

The Aline B. Carter Foundation Presents

WHERE I'VE COME FROM  
AND  
WHERE I AM GOING

Student work from  
the 2025  
Aline B. Carter  
Poetry Competition



MAVERICK CARTER HOUSE  
The Aline B. Carter Foundation



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## **The Maverick Carter House Mission**

1. To preserve and protect the Maverick Carter House as a place of historic significance in perpetuity; and
2. To operate cultural artistic and educational programming for the benefit of local youth with a primary emphasis on the passions of poetry, astronomy, visual art and music that Aline B. Carter embodied.

The Maverick Carter House hosts several educational events throughout the year. Our focus includes those passions of Aline Carter: Poetry, Music, and Astronomy. The home lends itself to other pedagogical endeavors as well, be it architecture, literature, art, or the natural sciences. We invite or welcome others to use the inspirational setting to gather and spread their knowledge about the mysteries of the universe in both scientific and artistic expression.

The home may also find use as a venue for particular events. These paid reservations support the mission and also fund the preservation of this historic home.





## This Year's Poets and Facilitators



Eddie Vega is a poet, spoken word artist, storyteller, and educator. He is the author of *Chicharra Chorus* (FlowerSong Press, 2019) and *Somos Nopales* (FlowerSong Press, 2024). His poetry appears on a downtown San Antonio building, Poets Pointe, and along the San Pedro Creek Cultural Park. In 2022 he edited and published a collection of poems written by South Texans entitled, *Asina is How We Talk*. Vega is a Macondo Writers Workshop Fellow and currently serves as the 7th Poet Laureate of San Antonio.

Vega writes about food, Tejano culture, social justice, and the intersections thereof. Known as the Taco-Poet of Texas, he hosts The Mouth Dakota Poetry Project, a bimonthly poetry open mic in San Antonio.



Guided by mentors and her dedication to the arts, **Dr. Marie-Claire Valdez** earned a Bachelor of Fine Arts in mixed media/sound art at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago and earned a Master of Arts in Teaching from Trinity University. She then continued her academic career at the University of North Texas where she earned her Ph.D. in Art Education, while being a Graduate Teaching Fellow. Throughout her journey, she maintained strong ties with local schools, where she has taught art at all levels, and the Southwest School of Art (now UTSA Southwest) and is currently The Director of Young Artist Programs. Her passions are poetry, arts education, and community engagement.

## This Year's Poets and Facilitators



Octavio Quintanilla is the author of the poetry collection, *If I Go Missing* (Slough Press, 2014) and served as the 2018-2020 Poet Laureate of San Antonio, TX. His poetry, fiction, translations, and photography have appeared, or are forthcoming, in journals such as *Salamander*, *RHINO*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Pilgrimage*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Southwestern American Literature*, *The Texas Observer*, *Existere: A Journal of Art & Literature*, and elsewhere. His *Frontextos* (visual poems) have been published in *Poetry Northwest*, *Gold Wake Live*, *Newfound*, *Chachalaca Review*, *Chair Poetry Evenings*, *Red Wedge*, *The Museum of Americana*, *About Place Journal*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *The Windward Review*, *Tapestry*, *Twisted Vine Literary Arts Journal*, & *The Langdon Review of the Arts in Texas*.

Octavio's visual work has been exhibited at the Southwest School of Art, Presa House Gallery, Equinox Gallery, UTRGV-Brownsville, the Weslaco Museum, Aanna Reyes Gallery in San Antonio, TX, Our Lady of the Lake University, AllState Almaguer art space in Mission, El Centro Cultural Hispano de San Marcos, The Walker's Gallery in San Marcos, TX, and in the Emma S. Barrientos Mexican American Cultural Center / Black Box Theater in Austin, TX. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of North Texas and is the regional editor for *Texas Books in Review* and poetry editor for *The Journal of Latina Critical Feminism* & for *Voices de la Luna: A Quarterly Literature & Arts Magazine*. Octavio teaches Literature and Creative Writing in the M.A./M.F.A. program at Our Lady of the Lake University in San Antonio, Texas.

