3rd GRADE WINNERS

Ninja
I see a ninja flying high.
The ninja flies so very high.
The ninja dodges stars in the sky.
The ninja flies fast and fighting.
He is a true ninja.
The ninja likes video games.
He doesn't call people names.
He usually listens to his mother.
He always plays with his brothers.
by Wyatt DeShong
3rd grade, Carden Academy of Maui

Copy Cat
I played with my shadow
Under the sun
I jumped like a frog
I stretched like raffly
I curled like a pretzel
Copy Cat jumped, stretched, and curled
Then I slipped under my umbrella
and Copy Cat left silently on padded paws
by Jocelyn Chen
3rd grade, St. Theresa Catholic School

Little Things
Little things are joyful
Hoku sleeping.
With her head over her paws.
Zeny asleep.
All curled up in a ball.
When I'm serving
The volleyball.
Washing my dogs.
Climbing a tree.
Reading a book.
Little things are joyful.
by Bailey Anderson
4th grade, Carden Academy of Maui

My Dog Inky
My Dog
Lizard-chasing Maniac
Soft Soft she smells One
Crouch Down, Low, Slowly
Slowly, Pounce
Run Run
Through the grass Run
Through the bush
Crunch...
...
A wiggly squiggly tail!
But no Lizard.
by Tessa Joy Barbosa
4th grade, Punahou School

Poems
Poems,
They have wings
and they soar around
and then land back on your paper.
They glide with a step
and then land back on your paper.
Some poems are funny and some are not.
Some have rhymes and some do not.
But if they stop with a glide
and glide with a step
I guarantee they are poems.
by Lucy Chalkeian
3rd grade, Mid-Pacific Institute

The Best Thing in the World
So brand new
Dressed in blue.
Chubby cheeks
I've waited for weeks.
I love him more than any other.
He is Brandon, my baby brother.
by Justin Shimizu
3rd grade, Mililani Ike Elementary

Canyons
Steep walls of granite
Look at the river slither
Down the rocky floor
by Andrew Kobato
3rd grade, l'analani School

3rd Grade Honorable Mention

Pogo Sticks
by Zorran Cullinan
Mid-Pacific Institute

4th GRADE WINNERS

The First Time I Saw Snow
As the snow falls
In the state of Washington
I run excitedly through the door
I find myself caught in a snow fantasy
I see tiny white angels drifting down
Sent from a goddess above
The snow covered trees
Are pillars of the ice castle.
by Kimi Morimitsu
4th grade, Punahou School

5th GRADE WINNERS

What Brothers are For
My brother runs to me
On my tiny feet
Brown hair flying everywhere
"thump, thump, thump, thump"
When he sees me he cries
"Line!"
and watches silently
with kind eyes
When I'm alone he asks
To play soccer together.
"You play with me!"
But when angry he
punches and kicks
"punch, punch, kick, kick"
But after all that night he tells me,
"Goodnight sis!"
and hugs me.
For I love him, and he loves me
for family is made to
love each other
by Lina Chung
5th grade, l'analani School

Rocky
Across the street,
Keeping his eyes straight at me,
Said, large ebony eyes,
He jumps and asks,
"Will you come pet me?"
Like a sandy monster with four legs,
Leaping, like a ferocious wolf,
He beckons me,
To come and play with him,
Earthly, foul aroma,
The smell of wet dog wafts to my face.
Rattle, rattle, chink
Sing the chains that imprison him all day
Whispering and crying.
Wanting to get out of the chains,
To play with his owners.
Dreaming of being played with,
Running freely.
Some day he will run freely.
But now, locked to a fence the way a dog
should never be,
A prisoner of the chains.
by Dante Hirata-Epstein
5th grade, l'analani School

Ocean Waves
A large blue wave with white foam
Forever crashes and pulls on the shore
Crash Pull Crash Pull
A salty spray burns my throat
and stings my eyes
Yet the ocean still crashes strong.
Crash Pull Crash Pull
Pokey sea glass, coral, and shells being shown
like leaves in a windstorm
The ocean doesn't care, it just goes,
Crash Pull Crash Pull
To the ocean, marine life is as common as
sand on the beach,
So the ocean ignores it and goes on
Crash Pull Crash Pull
The ocean doesn't want to leave the hot sand.
But it must, pulled back by Poseidon
Crash Pull Crash Pull
No matter what, the deep blue waters will always go
Crash Pull Crash Pull
On the hot white sand
by Kimberly Ogata
5th grade, l'analani School

