



scifest

RANDOLPH COLLEGE 2020

OUR WORLD

Finalists' Contributions from the
2020 Randolph College
Science Festival Poetry Competition

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Fawn

In the forest, the fawn trots
All over it there are dots.
It is just a baby
And I wonder maybe
If it will hide and never get caught.

First Place

Eve Flavin

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Where Did You Go?

Where Did You Go?
Black bear – Where did you go?
The temperature is colder
The days are shorter
The trees are no longer green
Are you hibernating?
Butterfly – Where did you go?
The temperature is colder
The days are shorter
The flowers are all gone
Are you migrating?
Groundhog – Where did you go?
The temperature is colder
The days are shorter
The gardens will not grow
Are you hibernating?
But...
The earth is getting warmer
The trees are plowed down
The flowers will not bloom
The gardens will not grow
Humans—Where will you go?

Second Place

Mia Della Penna

Boonsboro Elementary School
Grade 2

Pretty Blue Jay

Blue Jay Blue Jay
Sing a Pattern Song
I will listen all day long
Your feathers have pretty parts
That make a glow in my heart

Third Place

Burke Stands

James River Day School
Grade K
Teacher: Betsy Rhodes

Whale

In the water I see a blue whale
He jumps and splashes his tail.
I can see
That he's bigger than me
And faster than a boat with a sail.

Shawn Andrews

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Snow

I love snow
Snow feels nice
You might go, "Whoa!"
When you touch ice

Pierson Ashworth

James River Day School

Grade 1

Teacher: Laurie Sommardahl

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

The Missing Number

I had two numbers
I did not know what to do
I add and subtract
but they did not equal two
So I tried four plus seven
It made eleven.
I tried eleven plus four
It made much more.
I still did not have two
So I tried something new.
I added one plus one and it finally made two.

Langston Ellis

Moneta Elementary School

Grade 2

Teacher: Angela White

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Kitten

My kitten plays with a string
The whole ball he will fling.
He meows when he wants me
He means, "You must pet me!"
He wants me to think he's a king.

Joshua Geier

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Vulture Finds Dinner

Up in the Sky
A Vulture Flies Down
Onto a Tree to look.
It sees a Deer
It Eek-Squeaks Dinner is Here

Elex Gowen

James River Day School
Grade K
Teacher: Betsy Rhodes

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Penguin

A penguin comes out of an egg
For some tasty fish it will beg.
He only sees Dad
No Mom? He is sad.
To feel better he nuzzles dad's leg.

Carmaine Jones

Bedford Hills Elementary School
Grade 1
Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Dogs

A dog's tail can quickly wag
Its nose is like a wet rag.
It walks to the park
At the dogs it will bark
To ask if they want to play tag.

Colton Nash

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Snow

Snow is as white as a cloud
Snow is fun every time
We play in the snow
We build snowmen
In winter, snow is fun
We get to make snow angels
We get to jump in the snow

Saachi Neema

James River Day School

Grade 1

Teacher: Laurie Sommardahl

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Hobo Spiders

Hobo spiders, hobo spiders
They come in all different sizes
They look like aliens from the planet, Jupiter
They can come in black, or brown, or white
They can be big or small
As for me, I'm afraid of them all

Parker Nelson

James River Day School
Grade 1
Teacher: Betsy Layne

Poetry OF SCIENCE

primary school

Turtle

Sea Turtle you do so well
Hiding from sharks in your shell.
You lays eggs in the sand
And then leave the land
Where you go I really can't tell.

Jack Sorensen

Bedford Hills Elementary School

Grade 1

Teacher: Chantelle Deddens

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Our World

Beautiful World

fascinating ice forms floating across the sea
a sparkling fish jumps out of the ocean
landing in the freezing water with a splash

Filthy World

glaciers melting away leaving nothing but a memory of ice
fish dead on the surface of the water
oil and trash swirling in a river

Optimistic World

an electric car driving to an energy conservation meeting
solar power coming from the bright ball of fire in the sky
riding a bicycle to the your job on a bright spring day

Gorgeous World

brightly colored birds singing a morning tune
a young girl climbs to the top of a blossoming tree
finding the most delightful fragrance
children sledding down hills of glistening white snow

Nasty World

empty soda cans littering the ground near a playground
a small park covered in trash with no animals in sight
smog darkens the sky of a big city

Positive World

picking up trash someone left in a neighbor's yard
deciding to host a park cleanup
packing a reusable bag to go grocery shopping
every little bit counts

Our world.

