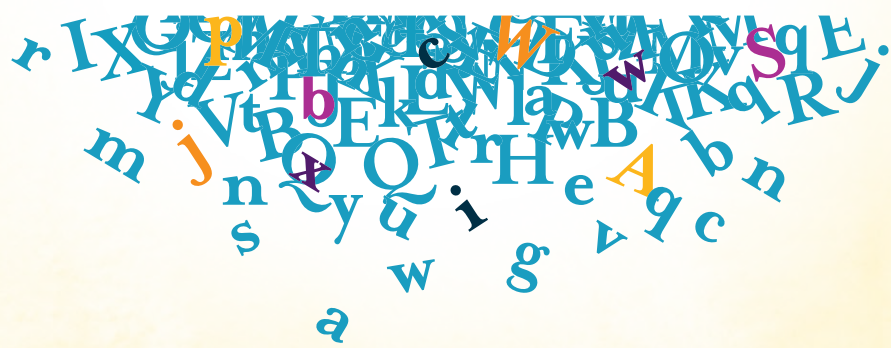


— 35th Annual —



A Celebration of  
**POETRY**



*Winning submissions grades 1-12*



2024



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# Introduction

The Youth Services Staff of York County Libraries is proud to present the compilation of poetry from our 35th Annual Poetry Contest. The intrinsic value of the event is evidenced by the continued support of local educators. We received over 150 entries this year, many submitted by school librarians and teachers on behalf of their students. We thank them for encouraging the young poets of York and Adams County.

Our panel of judges generously devoted time and expertise to ensuring that a quality pool of winners was selected. Sincere thanks are due to them for their continued support of this program.

A copy of this commemorative book is presented to winning poets, their school libraries, and public libraries in York and Adams County.

York County Libraries and Adams County Library thank all those who submitted entries to the competition. We hope that York and Adams County students will continue to find self-expression and satisfaction in their creative efforts.

*Congratulations to all the winners!*

# First Place

## Dee Dee

by Elora Reiter  
First Grade

Dee Dee is a boy dog.

He is very furry.

He likes to eat Goldfish.

He eats them in a hurry.

His tongue is soft and pink.

He licks me on my face.

His neck and feet are white.

He really likes to chase!

His favorite toy is a squeaky chicken.

And he's sneaky as a fox!

His fluffy tail stays curled.

And he steals your stinky socks!



# Second Place

## Snow Day

by Orion Wentland  
Second Grade

Sculptor of the cold  
Anything I may mold

White glitter on my hat  
My dad gives me a pat

For this snow I have dreamed  
It's like vanilla ice cream

Sleighing, snowman, snowball fights  
I find a hill with big height

Hot soup is great after the cold  
This snow day has been pure gold

1st & 2nd Grade

3

# Third Place

## Big Blue Sky

by Esther Boyd  
Second Grade

Sky High Sky Blue

Great Wishes I'm Giving To You

It May Be Big It May Be Small

I Have Lots Of Choices, I Could Give You Them All

Now If I Give A Gift To You,

You Give Me A Beautiful Sight.

Just Turn Pink And Give Me A Wink

And Sit Over Ocean Blue Bright

1st & 2nd Grade

4

# Fourth Place

## The Duck and the Truck

by Clayton Eberle  
First Grade

The truck is in muck  
With a duck that is stuck  
With no luck

1st & 2nd Grade

5

# First Place

## Death

by Matias Caldwell  
Third Grade

Demise for some a chance to  
eternally shut their eyes.  
For others a time when the soul  
reaches for the skies.  
And some say they spend an afterlife  
in a beautiful city.  
Most are scared of when life leaves  
the hose  
but for me, it does not scare me  
that one day my life I will lend  
for I do not fear

The End

3rd & 4th Grade

6



# Second Place

## MAGGIE

by Gabriella Wright  
Third Grade

Fuzzy yellow green buds  
Purple white flowers  
Blooming all over  
What a beautiful sight

Blanket of green leaves  
Branches so full  
The shade she provides  
Keeps us nice and cool

Her leaves start to change  
Red, orange, and yellow  
They flutter to the ground  
As they make piles of brown