Birds
I'm sitting in tutoring
At the window,
where you can see little birds sitting
on the edge of the building,
looking down at the bird seed,
some more fed them.
They're there every day.
Suddenly, the birds start
To flutter down,
like leaves falling off a tree.
Woo Whoosh!
A bunch soar down.
Then one by one,
they fly back up again.
by Cioe Coza
5th grade, Carden Academy of Maui

Just Me
Just me
In my room
Blue walls
Fan above
Cork below
Rough Logos
Bathroom to left
Bookshelf to right
Just me
Smell nothing
Hear nothing
Just me
Legos and instructions
Happy calm peace
Nothing else matters.
Nothing else is there
But me
Me
Just me.
by Ben Falls
5th grade, Carden Academy of Maui

6th GRADE WINNERS

Rising
3:45 on Thursday
In a room with white floors, shiny wood bars,
and an AC turned on high
I feel the cold mousse on my hair
I pull my new shiny light pink wooden pointe shoes on
for the first time.
I see the smooth light pink ribbons curving gracefully around my ankle
I stand up on my toes
My knees slightly bending
Seeing myself rising up from the ground
for the first time.
by Riko Tomakowa
6th grade, Seabury Hall

View winning and honorable mention poems online under “Star Poets 2009” at windward.hawaii.edu/poets.
Also, read the poems of 18 past Star Poets winners in Honolulu Stories, a collection of 200 years of writing, edited by Gavan Daws and Bennett Hymers.
Wet Black Paint

Wind whistles in my ear, floating through all of old Makawao town. An aroma of wet paint wafts to my 11-year-old nose. The pokey dark green grass prickles my toes. “It’s now or never,” I think to myself. I pick up the cold metal painting roller. Smothered in black paint the roller paints, rolling all over light blonde hair, bare feet, and colorful clothes. All over my astonished friend.

by Sophie M. Janssen
6th grade, Seabury Hall

Conquering the Baby Gate

One baby gate can hold in one baby but how about three?
It was a dark night and our Labrador snored loudly. The pink wood footboard of my crib in one hand, the plastic baby gate in the other. My black & white checkered kitty cat staring at me through button eyes. My giraffe ambles over gracefully with a flick of the wrist he is gone. The half-eaten pear now begins his journey outside the car. I rush inside to my second home. I sit there awestruck. An alarm goes off in my brain. An aroma of my grandmother’s cooking brings the sweet and spicy aromas of in triumph. I open my eyes as wide as I can. The breeze returns, caressing my hair. Someone shouts, “Shush!” Memories littered upon the desert. The sun warms the grass, the pavement, the tastes lingering on my tongue. The inside of a Hot Pocket? It twists then snaps back into his mouth. I remove the fiber cracker from my pocket. Uncle Elvin hand makes vanilla cream horns. "Muahahahaha!" laughs the hot pocket. "What will it look like?" He radiates gentleness. The pokey dark green grass prickles my toes. "It’s now or never," I think to myself. Feverishly through all of old Makawao town. The breeze returns, caressing my hair. "What will it look like?" In 2012? But Big Foot isn’t like most kids either. Not like most parents. He twists then snaps back into his mouth. The warm satisfaction. That survived.

by Matt Tokimoto
8th grade, Le Jardin Academy

7th GRADE WINNERS

Oasis

When it snows in Arabia
Memories littered upon the desert
Drift into an eternal sleep
Under a thick, white blanket.

by Mikiko Takato
7th grade, Hiso Intermediate School

Good Morning, Yard

Crisp grass, dew sprinkled.
The weeds grow high and tickle my legs. The sun warms the grass, the pavement, my face, warms my face. Wind whips the air, trees shiver and twich. It is early morning, a neighbor’s baby cries and whines. A dog barks loudly. Someone shouts, “Shush!” The breeze returns, caressing my hair. "What will it look like?" The inside of a Hot Pocket? It twists then snaps back into his mouth.