POETRY CONTEST WINNERS



### 1st Place

Wonton Soup

By: Aiden Dai

1

Figs fall freely  
as they splat  
and I stare  
at the stone ahead  
Silken grass  
Flow and sway on this hill  
overlooking the wine-dark waves  
Water forming and flowing  
from my soul  
trickles down  
as I stare at the stone ahead  
My mother's name engraved  
I look to my right  
vastness engulfs me  
like waves of depth  
and despair that treads and consumes me raw  
as I see my reflection  
and sob and ponder

2

Wontons wontonly splash  
into bubbling bursts  
my mother  
lady or tiger  
intently watching  
Foreign lands fickle  
To my mother  
Recently folding  
pleats with meat  
Packaging away  
Like her life  
Her poise her posture  
her language her culture  
stowed away tightlypacked  
permeating her livelihood  
She has seen these  
red-haired , snow-skinned folk  
Smiling politely as her CV get tossed  
Into the garbage  
Her sweet red beans not belonging  
In their American pie  
As the weight of her shoulder  
Does not falter she remains  
Her ginkgo-shaped eyes and silky black hair stubbornly demands  
Her rightful place within  
So she hustled, trodding through her sweat in this bustling life  
Which does not treat her kind

3

A hot bowl of wontons came to my desk  
Papers scattered as I hunched over my computer  
A grandiose smile creeps from her lips  
Shining her desires onto me  
Full of hope has she  
Of a life better than hers

4

My mother never  
Gave up  
Sowing seeds of  
Roses she hoped  
So pretty that the  
Vultures and eagle  
Would not dare to approach  
She planted love with love  
In my garden  
The prickly and thorny roses which damaged  
The delicate flowery  
Dreams of risky but pretty writing  
I understand her reasons  
Her pain in planting  
Flowers of stability for me  
Perseverance pulsing  
Through her heart as  
She smiled at her pretty garden, roses blooming  
And blood red  
Drinking the broth  
With ginger and clove and ba-jiao galore  
Had I only realized the  
Blood on my mothers hands  
Aching from erecting  
The white picket fence  
Around me and yet she smiles  
As she sees through the  
Disheveled mess she peers  
Into my worrisome eyes and she  
Tells me "mei guan xi"  
Do not worry

5

Here I stand  
An ocean of waves  
Crashing down on at me  
As I set down the white bouquet  
Of roses and lilies  
And marigold and chrysanthemum  
Knelt down heart down  
And kissed the stone  
And walked away

## **2nd Place**

### **Gratitude**

By:Rodrick (Dre) Evans

I know I'm your son, father,  
You left me in a rotting home,  
Where the fridge held more silence  
Than food  
California Wasn't sunshine for me,  
It was cracked concrete  
Pain planted seeds,  
But I grew anyway  
I never learned how to replace a battery,  
Or tie a tie  
I grew up like a gunshot to the chest,  
Was dealt a bad hand:  
Death or jail  
Now I see, I'm going to a place where you can't  
follow,  
A place where we can't share our birth  
You're in the place I was born in,  
You'll stay in the same streets of your youth,  
And also in its silence  
Hear my name echo louder than the door you  
closed shut  
Now I'm building a home to tear down the bridges  
that  
Black out my light  
So thank you, father,  
For the ache,  
For the fuel,  
For the light that almost set me on fire  
I'm not your shadow anymore, I'm not your future  
I'm the storm you didn't see coming

