



Arena of Light

poetry anthology

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Sidney Gutierrez Middle School

detail, 7th Grade "contrast" composition

As always, it has been a great pleasure to work with students at Sidney Gutierrez Middle School. This has been another successful year—the eighth I believe—of conducting poetry classes for sixth, seventh and eighth graders, working alongside Leslie Lawner, whose guidance has certainly enabled her students to achieve some extraordinary heights of learning. I have been conducting poetry seminars in New Mexico, and throughout the United States, since 1973. Of the many schools in which I've worked, a handful stand out. Sidney Gutierrez is one of them. A hard-working and committed staff of teachers under the guidance of Principal Joe Andreis, has always provided a welcoming venue for me in Roswell. The school's classes have been kept reasonably small, enabling the “big family” feeling of the school to remain intact. I often challenge young students with versions of language arts projects that I give to high school and college classes, and, amazingly, Sidney Gutierrez students never fail to meet those challenges. Above all, they are good listeners, they take their assignments seriously, they are truthful and enthusiastic, and I can always expect quality work from them. They have never failed to surprise me over the many years I have worked here.

As this poetry anthology proves, Sidney Gutierrez students have excelled again this year—on all levels of thinking and creating: from the skills of using the imagination in new and expanding ways, to the crafting of language on the page, to the speaking of it aloud, to the editing and rewriting of poems to finalize them into publishable gems. Congratulations students! And a hearty thanks to everyone in Roswell—at the school, in the community—who has provided for me. I am especially indebted to my hosts Bob Carroll and Leslie Lawner, and to the principal and staff at Sidney Gutierrez. Many thanks for your warm welcome!

John Brandi

El Rito, New Mexico

JACOB ANDREIS

My Life

My life
Feels like a flower
Leaning toward the sun
As if it needed a shoulder

My Life
Feels like a fallen oak
Bare but bold
Its branches reaching out
As if it needed a hand

My Life
Is taking a drastic change
Now I feel like a lost dog
Shining chockfull of hope

My Life
Feels like the sun so high
With a smile
Shining in the sky

My Life
Is yet to be uncovered
Like a present
Tightly wrapped
Only to be uncovered
When the time comes

The Great Fallen Oak

There I was
The dirt road
Was gliding beneath me
The engine roaring
As if it was a thousand
Battle cries

There it was
The sight caught
My eyes as if
Two bullets were
Smashing right in front of me

I stopped as fast
As I could
The dirt under me
Was as soft as the
Sands of the sea

I quickly hopped
Off to see the greatest
Fallen oak I'd ever seen

I walked slowly
On the trunk taking in
The morning smell, a scent
Like that of aftershave
Rushing into my nose

Inside the trunk
On my knees
I saw something like
Sawdust
Cushioning my hands

Love songs came
From the finches
Fluttering out the side

The branches reached
Out as if the tree
Wanted its full stature again
But it will take well over a thou-
sand
Battle cries to lend the
Fallen oak a hand

I'm Late for My Date

Hurry, Hurry, go, go
Follow the river of
Spilled milk

Slide down the
Banana peel to
The 4th floor

There you will be
Greeted by three
Dragon fruits

They will lead you
To the dreaded tunnel
Of ribs on the 3rd floor

There you will meet the
Reddest cherry tomato
In all the land

With him you will make
The ascent over the
Great ice cream mountains

From there you must take
A pepperoni pizza parasail
Down the jello cake of doom

This will be your final
Destination, follow the path
Through the gumdrop forest

At the end you will see
The royal cauliflower guards
Will lead you into the
Gingerbread castle

This way Mr. Grapefruit
You won't be late for your
date
With Princess Orange

Lane Boardman

Inside My Head

Inside my head
a big house in Roswell
When I walk out of my
room
I fall into a 100 foot pool

Inside my head
A big quarterback
On the Dallas Cowboys
team
Who throws the ball
Miles long
Runs faster than his team

Inside my head
A cool 2009 GT Mustang
Has two black lines
Across the top
And flames on the sides
As it speeds on the street

My Secret Hideout

From my room
First you pull a string
From my floor
My floorboards start to shake

The floor looks like
It's going to fall
Suddenly the floorboards open
You fall through
The floorboards close
And a rocket subway pops out
You climb into the rocket
It feels like a soft pillow
Now it stops at my hideout

Maddy Chavez

First Day at School

Waking up at 8:00 am
My mom helping me get dressed
Always losing my socks

Finding my backpack is a hassle
I can smell the sweet smell of pan-
cakes and maple syrup
Having to eat quickly
I wish I could have time to savor
my breakfast

My mom takes me to school
To my teacher, Mrs. Seamore
I see kids crying because they
don't want their parents to leave
I tell my mom to go because
I am so excited

I smell pencil shavings from
sharpened pencils
My teacher Mrs. Seamore says
goodbye to the last pair of parents

Mrs. Seamore gets angry at a
student
She stomps her foot on the ground
She smashes my foot
She gives me a note for the nurse
And sends me away
The nurse checks my foot
He says it is okay
I can smell the sanitary sterilized
room
The nurse says that Mrs. Seamore
Always overreacts

In Me

In me is
A ranch
With many wild mustangs and stallions
Waiting to be let out of their stalls
To graze in the many acres of field
To run
To play with one another
To be broken in

In me is
A girl with a dream to fulfill
To become a physical therapist
To help the people who need it most

In me
Are all of my ranch animals growing up
From chicks to chickens
From calves to cows
From a foal to a full grown horse
Waiting to be let out in the world
To be free
To be independent, on their own

In me
Is the story of my life
Waiting to come out
Waiting to be come true
Waiting to be told

Secret World of Phandora

Start at the kwiky mart
Go behind the store
Give the kid with the food in
his mouth a dollar
The adventure begins!

He will be really appreciative
He will give you a paper with
the secret word you will need
later on
He will take you behind a big
oak tree
Then he will leave

Two little girls will come up to
you, don't be fooled
They are tough
Get the paper out
Say the secret word
They will take you to an old
oak tree
If you are right, if you are
wrong
They will take you to a dump-
ster!

If you get to the old oak tree
Pick up a soggy red rag
Bang it on the stinky trash lid

A short girl with brown eyes
and brown hair will come out;
That is me

I will take you to a large box
I'll give you nose plugs

I'll take you to a hole where
I'll push you down
Once you smell the sweet
overwhelming smell of flowers
You have entered Phandora
You will hear birds singing,
beautiful melodies
You will hear magical faeries
bristling in the bushes
Picking berries and singing
happy tunes
Welcome!

Zack Gallegos

Where to Go or Where Not to Go

Where to go or where not to go
To the floor or to the sky
To the laptop or to the computer
To the desk or to the table

Where to flow or where not to flow
To the teacher's toes or to your superior nose
To the lake or to the pond
To the sky or to the limit

But how will you chose
But how will you decide
But how will you reach the limit?

Tia Debby

My Tia Debby
Is dressed formally with her reading glasses on
And books in hand
Because it's Sunday

Now in the car I can smell her from where I sit
A cinnamon smell, she cooks a lot
On our way there
I'm not very serious, but she is
Now we're there

We're going into the Kingdom Hall
We all look around to find her
Now we see her
She has just found seats for all of us

She reserves the seats
With her books and her coat
We're all walking around the room
Visiting with people
Until the meeting starts
Then everyone takes a seat

My Perfect Life

I feel I am a monkey
Leaping from tree to tree
So used to what I am doing
I don't even need to think

I feel I'm an artist
Who has art museums dedicated to his art
Ten in every state in the USA!

I feel I have an everlasting life
In a world without crime
Everyone's house is a simple hut

I feel I
Can get anything
As easily as a monkey can climb a tree
I will never know everything, but
There's always something to draw:
Animals
People
Nature

Pencil Shavings Everywhere

My parents told me to sharpen
The new pencils. So I did
And I was sharpening away until
I was on my last pencil.
Then they told me to empty
The electric sharpener. So I un-
plugged
The sharpener. I was walking
And I tripped. All the ground
Up pencil shavings got stuck in
The carpet. I vacuumed, I
swept,
I picked every last bit
Up by hand but nothing helped
My parents weren't mad but they
Said it was ok. "You'll learn."

JUSTUS HAEFNER

I Will Be Waiting

From this school to my house you
Will leave riding your bike. Turn
Left where the city bus picks
You up, near all the tall grass.
You will hear the chatter of
Excited boys and girls.

