



# scifest

RANDOLPH COLLEGE 2019

## *CIRCUIT IN MOTION*

Finalists' Contributions from the  
2019 Randolph College  
Science Festival Poetry Competition



# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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## Solids and Liquids

First Solids

Plastic cases, stone walls

Wooden tables and marble balls

Glass frames, salt and sugar jars

Concrete driveways and tin cars

Next Liquids

Egg whites frothing, water in a giant bowl

Juice in a boiling pot, ink in a little hole

Melted Wax, cold milk on a summer's day

Lime seltzer, paint around the paper all the way

**First Place**

**Lucinda Ashare**

Bedford Hills Elementary

1st grade

## Emus

The 2nd largest bird  
Running so fast  
32 miles per hour!  
They race across the desert  
Their ancestors live with  
The dinosaurs  
Flightless  
But tall  
Soaring at six feet

## Second Place

### Emerson Gowen

James River Day School  
2nd grade  
Teacher: Alison Cox



## Math

Math, math it's so cool.  
I enjoy doing it at my school.  
Divide, divide. I like to  
divide. My friend likes it  
too, and his name is Clyde.  
Multiply, multiply I like it a  
lot. If I could, I would teach it to my robot. Subtract,  
subtract it's really fun. Ten minus  
nine equals one. Adding, adding it's  
easy to do. I really like it. Do you?

### Third Place

#### Jenna Ballard

Thomas Jefferson Elementary School  
2nd grade

## Penguin

I'm a little penguin  
Short and fat.  
I live in the artic  
And I love to swim  
So when I see water I'll dive right in.

### **Jacob Elkhamra**

James River Day School  
Kindergarten  
Teacher: Betsy Rhodes

## Robots

Robots are so funny  
Their arms go up and they go down  
They never make me frown  
They are made of screws and technology  
They have crazy robotic eyes  
With big screens  
Robots are wonderful

### **Claudia Arp**

James River Day School

1st grade

Teacher: Laurie Sommardahl

## Math

Math is fun  
I really like to add  
You could count to one  
It wouldn't make me mad

### **Jackson Lineberry**

James River Day School

1st grade

Teacher: Laurie Sommardahl

## **Narwhals of the Artic**

Never nervous  
Arctic animal  
Rumbling through icy water  
Wild  
Horned whale  
Always on the go  
Loyal

### **Colin O'Neill**

James River Day School  
2nd grade  
Teacher: Alison Cox

## **Water**

Whooshing  
Absolutely important  
Twisting rivers  
Earth's most precious resource  
Really cool

### **Sam Edwards**

James River Day School  
2nd grade  
Teacher: Alison Cox

## Wren

Wren  
Spotted, cute  
Building, flying, singing  
We share a name  
Bird

## Wrynn Ottinger

Bedford Hills Elementary School  
1st grade  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

## **Fox**

Fox

Smart, fast

Digging, searching, eating

Dives headfirst into snow

Animal

## **Caedon Buchanan**

Bedford Hills Elementary School

1st grade

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens



## Owl

Owl  
Cool, quiet  
Flying, eating, staring  
I like your silent wings  
Bird

### **Virginia Phillips**

Bedford Hills Elementary School  
1st grade  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

## **Pterodactyl**

Pterodactyl  
Strong, fast  
Swooshing, flipping, squawking  
You're awesome when you fly  
Dinosaur

### **Mason Moore**

Bedford Hills Elementary School  
1st grade  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

## **Mustang**

Mustang  
Trusting, gorgeous  
Gallopig, neighing, biting  
You are even cute sleeping  
Horse

## **Sage Coffey**

Bedford Hills Elementary School  
1st grade  
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

## Adaptations

Fur and hair for cold air,  
Paddle feet where the currents beat  
Adaptations help fit a location.

Spread out feet for a dusty desert,  
Swimming body for rusty water  
Adaptations help fit a location.

Blubber body for cold waters,  
Strong tail to protect your daughters  
Adaptations fit a location.

