

*\*Intermediate First Place – Annebelle M., Duval County*

### **A Midnight Symphony**

Silence  
One cricket  
Fills the sound  
Then another  
And another  
Their chorus  
Fills the starlit void

Bats! Join in  
Soft squeaks  
Accent the chirps

Frogs! Join in  
Each their own voice  
Deep croaks of the bullfrog  
High pitch sings the tree frog  
Each booming their hoarse voice  
Trying to out croak each other

Owls! Join in  
Sing your calls  
Gliding upon silent wings  
Deadly talons gleam in moonlit dark

Rain! Join in  
Pound the trees  
The roof and home  
Thump your drums  
And add rhyme to our song

Wind! Join in  
Play your instruments the trees  
Make them whistle and creak  
Make them whisper and squeak

Everyone and everything  
Play your part  
While orchestrating the show  
A young child, asleep  
And so we listen  
To the midnight symphony

*\*Intermediate Second Place – Annika B., Sumter County*

### **Little Limpkin**

I open my little eyes  
To the freshly lightened skies.  
Mommy stands outside the nest.  
"Please, give us our breakfast!"

Mussels, insects, and worms I like to eat.  
I tweet, "Mommy, where is my meat?"  
But the noise is no longer a soft little twitter.  
It is screechy and squawky and full of chitter.

My black, fuzzy feathers are turning caramel;  
There are now white spots from my head to my tail.  
My four fellow hatchlings look at me with delight;  
All changed the same day; we jump and take flight.

Short distances we flutter, just like Mom and Dad,  
Who knew we could screech as loud as we can?  
I land by the swamp to snack on a snail  
When beside me Mom sadly lowers her tail.

"You're so grown up," she says with a quivering chin.  
"No, mom. I'm still your little limpkin."

*\*Intermediate Third Place – Forest D., Marion County*

### **Rhythm of the Forest**

In the murky swamp,  
cypresses grow tall, towering over all,  
And the gators chomp.  
The mother turkey fans out her tail  
over her poults, so tiny and frail.  
The squirrel hides his acorn as the bucks eat corn,  
the duck dabbles in the muck.  
The sun is choked out by great oaks, under which frogs croak.  
Under a slash tapped for sap, a black bear naps.  
In fine lines the pines are planted  
near the pond willows grow slanted.  
Through the scrub runs the quail, while hops the cottontail.  
Footprints come from the deer  
by the lake which is so clear  
and on its shores are cranes,  
walking around, not minding the rain.

*\*Honorable Mention – LillyGrace L., Pinellas County*

### **Rumpshushing**

The oak and palm  
Tall above  
Giving shade to down below.  
A warm afternoon  
On a sunny day  
Can be the perfect time to give way  
To the rumpshish sounds of music,  
Of music my dear!  
Let them rumpshush in your ear.

Ru ah ah ah ah ah  
Ru ah ah ah ah ah!  
That's the southern leopard frog  
Chattering about the shuncut

Pu an  
Pu an  
Pu an  
That's the green treefrog  
Singing with great begut

Grop  
Grop  
Grops the squirrel treefrog  
Gropping in the willywig way

Laaag  
Says the gray treefrog  
The subtle sounds  
Of a guitar being plucked  
Give this frog lots of gilly

Chir cha  
Chir cha  
Chir cha  
Is that the strawberry Spring peeper?

Ka ka ka ka klick  
Ka ka ka ka klick  
That's the southern chorus frog  
Telling you of its sofum

Da da dadd ah  
Da da dadd ah  
Purts the northern cricket frog  
Da da da da dah

Glahhhhhh  
Glahhhhhh  
Swirgenly blurts the Gulf Coast toad.  
It certainly has  
An interesting song

Buzzaaaaaaa  
Buzzaaaaaaa  
Goes the eastern narrow-mouthed toad  
It sounds like a fly  
Buzzing by

That concludes the song,  
That has been going on.  
That lovely song  
The frogs have made  
Will last long through the day.