The branches are bare  
Her brown color is there  
Snow begins to fall  
Sleep well, my Maggie  
M a g n o l i a

3rd & 4th Grade

7

# Third Place

## Life

by Naomi Boyd  
Fourth Grade

Life is love, life is anger,  
We must live while life is provided, for we only live once,  
We must not let anger and grief block our view,  
We must have fun, we must believe for when our time is up, we are forced to look upon our choices,  
Your life will look different from others, some people's life is like a never-ending tornado,  
While others a nice summer day with sweet breeze,  
Yours might be a cloudy, drizzling day with peaks of sun,  
Now I must go for I must live,  
Please remember what you have learned,  
Life does not last forever, use it wisely

# Fourth Place

## Untitled

by Emily Hullinger  
Fourth Grade

Art thou a flower the prettiest one in the bouquet  
If I might say,  
Roses, lilies, tulips or even dandelions  
None of them are as beautiful as you.

I pick them up I look at them twice  
Yet none of them can get the feel just right,

Each one unique and beautiful as can be  
If it's a chocolate cosmo or a Juliet rose  
None of them can compare to those like thee.

# First Place

## Woods

by Harper Huffman  
Fifth Grade

It is foggy  
In the woods  
All the birches  
Seem to blend  
Into nothingness  
All the oaks  
Stand like soldiers  
In the ranks of an army  
There is no bird  
To call over my head  
And if there was—  
It would be a hawk  
With its searching eyes  
And beating wings  
Over the haze  
That blinds me from the maze  
Of trees

It is foggy  
In the woods  
The clouds wind  
Among the growth  
Like snakes  
Through rocks  
Though I know  
There is nothing there  
It seems like  
I'm being watched  
Walking gets me nowhere  
Believe me,  
I have tried  
Banged on trees  
Yelled at the breeze  
No one answers  
Just the echo  
Just the echo

It is foggy  
In the woods  
I have given up  
On counting time  
The sky is hazy  
The sun never moves  
And no matter  
How hard I try  
And plead  
Nothing happens  
It's as if I'm in  
A lucid dream  
For I know this is not my home  
But is it something I will wake from?  
If only time will tell,  
Then I am doomed.  
For there is none.

*Continued...*

# First Place

*...continued from previous page*

It is foggy  
In the woods  
And I have wished myself  
Hundreds and hundreds again  
To find a way  
And when nothing answers,  
Because I know it won't,  
I walk.  
Through the fog  
And the trees  
To finally find  
The serene  
That was waiting for me.  
All the birches  
Seem to blend  
Into dappled snow  
All the oaks  
Stand like doors  
With endless possibilities

There is no bird  
To call above my head  
But if there were—  
It would be a majestic hawk  
With its emerald eyes  
And billowing wings  
Over the haze  
That calms me—  
No, wait.  
The fog is gone  
Was it even really there to begin?

# Second Place

## Cherry Blossoms

by Lola Canty  
Fifth Grade

As we wake up from a nice peaceful slumber,  
Humans come to us with delight and wonder.  
Children run around us with stars in their little eyes saying,  
"Mommy, aren't cherry blossoms pretty?"

As people walk around us,  
Some of them look at us.  
We feel shy and flustered, but we all like the attention  
As the wind blows a light sweet smell fills the air with love and smiles.  
We are happy as we dance and prance.

When the day ends we go to sleep with twinkling lights and warm breeze.  
As the next day rolls around it gets really cold.  
The wind howls, we all shiver with cold.  
The days get really low and icy, the wind becomes furious.

We get filled with sorrow, we are so sad.  
When winter rolls around we go back into a nice peaceful slumber.  
Good night world!

# Third Place

## The Line

by Audrina Aldana  
Sixth Grade

I have walked in a line for a million hours,  
For it is the line I am walking on now,  
But I have a small problem you see,  
It has split into sections named one, two and three,  
On section one the line zig-zags from place to place with only me,  
On section two the line widens to have enough space for a family,  
And on section three the line stops in a tiny town I guarantee,  
So I stop and make a new path where I am free,  
Where I am free to choose my own destiny.  
I am certain that this path will lead me to victory.