Sharp claws to dig a burrow,  
Strong teeth for crunchy food  
Adaptations fit a location.

So if you follow your adaptations laws,  
Use your claws and teeth and skin,  
You can make adaptations win!

And remember,  
Adaptations help to fit a location.

### First Place

**Noah Richardson**

Appomattox Elementary School

3rd grade

Teacher: Melanie Ranson

## Picnic of Life

Earth is constantly eating dinner  
On its fantastic tectonic plates  
With the crust as it's table  
And the continents as it's steak

Dining with Mother Nature,  
The Wind, the Sky and Moon  
Using the sunlight as a fork  
And the gravity as a spoon

With the dirt as special seasoning  
And the magma as hot sauce  
And the creeks and lakes as refreshments  
And the napkins made of moss

And when the Earth is finished  
When the Sun has left the fun  
And Mother Nature settled  
The picnic of life is done.

## Second Place

### Shiloh Iro

R. S. Payne Elementary School  
5th grade  
Teacher: Van Hoffman

## Science

Scientists are artists,  
Their minds are their paint,  
Their memory is their canvas,  
Their pencil is their brush,  
Curiosity is their inspiration,  
And science is their style.  
Scientists are musicians,  
Their minds are their instrument,  
Their memory is their note,  
Their pencil is their cord,  
Curiosity is their pitch,  
And science is their song.  
Scientists are scientists,  
Helping the world everyday,  
With studies about amazing and unknown things.  
Scientists are elements of this world,  
And the tesla coils of wonder.

## Third Place

### Sadie Hageman

R.S. Payne Elementary School - GO Center

3rd Grade

Teacher: Hannah Tusing

## Just a Little Dot

A number to the left, a number to the right, all I see are numbers.

But that's ok, it's fine with me!

After all, I'm just a dot you see.

I'm not too special, unless you look at me a little differently.

I can just be a dot, some days.

I am a spot, I'm in between different numbers everyday.

I have whole numbers to my right, but I split them from other numbers that I meet.

I see tenths, hundredths, thousandths, more!

All to the left, right next door!

It's not too hard to figure me out.

If you already know a little 'bout me.

To my left, I have smaller numbers, you see.

I have tenths, hundredths and thousandths, like I said before!

They're little tiny pieces of a whole number, it's kind of an honor, but that's just me.

I love my place in all the numbers I meet everyday!

But sometimes I wish, I was more than a little mark.

You know, just to switch it around a bit, of course!

I am a Decimal Dot!

### Madison Coghill

R.S. Payne Elementary School - GO Center

4th grade

Teacher: Tracy Proffitt

## Ocean Lights

Looking for Ocean light  
making sure the sharks don't bite  
thinking that the trench is tight  
but it's so deep  
You might think you're asleep  
You going from the Sunlight ZONE,  
twilight ZONE,  
THEN THE Midnight ZONE  
make sure you don't see your bone  
Because when the pressure increase  
make sure your skin don't decrease  
so have some peace  
don't wake up the ocean beast

### **Cameron Goode**

W.M. Bass Elementary School

5th grade

Teacher: Caitlin Bowyer



## The Tiny World Below

The tiny world below,  
Small but important.  
Their lives are mysterious,  
Unique in their own way,  
Hidden to the naked eye,  
Even a microscope struggles to see,  
Their world they share with giants,  
Our world is outnumbered by them,  
Living in harmony,  
Together.

Trapped by curiosity,  
Set free by knowledge,  
No space too small nor too big,  
Constant tourists,  
Living everywhere,  
For these microorganisms,  
For the tiny world below.

