oh ye lighthouse can I ask

Show me all you know

Tell me of that time it snowed

Oh ye lighthouse when it rained

You moved far away

Wind pushed you until you left

Oh ye lighthouse you survived

Our turn to save you

Stand again in front of blue

Oh ye lighthouse tall and strong

Guide me with light

Keep me safe throughout the night

Lydia
Ann Lighthouse
Construction began

In 1855

She was finished 1857
I remember that Christmas
day, when war blew her up and all that work went
to waste

Except for the lens
They saved the lens

Humphreys came to stay
with her on June 3, 1869
But he left her in March, 1886

I remember when
a storm, a storm of
water and wind and
all good things came
together and made
a very bad thing

In 1916
Another storm hit
in 1919. She continued to
stand tall, strong

r e s i l i e n t

A long time later,

In 1855
Everett Bohls, from Austin, Texas won the bid for the

Lydia Ann Lighthouse

and then
a not - so - long - time - later

Charles Butt, of H-E-B bought her in 1973
On July 3, 1988 she went back to work
guiding the ships as they came through
And when Hurricane Harvey came through
on August 25, 2017
And the world around her came crashing down

down downn downnn downnnnn downnnnnnn
Still she stood

And I remember that she has 72 steps to the top, even though
the documents, the books, the websites say she has only sixty.

Chapel in the Dunes Poem: God's Hideout

1937, The day of its creation
A church for all, one of God's stations.
Made by The Angel Lady who was a poet
She loved god, and made sure to show it.
With her death in '72, the church needed something new
And who could do this job?
No one other than John Cobb!
He took out his homemade paint
And began his 3 year journey as the people wait
Now today it's a wonder of these parts
26ft above the sea, and a work of art
Not even Harvey could take it down
The best thing you'll find in town!

- Xavier Bearrow