5th & 6th Grade

13

# Fourth Place

## Shooting Stars

by Zoe Fisher  
Sixth Grade

Gold and blazing	And I begin a new adventure
Slowly fading	I climb and climb
Paints the night sky	Until I get sore
Some of them fly	And I see one soar
Above our heads	I extended my arm
They whisper and wonder	Reaching
I ponder	But you're out of my reach
Could I touch them	Please stay, I beseech
I bring out my ladder	My dreams end
Causing a quiet clatter	And I'm back in my bed
I extend	Smiling up at your shining face.
I bend	



# First Place

## He Probably Just Likes You

by Riley Lentz  
Eighth Grade

Whenever I talk about a  
Boy

My family always says  
"He probably likes you"

I am not

An Enemy

Or an Ally

Or an Acquaintance

Or a Victim

I am only an

Object

Upon which they can place their  
Affections

I am worth nothing if I'm not a  
Romantic Conquest

When I mention a

Boy

Whom I vie with for first place

They tell me he must have a crush on me

As if I am not worth his time or rivalry

Unless he has

Feelings

For me

When I tell them about a

Boy

Whom I have become friends with

Whom I text and rant to and share my creations with

They tell me he must have a crush on me

As if I am not able to be a friend

Without it turning

Romantic

When I tell them about a

Boy

I met for a day

And shared a conversation with

They tell me he must think I'm

Pretty

As if there is no other reason for him to want

My company

My opinion

*Continued...*

7th & 8th Grade

15

# First Place

*...continued from previous page*

When I tell them about the  
Boys  
Who catcalled me when I was in  
Sixth Grade  
They tell me it's a  
Compliment  
That they thought I was beautiful  
As if it does not cause  
Discomfort

When I tell them about the  
Boy  
Who calls me  
Baby girl  
Without permission  
And invades my  
Space  
They tell me he has a  
Crush  
And doesn't know how to express it,  
As if that's an  
Excuse

When I tell them about the  
Boy  
Who I thought was my  
Friend  
But who broke my  
Boundaries  
And betrayed my  
Trust  
And manipulated my  
Friends  
They tell me he has  
Romantic feelings  
He does not know how to  
Express  
As if that's a reason I should  
Forgive him

They tell me these things  
As if it is my fault they are  
This way  
My fault they  
Hurt me  
My fault they  
Say things  
My fault I can't trust if it is  
Genuine friendship  
My fault for not  
Forgiving them  
Their actions are not  
My Responsibility  
The pain they cause is not  
My Fault  
The words they say are not  
On Me  
Their possible attraction is not  
Under my Control  
And my forgiveness  
Is not Warranted

# Second Place

## Untitled

by Evie Eaton  
Eighth Grade

Sweet child.

What does the world have against you

Why do they bomb and destroy you

Your father placing a sweet cookie in your hand

The tears flood at the expense of the war

But why fight you

Sweet child

Sweet girl

Your grandfather loved you so

He carries your earring

Around with him now

He loved you

The bombs destroyed you

Sweet girl

# Third Place

## The Poem of The Life of a Teenage Girl

by Kailey Amspacher  
Seventh Grade

Buy new shoes, buy new clothes!

"Ew what's that?"

"Ew what are those?"

We all judge each other.

Can't our world be like a sister and brother?

Their words cut deep and we can't recover.

You know that friend you trusted with your secret?

They couldn't keep it.

They spread it to the school and they all can see it.

Your "Friends" pushed it under the rug.

Your heart and trust gets crushed like a bug.

It got posted online.

It's fine.

7th & 8th Grade

18

# Fourth Place

## Darkness

by Kaleigh Prieber  
Seventh Grade

One night no light  
no stars seen tonight

fires starting trees burning  
fights day and night

people dying  
everyone crying

kids run while animals die  
darkness is coming  
everyone running

rainstorms forming  
while thunders striking

people run to their house  
while all the animals get let out

while children run for their lives  
people die right in sight

darkness will never end  
even if it's in your head.

7th & 8th Grade

19

# First Place

## My Temple

by Olivia Williams  
Tenth Grade

Within this vessel lies a world unseen,  
A universe of flesh and bone entwined,  
A canvas painted with life's hues serene,  
A masterpiece of intricate design.

