

**“Sing with the Songbirds-
Exploring the Glory of
Nature”**



2021-2022

An Anthology of Poems

K-9th Grade

National Garden Clubs, Inc.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you to NGC President, Mary Warshauer for continuing the Youth Poetry Contest. We appreciate the help of the youth chairman at the local, state and regional levels. We are grateful to the garden club members who worked with our young, inspiring writers. A special thank you to the poets for sharing their originality, thus making this an enjoyable booklet.

Chris Leskosky, Chairman

Barbara Bourque, Co-chairman

The following Scale of Points were used in judging:

Title	10
Content	40
Creativity	30
Style	<u>20</u>
Total	100

Scoring: one 1st place, 2nd place and 3rd place, HM 90+ means a poem is considered on the level of the one which scored higher. Poems are judged by grade levels.

Look for the  indicating the

FIRST PLACE WINNERS!

REGIONAL DIRECTORS

Central Atlantic Region – Betty Cookendorfer

Central Region - Carol Yee

Deep South Region - Carol Hall

New England Region - Suzanne McCance

Pacific Region - Lana Finegold

Rocky Mountain Region - Margie Soileau

South Atlantic Region - Marty Bowers

South Central Region - Rose Knight

**Sponsoring garden clubs and state names
are listed after the child's name.**

Central Atlantic Region

Olivia Clay, Kindergarten HM 90+

Ingomar Garden Club, Pennsylvania

“Songbirds Sing Pretty”

Sunshine

Orioles

Nature

Glorious

Blue Jays

In flight

Red Robin

Delight

Singing

Hailey Budhram, 1st grade **WINNER**
Calvert County Garden Club, Maryland



“Blue Jay”

Blue feathers

Laying eggs

Up in the trees

Eating seeds

Jumping from branch to branch

Always chirping

Young babies are hungry

Finnian O’Brien, 2nd grade **HM 90+**
Clinton Garden Club, New York

“Heart Duet”

Bird’s song –

Sweet, joyful call

Flying high through the air.

Peaceful, relaxing forest walk.

My friend.

Eva Thompson, 3rd grade HM 90+
Calvert County Garden Club, Maryland

“Indigo Bunting”

**Graceful gentle
Soaring flying swooping
Singing in the morning sunshine
Bird**

Elizabeth Ige, 4th grade WINNER
Highland Heights Garden Club, Ohio



“Beauty of the Garden”

**Everyday when the sun shines bright,
What I see makes me feel alright.
The flowers blooming, for all to see,
Fills me up with glee.
Raindrops dripping off the leaves,
Sends a tingle up my sleeve.
Hearing peeps, from the birds,
Makes me think of each one heard.
Bees buzzing, peaches that are fuzzy.
Monstera plants, growing in the distance,
I wonder if the gardeners need any assistance.
Lemon balm, smells delicious,
It’s also very nutritious.
A nice, big, gorge bush, prickly and green,
No one could make a better one, not even a
machine.
Pinecones, one for my collection,**

**Brown and rough and made to perfection.
Tame rabbits, hopping about,
One steps on an acorn but it doesn't pout.
A beautiful garden, I must say, I could come
here every day.
While I explore this beautiful garden, and
as all this fresh mud
Hardens, won't you want a garden like my
imagination?**

Grace DeBolt, 5th grade HM 90+
Garden Club of York, Pennsylvania

“Feathers and Branches”

**F-lapping, flying and fluttering around a tree,
I-n and out of the leaves,
N-icley swerving among the branches,
C-hasing each other silently.
H-aving you seen a bird friendlier than the
finch?**

Katherine Schaarsmith, 6th grade 2nd
Ingomar Garden Club, Pennsylvania

“The Morning Calling”

**Songbirds are near,
Meaning Springtime is here,
From here to there,
Graceful birds are everywhere.
Their songs stay until June,**

**With the next lotus moon.
When the sun begins to rise,
They open their eyes,
Up from the trees,
They sing in the breeze.
Their glorious songs,
Can wake up the fawns,
And by the end of the day,
The birds will have gone away.**

**Samantha Link, 7th grade HM 90+
Highland Heights Garden Club, Ohio**

“Nature’s Melody”

**Do, re, mi, the songbird chants from the
Scotch pine tree,
Filling the air with a melodic buzz.
The rabbit pattering on the forest floor adds a
baseline to the song.
In the river, a run of salmon skates through
the water, joining in the melodious
number.
Deep in the mass of the woods, a bear growls
with all his might, shaking the forest floor
like the crash of a cymbal.
The Bald Eagle’s call slices through the air
like an electric guitar, making a sound that
no one else can produce.**

The composer of this masterpiece must be unearthly, for this song is so beautiful, no human has the ability to create such a thing.

Blended together with different hues and refrains, nature's melody is the greatest concert one could ever have.

