

Mark Williamson was awarded the title of 2023 Providence Classical School Poet Laureate for his poem "My God, My Life, My Everything."

My God, My Life, My Everything
By Mark Williamson, 11th Grade
To the tune of St. Columba

My God, my Life, my Everything,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Holy Sweetness, Great I AM,
My thanks to Thee I bring.

I dwelt in willful blindness, Lord,
Thy grace I never sought.
I stray'd from straight and narrow path
In every deed and thought.

I sinn'd for sake of sin, My God,
I heeded not Thy call,
Content in my iniquities,
Not with the Lord of All.

But in my blindness, O Great King,
Thou show'd me all my sin.
My thoughtless deeds, my worthless thoughts,
The vileness within.

How can a man like me, O God,
Dwell in Thy Holy Place?
I wept; I could not look upon
Thy Bright, Resplendent Face.

But in Thy Mercy and Thy Grace,
Thou hast made me thy son,
Thy Boundless Love extended so,
When Christ said, "It is done!"

Thou rais'd me out of murky depths,
And set me back ashore.
Revived, transform'd by Holy Ghost,
Thou art whom I adore.

My God, my Life, My Everything,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
I now give thee my life, my Lord,
'Tis all that I can bring.

Are you afraid of the dark?
By Naomi Joseph, 7th Grade
Logic School Best Free Verse Poem

Are you afraid of the dark?
Of monsters lurking in the night?
Does your heart beat faster
When you turn off the light?
Do strange noises come
From inside of your head?
Maybe even coming
From underneath your bed?
Can you feel the grumblings
Of your monster's appetite
Waiting for you to fall asleep
Every single night?
Can you see the shadows
Creeping along the wall?
Do you have a hiding place?
Are you prepared at all?
Maybe you've a clever one
That hides in your closet
And when the morning comes
Do you find holes in your pockets
Don't believe your mother
When she says that they aren't real
Believe the eerie feeling
When it comes in for the kill
Monsters are real kid
Just hidden from your sight
Listen closely child
If I were you I'd hide

The Path
By Ayin Marusik, 11th Grade
Rhetoric School Best Free Verse Poem

A narrow path in a dark wood
Hidden by years fading
And generations renaming
Where once foot steps meant following
And imprints meant marking

But now one could say the path changed
That the prettiness was ruined when wolves came
But hidden is not gone
Covered is not destroyed
And a little lore is fuel to the want for more
Lore maintained by those who walked the path
Ones who were not willing to trade a road meant for boots
For sandals on concrete over once lively roots

For this path
Created by hands nailed to wood
Shows a forgotten beauty and truth
Out in the middle of those dark woods

So find the path
Stay on the trail
Come wind fire rain and hail
This path shall mean your bail

An Elegy to the Weathered Mountain
By Isa Stan, 9th Grade
Rhetoric School Honorable Mention Best Free Verse Poem

Winter mountain, standing tall,
What was it, oh mountain, that made you fall?

Was it the wind, the howling wind?
He envied you, strong and true.
He cried, he rang,
With his howls he sang.
His pride was great,
And also his hate, but
No matter how hard he fought,
Down, oh mountain, you would not be brought.

Was it the sea, the raging sea?
He envied you, strong and true.
He swelled, he crashed,
Against your side he bashed,
His might was great,
And also his hate, but
No matter how hard he fought,
Down, oh mountain, you would not be brought.

Winter mountain, standing tall,
What was it, oh mountain, that made you fall?

It was the rain, the quiet rain,
Drenching you throughout the years.
You, oh mountain, have been slain, by a silver assault of heaven's tears.

Winter mountain that once stood tall,
It was the rain that made you fall.
Washing away your moth-clothed stone,
You were once beautiful, but now-
A sad mound of weathered rock alone,
To be covered all with trees of green.
Never again will your glory be seen.

Not in the fields where the grasses sway,
Not by the nomads that once looked your way,
Not in the valleys, nor the plains, and
Never again will the people say
“What a glorious mountain that God made!”
Instead they pass along the hills,
To distant lands and foreign places,
Sadness ever on their faces, for
They know: among the trees and emerald meadows,
A mountain once stood, strong and true.

Winter mountain that once stood tall,
It was the rain that made you fall. Your sad memory has passed,
Like the morning dew.
But, sadder yet, about you oh mountain,
The nomad's children never knew.

Caravan

By Turner Young, 8th Grade

Logic School Best Traditional Form Poem

Man and mule in a mile line
Thousands selling wine to dine,
Myrrh to cure and rare canaries.
“Who will trade?” the peddlers say.

Wandered for years with no reply,
Their price is cheap, a shekel each,
Yet none shall come and buy.
“Who will trade?” they again say.

Dark, dark is the time to buy.
When evil is done, and kings come
With gold talents to pay.
“Who will trade in this day?”
The merchants cry again.

One abhors not the light of day.
Anathema and riches grave
With carmine tribute it pays.
Babylon is the tribe
Who trades in the day.

The Musings of a Tree
By Caden Pickle, 11th Grade
Rhetoric School Best Traditional Form Poem

Atop a hill enrobed in trees
An old grey fir swayed in the breeze
And as he swayed began to dream
Of all the wonders he had seen
When he was green and bent with ease

He dreamed of flowers large and small
And little birds that used to fall
From off their nests upon his arms
He thought of rye and barley farms
And heard the growling coyotes' call

But mostly he thought of the past
And how it sped by much too fast
The years had flown, the seasons changed
And everything was rearranged
The present never seemed to last

He fondly thought of friends he'd lost
Of branches dry and tipped with frost
The squirrels gone, the insects dead
The lissome leaves had come and fled
A catalogue of earthly cost

The tree knew he was next in line
To leave his hilltop home behind
To fall and crumble, turn to soil
And with his passing, end life's toil
A fate that all must one day find

Although he knew his youth would fail
He couldn't see beyond death's veil
And pondered whether there would be
Some kind of cosmic syzygy
That would allow him to prevail

Winter

By Isabel Vorst, 11th Grade

Rhetoric School Honorable Mention Best Traditional Form Poem

The last of cold I pray to hold
Fading magic in the chill
A breath, a spell, a tale to tell —
But do I bear it still?

A quiet pull that aches with soul
My fingers fetching dreams
That dwell in gray and misty days
And upon the frost-land gleam.

Winter comes, a wondrous hum
That lives after the leaves
Of autumn fall and rain coats all
Another loss to grieve.

Sorrow lies in gleaming ice
And worlds within my grasp
Clear and bright, a strange delight —
But what, when winter's passed?