Oh, wondrous temple, dwelling of my soul,  
In you, existence finds its sacred breath,  
A symphony of senses taking toll,  
Each heartbeat a reminder of life's depth.

From fingertips to toes, a vast expanse,  
A landscape shaped by time's relentless march,  
Each curve and contour tells a unique dance,  
A testament to strength and inner arch.

Though gravity may pull, and time may wear,  
This body, mine, a testament to dare.

In every breath, a story is imbued,  
A tale of triumph, struggle, joy, and pain,  
Each scar a map, a testament pursued,  
A reminder that life losses are gains.

My body, a vessel for endless dreams,  
A sanctuary where love's light resides,

Through every season, it gracefully gleams,  
A testament to life's diverse tides.

Oh, sacred temple, guide me on my way,  
Through winding paths and unforeseen terrain,  
In you, I find the strength to face each day,  
To rise above, to conquer and sustain.

Through time may paint my canvas with its grace,  
Each line and wrinkle holds a sacred place.

So, I embrace this body, large and grand,  
A vessel that has housed my very soul,  
A sanctuary where dreams expand,  
Where life's eternal mysteries unfold.

In every inch, a universe resides,  
A testament to all that I have been,  
And as I journey on, my spirit guides,  
Within this body, a world unseen.

Oh, wondrous temple, dwelling of my soul,  
In you, I find the strength to be whole.

# Second Place

## My Favorite Things

by Ivy Bonnes  
Ninth Grade

I like to go outside when it's freezing and windy.  
The air, pushing back my hair behind my ears  
And revealing the pink on my cheeks. It's  
So cold everything hurts.

I like to take scalding showers  
So hot that it could burn off my skin.  
Maybe I could hang it up to dry  
For just a day.

I like when I know the lyrics to a song  
After singing them over and over.  
Again, I hit replay  
To realize a new meaning.

I like to watch birds and pet cats  
And maybe hold one  
If only I could work up the courage  
To hold another living thing in these hands.

I like to drink water on a hot day  
Or maybe a cold one  
Just to feel that cold, refreshing  
Gone just as quick as it came.

I like to read books.  
And maybe dive into another person's universe;  
Another person's life and problems  
Just to get a break from my own.

I like to draw elaborate things.  
Complicated things I can barely put on paper.  
And when finished  
They're never as elegant as I first imagined.

I like to brush my hair –  
Untangling problems from my head.  
It's a slow, comforting, repetitive motion lasting  
Long enough I could get lost in it.

I like to sing in church.  
The guitar and microphone blare –  
But the combined voices of the young and old  
Ring out louder than all of that.

I like to cook  
The reliability of a plan –  
A recipe that stays the same  
No matter how much time passes.

*Continued...*

# Second Place

*...continued from previous page*

I like the ocean.

Inhaling the warm, salty air –

Blue green waves crashing louder than my thoughts.

The view of the rolling waves is worth everything.

I like to drink hot drinks.

The taste of coffee or tea on my tongue –

Being afraid to drink it, but falling in love

Every time the flavor explodes.

I like to eat fruit.

Sweetness rivaling candy,

Salads, smoothies, from the container –

I think I'd like to try it all.

I like to walk in the evening

On summer nights when it's hot and humid.

The crickets chirp and fireflies fly

Keeping their distance but making themselves known.

I like window shopping.

Walking for hours along the street,

Imagining myself in all the jewelry and clothes –

*Window modeling*, in my dream of acquirement.

I like being happy.

Realizing it in the moment –

And later, rejoicing at that feeling

As the highlight of my day.

But none of these reign superior.

So when you ask me,

*What's your favorite thing to do?*

*Favorite food?*

*Feeling, season, time?*

I will tell this to you,

And you will know me.