by Frishan Paulo
7th grade, Iolani School

Creepy Parenthesis

Parenthesis, trapping numbers like a rat trap
Holding on to integers
BAM! As the parenthesis closes down on the numbers
The numbers squeal like baby mice
Parentheses are like dungeons for numbers
in triumph. I open my eyes as wide as I can. The breeze returns, caressing my hair. Someone shouts, “Shush!” Memories littered upon the desert. The sun warms the grass, the pavement, the tastes lingering on my tongue. The inside of a Hot Pocket? It twists then snaps back into his mouth. I remove the fiber cracker from my pocket. Uncle Elvin hand makes vanilla cream horns. "Muahahahaha!" laughs the hot pocket. "What will it look like?"

by Kelly Kuchenbecker
7th grade, Le Jardin Academy

Working at Elvin’s Bakery

I race my brother, Brandon, through the back door of mom’s bakery to run the cash register during winter vacation. Brandon serves customers. Sand art pictures hang in handmade koa wood frames. Cases display cakes, bread pudding, lemon bars, and crème brulee. Uncle Elvin hands makes vanilla cream horns in the back one-by-one to the tunes of Krater 96 and the noise of the traffic outside. A customer asks me to microwave her Portuguese Sausage Roll. It finishes heating, the aroma of gooey, melted cheese and Portuguese sausage wafts around the cafe. Customers might say one dollar and fifty cents is a lot for one cup of coffee. Not if you’re using a seventeen thousand dollar cappucino machine! The fragrance of a freshly brewed cup of coffee is slightly overwhelming. Fortune strikes while I am working. A customer comes to pick up a Christmas order. She pays for it and gives me a twenty dollar tip. How about that!

by Eugene Au
7th grade, Iolani School

Feeding the Giraffe

I stand by the wooden railing, surrounded by shrieking toddlers. I scan the possible candidates—and then, Our eyes meet. His neck is long and thin and covered in ruddy patches. His big eyes look curiously at me, innocent and wild at the same time as heelope. This is the one, they said. My giraffe ambles over gracefully then leans his slender neck over the fence.

by River Rande
6th grade, Seabury Hall

8th GRADE WINNERS

Randomisticness

Refrigerators Are the source of life Without them We’ll all die from Brain eating flesh cancer Chickens They give us eggs They gave us green eggs and ham But what they didn’t give us was Chuck Norris Will the world end In 2012? What will it look like? The inside of a Hot Pocket? It twists then snaps back into his mouth. The warm satisfaction. That survived.

by Erin Voas
7th grade, Le Jardin Academy

7th Grade Honorable Mention

Warm Satisfaction by Austyn Lee, Iolani School

Ode to Big Foot

Feet as big as a purple dinosaur Hair like some kind of Sasquatch He roams around unseen Like he’s a Ninja or something But he doesn’t dress in black Because he’s not gothic He doesn’t even wear clothes Almost like he’s some kind of rebel Because rebels do what they want And do crazy shenanigans like crazy teenagers do With skateboards and punk rock music Only he listens to me That’s because he was teased as a child 'Cause his feet resembled purple dinosaurs He was also abused by his dad, Godzilla Plus his mom was an angry cleaver who threatened him Not like most parents But Big Foot isn’t like most kids either He’s different than other people ‘Cause he has big feet

by Colburn Hopkins
8th grade, Le Jardin Academy

A Picture

Laminated, On the wall, She was sleeping in the tractor cab, Her head upon his lap, Her body lying across Across the shepherd’s blanket. She slept a dreamless sleep Her sweet, innocent face Calmly waiting there, For the dreadful heat of Kansas To be over.

by Shakeema Powers
8th grade, Garden Academy of Maui

Iris’s Waipahu

“Let’s lose her,” I told my best friend Elaine. We started to speed walk from August Ahrens To the middle of Hauf Canal Road. Trying to get rid of my little sister Alma My feet covered in dirt like salt covers a pickled plum I washed them off in one of the many mud holes We almost missed him, the Yasai man The best candy in all of Waipahu Pickled ginger, dried ika, fresh fish The Bonsang walked around with his ruler Checking if anyone was eating I closed my eyes as tight as I could As hard as a stick of sugarcane I felt his ruler come slamming onto my back
Then Japanese class was done
I was free to chase the boys around the yard,
play marbles in the dirt
I remember at nighttime I would run around
and watch the boys spear toads
I felt kinda bad for the toads I got over it

