

Oklahoma Poem Contest

1st Place: 9th-12th Grade

Family Dinner

Delicious, fried okra scooped onto my plate,
Hungry bellies waiting for the clock to strike eight.

The warm cornbread smell going straight to my nose,
With light, fluffy biscuits and gravy that flows.

All my options laid out for me to see,
From barbecued pork to black-eyed peas.

Grits, corn and chicken fried steak,
I eat and I eat all I can take.

But I'll always save room for Grandma's pecan pie,
I'll never get tired of eating under the Oklahoma sky.

--Patrick Strubhar

Oklahoma Poem Contest

1st Place: Adult

Scissortail

Scissortail, what do you see?

As you span through the clouds with the red dirt beneath.

Did you catch the rancher rounding up all his stock?

Or maybe the farmer out harvesting crop?

Did you glance at the oil rigs sitting out in the fields?

Or the railroad engineer hauling cars packed with steel?

Then you must have seen the journeyman working out on the lines,

Or the cop in pursuit that may not go home tonight.

Did you see the mama crying when her son chose to enlist?

Or the teacher staying late again to finish grading tests.

Each individual's skill is a pivotal design,

In allowing our state to continue to thrive.

So our motto "Labor Conquers All" seems to prove itself true,

But I guess you know that, Scissortail, since you've got a bird's eye view.

--Hannah Ewton

Oklahoma Poem Contest

3rd Place: Adult

My Blood is Red Dirt

My blood is the dirt of my land.
Where my heart is forever the child running free.
Where the road ended at the edge of town...the last,
Of innocence ripped from place and harmony.
From the fields of purple vetch,
Magnetite and rose rocks are now covered by houses,
The smell of evening in the Oklahoma wind as it kissed my face,
Red rover red souled red dirt woman...red heart,
Martian soil...fields of wheat...the bell to ring us home at night...
Street lights gone out as the last of hide and seeks stragglers
Tried to walk so slowly home and catch the horney toads who spit the red...
... gypsie soul that cries for home that never finds peace...
The nomad mind that roams alone and never finds release...
The tears the roll not down a face,
But down a lifetime feel the chase of hearts.
Why this sorrow in my cup?
Why here for me to drink it up?
What purpose does the memory serve?
The ache of time's exposed nerve...
Armour that the soldier heart
Can build around the softer part.

--Mary McCloskey

Oklahoma Poem Contest

2nd Place (tie): K-4th Grade

The Oklahoma Flag

At first I was red and white

But it seems they changed over night.

Now I look like a blue field,

Covered with an Osage shield.

With seven feathers and a pipe

And an olive branch, together we unite.

Flying over the capitol, looking great,

Symbol of the 46th state.

And to this day it still stands

Flying over the prairie lands.

--Alexander Spruill

Oklahoma Poem Contest

2nd Place (tie): K-4th Grade

The Oklahoma Redbud Tree

The redbud is Oklahoma's state tree.

It is one of the prettiest sights you'll see.

Pink blossoms brighten the Sooner State.

It is worth the long winter wait.

The redbud's sweet fragrance fills the spring air.

This deciduous tree's beauty makes you stare.

A symbol of Oklahoma since 1937.

Truly a gift from heaven.

Its heart-shaped leaves are reddish-pink.

It won't last long so don't blink.

The Oklahoma sun turns the leaves green.

It changes the scene.

--Kaylee Porter

Oklahoma Poem Contest

3rd Place: K-4th Grade

Mama Bison

Mama bison, Mama bison

Oh, how pretty you are protecting your calf.

Oh what a great parent.

Mother of the year award goes to mama bison.

Are you Ned? Are you Ted?

No, you are a superhero mama.

Hero: I like the sound of that.

Oh bison you are very protective.

Mates mate with fifty females.

Is that cheating?

But our focus is the mom.

How do you do it, mama bison?

Everyone should take lessons from you.

Oh mama bison,

Loving your calf and protecting your calf.

The best mom yet to come.

--Leslie Bernal

Oklahoma Poem Contest

1st Place: 5th-8th Grade

Scissortailed Flycatcher

I watch a bird near a firewheel flower.

Noticing his watcher he prepares for flight.

He flaunts his two tails while flying to his tower.

His white chest shines brightly in the sunlight.

His beautiful mate greets him with a kiss.

Their hatchlings begin to chirp wanting food.

They serve them lunch with wonderful bliss.

The couple beams with pride at their brood.

They live on the bough of a redbud tree;

Their nest is filled with love and serenity.

I think they must be happy just like me,

To live in Oklahoma, the land of the free.

--Lahna Erwin

Oklahoma Poem Contest

2nd Place: 5th-8th Grade

Raccoon Visitor (State Furbearing Animal)

Raccoon, raccoon
In the light of the moon
Eating some delicious prunes.

I see you there, late at night
While the stars shine so bright
On you, as you chew and bite.

Some people think you're scary,
Like my agrizoophobic Uncle Gary
But I think I'll offer you a cherry.

Oh, you don't like the cherry?
Maybe you'll like a strawberry?
No? Not a blueberry or raspberry?
I guess your taste in fruits does not vary.

I hope you don't knock over my trash bin,
It's filled with gross stuff like potato skins.
And if you do, my face will not wear a grin.

One thing of you that I ask,
Why do you wear that dark, inky mask?
I hope you're not a burglar, with stealing tasks.

Are you leaving my humble home now?
I hope you had enough chow.
Goodbye, adios, ciao!

--Ivy Snyder

Oklahoma Poem Contest

3rd Place: 5th-8th Grade

Scissor-Tailed Flycatcher

Steel scissor-tailed flycatchers,
Midnight tails and wings,
Hidden throughout the day,
Reemerging in the spring.

I see them passing by,
Groups flying all around.
Simply soaring through the sky,
As I hear a soft whoosh.

They migrate before the winter,
And come back in spring.
They still look slender,
And sometimes I hear them sing.

While they were away,
The mother had her chicks.
They came back before May,
And they learned lots of tricks.

They learn how to fly,
And what to eat.
Now they soar through the sky,
And occasionally have a treat.

--Ashley Smith