



Dark & Scary Poem Contest 2021 Winners

K-5th Grade

- 1st, Ivy Scott, Locust Grove OK
2nd, Teresa Manimala, Stillwater OK
3rd, Cora Eatherly, Tishomingo OK

6th -12th Grade

- 1st, Kate Thomas, Grove OK
2nd, Kendal Jackson, Grove OK
3rd, Wesley Laney, Grove OK

Adult

- 1st, Brittany Johnson, Rose OK
2nd, Helen Patterson, Broken Arrow OK
3rd (tie), David Gaberman, Farmington Hills MI
LaVern Spencer McCarthy, Blair OK

1st Place, K-5th Grade

Ivy Scott

Locust Grove OK

Halloween Day

Zombies, witches, ghouls, and ghosts
Lots of sounds and moans to croaks
Jack- o -lanterns on porches
Their candles inside flickering like torches
On this day they all come out
Monsters that is...walking, running about
Candies in colors from green to black
Hidden inside a witch's sack.
Lots of monsters come out to play
On this very spooky day
Mummy's tombs line up the street,
While the occupants go to find something sweet to eat
All the monsters have something to say!
"Trick or treat" on this hallow eve's day

2nd Place, K-5th Grade

Teresa Manimala

Stillwater OK

Halloween Spirit

The night of jack-o-lantern
The vampire's pointy fangs
The Frankenstein's eyeball bangs
and also the zombie's bony hands

The mummy's eyes are glowing green
The werewolf, he looks oh so very mean
With pointy teeth sticking right in your face
Oh the ghost, he leaves no trace
He's not even been seen
Oh the witch, she's not really keen
The princess and fairy
Try to keep things merry
But no one can kill the Halloween spirit!

The Halloween treats
The trick-o-treat sweets
If one gives you a trick
like a sour lemon bite
Tell 'em you can't have it
And give them a big fright

It's Halloween...
And no one can kill the HALLOWEEN SPIRIT!

3rd Place, K-5th Grade

Cora Eatherly

Tishomingo OK

Pennywise

Pennywise

In the end he dies

He's a clown

His frown is upside down

He feeds on fear

When the time is near

He leaves children in the grave

Deep in the sewer

Deep in his cave

He has a red nose

Teeth as sharp as thorns on a rose

He'll give you such a fright

He comes out day and night

Now Pennywise is on his way

Now's the time to be most afraid

1st Place, 6th-12th Grade

Kate Thomas

Grove OK

The House of Brown

The crows mocked me
As I held my head down
Walking through a decrepit neighborhood
Towards the house of brown

Her slender fingers had curled up towards my ear
This odd lady who smelled of rosemary and sage
Whose voice was rough
Who wore a dark cloak all day
She whispered with haste
“The house of brown is near”
And as soon as she came, she left
So I set out to find that house, feeling uncertain and bereft

“Caw, caw” the crows wouldn’t quiet
I began to walk faster
Sure that these vicious crows would start a riot

Then, when the sun had fallen
And the sky was a dull gray
I found it on that very day
A lopsided house stood in front of me
Covered with a muddy, weather beaten paint
The windows were shattered,
The doorway frowned,
The roof sagged,
And so did my shoulders, as I came closer

I rang the dusty doorbell
And I practically swallowed my throat
The door flung open and I slowly walked in
That smell, of rosemary and sage, immediately flooded my nose
Someone then whispered, “Come on down”
And a lady from the back of the room arose
She cackled like a witch, “Welcome to the sad old house of brown”

Why was it a sad house

Why did it frown
When yet a wicked feeling crawled up my spine
These inquiries flew about my mind
But then I heard it
The cries of the lost and disheartened
They sounded from above
And from the walls and the ground
And as soon as I heard it, that odd woman crept closer
And I so desperately tried to leave
But a deep and sudden sorrow overtook me
I fell to the floor
Listening more
To the cries of those who were captured

I know I will become one of them too
Who are stuck in fear and sorrow
Inside this horrible place
Inside this . . . house of brown

2nd Place, 6th-12th Grade

Kendal Jackson

Grove OK

Frankenstein

It's Halloween, and I am green.
The bolts in my neck are tight.
I am eight feet tall, and my coat's a little small.
I'm ready to fight this spooky season.

If you see me, you better run.
Or bring your torches and pitchforks.
They might protect, but don't expect to
chase me off your porches.

I'll shamble to your door.
I'll grunt and groan and wail and moan.
I'll shout and shriek and roar.

I'll have you scared, so be prepared, and
keep your pitchforks close.
I'm Frankenstein, please give me your candy!