### **Elana Ordower**

R. S. Payne Elementary School  
5th grade  
Teacher: Van Hoffman

## The Mystery of Pi

Pi

A mystery is thy

Sugary and sweet

Or the other mathy kind

Prolonged

Infinite I think it was

After 3.14 my brain is a fuzz

Exotic

Numbers of all kinds

Too many to keep up with in our little minds

I love pi in two ways

But to the sweet kind I give my praise

**Lydia McMonagle**

R. S. Payne Elementary School

5th grade

Teacher: Van Hoffman

## If I Were a Mathematician

If I were a math matichon adding and subtraction would be me mission. Division and multiplication too, I won't need help from you. It would be quite fun i'd be smarter than everyone. I wouldn't be a mess just like rest. Maybe it would be boring sometimes i'd fall asleep snoring. I have brains that are there for good I've had them ever since childhood. This is not my job wait one second i'm about to sob. If only I were a math matichon adding and subtraction would be my mission.

### **Luke Morrison**

R.S. Payne Elementary School - GO Center

3rd grade

Teacher: Hannah Tusing

## Polygons

There are polygons far and wide.  
Some of them you see right in front of your eyes.  
Polygons can be different than others.  
But on the other hand, some look like brothers.

You see polygons wherever you go.  
But polygons have to be specific, you know.  
Polygons have to have at least 3 sides.  
Either if they're big, small, or wide.

Polygons lines have to be straight.  
Or else it just looks more like an eight.  
Polygons have no crossing lines  
And by the way there are no times.

If the shape is open and not closed.  
It's not a polygon don't you know  
Remember polygons wherever you go!

### **Emma Letterman**

Appomattox Elementary School  
3rd grade  
Teacher: Melanie Ranson

## Gravity

Gravity is pushing me  
Down, down, down  
I can't go high  
I still try to fly  
But gravity pushes and pounds me  
Down, down, down.

I try to fight  
But gravity uses  
All its might  
But I refuse  
Or despite,  
Gravity's amazing might!

### **Jack Wilkerson**

Appomattox Elementary School  
5th grade  
Teacher: Melanie Ranson

## Endoplasmic Reticulum

This is my poem about Endoplasmic Reticulum.  
I guess I'm gonna have to explain it so um...  
Don't worry I'll talk about the rest of the parts,  
But we will get the E.R. in our hearts.  
Wait, that doesn't sound right and keen.  
But I'm sure you know what I mean.  
The E.R. is simply the highway of the cell,  
And it carries nutrients and food pretty well.  
The cell would die if it ever fell  
And it would fall all the way to, uh, heck.  
So tell your sis, bro, dad, and your mum  
About Endoplasmic Reticulum.

Oh wait, we're not done yet.  
We can't stop until the other parts are set.  
The Mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell.  
The Nucleus controls and is the base of this spell.  
The Vacuoles store the water and the food,  
While the Cytoplasm keeps the parts in place and in the mood.

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

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elementary school

Chloroplasts absorb sunlight to fertilize the organism  
And transfers it through the Endoplasmic Reticulum.  
Finally, we're back home to the good old country road,  
And it isn't just a simple code.  
There are twists, turns, wounds, and ridges.  
There are low valleys and high bridges.  
All to transfer here to there.  
It's in all cells, round or square.  
There are rough, and there are smooth.  
That bases how the nutrients move.  
This is about the end of my poem.  
I hope this can really show'em  
What Endoplasmic Reticulum can really do.  
As you see it's in me and also you.

**Matthew Lucas Miller**

James River Day School

5th grade

Teacher: Heather Guard

## Rock Cycle

Lava shot into the starry sky,  
drizzled down and froze,  
Igneous Rock.  
Rain fell,  
rocks tumbling and twisting  
down the volcano,  
landing gently on the ocean floor,  
Sediments.  
Clay, sand, silt,  
squished,  
glued,  
Sedimentary Rock.  
Buried deep,  
pressure builds,  
sunlight no more,  
Metamorphic Rock.  
Hotter, hotter, magma now,  
find a weak place in the crust,  
erupt,  
lava shoots out again  
happily seeing stars.

