

CCS Most Excellent Writing Contest: Poetry

“Rio Rico, Arizona”

Quiet, quiet, on that hill,

Mountains all around.

A desert,

Grass is scarce-

Few and far between.

You can see the stars at night

Glistening. Sparkling.

Quite alive.

Velvety sounds carry over the mountains

And fill the empty spaces,

Reverberating. Echoing.

The sultry summer brings with it, rain.

Sporadic monsoons pelt the rural town

Lonely. Lonely. Lively.

Dead.

In the middle of nowhere,

A quaint and quiet town.

Living is easy- the pace of life slow.

Little to do but bar-hopping and bingo.

A farmer’s market provides a place for meeting.

Years go by, and nothing appears to have changed.

The uneven grounds spread endlessly as time

And the dryness of winter displays its age.

Hard dirt and blue skies,

The single cry of a hawk circling above

Watching its sleeping prey-

An end to another dreary day.