

## 2017 Student Grand Champions

Dear Poets,

Students submitted over 2,700 entries in our Thirty-First Annual Student Poetry Contest of 2017. We are proud to see so many talented students writing poetry! Listed are the Grand Champions for each category. There are also 5-10 additional winners in each category that are not listed.

Please join us Sunday, June 4<sup>th</sup>, 2017 from 12-2PM, at the Walt Whitman Birthplace to celebrate your writing excellence. State Senator Carl Marcellino and Huntington Town Councilwoman Susan Berland will offer congratulatory remarks. Grand Champions will read their winning poems. All winners will receive a certificate and a gift bag prize.

Thank you and congratulations!

Sincerely,  
Cynthia Shor  
*Executive Director*

### Grand Champions

#### Category A- Individual Poem- Grades 3 & 4

**Tesse Burke/ "A Beautiful Song, a Beautiful Sound"**

**Bosti Elementary School**

#### Category B- Individual Poem- Grades 5 & 6

**Muskan Kumar/ "I Dreamed a Dream of a Brand New World"**

**Wisdom Lane Middle School**

#### Category C- Individual Poem- Grades 7 & 8

**Nathan Barry/ "The City That Was Mine"**

**The Laurel Hill School**

#### Category D- Individual Poem- Grades 9 & 10

**Hadar Leybov/ "Disaster"**

**North Shore Hebrew Academy High School**

#### Category E- Individual Poem- Grade 11 & 12

**Sophia Takvorian/ "Tall Grass"**

**Manhasset High School**

#### Category F- Individual Anthology 3-12

**Christian Ramos/ "The Thoughts of a Quiet One"**

Category C – Individual Poem - Grades 7 & 8

**Nathan Barry**

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**“The City That Was Mine”**

I dreamed that love was in the air between the people of a certain city,  
A city of harmonious people who helped each other up and shared.  
They were kind, and it was if they were one.  
Every voice spun through the air and was caught like a ball,  
Every opinion was voiced, and the city advanced in compromise and joy.  
A beautiful harmony, majestic and graceful like a bluebird,  
And the buzz of the town’s people flew,  
While sounds of chit-chatter rang like a bell.  
The sweet soothing serenading smell of Grandma Sally’s pie,  
Wafted and danced in the streets,  
A melody that kept the land they lived in alive. But most of all,  
They listened, they heard, and they understood  
When they grew more, and understood more.  
It mattered not the land of their birth, or the shades of their skin.  
Strength comes in numbers, while numbers come from uniting every voice,  
The voice of agreement and disagreements taught about their life and beliefs.  
It was happy and the passion of the people was a red rose on every windowsill  
In that dream of a city that was mine.