**Rowena Phillips**

R.S. Payne Elementary School

3rd grade

Teacher: Lori Smith



## The Song of the Lab

The song of the lab is one of a kind.  
The song of the lab is easy to find.  
A burners squeals as its flame starts to grow.  
That flame is made of fine soot everyone knows.  
The mixture of helium and Oxygen in a cup,  
This becomes a vapor and goes up, up, up.  
Across the room rings the croak of the frogs.  
They're amphibians, but still animals like the dogs.  
Here's a popping ball with energy.  
This is in the form electricity.  
"Oh, no!" I cry as the sound over grows!  
The song of the lab is starting to moan.  
My teacher is asleep and sound on a book.  
I close my eyes and don't take a look.  
With booms and pops and squeals and more.  
All the things crash down to the floor.  
I choose to take a peek at my big mess.  
And to my pleasure not my distress.  
It didn't look as bad as I dreamed.  
The mess was not as bad as it seemed.  
My teacher woke up from his very deep sleep.  
I was mad at my mess so I started to weep.  
He laid a hand on my shoulder and he said,  
"It's ok. Not like somebody is dead."  
I sniffed up my tears and looked into his eyes.

# Poetry OF SCIENCE

---

elementary school

I always wondered how he was so wise.  
"Mistakes are made we can't stop!"  
"But no matter what you should climb to the top!"  
This song of the lab definitely one of a kind!  
This song of the lab I'm happy to find!

**Sophie Heishman**

James River Day School

5th grade

Teacher: Heather Guard

## The Eye of the Hurricane

The wave breaks,  
And I inhale as the warm water is swept across my bare feet.  
With each crest and collapse they sink deeper into the sand,  
And I sink deeper into the blanketed sky.  
Endless, the rain seemed to be,  
For days it pounded our shores.  
But in this moment, it was serene  
I stare into the hazy abyss.  
The leaves of nearby palmettos whisper in my ear,  
For a stampede of salt sprinkled wind tramples them,  
A sigh of warm air grazes my skin, causing me to shiver.  
And in a fraction of a second,  
Every trace, every speck of tranquility vanishes.  
The waves crash angrily  
And the salt sprinkled wind was harmless no longer  
For it was a shriek that shattered all known silence  
And deafened all of the unfortunate fools that stood unaware  
And all at once, as fast as it began, it was over.

### First Place

#### Madison Franklin

Nelson Middle School

8th grade

Teacher: Lisa Schoener

## Tiger

Deep in the bushes lies a mysterious cat, who is orange  
and striped in black.

He prowls around on the hunt, then he stops and takes a  
breath.

He knows no fear, and fears no one.

He is the strongest of all cats.

With his jaws he can break bones, with his claws he can  
rip flesh.

When he eats, cold blood runs down his throat.

He always fights to the death.

No survivors are ever left.

He is the true king of the jungle, not lions that's a myth.

He is a tiger not a chicken, not a cow, nor a fish.

## Second Place

### Mya Lang

Linkhorne Middle School

6th grade

Teacher: Laura Beck

## Dear, Friction

Friction can be nice  
Friction I've said twice  
Stopping on a dime  
Makes you kind of fly

Speed bump ahead?  
No big deal  
I got the power of friction  
At my heel  
Rubbing the tires on the road  
Here I come, here I go  
Catunck, Catunck  
Bubump, bubump

Friction helps you from sliding  
Without it, I'd be gliding  
Thank you friction, for keeping me safe  
And keeping me on a steady pace

## Third Place

### Olivia Tompkins

James River Day School

8th grade

Teacher: Todd Anderson

## Math

The greatest thing you could ever learn.  
It can always help you in every turn.  
Your great math teacher will help you know,  
Every math subject before you go.  
"Math is great!" is something I would say,  
But some people hate math....  
They wish it'd go away.  
English is okay,  
But I feel math is better.  
Because now I can find the area of a feather!

### **Jada Smith**

William Campbell Combined School

7th grade

Teacher: Brittany Coleman

## Guess Who

It fills you with wonder  
And makes you ask "why"  
It can make you blunder  
But you still can get by  
From states of matter  
To Quantum Theory  
It could make you mad as a hatter  
Or make you grow weary  
Sometimes it's clear  
And really quite easy  
When the answer is queer  
When your stomach gets queazy  
But when all of its done  
And when its 100% complete  
You still had some fun  
Even if the problem had you beat.