First Place

Rowena Phillips

RS Payne Elementary School Grade 4

Teacher: Georgianna Cary

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Chemist in Training

Atoms, Atoms
Protons have a positive charge
They live inside the nucleus
Teeny, tiny – not very large
Atoms, Atoms
Electrons' charge is negative
Orbiting around the nucleus
In shells that are repetitive
Atoms, Atoms
Hey! Stop stealing!
Now you're both charged
A bond is revealing
Atoms, Atoms
Two or more
A molecule is made
It's an energy store
Atoms, Atoms
They make up everything
You, me, the air, the sea
Chemistry is king!

Second Place

Olivia Della Penna

Boonsboro Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Mary-Lee Reynolds

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

The World Is A Giant Snow Globe

The world is a giant snow globe,
With the decorative lights as the stars
But when the globe is shaken up,
The winds begin to blow,
The ground starts to shake,
The ocean waves toss and flow,
And lightning cracks the sky like it's going to break,
Storms are happening everywhere,
When the earth gets shaken up,
But the worst is now over,
As the snowglobe begins to settle,
Peace comes back to the world and everyone takes
a breath, So the next time there's a storm,
Don't be afraid,
The earth is just getting shaken up,
Like a giant snow globe.

Third Place

Maggie Sumpman

RS Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

Snake

elementary school

Snake
Green snake
Yellow snake
Slithering snake
Still snake
Very very ill snake
I'm in the grass
I'm in the trees
Watch out, I might be in the leaves
Venom filled teeth
Python
Viper
Anaconda
Cobras
Mambas
And Titanoboa
I don't have eyelids
They are wide open
Even when I sleep
So watch, I can still bite your feet
I can't chew food, I swallow it whole
I'm worldwide, but not in Antarctica
I hunt at night
Sleep at day
In winter, I have babies
In spring, they hatch
I can be in water
I can be on land

Akayla Bradshaw

Appomattox Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Kim Jones

Poetry OF SCIENCE

Electricity Poem

elementary school

I run up under a tree
 I just wanna be free.
 I hear an electric thunder
 But thank god I'm still up under.
 The coast is clear
 But I'm still shaking in fear.
 BOOM BOOM THWACK!
 The Electricity hit something.
 I think think and think
 But I hear a Drip from the outside water fountain sink.
 I go in a cave. I turn on my phone
 But instead I hear a loud loud moan.
 I panic and panic
 There's No way out!
 The freedom is almost blocked up about!
 I saw a bear!
 I climbed up a tree and I threw a pear.
 I saw fire in its eyes.
 It was so mad, I was so scared.
 It almost made me sad!
 THWACK! My eyes shrunk!
 The electricity hit the bear!
 I ran and ran to my house,
 I thought will this be the end!
 Will I ever get to feed my rare hen?
 I made it to my house!
 Then I slammed the door shut!
 It was over
 The storm went away
 Then I yelled yay!
 I got some popcorn and watch youtube.

Inika Byrd

Linkhorne Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Allison Ashton

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Hurricane

The wind
blows hard
with the
motion inside.
The rain with
in the tropical
storm. The
hurricane
is
created
with air
hot and
cold above
the calming
ocean: The hurricane
loses it's strength
and energy as
it moves across
our bright green
land. That is the the hurricane.