**Isabella Jarc, 8th grade 3rd
Highland Heights Garden Club, Ohio**

“Sense the Songbirds”

Sing with the songbirds, gaze as their music dances through the air careless and free

Watch as the birds flutter above you singing their joyful praises in harmony

Listen as the chilled wind pirouettes through the trees, carrying the leaves to the ground

Touch the leaves as they twirl through the air, forming a beautiful blanket over the soft earth

Smell the fall scent wave through the trees

Take a second to sense nature, sense fall, sense the songbirds

Karina Ingram, 9th grade HM 90+
Tusca Ridge Garden Club, Pennsylvania

“A Bird’s Voice”

**I was like a small songbird
out in the wild forest
facing many dangers
The enormous buildings
that stood as tall as the trees
scared I may not be seen
or that something bigger may hunt me
But the songbird was fearless
even while small
it acted bold
And made itself known
I could act
just as a songbird
a voice of power and valiance
Expressing the freedom felt
Even while I am small
My voice will have power
My voice will be heard
Just as a fearless songbird**

Central Region

Amelia S, 1st grade 3rd

Hendricks County Garden Club, Indiana

“The Little Bird”

**The Little bird loved to fly
The Little bird loved the sky
The little bird flew to its nest
The little bird took a rest
The little bird woke and sang a song
The little children sang along**

Laura McCune, 2nd grade 2nd

Bittersweet Garden Club, Missouri

“A Bird’s Song”

**When a bird sings,
It’s like no other song in the world.
Each song is different.
With a big gush of wind it’s perfect
Woosh, tap-atap-tap, squawk,
Jay! Jay!
Gush! woosh,
Kip, kip, pattap, shapshap.
Woosh, taptap.
And that’s a bird’s song.**

Brody Bax, 3rd grade **HM 90+**

Bittersweet Garden Club, Missouri

“Chickadee”

Chickadees are songbirds.

Homes are in the woods and backyards.

I love chickadees.

Chickadees are birds.

Katydid are eaten by chickadees.

A chickadee got its name by saying,

“Chick-a – dee-dee-dee.”

Do owls eat chickadees?

Easy food for birds is insects and seeds.

Eggs are white with red spots.

Emma Burleson, 4th grade **HM 90+**

Hendricks County Garden Club, Indiana

“Songbirds are Everywhere”

Songbirds are everywhere,

I see them in the air.

You can follow them where they fly,

They are very high in the sky.

Songbirds are beautiful creatures,

Listen to them sing something nice.

Max Anderson, 5th grade WINNER
Grow and Glow Garden Club, Missouri



“Melodies of the Forest”

**The forest lies dormant
The air too cold for many to breathe
Even after the coming of spring
The stillness of the forest still seems to cling
But then comes the songbirds
Pushing on the season forwards
Coaxing out the animals of the forest
They sing throughout the day
Bringing joy none else can portray
Singing throughout the branches of the trees
Bringing happiness, the forest desperately needs
So, sing with the songbirds
Helping the chorus of their sounds
Adding to the calming melodies
And let your voice know no bounds
As summer’s time spent comes to all
The seasons start to turn to fall
The air starts to send its call
Sending the message of winter
But each animal hibernates knowing
That the past winter’s blowing
The songbirds will come back again next
spring**

Victoria Camloh, 6th grade HM 90+
Hendricks County Garden Club, Indiana

“Morning Chimes”

**Every Day that passes by –
Each morning at the exact same time –
I wake up to a symphony
Of clanking morning chimes.
They sing a new song every day,
Each lovely and sublime,
I listen to the wind’s sweet instrument:
Those clanking morning chimes.
I lay awake in bed at night
Way past my bedtime,
Knowing mornings will not be the same
Without those clanking morning chimes.**

William Fleury, 7th grade HM 90+
Bittersweet Garden Club, Missouri

“Blueberries and Blue Jays”

**Picking bushels of blueberries with birds
sweetly chirping overhead,
Whistling along with them, without a single
hint of dread.
Waiting for what seemed like a large part of
the day,
For Grammy’s sweet- tart to finish bubbling in
the oven to keep my hunger at bay.
Setting sun in the big blue sky, following the
aroma that I couldn’t deny,**

**Walking amongst harmonious songbirds as
they fly high.**

**Skipping, feeling spry, whistling songs
through the wispy woods,**

**Picking up Grammy's blueberry pie and
delectable, sweet goods.**

**On my grandparent's windowsill, I see it with
my own eyes,**

**My mouth starts watering for the flaky pastry
crust laced around that sweet pie.**

**Knocking on my grandparent's door and
smelling blueberry juices and sweetness,**

**My grandma hands me the pie, and I see the
lattice's neatness.**

**Starting the journey back home, marching
through the shadows of the trees,**

**Trying not to drop my sweet confection,
walking with caution rather than ease.**

Again, noticing the blue jays' song,

It urges me to sing along.

**The tantalizing sweet aromas fill my nose with
delight,**

Stopping myself from sneaking a big bite.

**Suddenly, the birds were quiet, and the sky
turned gray,**

**And all the blue jays glared down upon me,
looking at me like their prey.**

The blue jays' sonata has gone with the sun,

**Now circling around me, cawing and cackling
as one.**

**Their wingtips whoosh through the sky,
creating a sharp, swift breeze**

**I know I should be running, but instead, all I
can do is freeze.**

**Starting to sprint, and the blue jays viciously
attack,**

And, apparently, the tempting tart did attack.

One blue jay flew and landed on my head,

Suddenly, I started to fill with lots of dread.

**Another blue jay dove into the pie, destroying
the beautiful piece of art,**

**I went dashing away, quickly abandoning the
tart.**

**For what was left of the pie stayed there all
night,**

**Left in the woods for the birds to share and
fight.**

A few remaining crumbs the next day,

Every time I look outside, I see dismay.