# Third Place

## Infection of the Monarchy

by Faith Champagne  
Ninth Grade

So they say,  
"Everybody talks"  
But as I open my mouth to speak,  
No words tumble out  
They are frozen as they are released  
Lost like time, stolen like thieves.  
In the absence of my speech  
My poetic prowess lost at sea,  
I could cry my impending tears  
I could crumble at my untold fears  
I could blindly follow the temptations of the dark  
But that would set me back much too far.  
I have led a sheltered life  
The endless chasms filled with promises broken,  
Words unspoken,  
Wounds cut open.  
An echo of silence resonating through a heartbeat  
Every skip a distant call,  
Every flatline, a sound wave falls.  
Never ceasing to remind me of my invisible life  
What could've been,  
What would've been,

If the sky hadn't stumbled and fallen each night.  
Every missed opportunity, a soulless cry,  
Every second that counts, a melody of lies,  
Every emotion never felt, a reflection in my eyes.  
Of what could've  
What should've  
What would've  
What wasn't.  
If I let myself wonder, I forget about the present  
I am a disgrace.  
For turning off lights never on in the first place  
I am a follower.  
A mind entwined with a beckoning sign  
It is not me, but the idea of me  
That haunts the home of the antagonist;  
The conductor dethroned from the orchestration of  
the puppet show.  
I am not myself  
Shielded by a façade  
A black curtain that will fade  
One day I'll walk away

*Continued...*

# Third Place

*...continued from previous page*

I was scared of the shadows,  
But I stumbled into them  
A life of lies, deceit, and speechless nights  
A constitution of propaganda and truthless rights.  
I don't have a voice,  
So I cannot speak  
For the void of empty faces encircling me  
I could steal the crown,  
But you'd still be looking down  
For I can't stand up and stare  
At a monarchy that isn't there.  
I can't express my percolating thoughts,  
Seeping into what I believed was right  
Soaking into the point of view  
I've spent eternities living through;  
Cracking the glass,  
Tearing the seam,  
Pulling me out of this nightmare,  
This parasitic dream.

# Fourth Place

## Broken Magnet

by Kai Dittrich  
Ninth Grade

"Will you kick me in my face please?  
It'll make everything I say sound like poetry."  
And hey,  
That sounds a lot like you and me.

But we're both broken to pieces  
And I know we can't be saved.  
Cause every time I lay in bed  
With a pillow on my right,  
I can't help but think  
Of all the times we've had to fight.

And the people who we are  
Is not who we need to be  
And hey, will somebody please just bring  
me some tea?  
It helps to calm me down  
Just like you always do

And on my face the words will hang, but  
"I"  
"Love"  
"You."

And every song that's in my ears  
Reminds me such of you  
Cause you saved me  
You did  
But did I save you back?  
Of could I have done more,  
To savor what we have?

And I don't know these answers  
I barely know what's right  
What will tomorrow bring for us  
Peace or fight?

I miss you  
It's true  
Even if you're next to me.  
Cause I can't be there for you  
The way you are for me.

*Continued...*

# Fourth Place

*...continued from previous page*

I want to, I do.  
But I just don't know how.  
And the songs on my playlist  
Snap me back to here and now.

"Lipstick Covered Magnet"  
Yeah that sure is a good song.  
Reminds me a lot of you  
But hey, I could be wrong.

And in the end  
My tears will shed  
Our hearts will hold  
Blue

For on my face the words will hang  
"I"  
"Love"  
"You."

# First Place

## My Poetry is Far More Alive than Me

by Rylee Barmore  
Twelfth Grade

Your lips who have never kissed another's;  
sometimes I wonder why people are the way they are.  
Your curly brown hair  
cut and dyed to a blunt, black buzz cut.  
My straight blonde hair  
grown into different colors and shapes.  
I hold my breath sometimes  
and roll my tongue.  
I suck on my teeth and  
wonder what might keep me from blurting out exactly  
what I am thinking.  
The moon sings a song just for me,  
and she promises I'll get everything I want from life.  
The sky is blue for you,  
but in my world  
it is fluorescent green.  
My fluorescent adolescence  
lights the rest of my life  
a color so bright that I am blinded  
and stumbling through the rest of these years.  
You thought this was a love poem,  
didn't you?  
Well you should know  
that I never believed in love anyways  
(I am so in love,

my vision goes blurry sometimes).  
I bite my cheek  
and ironic blood fills my mouth  
alongside steely words  
trying to escape my bruised and scraped lips.  
I wonder if the blood inside my mouth  
is blue before I see it red.  
Does my blood change color  
when it meets my eyes?  
Does a falling tree still sound  
when my ears aren't around to hear it?  
Does it matter?  
Does any of this really matter anyways?  
I bet you thought this was a love poem,  
didn't you?  
Well it's not.  
This poem should live and breathe  
my confusion and anger.  
If you close your eyes  
and listen very closely,  
you might even hear this poem's heartbeat.  
Can you hear this poem's heart?  
Can you hear my heart?

