

RUNNER-UP, 12-15 years

Summer

by Lizzie Clifford

Rays shoot down, splintering clouds of dust

The beams highlight their tender beauty

The sunflowers stand tall to attention

As if they are soldiers on duty

The grass is mown, cut finely to perfection

The living creations glide around

With a fluttering wing, and a delicate eye

The paper built elegance does not make a sound

Late summer nights, with music and love

Deep with darkness yet still full of light

Across the meadow, around the field

The summer air chases the cool spring breeze

Falling in the distance, the sun starts to hide

The day has lived, and now it has died.