**Lying there in the woods, an empty metal pie
pan with blue feathers astray.**

**Now Grammy stands outside and whacks that
old pan,**

**Creating a shiny ruckus, to startle and
interrupt the Blue Jay's game-plan.**

**I run with that pie, tucked tight, and feeling
like a lucky man.**

**I will always remember the Blue Jays'
harmonious melody of twitters and tweets,
They sound pleasing, pleasant and their songs
so sweet.
Every day as the Blue Jays peacefully fly
across the sky,
Their song is like my grandma's delicious and
flavorful pie.
We have come to an understanding and may
enjoy singing together,
But trying to share a pie did not create a
friendship forever.**

**Devan Brown, 8th grade HM 90+
Grow and Glow Garden Club, Missouri**

**“Bird’s Eye View”
In this land
Late at night
Here I stand
Gazing in delight
I see the stars up in the sky
Shining so bright
And up so high
It is quite a sight
Though it is dark
And these nights are few
It seems so close
Like I’m looking through a bird’s eye view**

Deep South Region

Julia Golden, Kindergarten 2nd

Magnolia Garden Club, Georgia

“I Love Birds”

**Red birds sing a lovely song and I like how
they sound.**

They sing a fall song in the fall.

**Seagulls go to the beach and sometimes they
sing beautiful**

Beach songs.

When its fall, birds like to sit on pumpkins.

Also, the little birds like to look at flowers.

Birds sing when they chirp.

Kahtye Williams, 1st grade HM 90+

Aldersgate Garden Club, Tennessee

“Robins”

Robins are red.

They stay fed.

They sing a beautiful tune,

This is true

They sing for you

In the morning dew.

When the sky is blue

Colin Smartt, 2nd grade **WINNER**
Aldersgate Garden Club, Tennessee
“Listen”



Do you hear?
Those songs from far and near
A bird that sings every spring
A beautiful tune morning,
Night, and afternoon.
Even though this bird you cannot see,
It's here to be enjoyed by you and me.

Xavier Westfield, 3rd grade **HM 90+**
Aldersgate Garden Club, Tennessee

“Birds and Seasons”

Winter, spring, summer, fall
all birds love it all.
The cardinals will let you know
that there is going to be snow.
Hummingbirds come out in spring
eating nectar helps then sing.
Summer is here and its hot outside
so the songbirds find somewhere to hide.
The sound of hawks are about to tell it all.
The leaves they are about to fall.
All birds have a reason
To come out every season.

Amaan Jemsheer, 4th grade HM 90+
Delta Garden Club, Mississippi

“The Nature Song”
In the morning I woke up
To a beautiful song coming from a tree.
It wasn’t just as song.
It was note like a poem.
Then I heard a similar sound.
It was another little bird
Trying to find the one they love.
The two started soaring in the sky.
When they found each other,
They began to chirp happily.
The birds flew away together.
Who knows where they went,
But this nature song I will never forget.

Emily Sullivan, 5th grade 3rd
Satsuki Garden Club, Georgia

“Sights, Sounds and Seasons in My Backyard”
On an overcast night, my backyard appears
gloomy and dreary.
That’s when the mysterious noises can seem
quite eerie.
When the dark closes in on me, and
questionable sounds reach my ear,
I may run inside to hide form the ghost I’m
afraid is coming near.

**Then I find it was no ghost in the woods beside
me,
But only Mr. owl perched in a majestic pine
tree.**

**I walk outside to observe nature at its best,
To see some plants blooming while others are
at rest.**

**In the winter nature brings bare trees and
evergreens.**

**Colorful blooms of daffodils will come in
spring.**

**In the hot summer sun, some plants can
survive.**

**Tomatoes, carrots, corn and other vegetables
seem to thrive.**

**As the sun is shining brightly, I search for four
leaf clovers,**

**And carefully plant flowers seeds and cover
them all over.**

**Sometimes I rush out into the light rain of
Spring,**

**Envisioning the frogs and toadstools that the
shower might bring.**

**The backyard is so very colorful as leaves
begin to fall,**

**Animals begin to prepare for winter,
gathering enough acorns and nuts for all.**

Joseph Zaden, 6th grade HM 90+
Ft. Lauderdale Garden Club, Florida

“Following the Sun”
Flying through the air
Riding the breeze
Soaring over rivers
Nesting in trees
Raising babies
Feeding them well
Sheltering in the nest
They never fell
Pushing them out
Teaching them to fly
Spreading their wings
listening to say goodbye
It’s time for their life
Their flight has begun
Amazing sight to see
Following the sun

Maran Wolfe, 7th grade HM 90+
Magnolia Garden Club, Georgia

“Wings of Autumn”
Fall whisks in on wings
The home of their melodies
Harmonies in Bloom

Sage Davis, 8th grade **HM 90+**
Beautiful View Garden Club, Georgia

“Birds Singing, I Love You! I Love You!”

**The lovely morning with a graceful sun,
Listening to the birds sing, oh delightful, so fun.
“I love you, I love you” they all say,
Awakening you from your sleep to start off
your day.**

**Yellow, white, even blue birds too,
They fly so high in the clear Autumn sky.
The soft twittering, I love you, I love you” is all
you hear,
Looking at them flap their wings above the
trees so near.**

**“I love you, I love you” they say,
Now we can enjoy our lovely Autumn Day.**

Lily Moon, 9th grade **WINNER**
Conyers Garden Club, Georgia



“Out My Window”

**Out my window, I see the sun shining.
I see pond water glistening.
I see the geese swimming amongst the frogs.
Out my window, I hear those geese honking.
I hear their beautiful feathers flapping.
I hear leaves rustling from their nests.
I go outside to experience it in all its beauty.**

