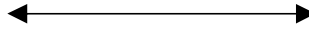


*****POETRY – 7TH GRADE*****



3rd Place

Silence and Stars

Olin Xia

Dorris-Eaton School, San Ramon
Teacher: Sydney Maxwell

In the silent French countryside, dusk turns to night,
From the view overlooking the town – a tree with much height.
The array of blues sprinkled with stars on display,
With cerulean to cyan to azure is this ombré.
The evening chill overshadows the ground,
Making the hills over yonder blue and black bound.
The rolling hills' grass is rustling in the breeze,
Topped with clouds undulating like the seas.
The tiny village's houses emit a faint glow,
Next to the windows, small candles burning so slow.
The center of the town, one can spy,
A tall church tower spire that touches the sky.
This evening the townsfolk gaze up in awe,
The spectacular view was what they saw,

Bordering the town, a dark forest lies,
Rising from the trees, a lark squawks and flies.
The beautiful crescent moon is a slice of gold, shining,
Magnificently and bright, with its cold white lining,
The sight tonight will be forever unique,
The stars, they shine, forever so chic.