### **Cayden Gunawardane**

James River Day School  
6th grade  
Teacher: Heather Guard

## What Happened to Californium?

Stanley Thompson was supposed to meet californium in Berkeley, California. But he never showed. They called all his atomic numbers but only 98 answered. He finally answered and it turns out he was helping start nuclear reactors

**Jayla Richie**

Dunbar Middle School

7th grade

Teacher: Moose Pierce



## The Elements of the Periodic Table

A table from a different time  
Designed by Mendeleev  
Complicated at first glance  
But brilliance lies underneath  
Consists of metals, metalloids, and nonmetals  
Seven periods  
Eighteen families  
One-hundred and eighteen elements  
All with their own characteristics  
Some join together  
And some stay far apart  
But they all are their own substance  
Unique in almost every way  
They are the building blocks of life  
The elements of the period table

**Danielle Caplinger**

Monelison Middle School

7th grade

Teacher: Elizabeth Schupp

## The Moon

The small little ball known as the Moon  
Comes around a time in the afternoon  
It creates our tides  
It inches away every year, night after night

It's only been explored a couple times  
You can see the largest craters sometimes  
On the moon there is no gravity  
You weigh much less and you may lose some calories

Just like in Star Wars, the Moon has a dark side  
That side we cannot see that seems to hide  
The Moon weighs about 1.2% of Earth's mass  
And it doesn't have any natural gas

The soil of the moon is called regolith  
There is no wind so it doesn't drift  
The footsteps left by man are still there  
Maybe we will make build a lunar base on the Moon like  
the american plan

One full orbit around the earth takes 27 days  
It's not very long and now what can I say  
The Moon lights up the nighttime along with all the stars  
So bright, it's easy to see from afar

### **Willow Schmisek**

James River Day School

7th grade

Teacher: Todd Anderson

## Ocean Ocean

Ocean ocean where earth holds all its rain  
Starting from the Continental shelf  
Sloping down to the abyssal plane  
Beautiful sights, in and out of the kelp

Ocean Ocean where your deepest depth is called a  
trench  
Your beauty is a sight to behold  
With strange creatures that live by bioluminescence  
Containing mysteries that have not yet been told.

Ocean Ocean where human waste may lay  
Plastics, oil, and trash  
It is a high price for you to pay  
For humans obsession with cash

Ocean Ocean here is my vow  
To help and protect you  
Starting right now  
Making you feel brand new

### **Brenna Marie Forehand**

James River Day School

8th grade

Teacher: Todd Anderson

## The Blood Moon Eclipse

The moon is fading in and out  
On a night like this  
With the stars about.  
It's dark and cold  
But it's still in the night  
The shades of red look like a little light.

The clouds are moving up and down  
With people watching in their nightgown.  
Others are asleep and some are awake  
While others are on their phone putting it on tape.

The moon starts big and white in the sky  
With puffy clouds passing by.  
Now the moon is moving behind the earth with little left  
in the sky  
I'm standing on my porch watching it go by.

The eclipse is ending, here is what I see  
More of the moon in front of me.

I'm going to my room to get into bed  
Dreaming about the moon I saw in red.

**Pierce Martin**

Linkhorne Middle School

8th grade

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

## The Lost Raindrops

The rain falls from the sky because it can't fly  
It drums on the rooftops and falls from the treetops  
It rolls down the roads and moistens many toads  
It Runs through the gutters while the sky spitts and sputters  
Through many leaks it runs into the creeks  
While in the creeks they flow into rivers that give many people  
shivers  
The rivers run very swift and leave many things adrift  
The water keeps flowing and the raindrops keep going  
They reach the rivers end where the salt starts to blend  
The raindrops float into the bay where they think they might stay  
BUT NO! They start to flow and through the bay they go  
The further they go the salt starts to grow  
To the ocean they finally reach as they float past a beach  
It starts to get hot then they see a huge spot  
It rises in the air at first they don't care  
It is yellow and it kind of looks like jello  
Then the raindrops start to disappear they float way up in the air  
They start to evaporate and then they begin to condensate  
They form a big cloud and hear thunder very loud  
They soon fly through the air but they really don't care  
Because they know what they form the roles they play in a storm  
They are the water cycle