Continue past the city bus stop
Towards the ups and downs of
Life. You will experience this for
A couple of miles. You will
Trip and fall until you hit
The ground. Now get up. My
house
Is the big tan one with
The reddish-orange barking dog.
I will be waiting for you
With milk and hot cookies.

Deep Inside

Deep inside
My beating heart
Lies another world
Where everything is green,
Where things people can't imagine are

Deep inside
My beating heart
Is the woman I will become

Deep inside
My beating heart
Is a rosebud slowly blooming
Waiting to become
The person I am meant to be.

The Girl Who Made Me Laugh

The last time I saw
The little blonde girl
She was only five.
A smart girl
And terribly sweet.

So young and innocent;
She loved all things pink.
I remember the last time I saw her.
She always made me laugh.

Then one day a fire came
And licked away their house,
The fire claimed her little life,
Leaving her parents in despair.

Time has stolen
Most of my memories,
Even the name
Of the little girl who made me laugh.

Julia Hickerson

Wander Inside

First find your bed
Pull back the covers
Climb inside
And go to sleep

Map your mind
And find everything
True
Lovely
Beautiful
Put these things together
And wander inside what you've
created
Find everything
True
Lovely
Beautiful

Listen to the rain pattering on the
roof
Or the wind howling
Now make these dreams real.

I Want

I want a giant mansion
Over a bright, beautiful city
With a glass roof to see the moon

I want to hit a home run
To be number one
Top dog with the crowd roaring

I want to be my own boss
To never grow old
To stay kid-ish forever
To never be like those boring grownups

I want a giant mansion
I want to hit a home run
I want to be my own boss
I want I want I want
I want to be and stay myself

Abby Hamilton

Hurry Hurry

Hurry out the back door
Run fast, look out, no one's looking
Hop the rough brick fence

Hurry, faster, catch up
Run through the alley, don't slip on any sharp
rocks
Stop slowly, turn the corner
No cars zooming through the street

Hurry, we're at the park, don't rustle the leaves
Hurry, under the tree, my tree, my weeping wil-
low
The branches hang down to the ground
That way no one can see me
They can't see my birds chirping either

Who What Where Why When

Superman, why do you wear blue tights?
Martin Luther King, Jr., where did you get your courage?
Earth, why do you have an inner core and an outer core?
Mom, why can't I wear mascara like you do?

California, do you like being shaken by earthquakes?
Creepy, why do you follow me around town?
Glass, why do you break into a million pieces?
Self, is everything real or am I crazy?
Do I live in my own head?
Do I imagine things?
How will I ever know, can I ever know?

KEENAN HORN

The World Inside Me

Inside me is a world of war and peace
Happiness and sadness
Suffering and joy
It is hard to balance them

They often come out of normality
That is when I get emotions
This happens when something goes wrong

A piece of me is missing
A piece of me that balances everything
A piece that is all good and no bad

This piece will turn me on the right path
Everybody is missing this piece for a while
For this piece of a soul, is love

The Foreign Stranger

To me you are a stranger
A differently speaking one
A person who is different
Just think
How do I seem to you?
Am I strange?

Los Angeles

I am watching TV
The bright flashes illuminating the house
My friend has fallen asleep

I am savoring the taste of the last Pepsi
I hear the distant police sirens

I start to wonder when we are going to leave LA
The sirens get louder; I try to block them out
Suddenly, I hear a deafening crash
I see the front end of a Honda Civic
Sticking through the kitchen wall

There was a small fire
Which my dad's friend put out quickly
With a wet dish towel
We left to drive around
While the emergency crews did their job
It really scared me

Directions to my House

To get to my house
You must walk from my school
To the large hangar at the airport
And from there you walk toward Capitan Mountain

You will come upon a highway in a couple of hours
Follow the highway until you see a large group of houses
Turn around and walk back to town

You will come upon a sign that says Freelance Engineering
Turn toward the gate
The chain may be hot or cold
The gate will creak, don't mind
Just follow the rough gravel road to the house
I will be waiting with the football.

ZACH JENNINGS

Inside Me

Inside me is
a piece of me that is missing

Inside me is
that piece that was once filled
with love and care and joy and comfort

Inside me is
a picture of her
the one I loved and still do

Inside me is
my mom
who is waiting for me

Inside me is she
the one who tried so hard to stay

Inside me is
She who did all those good things:
helping people in need
and fighting for what is right
and even loving her worst enemies

Inside me is
knowing
that she is waiting for me

Gareth Lawson

Inside My Heart

Inside my heart
Is a hunt of wild animals
A hunt of my dreams

Inside my heart
Is a black Dodge
A truck for me and the hunt

Inside my heart
Is a wild animal
The animal of my dreams
The one I hunt
It's strong and fierce

Inside my heart
Is a kill
A kill that will change my life
That kill will lead to a big feast

Fresh Forest Cedar

The fresh smell of the campfire
Fills my nose
And wild turkey sounds are all
around
This is a trip
A trip that is fun

When we get to Colorado,
It is family time
The air is filled with laughter
And elk are screaming
And the smell of fresh cedar fills
the air

No more traveling till the end
There are rivers flowing
And birds gliding
From pine to cedar
And cedar to rain
And the sound of rain hits the tent
At the end of the day
The time to rest

Joseph Martinez

My Dream Place

My dream place is a big art studio almost like a home
With my easel and my airbrush
With drawings everywhere

My dream place could be a complicated laboratory
With gears, screws, and bolts
Things waiting to be invented and explored

My dream place could also be a scary haunted house
With monsters, witches, zombies and ghouls

With any of these things, I would be happy and excited
Filled with joy and glee

My Squirty Little Brother

My little bro was coming in for dinner
When he forgot to wash his hands
I got mad at him and told him just to use
Some Germ-X **NOW!!!**
So he picked up the strong-smelling bottle
and
Squirted it into my eye

He laughed and meanly said
“You deserved that”
And you know what I said back?
“You deserve this”
I picked up a rolled up newspaper
And smacked him upside the head

I didn't get in trouble because
My dad believes in self-defense
And when you get Germ-X in the eye
You're allowed to bash someone
On the head
With a newspaper

The Regretful Surprise

A boy opens his cabinet in his empty living room
To his astonishment, he finds a stash of lost toys
Is the boy grateful for what he has discovered?
The boy is very relieved and happy to find his lost
toys

To his astonishment, he finds a stash of lost toys
The toys that his evil little brother hid months ago
The boy is very relieved and happy to find his lost
toys
But one part of him desires revenge

The toys that his evil little brother hid months ago
The boy's most treasured toys
But one part of him desires revenge
Will he get what he desires?

The boy's most treasured toys
Lead him to an evil desire
Will he get what he desires?

Unknown to My Mind

Soldiers in the old days, why did you stand in
rows and take turns shooting each other?

Life, are you to be found any place besides
Earth?

Books, why are you usually so tedious to read?

Roswell, New Mexico, did aliens really land in
your desert or was it a military experiment or a
weather balloon?

Saturn, how can you be a giant planet but have
less density than water?

Roman workers, how did you build giant stone
statues with only chisels?

Blake Maxey

Raspberry Tea

I walk into the kitchen
On a chilly day
And see my mom making warm tea
My mom is so obsessed with pottery
mugs
That when she finishes making the tea
She pours the tea from the pan
into a pottery mug
I take a little sip like I always do
It tastes like warm water
With a bitter raspberry flavor
In a sandy hard pottery mug
She offers me more
But I refuse
To drink any more
Raspberry tea

Jacob Pixon

My Secret Hideout

Take a path near the alley
But run past the black pit bull
That smells like cottage cheese

Walk past a smooth sidewalk
Take a left toward the toy shop
Do not get tempted by the smell of cookies
They are 100% artificial
Take a straight rough path
Past the poorly built movie theater
With a hole in the side of it
Watch out for the shimmering pieces of glass

Take a straight path
For one mile and you will
End up at a pointy-like hill
You will see a pile of sticks covering
a wood door
You will uncover the dry-as-fire sticks
You will then see a wood door in need of a key
Pull out the key I gave you last Tuesday
And put the key inside the door and come inside
The door will always make a squeaky sound
when shut
I will be waiting for you with two drinks as cool
as water
In fact those two drinks will be water!

The Rosemary Bush

The air so light, the day breeze,
I decide to ride my bike.
I see my brother take his bike too.
He says, "Let me follow you!"
I ride past the alley,
Past the cranky neighbor's house.
As I turn past the stop sign
The breeze now so heavy,
I ride, I ride, I ride.
Suddenly it comes,
I hit a street curve,
I flip a three sixty and land in a rosemary
bush
I feel the prickly parts of the bush
I notice my injuries
Could have been worse, I thought,
If not for that rosemary bush.