### 3rd Place

Coming of Age for a Common Ragweed

By: Angela Velazquez Diaz

The house where I grew up  
Had weeds that grew like flowers on the west side of the  
porch  
When the wind blew, they echoed psalms of a heaven  
Tucked in suburbia  
I used to roll in them  
They were my dandelions, my shooting stars  
Those weeds would always wilt  
But never wither  
Came and went, but never left  
Lived, but never died  
The house where I grew up was colorful,  
The walls were painted yellow  
and I treated every bump like a shrine  
I used to lay on the floor while my father played his  
music  
Violin and guitar digging into my chest  
I remember how winded it left me  
I used to think it was tiring  
The house where I grew up was never mine,  
I found that there was nowhere to grow  
I used to stare at mirrors and feel the twin braids on my  
head  
That still smelled like my grandmother's fingers  
The skin on my face didn't match who I saw  
Now, as I am leaving, I would like to have a moment of  
quiet  
Not a moment of silence, silence is too loud,  
but a moment of quiet love  
Love for the girl who was ten pounds heavier,  
The girl with crooked teeth and unbrushed virgin hair  
She is every bit of me, and I love her  
I love every person in that house,  
I owe my blood to them  
But it is time I find the strength to move on

## **Coming of Age for a Common Ragweed**

(continued)

By: Angela Velazquez Diaz

In the house where I am growing,  
almost every room is empty.  
I brought a box of some memories, but I think  
I'll store them in the garage for now  
The house where I am growing is small, and  
weeds still wait in the front porch.  
I sit in them from time to time. I like watching  
the kids play on the road.  
Maybe I am the weeds.  
Even as they move, even as they die,  
after winter sucks the life from them,  
they return.  
Maybe that is who I am.  
It is who I want to be.



HONORABLE MENTIONS



## **"Where I've Come From and Where I'm Going"**

By: Kaitlyn Ngo

I come from a place where words were sharp and acceptance was rare  
Where the things you do could be better, could be more perfect  
Where no matter how hard you tried, it wasn't enough and somebody  
Always did it better  
The perfect little brother, the neighbor's prodigy daughters, everybody but  
you  
Asian stereotypes and parental expectations  
Stacked  
Like  
Blocks  
On  
My Back,  
Weighing me down  
Deeper Into the void of my mind  
I come from a family where I am the outsider looking in  
The blot in the family photos that my parents tried to erase, a living  
Stain in the home that looked perfect and clean to the public eye  
The public will never hear the screaming and crying that burned deep  
Within the walls, will never feel the heavy tension in the house that felt  
Too oppressive inside, too closed in  
Pain was a familiar tormentor, with black and blue mixing with yellow  
Burning pain lapping on my skin and body back then  
A violent outcome my parents called discipline, what I deserved for not  
Being the perfect daughter my parents wanted me to be  
I come from a place where friends were traitors and lies from their  
Lips were as poisonous as the venom of a snake  
Where knives didn't remain in the cabinets where they belonged, but  
Instead were  
Lodged in my back  
In this place from whence I come, I don't know who to trust, if  
Somebody's words were cheap and false  
If their words were sweetened by honey or by passion, meant to destroy  
My walls and eventually, me as well  
Where I'm going, I hope the path is lined with people that care about me,  
Really and truly  
Where hands weren't hard and painful against my skin, but soft and loving  
Where words weren't like arrows to my heart,  
But like band-aids to fix the cracks in it.  
I hope where I go, I get to enjoy the simple things in my life  
I never got to  
Sleepovers  
Being with my friends  
Being myself  
The myself that my family didn't like or approve of  
Too wild. Too imperfect  
But where I'm going, I hope I get accepted for who I truly am, that my  
Flaws, something I was always told I had to get rid of, was accepted  
And welcomed with open arms  
I hope where I am going, I'm happy