Sophie Cassidy

RS Payne Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Georgianna Cary

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Butterflies

Butterflies
Beautiful creatures
Fluttering in the sky.
Starts as a clear white,
Round,
Smooth egg.
Thus the egg stage.
Next green caterpillar,
Sixteen tiny legs,
A black face,
And fat.
Thus the larva stage.
Then from green,
To blue,
To black,
Then "crack!"
It hatches.
Thus the pupa stage.
Hatches and a beautiful colorful butterfly
Emerges
Flapping its wings to dry off
And then off it goes
Thus the adult stage.
Butterflies
Beautiful creatures
Colorful rainbows.

Courtney Johnson

Appomattox Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Melanie Ranson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Our Earth

Some things about our big planet true,
Many creatures, skies, and oceans blue,
The cloudy blanket that is never loud,
If we could touch them when allowed,
Under the sea as many fish as could be,
Beneath the pool a lonely manatee,
From an airplane you can see all these sights,
And the stars that shine in the sky, the lights,
We can sit in the shade under the trees,
And watch them dance in the elegant breeze,
Our planet has a very small, thin crust,
And the west is covered in gusts of dust,
We should stop hurting all the wildlife,
We should sit back and just enjoy our life

Olivia Judy

RS Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Matter the Family

Solid, liquid, and gas,
We are family,
We matter,
Solid, the oldest,
Filled with molecules of knowledge,
Gas, the youngest,
Always hyper, and all over the place,
Always running through his siblings.
Liquid, the middle child,
Constantly changing her mind,
Is she one shape or the other?
But Liquid, and her brothers.
They may be different,
But, they are family
And
We matter.

Sofia Khan

RS Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Weather

Whispering in your ear
Blueness in the sky
Calming
Wetness in the air
Tapping on your window
Wind blowing on your face
Rain is peaceful wherever you are

Elise Steeves

James River Day School
Grade 3
Teacher: Alison Cox

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Science Experiments

Gigantic explosions
Sticky slime
Test subjects
Color changing bottles
Mad scientists
Helpful medicine
Magical potions
Fizzy frenzy
Squishy crystals

Jeremiah Tryon

Appomattox Elementary School
Grade 4
Teacher: Kim Jones

Poetry OF SCIENCE

elementary school

Space

Space
No air
No life
No sound
But what it does have
Our galaxy, us
Downtrodden dwarfs like Pluto
Unique forms
Empty voids
Stars
Moons
Beautiful colors
Asteroids
Space

Brieanna Walters

RS Payne Elementary School

Grade 5

Teacher: Van Hoffman

Care of the World

This is not a poem about defiance,
But it is a poem about science.
This blue and green globe we call mother,
We have to be careful; we have no other.
The Earth has beautiful, lovely grace,
We need to be careful or we'll stop the human race.
We must be helpful and not litter
And cover the Earth with sparkles and glitter.
We like the animals on this sphere.
So we have to take care of them year after year.
We must pick up trash and put it where it belongs.
To make sure the animals can sing their special songs.
We want to take care of this world
And make sure the oysters stay pearled
The Earth is something we must protect.
It is one amazing art project.

Taylor Woodruff

Boonsboro Elementary School

Grade 4

Teacher: Mary Lee Reynolds

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Diamond

Deep in the Earth, with pressures larger
than you've ever seen,
There's a small fortune that's wedged in between,
A bright beauty with a brilliant sheen.
The value of this treasure keeps going up,
So when you find one you're more excited
than a young pup,
Five of these treasures could even fit in a
small measuring cup.
At long last it has reached its final state,
It's in a small box, a gift for his date,
She hugs him as he begins to stand straight.
They smile, and walk under the moon,
This diamond's job will not be done soon,
As of now they're on their honeymoon.

