

CPMA 2025 - Poetry Written for Children - 2nd Prize
"Wonders In The Whirlwind: Poems to Make You Think,
Dream, and Do"
By; Duterte, Junard P.

**Wonders in the Whirlwind:
Poems to Make You Think, Dream, and Do**

1. The Question That Flew on a Kite

I tied a question to my kite,
With string so strong and tail so light.
It wiggled once — then soared up high,
A giggle whispering through the sky.
It asked, “How far can dreaming go?”
The wind replied, “You’ll never know—
Unless you ride the breeze, and leap,
And trust the clouds to hold your sleep.”
My question looped through birds in flight,
It brushed the stars before the night,
It danced with thoughts too big for me —
Then bowed before a bumblebee.
I waved hello. It waved back twice.
Then teased the moon (which wasn't nice).
It scooped a comet's sparkling glow,
And hummed a tune I didn't know.
At last, it came back, all aglow,
And settled gently, sweet and slow.
It whispered softly in my ear:
"Dreams fly the farthest — when you're clear."

2. How to Catch a Cloud (and Other Silly Science)

Step one: You'll need a butterfly net —
The biggest one you've ever met.
Step two: A ladder — ten miles high —
(Or borrow wings to kiss the sky).
Step three: Whisper, "Here, cloud, here!"
In tones both clever, kind, and clear.
Don't shout — they're shy! Don't blink — they flee!
Be calm, polite, and cloud-wise, see?
I tried it once on Tuesday night,
My net was strong, my grip was tight.
But just before the final swoop,
It giggled — and escaped my loop!
Then came my next idea: A jar!
With air holes — like a cookie star.
I'd trap one gently, soft and round,
And keep it low, not skyward-bound.
But jars don't work. Clouds don't sit still.
They puff and vanish at their will.
They're water, yes — but magic too,
And full of things we *wish* we knew.
So now I just invent all day —
Machines that float, or bounce, or spray.
And when they fail (as good tries do),
I write down what *almost* came true.
Because real science, smart and proud,
Once tried to catch a silly cloud.

3. The Library with No Doors

I found a place — it had no walls,
No marble steps, no echoing halls.
No guards to shush, no keys, no floors —
It called itself The Library with No Doors.
The shelves were clouds — so soft, so wide —
With books that hummed and books that sighed.
Some pages danced like dragonflies,
And some could blink with glowing eyes.
One book was written by a tree,
Another sang in harmony.
A pop-up tale just flew at me —
It chirped, “Hello!” and poured out tea.
No card was asked, no test, no fee —
Just wonder, hope, and mystery.
You’d only need one thing to start:
A burning question in your heart.
I asked, “Can numbers dream at night?”
A book replied, “In perfect light!”
I asked, “Can poems plant a seed?”
Another said, “That’s all they need.”
I stayed till dusk — or was it dawn?
The time got lost, the stars were on.
And though I left — my mind still soars —
Inside that Library with No Doors.

4. Don't Feed the Fears (They Might Grow Big!)

A fear is like a fuzzy bug —
It doesn't bite — it wants a hug.
It whispers, "Boo!" behind your shoe,
Then laughs when you say, "Is that *you*?"
At first, it's small — a speck, a dot,
It hides beneath your thinking spot.
But if you feed it — crumbs of doubt —
It grows a nose. Then hands. Then *snout!*
It asks for snacks like "What-ifs" fried,
With "Never-tries" all deep inside.
It slurps on "I'm-not-good-enough,"
And burps out storms when life gets tough.
But here's the trick: Don't serve it tea.
Don't let it ride your brain for free.
Just stare it down, and say out loud:
"You're just a cloud — not thundercloud."
Then tie it to a paper kite,
And send it sailing out of sight.
Or draw it small — with silly shoes —
And chase it off with dancing news!
For fears are fed by what you *think* —
But shrink when you just dare to blink.
So mind your meals — stay brave, not big —
And never share your dreams with *figs!*
(Wait—scratch that last line. It's just me...
Writing nonsense fearlessly.)

5. Planet Earth Sent Me a Text

Last Tuesday night at half-past ten,
My phone lit up — then buzzed again.
A message flashed — both weird and sweet:
“Hello! It’s me — your Planet Earth — tweet tweet!”
I stared. I blinked. I typed, “Umm... hi?”
It wrote, “Just checking — are you dry?
Your skies looked moody yesterday.
I sent some clouds to drift your way.”
I chuckled. “Wait — the Earth can text?”
It said, “Well, sure. What’d you expect?
I see you all — from pole to pole —
But lately, I’ve been less than whole.”
“My forests cough. My oceans wheeze.
My penguins slip on melting seas.
The air you breathe gets kinda thick
When people burn stuff way too quick.”
It dropped a GIF — of dancing bees.
Then sighed: “They’re tired of dodging knees.”
I typed, “I’ll try to plant a tree.”
It smiled: “That’s one sweet fix from thee!”
Then Earth wrote back: “I’m old, but kind —
I like your hearts, your hands, your mind.
Just walk with care, and love your skies —
And tell the others — big and wise.”
I saved the text. It made me think.
Then turned off lights. Poured plants a drink.
And whispered thanks into the breeze —
To Earth — who texts — and grows — and sees.

