

MAYOR'S CUP POETRY CONTEST

April 2020

What Santa Fe Means to Me —Especially Now



Santa Fe Public Library
Community Services, City of Santa Fe



CITY OF
Santa Fe

Special thanks to Mayor Alan Webber, Santa Fe Department of Arts and Culture and The Friends of the Santa Fe Public Library.

What Santa Fe Means to Me —Especially Now

Poets

7 - 10 years of age

11 - 14 years of age

14 - end of high school age

Adult

7 - 10 years of age

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Poets

What Santa Fe Means to Me —Especially Now

Marcelline Achilles

Asher Gonzales

Juliette Anderson

Rose Gubelmann

Lily Barros

Findley Johnston

Alexandra Cortes

Sierena Rodriguez

11 - 13 years of age

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Poets

What Santa Fe Means to Me —Especially Now

Hazel Hitt

Rosetta Uberuaga

Leo Unzicker

14 - 18 years of age

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What Santa Fe Means to Me —Especially Now

Aiden Leon

Chloe Lieberman

Alexandra Sandoval

Poets

What Santa Fe Means to Me —Especially Now

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Santa Fe Poem

By Maci Achilles

Santa Fe, I do not like these days.
The streets are so quiet, not like the spring ways.
The plaza's as still as a block of ice,
when the crowds were out there, I thought it was nice.
Buy turquoise necklaces, earrings and rings,
then go sit and hear the bell tower ding.
We can no longer do this, sadly, my friend,
but the blossoms come out and we smile in the end.
As soon as it's over, come visit our town.
Then you will see all the beauty around.

Santa Fe, Blow This Away
By Juliette Anderson

Santa Fe oh Santa Fe, you are hugging me tight.
I love your bright sunlight.
I love your mountains.
They are as tall as a giant on his tippy toes.
I love your bright sky.
I love your clouds.
I love you from your plum pink blossoms to your cold white snowflakes.
I feel like it all wipes away my fear and takes it far away.

I love you Santa Fe!

And no matter what happens, I am by your side.
I could open my arms wide
And hug you back until this all blows away in the breeze.
I love your strong spring breeze!
It makes you so special.

Oh Santa Fe, I could look everywhere but there is no place that I love more!
Fly me through this, Santa Fe,
Blow this away.

By Lily Barros

Santa Fe

People are nice.

There are beautiful mountain tops.

Fresh plants grow on farms.

Santa Fe.

Santa Fe Dreams
By Alexandra Cortes

Smell the honey from a bear
the mountains are bigger than our fear
The air is cold
The desert is dry than the dirt
Don't be afraid or or your dreams will be fears
Always trust the one and only state santa fe
Touch the wind you will blow up in dreams

Be a piece of ice cream
Be a dreamer
Sleep before the tea spil
Never trust your fears or you won't be able to dream
What do you like about santa fe?
Keep the kindness
Not the drama
Happy as a sun
You're not a fear!

Like the people
Smelling the new fresh flowers
Never be afraid
Trust santa fe stay calm
Be a part of our living state!
the state is where we live!

amazing care
need the air
true love
adorable smell
fresh and small
easy to be true but hard to be feared.

By Asher Gonzales

SANTA FE

Santa Fe is our home
We are one community
Everything around me inspires
We have great music
A call from instruments
I hear notes speak
Loud, quiet, and in between
Our traditions are great
We all gather together
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter
Almost nothing can compare
Our sunsets are amazing
The mixtures of orange
Red, yellow, purple too
We have rocky mountains
Big, small, snowy and beautiful
Oh the creatures within
We can't be moved
This is our home
We are all
Sante Fe

By Rose Gubelmann

This is My Home--

Sweet city Santa Fe
You are dear to me
The virus has hit
We're all alone
But this is my home

The snow will fall
The leaves will blow
The dogs will bark
We are at home
But we're not alone

Most of my life has been in
Santa Fe, a place of joy and happiness
All the people here together
All the families stuck apart—

We are all one
We can still have fun

By Findley Johnston

The place where sun shines bright
Shining its beauty upon the pueblos of New Mexico
The mountain wind blows strong
Blowing the trees as if they were dancing along
To the sound of a robin singing its song
Welcome to Santa Fe

By Sierena Rodriguez

Right now it's a little scary
But up above there is a god that loves us so much
That will protect us from this virus

On wednesday it was Mr. St. Peter's brothers retirement at school
We had a big surprise for him.
I miss all of my friends from school.
And my teacher and the annoying boys and one girl.

