

# Grade 6 Winners

1<sup>st</sup> Place: Temperance LaBoa, Beauty in the Desert

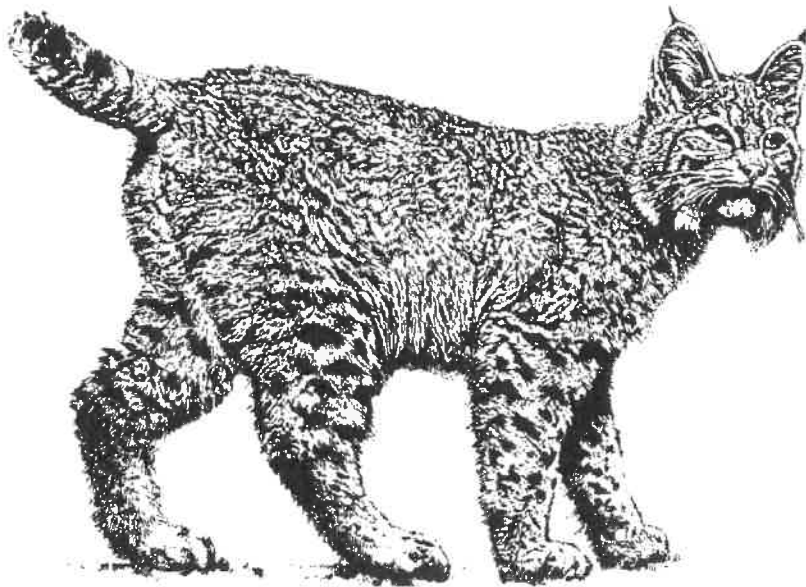
2<sup>nd</sup> Place: Elijah Newkirk, The Mountains

3<sup>rd</sup> Place: Alexandra Kanipe, A Weather Of the Sonoran

HM: Olivia Handford, What I see

HM: Broderick Reblin, Walk in the sun

HM: Isaiah Cole, The Sonoran Desert



# Beauty in the Desert

Many feet pad across the sand  
As the sun falls, many eyes arise  
As the dawn breaks, wings take to the sky  
Moths and butterflies flutter by  
Cacti and bushes stretch to the sky

The sun is far above, so high  
Its morning rays are thin and slanted  
Through the day they grow so strong  
It beats down onto the sand  
Blazing over the entire land  
Only shelter is in the shade  
Once-bright colors, now they fade

Through the night it grows cold  
Midnight dwellers begin to rise  
While daytime creatures start to hide  
The sky glows with vivid colors  
Blue, pink, yellow, many others  
Then they fade to nightly gray  
Pricks of light shine through the dark  
Coyotes start to hunt in packs  
And though they are few, you may see bats

When rain falls the desert rejoices  
Animals come out, plants begin flourish  
Although, in the desert, everything bites,  
It is still a beautiful sight

Temperance LaBoa  
Beauty in the Desert  
Sixth Grade  
1st Place

## *The Mountains*

*I see mountains everywhere,  
some are near, and some are far,  
some are tall, and some are small,  
some are green, and some are brown,  
some are jagged, and some are round.*

*Some have cactus, and some have trees,  
but every once in a while, they have none of these.*

*Some get snow, and some get rain,  
Some have roads, and some have only mountain terrain.*

*As I look towards the east and the west,  
The north and the south,  
I see mountains all about.*

Elijah Newkirk  
The Mountains  
Sixth Grade  
2nd Place



## A Weather Of the Sonoran

Summers are hot and winters are cold.  
But there is a weather that never grows old.  
The monsoons are coming here and there.  
Rain and thunder everywhere.  
Not like a tornado or hurricane.  
A storm that doesn't bring pain.  
After, only distant clouds and water puddles remain.  
No crashes or trees on the ground.  
Everyone is safe and sound.  
From Early July to September.  
Something most people remember.  
The monsoons will come and go.  
As they follow their flow.

Alexandra Kanipe  
A Weather Of the Sonoran  
Sixth Grade  
3rd Place

## What I see

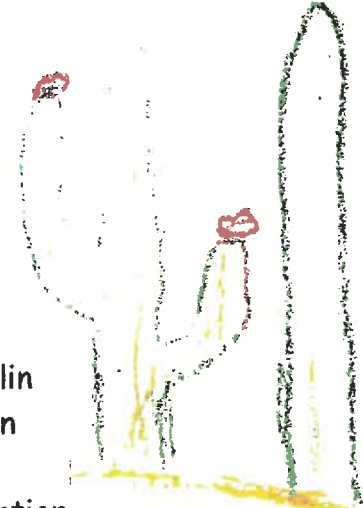
The Sonoran Desert

One can say the desert is dry and boring  
But for me, it is nothing less than more the eye can see  
Some say the desert is two colors, tan and green  
But the Sonoran is much more than that, shades of pink, purple, blues, and greens  
They graze the eye of the watcher; they may finally see what I see  
The beauty of the desert does not end there  
As you hear animals everywhere  
From the crows cawing to the coyotes howling  
They form a natural harmony  
As the day progresses, the night becomes a part of the desert  
Swallowing the day as the lights fade  
Into a gleaming black and blue evo  
As time goes on day, night, sunrise, sunset  
Spring, Summer, fall, and winter  
Nothing affects the natural phenomenon known as the Sonoran  
The plants, animals, sky, and light  
All add up to the flare of the desert  
Some see the desert as gray and dull  
I see the Sonoran as way more than that  
As people start appreciating the Arizona beauty known as the Sonoran  
They may finally see what I see  
The Sonoran Desert

Olivia Handford  
What I see  
Sixth Grade  
Honorable Mention

## Walk in the sun

Running through the desert,  
I look up at the sky.  
As I see its beautiful colors  
a bird flies through the sky.  
It's the beautiful bald eagle  
flying with pride.  
It lands on a saguaro cactus  
as it spots a little guy.  
The roadrunner running  
running from what!  
A coyote of course.  
But you trip on a rock  
though it's not quite that,  
it's a desert tortoise munching on grass.  
As you spot the beautiful mountains you look down and see,  
A gila monster looking at me.  
I get to my door but I'm not quite done.  
I take a look at the sky and say goodnight to the beautiful sun.



Broderick Reblin  
Walk in the sun  
Sixth Grade  
Honorable Mention

## The Sonoran Desert

Tall as a Mesquite

Bright as the sun

Venomous as a female carpenter bee

Hard as a boulder

Fast as a monarch

Itchy as a pack of fleas

Fast as a roadrunner

Green as a leaf

Strong as a palm tree

Soft as the sand

Furry as a bobcat

Flexible as a coatimundi

Myriad is the Sonoran Desert

Isaiah Cole  
The Sonoran Desert  
Sixth Grade  
Honorable Mention

