

## Winning Poems – 3<sup>rd</sup> Bar Sagi Young Poets Prize, 2022

**First Prize: White Noise by Sapir (Hila) Frumkin, age 15**

### White Noise

I dreamt we were walking in a field.  
The leaves crunching beneath your feet,  
it sounded like scratching, and I had  
an itch to look down.  
Bone white, delicate, turning to dust –  
Eggshells, I wanted to tell you, look,  
let's go another way instead.  
But I knew you knew already,  
eyes on the horizon, hand in my hand  
so I let go, tip-toed, tried walking slow  
but made a sound, eggshells breaking  
loud and ugly beneath my Achilles heel.  
And you laughed, you know, I can feel  
it when you laugh at me, it's second nature by now.  
Sour and cold, left in the sun to rot, open  
in the light. I'll fight the sun. You say I always slow you down.  
Please teach me how to walk. Call me a baby  
and guide me, step by step, how to do anything. How to do everything  
all at once. I've already tried being everything.  
But everything is a big loud thing, and when it walks  
it shakes the mountains on the horizon.  
Come on, it's just a mile away, you say.  
Or said. It's hard to remember which You is in my head.  
We were walking down a field, yes, yellow under a greying sky.  
Come on, I said, let's find shelter from the coming rain,  
Even though I could dance with the thunder, loud and ugly, I could  
spin you around and laugh until I cry.  
But you were gone already, always one step ahead,  
and for once I didn't follow you, just stayed  
dancing and kicking and stomping and having  
the time of my life,  
and it felt like being home  
under the watching eye of a thunderstorm.

## **Second Prize: Empty Seats by Eliav Huppert, age 18**

### **Empty Seats**

In the empty seat in front of me  
Sat a man  
Who looked vaguely familiar.  
I knew those eyes  
I've looked at them a hundred times.  
But the creases on his chin  
And the ones on his forehead  
Were peculiar. Strange.  
He slowly opened the windows to his soul  
And two emeralds spoke louder than  
Anything that could ever be said.  
He wanted to say something  
When I realized who he was.  
I had to leave.  
I had to run.  
But he said there was no use

**Third Prize: "Comfort", by Amiad Dror Golan, age 17**

**Comfort**

I'm not a bird expert  
But the silhouette of their broad wings  
when darkness kicked the sun off the fields  
was for me a final whistle for this glorious day,  
panting.

at morning I saw a gray dove  
buzzing with fatigue  
but towards the flood that awaits  
she was my sanctuary.

## Honorable Mention: “Coral” by Sapir (Hila) Frumkin, age 15

### Coral

I used to stay in my home between anemones,  
Another clownfish in the circus.  
And home was alive, warm, away  
From any storm, and every day  
I'd swim outside  
And get pulled back in by the tide.

But things go on, somewhere along the line  
More fish passed by,  
Swimming far from me, along the river  
To the sea beyond the winter.  
So for once I took a chance  
And joined them in their coral dance.

Started out riding on their coat tails,  
Shiny fins and scales that glittered in the rising sun.  
But winters pass, and come the spring  
At last we heard the blue whales sing,  
And it brought me peace of mind  
To be a member of fishkind.

Cycles come and go like leaves upon a lake,  
And by autumn I was homeward bound –  
Another reef this time, one with all the friends I'd found  
And all the ones I've yet to make.

Clownfish need their home, but truth be told,  
A bigger joy than being odd  
Is being one of many weird fish within a pond.