Downtown is so empty
The store's can only let 3 people in at a time
And we can't get down anywhere
So since we are home so much
Me and my cousin's and my sister
Do crafts together

By Hazel Hitt

Inside the Adobe Walls
Low lying building,
Flat roof,
Farolitos lining the flagstone path.
Thick adobe walls,
Insulation from the
Sharp bite of cold winters.
Umbrellas, coats, and sandals
Piled by the door,
Because of the unpredictable weather.
Cactus and junipers
Somehow surviving
In the hard packed earth.
Car parked on the
Bumpy, uneven roads,
Terrible drivers cruising past.
Beautiful sunsets
Over snow capped mountains,
The city nestled below.

A hometown the size of
A nickel,
But still home.
The comfort of Santa Fe's
Houses and the smell of
Roasting chili is sanity.
And though the weather is ever-changing,
It's unpredictability is
Consistent.

And we all need
Consistency in our lives,
Especially now.

What Santa Fe Means To Me
By Rosetta Uberuaga

Spring buds bursting through the tips of twigs,
The dry air nipping at my face,
The twittering chatter of migrating birds,
The vibrant blue sky,
Dotted with fluffy white clouds,
Home.

Laughter and smiles everywhere,
Comforting friends always there for me,
There even there in hard times,
Home.

Community lending a helping hand,
Lifting each other up, when we fall,
Giving kindness a whole new meaning,
Home.

Santa Fe is all these things and more,
Santa Fe is never giving up,
And especially now,
We must support each other,
And never give up,
Because Santa Fe needs us,
And Santa Fe is,
Home.

My Hometown, Eternal

By Leo Unzicker

Staying home, I'm day-dreaming
Of what used to be, what will be,
Of my hometown, eternal.
My mind's eye can see:

Mystic mountains and comforting canyons,
My chest expanding with sweet-smelling air,
Grama grass circles like rings of fire,
UFO-shaped clouds hovering above.

Unequaled red-earth buildings warming in the sun,
Brick roads, not yellow, but just as magical,
Unlimited nooks and crannies hiding in plain sight,
A robust cathedral watching over us all.

Smiling librarians remembering my name,
Grocery store clerks noticing that I'm getting taller,
A medley of street musicians cranking out good vibes,
A whole world of people in one place.

By Aiden Leon

Sonnet of Santa Fe

The community gathers from all around
As spring is here
Their cheers as a filling sound
From far to Near
Though the dark keeping us apart
We find ways to come together
And ways to help restart
Sharing like birds of a feather
They always respond to those who need help
When the community does not rest
To help those of us who seem to yelp
Even if it's for the best
To stay away, we cannot give up
This means a lot to me
As I give my silent plea

By Chloe Lieberman

To some, Santa Fe may mean Fiestas.

To some, Santa Fe may mean The Plaza.

And to some, Santa Fe may be a question of, “red or green?”

But to me, Santa Fe is all of these things, and so much more.

To me, Santa Fe means rivalries.

The rivalries of two schools down Siringo Road,

And through the rivalries, there is love.

To me, Santa Fe means community.

Because you can't go to the grocery store without seeing your mothers primas,

Or your father's friend since high school.

To me, Santa Fe means kinship among each other.

This is where I have been raised, and where I'm sure to come back to.

Yet what exactly is Santa Fe during a pandemic?

Do we lose a sense of ourselves as New Mexicans?

As a community?

As a high school senior, to me, that answer is no.

During these trying times, in the last three weeks of my high school career,

Santa Fe has been my support.

Without Santa Fe, the hardships of today would be amplified.

So, what does Santa Fe mean to me during these hardships?

Santa Fe to me, is made up of rivalries,

And community,

And not just a question of “red or green?”

But a group of people who support each other, and love their hometown.

To me, Santa Fe means home.