**I walk out to the pond and feel the smooth
water on my fingertips.
I hear the leaves crunch beneath my feet.
I walk up to the gaggle of geese and see their
beautiful feathers.
It was a joy to experience nature
I saw beautiful sights.
I heard breathtaking noises.
I felt calm.**

ESOL Students

Augustine Alonso Alvarez, 3rd grade **WINNER
Pine Forest Garden Club, Georgia**



“Cactus”

**Oh, it’s so fun to be prickly
I wish I could be friends with people
I wish I will get out of the desert
I’ve never seen a theme park
I am green, if you see me**

Juan Diego Gonzalez-Leal, 4th grade



Pine Forest Garden Club, Georgia

“Snow”

**Oh, how it hurts when you throw me
I wish you can stop playing with me
And I wish I can go to the beach
But I cannot go because I can melt
And you will never see me again**

William Lopez Sanchez, 5th grade



Odum Garden Club, Georgia

“The Songbird of Relief”

**The songbird sang to the beat.
The bird created magic every time they heard
her sing.
Every time people hear her it’s music to their
ears.
Every time people hear the songbird sing, they
feel like they are floating in big white fluffy
clouds.**

Special Needs Students

Jacob Moser, 4th grade **WINNER**
Pine Forest Garden Club, Georgia



“Big Cats”

Lion

**Protective, heavy-weight
Hunting, Roaring, Fighting
Predator, Pride, Carnivore, Cat
Running, Stalking, Purring
Spotted, Fast
Cheetah**

Karley Johnson, 5th grade **WINNER**
Odum Garden Club, Georgia



“Bird Song”

**Tweet, tweet
I hear something so very sweet,
It has a long-curved beak.
So energetic and bold
I peer through the tree, and guess what I see!
A little wren scurrying after a bee
My eyes follow it to some vines
Where it turns and looks at me with beady eyes
Buffy eyebrows so divine!
Then as I turn away it starts a cheery song
“Tweet, tweet, tweet, Tweet, tweet, tweet”
It cocks its tail upwards so high it almost
touches the sky!**

The wren hobbles over to some brush
Besides him there are pretty red flowers in a
bush
Dragonflies fly around
Pinecones fall and hit the ground
The wren flies back to its nest, where it will
lay and rest

New England Region

Caleb Cote, Kindergarten HM 90+
Framingham Garden Club, Massachusetts

“A Songbird in the Air”

I hear a noise.
It’s something blue,
It’s something new,
And it can fly too.

Kayla Kaplan, 1st grade 2nd
North Haven Garden Club, Connecticut

“The Music of Nature”

When I wake up in the morning,
I hear different kinds of birds singing.
They make different kinds of sounds,
Some soft and some loud.
I look out the window and see the birds
singing,
Red, orange, black and gray, white or brown,
They all play together to make the music of
nature.

Grace Cote, 2nd grade **HM 90+**
Framingham Garden Club, Massachusetts

“Above”

**A song for me,
A song for you,
Above the ground,
That’s where it flew.
Above the garden,
Above the bush,
All its feathers went swish and swoosh.**

Arianna Linger-Meyer, 3rd grade **HM 90+**
Colchester Garden Club, Connecticut

“Chickadees”

**They sing a song,
Then flutter by picking up some seed,
Then they stop and take a rest in the maple tree.**

Taylor Hardy, 4th grade **HM 90+**
Colchester Garden Club, Connecticut

“Beautiful”

**Beautiful colors, beautiful songs,
Sitting in the power lines, just outside my
lawn,
Doing what they want, as spring moves along.
Beautiful colors, beautiful songs, making a
nest in that old maple tree, raising their
babies, happy as could be.**

**With the sun shining down, and a cloudless sky,
Flowers are blooming, and a wind's passing by.
Beautiful colors, beautiful songs,
If you say they are beautiful, you can't be
wrong,
Flying in the sky, up above the clouds, if you
listen closely, you can hear their song.
Beautiful colors, beautiful songs.**

Savanna Alleyne, 5th grade HM 90+
North Haven Garden Club, Connecticut

**“Migration of the Hummingbird”
Chirp, chirp, chirping away, singing, flying
high in the sky,
I flap my wings fast with wing beat rate at 200
beats per second.
I fly as fast as I can towards the clouds,
Oh, to be free
Knowing this little hummingbird will need to
migrate.
Butterfly will pass, but I will complete my task.
Migrating from north to south, flying sway
from the cold which is bold.
On my journey I use my long, narrow beak to
eat nectar from flowers, pink, red, orange
and yellow,
A vision of beauty, I can nectar from them all.
I fly backwards, the only bird that can do so,
To take a break from this long, tiring journey.**

**Chirp, chirp, chirping away, singing, flying
high in the sky,
Migration complete, I made my journey far
away from home up north, to be warm and
free, chirping away.**

**Adam John Guertin, 6th grade HM 90+
Danbury Garden Club, Connecticut**

**“A Leaf’s Journey”
I fell one windy day,
I couldn’t wait to play,
With the garden I watched grow,
It was right before the snow.
I joined my leafy friends,
As the season ends!**

**Maureen O’Connell, 7th grade 3rd
Framingham Garden Club, Massachusetts**

**“Untold Stories of Hidden Nature”
In the meadow
Far from the city
With its trucks and cars and people
Alone
With silence
Peace
Butterflies fluttering about
Landing on delicate blades of tall grass
Flowers rustling in the wind**

