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6-17-2002

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### Recommended Citation

Mantz, Erika, "Robert Frost Youth Poet Program Winners Announced" (2002). *UNH Today*. 2228.  
<https://scholars.unh.edu/news/2228>

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# Robert Frost Youth Poet Program Winners Announced

## UNH co-sponsors annual statewide contest

By *Erika Mantz*

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UNH News Bureau

June 17, 2002

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**EDITORS: The winning poems from each county are included for publication.**

DURHAM, N.H. -- Jean-Luc Bouchard, a fourth-grader in Mrs. Tremblay's class at the Liberty Street School in Hudson, has been named the 2002 Robert Frost Youth Poet for the state of New Hampshire.

Bouchard's poem titled "New Hampshire Fall: A Walk in the Woods with Dad" was his interpretation of this year's theme "New Hampshire: Our Land":

Moist leaves form a red carpet  
Welcoming us into the woods  
The familiar path leads us up a steep hill.  
Dad points out distant mountains  
Covered with skin of rock, like the scales  
Of a great lizard.  
The ground beneath is overrun by an army of ferns  
Still barely green, dreading the first frost.

Chanterelles, boletes, porcini, hen-of-the-woods  
Make up little huts-villages  
Hidden beneath fallen trees.  
Day says: "Watch out for amanita, the angel of Death."  
The pines rise above us; Roman columns  
Holding up the sky, protecting maple and oak.  
White birches stand out among them all,  
Their bark peeling and revealing dark flesh underneath.  
The urge to touch is in my veins.

A granite chair awaits me  
My favorite place to sit, think and watch Dad

Watching migrating birds. I see no deer  
But part of me feels that they see us.  
Dad tells stories on the way back.  
My mind wanders away from the woods,  
Until I trip-over a root or rock  
Reminding me (like a slap in the face)  
That I'm still here.

Bouchard's poem was selected from 650 entries in the annual contest sponsored by Dimond Library at the University of New Hampshire, the Trustees of the Robert Frost Homestead, the state Department of Parks and Recreation and the New Hampshire Poetry Society. The Robert Frost Youth Poet Program is supported by funds from the Finisterre Fund of the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation.

In addition to the statewide winner, a youth poet is chosen for each of the state's counties, and runners-up also are selected. All winners will be honored Saturday, June 22, at noon at the Robert Frost Farm in Derry and the poems will be preserved in a permanent archive in UNH's Dimond Library. Following is a list of winners from each county:

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[Carroll County](#): Matt Dow, Tuftonboro Central School  
Honorable Mention: Joey D. Scherr Jr., Ossipee Central School

[Cheshire County](#): Casey Powers, Chesterfield School  
Honorable Mention: Josh Martin, Chesterfield School

[Coos County](#): Molly Goolman, Lancaster School  
Honorable Mention: Philip Burke, Lancaster School

[Grafton County](#): Sydney Lea, Crossroads Academy  
Honorable Mention: Andrea Ford, Lafayette Regional School

[Hillsborough County](#): Kristen Lake, Library Street School  
Honorable Mention: Arianna Vailas, Mount Saint Mary Academy

[Merrimack County](#): Ellen Attarri, Bow Elementary

School  
Honorable Mention: Atticus Swett, Bow Elementary  
School

Rockingham County: Joshua Aboody, Hampstead  
Academy  
Honorable Mention: Gregory Jacobs, Hampstead  
Academy

Strafford County: Dennis Nadeau, East Rochester  
Honorable Mention: Melissa Moreau, Rollinsford  
Grade School

Sullivan County: Jennifer Coverdale, Sunapee Central  
Elementary School  
Honorable Mention: Carmen Del Genio, Acworth  
School

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**Carroll County Poet**

**Matt Dow**

Teacher, Ms. Reed  
Tuftonboro Central School

Walking By a Field On a Summer Day

I was walking home  
When I saw a beautiful field  
With animals grazing  
The wind blew the grass  
The grass started to sway  
Soft and gentle  
As the ocean softly throws a wave  
As I listened closely  
I could hear the wind whispering  
As soft as a sheep's wool feels  
I was walking home  
When I saw a beautiful field.

**Carroll County Honorable Mention**

**Joey D. Scherr Jr.**

Teacher, Mrs. Olkkola  
Ossipee Central School

New Hampshire the Beautiful

Beautiful Mountains  
topped with snow,  
nice green trees  
where ever you go.

The rivers are gorgeous  
the fish are going down stream,  
and there are birds  
flying in perfect formation team.

What about the lakes  
so wide and true,  
and maple sugar  
the soft, sweet goo.

The foliage is pretty  
colors orange, yellow, and red  
and The Old Man of the Mountain  
the stern granite head.

This is my land  
and your land too,  
Its name is New Hampshire  
what a fantastic view!

