

# 2025 SPURS WRITING COMPETITION

## Poetry Winners

### 2ND PLACE

A little boy with dreams so wide,  
A lasso in his hand, arms open, tied,  
He spins and twirls, a hopeful grin,  
The rodeo lights, his chance to win.

With dusty boots and hat pulled low,  
He watches champs put on their show.  
One day, he thinks, that'll be me,  
The best trick roper the world will see.

Through morning fog and setting sun,  
He practices each loop and run,  
A magic lasso, bold and true,  
Holds all his hopes in twirling blue.

And though he's small, his dreams are grand,  
With nimble wrist and steady hand,  
One day he'll stand in the spotlight's glow,  
The magic lasso king of the rodeo.

*Alex, Conroe, TX*

### 3RD PLACE

In a dusty town where colors fade,  
I rode with lasso swayed.  
My rope was magic bright,  
Turning gray to vivid light.

With one quick toss, the colors flew,  
Red, green, yellow, purple, blue.  
The horses danced, the cows did prance,  
The whole arena took a chance.

The lasso whirled like a steer's tail,  
Bringing joy without fail.  
The saddles gleamed, the barrels glowed,  
As my magic lasso cast its code.

Crowds cheered loud, their voices strong,  
To my magical rodeo song.  
Even the sky turned a warmer hue,  
Under the spell of colors new.

My heart beamed like the sun,  
Knowing my magic had just begun.  
In every rodeo near and far,  
My colorful lasso was the star.

So whenever the rodeo seemed gray,  
I brought color back to play.

*Alexa, Houston, TX*

### TRAILBLAZER CHOICE

I ride into the stadium.  
All eyes shift towards me.  
Looking down at my clothes  
I see.

I am dressed in neon  
And my horse is brilliant-blue,  
My lasso's color is rainbow,  
I'm of a variety of hues.

I keep on moving, but on me their eyes stay.  
I'm so conspicuous as others are all gray.

Jet-gray t-shirts, Horses are coal-black  
Dirt on the floor is gray. It's a gray attack!

Mud-streaked jeans and Dull graphite hats,  
From the overcast sky To the boring black gnats.

I quicken my pace, And grab my magical lasso,  
Holding tight to the reins, And... SWING!  
A color fiasco!

Bright-green jeans and Cyan-blue horses.  
Neon-pink dirt, The colors really changed courses!

The clouds are radiant-red,  
The sky is vivid-yellow.  
Clothing is a spectrum,  
Now nothing is mellow!

Joyful eyes are towards the stadium,  
Enjoying every bit,  
Despite the mismatched colors,  
This adventure is a hit!

*Tabitha Liu, Spring, TX*

### 1ST PLACE

Yesterday I saw a rodeo,  
The colors were a no show,  
Everything was dull and gray,  
So lusterless, I almost ran away.

Then I remembered, my lasso of color,  
Everything it touches, gets color and wonder,  
I used my lasso on a horse,  
I turned it bright brown, of course!

I colored some turkeys a hot pink,  
And dyed their wattles blue as ink,  
I gave a sheep some splashes of white,  
It was so happy; it jumped like a sprite.

I painted a bull a nice shade of brown,  
I tossed some pink on a pig wearing a crown,  
I saw some gray cows, wearing headphones,  
They jumped over my lasso; how vibrant they shone!

When it was finished, I gazed at my work,  
It was so dazzling, not a spot of gray lurked,  
Cowboys and cowgirls, beautiful and bright,  
I'd never seen such a wonderful sight.

*Rebekah Elizabeth, Katy, TX*