A blue jacaranda stands tall
Its delicate flower dusting the ground below
The petals flower dusting up by the wind
They dance together for some time
The near-summer breeze turning the petals
So that the sun may reveal their vibrant hues
Showering the earth beneath with color
High in the branches
Of the blue jacaranda
A soft chirping sound echoes from the tree
A blue-faced honeyeater peaks from behind a
flower
Revealing itself from behind its scented
disguise
It blinks a few times
And flies to a higher part of the tree
Landing on a delicate branch
Allowing the petals to float to the ground
The honeyeater chirps once more
This time
Its song is a message to the sun
The sun behind a massive cloud
And its rays no longer touch the blue jacaranda
The petals slowly begin to wilt
And fall
Till the tree is bare
And the ground is littered with dead petals
All shriveled up
The butterflies fly away to a new home

Coated in sun

The honeyeater stays with the tree though

This is its home

And it will fight to save it

Again, it chirps

Louder and louder at the sun

Till finally

The sun answers

**A small gap in the cloud allows it to send a
message to the bird**

The cloud

The cloud is blocking my rays

The honeyeater looks around

At the massive dark cloud hiding the sun

Impossible

Then it looks at its tree

**Once a majestic beacon of the beauty of
nature**

Now a sad representation of its loss

Its final blue petal catches

The honeyeaters attention

The last petal

Falling slowly

**Towards the graveyard of its brothers and
sisters**

The final petal

A beacon of hope

Swooping down at an alarming speed

**The honeyeater saves the petal
At the last possible second
Bringing it back up
To the top of its tree
Cradling the last dying petal in its wings
The honeyeater makes its decision**

Possible

**It gently lays the last petal in the highest branch
And flies
Higher and higher
Flapping its wing harder and harder
It soars upwards
Till it crashes into the cloud
Cracks run through the cloud
Shattering it piece by piece
Content with saving its home
The honeyeater falls down
But the sun isn't just going to let that happen
Through the new crack the bird made
The sun shoots a ray
Catching the bird
With one final sunray slamming against the
cloud
The cloud breaks
And the sunrays speed down
To the blue jacaranda
The dead petals
Seeing into the ground
And running back through the roots**

Bringing life back to the tree

Landing

The sunray gently lays the honeyeater

Onto the top branch

Opening its eyes

The bird wonders

Am I in heaven?

It sure seems like that

Answers the sun

Because you are back with your home

But no

Raising its head

The honeyeater looks around

Its tree is glorious as ever

Its blue petals shimmering in the new light

And there

Next to the bird

Lay the last petal

Thank you

It says

You saved us all

And the blue-faced honeyeater did

The butterflies return

And the flowers bloom

In the tall grass

And the tree grows taller in the coming years

Providing a safe home

For generations of honeyeaters

**For years to come
This is one of the many
Untold stories of nature
Remaining a legend Far from a city
With its trucks and cars and people
In the meadow
Alone
With silence
Peace
And a bird
Who lives on
As a legend**

Jessica Haeckel, 8th grade **WINNER
North Haven Garden Club, Connecticut**



“Birds Awakening to the Beauty of Spring”

**The clouds are braking,
The sun arises,
While little goldfinches,
Awake to surprise.**

**A chirp from a bluebird,
So gentle and quiet,
Tries to compete,
With the crow squawking a riot.**

**Cardinals stretch their wings,
Thrashers fly in the sky,
Sparrows shake their tails,
And baby hawks attempt to fly.**

**A gorgeous hummingbird,
Enjoys sweet nectar from a flower,
While sleeping woodpeckers,
Awake at dawn's first hour.**

**Blue jays call to one another,
Chickadee's peep from their nest,
Butterflies flutter out of fresh green grass.
And hibernating ducks feel blessed.**

**Owls are slumbering in their homes
Eggs are laid up high in trees,
Robins carry worms back to their young,
As honey is being produced by bees.**

**Songs from oaks,
Squawks from an evergreen,
Peeps from maples,
Emerge upon a land most keen.**

**Nuthatches chirp from high in the trees,
Yellow sunlight floods from above,
Wrens flap their wings with excitement,
Soft coos escape from a dove.**

**The snow has melted,
The animals awaken with cheer,
The birds are singing,
Spring is here.**

Suchi Srikanth, 9th grade 2nd
The North Reading Garden Club, Massachusetts

“What a Birdfeeder Brings”

**My father puts up a birdfeeder every year.
The endless competition between the squirrels
and the birds.**

**My grandmother and grandfather sitting in
front of the window,
Sipping their tea.**

Watching nature’s musicians.

**The bluebird’s regality,
Perched on the fence.**

**The lark’s childlike flight,
Flapping in a race.**

Godspeed.

**The shallow’s serenity,
Containing its talkative nature.**

**Mothers pushing third children,
And watching them soar,
Singing them to sleep with lullabies.**

**Reminds me of my own mother,
I lay nestled in her arms.**

**We watched the songbirds,
All different colors and types.**

**I think they gossip,
And scream, and get angry like we do.
I think they flirt,**

**And they love and they cry.
They fly with the wind,
Singing their songs.
And in our silence,
Their noise thrives.**

Pacific Region

Marvin Klink, Kindergarten WINNER
Sunny Hills Garden Club, Oregon



“Dive Down Low”
Birdie, Birdie, fly in the sky.
Birdie, Birdie, zoom so high.
Birdie, Birdie, dives down low.
Birdie, Birdie, plays in the snow.

Arav Kumar, 1st grade HM 90+
Pecan Grove Garden Club, Arizona

“Flying Birds”
I see beautiful flying birds every day.
I see them sitting upon trees every day.
They are always happy and cheery,
They are different from each other,
But they all can fly.
I see them flying near me every day.
I hear their beautiful voices every day.

