

Don't stop - Αργυρού Ανατολης – (Α΄ Βραβείο)

When things go wrong , as they sometimes will, When the road you are
trudging seems all up hill, When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh, When care is pressing you
down a lot, Rest! If you must; but don't you stop.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't stop, though the pace seems slow;
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out;
The silver tint of the clouds to doubt;
And you never can tell how close you are;
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest bomb
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't stop.

Patient and steady with all you must bear,
Ready to meet every challenge with care,
Easy in manner, yet solid as steel,
Strong in your faith, refreshingly real,
Don't conform to the usual mold,
And most importantly you never stop.

A PENTAGRAM AND A CLOUD - Μπέλλου Μαρίας (Β΄ Βραβείο)

An elusive cloud of freedom I now call home
And I lay my hands on the truth of love And the ravenous hand of pain
In the wind that viciously barges in But with valor I leap into infinity In
the turmoil of a suicide world

I'm carving notes in a pentagram In a venture to master my life But in
the end, I'm short of alternatives At times I wonder Am I real or not?
Do I have a conscience, perhaps reasoning? And what is it that
defines me? No one responds
And I'm striving to compose a melody

Someone tore the tablature It was you! You're so full of
promises I'll teach you how to dance I'll teach you how to live
I'll weave a sweater out of golden threads just for you
For I wish you gave up pondering
How I wish you didn't feel pain
For as long as we're still touched by destiny
Hush
Why are you striving to change it?
WHY ARE YOU STRIVING?

On an elusive cloud of freedom
I do believe I've a choice
For living is gorgeous
For living is divine - that's why

MIND KNOCKINGS - Stephanie Costa (Γ΄ Βραβείο)

You've got your loft locked
at the back of your mind
the key of your simple knock
unconsciousness: already designed.

The wind opens the door
step into the chamber
sub-consciousness: unlocked now,
your knock is not a stranger.

Forced by a push into the parlor
the wind: still, is blowing
conscience doesn't foreswear
your mind is not lowering.

Tiptoes: on the terrace's edge
one maneuver before your end
the reverse of your committed pledge
oh, if only this was just a pretence.

Silence to be... - Τσαγκάρη Χρήστου (Α΄ Έπαινος)
The rest is silence... (W. Shakespeare - Hamlet)

Sorry was the old castle
Due to an eternal battle
A continuous duel of violent thoughts
a sacrifice to the Honor that was at the stake

And as Elsinor's castle was there to watch
the ruling principle of Hate
dancing along with the deaf tyranny of fate
giving a hand to an upcoming " king "
A faithless beast, a filthy leper
marching to stand over the body
of a glorious prince

But all of a sudden, Justice was awake
looking alike Grace
the sacred beauty appeared
as the angel of art, in front of the insolent face of
madness She stands then looks the prince and
declare: " How can you still be silent ?

A hero of an immortal tale
Let it be now, for ever
Rise to heaven
To our Lord's magnificent Palace
You are to arrive at last!"

As a shiny bell depicted the clouds in the angel's path
that was forged with lightings, poems and art
Mighty the son of the North

has he touched all this glory
to which he was driven
by an angel's hand.

Fighting for Change - Mus Myrona (Β´ Έπαινος)

Beaten down by the quick tongue of pain and grief
Lashing out like a whip offering no relief
All locked up in their personal hell
Sound the sirens, ring the funeral bell

This is the destruction that exists,
An angry demon with balled up fists
This has become our illusion of reality,
A messed up dream with no clarity

They say you have to be tough to make it out there,
It's what they call life, what they call fair
But I refuse to turn away from the tears of humanity
I will not accept your ideas filled with vanity

This is your notion of life, what you call being human
But you have a lack of general acumen
I'm only a small fish locked in with a shark
Your pearly fangs shine desperately bright in the dark

Deep inside I know who you are
And all the pain has left you a scar
But if we are capable of such destruction
Then for happiness we must also be capable of self-induction

If we can change our state of mind
Then our hearts desire we may find
And the angels will smile down as they did at the beginning of time
And the world would bloom into a blissful rhyme

Two Suns – Δράκου Παναγιώτη (Γ' Έπαινος)

To swim across the endless seas
so that they can hear his selfless pleas
a boy not guided by the will of must
but by his friends whom with he forms a bond of trust

On the other side of shattered earth
a darkened rose comes forth
another lurks in the shadowy halls
driven by vengeance in his closed walls

The first one walks with the will of fire
the other guided only by his pure desire
to rid the world of his own blood
and watch his brothers' life flash flood

He who walks the light of day
will triumph over pain with no decay
unlike the one who is filled with hate
and trapped behind his giant barricade

And if that final moment should come
then one or both will go down undone
cause if their paths would clash together
the lands will sing for them forever

Cause when the blossom of hope that is the light
comes to a halt in front of night
the heavens will shake in front of them
and they would be reunited once again