First Place

Dakota Justus

Nelson County Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Lisa Schoener

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

A Forgotten Memory

A Memory

A lost Memory

A Memory of the past

A Memory of depressing moments

A Memory of my darkest night

A Memory of death

A Memory of digging down to the deepest depth

A Memory of.... You

Second Place

Ian Nordlund

Linkhorne Middle School

Grade 8

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

What Our Eyes Can't See

You can see dogs and cats run around us
You can see fish in the sea abound, a surplus
But there are smaller things
Things our eyes can't see
Things that constantly surround us

It's just a drop of pond water!
What could possibly be in there?
Definitely nothing as big as an otter
Or a deer or a bear

It may seem gross
But if you look close
Into your microscope
You can see some of them moving
Some of them not
A few are tall and amusing
Some that are squat

Its color could be brown
It could also be blue
A few might be green
Some could be two

Their characteristics are all unique
There is nothing that I would tweak
Some have flagella
Some have antennae
They are quiet and very meek

Continued

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Most microscopic organisms are good for us
Some might not though, and cause us harm
I can't think of them all; there are so many
Naididae, and different types of worms
Amoeba, algae, animals all around!
Green algae, brown algae, arthropods
Rotifers, plankton and more have been discovered with
Our inventions, such as the microscope, have helped a lot

Now read the first letter of each line on that last verse
Bottom to top

Third Place

Abby Carpenter

James River Day School

Grade 7

Teacher: Todd Anderson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

The Water Cycle

A raindrop hits the earth.
Then another.
Then another.
The water patters down,
Slowly at first
But then
Faster
And faster
And faster
Until the torrents of rain beat against the trees
And pound on the roofs of the houses.
After the drops stop dropping,
They make their way into the stream,
into the river,
And finally into the ocean
And there they stay, slowly moving along,
Currents pushing, pulling,
Slowly releasing their hold.
They move south, warmer and warmer until
A drop of water escapes into the air
Then another.
Then another.
Then more join them,
Floating, flying into the sky.
Suddenly, colder
Colder and colder,
The vapor huddles together for warmth and
becomes a cloud
Flying lower, the air pressure drops and
A raindrop hits the earth.

Miriam Cate

Linkhorne Middle School Grade 8

Teacher: Katie Cyphert

Questions

I often ask questions:
Why is the sky blue?
Why do neutrons and protons connect as they do?
How can a single virus cell change how we feel,
What is the physics of the famous cartwheel?
I realize there are answers out there,
But what information is truly fair?
So much is out there, but how much is true?
I decided to ask a teacher who knew.
He told me that I should find for myself
Though he knew the answers, they were on the book-
shelf.
I flipped through the covers of all these books
Rummaged in the corners of the bookshelf's nooks
Hawking, Bryson, even Greene
Had so much to offer, beyond what I've seen
Their genius minds are out of this world
My thoughts and emotions, all in a whirl
I asked my teacher, how are geniuses made?
He said to me, well, they weren't afraid
To differ from society and do it their way.
So off I went, to study the gamma-ray.

Sophie Csatlos

James River Day School

Grade 7

Teacher: Todd Anderson

Mitosis

Mitosis is when a cell divides.
Identical daughter cells survive.
Immunoperoxidase helps to see each phase,
Prophase, Metaphase, Anaphase,
Telophase.
All complete this scientific maze,
to keep all us students amazed.
Prophase is when the chromosomes join
together, the nucleus disappears and
the two centriole's spindle fibers begin to tether.
In Metaphase the center is where the chromosomes
will go, the spinal fibers will connect and grow.
Anaphase is when the homologous pairs of
chromosomes split,
the chromosomes are pulled apart,
and on opposite sides of the cell they will sit.
The last stage is Telophase where two new nuclei
will be reformed.
Mitosis is complete and new cells are formed.

Nolyn Forehand

James River Day School

Grade 6

Teacher: Heather Guard

The Ocean: Free Verse

The navy waves, the crisp water
The crest falls over top of the rising current
The upwelling lets nutrients fly through the water
The wind energy blows the blue droplets right over the
edge of the wave
The water's musical sound was melody to my ears
The rushing and the satisfying sound of the sea mist,
bouncing off the waves
The fast flowing movement of the rip current
Causes the sand bars to separate
Leaving tiny streams of water to flow by
The ships were coming in fast at speed
The white curls of water glistened past me
The ocean salinity kept me raised
Above the surface zone I was afloat
The sand beneath my feet was squishy
As if I stepped on a little fishy
The ocean life was swarming around me
And I liked the feeling of being in the sea