Colton Dague, 2nd grade 3rd
Pecan Grove Garden Club, Arizona

“Silkie the Little Chicken”

**Her feathers are so fluffy.
She prances and dances all day long.
She searches for worms and bugs to feast upon.
Her cozy coat keeps her warm all year long.
Silkie is a wonderful little chicken.**

Natasha Vanden, 3rd grade HM 90+
Roseville Better Gardens Club, California

“Fall Birds”

**Every fall once a year,
New birds are here!
New species to see!
White, black, blue, red and brown,
Birds all around!
We have found yellow pink and orange so far!
Can't wait to see
More birdies!**

Hayden Foppe, 4th grade HM 90+
Pecan Grove Garden Club, Arizona

“Nature’s Beautiful Creations”

**I have nature, art and poetry
You say that is not enough
Then what is enough?
Nature is wonderful, colorful and bright**

**Flowers are growing, caterpillars transforming
to butterflies, ever changing life
Leaves turning colors
The sun settling down transforming into a
beautiful sunset
Nature, always making beautiful creations
Roaring, angry thunder clouds
Wind whistling., how long through the trees
Brooks babbling
Nature has so much to say!
Tell me why now this is not enough?**

**Zoey Garza, 5th grade HM 90+
Pecan Grove Garden Club, Arizona**

“A Place Just for Me”

**In the jade-green forest, there I heard
A pleasant song from a beautiful blue bird
It’s chirps sound like bells just for me
As the wind blows creating a melody
With the bees buzzing and the flowers
shinning**

This is a place...just for me.

**These sounds bring joy to me
As I never heard such a melody**

**No one will ever see, this is a place just for me
As I hear the rushing water from the stream
I watch how the butterflies flutter near me
This is a place...just for me.**

**As the sun shines through the leaves
Creating a spotlight just for me
The leaves rustling from the trees
Joining in om the melody
The forest is like a concert just for me
This is a place...just for me.**

**Alyssa Pina Medina, 6th grade HM 90+
Pecan Grove Garden Club, Arizona**

“Equally and Perfectly Made”

**Nature,
Wakes up in the morning when the sun comes
up to see
It goes to sleep at night when the moon is out
to peek
It breathes out air and doesn't have to be
asked to breathe in again
It goes through different seasons, stages and
phases, and they don't end
Nature, happily sings through a bird when the
time comes in spring
You hear it laugh through the breeze
It roars in pain through the lion
And screams when the waves crash against the
rocks
Through the thunder you hear how frustrated
it gets
It cries when the pressure gets too much
And you feel it tears on your face**

**You see its peaceful in the way the butterflies
fly**

**All around you see the different colors and
shades**

**In the flowers and the sunsets that paint the
sky**

**It's a canvas that reflects the painter who
made it**

**And you hear its heartbeat in each drop of
rain falling on the ground**

Nature naturally sings the glory of its creator

It knows what it is to be created

**But most of all knows the most beautiful
creation of the creator**

Important even when ignored

Beautiful when when broken

Made with different combinations of emotions

Having many parts that make it be what it is

Scarred and healed

It's a beautiful disaster

**It's filled with imperfections that make it
perfect**

It's Imperfectly perfect

Nature knows what it is to be human

Teresa Hernandez 7th grade 2nd
Pecan Grove Garden Club, Arizona

“I Wonder”

**I wonder if the trees choose the way they sway
If the birds decide to fly south for winter
Whether the insects are the ones who decided
to stay**

I wonder all of these, feeling hinder

**I sometimes wish to be the animals keeping
routine**

**The one who has a habit never to be broken
I wonder why this is what I wish to come in to
being**

I ponder why this is so unspoken

**I wonder if these things have always been the
same**

**If trees always had bark and leaves
Or if birds always had feathers to protect
them from rain**

I wonder this as others pay no heed

**I wonder if others ponder the same thing
If anyone else questions the way things are
Or if they even question what is occurring**

I wonder if others see things like this from afar

**I see puddles and think storm or monsoon
But do others thin the same thing**

**My question will likely become something
inopportune
And yet I still wonder all of these with my
whole being**

Rocky Mountain Region

**Richard Van Dam, 3rd grade 2nd
Neighborhood Garden Club, Utah**

“The Rattlesnake”

**In the desert,
In the hot sun
Hear the rattle.
Listen to the hiss.
Look at the rattle.
Look at the scales.
Look at the head.
Notice how it is a beautiful creature,
Just like all the others in the world.**

**Josaily Riviera, 4th grade 3rd
Plattsmouth Garden Club, Nebraska**

“Whimbrel”

**Olive marked with brown
With a call kee, kee, hee-hee-hee
Flying in the sky, kee, kee
Hee-hee-hee, you will hear
Because a Whimbrel just passed by.**

Hailey Coleman, 5th grade 2nd
Plattsmouth Garden Club, Nebraska

“Fabulous Night”

**As the sun shined through the trees, I walked
through the forest.**

I hear the birds are singing a sweet melody.

**As the sun stretched over the horizon, I see
many fluttering butterflies all over the
forest landing on flowers for a nice meal.**

**The sun starts to lower and the singing of the
birds fade.**

**As the sun gives a breath-taking sunset, the
butterflies disappear.**

The moon comes up, it lights the night sky.

