

Protect the Manatee

Sienna
Duval County
1st Place Junior

The sweet, gentle Florida manatee
You swim gracefully with the fish.
But in 20 years will you be around to see?
Please stay and graze your sea-grass dish.

Will you join the dinosaurs? Only a pile of bones?
What will happen to the sea?
The sea would moan, for miles you would hear its groans.
The manatee no more. A loss for you and me.

Boats gash you. And fishing line tying.
The sea churning on its top!
No care for the manatee dying.
This is something that must be stopped!

Their silver-gray hide growing green moss.
And their pug-like snouts.
They only live here, nowhere else, a loss forever lost.
Even the skies would pout!

Pollution must take a break!
We should take care of the creatures.
For we all share world, and to lose would ache.
Let the past be our teachers

Camping was a Loss

Charlie
Pinellas County
Junior

I had the worst camping trip ever.

I saw a stork take a fork.

A raccoon robbed my spoon.

Some gators seized our taters.

A turkey got our jerky.

Some ants swiped my pants.

Some hawks stole my socks.

An owl took a towel.

A wren pilfered my pen.

A thrush plucked Sister's brush.

A deer downed Dad's beer.

A blue jay grabbed Grandpa's toupee.

An eagle and a seagull snatched up my beagle.

And then a whole motherlode of herons captured Karen.

Poor Karen.

Climbing Time

Charlotte
Pinellas County
Junior

I really admire how fire can glow,
how trees can sway, how rivers can flow.

I have a red maple tree that I like to climb –
I climb and climb until dinner time.

My sisters and I, we climb to the top
until there is a noise, drip drop.

Then I think in my brain,
while it's starting to rain.

"This tree is wet," and the wind starts to whip –
"It's a long way down, I hope we don't slip!"

"Time to go inside!" I yell to my sisters.
We're running inside as fast as a twister.

Now we're inside, and finally dry.
We like to climb again, and so we try.

A Poem About Trees

Wensdy
Orange County
Junior

Trees have leaves that fall on the ground
Rakes are used to move them around
Ends of trees have roots underground
Ends of roots drink the water underground
Squirrels climb trees and climb back down.

The Deep Blue

Kamdyn
St. Johns County
Junior

You're deep and wide

You're cold inside

Filled with life, dark but light

You're salty to the taste

You're wet to the touch

You're everywhere but not

You're filled with memories of days gone by

You're the ocean as you splash by my side.