Mary Elizabeth Kennedy

James River Day School

Grade 8

Teacher: Todd Anderson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

DNA

Double Helix strands that coordinate life
They are specifically coded to help you survive
Cause of biodiversity and why we're all unique
Changes can either make us stronger or weak
Those changes are called mutations and the sections are
genes
Your friend's strand is never the same as yours by any
means
They are the blueprints that shape our faces
And they are just made up of sugar and four nitrogen
bases
Guanine, Cytosine, Thymine, and Adenine
DNA is simpler than it may seem

Lucas Miller

James River Day School

Grade 6

Teacher: Heather Guard

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Beneath the Waves

There I sat, watching waves crash against the shore
I was entranced by the tides forever more
Curiosity gnawed at me, permeating my being
Exploring the depths would surely be freeing
The submersible awaited, it beckoned to me
I hopped in and traveled into the sea
The continental shelf opened beneath my feet
The sands scattered right under my seat
Down the continental slope did the sediment flow
Seeping into the expanse that stretched out below
The smooth surface looked as light as rain
As I made my way through the abyssal plain
A seamount emerged, towering overhead
A spike amidst the softness of the spongy seabed
Yet beneath me a new threat began to emerge
From beneath the Earth did the water surge
Plates smashed, a fault opened before my eyes
A tsunami grew to a titanic size
I scurried forwards, before I saw cracks in the Earth
I'd found the mid-Ocean ridge for what it was worth
Yet I could not dwell, for I had to return
From this trip I had gathered knowledge, from it I had
learned I was satisfied with it, I returned to the land
I felt the familiar tingle of the sand
What sights I had seen in the ocean blue
And so I gazed once more at its azure hue
One last time I sat there, just me and the sea
As I dreamt once more of its majesty

Noah Paul

James River Day School Grade 8

Teacher: Todd Anderson

Same Wavelength

You and me? I feel like we're on the same wavelength.
You've always been more redshifted; I feel like you're
always moving away. I've been more like gamma rays,
packed with energy and harmful in long term exposure.
Our relationship has been all over the spectrum.

If you took a spectrogram of our friendship, we'd
resemble an earthquake.

First came the prequake, when we first met.

It was chaotic, and kind of shook me.

Then came the P waves as we hung out more.

You were trying to get to know me.

But then, some S waves came. It may have been my
fault, but I only later fissured out what went wrong.

Our friendship went all over the place — up, down, side
to side — kind of like L waves.

Eventually, our friendship settled into R waves, a little
more consistent. But we haven't seen each other in
weeks. The last aftershock occurred four weeks ago.

Right now, I'm like an S wave and you're like the Earth's
liquid outer core. I can't get through to you.

Weston Richards

James River Day School

Grade 8

Teacher: Todd Anderson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

What Have We Done?

So much of our ocean is dying
Sometimes I feel like crying
We're causing so much pollution
We need to come up with a solution
With 71% of our earth being ocean waters
We're losing so many animals including sea otters
We put about 17.6 billion pounds of trash in the ocean
per year
I'm starting to have a lot of fear
By 2050, ocean plastic will outweigh all the ocean fish
And by all of that, it will make my only wish,
For all to see
This dreadful tragedy.

Jenna Shelton

Altavista Combined School

Grade 7

Teacher: Andrea Rice

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Mitosis

Cells are what make up every living thing we know.
Mitosis is what helps things we know grow.
While this is known many don't know the steps in
which cells recreate.
After this you won't be doltish for soon you'll be swift
like an infant mortality rate.
First comes interphase when they make the chromo-
somes.
Next come prophase when the nucleus fades like
Sherlock Holmes.
Then comes metaphase where they all line up
Next is Anaphase when they all divide it's very abrupt
We are almost done with this one's telophase.
When two nuclei are made it doesn't take days
Last is Cytokinesis it creates two new cells
When the sisters are parallel
I hope you learned something new
Soon this'll be deja vu.