## Second Place

### Who the Hell Wears Shoes in Grass Like This?

by Tamsin Moore  
Twelfth Grade

The deadline for adulthood comes sooner than expected.

I am six; running barefoot in the overgrown wilderness out back

I am sixteen; standing in the hallway of a college as we're graded on maturity and the cold tiles chill my feet.

They give me shoes for Christmas, thick, protective things, but I tuck them in a drawer; hiding them far from sight, though they occupy my mind.

"You're seventeen?" they ask, making me stand longer in the driveway, the sharp stones pressing into my feet. "What have you done with your life? Where the hell are your shoes?"

I stand center stage in my classroom as the young adults look on, carpet this time, grey-blue and comforting.

They are waiting for me to speak, to tell them what I have learned.

I step out from behind the podium,  
their eyes follow me all the way to the door.

I take a left towards Nicarry 220, and follow the hallway to where the golden light pours in.

I begin to run; the light is closer now than it has been in years.

Each step makes a resounding slap on the on the checkered vinyl as I leave the watchful eyes behind—

and then...

The ground looks further below than it used to, and my feet have grown tough from the gravel and glass. I stand once again in the wilderness out back—stubborn, courageous, delighted, I run in the meadow. The last call for childhood lies far in my past, but the grass is wonderfully overgrown

and once again I stand barefooted.

# Third Place

## Core of Ages

by Namine Harris  
Eleventh Grade

What is our life  
The sums of strife?  
No I think more  
These simple cores,  
From all I've learned  
With none affirmed,  
I wonder sometimes  
What lives and dies?

From high to low  
since birth we flow,  
We twist and turn  
And strive to learn,  
We beg and plead  
And hope to lead,  
It's no surprise  
What lives and dies.

The thing we feel  
Not known if real,  
It leaves a bruise  
A pain to lose,  
It's yours to shine  
One can decline,  
It's your demise  
What lives and what dies.

Give to the great  
Then it's too late,  
Proven you're wrong  
Thought for so long,  
It takes one move  
So much to prove,  
You'll improvise  
What lives and dies.

Effect of greed  
One small mislead,  
Lost in a book  
Too many shook,  
For one small soul  
The world's control,  
They can't disguise  
What lives and dies.

The ground and sky  
Both low and high,  
For all these years  
Has housed our fears,  
What makes our air  
We're forced to share,  
We all decide  
What lives and dies.

Those you may meet  
Some type of greet,  
One warming face  
You can't replace,  
They come and go  
Much as you owe,  
Money can't buy  
What lives and dies.

When known what's lost  
A long defrost,  
To heal a pain  
One can't explain,  
To miss a thing  
To cut the string,  
Try to deny  
What lives and dies.

Time for new hearts  
When old departs,  
They can't refuse  
What's on the news,  
How we've run states  
Is what they await,  
They'll revise  
What lives and dies.

# Fourth Place

## I see through the glass.

by Abigail Cook  
Eleventh Grade

To find my soul,  
a pocket full of flowers.  
To stir the mind,  
you are my love that devours.

A pocket full of flowers.  
My heart laid out upon the grass  
You are my love that devours.  
My darling, I see through the glass.

My heart laid upon the grass.  
I find anguish in your eyes.  
My darling, I see through the glass.  
You are where my heart lies.

I find anguish in your eyes.  
To stir the mind.  
You are where my heart lies.  
To find my soul.



# Panel of Judges

**CHUCK BLAIR** has been the owner of Bound Books in downtown York since April 2023, and previously worked in business as a technology leader for 28 years. He also works for VisionCorps, a nonprofit helping people with vision loss in south-central PA. He has been an avid reader since from his childhood, and he loves being a part of the York community!