Snow Melt

Snow, why do you melt away?
We all want you to stay,
Our snowman will just melt away,
And turn into slush.
Snow wars ending,
Snow forts pending,
Do no melt away.

The fun will be done.
We will all have to go to school
So please!
Listen to this question,
Why do you melt away?
Is it because of the sun?
If it is the sun, the sun is no fun!
Do I have to ask the sun if he likes school?
Because we don't!

My neighborhood likes the snow,
Sledding down the hill.
Like a car on ice,
To reach its final destination
To a place we don't know.

Christmas Dinner

My mom is grinding up pepper and garlic.
She is worried and quickly preparing a dish for
Christmas.
My cousins are coming over, we're short on time.
Alex and Steve are the first ones to arrive.
Christmas is near.

I am helping mom in the kitchen.
Alex and Steve watch their favorite TV show.
The next to arrive are my aunt and uncle,
Selia and David.
The table was soon to be full.
Food of all shapes and sizes! My cousin's favorite
food! Mexican!

The smell of pepper and garlic is overwhelming.
Everybody is talking happily.
How were things in El Paso?
How was school?

Dad arrives home from work, smiling as always!
The dinner I will never forget.
The Christmas dinner will stay with me forever.

JOSHUA PINON

I Want to Be

I want to be a successful man in life.
One who does great things;
I want to be able to help people,
Like those great men, George Washington
and

I want to be a doctor, one who saves lives.
I want to help the injured and sick and
those who need help.
I am like a seed waiting to sprout to my
true potential!
I am waiting to shine in this world!

I want to care for the ill and dying in my
country,
America
I will do my best to help all
And won't stop until I'm done.

I want to be the one who ends all the wars.
All the fighting will perish and die in the
world,
But freedom will ring in all places.
I want to be me.

Micael Ramirez

Dinner Time

I got home
I saw my mom cooking
Green-chile enchiladas
I could smell her cutting
chile
I went upstairs to take a
Shower
Then my mom said
"Dinner time"
I ran downstairs as fast as
I could
I was so happy
I ate it all
Until the bowl was clean

My Life

My life is
A big blue Chevy truck
In my eyes, it is awesome

My life is
My baby calf "mooing"
When I am walking her
For a show

My life is
Basketball, waiting for
Someone to pass me the ball
To make a lay-up

My life is
My story, the life
I am telling you
That is made of
Basketball
My calf "mooing"
Laughter
And my dream truck

In my eyes, all are awesome

Joey Romero

Bathroom Mishap

It's 8:30
And I'm going to take a shower
My mom has some soap for women
So I decide to try and find out
If it smells good
After I finish my shower I notice
That a few red spots appeared on my arm,
So I look at the bottle,
And it wasn't soap, it was lotion!

I show my mom my arm
She says the shampoo probably mixed
With the lotion
And made a rash.
I now know to always look
At the bottle of soap or shampoo
Before I use it.

The Best Flower Girl

I am quietly sleeping the night before the wedding
I am supposed to be the flower girl
I even have a blue flowered silk dress
But when I woke up
All I could do was try to keep from screaming
My thumb was bloody
And I had a black eye

I must have rammed into the corner
of my wooden dresser, I thought
I was quickly driven to the bride's house
By my worried mother
The bride nearly fainted when she saw me
I must have looked like a vampire
Right after she has drunk her blood

I had to be covered in make-up, my worst
nightmare
The bride leaned over to conceal my black eye
When she did, a strong scent of mint swept over
my face
It was difficult to breathe
but the bride didn't care
She was too busy preparing for her wedding
I was surprised at how I looked
afterwards in the pictures
Like the best flower girl ever

CLARE SHEA

Why, Why, Why

Neptune, if you are God of the Sea
Why is there a planet named after you?

Atlantic Ocean, why do sharks breathe underwater
And why can't we?

Sky, why can't we be airborne, free
And at home in the sky like falcons?

Lord of the Rings,
Why do we have to read your chapters
Instead of actually going there
And witnessing the different places?

Time machine,
Will you take us back in time
To see the greatest moments
In our world's history?

Walking

A young woman walking where her feet lead her,
She walks on the street of a city unaware of the dangers of the road
Will she be all right walking alone in the city?
She is content knowing that she will reach her destination.

She walks on the street of a city unaware of the dangers of the road
The sun sinks beneath the mountains in front of her.
She is content knowing that she will reach her destination.
A bright blue bird follows her.

The sun sinks beneath the mountains in front of her.
Why is she walking in the road?
A bright blue bird follows her.
How far away is her destination?

Why is she walking in the road?
A young woman walking where her feet lead her.
How far away is her destination?
Will she be all right walking alone in a city?

Albuquerque

Laura Sherwood

I am from a place
That has tall cottonwoods
With leaves that fall down
Like snow onto the ground

I am from a place that has
Sunsets of gold and purple
That shower the vast deserts with shadows

I am from a place that has
Wide desert plains with tan
Mountains standing tall in the background

I am from a place with adobe
And brick buildings
That are golden
Under the New Mexico sun

I am from a place called
Albuquerque, New Mexico

My First Christmas in Ruidoso

The snow was falling thick
And the air had a chill
Inside our house the fire was burning
And the tree was lit
There were cinnamon pine cones
On the mantle
With a few scented candles
And in the kitchen
The shadow of snow danced across
The hardwood floor
And the cinnamon pine cones
Made the Christmas scent complete

Kylie Stover

A Beautiful Blossom

I am
A little studio
Waiting to be danced in

I am
The owner
Of that little studio
Eager to help, to teach

I am
A beautiful bud
Wanting to bloom into a
Beautiful flower
But too scared to open up

I am
Full of
Friendship
Laughter
Dancing
And
Love

I am
Me

My Strange World

I'm telling you now
Before you question
Don't ask me tomorrow

I found this world
A secret one
It changes every day
But if you want to go right now
I'm the one to see

From my house to this world
First, you have to pass a light
and musical cave
It's loud in there
Full of musical notes
And singing, dancing, and people
in brightly colored clothes

Second, walk through the
Forest of Fun
If you smell the air
It's full of tasty scents

Finally, cross the wide path
And you will walk right into my
world
You can stay as long as you
like
Just know,
You can't
Get back the way you came

I forgot to tell you,
If you go
You'll be inside my head
Because everything I just said
is all in my dreams

Our Potion

Sam and I are having a
sleepover
At my house
We are both 4
And it's nap time, but we
don't go to sleep
Mom, Dad, and Kenzie are
asleep though

We want to turn Kenzie
into a frog
We get a big bowl
From the kitchen
And go into to bathroom
Then we mix up all kinds
of soaps and lotions
Our potion isn't ready yet

We get lots of spices and
some juice
From the cabinet and the
fridge
Then head back into the
bathroom
We add the new ingredi-
ents
But it's not quite ready yet

We think that if we add a
frog
The potion will make
Kenzie more like one
We go outside and search
But we can't find one
So we get some grass and
leaves
We go back in
Add it to our potion
Finally, the potion is ready

Dad catches us
And empties the bowl out-
side
Our dream
Of turning my two-year-old
Sister into a frog
Is over

In My Cabin

In my cabin in Ruidoso
I am watching T.V.
Smelling the hot cider
By a warm fire
Then going outside
And playing
in the snow.

Looking at the stars
Getting cozy in my bed.
Waking up smelling fresh
Coffee and pancakes.

Getting heavy clothes
On to get ready to ski.
Having hot chocolate
While putting on my skiis
Skiing so well
I barely even fell.

While leaving Ski Apache
My body is kind of sore.
Going back to my cabin
And relaxing
In my bed.

My Dream

My dream is to be
A rough and tumble football player
Who is strong like a lion
And truthful as a maple tree
One who never whines or cries

My dream is to have
A nice little cabin that always has
A fire going and a metal roof
With trees all around
Where a little river flows
Along like a snake
And a little village afar

My dream is to have
A beautiful and loving family
That grows like sunflowers
A family that fills the page
Of a piece of paper

SCOOBY TAYLOR

Directions to My House

From Sidney to my house
Head toward Main Street
You know when you are there
Because you will smell car exhaust
and people will be selling only alien
stuff in stores
Like Out of This World and Area 51

Keep on walking until you see a
stubby little house
Right before the Roswell Mall
There will be a street, Blue
Mountain Road
Right by the house, turn there.
Sometimes in the summer you will
hear a toad.