by Grace Kimura
8th grade, Punahou School

Psidium Guajava
(“One of a Kind”)
Traveled to our tropic island in the middle of the sea.
When young, a dark green, which matches its taste —
horrid.
When perfect, the guava is a light yellow,
When aged, a dark yellow
Then brown, then black.
Its radiant smooth surface is covered
With black spots and depressions,
Has its own unique scent.
Like all old people
A combination of a ping pong ball and a lemon.
The sound of it splattering onto a concrete floor
Is like a flat tennis ball,
Whacking someone smack in the forehead
A strange sound, a sound heard often.
Its only meaning in life is to reproduce
and create more trees,
Or a source of nourishment for ourselves.
The guava has no answers, it has no opposites.
It is itself.

by Reid Nakamoto
8th grade, Punahou School

8th Grade Honorable Mention
On The Streets by Christian Kim, Punahou School

9th Grade WINNERS
Shy Guy
Shy Guy
Quinn, average
Never in front of the class, always at the fringes of a group,
ever in the spotlight of attention
Shy Guy
Sometimes there, but mostly invisible
They are always aware of their surroundings
yet their surroundings aren’t always aware of them
Shy Guy
Concealing their emotions and life in a plain white mask
Hiding both blemishes and beauty
Both flawless and imperfect at the same time
Shy Guy
A closed clam for somebody
Someday
To pry open and reveal something
Someone vibrant and priceless, valuable and precious
A brilliant, sparkling pearl of attitude and emotion
from an ordinary bland white façade of a shell
Shy Guy
by Kenton Nakamura
9th grade, Iolani School

Answers for You
Can I ride a dinosaur?
To ride life
You first must go out
And find it.
Why is the grass green?
It grows within Mother Nature herself
Leaving the red Christmas soil behind
Why is the sky blue?
The sky is the mirror of the sea
Reflecting for eternity
For all of time to see
Can I have a puppy?
Do you have the responsibility
A father owes to his daughter?
Do you love me?
Is the sky blue?
Does the sun rise
And the earth move?
Why do I have to take a bath?
All of the water is a fountain of youth
With every dip you come out
Brighter and new

by Bridget Tharp
9th grade, Mid-Pacific Institute

A Wise Old Man
History spends his afternoon tea with English
and they talk, cryptic talk,
regarding the lore of old
Alexander the Great and Shakespeare
Napoleon and Homer.
But every so often a child,
a curious child
will defy the warnings of his friends and sit down
and talk with History
and delve into the depths of experience
that the old man has to offer
and that wise child
will find a love for History
that he never knew he had.

by Zalman Bernstein
9th grade, Iolani School

The Freedom of Speed
White surrounds me,
hugs me like a blanket
as snowflakes fall
but quickly whip away.
As I race forward,
the wind screams at me
to stop
and stings my eyes with its fury.
As I race farther
from where I began,
all rational thought
dips away.
I push the pedal down
and urge the snowmobile
faster and faster.
I fly across the ground,
buzzing from the drug
of exhilaration,
reeling from the speed of freedom.

by Lexi Felix
9th grade, Iolani School

9th Grade Honorable Mention
Garden by Caroline Malone, Home School
Supper Is Looking Up by Daniel Okubo, Iolani School
Identity by Caitlin Hatakeyama, Punahou School
Welcome to Rainbows by Jon Kaneshiro, Iolani School
Wrestling Consequences by Kevin Bonavente, Punahou School

10th Grade WINNERS
Empty Walkway
Standing there, the two of us.
A light breeze carries their flowery scent,
And flows through me.
Both awkwardly carrying out books and backpacks,
Eyes looking down, hiding behind nervous smiles.
The walkway is deserted, just the two of us.
I ask her a question,
that took me many hours to mentally prepare for.
The outcome would lead us to becoming closer
Or farther apart.
She smiles,
An uneasy one.
I’m afraid the loud pounding of my heart would fill
The empty sound of the walkway.
She says she needs to think about it.
She turns and leaves, trying not to glance back.
In a way she has given me her answer
My body is cold, my legs frozen.
Head hanging, I force myself to move
In the opposite direction.

