



**Honorable Mention
Teen Age Group**

June

Sweet tea

The sun glistening through trees

The thuds of shoes on front porch floorboards

The squeals of a porch swing

I don't need anything more

True laughter, that comes from the gut

The kind when you can't really breathe.

Hot patio bricks, cool pools, soft grass

It's summer.

June birthday,

Candles bought, streamers taped up

Coconut caramel frosting, pink tablecloths, wishes made

These are the days.

The next day,

Rainy clouds, closed windows

Curtains open as far as they'll go,

Just trying to squeeze as much daylight in the house.

Legs curled up, books worn through

That day, I traveled through worlds through and through.

How could I want anything more?

Thriving green plants, dirty shoes

Just another afternoon

Everything in absolute bloom

I'm at my peak, my most passionate self.

No, it's not just 'another month'

It's June.

By Allie Hostetler