Keep on walking until you see the
second empty house.
On the right there will be a long,
rocky road
That always smells like dirt
My house has a metal roof and it is
rocky all around it.
In my field are three rows of pecan
trees.
When you have found this
You have reached your final
destination.

Zachary Armstead

Ode to My Friend

A disk that has three mighty hands
And a face outlined with Roman numerals.
Your appearance changes as time passes
and as technology improves.
Such irony.

A device that watches time is bound by
time.
A being who is temporal is also immortal.

You're a sleek device that comes
In the shape of a baseball, a hand, or a
pillow with red and blue stripes.
You can be placed on my wrist,
my wall, my ankle, or the side of a
building!

Your power to control our lives is godly.
You control time.
You control the sun.
You control the moon.
You control our schedules
You tell me when to go to school
Or when to eat.

You're a neutral ally.
Neither friend nor foe.

Your hands assist me daily.
My dearest, closest friend.

Serenity

Ravens flock to the ancient garden.
Common errors pester quiet solace.
You've been careful and quiet.
Donna, a lamb that joined paradise.

Misery

A pale embodiment of a girl.
A girl dressed in clothes the shade of the
dark side of the moon.
Rips and holes dot her running gown.
Designs of spider webs cover her silky dress.

She appeared on my doorstep one misty
night.
She waited patiently for me to open the
door.
She stood there like a statue whose feet
have been fused to the ground.
Behind her, I could see the silhouette of a
bike.

She arrived on a jet black, beat-up Harley
Road King.
I could hear the faint sound of music
coming from the bike.
I believe I heard the song "What a Shame"
by Shinedown.

I let her walk through the door, the smell of
salty tears flooded the room.
She told me she wanted to rest here for the
night.
I led her into the living room and unfolded
the bed in the sofa.

As she slept, her smooth, fine, flowing black
hair lay next to her.
Somehow watching her made me depressed
I wanted to go to bed.
I fell asleep crying.
The next morning, I woke up and found
A long black hair on my pillow.
I looked outside and pondered,
where did she go?

Abbey Bell

Forgive Me

I'm sorry I
Dated your brother
Which probably
Wasn't okay with you

He cared about me
But he just
Wouldn't talk to me

So forgive me
You didn't have
A boyfriend and
I was tired of
Being single

Free in Captivity

I am a coyote. I'm in a large pen. I am happy in captivity. I am sniffing and trotting in my pen. I am spending my time showing off, although I have only one onlooker. The onlooker is a small, light-haired girl who seems intrigued by me. My original habitat was dry and full of sharp, pointy plants. Now it's green and cold. I have a square house instead of a den. I am in the sun bathing on my dome. How pleasant this is.

Strangers look at me
They seem happy to see me
As if an old friend

Ode to the Chocolate Bar

Oh chocolate bar, so good and sweet
You're always there for me to eat
If I eat you when I frown
You turn my frown upside down.
Oh chocolate bar with almonds inside
You're like a beautiful flower in the sunshine
Oh chocolate bar, you always put a smile on my face
Even on the gloomy days
Ode to you chocolate bar, so smooth and hard and brown
Ode to you, sweet chocolate bar
You make my world go 'round

Eric Barnes

Jealousy

Jealousy drove down the street today
In a 2012 Ford Mustang
It sounded like the roar of a lion
Jealousy is dressed in a fancy tuxedo
With crystal clear diamond chaining
That cost \$222,000.
He came to my house
He didn't even knock
He just barged in.

I thought that he was a burglar
We talked about how rich he is.
He loves to eat the most expensive food.
He listens to the most expensive music you can buy.
When he appears, you can smell his cologne
From 40 miles away.
I asked him what kind of cologne he wore
He said the most expensive kind.
I asked him how much it cost so that
I could go buy some.
He said you couldn't afford it
It's \$5 million per ounce.
It's not sold anywhere
But the most expensive store in the world.

I said how much do you have, 'cause I want some.
He said I have 5 gallons of it but
He said that I couldn't have any of it
Not even an ounce.
Jealousy left through the broken door
The door that he broke.
I wanted everything he had
I was so jealous of him.

Eric Cox

Ode to Weather

I Have to Say

I have broken
The I-Pod you let me borrow
I was listening to it while I was
Skateboarding in my front yard.

I accidentally dropped it in front
Of me and ran over it with
The wheels
I know you loved it.

I am sorry, forgive me.
Every song on the
I-Pod was great.

Oh weather, without you
It would remain the same year round
You're raining
You're snowing
Your wind happily blowing
All a part of the cycle that
helps humans survive

Oh weather, you bring life to earth
Like plants rapidly blooming
In the spring

Oh weather, you help grow crops
That feed us humans
You help forests grow
To support life in them

Oh weather, you bring happiness and
sadness
Like a blooming flower
Or a dying tree

Happiness

Happiness skipped through a field
Wearing jeans and a polo shirt
His hair was short and blond
The field swayed from side to side
Making whistling sounds
As he ran through it
The field was green

He passed a school and
Made everyone smile
He got into his bright blue
Camaro, singing a happy song
Out the window as he drove
Down the road

Then happiness cruised away
Making people
Everywhere
Very happy

Anton Dominguez

Bizarre

In the mansion a chandelier fell
The musicians were rude
They were silent
Until the air was clear.

The lamp turned yellow
Old habits don't change
All the mirrors,
All the color is gone
Like an illusion in the night.

Fright

One day fright showed up at my front door
He drove up in a jet black Camaro
With a decal of a skull on the hood
He came to my door dressed in a ragged
black suit
With a cape on his back and a pirate hat
He didn't bother to knock, just walked in
His face was covered by a leather mask with
two eyeholes
And a nose hole covered with silk
He didn't say much, just gasped some
horrible sounds
He sat on my chair and turned on the TV
He mumbled to me to bring him a red hot
jolokia pepper
He ate his pepper like a crisp juicy apple
He turned off the TV, got up and looked at
me
He put images of fright and fear in me
And then as fast as he came, he walked
away

Ode to Lightning

Ode to lightning with your powerful
blast
Zigzagging down like a bird from
heaven
Giant white lines filling the night sky
Thank you for theatrically ending
my day
And filling my night with excitement
and fright
Walking with the night and endless
rain
You strike fear in my heart like a
knife stabbing me in the back
Ode to lightning with your powerful
blast
Striking my heart with fear
You will always be near

Favorite Headphones

I'm sorry to say, brother
I have ruined your favorite head-
phones
The ones you let me borrow
The ones we used to rock out to

When I went on a school field trip
They got stepped on
Those poor headphones

But they were fun
Listening to the best songs
From Bullet to BMTH
I am sorry

Andrea Eskeli

Popularity

Popularity came to my house today
Looking as proud as ever
She smelled like \$100 perfume
And she had a long, pink sparkling
Dress with baby blue pumps
She tipped the limo driver a \$50
bill
And walked up to the door
When I finally answered
She handed me her bag
And told me I needed to clean up
I served her tea and cookies
And she said they tasted like dirt
Popularity said she had to go
And I sighed in relief
She told me I'd beter
Be ready for when
She comes next week

Sadness

As I was watching my sister I heard a car
driving up the street.
I glanced out the window and saw a dull gray
Mustang.

The car turned into the driveway.
As the door slowly opened
An emotion came to me
One that made me feel hurt, death, pain
It made me want to cry.
A female figure slowly walked up the path to
the house
She had long gray hair tied in two ponytails
with black ribbons
She wore a gray jumper dress
And a white T-shirt under the dress.
On her feet were gray flats.

The door bell rang.
I slowly stumbled toward the door,
I swung it open
And sadness walked in without a word.
She sat on the couch next to the red roses in a
vase

They suddenly turned brown
And curled downward.

She told me about herself:
She was 17
And when she was 10
She watched her parents burn to death
In a wildfire
Unable to save them.

I glanced at the clock
It read 6:00 pm
I showed sadness the way out
My parents were to return soon.
We said our goodbyes,
And she was going to visit again
She claimed.

As the Mustang pulled out of the driveway
And drove away
The feeling of sadness went away.
But I know that the feeling
Was still hiding deep inside me
Waiting for the right moment
To return.

Alejandra Dykstra

Be Forgiving

I have gone through
All your personal
Emails after you
Told me to stop.

I just couldn't
Resist. I felt like
You were hiding
Something.

Forgive me
But the secrets
Were so juicy and
I found out a lot.

Your password
Is so simple!