Hayden Taylor

Paul Laurence Dunbar Middle
Grade 6

Poetry OF SCIENCE

middle school

Monsoon

Rain pours over dampened soil
And the sky is dark with ominous clouds.
Unlucky birds fly through their toil —
They have been caught in the endless shroud.
Booming figures dominate the sky
High above the floor.
Nature and life must all comply;
They cannot win this war.
But, at last, a hope appears
In the form of a sliver of light.
The sun brightens the frontier,
As the world has escaped its fight.
Now plants and animals alike
Can enjoy their rejuvenated supply.
Water, though savage belike,
Ends the world's perennial dry.
Wildlife plays in rivers and lakes,
As water sweeps the youthful plane.
They will never know the things at stake:
All life relies on the monsoon rain.

Amogh Thallapragada

James River Day School

Grade 8

Teacher: Todd Anderson

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Clear-Cutting

I cut and prepare fantasies,
A paper doll forest
From craft paper
In the Basement.
A sound bellows in my ears... Timber!
The door of grief opens,
I hear those sounds:
Howl, roar, hiss.
Trump wants to bypass
The roadless rule
Leaving species exposed.
Tongass and I hear
The same music.
24 hours cannot transpire
Without remission
Disappearing off the playlist.
Today,
I put on the headphones
Hit Play,
Timber by the Tongass Rainforest.

First Place

Joshua Staggers

Virginia Episcopal School
Grade 12
Teacher: Matt LaFreniere

The Sideways Eight

I have thought about the impossibilities
And wonders
Of the sideways 8.
Infinity is a never-ending number.
Subtract one from infinity.
You are left with infinity.
Subtract 107 from infinity.
Still infinity.
Take one billion from infinity,
Again, infinity.
Is it smaller than it was before?
Hazel Lancaster said
"Some infinities are bigger than others."
There is an infinity
Between 1 and 2.
But there is an even bigger infinity
Between 1 and 3.
Infinities are everywhere.
Two mirrors are facing each other.
An everlasting set of images are created.
The mirror reflects the mirror,
Which reflects the mirror,
Which reflects the mirror again.
They echo each other for eternity.
An asymptote is a line that a function will approach,
But never reach.
They will grow closer and closer.
The distance will shrink forevermore.
But they will never meet.
Ever.

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

The universe itself is an infinity.
An immeasurable volume of space and time.
Where did it start?
Where does it end?
Does it end?
If so, where is the borderline?
How does it just stop?
How does it not?
I have often pondered this.
How does such a number exist?
Is infinity even a number?
Not possible,
A number is definite.
Infinity is the opposite of definite.
Is infinity the opposite of a number?
If it's not a number,
Then what is it?
It's a notion, a concept, an idea.
An incomprehensible idea.

Second Place

Maria Ziegler

Jefferson Forest High School

Grade 9

Cross Section of a Dead Sea

The fish are alive,
So I thought they would swim,
But they don't.
I count the slippery gleams on their silver bodies-
Trace bumpy scales.
Spiny, shiny fish
Mouths agape and eyes boggling
Point their bodies at me.
They are still.
Their eyes are empty and they stare with dark intensity.
There is nothing there.
Then why these gel bodies?
They are dead.
At least skeletons can't stare.
My chest stiffens and I remember to breathe.
What is this icy void in my stomach? This quiet panic-
Wake up! Wake up!
Who froze you?
Move!
Crabs in the sand, still and stiff,
Crusty pinchers brittle.
Don't they scuttle?
Don't they hide?
Scurry away to your crevices
Or pinch me,
But don't stare at me like that!
Beady, black eyes with nothing behind them.
I should step on them-
Hear their bodies crackle
Barefoot-

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Heel grinding.
Wake up! Wake up!
I can't scream underwater.
My chest is dense and I believe it will anchor me.
I have to get out!
Out of this deep-world
Full of empty bodies.
Water is thick and I am weak.
My legs pulse and I sink.
I won't let my eyes gel,
Or my hands wax thick and numb.
I am alive.
I am.
I gulp water, desperate for air-
Heavy down my throat.
It bloats my stomach.
Stop!
Stop!
I'm changing.
My vision dissolves,
My lungs fail.
Please, God!
Let the next one get away.

