

## Winning Poems – 4<sup>th</sup> Bar Sagi Young Poets Prize, 2023

**First Prize: “The Little Things” by Reuth Katz, aged 14**

### **The Little Things**

little things, aren't they so little?  
so tiny that we almost can't see them  
so small that we barely feel them.  
but..  
without little drops of rain we wouldn't have WATER.  
without little pieces of puzzles, we wouldn't have  
a PICTURE.  
without little bees, we wouldn't have HONEY.  
without little atoms we wouldn't have  
a WORLD!  
and without a little heart, we would never feel  
LOVE.  
and that's our life.  
without the (little) people who are close to us and care about us, we wouldn't have  
FAMILY and FRIENDS.  
so..  
lets' all appreciate the LITTLE things, because without them we wouldn't have  
ANYTHING.

**Second Prize: "City Lights" by Shilo Aloni, aged 18**

**City Lights**

Sex means every nothing outside.  
Haunted boulevards swarm with bruised  
daughters and sons of the night.

I was crying over you, my darling  
while I thought you were back to embrace me  
but I only break and shatter, don't I?  
And only my blue walls will listen when I cry.

A lovesick whore of the silver screen  
with fear of falling out of a dream.  
Upon seeing the corpse I gasp and I scream  
Pretending I definitely can't recognize  
my own face.  
Everything fades into white, into lost secret ways.

We are but accidents, waiting to occur  
Washed away by the red of the gold sunset blur  
Wishing upon blazing shooting stars  
Right before we're swallowed by the emaciated, starving  
city lights.

**Joint Third Prize: "Feathers" by Amit Shaham, aged 15**

**Feathers**

I left you my feathers  
big and small  
for you to hold onto  
to remember  
in the cold

I left them with you  
for all that you feel  
happiness

anger

fright

thrill

I didn't give you the feathers  
they were just left by me  
but I knew you would be the one to receive them  
even if when you found them

I wasn't here

I left you my feathers and a single question  
what will you do  
when the only thing left  
are the feathers

**Joint Third Prize: "Glass Skin" by Or Gordin, aged 17.**

**Glass Skin**

I can cut you  
Leave you bleeding  
Walk away with no remorse  
But one small stone  
Will have me broken  
You don't need to use full force  
And I may be beautiful  
Only if you try to look  
Cause you can easily see through me  
And maybe you should  
I've got glass skin  
Stained yet clean  
I've got glass skin  
I take it on the chin  
And you can build me as you want  
With only a little warmth  
My dangerous delicate glass skin

## Honorable Mentions (in alphabetical order of poem's title)

**"Like  $\sin(x)$ " by Eyal Bechor, aged 16**

### **Like $\sin(x)$**

Like a cat,  
Like a cat inside a box,  
Like a cat inside a box with a shred of light to decide its fate.

Here is the box!  
A box from which there is no escape,  
A box that a wave decides its fate.

And there are you, standing outside.  
Like a free dog, chasing a ball if it's close or far I don't know.  
With a million beams of light hitting you, without one deciding your fate.

And the wave doesn't bother the cat any more,  
Is it because it repeats?  
Is the frequency the same? Does the amplitude differ?

Because trust me, if the shred of light decides my fate  
If the wave is my state.  
Until you open the box, how will you know if I'm up or down?

And if you bother to look inside, the box in which there is no escape  
You will make me choose, if I'm up or down  
And I don't know if the state I was in before is also now.

**“Something very gentle” by Marta Zorin, aged 14**

**Something very gentle**

A light salty breeze slips under my hair  
I'm caught on the wind, my lungs full of air  
I dance through the street while you're standing up there  
Your silhouette lonely, it's mine to repair

We rock like a boat, from one side to another  
I feel myself float, there's no way I would rather  
Give up on the shore, and not go a bit further  
Your wounds I will heal, your scars I will nurture

Each time that you'll cry, I'll say something gentle  
No saying goodbye we both know it's forever  
I dream of the night when we'll end up together  
It's not strange, I promise, I'll be so much better

I know that you're lost, nothing's the same  
I know it will cost me, but I'll finish the game  
I'll wait for the chance, when there's no one to blame  
Then you'll turn to me without turning again

You are my light, it's to you I endeavor  
No saying goodbye we both know it's forever  
I dream of the night when we'll end up together  
It's not strange, I promise, I'll be very gentle

**“The Jewish Year” by Reut Widawsky, aged 13**

**The Jewish Year**

Where did you get such a big belly

My darling big-bellied child??

I got it from eating the apples and honey on Rosh Hashana

And from munching pomegranate seeds

I got it from chewing dried fruit on Tu B'shvat

And devouring one donut after another on Hanukah

I got it from biting latkes fried in oil

And sucking sweets on Purim

I got it from crunching the matzah on Pesach

And licking charoset too

I got it from nibbling roasted marshmallows on Lag B'Omer

And indulging in cheesecake on Shavuot

When the end of the year came I let out a big, long, smelly BURP!

**“Tomorrow, Next Week, Next Year” by Yarden Or, aged 18**

**Tomorrow, Next Week, Next Year**

After years of small little suicides, I want to live  
My rebellion is that I want to live.  
I will wake up in the same bed every morning  
And once a week I'll change my sheets.  
I'll drink a lot of water and I'll eat a lot of fruit  
I'll take vitamins in the form of gummy bears.  
I will buy that new backpack, goddammit  
It'll be useful for this next year and on.  
I no longer hate the knocks on my door  
I might let my friends come inside.  
No walls will be punched, I will find other feelings  
That I wish to feel other than pain.  
I will brush my teeth and comb my hair  
After such a long time, I will finally care.  
I will look both ways when I'm crossing the street  
And I will stand behind the yellow line.  
I will look at green grass and flowers  
And know that in summer they'll die.  
I will wait.  
I'll wait for the flowers to bloom again.  
I'll wait for the pizza to arrive.  
I'll order a ticket to a concert in June.  
I'll book a flight with no cancelations.  
I'll look at university programs.  
I'll drive to the end of the country. I'll live.