

## First Place, Poetry, Grades 7-9, Revaya Davis

### Flying Free

The cardinal, she is a free spirit,

Never one to be caught.

She flies through the sky,

Always free, like the wind.

The cardinal, she is a collector,

Snagging bits of wood and hair,

To make a home for her family,

Always collecting, like the sea.

The cardinal, she is an energetic creature,

Swooping and gliding in the air.

Jumping and squawking, wings flung out wide.

Always energetic, like the rain.

The cardinal, she is a free spirit,

And yet, she is still caught,

By those who wish to take her freedom,

Now silent, sad, and still.