

First Place

Category: Writing - Poetry
Age Division: 15 and Under

Ode to My Riding Boots

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Handcrafted to fit snug and tight
The black polished leather hugs my leg like a glove.
 These boots go everywhere,
 And have many stories to tell.
 As the tall, skinny, black boots
 Squeeze their way up my leg,
It's the beginning of a new story and day.
 At the finish of each day
The boots rest in a fleece-lined boot bag,
 Polished and cleaned
Oh, the things the smooth black boots have seen
 And the horses they have ridden,
 The miles they have traveled
 And the memories they hold,
 Are just a beginning...
 The tall beaming blocks of leather
Will remain with me everlastingly...
 And will always make me question
 What I would do without them.
The boots that taught me how to ride
 Are a special part of me...
 ...Ode to my riding boots...