

A Forest so Serene
By Grace Flanagan
First Place Poetry
Young Adult Division and
Judges Choice Award

Wandering wistfully over worn path,
I stumbled upon a forest so serene.

Journey through barren realms;
O'er driving river, muted elms.
Found me not what I sought.
But here, my Camelot.

Velvety moss soothed my feet.
Resplendent meadowsweet,
soft murmur of warbler wings,
and gentle violets' awakenings.

Whispering brook ran through,
Blooming trillium new.
Bits of white and green,
rabbit ears velveteen.

Golden leaves trembled in the air,
and silence hung like a prayer,
lifting mind to higher thoughts.
I knew I found the place I sought,

independent of ideals mean.
Distant from society daft.
The quiet path.