**TRAVIS KUROWSKI** is the coeditor of *Literary Publishing in the Twenty-First Century* and editor of the award-winning *Paper Dreams: Writers and Editors on the American Literary Magazine*. His fiction, poetry, and essays have appeared in "Creative Nonfiction," "Mississippi Review," "Poets & Writers," and many other publications. He was born in Oregon and grew up near the base of Mt. Hood. He earned his PhD from the Center for Writers at the University of Southern Mississippi, and is an Associate Professor of Creative Writing at York College of Pennsylvania.

**LORI LECKRONE** says, "The love of literature and libraries has been in my blood from birth!" This led her to a career as a children's librarian. When she became a parent, she worked hard to instill a similar love of knowledge and reading in her daughters. Now, both are avid readers and one is also a librarian! When Lori isn't reading, she can be found baking, cooking, gardening, or traveling.

**BARBARA LOMENZO** has been an educator for 30 years teaching English to grades 9-12, including an elective called "Poetry Appreciation." She considers teaching her passion in life, but her most valuable asset is her family: "They are the poetry of my life and remind me to appreciate the little things."

**DOMINISH MARIE MILLER** is the Third Circuit Court of Appeals Librarian for the Middle District of Pennsylvania. She also founded the group Preserving the History of Newberrytown and runs the Lewisberry Area History Lovers group. She also reenacts with the 87th Regiment, PVI where she portrays a private in the 87th PA, Company C.

**HOLLY NACE** is an experienced writer who is chasing her dream of getting her book published. As an advocate of the arts and all things literary, she spends her spare time playing violin, reading, and writing. When inspiration strikes, she has been known to stay up late to write her own works of poetry. Her sidekick is her loyal dachshund, Hazel, who keeps Holly safe when she roams the nighttime streets.

**DUSTIN NISPEL** has been writing poetry and prose since he was 13. He has won multiple awards for his writing and performances in slams and competitions, including the 2015 Ditet e Naimit Poetry Festival in Tetova, Macedonia. There, he received the Niam's Candle Award for poetry performance. He also produces visual artworks under the name Denzy Dark. He has published two books of poetry, *The Tower* and *The Road Home*.

**SPENCER PATTERSON** works at Focus Behavioral Health and volunteers at ACLS in Gettysburg. He says, "I didn't realize the power of the written word until a poetry class in college. Now I'm a writer! I've submitted poetry to the Black River Review, and I've even written a screenplay!"

Continued...

## Panel of Judges

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**JERALD PROCTOR** has been writing and performing poetry for over 40 years. His goal is to motivate and inspire people of all ages and nationalities. One of his life highlights has been performing poetry at nine William Penn graduation ceremonies. He has also performed locally in York, PA as well as Maryland, New Jersey, Washington DC, and Ohio. Other creative works include a studio album entitled "Do The Write Thing." He says, "I just enjoy being a poet for the people."

**ALBA SARRIA** is a multi-award winning poet and flash fictionist fascinated by all things eerie, disquieting, and entangled in folklore from around the world. They are a creative writing instructor teaching free classes year-round at the Harbaugh-Thomas Library in Biglerville PA, which is part of the Adams County Library System.

**DIAZ WOODARD** uses his personal and professional experiences to be a change agent for the families of the City of York. As a father of 3, he is invested in the social and emotional needs of every child in his community. Diaz is rooted in spirituality. He lives by the idea that "What God has for you is for you, and no man can interfere with that." He also stands firm on the idea that God will place you in positions that you may not feel particularly qualified for, but Diaz works to align himself to that need instead of his own doubts.

## Library Staff

**MINDY MCDONNELL** YCL Director of Youth Services

**ELLEN HELFRICK** YCL Director of Library Relations

**SUSAN KORSNICK** YCL Teen Services Program Manager

**BRE WINTERS** YCL Youth Services Program Manager

**MONEE MYERS** YCL Youth Services Specialist

**ROBYN WOODS** ACL Youth Services Coordinator/Librarian

**JILL MAGEE** Graphic Designer

**REBECCA HOFMANN** Editor