The End

**Jacob Clevenger**

Linkhorne Middle School

8th grade

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

## Weather

Rain is as light as a feather  
It is part of our weather  
Hurricanes make waves  
The water crashes into the caves  
Wildfires can cause total devastation  
Then humans will be in total desperation

If you get hit by hail  
You might go back inside and bail  
Cloudy weather makes it cool  
It might be too cold to get into the pool

If it is windy outside  
I might just stay inside

### **Rayna Steele**

Altavista Combined School  
7th grade  
Teacher: Andrea Rice

## Snow is Falling

Snow is falling  
A beautiful sight  
Snow is falling  
It will have a snow fight

Snow is falling  
Let's play its game  
Snow is falling  
It blinds all who see

Snow is falling  
It hides you from me  
Snow is falling  
a beautiful sight  
Snow is falling  
now have a good night

**Morgan Peterson**

Altavista Combined School

7th grade

Teacher: Andrea Rice

## A Ballade

i see that you are born a jellyfish  
every canal, every tentacle, every arm, every gonad  
as visible as a brink  
as invisible as a blink  
see through but i have doubts

will you release your kiss  
(loveless cheek greetings)  
in a sphere, and i shall receive  
by mouth and by anus  
a strand of us conceived

in blooms you arrive, languid dance  
hold me close your bell, reign me over  
say goodbye

another kiss from another jellyfish  
repeat the dance routine  
stop  
when your pockets empty, my stomach full

### First Place

### Briony Zhao

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel



## Untitled

golden honey drips  
wings beat and  
buzz  
in rhythm  
the queen has been dethroned.  
flowers turn to greyscale  
habitats crumble and  
a keystone species  
suffers.

## Second Place

### Julianna Sigler

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## **Buoyancy**

Sink, dive, dip, immerse.  
It pushes me up to the clouds,  
And whenever I leave I drop heavily into hell.  
It serves me yet does not accept me.  
Like the newton's apple helplessly fall to the ground,  
I helplessly flow to the water.

It's not super smart of Archimedes to have ignored it for  
decades.  
But I do feel like him for now.  
Even if you are pushing me away,  
I still yell Eureka when I finally found you.

### **Third Place**

#### **Alida Tang**

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## Circuit in Motion

Two hands are laced together  
A spark flows through each, pumping  
Each heart is connected through a circuit  
Electrons huddle together, resistance has no bounds  
Voltage runs high, continuity is everlasting  
The path must be completed, returned to the beginning  
Heat spreads throughout, an effect of the relentless current  
Fire runs wild and the heart is engulfed into flames  
An effect of the rushing pulse  
A circular infinity, forever unbroken

### Grace Morales

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## Explosion

As I gather  
All my equipment,  
I notice a blue bottle

The liquid inside  
Bubbles up  
A white foamy blob

I pour the liquid  
Into a brown beaker  
Which had a  
Yucky yellow liquid already inside

When the blue hit  
The yucky yellow

WHAM!  
Everything explodes  
And we evacuate the classroom.

## Hunt Bailey

Virginia Episcopal School  
11th grade  
Teacher: Jason Knebel

## The Mutation in Our Stars

Adenine lied awake at night, He longed for his perfect match.

Cy and Guan said nothing, And that he is a rare catch  
They say someone is made for all of us, Adenine didn't believe.

He wanted to transcribe and translate, yet no partner did he achieve.

Adenine endured much hardship, until that fateful day  
When Thymine came astruting along the strand away  
Hydrogen bonds formed, then Thymine became his wife  
The two nitro. bases coded for all of human life.

**Josh Buckley**

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## The Stars

I often wonder if the stars are full of pride.  
Beaming with their ethereal light.  
Sparking wonder into undeserving eyes.  
Eyes not worthy of observing such a sight.