## Where I Come From and Where I'm Going

By: Fatima Perez

I come from quiet mornings.  
And crowded nights,  
From worn-out shoes and city lights.  
From voices raised in love and struggle,  
and dreams that flicker, burning bright.  
I come from tears.  
I learn to hide,  
from lessons deterrent craved in stubborn pride.  
From promises that slipped away,  
and hope that dared to fight and stay.  
I come from hands that built and broken from words  
I swallowed, truths I spoke.  
From family ties both soft and strong,  
from right decisions made too wrong.  
I come from nights of asking "why"  
and staring at a painted sky.  
From wishing stars would hear my cry,  
and send a reason, send a sign.  
But where I'm going that's still mine.  
I'm walking roads not yet defined.  
With every scar, with every tear, I carry strength from all those years.  
I'm going toward the rising sun,  
Where every battle makes me one.  
I'll build a life with open hands,  
a place that finally understands.  
I'm going where my heart can grow  
Where peace is something I can know.  
Where love is not lost,  
But gently found, and laughter fills the world around.  
I'm going where I won't pretend,  
Where broken pieces start to mend.  
Where my past won't weigh me down  
But lift me up and give me ground.  
Because where I come from made me tough,  
It taught me love, it taught me enough.  
And where I'm going though unknown is where I'll finally call my own.  
That slipped away, and hope that dared to fight and stay.  
I come from hands that built and broken from words I swallowed,  
Truths I spoke. From family ties both soft and strong,  
From right decisions made to wrong.  
Because where I come from made me tough,  
it taught me love, it taught me enough.  
And where I'm going though unknown  
Is where I'll finally call my own.

# **Memories Come From Earth**

By: Annabella Wood

Dear Mom,  
Do you know where memories come from?  
I always wondered why beach smelled like you,  
Sterile and clean,  
Devoid of the dirty, nitty-gritty that comes  
When you really know a person  
Maybe when I'm older  
We'll jump in a puddle or two,  
Spill secrets over sloppy joes  
Maybe I'll feel secure enough,  
to tell you who I really am  
I don't know where memories come from,  
But I'd like to imagine that  
They come from mud and dirt and grime  
When we talk to the Earth,  
She talks back  
Recounts who we are,  
Where we've been  
"You shouldn't be afraid of stains," the Earth says,  
"Because you came from dirt too."

## **Maybe It'll Get Lost In The Wash**

By: Benjamin Canales

I was seven years old when I  
shared a room with my older brother  
One childish meltdown, and a few  
Weeks later, I was eight  
When I was nine, I was promised that  
Soon enough, I'd have my own bedroom  
He left the house on my tenth birthday  
I stopped calling from mom's phone, as  
My bed replaced his; my posters, too  
A few years later, while visiting his dorm,  
Something compelled me to break the rules  
I snuck into his bedroom  
The walls had a slightly darker beige  
Than his old bedroom had -  
The one that wasn't his anymore;  
The walls we'll never share again  
Before we left, he gave me a college  
Sweatshirt as a keepsake  
I wonder if I'll take that for granted, too

## **My Secret Heart**

By: Kaitlyn Brooks

I have a secret  
Where I come from isn't just a place—  
It's a feeling.  
It's laughter that hides pain,  
& pain that hides laughter.  
It's doubt-blinding, like a deer  
Caught in headlights, unsure of its danger.  
My pain? It's dancing on needles, barefoot—  
Needles made out of lies, betrayal & blame.  
We're hedgehogs, love & I-  
The closer we are,  
The more it hurts, our  
Spikes pressing deeper,  
Words sinking in.  
The nights I come from are  
Young & infinite- They stretch  
On endlessly.  
Quiet streets, restless Mind,  
And there you are- unforgettable,  
A song I can't stop humming,  
Even when I try.  
But where I am going  
I become the sheep unfenced  
Full of calm, I feed my neighbors herd  
I'll chase myself like a dream is chased  
I'll find my voice, and maybe, this time  
I'll choose myself.