---

### **Cheshire County Poet**

**Casey Powers**

Teacher, Laurel Powell  
Chesterfield School

Paradise

New Hampshire, full green forests, flourished,  
Tinted with unimaginable colors.  
A stream softly trickles through this dream,  
Providing a smooth musical touch to the scene,  
From which dreams emit.  
So many people long for a place like this,  
New Hampshire will forever remain a beautiful  
Paradise.

### **Cheshire County Honorable Mention**

**Josh Martin**

Teacher, Teresa Starkey  
Chesterfield School

## Big Green Canopy

Have you ever tasted the rain  
Coming through a big green canopy?  
On a sunny day?  
Its water coming through leaves  
like a shower.  
Trickling down through your hair  
and through your dry lips, and  
brings you delight.  
Green is like a big green canopy.

---

**Coos County Poet** > Molly Goolman  
Teacher, Lynn Emery  
Lancaster School

## New Hampshire Land

The ripe New Hampshire land,  
Is rugged and tough terrain,  
The hills going on forever,  
The beauty pulled in through your brain.  
The rocks and giant boulders,  
Are the grandmas and grandpas of trees,  
With the great starry moss growing on them,  
They are friends to the wasps and the bees.

The grass, the trees and the flowers,  
Standing tall like an army of men,  
They are proud of the land that they live on  
It's been like this since I don't know when.

The flowers are bright,  
With a soft green background,  
Look in most places,  
They are all around.

The bright and dull colors,  
Play like a marvelous band,  
You can hear them, touch them, and smell them,  
Reach out with your ears, nose, and hands.

The glorious mountains reach to the sky,  
What a marvelous thing to see,  
They provide homes for animals,

And good hiking for you and me.

Almost four hundred years ago,  
New Hampshire was discovered,  
They people who found it saw,  
The richness they had uncovered.

**Coos County Honorable Mention**

**Philip Burke**

Teacher, Christine Smith  
Lancaster School

A Nature Walk

I took a walk in New Hampshire  
one day in my land, in our land.  
I took a walk to look and see  
to see my land, to see our land.  
I walked into a forest green  
and every thing looked so serene.  
The trees, the rocks, the moss, the air  
in my land, in our land.  
I came onto a forest pond  
and every thing was peaceful there.  
A beaver swimming to his lodge,  
a mink hiding in the reeds,  
birds flying high in the sky,  
willows swaying in the breeze.  
I hear the engine of a car  
and know my journey's done.  
So I take a last look around  
and walk off towards the sun.

---

**Grafton County Poet**

**Sydney Lea**

Teacher, Cynthia Williamson  
Crossroads Academy

Growth

The world looks all around like granite.  
The sky is gray; the ground looks dead,  
But brush away the cold, hard, dirt,  
And you'll see startings of little life.  
Tiny green sprouts slowly rise from the earth

As if frightened and shy. Under patchwork snow  
Soft green moss soaks moisture up  
Like a wet dog's fur. There's a bold new brook  
Under ice so thin that even a mouse  
Cannot go across to the far bank's shoots.  
What is it now that startles me so?  
A hawk I see, that seizes the mouse.  
I watch the bird with his flaming eye.  
He drops the creature to the ground.  
Spring in New Hampshire, growth on her mind.

**Grafton County Honorable Mention**

**Andrea Ford**

Teacher, Erica Sieberg  
Lafayette Regional School

Spring

New buds on the trees,  
Time to wake up honey bees,  
Put on your cap,  
Go collect some sap,  
New grass shooting up,  
Now you can go walk your pup,  
Time to plant little flowers,  
Springtime seems to bring new powers,  
Snow is melting into streams,  
Time to think up new dreams,  
New Hampshire is changing fast,  
Now take a look at its past.

---

**Hillsborough County Poet**

**Kristen Lake**

Teacher, Mrs. Kingsley  
Library St. School

Mother's Gift  
New Hampshire is a gift,  
Great mother of nature gave us  
these gifts of beauty,

The track runners running over  
the hurdles of water falls,

That Old Man is watching



like a hawk,  
Towering shadows which are  
Called trees,  
", crash" yells the ocean,  
Paving, paving over the land for  
those speeding things called cars  
to ride on,  
This is our gift, this is our  
gift, New Hampshire is our gift.

**Hillsborough County Honorable Mention**

**Arianna Vailas**

Teacher, Sr. Gloria Morin  
Mount Saint Mary Academy

New Hampshire our Land

A little bird once told me,  
He told me of a place,  
With magnificent wild flowers,  
And clear and sunny days,

He said that it had ladybugs,  
And purple lilacs too,  
With fields of a greener green,  
And skies of a bluer blue,

He explained that it had butterflies,  
And lots of whitetail deer,  
And don't forget the giant moose,  
And a white birch here and there,

But he said like many places,  
It has its bad days too,  
Like when it's very rainy,  
But here it's good for you!