Ode to Rubber Bracelets

Ode to you, oh rubber bracelets that rest on
my arm.
In different colors: pink, blue, green, black
and purple.
Ode to you, oh rubber bracelets that climb
up my arm.
Without you my arm would be bare.
Ode to you, oh rubber bracelets that are
shiny as gems.
Thank you for the fashion statement that
you are.
Ode to you, oh rubber bracelets that give
me happiness.
Ode to you, oh rubber bracelets, smooth
like a cat's meow.
If you were to leave, it would shatter my
heart.

Carolyn Fambrough

On Cue Poet

I am a poet.
I write about tragedies,
Also bananas dancing in arenas.

Easy days base my poems,
Aloha from Hawaii.
But with anger in the air,
fuses describe life.

My tragedies belong to one person
And my heart poses as a junkyard.

Ode to my Pencil

Oh pencil, your black lead marks my paper
With words that I please.
You do everything I ask,
You are like a pocket robot.
You draw letters and smiley faces,
Hearts, animals, and many numbers.
You write down notes for class,
So I can study later.

O pencil, the color of your lead
Marks well on the white paper.
Your shape makes it easy
To glide my thoughts.
Your texture is soft and smooth,
Just like a smooth river running in bright
sunlight.
Your color changes when I get a new pencil,
Like a chameleon.

Ode to you, pencil.
You are the best utensil.
Although you come and go,
And I get new pencils,
Our friends will say hi for me,
Ode to you, my pencil
That helps me write my thoughts.

Petunia

This life is hectic, living in a small enclosed area. People stare at me, feed me even though the sign says not to. I don't mind *that* though. Their brown, green, or blue eyes peek in at me like I'm some circus freak. I pace around annoyed but they find that amusing. My old habitat was blissful. Green meadows and mountains covered the land I used to prance on. Trees bloomed in the spring and in the fall I galloped in the leaves that the trees dropped. Here at this "zoo," we have no trees, no natural lakes. It's dry and hot in the summer, cold and windy in the winter. My fur is light brown with white spots. My eyes are dark, almost black. My eyelashes are long and black and simply gorgeous. My tail is tiny and white. My name is Petunia the Antelope.

Grassy and different
I pace back and forth annoyed
I live in a cage.

JONAH FLORES

Sadness

Sadness came to my house in an old jeep
With paint peeling off.

And when he stepped out, the flowers died.
I think my dog died too.

Sadness walked into my house
And sat on my couch and broke it.
He looked at the TV and it
Went up in flames.

Sadness walked up to me
And opened my heart
And after that I went into bathroom
Looked in the mirror,
And it broke.

Turtle

I am a turtle in a glass box. People
come and go. No place for me to
go, and I have no friends to play
with. I cannot see the world and
the water is too cold to swim in.
The only thing I can do is go in my
shell.

And after that is over
it is the same thing
the next day.

Fruits vs. Chiles

Like fruits and jams complete
With tropical plums
Jenny dislikes plums
But Jenny's friends
Are about chiles.

Harrison Hamilton

Why the Poet Crosses the Water

Why does the poet come
And travel across the water with me?

In the river the stars bathe me
With their arena of light

The river seems to lock in the light
And throw away the key

Caged Misery

I was the fastest predator in the skies, but now I am in a small cage at the Spring River Zoo. I miss the mountains. And I dislike the humans. And their DDT, which killed many of my family and friends. I am sad because my friends and family are gone. The humans killed them; I spend the time jumping to and from my small logs. Sadly I see wide open spaces and the light blue sky I yearn for. Small monsters called humans look at me and write about me. In the mountains I once had open skies and freedom. Here I have a small cage and two cold, lifeless logs.

Open skies freedom
Soaring, flying high
Anger, sadness, joy

Calmness

He visits me quite often
Usually when I'm done with homework
We sit and talk for hours
Sometimes just talking about the day
Sometimes just expressing our feelings
I like when he's with me
Sitting on the couch or lying on the floor

He's actually quite pale
His eyes are the color of brown autumn leaves
He's wearing only brown cargo shorts
A simple maroon Hollister shirt
His socks are on, shoes are off
Set neatly by my closet

He never hurts me
We are always ourselves around each other
And sometimes we laugh
Nothing that is heard, just a soft giggle
We like to listen to some James Blunt
But together we love to listen to John Mayer
His voice is so soft, his music so calming

I don't like when calmness leaves
But I know he will always be back
So he hops up and slips on his shoes
Slowly slips through the door,
Sneaking out quietly
He drives away slowly
Trying not to stir up gravel
Then the wheels turn faster
On the sand-colored Tundra

I think in my head,
Can't wait to see him again.

JESSE JENNINGS

I Thought I Should Say

I have kissed
The sweet lips
Of your boyfriend

Which you
probably won't appreciate
Because you thought he was yours,
Only yours

But please forgive me
It was my birthday
His touch was soft
His lips were so sweet

Mountain Lion

As I sit atop this rock, I wait. Food soon. I'm fearless, scared of nothing but you. I'm a predator who feeds on prey. I can climb, I can leap, I am a master of disguise. You might have never even see me. That is, in the wild. But you see me often, now that I'm here. This place, a cage. Fake rock, fake pools, fake wood. The only real thing is me. As I sit atop this rock, I wait. Food soon. Nothing can hurt me but you. Off my rock, I leap. I don't like the noises or the people. I remember that I used to hear them. When I would, I would run. If I didn't it could be the end of me. But I liked the adrenaline rushing through my body. I want out. I'm safe here, but I can't feel the rush now. There's nothing to strike. No real food to be caught. Only rocks that are fake, to lie on.

I lay here and watch
Only through my eyes never closed
Though nothing ever comes

Mitchel Latimer

The Vengeance of Poets

The vengeance of poets
You and I, a tragedy contained within
these streets
Staring at nothing
You quickly construct a poem
About a burning cigar
You place yourself as a scribe in an office
You put down your insanity in writing

Am I tragedy?
Are you a genius or a madman?

I am Sorry, but only a Little Bit

I am sorry
We went behind your back, mom
And snuck down to the basement
that night.

My cousin and I
Disguised our beds to look like we were
asleep
Then snuck down
To watch a movie

I am sorry
But we had
Fun that night
The subterfuge was the best part.

Ode to a Blue Sky

Ode to a blue sky
So happy and free,
All of the world underneath you.

Way up there,
With your yellow eye,
And your white freckles.
You are always with me,
Except when you're not.

So bright, radiant, full of joy,
You are never impolite or angry
(or at least you give warning before you
decide to be).

Thank you, sky,
For making me feel this way.

Nervousness

I saw nervousness today.
He was walking down the street wearing an
orange shirt, blue pants and a green jacket.
Nervousness would look up, see someone
and scuttle back into a corner.

When he finally got to the spot where he
was parked,
He checked to make sure that no one was
around.

Then he got into the brightly colored
Pickup and turned the key
The car started, and the radio came on.

As I was watching him from across the
street,
He jumped out of the back window,
And scampered away to the tune of "Beat
It" and that was the last I saw
Of nervousness.

Serenade

Don't let sonnets mess with your talent
A rule kept by only one raven.
It's been certain that the rule's been wrong
For a while now.

We all possess the armor
To protect us from love
But no shield can defend our hearts.

Serenade, sweet voice of life, speak loud for
the lame,
Serenade, sonnet of the voice, do you
comprehend the form
Of the human heart?

Ode to Soreness

Thank you Soreness,
for reminding us
of all the hard work and fun I've had.

Not quite a pain
But more a
Yearning to do it again.

Oh, Soreness!
The calming burden
Of a good memory.

After a long day
Of skiing in the snow,
Or backpacking
With a 50 pound pack

You drift in the next morning
Like the sweet breeze
Of the first snow
(in two and half years).

Ode to you
Oh Soreness!
The finishing touch
On a great day.

Gus Liakos

Misery

Into my driveway
An old Cadillac
Silently slid,
Its chipping black paint
Glistening in the twilight.

An aged man sulked out
In a dark brown trench coat
His polished black loafers
Trotting toward my doorway.

The grass and shrubs
Withered and sagged.
As he moped along
My stone walkway
Cracked and gave in.

He took off his fedora
And knocked twice
Before he let himself in
Through the suddenly unlocked
door.

The melancholy smell
Of stale cologne
Overrode my lavender candles
As the man entered the kitchen.

The man ate the sandwich
That I prepared
Before I locked myself in my room
With a pocketknife.

When he left,
The man murmured
In an old Southern accent
"G'bye,"
And like he was reading my mind,
"My name is misery."

