

Savannah Elyse Johnson

First place

Child

It started about a hundred and fifty years ago
When the prisoners worked though heat and snow.
As they choked back their dusty tears
They would soon finish the place of their fears

There were a lot who wanted to the burn the pen flat
So they started an uprising, just like that.
They burned down cells and on very large kitchen
And it all fell down, like on year old dry lichen.

So police got tear gas and hurried to the riot
They had to save the penitentiary before they could fry it
With all of the tear gas, the prisoners paid dearly
Those who participated were punished severely

Their punishments for wrong doing were ranging
The cold box isolation, with worst be hanging.
Prisoners made sure not to step out of line,
Or their stay at the pen would not be divine.

Some prisoners had to go into the feared death row
Because of their crimes put a tag on their toe.
They had some things, but wished were free like birds,
But they eventually all said their very last words.

Now it's shut down, the cells are all clear

So if do go, there's nothing to fear.

But, personally, I fell lucky that I didn't know.

What the penitentiary was like a hundred and fifty years ago.

Tony Hernandez

Second place

Child

The Penitentiary

Old and rusty all around,
On the ceiling to the ground.
Locked in bars of heavy metal,
All that is heard is a little fiddle.
All is dim.
All is dark.
On the walls are little marks,
Not a light is in the air,
On the ground is an eaten pear.
Now it is light not scary at all.
You are now set free from it all.
You were so happy you said,
I love the penitentiary!

Nick Shropshire
Honorable mention
Child

Premises

Enabled children tourist

Notorious prisoners

Incarcerated people

Tattoos are allowed

Empty soul

Naughty adults

Tamed crazies

Interrogate

Annual

Ridiculous

Year

Sophia Haro

Honorable Mention

Child

Old

Penitentiary

BIG **dark** *cold* noise

No color, plain gray

PRISON