by John Zobian
10th grade, Iolani School

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!
It was very foolish of you to draw
that obscene (illogical) sketch
of our teacher with her hair caught on fire
and pins sticking haphazardly out of her
pasty skin.
At least she didn’t hear the
song describing her “fat fungus butt”
that you composed during her lecture about keeping quiet
when the teacher is talking.
I guess it was all part of your master plan to get transferred
to Mrs. Donahau’s class.
Now there’s no one to block my view of the chalkboard
with their head.
Thanks for finally leaving our class.
She doesn’t yell as much anymore.

by Caitlyn Yoshina
10th grade, Iolani School

Fortune Cookie Blues
Slumped at the kitchen table
Buried beneath a landslide of empty Chinese takeout boxes,
She save me the best for last.
Cellophane crumpled and cast aside,
She cracks open the prize
And reveals the secret saying within.
“You will find true love in the near future”
Proclaims the generic font.
A smirk curls across her lips.
She abandons the naive prophecy on the table
and visits the stale crumbs.
Doughnut, hollow promises.
Scrooging at the notion of good luck;
There’s no such thing.
She heaves herself off the chair, starts to walk away.
Pause.
Slips the fortune into her pocket,
Just in case.

by Joana Yasiu
10th grade, Iolani School

A Lonely Dress
While walking home
Alone
On a rainy day.
I see behind a glass window
A dress.
Layered with crimson silk ruffles,
Glistening with jewels,
Beautiful.
Beyond my imagination.
Upon a closer look,
I notice a long
Snap
Right down the middle.
For this reason,
No one will buy it.
But I will.

by Jennifer Teruya
10th grade, Iolani School

Poems on a Bench
I strive to settle a poem on a bench.
I feel the bell’s hunger to stand,
it’s thrust for time to expire.
I glance at a clock ticking like an eager bomb, anxious to explode,
gears winding moments.
My eyes wander... There
is a skirt, and I cannot eradicate her
from my gaze.
Not even
for a second.
I try to concentrate,
but
my mind
is tangled, or entangled,
choked, suffocated
by the legs of
seconds
past.

by Tom Hartwell
10th grade, Iolani School

10th Grade Honorable Mention
My Name by Uluwehi Cashman, St. Andrew’s Priory School
Crying in the Shower by Abigail Thompson, St. Andrew’s
Sweet Pinkilicious by Victoria Wong, Iolani School
**11th Grade Winners**

*Not Unique*

I don’t know what my name means, maybe crazy in Croatian or Lanky in Indonesian. Whatever it means, Julia is my name. By my parents, by law. No unique way of spelling it. Like, Beyonce. Not a name passed down from generation to generation. It is my name nonetheless.

by Julia Mundo-Camba

11th grade, Kahuku High School

*The Satyagrasyas*

Nineeen: Bear rush nationwide, “Attack on Signal of Success.” We toss our fists for freedom. Foreign food for thought.

An ominous warning

For what is set to come.

by Aldric Ulep

11th grade, Pearl City High School

*Rain*

Rain Clinks on the Metal

Watering can.

It collects the cool Drops.

Then, Suddenly, All the drops come down at once. The clinking turns to Clatter and all goes Dark as they fall faster. The drops in the can pour Over the lip, as it flood

The alcohol burns my throat, eyes, and nose The dreaded sensation takes over my body I watch silently, intently, Have You Ever Shaved Your Chest? Do it. Do it. Have You Ever Shaved Your Chest? Do it. Does it hurt? Does it sting?

by Asia Ayabe

Iolani School

*The Fight*

I would line them up one by one, from clothes worn soft and set in stains, from Eh, Booll and Oi, Tudal I’m from Hawaii! Let go of my boat you’re not getting a ride and Karenga said to smack you instead. I’m from Cook Islands and surfing boys, rolling eyes and thick pigskin. From the calluses of running on coral rocks, the scars of falling on a’s

My town are four generations knit together by stories, independent and interwining. I am from those kaukaupan the sleepy damper on talk story time— one patch in the plush trivial quilt.

by Giada Anderson

12th grade, Iolani School

**12th Grade Winners**

*Yearly Shot*

Sitting around the round black table Filled with sushi, mochi soup, and New Year’s joy My grandpa takes a shot of whiskey I’m staring in dread

by Britney Martin

11th grade, Mililani High School

*Have You Ever Shaved Your Chest?*

I watch silently, intently, Absorbed by the weirdness revealing itself to me, Like the firm, tanned brown chest that shows After the thin black hairs wipe away. Does it hurt? Does it sting?

by Asia Ayabe

Iolani School

*The Fight*

The plastic plates, the haunting aroma of pikake The fabled blue carpet curls, squeezing itself between my toes. Sprawled and entangled, the wires from the game console lay, A gnashed beauty from our modern world. Hidden beneath, the old beloved and discolored toys, each a testament to my youth, holding within them memories and moments long passed.