Jet Murphy

Popularity

Crowds of people around one guy?
A movie star, singer, model?

Not just a regular teenage boy with
blond hair, sunglasses, blood-red T
shirt, khaki shorts, and black and white
converse.
People were carrying him over to me.

And suddenly everything came to life
Nature stood tall
Flowers jumped to life
And the air smelled of sweet cherries

He told me of all the parties at
mansions
With pools and bands like Green Day

He seemed like a regular dude
But everybody couldn't get enough of
him

After a long talk
Of sports, movies, and parties
He stood up from the bench that he
was sitting on
Danced over to his black Lamborghini
That had been given as a gift to
impress him

As he drove off
It got darker

Even the sun itself got up
And followed him

Mountain Lion

Just woke from a nap. On my ledge observing
everything that moves. Jumping from place to place,
trying to find a bird for lunch. I used to not be like this,
concealed in a cage. I roamed through the mountains,
killing antelope, surviving. Dominating my prey with
one swift dive into the air, my claws drilling into them,
then nothing. Furious I am, a shame to be in a cage,
not being able to show my talents.

Always so alert
Standing proudly on my ledge
Pacing back and forth

A Little Trickery

I thought I had
To ring someone's door bell
Then run and hide secretly

I did so one day
After ringing the bell
Sprinting over to the green bush
And jumping in

Forgive me for leaving you clueless
For interrupting your game show
Playing a little joke
So fun on a cloudy day

Ode to the Ocean

Oh the ocean so vast and wet
Wishing and washing from north to south
Your movement so unique

So still, so flat, when you're calm
Flat as the sidewalk, except a glorious blue

Furious like a tornado when you're upset
Waves spill onto the sand, presenting your might

You're so generous to all the creatures that depend on
you

For water, for food and for a home
Ocean, you are like the moon sending waves in all
directions

We thank you for all you provide
Without you everything would be nothing

Alexa Nguyen

Ode to My Friend

Love

I saw you there
Waiting for me with patience
Your eyes glittered when I walked
unsteadily up to you
Your fists felt like iron rods
As I held your hand
The sound of your heart, the beat
Got faster and faster
Your mom waved to us goodbye
As she drove away in her Ford truck
The nice green tint reminded me of
your receptive eyes
You laughed
A million chimes in my head
I shivered
As you wrapped me in your striped
jacket
I thought God was with us
For I felt like an angel
I could taste the cotton candy we shared
on our first date
Away we left
Walking to our Happily Ever After

Connection

I look up. I see the tall ones, the ones that killed my kind. I am trapped in this open area, fenced in. I look, wide-eyed at a tall one. This one was different. Her face is so understanding. I walk over to her, feeling lonely, I have this passion to understand. I pace back and forth, making her feel threatened in case she tried to hurt me, while scraping the musk off my antlers. I look up and around, watching the creatures in the sky. Paranoid, I check on my does, guarding my territory.

Dry, isolated
Pacing, finding, watching does
Lovable and calm

Ode to my friend, you're always there
When I need a shoulder to cry on or when
You're teaching me to be fair
Your loving hands fight my struggles
I owe you my thanks
For without you life would be blank
Your laugh is like the surrounding heat
In the blistering cold winter
You are part of my soul
And when
I break
You are the one to patch me up
You make the dead rise
And the living go away
You're the one who taught Shakespeare
A fool thinks himself to be wise
But a wise man knows himself to be a fool
You conquer
You defeat all my fears
Robbers try to steal my love for you but
Your illustrious light blinds their evil eyes
You are my everything, ode to you, my
friend
With your never-ending cherishing
tenderness

I Want to Tell You

I want to tell you
I'm sorry I never forgave you
For that time you hurt me
You told a lie
And you expected me
To forgive you
You thought lying wouldn't hurt
That it would ease my pain
But you now know
You make life worse
Forgive me
For me not forgiving you
To lose you as a friend
Would be bad
Excrutiating

CONNOR OLGUIN

I Just Wanted to Say

I crashed the tractor
Into the church
It was an accident
I didn't mean to

The tractor
Was for cutting grass
It was just sitting there
Calling to me

Please forgive me
It was just sitting there
Rusting away and
I wanted to drive
Just for once

Ode to the Cell Phone

Ode to you, oh cell phone
With all your styles and shapes and sizes
With all the technology that's inside your hard drive

Ode to you, cell phone
For all that you do making everyone happy
Thank you, cell phone, for giving me communication
Without sending a letter

Ode to you, cell phone
For the entire text message you let me send
Thank you for your easy-grab texture that
Feels like a book cover.
Thank you, oh cell phone,
For your different colors:
Yellow, red, blue, purple, and pink

What Musicians Do You Rule?

The lamp is plain to see, do you not know?
No remorse for the lamp, no floor, so why do you lie?
No colors at seeing the tree.

The capital is an image
Do no members come?
No poor, no rich?

Anger

Anger entered my life today
Driving a tank of red and gray
I tried to make him leave this day
But anger is always determined to stay
He's slowly taking my friends away
Lashing out with words astray
He wears a suit of red and black
His angry deeds I can't take back
A kind word he will never say
Only insults are heard today
His meat is raw, his music pounds
As he releases his terrible hounds
The ground is broken, the plants all wilt
As he turns and destroys at full tilt
He wanders the world without care or worry
He never seems in a hurry
His brow is creased, but not with age
But from a life spent in eternal rage
He did not choose this life
But who would choose eternal strife?
Only a few follow in his way
But they can't take his pain away
I pity anger. For he is always sad
His only comfort is making others turn bad
For even his companions cause him pain
They are in eternal disdain
For fear and anger are his only friends
Because they make all joy end
Sulfur and brimstone, these are the smells
When you succumb to this fiery hell
The burning fire does not light
The darkness of this eternal night
Dogs and cats, their anger heard
Will destroy all but the baby bird
For within anger there is a hope
That your neck will not be under anger's rope
That the darkness will not stay
That night will soon turn to day
For anger has a fleeting friend
Fear and terror always end
But anger leaves a terrible curse
The broken friendships that can't be reversed
He visits all living things at birth
And plants a seed in their mind's earth
For all have felt anger's curse
Their broken lives they try to reverse
None wish to feel anger again
But anger never really ends
Because when one feels anger has ended
His seed is hiding, growing unattended

Bryce Peterson

A Ode to Pencils

O pencil, the product of millennia,
Now you sit in my hand
Like a sharpened twig,
You are long, straight, and pointed,
But also, like the octopus,
Staining what you are rubbed against
You were taken from the forest, your home
And tortured with saws and drills
But now you sit in my hand,
And I push your nose into the paper until it
is no more,
Then cast you mercilessly into the sharpener
A gaping hole of blades and torment,
Cutting away your face, again and again
O, poor pencil, thank you for enduring this
agony
Simply so that I may etch graphite into a
flattened tree, your kin
Thank you for enabling me to pass or fail
tests
Made and distributed by teachers
Thank you, o simple and enduring pencil.
Thank you.

I Wish to Say

That I have dug a hole
Next to the barn
Not too big, but big enough

That you got
Your truck tire
Stuck in it

I am sorry
But I enjoyed
the labor
For it is healing

Saved by the Sea

So many memories
Laughter at the movies
And some of the finest pies
Of the whole century

Dandelions in castles
And dancing caviar

Eleven queens and 72 others
Visited the solar system and
Threw parties yesterday

Why lie by the ultra violet rays?
House by house
Call home and stay eternal
For you will soon be saved by the sea.

The Number Four

We are attached.
It's been months, but feels like years.
Oh, the memories you hold,
Smiles, laughs, fights and tears.
In the burning heat or freezing cold
There you are
Under my nose.

When the whole world has gone away
My trust is in you,
For I know you will never stray.

Your black heart with the imprinted 4
Is more colorful than a rainbow
Softer than the seashore
You outshine the sun with your glassy smooth top

How many hours have you put into soccer games?
A lot.
During 1st and 2nd half, there you will be
Hidden in my shin guard
So the ref cannot see.

I remember when I bought you
And thought you were lost in the truck
But when I found you and wore you to that game
I knew you brought luck

We are attached.
For the years to come
When I am old and weak
There you will be
And with one small peek
You I will see.

Stephanie Robertson

Happiness

Happiness came over today.
I couldn't help but smile
As her sunshine yellow convertible pulled
effortlessly
Into the driveway.

She was wearing a bright pink dress
With yellow flats
Her blonde hair flowed freely to her back.
Her pink bangs pulled to the left
With a yellow sunflower barette.

