

*Mark Williamson was awarded the title of 2023 Providence Classical School Poet Laureate for his poem "My God, My Life, My Everything."*

**My God, My Life, My Everything**  
**By Mark Williamson, 11th Grade**  
*To the tune of St. Columba*

My God, my Life, my Everything,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Holy Sweetness, Great I AM,  
My thanks to Thee I bring.

I dwelt in willful blindness, Lord,  
Thy grace I never sought.  
I stray'd from straight and narrow path  
In every deed and thought.

I sinn'd for sake of sin, My God,  
I heeded not Thy call,  
Content in my iniquities,  
Not with the Lord of All.

But in my blindness, O Great King,  
Thou show'd me all my sin.  
My thoughtless deeds, my worthless thoughts,  
The vileness within.

How can a man like me, O God,  
Dwell in Thy Holy Place?  
I wept; I could not look upon  
Thy Bright, Resplendent Face.

But in Thy Mercy and Thy Grace,  
Thou hast made me thy son,  
Thy Boundless Love extended so,  
When Christ said, "It is done!"

Thou rais'd me out of murky depths,  
And set me back ashore.  
Revived, transform'd by Holy Ghost,  
Thou art whom I adore.

My God, my Life, My Everything,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
I now give thee my life, my Lord,  
'Tis all that I can bring.

**Are you afraid of the dark?**  
**By Naomi Joseph, 7<sup>th</sup> Grade**  
*Logic School Best Free Verse Poem*

Are you afraid of the dark?  
Of monsters lurking in the night?  
Does your heart beat faster  
When you turn off the light?  
Do strange noises come  
From inside of your head?  
Maybe even coming  
From underneath your bed?  
Can you feel the grumblings  
Of your monster's appetite  
Waiting for you to fall asleep  
Every single night?  
Can you see the shadows  
Creeping along the wall?  
Do you have a hiding place?  
Are you prepared at all?  
Maybe you've a clever one  
That hides in your closet  
And when the morning comes  
Do you find holes in your pockets  
Don't believe your mother  
When she says that they aren't real  
Believe the eerie feeling  
When it comes in for the kill  
Monsters are real kid  
Just hidden from your sight  
Listen closely child  
If I were you I'd hide

## **The Path**

**By Ayin Marusik, 11<sup>th</sup> Grade**

*Rhetoric School Best Free Verse Poem*

A narrow path in a dark wood  
Hidden by years fading  
And generations renaming  
Where once foot steps meant following  
And imprints meant marking

But now one could say the path changed  
That the prettiness was ruined when wolves came  
But hidden is not gone  
Covered is not destroyed  
And a little lore is fuel to the want for more  
Lore maintained by those who walked the path  
Ones who were not willing to trade a road meant for boots  
For sandals on concrete over once lively roots

For this path  
Created by hands nailed to wood  
Shows a forgotten beauty and truth  
Out in the middle of those dark woods

So find the path  
Stay on the trail  
Come wind fire rain and hail  
This path shall mean your bail

**An Elegy to the Weathered Mountain**

**By Isa Stan, 9<sup>th</sup> Grade**

*Rhetoric School Honorable Mention Best Free Verse Poem*

Winter mountain, standing tall,  
What was it, oh mountain, that made you fall?

Was it the wind, the howling wind?  
He envied you, strong and true.  
He cried, he rang,  
With his howls he sang.  
His pride was great,  
And also his hate, but  
No matter how hard he fought,  
Down, oh mountain, you would not be brought.

Was it the sea, the raging sea?  
He envied you, strong and true.  
He swelled, he crashed,  
Against your side he bashed,  
His might was great,  
And also his hate, but  
No matter how hard he fought,  
Down, oh mountain, you would not be brought.

Winter mountain, standing tall,  
What was it, oh mountain, that made you fall?

It was the rain, the quiet rain,  
Drenching you throughout the years.  
You, oh mountain, have been slain, by a silver assault of heaven's tears.

Winter mountain that once stood tall,  
It was the rain that made you fall.  
Washing away your moth-clothed stone,  
You were once beautiful, but now-  
A sad mound of weathered rock alone,  
To be covered all with trees of green.  
Never again will your glory be seen.

Not in the fields where the grasses sway,  
Not by the nomads that once looked your way,  
Not in the valleys, nor the plains, and  
Never again will the people say  
“What a glorious mountain that God made!”  
Instead they pass along the hills,  
To distant lands and foreign places,  
Sadness ever on their faces, for  
They know: among the trees and emerald meadows,  
A mountain once stood, strong and true.

Winter mountain that once stood tall,  
It was the rain that made you fall. Your sad memory has passed,  
Like the morning dew.  
But, sadder yet, about you oh mountain,  
The nomad's children never knew.

## Caravan

By Turner Young, 8<sup>th</sup> Grade

*Logic School Best Traditional Form Poem*

Man and mule in a mile line  
Thousands selling wine to dine,  
Myrrh to cure and rare canaries.  
“Who will trade?” the peddlers say.

Wandered for years with no reply,  
Their price is cheap, a shekel each,  
Yet none shall come and buy.  
“Who will trade?” they again say.

Dark, dark is the time to buy.  
When evil is done, and kings come  
With gold talents to pay.  
“Who will trade in this day?”  
The merchants cry again.

One abhors not the light of day.  
Anathema and riches grave  
With carmine tribute it pays.  
Babylon is the tribe  
Who trades in the day.

**The Musings of a Tree**  
**By Caden Pickle, 11<sup>th</sup> Grade**  
*Rhetoric School Best Traditional Form Poem*

Atop a hill enrobed in trees  
An old grey fir swayed in the breeze  
And as he swayed began to dream  
Of all the wonders he had seen  
When he was green and bent with ease

He dreamed of flowers large and small  
And little birds that used to fall  
From off their nests upon his arms  
He thought of rye and barley farms  
And heard the growling coyotes' call

But mostly he thought of the past  
And how it sped by much too fast  
The years had flown, the seasons changed  
And everything was rearranged  
The present never seemed to last

He fondly thought of friends he'd lost  
Of branches dry and tipped with frost  
The squirrels gone, the insects dead  
The lissome leaves had come and fled  
A catalogue of earthly cost

The tree knew he was next in line  
To leave his hilltop home behind  
To fall and crumble, turn to soil  
And with his passing, end life's toil  
A fate that all must one day find

Although he knew his youth would fail  
He couldn't see beyond death's veil  
And pondered whether there would be  
Some kind of cosmic syzygy  
That would allow him to prevail

**Winter**

**By Isabel Vorst, 11<sup>th</sup> Grade**

*Rhetoric School Honorable Mention Best Traditional Form Poem*

The last of cold I pray to hold  
Fading magic in the chill  
A breath, a spell, a tale to tell —  
But do I bear it still?

A quiet pull that aches with soul  
My fingers fetching dreams  
That dwell in gray and misty days  
And upon the frost-land gleam.

Winter comes, a wondrous hum  
That lives after the leaves  
Of autumn fall and rain coats all  
Another loss to grieve.

Sorrow lies in gleaming ice  
And worlds within my grasp  
Clear and bright, a strange delight —  
But what, when winter's passed?