PARTICIPATING STUDENT'S POETRY



## **The Dove's Cradle**

By: Lyle Roberts

The winter is as it's Lady Fortune:  
Breathtaking within all of their facets  
And so, makes accept truth with a bludgeon.  
The dove sees it's friends  
In a white casket.  
They longed so, for the loving, vast robin blue,  
So tirelessly, striving for courage.  
Whether embrace or caress, bid adieu.  
But the dove cannot think  
To fly from the ledge  
I let the wheel of fate spin its fine silk,  
Despite the thought to sever my own string.  
Sewing, laying of torn  
To function thick  
Weaving refined reason  
Into my wings  
The dove intends to fly into a storm  
But white, of all the rainbows  
After it is warm



## **A Letter To My Past Self**

By: Jayden Vanderdrink

Dear Jayden,  
Tonight the stars will  
Cry and the wind will  
Howl like a banshee  
Warding off an enemy.  
As you hear this you  
Will reminisce on your  
Memories of your  
Father teaching you  
How to shift, and  
How to drive  
Backwards.  
You'll reminisce on  
Your grandmother  
Watching sentimental  
Movies with you in  
Her nursing home.  
There, you'll realize  
what you'll become.  
You'll grow to be  
a person who feels,  
who self loves.  
Tonight, you won't  
Burn down the  
House, instead  
You'll write your  
name in ash.

## **Season of Loss**

By: Maxwell Fisher

I come from the season of wilted grass,  
Where the lawn dies beneath the sun  
And popsicles melt  
And stain  
Sticky hands red.  
We are together, my family and I,  
But my sister leaves for college  
And my grandpa is dead.  
I hate it here  
But I want to stay  
Still, in this lazy heat.  
It will end soon, they say.  
That day I will launch myself  
Up, up into the sky  
And land somewhere  
So far from grass that burns and dies.  
Snow will coat the streets  
And my hands will stay clean.  
I'll hate it there, but it'll keep me away,  
So far from dying lawns  
and wilting family.

## **The Thin Line Between Avoidance & Growth**

By: Nyla Ellis

I'm passed it, I'm done, I don't want to feel.  
I feel it, I embrace it, I acknowledge that it's real.  
It doesn't define me, I don't care about it, it can't dictate I live.  
It's how I was created, my foundation,  
I've accepted, I needed to forgive.  
There's a thin line between growth and avoidance,  
Between temporary pleasure and peace.  
A BONDAGE that sits on the property of conscious  
That's owned, not up for lease.  
I come from exactly what you imagine,  
the ghetto, deceiving realms of the East Side.  
The side of town that's destined to remain  
in its intolerable state,  
that's corrupted, and plagued with misunderstanding  
And false guide.  
The selectively present father,  
who prioritized substance and my body.  
Being a suitable model.  
A mother filled with what feels  
Like resentment,  
Preventing her motherly coddle.  
I am. Exactly. What you think.  
I'm not only. I'm not better  
But growing from, and not avoiding where |  
It's come from,  
Is my definition of selfless pleasure.  
It's my definition of where I'm going,  
It's my passion for making it out.  
Showing people, who are headed for the journey  
I'm beginning to embark,  
That they can make it, despite all doubt.  
I come from a place of avoidance,  
Turning a blind-eye to pessimistic norms, as  
If they are oaths.  
I aspire to make it, to be different,  
be content with my upbringing,  
Exposing my environment to  
Realistic growth.  
I've been through pain, agony, and defeat.  
To let it define me, is the choice I have to make  
The desire to bury it, or willingness to learn,  
I know, which path I'm DESTINED  
to take.

**O Mother Earth**  
By: Jorden Garcia

O Mother Earth  
You breathe life into me anew.  
Granting me the desire,  
To go out and see your world born beautiful.  
O Mother Earth,  
From floating to crawling.  
To walking to shambling.  
I will enjoy every step of this life,  
Like the feeling of water upon my parched tongue.  
I will enjoy every breath of this life,  
Like a cool breeze upon my face on a warm summer's  
day.  
O Mother Earth,  
You're with me every step of the way.  
From my fresh eyes you see,  
Your creation,  
A billion different forms.  
For when I look towards our night sky,  
I see the stars as doors,  
And witness their terrifying, grandiose nature.  
O Mother Earth,  
I am paralyzed with fear.  
I dread the heartbreak of losing loved ones!  
Perhaps the guidance I seek from you,  
Is the abject silence you scream.  
O Mother Earth,  
Even in my monstrous form now given,  
I will continue to face that unknown future,  
With every ounce of strength I possess!