What Santa Fe Means To Me **By Alexandra Sandoval**

Santa Fe means “ Holy Faith”
Means history and all things great
They call our town “The City Different”
It’s the culture and diversity that make it the place to visit

Now like in fall things have changed
It’s new and people are scared
This virus has proven to me
That Santa Fe has a lot of things to do

Normal is not in our book
With schools empty and parks too
We need to find things to do

My family and I have baked a lot
And created crafts out of salt

Santa Fe means “ Holy Faith”
Walking downtown and eating out
Hopefully sometime soon
We can go back to the Santa Fe I know
The Santa Fe that I call home

By Valerie Angel

The wind blows
And it blows
And blows
It is springtime in Santa Fe
The trees are sprouting still
Despite the incessant wind
The busy people still move about
The beauty continues in the wind
The wind blows
And the beauty still grows
The wind is blowing
And the Santa Fe is still glowing

By Robert Bowles

Santa Fe Sunset

Porcelain clouds drape the mountain's west spire
as the setting sun flecks each canyon's hues.
Pinions comb out afternoon's final fire
becoming torches of crimsons and blues.
Hidden crags appear as if penciled in
just under the edge of the mountain's brow.
Their flinty facets given life again
like arrowheads after turn of the plow.
Until the whole mountain is set ablaze
with reflected fire that does not consume
but burns pastel tints through the distant haze
to the wool of the Pueblo Peoples' loom
Earth, sun, sky and the hand of God have met
To create a Santa Fe sunset

OUR SANTA FE
1610--2020

By Joy Boesch Burkhard

Santa Fe~~

The City Different
Ancient & Modern
Adobe & Stucco

Santa Fe~~

Enduring the Hardships
Clashing of Cultures
Centuries of Warfare
Building and Rebuilding

Santa Fe~~

City of Holy Faith
Bastion of Hope
Resilience Required

Santa Fe~~

Looking Ahead
Embracing the Future
Remembering the Past
Santa Fe--New Mexico's Heart

By Michelle A. Chavez

Santa Fe, in my eyes

The sunrise, bright and new.
The morning glow, smiles to begin the day.
The gatherings, showing our cultures.
The evenings, sharing our stories and a familiar meal.
The sunset, colors of the earth we call our home.

Santa Fé, en mis ojos

El amanecer, brillante y nuevo.
El resplandor de la mañana, sonrisas para comenzar el día.
Las reuniones, mostrando nuestras culturas.
Las tardes, compartiendo nuestras historias y una comida familiar.
El atardecer, colores de la tierra que llamamos nuestra casa.

What Santa Fe Means to Me

By Mary Ellen Duran

Behind my eyes

A hawk feather twirling

A glint of armor

A drum thundering,

My heart resounding.

Alabados solemnly singing,

An adobe house, strong and solid,

Baked by the sun.

Clear, glorious skies.

Dan's mother and father,

Made of love and hard work.

Familia, family and God,

God and family.

Memories of our children

With their beautiful, laughing

Brown eyes,

Skipping, hippity-hopping

On the land.

Under my feet

In the depths of the earth

I feel the presence of my

friend,

Who has died,

And even deeper down,

The ancient ones, the

ancestors,

Lifting me up.

You, city of Holy Faith,

During this

Crown-of-virus

Darkness,

Have rushed to help,

Like the Great Mother,

The Green Tara,

Showing your heart of gold ;

Or, more truly,

Your heart of silver

And turquoise stones

With fine veins of rich brown:

Earth and Sky--

Home

By Ryan Howe

Faces covered by a rag,
Angry eyes as mine begins to sag,
Twelve long hours of being essential,
Like the oils you consider sacramental,
But friendly faces across a screen,
The families in quarantine,
In their homes and feeling restless,
Knowing many are dying breathless,
But smiling still to see I'm still here,
And even though I can't be near,
When this is over there will be cheer,
Hugs and kisses for all the friends,
When all this ends,
When all this ends.

Morning Song By Tintawi Kaigziabiher

The aroma of coffee
and the sound
Of beans jumping in the
Mortar
Signal the beginning.
Another day inside – out.
A new normal.
We make it ours,
confined in a womb
Of plaster and wood.
Little people rise early,
Hoping the aja
is sweet.
This morning
we listen as
Teeny tiny birds' tweet
praise songs from juniper branches
Beckoning us outside
where
Buffalo grass and lilac blossoms are on an ego trip
Out dancing each other
as the Sun rises
casting shadow on the arroyo
peeking
Over and in between mountains
Dotted with snow
And Aspens.

Chickens stretch their legs
awaiting their release
And the unsuspecting worms
That sleep
In earthen burrows
Deep
under rose bushes
that are
gathering their April thorns.
A Horny toad steals
Heat from the
Windowpane.

One tired hen lets down her feathers
Softening the place
Where her eggs lie
avoiding the cast iron pan
And the father
Collecting
For
His quiver full of offspring.

Our home
Has roses
That need pruning
Overgrown kale
And baby mint
We hide from
The rabbits.

