

**2022 Aline B. Carter Chapel on the Dunes Poetry Prize for Young Poets
Poetry Contest Winners**

"The Surrounding Waters 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:

2nd Place:

3rd Place:

Honorable Mention #1:

Honorable Mention #2:

She Cradles

The Sea Sang A Melody

The Island Surrounding Water

There Is A Fleeting Memory

Still Lingerin

by Ellie Nilsson

by Amy Nhan

by Eva Baker

by Samantha Chastain

by Jordan Coble

She cradles the fisherman; she cocoons her surfers. She bathes in the luminous, golden rays, while watching each frothy wave succumb to gravity, then melting into the shore. Her aged wood planks have seen more than any silver haired surfer who glides along the glassy waters on their sun-bleached surfboard. She takes deep breaths throughout the serene winter months and exhales them during the chaotic summers, her welcoming air causing hair to dance atop curious heads. Each barnacle she holds hospitality to whispers a hymn. Hymns of infants splashing in salt water as it dapples their smooth, sun-kissed, rose-colored cheeks. Choruses singing the songs of lovers joining in matrimony along the trodden, white sand. Verses of spring break wanderers venturing under the cratered moon, their eyes full of stars. They reprise the notes of seagulls, laughter, dolphin chirps, and surfer slang. She listens; she knows. *15,330 mornings* of the sun breaking dawn and she hasn't missed one of them. *15,330 nights* of the sun extinguishing under the horizon and she hasn't missed one of them. *15,330 days* of mothering our communal utopia: Port Aransas, Texas. She has not missed *one of them*.

ellie Nilsson

The Sea sang a melody

The Sea sang a melody
Like no other before
Where it flowed so steadily
Upon the sands ashore

with welcoming blue warmth
And the moon-basked bed
The winds came forth
And formed a lullaby in my head.

Student full name: Eva Baker

Grade: Ninth grade

The Island Surrounding Water

I step in the sand
I feel like my feet are burning off
Rushing to the water
The salty spray hits my face
The waves meet me at the shore
The cool of the water rushes from my toes up to my neck
I run to where the water reaches my hips
A big roller comes my way
I dive in each passing wave
Swimming past the laughing groms
Feeling like a mermaid as I glide through the water
Seeing all the fish drift by
Swimming to the end of the pier
I feel like I could swim forever
Racing the paddleboarders
Who skim over the swell
At the end of the pier
Eyeing all the different colors of fish and shells
Never wanting to stop swimming
But feeling tired
I float on my back
Boats sailing beyond
Feeling the ripples under me
I start drifting back to shore
The sky starts changing colors
Light blue to pink to orange
The sun has exploded throughout the sky
Making the water a vibrant yellow
The sun starts to disappear
I lay in the now cool sand
My hair a new shade of golden
My cheeks feels rosy and warm
The skin on me all salty and dry
The sun is fully gone
Now the moon has appeared
Stars start to twinkle
Reflecting off the water
Making it look as if someone has sprinkled glitter throughout the entire ocean
The moon a big lamp above me
Lighting the way back home

Samantha Chastain
11th

There is a fleeting memory,
It comes crashing down,
when you look out into the sea.
You see it floating through town.
You feel it scratching,
in your hand.
Memories of creation,
Buried in the sand.

A spontaneous collision of atoms,
Laid the foundation of the Bend,
Pangea breaks, a tectonic shift.
It will be here until the end.
Formed by years,
Of beautiful decomposition.
Crushed little stars and hunted sharks,
Falling into the depths of desolation.

The water of the Gulf is warm,
But it freezes me in place.
I fail to comprehend,
The seafoam that reminds me of lace.
Or how the sea moves so swiftly,
In the wake of the sea breeze.
Encumbered with every memory the sea lets me see,
I'll gladly close my eyes as my body sinks with ease.

Still lingering... a poem about the Karankawa Indians

They still linger on the island, their shadows furtive
Only the believers can see them

For the ephemeral time they resided here
They protected our future home

Their voices are in the wind
Their blood and sweat is in the ground
Their spirits are *still lingering...*

They will always protect our land, the land that was once theirs.

Jordan Coble

**2022 Aline B. Carter Chapel on the Dunes Poetry Prize for Young Poets
Poetry Contest Winners**

"The Surrounding Waters of Mustang Island"

Judges:

2005 Texas Poet Laureate Alan Birkelbach

2010 Texas Poet Laureate Karla K. Morton

Local Poet Glenn Vondra

Brundrett Middle School Poetry Winners:

1st Place:	The Waters of Port A	by Easton Taylor
2nd Place:	Packed in the Sand	by Eli Derkits
3rd Place:	A Perfect Day In PA	by Adriel Jiminez
Honorable Mention #1:	El Agua Lo Mejora Todo	by Bryson Underwood
Honorable Mention #2:	Surrounding Island Waters	by Maddox Clarke

The Waters Of Port A

The sound of the grass blowing in the wind
Sounds like the waves crashing onto the shore
The skimboarders fly across the shallow water
While the dolphins leap high into the air
the schools of mullet swimming through every wave
The fisherman casting far out off of the pier
While the boats fly by the shore
And the surfers hang on to every wave
While I just I sit here Watching them blow away

-Easton Taylor

Packed in the sand

Water's smooth, calm.
Warm humid air, wet on your face.
Under the water
fish, seaweed, fins, fishing lines.
Waves crashing above,
waves carved by fins of dolphins.
And of surfboards!
Sand gritty between your toes.
The call of coyotes howling,
hunting,
dogs barking.
Tall grass swaying, whispering.

The sand has seen it all

-Eli Derkits

A PERFECT DAY IN PA

*I wake up in the morning,
Hearing the first seagull cry.
I go out to see all the children playing,
Next to the shining blue gulf.
I go down to cut off road,
To see the brilliant dolphins,
Jump in front of the tankers.
Then I drive down to Charlie's Pasture,
To see the one of a kind whooping cranes.
Driving around the island,
The sand blows in the calming wind.
Then at dusk you will hear the coyote,
Howling at the sound of the waves crashing.
Then you see a raccoon,
Chasing a delicious ghost crab.
Then you fall asleep,
With the moonlight reflecting off the,
Shining blue gulf.
- Adriel Jimenez*

El agua lo mejora todo

Enjoying life
In Port Aransas
The water is much better
Than up in Kansas

Swimming in the waters
But not in a pool
Down in the gulf
Where it is way more cool

Life near the waters
Is so much better
Than up in Minnesota
Freezing in a sweater

Playing in the snow
In Colorado
Doesn't compare
To catching dorado

I don't care what you have
No amount of dollars
Nothing compares
To the surrounding island waters

–Bryson Underwood

Surrounding Island Waters

Maddox Clarke

September 2022

*The islands of the gulf, sandy floors and cars. Waking up
To the ocean blue crashing against the dunes.
Dolphins jumping and soaring through the cool breeze with
Ships chasing near by.
The sudden adrenaline rush from the sound of reels screaming
Like whistles with a huge fish on the end.
When lucky, you get to surf the waves of tides, friends watching,
Hollering and cheering for you. Then you fall under the break.
The surrounding waters wait for you and your next adventure.*