**I hear the wind brushing the tree tops, it gives
me a sign of peace so quiet tonight.**

Auggie Pedersen, 6th grade HM 90+
Plattsmouth Garden Club, Nebraska

“Mr. Wren”

Thank you, Little Wren,

For always singing,

And being My Friend.

The clear blue waterfall,

Draws you from the brush,

Seeking so many insects,

Your song quiets to a hush,

Flying back to your brush,

Thinking about your amazing lunch,

You break into song where you belong.

Colin Wuelling, 7th grade WINNER
Plattsmouth Garden Club, Nebraska



“The Colorful Garden”

**Butterfly’s fly up in the sky.
Brushes sway in the wind.
Flowers grow tall and pretty.
Bees get pollen from flowers.
Small bugs in the dirt.
Birds sing as I listen.
Woodpeckers peck trees.
Bee’s buzz.
Leaves fall from trees,
Red, brown, orange.
Grass grows.
All of this in my garden.**

Laney Van Erdewyk, 8th grade HM 90+
Plattsmouth Garden Club, Nebraska

“God’s World”

**As I look out the window
I hear the birds calling out “hello”.
I love birds if you can tell,
Their voices remind me of a little bell.
They’ll sing and they’ll sing,
It is like their praising our king.
The God from above created this earth,
The place of our birth.
Now we enjoy the beauty of nature,
A beautiful feature,
That God sent down from Heaven.
I give it an eleven out of eleven.**

South Atlantic Region

Addy Terry, Kindergarten HM 90+

Emma Scott Garden Club, West Virginia

“Bird Blue”

**Blue jay singing loud
Blue, white, little tiny
On a high tree branch
Leaves, rocks, trees, grass, birds
Rainbows up high all colors
Happy excited.**

Loren Legrand Ott, 1st grade HM 90+

Rose Garden Club, South Carolina

“Ladybug”

**Fly ladybug.
Fly into my backyard.
Fly into the cold winter.
Fly into the night.
Fly into the glowing stars.**

Lillie Lynch, 2nd grade HM 90+

Rose Garden Club, South Carolina

“Trees, Sky and Birds”

**Trees are green.
The sky is blue.
Birds sing and me too!**

Lillyanna Wolfe, 3rd grade 3rd
The Garden Club of Aiken, South Carolina

“Songbirds”
Songbirds
Singing, tweeting
Chirping, chirping, flying
Fetching worms and bugs
Tweet, peep, chirp
Fly, sky
High

Adora Jackson, 4th grade 2nd
The Garden Club of Aiken, South Carolina

“Wild Ways”
Above the tree the birds chirp with glee
They are as cheerful as can be
The bees with honey, oh so sweet
Attract chirps and soothing tweets
Evergreen, oak, and maples galore
There are so many things to explore
Asters, lilies, roses they grow
Up and up, they go
Apples, pineapples and so much more
Figs, mangos, peaches at the door
Clover, grass and weeds are here
Achoo, it’s that time of year!

Rachel Crider, 5th grade

HM 90+

Rose Garden Club, South Carolina

“Lovely Songbirds”

Lovely singing

On the branch

Very beautiful

Early mornings

Little birds

Young songbirds in the spring

Summer singing

Ot and about in the mornings

Nest where they lay in the spring

Great voices

Beautiful colors

In the sky

Right in the grass

Deep in the woods

Spring singing

Aubrey Zuccarell, 6th grade

WINNER

Two Creeks Garden Club, Kentucky



“Come Sing With Me”

Chirp, chirp, chirp how they sing

Oh, the beauty that they bring

They soar high in the sky.

How I wish they’d drop by

To sing ne a song,

All the day long.

**I watch them perch up on the highest trees,
Flying along with the sun and the breeze.
Melodies, symphonies, lullabies too!
Oh bird, oh bird, may I sing with you?**

Tristin Dove, 7th grade HM 90+

**The Yellow Jessamine Garden Club of Dillon,
South Carolina**

“Just Sitting on my Swing”

**Oh, how I love to sing
While I sit on my back porch swing.
Watching the songbirds fly from tree to tree
And I hear them sing so beautifully.**

**I try to catch a time with the Blue Jay
But he doesn't seem to be interested in me
today.**

**So, I make the sound of a red bird,
And then I hear the loudest song ever heard.
Whistling and singing to the top of his lungs
Bird was sitting behind me on a picture that
was strung**

**He was excited and singing along with me
Boy, this made me feel very happy!**

**Oh, how I love to sing
While sitting on my back porch swing.
Take time and listen to the sounds of nature
today,
Maybe you will hear a red bird, thrasher or
even a blue jay!**

Anna Cecilia Akins, 8th grade HM 90+
The Garden Club of Aiken, South Carolina

“The Rainforest Songbird”

Side-step, side-step, spin.

Side-step, side-step, spin.

