

Alex Kitsinger

1st place child

The Old Penitentiary

Inside the cage

Dark in the bright of day

Laid the prisoner

Old and tired.

Like a rat

Her hissed and clawed

Scratching up the sandstone walls

Until the night,

Then until day.

One day,

One week,

One month,

One year,

One decade,

One century,

The prisoners came and went

Until the Old Pen closed.

All that's left are marks and memories.

Mrs. Books' 3rd grade class

2nd place child

The Ten Year Old Inmate

In 1885 a ten-year-old inmate went to the Idaho
Penitentiary

The ten-year-old inmate hears the keys of the guard.

Klink, clank, klink, clank.

The ten-year-old inmate hears the other inmates crying.

The ten-year-old inmate hears screaming.

The ten-year-old inmate hears water dripping.

Drip, drop, drip, drop.

The ten-year-old inmate hears his heart beating.

Thump, thump, thump, thump.

The ten-year-old inmate hears nothing.

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The ten-year-old inmate sees shadows.

The ten-year-old inmate sees grown ups in their cells.

The ten-year old inmate cries.

The ten-year-old inmate feels the cold cement.

The ten-year-old inmate feels sad.

The ten-year-old inmate feels alone.

The ten-year-old inmate feels frightened.

The ten-year-old inmate feels sorry.

In 1885 a ten-year-old inmate went to the Idaho Penitentiary.

Sarah Cruz

Honorable mention child

They Speak For Themselves

They hear everything,

The slightest whisper can be heard

Miles away.

They communicate with each other,

They all have their own story.

If it's light or dark, good or bad,

They talk, they hear, they see.

They know if your innocent or not,

They hear everything.

The walls hear everything.