A budding oasis
In a sea of caliche
Outback.
It calls out to the potter
to transform it into something
else ... useful,
A pot seasoned
with red chile
or clay bricks
for
The little adobe shed
Outside the window
It remains
unfinished but content.

The stacks of books and papers
Scribbles, sketches, and dreams
Piled high on nightstands
Littered with toddler crumbs
Adorned with toys
Left over from yesterday.
I awaken to smiles
newly liberated from sleep.
Ready to embrace
The unknown
Adventure
Of the world
Here
In this desert
Home
Inside -- out.

Look for Butterflies By Jennifer Kusiak

I.

We take a walk
down the long paths
behind our neighborhood,
the dust brown hills, green peeking at an early
spring.

Today there are no clouds
only a piercing blue and
the etching of an afternoon moon.
We take so many walks now.

My companion, merely
two years old,
itches to run to
all the people we see,
tells me
they are her friends,
says hi my name is
wants to pet their dogs.
She doesn't understand why
she can't.

Look for butterflies I say.
There are some swifting through
the afternoon, finding the few flowers
unfurling,
desert blooms keeping their distance
under separate trees.

She wanders
out among the rocks, the twisted
branches,
calling for them.
Butterflies
Come here
I need to look at you

II.

The sun blinding bright ahead,
pale fields,
deep green circles parading to the edges,
mountains under low clouds.
It's practically exotic
coming from emerald suburbs and solid cities.
Here you could fly
away into the thin mountain air,
colors refracting through you
the clouds close
above.

III.

They are too
quick for
her eyes.
She doesn't see the
trembling wings
above the scrub.

Racing ahead
on the path,
her arms swing
out, up, down

I'm a butterfly
I'm flying

By Owen Laurion

Santa Fe's the City Different
And the difference is joy!
You can feel it in snow
That the skiers so enjoy!
You can hear it in the Plaza
Where the natives sell their wares!
You can see it in the chapel
With the milagro winding stairs!
You can taste huevos rancheros,
A hundred taco types delight!
You can smell it in the smoke
As Zozobra lights the night!

And in this time of virus
As we huddle near to home,
There are heroes in our city
Who the light of love have shone.
They shine it in our grocery stores,
Delivery people, and caregivers!
Doctors, nurses, even janitors,
In Santa Fe they are joy triggers!

Santa Fe moon lighting the desert so bright
Please tell me everything will be alright
Normalcy seems so far from sight
It'll all be ok...maybe it might

Green chile roasting on a warm September day
Cart the kids to Meow Wolf to explore and play
In all the world the loveliest sunsets some might say
I've loved you most my life and i'll never leave you Santa Fe

Now empty shelves on every aisle at the grocery store
Lonely and isolated behind my front door
Gather my shattered heart and spirit off the floor
Stay strong to fight this pandemic world war

These are the craziest times I've ever seen
Scary news stories on every TV screen
Will we ever get back to our normal routine?
Saving lives each day we quarantine

It'll all get better with time, my dear
When we can leave our homes again without fear
I'll hug you friends tightly and hold you near
Together again soon out on the plaza sharing a beer

By Wayne Luttrell

By Anne Maclachlan

Written upon my return home to Santa Fe

Homecoming

“HOOOOME”

Chants my heart to the heavens

The song rolls through the mountains like
thunder

And echoes back in a blessing of color and rain

My gratitude is immeasurable

Elusive Healing COVID-19 Santa Fe, New Mexico

By Carolyn McGinnis

Outside turns in
Black, Brown, Red, White
Have's, Have nots
Familyed, Single
Young, Age'd
Mix with the times

We defeat if not unite
We shrink if not bond
Outliers welcomed in
We become a team

Fear Threatens
Trying and pursuing unifies
Elusive Healing rises

By Julie Nguyen

Santa Fe quiet

hunkered in our homes for now

Waiting for Release

By Paul Ross

Back in the good ol' days, a month ago,
I used to say,
"Santa Fe is my home."

Now,
it's the opposite.

By Diana Sherman

Appreciation

Ancient adobe walls
Reflecting the days last light
Explode in colors, bright

Green chilies roasting
Hot, musky Earth flowers
My taste buds burst, delight

Dresses with feathers flowing
A heartbeat thumping, drumming
Calling nature to wake

Low buildings, line up
Like soldiers in a row, standing
Long porches, onward going

Mountain top glowing
Sunlight on snow covered peaks
Beckons springtime's gifts

Sweet-sour collision
Cucumber, mango, parsley
Red or green? Not a myth

Wood oven glowing
Fresh bread and pepperoni
Spicy, warm and knowing.