## **Little Star**

By: Mikaylah Brown

She stood at wits end  
Unsure of the world around for  
Hurt clawed at her skin  
Distrust colored her vision gray  
Self-doubt held her soul captive  
She drank from a cup she laced with poison  
But even with the with the poison in her veins  
Memories flooded her heart  
Secrets shared underneath blooming cobalt fireworks  
The sweet smell of red velvet cookies  
Most fall of all the memory of a girl  
Whose personality was larger than life  
Whose name meant "Like God"  
Whose world was gleaming in technicolor  
That girl was who she once was  
Before the world got to her  
She still loved that little girl even when  
Her personality was too bright  
Or her words were too loud  
That little star of a girl was who  
She fought for  
Who she worked for  
Who she lived for  
That little star would bring pastels to  
A world full of monochromatic heartbreak

## **Quiescent Dream**

By: Gianna Barbosa

I dream of meadows  
Of surf grass crunching beneath  
My feet,  
I dream of wandering along pavement,  
The rough ground carrying me  
Where ever I wish to go  
Through tinted glass I watch,  
As people stroll with purpose in  
Their steps,  
The beauty of their journey  
Tempts me,  
Into quiet daydreams  
But at last these dreams exist  
Only in my mind  
My limbs hung suspended into the air  
I can wander no more  
Still my thoughts drift to those  
Distant paths  
To the feeling of moving,  
Of walking, of being alive,  
while my body remains here,  
Unmoving

# **Growth from Humble Origins: A Girl and A Sprout**

By: Jingyi Zoe Chen

A yellow sprout  
The sprout gardeners predicted would die  
The sick one: wilting, listless, shrinking  
Until a small girl of five rose to save it  
But, little did the sprout know that she was struggling too  
She was a jaundiced baby who sent doctors spiraling  
she was a little Asian girl who said, "Zirty tree" when she meant  
thirty-three!  
Sending the whole, entire class sneering mockingly  
She was the girl on the receiving end of, "Just admit it. You're  
weird and stupid"!!  
She was the constant butt of yellow girl jokes  
She was the girl teachers sent to the computer room for being  
"too much!!  
Yet, she was also the girl getting D's for not being enough  
Hence, she grew determined to give the sprout the water and  
light and love it needed to thrive.  
And after ten long years, the miracle happened  
At five and ten, she was thriving  
Excelling  
Like 4.0-4.5s on AP exams excelling  
She rose like a baby bird learning flying,  
She became a biomedical intern and a writer and creator and a  
future doctor and disability rights advocate  
She became a source of heat and light and love for minorities  
and women and autistic people like her  
She marched forward with a torch in one hand and a book in the  
other,  
She was the gardener who NEVER gave up  
About that Sprout, it was thriving too  
It grew into a blazing chrysanthemum of fire  
It grew tall and layered and majestic like the mother sun  
Becoming a source of hope and light to all the sprouts like its old  
self  
That Sprout planted a permanent seed in her heart that only  
branched  
Out and blossomed  
It planted a belief that is NEVER mattered where we started  
It only mattered how and whether we continued  
A belief that even lost causes could become amazing things  
A belief that our pasts one something to grow from  
Not something to be ashamed of