6. The Day I Traded Shoes with a Tree

I once asked a tree,
“What’s it like to be you?”
It rustled a laugh —
And dropped me a shoe.
Not a sneaker, nor boot,
But a slipper of bark.
It smelled like the rain,
And it hummed in the dark.
“Now put on my roots,”
The old tree declared,
“Stand still for a while —
And try being *bared*.”
I planted my feet
Where the sunlight could see,
And the soil gave a hug
To the new, borrowed me.
I heard ants gossip,
Felt worms do a dance,
Watched shadows stretch long —
And gave squirrels a chance.
Birds used my arms
To hold lullabies.
A caterpillar wept
When it said its goodbyes.
I stood through a storm,
And held in my bark —
A thousand small hopes
And the song of a lark.
By sunset, the tree
Asked gently, “You see?”
I nodded. Then said,
“Come — walk now as me.”
So we swapped again —
It stepped, and it swayed.
I whispered to wind,
“Some trades must be made.”

7. What the Moon Told Me at Midnight

The moon knocked softly on my wall,
A glow upon the floor.
It whispered like a lullaby—
Not loud, but something more.
I asked it why it didn't sleep,
It tilted like a grin.
And said, "I watch the dreamers dream—
That's where the stars begin."
"I see the kids with questions big,
Too wide to fit in books.
I light their paths when all is still—
And hide inside their nooks."
It told me how it guards the night,
Like quiet, silver glue.
"I mend the cracks in lonely hearts—
It's what I love to do."
"And when a child feels small or lost,
Or stuck in shadow's maze,
I beam a thought into their minds—
A light they'll chase for days."
I sat in bed and held my breath,
In awe of what I'd heard.
The moon just smiled and faded slow—
A gentle, glowing word.
Now every time the world feels big,
And I feel far from right—
I close my eyes and hear the Moon,
Still talking in the night.

8. The Homework That Wanted to Travel

My homework sighed this afternoon —
“Another desk? Another tune?
I long for hills, for trains, for skies!
I’m tired of pencils. I want to fly!”
It rolled itself into a scroll,
Then hopped inside my cereal bowl.
“I’ve learned enough from page and pen —
It’s time I saw the world — and *when?*”
Before I knew, it zipped away —
Out of the window. Off to play!
It flagged a pigeon. Rode its wing.
Waved goodbye and started to sing.
It stopped in Spain to rhyme in style,
Then napped on clouds for half a mile.
It danced with leaves in Timbuktu,
And borrowed ink from an octopus crew.
It sent me photos:
— on the Nile, it tanned;
— in Tokyo, it joined a band;
— in Paris, it made croissants rise high;
— and in Brazil, it learned to *samba-sigh*.
By Friday, though, it missed my hand.
The world was big — but I could understand.
It landed soft upon my bed,
Tired and tattered, ink half-spread.
I asked, “Well then — what did you learn?”
It winked. “That even homework yearns.
So write me wild. Don’t keep me tame —
Let knowledge be a kind of game.”
Now when I write, I let it roam.
My thoughts take flight —
and then come home.

9. When Kindness Wore a Cape

I saw a hero on the street —
No mask, no boots, no lightning feet.
She wore no armor, held no sword,
But helped a boy whose heart was sore.
She didn't fly or leap through air,
Just knelt and tied his shoelace there.
She smiled, then vanished in the crowd —
No cheer, no news, no claps out loud.
Another time, a man in gray
Gave up his seat, then walked away.
He carried books for someone small —
No cape, no shield, no fame at all.
And once, beneath the pouring rain,
I watched a hand reach out again.
It shared an umbrella, warm and wide —
Then walked beside, not just beside.
I asked the wind, "Who are these few
Who do such good with no 'to-do'?"
It whispered back without a sound:
"The ones who plant, not just are found."
And now I look for them each day —
The quiet ones who light the way.
The ones who help, then disappear —
Like stars that shine, then reappear.
So if you ask me who wears capes,
It's not just those who rescue shapes.
It's those whose hearts are brave and deep —
Who leave the world a love to keep.

10. The Mirror That Didn't Reflect

I found a mirror in the hall
that didn't blink —
or show me at all.
No nose. No hat.
No wild hair flat.
Just silver mist,
and something that —
felt like me,
but not my face.
Not my freckles,
not my place.
I waved.
It didn't wave back.
Instead, it whispered —
soft and slack:
"You are not the shape you wear,
not your shoes,
not your stare.
You are the questions
you still keep.
The promises
you make in sleep."
It showed a laugh I once gave free.
A kindness done.
A memory.
A note I wrote but never passed —
A try,
a tremble,
a dream too vast.
It shimmered once,
then faded fast.
I stared,
then smiled,
a little shy.
"I think," I said,
"I now know why
you don't reflect like mirrors do."
It whispered back,
"Because you're more
than what eyes see —
you're something true."