3rd Place, 6th-12th Grade

Wesley Laney

Grove OK

Ghost

Hidden, unable to be seen, not heard.
Yelling made into whispers. And still not seen.
Look in the mirror no one there,
the only semblance of my existence is an orb of light,
White light only seen in camera film,
or recording. Talking still no response,
standing in plain view the only semblance
of my presence is a stationary icy cold
frozen in place. I see the place of my birth but I don't,
I live where others do, and it changes,
They change the blue walls or green ceiling.
They sit at a table and talk about a day.
A day I never experienced.
I'm stuck here watching all time unfold and still i'm not there,
they walk through me getting shivers,
Yet never questioning why. I can't be seen.
My screams are whispers.
I see unfamiliar people talking.
Sometimes I make lights flicker,
the yellow bulb going on and off.
Sometimes I can knock on the white door.
But I can't be seen. What should I do?
I fear the unknown yet I am the unknown.
I don't get attention yet crave it and don't receive it,
and when I do it's a sweet yet bitter after taste.
I am desperate now, very desperate, so desperate
I can scratch people.
I start to resort to violence i don't feel their skin
which looks smooth and they don't feel me until
after I've done the thing. This is my plea.
I want interaction. Please!

1st Place, Adult

Brittany Johnson

Rose OK

The House That Never Sleeps

I've been here before
In the house that never sleeps
It used to sit at the end of a dirt road
Sick and alone

Kids tried to scare each other
Tried to make
The ghosts
Come out

They didn't understand

Now it's rotting
Like a sunken temple of horror
Left to play tricks
On hobos
And junkies

Look at it mocking me
Face like a jack-o'-lantern
I've never really left
Have I?
Never forgot
The evil behind every blackened door

How it showed me
Hanged men
In penguin suits
And bow ties
And little girls
Stuck in the cellar
Chained to their own filth

Does it still possess its power?
Or am I the one haunting it?

The door creaks open

I can feel it awaken

HELLO MR. SUMMERS it says

(or am I the one haunting it?)

Hello I say

2nd Place, Adult

Helen Patterson

Broken Arrow OK

Murdering the Seagull

I was neither drunk
nor sober, and the gloaming made me
bold. I saw the dirty white
of the bird nestled against the green
mound where the fairies slept.

I caught the bird's eye, a living tiger's stripe,
distracted, he didn't know his peril.
My lover came 'round behind
with drunken feet, his gentle
hands encircled the bird's neck.

Who would have believed the sudden
wrath of dirty white
wings, flecked with grey
calligraphy strokes?
Its cry grated against my skin.

The cry became the curse of
an ancient place, of green, wind, sea.
The bird: a pastel Wight against the darkening sky,
and I felt my bones shiver as my lover
strangled off the sound.

His hands were alien
scuffling things; wings hung
meekly. Silence fell.

The open eyes stared still,
accusing me.

My lover is gone,
but our rash cruelty remains
in hollow bird-bones.
The seagull's curse beats
in tandem with my lonely
heart.

3rd Place (tie), Adult

David Gaberman

Farmington Hills MI

Bugs and Kisses

Country road to nowhere on a dry October night
Desperate for black coffee to make everythin' all right
Wyomin's full of rabbits
but these wheels don't seem to care none
They only brake for java
Stoppin' 40 tons ain't no fun

Rolled into a dim deserted gravel parkin' lot
Slump'd into an old cracked booth
Eyed apple pie for my sweet tooth

Dust caked yellow windows
Dirty crescent moon
October three am
What in Hell did I just do?

Reflections in my coffee spoon
say I am upside down
Jackknifed and jus' waitin'
for the man to take me down

No truer lie was spoken
before the words "I do"
Til death do us part-
Who knew it'd end so soon

Dead miles of empty road
Everywhere I turn
Never fail to learn
Always gettin' burned

However far I ride
I keep picturin' the mound
It's almost Devil's Night
It ain't never gettin' found

When anger hit her jaw

Jealous red was all I saw
Bugs and kisses
Envy green

Didn't even hear a scream

Up and down the Interstate
Twirlin' a bloody ring
A cauldron of black coffee
washin' down amphetamines

Workin' on my story
'cause I gotta get it right
I came home but she was gone
She took her weddin' ring to pawn...

What more can I say
I don't wanna make a scene
Miss the missus' hugs and kisses

Happy Halloween

3rd Place (tie), Adult

LaVern Spencer McCarthy

Blair OK

Halloween Night

Outside my door a spirit growls.
An orange-eyed cat perfects its howls.
A thousand leaves I thought were gone
are dancing jigs upon the lawn
on Halloween.

The north wind plays a ghostly tune
to serenade the pumpkin moon
While witches roam and goblins fly,
a skeleton goes shuffling by
on Halloween.

This eerie night is full of eyes.
I won't be taken by surprise.
Let other souls behold the dead.
I'll spend my night beneath the bed
on Halloween.