

Yearning to return home - Αικατερίνης Πέττα (Α΄ Βραβείο)

Who could predict a natural catastrophe?
A melancholic sunset accompanied by heavy rain.
Oh... the rain, tears of mother Earth
dragged out after the massacre.
A mysterious pitch dark sky resembling a widow's dress
trying to absorb every sign of movement,
every single sign of life.

And then, endless masses of tortured creatures
screaming helplessly in terrible agony
unable to escape their ruthless fate,
their deadly wounds that eternally litter the barren soil.
No longer inspired, bold and armed soldiers
but just resentful souls.

«Look!» somebody shouted «a bloody-red poppy».
Yes, an inspiring flower on the horizon,
growing in the desperate fighters' hearts.

A miracle, a miracle, stunning and dominating
a marvelous sunlight assuages the fear and the pain.
A pigeon totally boundless and free like faith
emerges and encourages the fallen soldiers.

Out of the blue an invigorating image
completes the rebirth of nature.
Sweet home, warm hugs, storytelling,
pervasiveness of food smells.
Love, happiness and relief finally released
from the impenetrable darkness of war
flood the survivors' feelings, thoughts and dreams.
They whisper nothing but "Make peace".

Peace, a single word, a Utopia or
the only genuine salvation of humanity?

The frozen realms of darkness - Αλέξανδρου Καλόμοιρου (Β΄ Βραβείο)

Sailing through the seas of darkness
While winds howl in this eternal blackness
I head to the forgotten realms of frost
Searching for ghosts of lives long lost

Standing in the dreamless, cold night
I let out a harsh cry
Recalling bygone phantoms
That vanish in the veils of fog

In the midst of the furious storm
There appears a white clad
apparition of frozen time
That floats through terrors unborn

I lift my eyes and gaze
At the ethereal form in the haze
Remembering the woes that weigh
On my sorrow laden soul

The shadows rise beneath the moon
And thunders sing the song of doom
In this forlorn realm of old
While the night's end portends

Ere the break of the new day
My soul departs with the gale
In this unfathomable sea of time
To join the voluptuous white clad form

Black of hair and blue of eyes
Her face mysteriously smiles
While we are heading to distant worlds
Where dreams are still alive
And as we vanish in the frozen night
A bell tolls at the day's first light.

The feelings in a tear - Δάφνης Χωρατίδου (Γ' Βραβείο)

Under the moonlight my sorrow was exposed
The crystal tears running down my cheeks, danced with the wind
And I really wish they'd reach you...
It's hard to bear the distance in between

They'd let you know, you are my world
My dreams, my thoughts, my very end
They'd make you see how desperately my heart calls out for you
The strength it takes to fake my smile, and hold back tears remained unseen.

How I'd run and reach for your embrace
To see, feel, touch that charming face.
Rest my head upon your chest and feel your affection
And witness that love is not a deception.

For our souls are in sync,
It seems as if our minds are linked
Not even death will keep us part,
Because you wield the other half of my heart.

Just me - Θεοδώρας Παπαμανώλη (Α΄ Έπαινος)

Our world is in danger,
That's what I hear.
Everybody is saying
that the END is near.

Please save the flowers,
the trees and the sea,
but nobody ever listens,
because its just me.

Wild - Φωτεινής Ντάκου (Β΄ Έπαινος)

Born from love,
An innocent child - shocked
From the cruelty but still
There was a bright side
I saw the beautiful view
The journey of life
I was living in a small
World - my world. Free.
But sometimes the girl couldn't
decide who she wanted to be.
So I travelled and learned
Saw happiness. Saw
Innocence. But the dark smoke
never left.
So the girl tried to fight and
Save a life... taking hers to death
She lived a happy life
Now all the others
Side by side
Are staring at the bright side
Living free and Wild
In the memory of that innocent child.

Clock clock clock - Μυρσίνης Σαρδελιάνου (Γ΄ Έπαινος)

Clock clock clock, wake up time!
Where is it sleeping, what is it stealing
Ignoring that its art's not fine

Clock clock clock, remember me!
We met the day I was born
Down in the empty hole of the obvious trapdoors

Where the only color I could see was white
Then you gave the rhythm and I lost all magic light

And the forest creatures made of caramel
Indulged me with their names
Gave me their melting hands and without a single gaze
Caused my inner beat So did you now call time

Clock clock clock, did you forgot!
When I stared at you all noon
Counting the minutes before I started kissing the unknown
Behind me stood all secrets that I sought
Did you ever warn me of what was going on
The eyes in the back of my head would never see
Now evolve, don't go forward, clock!
For you're never on my side

And you're even deceiving time
The wildest, most freakish creature unearthed

Clock clock clock, will you leave my home
But you're lucky, afterall
For the end's already called-forth.