Especially now, Santa Fe
I see your beauty and grace
Especially now

By Diana Sherman

Santa Fe

Piping hot green chili, ordered to go.
A sunset casts light on adobe walls, turning
Them bright yellow and orange.

Juniper branches hang low, needles full of
Bright blue berries.

The mountain glows white in the fading light.

Up a trail, the smell of ponderosa, like sweet
Maple, mixes with the smell of fresh leaves and
Earth, lightly disturbed by someone's passing.

The sound of a hermit thrush, its fluted voice
Echoing through the trees, breaks the silence.

Especially now –

Those colorful adobe walls, ristras hanging,
Those missed voices chattering over Spanish
Tapas and wine.

The smell of a wood cooked pizza fresh
Out of the oven.

A dance performed by people in colorful
Traditional dress, bells tinkling to the sound of
A large drum.

A gathering of art, flourishing in an array of
Colors and styles as hundreds of people
Mingle...

The question—red or green?

Especially now, Santa Fe, I love you – your
Unique style, your unique people, your art, food
And culture – and I look forward so much to the
Day when you will thrive again!

By Ryan M. Stark

"A Different City"

I look east now,
down San Francisco.

The cathedral bells ring golden
into my empty summer morning.

This chilling air is like some lie
a desperate lover wished to believe
against the empiricism of the hot afternoon.

"What people dwell here?," one part of me asks.

"None, some and many," another says,

"but all is sleeping, gray, now."

Perhaps I should sleep, too,
longing for gray, the blackening thunderheads,
scheming to rain down on green mountains.

I should sleep longing
for the sound of song in the plaza,
a concordance of vibration and human joy.

I should dream, the last of the bells ringing,
of fading gloom in me,
holding tight to happy times
and the smell of cedar smoke
upon a lively winter.

By “MGMM VEZSCHER”

The Sun is Bright
The Stars Are All Drawn
Another Day
A day in the life
Life Free or die willing
And able like cable
The blue bush that burns
All Fog Haze on my window
As I look on in the distance
I see Ice on the crest
Plato got froze by Astro go golden
Deck Halsie not Eazy
Touch pass and then Go
The shoe and the dog
Game pieces like Tolkien
Love Boat that Got Cargo
Got hot and then carriage
Bonanza Gun Rattle in Battle
Smoke on the river vaporized like astringent
Don Jules Gasping Gambit Gaspar and Afar
Alas! The plains in the distance hold homage abashed by the rules go bashful go grumpy the grouch.
Some wings and a towel to bathe in the lake
Lagoon the Monsoon ooze me in all green dripping wet.
Chainsaw Frankenstein by Jekyll and Hyde
Golden Marauder No Fool At My Best
In God We Believe
Live Free and Be Blessed.

Living Here Now

By Leslie Zane

Living here now
and loving it here now
(in Santa Fe)

I sit in semi isolation
on a little street
surrounded by old homes,
barking dogs,
a riot of tulips,
and sun-worshipping
daffodils

During this time,
I walk Barrio la Canada
each morning and wave
at other solitary walkers —
some with bandanas, like me,
others walking upright & bold
who smile kindly, as I cross
to the opposite side
I begin, by looking towards
snow-capped Sangres,
Magritte-inspired clouds
and deserted streets in front of me

When I reach Camino Alire,
I get on the river trail
and walk south, where I see
a restless cat or two,
neighbors talking from opposite sides
of the path, while an infrequent
runner or cyclist goes by,
giving as
much distance
as they can
between us

Then once beyond the bridge,
about halfway to Frenchie's,
I slip down into the arroyo,
welcoming the sand in my shoes,
(reminiscent of beach-weary days)
and cross to the other side,
coming up at the vacant lot
where rabbits run freely ahead of me

In the afternoons, my husband
and I walk at Arroyo Hondo —
where most days,
we have the views,
the heart-shaped stones
and burgeoning desert flowers
to ourselves
Daily, we comment on
prickly pear margaritas,
the house on the hill
(the one with a green roof)
that we'd love to own,
and estimate how far
we are descending

When, on the rare occasion,
someone comes towards us,
we each get out of the way,
& instead of remarking on the need
for our graceless scrambling
(up or down the sides of the trail)
we each acknowledge
the day, the panorama,
the bounty, and the privilege
of living here, even now,
especially now

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Tinwork by Jimmy Romero

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