Outside the lawn is covered with dirt. Weeds sprout from the emptiness, within it a tall proud mango tree stands. Its strong trunk is wrinkled by age.

by Alyssa Yada

11th grade, Pearl City High School

*City at Dusk*

For Darfur: Finding Love

The Fight by Maya Ikuchi, Le Jardin Academy

*Yearly Shot*

It’s my turn

by Kanoelani Padeken

12th grade, Kahuku High School

*This Old House*

The old house is breaking down my grandpa calls from the living room. I stand in the memories of my childhood. The plastic plates, the haunting aroma of pikake The fabled blue carpet curls, squeezing itself between my toes. Sprawled and entangled, the wires from the game console lay, A gnashed beauty from our modern world. Hidden beneath, the old beloved and discolored toys, each a testament to my youth, holding within them memories and moments long passed.

Outside the lawn is covered with dirt. Weeds sprout from the emptiness, within it a tall proud mango tree stands. Its strong trunk is wrinkled by age.

by Alyssa Yada

11th grade, Pearl City High School

This old house is slowly being eaten alive by millions of tiny termites. They never stop, never sleep, and will never disappear. One day soon this old house will be lost, gone in the cracks of time—but until then, we must stand strong like this old house. Isn’t that what you told me so long ago grandma?

by Tamir Abdul-Wahab

12th grade, Wild Pacific Institute

*Child Care*

Twenty four-year-olds with simultaneous nosebleeds and stomach aches One me Unlocking their locked bathroom doors Turning off the sinks they let overflow Finding the pants they forgot to put on Hiding them from classroom to playground then back to class All while patting them on the head and smiling Secretly, I wish I could drop-kick them I want to punt them over Rocky Hill Perfect arc of children sailing over rooftops I would line them up one by one like the general of a very small army And then watch them fly away with a powerful kick like human soccer balls.

by Maia Schilling

12th grade, Punahou School

*Glimpse*

I am from salt-rusted thimbles and sun-faded embroidery, from wrinkled hands gloved in clay sift. I am from koa paddles, malei the tang of crushed leaves, sun and sweat. I’m from big fish and bigger sharks, from clothes worn soft and set in stains, from Eh, Booll and Oi, Tudal I’m from Hawaii! Let go of my boat you’re not getting a ride and Karenga said to smack you instead. I’m from Cook Islands and surfing boys, rolling eyes and thick pigskin. From the calluses of running on coral rocks, the scars of falling on a’s

In my town are four generations knit together by stories, independent and interwining. I am from those kaukaupan the sleepy damper on talk story time— one patch in the plush trivial quilt.

by Giada Anderson

12th grade, Iolani School

*POEMS FOR PEACE WINNERS*

Sponsored by the State Peer Mediation Conference

3rd - 6th Grade Winner

The Fight by Maya Ikuchi, Le Jardin Academy

7th - 9th Grade Winner

The Little Doll by Samantha Atkinson, Clearview Christian Girls School, Maui

10th - 12th Grade Winner

Peace by Alice Kim, University Laboratory School

For Darfur: Finding Love by Asia Ayabe, Iolani School

*The Little Doll*

I walk down a bare path. The scuffed sneakers plants stepped on hate, skeletons. Black dirt crunches under my feet. Finally the path ends. Burned and fallen buildings sit covered in ash.

What once was a village is now desolate, the people run out by war. I walk to a broken building once a home. There in the ashes lies a little cloth doll, blackened by fire torn by hate. Its black button eyes stare up at me, telling me what was. Then something else flutters over me peace, a knowing of what’s to come what we can do. We can sew and fix this little doll that is the world, and live forever in peace.

by Samantha Atkinson

8th grade, Clearview Christian Girls School, Maui