And when Autumn come 'round again,  
It's like a fantasy,  
The leaves on the trees turn red, orange, and yellow,  
And they're no longer green!

He acted quite excited,  
When he told me 'bout the trees,

And He explained how big they were,  
And that they suit New Hampshire's needs,

And the last thing he told me,  
And I was sure he knew,  
New Hampshire is a great, great place,  
And you should go there too!

---

**Merrimack County Poet**

**Ellen Attarri**

Teacher, Kim Brewster  
Bow Elementary School

Beauty of Our Land

The beauty of purple shadows,  
Sparkly white snow,  
The crunch of leaves beneath your feet,  
Dainty petals on green stems,  
Shooting from shiny grass.  
All are a part of New Hampshire's beauty.  
Queen of nature and life;  
Sparkling crystal fountains,  
Bright green grass,  
Fresh, clean air.  
Things like these  
Put the golden crown  
on Her Majesty,  
New Hampshire.

**Merrimack County Honorable Mention**

**Atticus Swett**

Teacher, Mrs. Young  
Bow Elementary School

New Hampshire: Our Land

I hear the rushing rivers,  
I smell the sweetest flower,  
As I walk through the forest,  
It has the greatest power.  
New Hampshire: Our Land.

There is a field I look at,  
I see a little animal running,

I think it is a fox,  
It is quite stunning.  
New Hampshire: Our Land.

In the fall I see the trees,  
With all the pretty colors around  
There are few flowers left,  
Before winter comes around.  
New Hampshire: Our Land.

In the winter I see the mountains,  
Covered in the snow,  
How high the highest peak is,  
I do not know.  
New Hampshire: Our Land.

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**Rockingham County Poet**  
**Joshua Aboody**  
Teacher, Jean Corbin

New Hampshire

New Hampshire is a  
beautiful state.

It's terrific, wonderful, and  
it's great.

I love the scent of the  
summer's air.

My favorite is to be warm  
by the fire's glare.

It's nice to hear the  
birds chirp, and the river run.

Playing in the green grass  
is so much fun.

New Hampshire will always be in my heart.  
In my life it is a great part.

**Rockingham County Honorable Mention**  
**Gregory Jacobs**

Teacher, Tammy Gamble  
Hampstead Academy

New lilacs smelling sweet.  
Everybody come to see our leaves change!  
Winter covers Mt. Washington with a glittery blanket of  
snow.  
Hiking Tuckerman's Ravine is a challenge.  
An old man on the mountain way up high.  
Maple syrup ready for tapping  
People so kind wherever you go.  
Shopping at the outlets the mothers go.  
Hunting and trekking through miles of wilderness.  
Ice cream from a farm a cool summer treat  
Racing down Attitash through blinding sleet!  
Everyone come to our state and you won't want to  
leave.

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### **Strafford County Poet**

**Dennis Nadeau**

Teacher, Pam McAdam-Silver  
E. Rochester, NH

The Old Man of the Mountain

Way up in the mountains where the winter wind blows;  
Stands the old man of the mountain.  
Why? Nobody knows.

His face gets washed when the rain falls,  
The only sounds around him are the animal calls.

He has a favorite "motto,"  
It's "live free or die"  
It's on every auto,  
Of this I don't lie.

He has a finely chiseled nose,  
But he has no toes.

We can watch him from afar  
from our family car.

He never feels alone,  
cuz' he's made from granite stone.

**Strafford County Honorable Mention**

**Melissa Moreau**

Teacher, Nan Hodgdon  
Rollinsford Grade School

The Old Man in the Mountain

We went to New Hampshire to see the big rock.  
When we got there we did nothing but stop.  
I look all around and what did I see?  
A big old man staring down at me!

---

**Sullivan County Poet**

**Jennifer Coverdale**

Teacher, Joanne Tuxbury  
Sunapee Central Elementary School

The Sunlit Woods

If you walk into  
The sunlit woods  
You will see  
Toadstools and mushrooms  
Like mouse umbrellas  
With smooth white stalks  
And young ferns curled like  
An infant's fist  
So soft and green  
And fresh  
Jack-in-the-pulpit with  
His deep purple cap  
Preaching in a  
Pulpit of green  
And wild flowers  
Of tiny pink bunches  
With the bees and  
Butterflies hov'ring round  
The soft green moss  
Cushions your bare feet  
And if you look carefully,  
Among the birches you might  
Glimpse a fairy with the sun  
Flashing on its wings.

**Sullivan County Honorable Mention**

**Carmen Del Genio**

Teacher, Dana Orsman

Acworth School

Granite and More Granite

Granite doesn't fetch  
granite doesn't  
play  
it is the biggest slouch  
in  
the  
world!  
and it  
doesn't bounce it sits  
there for eternity  
in the  
Granite State

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