

Children Group

1st Place

In Jail

By: Briana Arteago

Being in jail is lonely at night. It's waiting for letters that no one will write; it's depending on people you thought were your friends. When they fail to come through again and again.

It's sitting around with nothing to do, trying to figure out just who is who it's finding out that hearts are made of stones and realizing that you are all alone

It is waiting for visits that never take place, from so-call friends who have forgotten your face. Its wondering why time seems to move so slow and every dream you have, has no place to go.

Therefore, I will do me time with my head held high and keep my integrity and pride until the day I die.

The day will come when I am free, the it will be my turn to forget those who forgot me.

2nd Place

Old Penitentiary

By: Abbie Hunt

Old Penitentiary still awaits,
Standing there behind the gates,
Wishing for a soul to come,
But all that came was just lonesome,
The criminals are no longer there,
Nobody seems to even care,
You look around and see the dust,
And iron bars shielded in rust,
Old penitentiary still standing there,
With all the time in the world to spare.

3rd Place

Penitentiary

By: Jonny Murillo

People die
Everybody Sins
Nobody is perfect
I hate my life
Try to be good; try to live right
Everybody has problems
Never did I think I would be caught
Too many people in here
I am an inmate
Are people ashamed of me?
Respect is earned in this place
Yet I will survive