She skipped to the door
And the dead flowers rose
The birds began to sing
And in front of the door she stopped with a
pose.

She fluttered in without hesitation
And hugged me
I felt my cold skin beginning to warm
As her burning arms
Wrapped around me.

I took one breath and almost fainted.
For the smell of daisies radiated off her
With such an overwhelming power.

She stayed for one day
And that was it.
I begged her to stay
But she said she couldn't
Before she left
We watched the moon
I asked when I would see her again
Her answer was simply
Soon
I wanted to cry
But instead I smiled
Because I knew it was not goodbye
And happiness would return soon.

Alex Vivens

Being a Poet

What is a poet?
Why, I am.
Trust me for I am not a stale person.
I write by the river and sing in the arena.
You may think that I am crazy.
Why, no, my friend,
I am just very delighted and amusing.
I can write about my motorcar and my
commission.

I am the center of attention
To writers and other poets.

From Asia to the Cold Jail Cell

I am a peacock. I am in a cold jail cell, otherwise known as the Zoo. I am not very happy, for I have and will continually be chased by little varmints that call themselves humans. I spend most of my time down by the lake, where I go to eat my food and get my drink. I hate it here. I wish that I was at my natural habitat in Asia. I remember vividly the tall grass and wild streams. How I loved my life. But now I live in a jail cell, where disgusting humans chase me and scare me. I wake up in fear that this might be my last day on the planet. At least I am luckier than all the other animals; they are in an even more isolated state than I am. I know that I should be grateful for this place, but I am not.

So far from Asia
Never again to see home
Oh how I miss it.

Love

Love came to me on a bright sunny
peaceful day.
In a heart-red limo,
She was dressed in a short red skirt.
Her lipstick was bright red.
Her brown hair in an elegant curl.

When her chauffeur opened the door,
A red carpet appeared.

She walked in my front door in a very
happy manner,
Her smile made me blush.
She smelled of fresh red roses.
I immediately fell in love with love.

We talked for hours.
She said that she came from upstate New
York.

She said that she liked Hershey's
chocolate with cherry filling.

Love left me in the gutter
Two years later for another man.
Love has not shown up since.

You and Me

No reason
to think that you are
Not for me!
You are for me in total confidence.
You are so sweet and gentle to me.
You are like the sound of a piano
Full of harmony.
To me you are special
In so many different ways.
I would like you to note that
You mean something to me.
I know that you don't think so.
We are like the stars and the sky.
We belong together.
So now you know,
You belong with me!

The Day Has Begun!

Filled with laughter
There's a little girl
Sitting beside the rocking chair
As a story is read to her

There is a little boy
With a peaceful look
He is laying on the floor asleep

There is a table
With other children gathered
around it
There is a woman
She instructs the children on
what to do

There are some shelves
In them lie children's lunches
Some coat hangers
Children begin to play

The day started
And is now ending

Sarah Bejarano

The Special Day

I remember that day
When I walked into the church
Purple and white flowers hanging all over
A white carpet rolled down the aisle

When we walked into the church
I knew it was true
A white carpet rolled down the aisle
My cousin was getting married

I knew it was true
Seeing her walk down the aisle with her
white bouquet
My cousin was getting married
I saw the groom waiting at the other end

Seeing her walk down the aisle with her
white bouquet
She had a smile on her face
My cousin was getting married
The groom looked so nervous

She had a smile on her face
At the end, walking up to him
The groom looked so nervous
Congrats cousin, I told him

At the end, walking up to him
Purple and white flowers hanging all over
Congrats cousin, I told him
I remember that day

Family

There in the living room
Where they gather some nights
Every person watching TV
The TV is across the room
Four couches around the room

There is a boy
Lying on the couch
Watching the TV glow
He laughs at the screen
As the show comes on

There is a man
Tired and worn
Sitting in his recliner
Sleeping and watching TV
Smiling and nodding off

There is a girl
Reading a book
Looking up every few minutes
Laughing with them
Smiling contentedly

There is a woman
Doing paperwork
And grading papers
She smiles at them
And laughs

The card table
With the puzzle
By the fire
A dog small and brown
Lying underneath

The day ends
And night begins

Emily Boardman

Surprise

When my mom got off the phone
I knew that it was good news
I had to hold back my joy
I tried to be calm but I couldn't

I knew that it was good news
I was overjoyed as we went shopping
I tried to be calm but I couldn't
This is going to be fun

I was overjoyed as we went shopping
It was the longest shopping trip ever
This is going to be fun
When we got there everything was ready

It was the longest shopping trip ever
I was told to decorate the room
This is going to be fun
I was so excited

I was told to decorate the room
She would be here any minute
I was so excited
She is here!

She would be here any minute
I had to hold back my joy
She is here!
When my mom got off the phone

JOEL CASTELO

The Best Feeling in My World

I am the youngest of five
All of us are ready for the day ahead
At four o'clock in the morning I am ready
The oldest of the men yet the shortest is ready
He has been ready since 3 o'clock

There is a gold truck
We always go in
A warm, cozy truck
And, too bad for me,
A cramped truck

The middle-aged man in the group
Is joking about everything
He out of all of us is the most excited
We are at the field
The decoys are ready
I am ready
The second youngest is whining about the cold
In his five layers of clothes

My favorite part, the sun, is just coming up
I can see my breath
Then the sound of the geese and the cranes
They are about to take flight
The feeling I just told you about
It's the best feeling I have ever had

The Dreams

Where the strawberries grow
And the night men watch
And what is this I see? 32 grunts
From the Halo game chained to each other
Tangled in grapevines
Yet the seamen still kill the aadvarks next door
Weezer the band dies
And in another life dies again
A vegetarian shoots them with a glockenspiel
A warhead falls and causes World War 3
People do not understand me
People cringe and laugh at me for my dreams...

TYLER CLEMENTS

Family

The room is quiet
Not a single noise
As we all pray
Getting ready for bed

There is a man
On the end of the bed
Watching the children
As they slowly begin
To fall asleep

There is a woman
Picking up toys
As she leaves the room
And turns off the light

There is a dog sitting by
The fireplace looking
At the value of the Da Vinci
painting

As the sun goes down
The moon comes up

All Alone

I am a gray wolf walking around a dry field, dead grass, and one or two trees inside my cage. I have brownish white fur. I just sit here and wait for the zookeeper to bring me food. I see people looking at me. I really don't know how they feel or what they're thinking. They are just watching with amazement as I lie against the plaster wall with so little shade, thinking about the life I used to live, when I was free. The life before I was brought to this zoo. I lived in the forest where there were just the right amount of trees, shade, and not as many people as here. People who just look at me in my cage, all alone, thinking about where I am going when I get up and walk around.

In here all alone
Thinking about my old home
Wishing I was there

Paulina Dominguez

Graduation

So this is not a goodbye
It's more like a hope to see you soon type of things
Our lives may go in different directions
But we must remember the importance of the qualities that make us who
we are
We are capable of doing many unique and extraordinary things
And we graduates shall be students for the rest of our lives
Because as we live each day,
We learn from the difficult and foreign things that life throws at us
So truly I am thankful
Not just for the joy you have brought me
But also the new friendships I have acquired
So see you soon,
hope that our paths may cross again some day;
As we experience the world in pursuit of our dreams
Thank you, Mr. Destiny,
I enjoyed the trip

Leaving a Familiar Place

I was told to buckle up
We were leaving Grand Rapids
Maybe I'll be able to return later
Yet I won't be coming back soon

I saw that we were leaving
A place where grandma says "Food is ready"
Yet I won't be coming back soon
As much as I want to

A place where grandma says "Food is ready"
A quaint house on a hill
As much as I want to
I won't see it soon

A quaint house on a hill
Moving farther away
I won't see it soon
That little house on a hill

Moving farther away
I say goodbye once again
That little house on a hill
Alone, nevertheless

I say goodbye once again
Maybe I'll be able to return later
Alone nevertheless
I was told to buckle up.

Javier Dykstra

Alone

I am white and Californian, long and quite slippery. I have so many scales and usually am watching you through dirty glass. I don't like my plain plastic tree and my fake water dish. I know I am weird to look at, but so are you. I know you don't like me, but then, why did you take me? Why did you make me leave my nice, lively land? It is because you must always take, mustn't you? Why is it that you must take from the land the little creatures that have done nothing to you? Because of you, I cannot slither through the sand and trees. Yet I feel happy.

Cramped in a small box
Slithering from here to there
Sad, yet quite content

Silly Rumors

Death's yearning king
Silences titanism
Revealing anarchy.