My dance repeats again and again

**With a hop and flutter thrown in here and
there.**

I ruffle my feathers with every twirl,

**Embellishing the vibrant hues, I was blessed
with.**

**The sunlight reflects off the dew and
shimmers like diamonds**

**On my feathers. Prancing with the fog at my
feet and the rain**

**Drizzling down, it won't be long before the
ladies come around.**

**My magnificent colors are line none other with
Reds, blues and golds outlined in black.**

**With a shake of my tail and a flap of my
wings, I take**

**A deep breath and start also to sing. I thrill
higher than the**

**Canopy and croon as smooth as the river, yet I
am not your traditional songbird. My
elegance is superior, or so I am told, and it
must be true for so many have come to
behold my show.**

**As popular as my talents are, they are
preformed to please
A specific crowd. Every step and spin I do, I
do for the promise
Of a wife and a family. To raise up young and
build a nest,
That's the whole reason why I dance. And, my
dance must be the best for ladies want and
deserve the best. And sooner or later, one
will come along, then she will watch my
creative spin and song.**

**Side-step, side-step, spin.
Side-step, side-step, spin.
My dance continues entrance
All who come by and see.
With flutters and hops, twirls and bops,
I'll dance for my girl and when she comes
I will give her the most magnificent bow.**

**Ellyse Goddard, 9th grade 3rd
Emma Scott Garden Club, West Virginia**

**“Cardinal in the Tree”
Cardinal red brown
Chirping song happy joyful
In the big oak tree
Adventuring fun
Enjoy beautiful nature
Peaceful relaxing**

South Central Region

Sumedha Jayanth, Kindergarten 3rd
A & M Garden Club, Texas

“Cardinals”

**Come on cardinals,
Are you ready?
Red feathered bird
Do you see a cardinal?
Insect-eater,
Nature’s orange-beaked birds,
Are small and
Love to Sing.**

Alicia Coburn, 2nd grade HM 90+
Polk County Garden Club, Texas

“Hours of the Daytime Choir”

**As the morning dew drops fall
Birds sing a song of praise
I listen and listen till I see the sun
Going, going, gone
And there right in front of me
Is the night black**

Jacqueline Chu, 3rd grade WINNER
A & M Garden Club, Texas



“Never Sing Alone!”

**A songbird sings the prettiest song
One day, she wakes up early in the dawn
She seeks for someone to ger along
But she can only find a swan**

**Swan doesn’t enjoy the tune
So poor songbird sobbed in the lawn
Then came another chirping bird from the sky
Comfort her with another try**

**His song is the sparkling dewdrop
His song is the sweetest lollipop
His song is the cool drink in the summer
His song is the cute bunny ready to hop**

**She is so touched by his voice
Her joy is the creamy cupcake
Her joy is the yummy ice cream
Her joy is the pink lemonade
Her joy is the gooey chocolate**

**From then on, she never feels alone
She finally finds the right buddy
With whom to make a home**

**They read together
They eat together
They play together
They fly together
But the most joyful thing is
They sing forever
From dawn to sunset**

Fiza Sahar Dhosani, 4th grade HM 90+
A & M Garden Club, Texas

“Autumn’s Tune”

**Beautiful trees swaying around
The leaves falling off and floating to the ground
Songbirds flying throughout the sky
I lay in the grass that is warm and dry
I join the melodic songbird singing
When they change tunes I start humming
I smell the fresh autumn air
While the songbirds fly higher and I start to
glare
When the singing and humming comes to an
end
I watch the colors of the sunset blend**

Angelica Gerdes, 5th grade HM 90+
A & M Garden Club, Texas

“Bird Call”

**The mockingbirds sing their song
They sing it all day long.
In the morning, like wake-up calls
The melody rises and falls.
During the day they sing from the trees
A joyous tune in the land of the free.
As dusk turns to night
Their song is like a lullaby.**

**The birds sing us to sleep
So until tomorrow morn
They are quiet, not a peep
And a new song is born.**

**Malak Farraj, 6th grade 3rd
A & M Garden Club, Texas**

“Soaring to the Stars”

**The Bobolink sways on a strand of prairie
grass,**

**Sing her thrilling song,
The sun rises in a sky of gold,
As ribbons of light dance upon the ground,
Shimmering like broken glass.**

**The Wood Thrush balances on a delicate branch
As the noon wraps the world in a black cloak,
The twilight sky is filled with his mournful notes,
High, then low, then high again,
Singing the stars to sleep at the daylight’s
dewy close.**

**An American Dipper singing as the starlight
gleams,
Her gently song in cadence,
With the rushing streams,
Her voice calls to all the creatures of the night,
Still asleep in the beds,
To let them know that now,
The world is theirs instead.**

Matthew Donovan, 7th grade
Garden Club of Rogers, Arizona

HM 90+

“A BIRD’S DAY”

**The bird woke up in the morn.
He was so happy got iye as the day he
was born.
So, he sang his song and went airborne.
All the animals cane out;
It was no day to mourn.**

Nolan Catagnus, 8th grade
Garden Club of Rogers, Arizona

2nd

“New Dawn”

**I rise, awake at the new dawn
But I only hear the sing-song
Of my memories, filled with the
Birds for which I long.
I run, and find the
Room of my mind,
And I bring along
Flocks of birdsong,
Forgotten nature,
But I am left with great
Pangs of pains from the
Once melodic world
That has surely been undone
For every dawn
It grows silent**

**Like a forest
Stripped of water
And I lie down
On my bed of plastic
And wait for a new dawn
I am filled with regret
For it shall never come
Because that dawn
Is not visible
All because
It has been shunned
By noxious clouds
Of neglect.
Sound however,
Is not held back
By such clouds.
Somewhere
In the early hours
A songbird calls.**

Victoria Staples, 9th grade HM 90+
Dogwood Garden Club, Texas

“A Beautiful Bird”

**A beautiful bird and it's beautiful voice
It sings with the wind
The wind blows this beautiful song
For the other birds to sing along
People listen carefully
They hum it gracefully**

**As they carry this song
For everyone to hum along
As the humming gets louder
The people sing it prouder
And the next thing you know
You're singing with the song birds**

**We look forward to seeing the creative
writing in next year's contest!
Please follow the guidelines on the NGC
website www.gardenclub.org.**