

FIRST PLACE WINNER 9th grade

The Vigilante
By Samantha Hua

I am now his next target
He will definitely come for me
For he knows my murdering spree
Deep within the underground market

From weapon sellers to drug dealers
He takes them all to their grave
And now I'm the one hiding in a cave
He tracks down even the sneakiest wallet stealers

What's the use if I can't flee
From his piercing hail of arrows
Speeding towards me like a raging sparrow
With his eyes on me, I cannot break free

As I take my last breath and turned towards him
"You have failed this city" He shouted loud and clear
Two arrows to my chest as I let out my last tear
A straight impalement to my heart and my vision went dim

I have failed this city
says the vigilante

Based on *Arrow*

FIRST PLACE WINNER 10th grade

Last Name
By Destiny Brown

We are all given a first and last name,
With our first name being from Bob to Jane
But what about our last names?
Now these come with history,
They are passed down generation to generation,
But have we discovered the real mystery?

I have always wondered,
Why was I given a last name that my ancestors did not consent?
My last name is Brown and my friend's is Edison,
But these were not our African names
What is this? Some type of American medicine?

We have been through so much,
From slavery to discrimination,
But why throw away our last names?
What an obamanation.

You may not believe it but your last name is like a secret
It stores important history
So why couldn't we keep it?
Last name, Last name, Last name.

FIRST PLACE WINNER 11th grade

How Fiercely I Have Loved the Wail
By Isabel Wolf

How fiercely I have loved the wail of
Dally City Bart
Through a window in a house overlooking two
cities
And the mess of stray cats in an overgrown lot
Whose eyes mirror ghostings of Peninsula fog

I have watched boys spit off this rain-roughened
balcony
And listened to the windy wash of highways wrapped
around us
In the lost half hour where the sky bruises cobalt
Not a soul can speak to where the ocean ends

So I say to the glare of the Pacific Super's
billboard
There is no need to shine so bright
The people who live on this starless horizon
Know every light there is

FIRST PLACE WINNER 12th grade

Combustion Engine
By Herbert Cruz

Awaken at six

Early sun is fixed

Get dressed and depart

Exacting work presented

The crankshaft had ascended

The time to release afar

The end of the day

Tension fades away

Time to loosen up

HONORABLE MENTION 12th grade

The Garden of Privilege
By Cynthia Chang

What a grown, yet contrived garden it is..
Whites place their destructive hands in their pot of privilege.
And people of color are forced to help water.
They are the seed, sun and Earth's beautiful ancient soil.
Backgrounds and cultures are demolished,
Leaving only one kind of plant that's left.
The plant is whitewashed, artificial, and unnatural.
It yearns to overpower the others,
Sunflowers that have existed forever,
Daffodils that have been dehumanized all their lives.
They're unwatered, abandoned and abused.

What a grown, yet contrived garden this is.
On rainy days, insects come out to play.
Some know their roles, some ceases to have one.
When corruption is at its pinnacle,
Ladybugs are switched with wasps
And in return, we get pain instead of protection.

What a grown, yet contrived garden this is.
They want the white fence intact
When we want it broken.
Words, lessons, and protests.
Even if our petals are wilted,
Our roots will bloom and thrive relentlessly
In the garden of privilege.

HONORABLE MENTION 11TH grade

Why Fear Love?
By Jason Tan

Petrarch languished in want of Laura's love
See Shakespeare's grasp for love he wrote in life,
Betwixt art and its tender subject of,
True love evades us in a culture rife.
Man's mind is fooled and clouded with worry,
In search of treasure that belies untruth.
One must tire of being culture's quarry;
But herein lies the strength of tender youth.
An infirm senile wards off love's spectre,
A bitter anchor, sunken by heartbreak
A drought upon the father's sweet nectar
The honey of love, for age he'll forsake;

But youth's grip holds firm in gay pursuit;
Eager, we plant love's seeds for its sweet fruit.

HONORABLE MENTION 9TH grade

The Two Face Snake
By Nicholas Walker

The two face snake hated to be two faced.
One face was to hate, and one to love. Alas
The two faced snake had to kill what prey dwelled
In the forest. The snake ate a nice carcass
Of a toad that he pretended to love .
The snake was starving and genuinely
Enjoyed the toad's company, however ate him.
The two faced snake was remarkably
Sad to have killed every creature he met.
The snake decided to only show one of his
Faces. He started to love all souls he met.
Slowly he decayed due to lack of his
Food. His new friends tried to get him fulfilled.
But the snake slowly starved and slowly died.