## **I will fly alone**

By: Isis Iyinbor

The house of my birth  
Has all that I need  
Its walls, ceiling, floor, and bed support me  
But what I truly crave  
Is across the wide blue sea,  
And requires a fifteen hour journey  
Waking up when even the sun sleeps,  
And traveling in a jaded daze  
For only a brief moment  
In the county of roses and mountains  
The brief moment turns into  
A slideshow of memories  
That make me feel free  
From the confines of my identity  
It's the feeling of playing in the cold for hours,  
Not caring if my frozen limbs fall numb  
And the explosive sound of the adults' laughter  
Bouncing around the familiar room of history,  
Takes the space of all my worries  
Instead there is only the savory taste  
Of my grandma's freshly baked prinzesi,  
Which she spent hours preparing  
And hiking in the silent and empty woods,  
Until the night sky  
Was filled with bright stars  
Guiding us to go back home  
Soon I will have to fly alone  
Without the crowd of family  
And find another place  
Where I feel most free  
The laughter will fall silent  
And there will only be  
The deafening sound  
Of the echoing voices in my head  
When the crowds  
Of playing children are gone,  
And the adults who raised me are long buried,  
Where will I have left to go?



## **Poet Friends**

By: Kanikaa Karthik

Evil lies in gods  
Or poet friends you meet  
Who use the mortal soul  
At alters by the creek  
Two sides that never mix  
I fall victim  
You stand, envy  
Will this finally be my end?  
Not cold nights  
Laced in tears, blood, and fight,  
Nor the moments where I drown  
Poets wish me glory  
When all I wish is to drown  
You push me to raise  
From old passageways  
Guide me out of labyrinthine  
And into blinding days  
“We walk this path in glory  
“We walk in even stance  
“The gods are not the villain  
“But rather victims of circumstance”

## **This Is Who I Wish To Be**

By: Jasper Thomas Kirschman

I come from a divided city  
Sometimes at war and sometimes at peace  
I come from a broken family  
Who can never be whole again  
I come from different houses  
Both loving but very different  
One house has God's grace  
The other doesn't have a single trace  
But I know who I wish to be  
I wish to be someone who honors God through  
thick and thin  
I wish to spread his grace no matter what others  
think  
And tries to save people, from the hell they face  
I wish to build a loving family  
Not off lies and deceit  
But to build it on trust and peace  
I wish to stand up for what's right  
Knowing someday God will win the fight  
This is who I wish to be  
And there's no one stopping me

## Halfway

By: Sreerachana Manthathi

I'm treading on that thin faint line  
Between where I've been and where I'll be  
On one side lay memories of dreams  
On the other, they're reality  
I'm halfway forgotten (I'm halfway to fame)  
The world keeps on shifting (Yet feels all the same)  
I think of tomorrow (I'm trapped in today)  
With nostalgic dreams of yesterday  
I've watched people smile, I've seen them cry  
Always been an observer just standing by  
Maybe I'm lucky to not know of pain  
Or perhaps it's another kind of insane  
I'm following a map leading to success  
Mundane, predictable, but guaranteed  
If I'll be forgotten nevertheless  
Should I take a chance just for me?  
My world is quiet, far from complete  
I wonder what would happen if I took a leap  
If I took a risky path, sailed an uncharted sea  
Is it worth trying or this path do I keep?  
I'm treading on that thin faint line  
Between where I've been and where I'll be  
Once I finally cross that line  
I dare the world to remember me





Dear Young Poets and Families,

On behalf of The Aline B. Carter Foundation's board of directors, thank you for your time, effort, and enthusiasm in participating in the Aline B. Carter Poetry Competition for 2025.

As you know, the competition was the outcome of a day-long workshop led by local poets, two of whom are the current Poet Laureate of Texas and Poet Laureate of San Antonio. The younger poets responded with great heart, exploring ideas and language, questioning, writing and revising. All exhibited impressive maturity and seriousness of mind.

To parents and teachers, your student's participation in the workshop plays a vital role in helping poetry and creative writing flourish in San Antonio. By encouraging your writers, you help build a community where imagination is valued, voices are uplifted, and storytelling thrives. As Maya Angelou reminds us, "There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you." Thank you for helping your young poets tell their stories with courage and creativity.

To students, we applaud your dedication and celebrate the ability and sensitivity each of your poems displayed. All of you deserve awards! We look forward to seeing your continued involvement in future literary events. May your devotion to poetry enrich your lives all your years through.

With gratitude,

The Aline B. Carter Foundation Board