Third Place

Rachel Clough

EC Glass High School

Grade 11

Teacher: Heather McCormick

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

In the Wind

We start out small, not knowing
What pain will contain for us,
like caterpillars.

Things may be steep for the
beginning part of our life. We work
hard, just to transition to the next phase,
persevering to become un-cocooned.
Once there, we flutter our wings quickly
just to be able to cruise.

We grow up just to avoid being eaten by other animals.
Even when the wind gets rough
and knocks us down, we strive to be the best
version of ourselves, and when we get
There, we struggle in the wind.

Hunt Bailey

Virginia Episcopal School
Grade 12
Teacher: Matt LaFreniere

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Math's Wonders

The specificity that guides a calculating mind
To search for numbers and shapes in kind.
From squares to cubes, to complicated combinations
Alongside lines and curves filled with many an inquiry.
There are thousands of ways to conduct the delivery,
Yet it all comes back to our original foundations.
The starting points of each equation are simple.
Whether it's subtraction and addition or to multiply and divide.

All help to solve the many a mathematical riddle
Which is where the world's fundamentals truly rely.
Even the simplest of numerals of the single digits
When combined with letters create extravagant constructions.

Oh, these glorious pictures made by functions,
They sometimes go on into their infinite limits.
Whether or not you dislike the world's functions, shapes,
and numbers I hope you see the beauty in math's creations and wonders.

Sarah Copeland

Heritage High School
Grade 12

Into the Reef

We live in the deep blue waters, which tumble beyond
the coral reef.

But it's warmer near the motherland.

There, through the ripples,

I've watched the lighthouse send her signal to an
invisible horizon,

The sky, a camouflage, next to the sea.

Eels and schools of fish hide undetected between
flooded ruins, under Maze Brain,

And the coral, a Tim Burton forest of distorted shapes
and broken limbs. Swimming back home, some young
whales take a detour towards these shallower parts.

At least I thought, but soon there was a blinding light
And shadows herded me into their trap;

A net, which trailed behind me like a veil I wore to my
own funeral.

I grappled with the soda cans, which weighed me down
on either side, working to disentangle myself.

But the net was lifted up,

When the fishermen saw their catch of the day, chewed
straws and barbie heads,

They dropped the trash back to the ocean floor.

Ainsley Eubank

EC Glass High School

Grade 10

Teacher: Heather McCormick

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Piss Off, Gravity

Graphs of acceleration labs dance in my dismay.
I picture the slope and the velocity.
I recall dropping a tennis ball and finding the data.
If my heart were the ball,
what data would I find,
How much can my heart change over time,
What mass can my love hold,
when the heart free falls?
I want to drop it,
graph the acceleration across
the world's slope--
would it notice?

Emme Gravely

Virginia Episcopal School
Grade 12
Teacher: Matt LaFreniere

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

The Mysteries of the Universe

Every night I want to solve the mysteries of the universe
How the stars align in such a way I can trace the outline
With my fingers and sustain my appetite to create
How the planets move around the sun
Not one planet undone
I stare up and wonder how it happens
Nothing else in this world can match it I wonder how
And I am left staring at the dark
Admiring the endless universe from afar
Could almost hear the elegant silence of creation
The inaudible whispers of destruction, quite amazing
I ache to hear it over and over again until my wonder
subsides But it never will unless I solve the mysteries of
tonight
But answers are interrupted by dawn, the waking light
Planets laid to rest, yet I'm not satisfied
I awaken and let myself be unanswered
Until tomorrow, I can only imagine the stars dancing
Where I can admire the universe from afar
Until then, I am left staring at the dark

Rebekah Jackson

Homeschool

Grade 11

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Exploration

I lie down in the grass during the night.
I feel my body pressed against the ground.
Gravity is what connects me to the core of others.
I touch the grass and graze it through my fingers.
When touching an object there
Will always be particles in between, so
In reality nothing is touchable.
Deep space is unreachable and is far
Unexplored. 11.8 billion years ago
The universe was formed. Human life
Is in the beginning stages of activity is just
At the start of space exploration. Life takes
Experience and will never be examined.
Take time to sit back and look at the stars.