"The stars are dead," the pessimist says.  
Yet the pessimist continues to admire and stare.  
Yes indeed, the stars are dead,  
But would you rather them alive instead?

For it is a feat to be deceased yet continue to survive.  
To be gone yet continue to thrive.  
To be dead, yet still illuminate an infinite sky  
To be expired, but still inspire undeserving eyes.

I bet the stars are full of pride.  
Shining through infinity, dousing the darkness in light.  
To be dead, yet still be an unignorable sight;  
Being the collateral beauty of the stars in the sky.

**Rebekah Jackson**

Homeschool  
10th grade

## Betrayal of My Limbic System (Coffee Crush)

My morning coffee has taken me this far  
But 2:00 is time for a refresher

So, my little Subaru propels its way  
Into the Starbucks drive thru

The dealer of my post-meridian vice  
Extends her ink stained forearm before my open window

"Cash, or credit?"  
Oh! The acoustics of that wonderful voice!

Her face a golden ratio  
Her brilliant luminous smile

Hair draped perfectly on the humorous  
Joyful disposition

"Thanks," I say. Caffeine in hand  
Silently cursing the friction under my tires

Dopamine and blood rushing to my face  
Goddamn teenage hormones!

**Hannah Morris**

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## Untitled

Lost in meaningless conversation  
Staring up into the great beyond  
A blanket of darkness illuminated by the moon,  
And accented by stars, covers the sky  
Keeping the sun hidden and protected from the mystery  
of the night  
As the stars and moon wait for the sun to come back  
and play,  
They play connect the dots  
A star shoots between one star and another  
You would think that the night would be used to losing  
the sun  
Seeing that the sun sets as the moon rises  
The Earth turns 360 degrees every day,  
And only twice the moon even gets a glimpse of the  
sun's heat  
By the end of the year,  
Only the moon has travelled  
And the sun has been stationary  
Separated by the Earth

### **Claibourne Porter**

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel



## Space

I dream of falling

Passing by planets and stars

Going in and out of galaxies

Seeing meteors disappear in a blink

Not relying on my own lungs to breathe

Just floating

Further and further from home

Closer and closer to happiness

Darkness and Silence

Peace and chaos

Outer Space

**Abby Candler**

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## Chrysalis

The smallest seed,  
An almond bud of green.  
Settled on the milkweed.

Then, look the woolly bear,  
The larva that sheds its wear,  
That eats and eats, and eats  
Growing a 100 times its care.

Oh, but then it is time,  
Release the enzymes!  
Dissolve the tissue,  
caterpillar soup, oh yes.

Now the imaginal disc,  
Use the protein bisque.  
Rapid cell division Go!  
Form the body and grow.

The pupa, nature's curtain,  
A transformation, a new version.  
Chrysalis, a change to be.  
One, that science  
Shall soon see.

**Jordan Anderson**

Virginia Episcopal School

11th grade

Teacher: Jason Knebel

## Mud

a soft glistening pool  
a brown mushy lovely mess  
smeared everywhere  
hands. arm. legs. hair  
can you imagine something  
better than this pool  
of natural lore  
this perfect natural floor  
ages of life moldered  
into an oasis of sludge  
eons of waste  
piled up, pushed down  
nature's perfect cycle  
waste is recycled  
into something better  
plants grow. plants die  
all return to the ground

### **Will Holland**

Culpeper High School  
9th grade  
Teacher: Heidi Millea

## I am...

I am an exponent  
I wonder if I can get bigger  
I hear nothing  
I see nothing  
I want to be bigger  
I am an exponent  
I pretend to be big  
I feel little  
I touch other numbers  
I worry about nothing  
I cry when I'm a letter  
I am an exponent  
I understand what I am for  
I say nothing  
I dream to be big  
I try to make other numbers bigger  
I hope to be bigger  
I am an exponent

### **Vincent Marra**

Jefferson Forest High School

11th grade

Teacher: Elisabeth Dewitt





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