

3RD PLACE WINNER FOR POETRY

FERRIS WHEEL ERICA WAHLGREN

It began to spin very slowly, gaining speed ever so slightly until it reached a leisurely rotation around its axis. This little ferris wheel spun and spun sitting there on my bedroom shelf. I watched it spin for hours and then one by one the little carts broke off from the ferris wheel. They floated across the room, as if carried by a light breeze, and out the open window.

ELEPHANT ERICA WAHLGREN

The little elephant ran up and down my arm, tickling me with his soft skin. The leather of his wide ears and long trunk brushed my skin as he ran about. Up and down, spinning in circles, he never seemed to tire. I ran my finger down his back and he trumpeted with glee. With a little spring in his step he began frolicking once more.