Grayson Langston

Virginia Episcopal School

Grade 12

Teacher: Matt Lafreniere

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Scientific Opposites

Scientific Opposites

Anions of the past

Cations of the future

Both intertwined like on an epic adventure

What is to say about them

Are they the yin and yang

Perhaps like dusk and dawn

Opposites are connected

Like the molecules in the sky, they are intersected

Robas Mustafa

Heritage High School

Grade 10

Teacher: Jenny Ferrell

Matter Matters

I am in the fluffy clouds in the sky
I am in your favorite T-shirt's red dye
I am within your daughter's twinkling eyes
I can be any shape, color, or size
I am in the letters she sent that are written with love
I am inside the stars you made a wish on up above
I am within your mother's greyed hair
I am nestled between the gaps in your teeth
that you wish weren't there
I am in the record that you love to hear
I am inside of a single salty tear
I am in the trees that swish and sway in the wind
I am inside the band-aid you put on your knee when it
was skinned
I am everywhere, even in the air we breathe
I am especially part of the earth, wind, and sea

Avery Sprouse

Heritage High School

Grade 10

Teacher: Jenny Ferrell

Fires

The green of the grass beneath my feet
As I watch the earth burn in great heat
Australia is on fire.
And we just watch it grow higher and higher
We don't do anything, all we do is look in defeat
We need to fight before the devastation is complete
To help Australia's wildlife grow and flourish
To help it back on its feet we need to nourish
The sight might take your breath away
Or the smoke in the air may
Innocent animals crying
Helicopters carrying water flying
Everyone needs to start trying
So Australia can stop dying

Amelle St. Clair

EC Glass High School

Grade 9

Teacher: Heather McCormick

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

Digesting

If I swallow my feelings
I chew the anger and sadness
into tiny pieces,
Then my tongue will push them
Down my dark throat,
Tightly squeezed down the esophagus
And into my stomach.
My fear works hard to break them down
Giving a little to the liver, gallbladder,
Even the pancreas
(What does the pancreas even do?),
All the happiness and rage
Twirling through the small and large intestine wasted
away.

Lara Wood

Virginia Episcopal School

Grade 12

Teacher: Matt LaFreniere

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

The Known Universe

Natural immensity and simplicity
Manmade destruction,
The limitless possibilities
Undiscovered life of every corner,
Peace and serenity of the universe
Massive strength of the oceans,
Miniscule life to oversized beauty
Unaccounted for, unknown vastness,
A tapestry of life
All is one, one is all,
Connections from the bacteria to the stardust
Clear fresh waters full of with limitless life
Our canopies of atmospheres, clouds, trees,
Protecting us from the unknown
When the unknown is living with us
Among us

Grace O'Connell

Grade 11

EC Glass High School

Teacher: Heather McCormick

Poetry OF SCIENCE

high school

The Grooves

My cat got crushed by a rock.
A diseased, life-sucking rock,
The sand and the sediments sinking into him.
His brittle, decaying bones molded
Along the grooves,
Resting, nestled next to dinosaurs,
Buried effortlessly,
Eroded to nothing,
As wind that washes my lasting memories away.
Children giggle as they pick
Up their rocks, mix them into their mudpies,
See the filling crumple before
Them. Shocked screams echo as the bones,
Seep out of the muddied sand.
My cat got crushed by a rock,
Maybe even that rock.
And there was no trace, the evidence
Swept away with the heavy rain,
Dampening the soil,
Sinking the guilt deeper,
Like a fossil.

Megan Foster

Grade 12

Virginia Episcopal School

Teacher: Matt LaFreniere



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