May 2022

Flenniken Library

Past Events

Newsletter

Just as we did last year, we celebrated National Poetry Month for April again this year.

We had so many great entries this year, and it was a very difficult choice to make

There are so many talented writers, many of which came from West Greene High School, Corry PA, Mount Morris PA, and Morgantown WV! Thank you to everyone who entered this year, we hope you had as much fun as we did reading your entries.

We also wanted to send out a thank you to Zach Patton, a teacher from West Greene, who dropped off a folder of his students' poetry with a really special note of thanks and recognition for us. We truly appreciate it, and know you made us feel just simply amazing. Thank you!



Pre K - 6th Grade:

This was our only entry for this age group, but it's the sweetest poem. Congratulations on your win Kaelyn!

The Bunny Who Escaped the Fox

A bunny tried to pick a flower. In the early morning hour Then mother bunny said, "Come in the house. Please bring your friend, the little mouse. A hungry fox Is hiding behind that box! Wait until he goes away. Then you can go back outside and play."



Kaelyn Duncan, Clarkesville, PA

7th - 12th Grade:

1st Place:

Paroxetine

When my mind wanders,

It seems to always find a spot occupied by you Unbeknownst to me. I wonder how that may be, That someone can occupy my mind constantly Without even my own Knowledge. You seem to always be there, Despite my efforts to keep you out. Most days I don't notice, It's only when I'm searching, that I do. Maybe it's because of the time we shared, Or maybe there is a place in my mind that I keep Locked out unless I'm looking for comfort, Which can be found with the memories of the old you.

2nd Place

Life's Path

As I walk through the woods, autumn breeze behind me, The dry brown leaves are no match to hide me, This path is a part of life in which to guide me, Where I walk with hope for someone to find me, Within these woods there's nothing to secrete me, From the feelings coinciding me, They start to eat me, Inside these walls are caving around, However no one else hears but a sound This sound is but a whimper only the wind has found, But with the sun beating softly down beside me, I walk through the woods autumn breeze behind me, So you see life is a path sometimes bumpy and small, Sometimes it's big and not very bumpy at all, But no matter the paths shape or size, It's what life's path looks like in your eyes, Everyone has a set pace fast or slow, Your pace is something only you can know, For me I rather go slow, Because you never know where life's path will go, Just one thing if I may ask of you, Is to walk a bit slower on life's path too. You'll come to see all the wonders of life and What it can grow to be. Kendall Triplett, New Freeport, PA

3rd Place

Duality Of Consciousness

I'd love to be blessed with being nice, being so blissfully kind, and well written

I wish I could be like some people I see out there

What a gift they are to this world, and what a kind and loving soul they have

Why am I not kind, sometimes? Why do I have to get angry so quickly?

My heart is *healing*.

I don't want to be someone else, but I strive to be my own kind soul

My own story can be written well, and I can be blissful, in time

At any moment, my body may die, but I can live on anyway

I understand the concept of patients and practice, but I wonder about the duality of my consciousness

Myrande Hill, Mount Morris, PA

Thank you to all the students who entered! You all did awesome and we really enjoyed reading the pieces you submitted.

You did not make it easy on us to pick. We had to have many blind votes and deliberations.

Adults:

1st Place:

One Year

Three--Six--Five. Charred days and Clenched fist. I try my best not to look back. A subconscious regret. The words that I knew Now stumble out in fifths. A melody I no longer know, One that sounds foreign to my lips. But I try to sing along, Awkwardly keeping time with tapping foot. The effort is careless, Uneasy. It makes me nauseous and full of guilt. So I tear the record off, Scratch the vinyl and turn the page. I write it all down, Take a breath, Prepare to change. It'll never be easy: Starting over and Peeling back. I'll hold it all in, Remembering it's not who I am Or what I lack. There's strength in experience, Allowing mistakes to be a guide. Resilience is in the rebound--The result of a phoenix, And its rise.

Tears on the Window

2nd Place:

Tears on the window Blurring the view Of friendly faces You once truly knew Sometimes you smile So as to conceal The fear of these strangers You actually feel Other times you lash out In sheer self-defense Of those who make claim To be family and friends Sometimes the window Is open enough Your vision is clear To see that you're loved What I would give To shatter the pane Then witness the flood Of all you've regained Even if your memories Returned without me It would be worth the price To see you find peace Tears on the window Be only mine 'Til we meet again One day at a time

Tera Johnson, Corry, PA



Flight

3rd Place:

Oh Lord, your sea of clouds how glorious the sight, The softness in the beauty of your ever shining light. Coming through is a clearing of a world blind to see, That wonderful treasure of love you gave to me.

Rows pass by of blue and white, Captured and thrilled in this delight Of a lovely thought you, Are walking near this flight!

A voice in me saying, "Peace Be Still" Just as He said of a time as real When Jesus calmed the angry waters And climbed that blood-stained hill.

As the sun break through, Soon I am home. He has once again showed me, I will never be alone!



Sandra Shaw, Clarksville, PA

Honorable Mention Written by Emma Bates in memory of Chuck and Liz Walker who owned Skyview Drive-in





Sunsets at Skyview



As the sun sets slowly, dipping under the clear, pink Greene Country sky

And the faint strains of 60s music plays on the parking-space radios As our car, packed full of laughter and family friends pulls closer to the ticket booth

And the smell of fresh popcorn hits our nostrils and runs to our taste buds

As an attendant runs up to our truck directing us to one of the few empty spaces

And we hop out of the cab and into the grassy rows of green in front of the big screen

As the music plays loud and crackly, just waiting for my friends and I to dance

And make a ruckus visiting people we haven't seen yet this summer As the sky turns black, and the stars start to pop out one by one And everyone gawks at the moon, attention turned away from the starting movie

As I wave to my bus driver by school year, drive-in owner by summer And he chuckles, remembering the tomato plant I once bought him, when I bought flowers for my teachers

As I look out at the crowd that has gathered here at the drive-in, this first real summer night

I remember Then I open my eyes and look up at my ceiling I remember And I smile

Upcoming Events

The book sale begins Monday May 16th! Come one down and see if there is anything to tickle your fancy!



Our summer reading program is fast approaching! We're super excited to see everyone come back this summer and maybe even see some new faces!



Reading Competition

The date of the competition is Tuesday May 10th, 2022.



Closed

The Library will closed Monday May 30th in observance of Memorial Day

Follow Us on Social Media

Flenniken Public Library