Smart, artistic men
Monumentally youthful
Keep nearness great.

Nearly all zombies
Inquire great, early rumors
Merging a new year.

Aliens die of
Lethal, formidable hives
In their lone earth rooms.

Middle School

Mean idols don't differ.
Lil' elemental screams could
Have only offered languor.

Left

You keep calling, the phone rings endlessly
Screaming my faults
You were never here
Because you can't change when you're always
drunk

Screaming my faults
While I cry on the inside
Because you can't change when you're always
drunk
You left us

While I cry on the inside
I ask why I was never good enough
You left us
You haven't changed

I ask why I was never good enough
Will you ever be proud?
You haven't changed
You don't love me anymore

Will you ever be proud?
Did I do something wrong?
You don't love me anymore
You left us all alone

Did I do something wrong?
You were never here
You left us all alone
You keep calling, the phone rings endlessly

Johanna Eskeli

Running in Circles

I was once beautiful but now I am broken down. I run circles when I used to run miles. My meals are put in bowls. I don't hunt anymore. The world taunts me with its vastness, yet I'm stuck in here only having the freedom to look out. Running in circles isn't satisfying, but I'll stay outside for your amusement. I'll lie in the sun, fur heavy and useless, and fall asleep. Stay a little longer. Look a little harder. Can't you see I'm all alone here? Your company confuses me, but it makes my day.

Running in circles
Around this cage
I feel so alone.

Reyes Gallegos

Me

Reaching endlessly
Yearning eccentricities
Surrealism?

School

Society, cruel
Helpless, obsessive, obsequious
Lackadaisical

The Parlor of the Censors

There is a place in the northern village
Where devils of men sleep soundly each night
And the love of the young is swiftly denied;
This place is called The Cristaux.

You tour the streets as soot comes belching from
the chimneys
And secretive females criss-cross between
buildings
Acting as if to all they are married
And wealthy men blame all trouble on peasants

The parlor of censors is the only transition
From the momentous courts filled with divorce
To the world of perfections impossible
And a seat is open for you to sit

And you sit
And you find
It is real

(Based upon the French poem "Je Parle en
Reve")

Jungle-Jim Hugs

"You can have her for a quarter," he said
Kindergarten romance and jealous quarrels
Holding hands and Jungle-Jim hugs
First time I fought over a girl

Kindergarten romance and jealous quarrels
The cost of love was 25¢
First time I fought over a girl
"I'll pay you the rest tomorrow!"

The cost of love was 25¢
15¢ was all I had
"I'll pay you the rest tomorrow!"
Blonde hair and a kind voice

15¢ was all I had
Best few pennies I ever spent
"I'll pay you the rest tomorrow!"
A cool guy who wanted the best

Best few pennies I ever spent
She smiled and almost blushed
A cool guy who wanted the best
A kiss on the cheek lit up my heart

She smiled and almost blushed
Holding hands and Jungle-Jim hugs
A kiss on the cheek lit up my heart
"You can have her for a quarter," he said

Alysha Guajardo

I Thought She was Joking

My mom gave me the big news
I didn't believe her
I thought she was joking
So I went on with my life as if
nothing had happened

I didn't believe her
It was such a surprise
So I went on with my life as if
nothing had happened
Then clothes started to appear in the
closet of the extra room

It was such a surprise
New furniture being bought
Then clothes started to appear in the
closet of the extra room
I finally knew it was not a joke

New furniture being bought
People starting asking, "Is it a boy or
a girl?"
I finally knew it was not a joke
When will it be due?

People starting asking, "Is it a boy or
a girl?"
The day has come
When will it be due?
Time to bring her home

The day has come
I thought she was joking
Time to bring her home
My mom gave me the big news

Alysha Grace

Astonishing love,
you share hellos and goodbyes
race and climb every day!

The Way You Are

"No need to think about the way you are for me!"
He said to me, and only to me, in confidence.
"You act so sweet and gentle, like music from a
piano.
Your soul is like a sunset, not an orchid.

The note is profound, the house is silent
Please don't doubt yourself
Take another look
Reveal to me, just to me, this crime you speak of.
Let us dance together in the silence of the night."

My Life

I am North America's great cat. I am the
mountain lion. I live at the Roswell Zoo. I
am be found throughout Central and South
America. I live in all different types of habi-
tats: rainforest, deserts, high timber, and
swamps. I eat lots of different kinds of mam-
mals; I prefer eating deer. When I eat the
deer I'm helping so deer don't become over-
populated. I can leap 20 feet and I am a great
climber. I am stuck in a cage and am not
very pleased about that. Every day, while I
am trying to relax with my buddy, Bart, peo-
ple come and stare at me. They watch every-
thing I do. Sometimes I think they talk to
me, but I'm not sure. They just make noises
while looking at me. So I talk back to them.
It is like we are having a conversation. They
just stare at me for a long time and walk
away. As they walk away, I try to tell them
to come back and not to leave because I will
be lonely, but they can't understand me. I'm
just a mountain lion.

In a cage all day
Just sitting and pacing
I'm very lonely

FELIPE IBARRA

Family Portrait

There's a bowl
Filled with soup
On the coffee table
Along with
A glass of juice

There's a woman
Feeding her baby
With a smile on
Enjoying
The moment

There's a man
Watching TV
And eating
His soup

There's a little boy
Playing on
The floor
Happily with
His toys

It's getting dark
The family
Is tired
They go to
Bed and
Get some rest

The sun has left

Our Loss

I heard the words: she's gone
I didn't want to believe them, but I did
My grandpa was crying
Because of whom we had lost

I didn't want to believe them, but I did
Nobody would stop crying
Because of whom we had lost
I had tried to hold my pain in

Nobody would stop crying
Pain was escaping my body
I had tried to hold my pain in
Why did it happen, why now?

Pain was escaping my body
No one wanted grandma to leave
I had tried to hold my pain in
Passing away is so unexpected

No one wanted grandma to leave
We wanted more time
Why did it happen, why now?
Passing away is so unexpected

We wanted more time
My grandpa was crying
Why was she taken from us?
I heard the words: she's gone

Jada
JONES

Memories

Times come and go
Just like rain and snow
As fast as you know.

Memories last a lifetime.
But just as everything feels fine,
Memories can't replace the time
Of them being there.

Certain songs that come along
Just as things go wrong
Will be the soundtracks of your life,
But you have to learn
To make things right
And only look
To what's on the bright side.

A Rich Warm Tone

When dad and I went to the guitar shop

For my birthday

I was amazed at the guitar

It was not the best guitar

For my birthday

I received a Fender Starcaster

It was not the best guitar

But I learned a lot of notes on it

I received a Fender Starcaster

Black with a silver finish

But I learned a lot of notes on it

I took it apart and learned as much as

I could

Black with a silver finish

A maple body and a maple neck

But I learned a lot of notes on it

A 21 fret scale

A maple body and a maple neck

It brought me great joy

A 21 fret scale

A rich and warm tone

It brought me great joy

I was amazed at the guitar

A rich and warm tone

When dad and I went to the guitar shop

KONNOR KUNDOMAL

The Three Men

A room full of different skills

And imaginations

Three men sit

Each of them gives his own input

To the music society

The first man is “Jimmy Page”

The guitar player for Led Zeppelin

He has played with countless musicians

Learned many different styles

Plays many different styles

Prefers more of a rock blues sound

The second man is “The Edge”

This man is one of the most

Well-known guitar players

He uses many

Delays and effects pedals

His sound is flowing and clean

The last man is “Jack White”

A singer songwriter and guitar player

For a kind of old style of rock music

This man prefers old guitars to play

Guitars that are a little bit out of tune

He wants the guitar to be challenged

Not a walk in the park

The three men sit

And learn new styles

All different

All creative

Adrian Lopez

The Secret

Don't hide
the secret of your heart
my friend!
Tell me, and only me,
confide in me.
You are sordid but gentle,
tell me why.
My heart cures despair,
you need my companionship.
The profound note
and the silent house
explain it all.
It reveals the crime instantly.
Against tremendous lies,
pain, and vendettas
vociferate the secret
of your heart.

The ABCs of my Life

Annoyed, derisive,
Redundantly incredible,
and notorious

Denies official
routines originally
tainted hellish youth

Undeniably
Suppressive, Significantly
Reactionary

Recognizable
etiquette, behavior's
antidepressing

New Life

There was no way to deny it
A lifelong dream had been met
A sudden sense of delight engulfed me
I could not believe that she was at long last here

A lifelong dream had been met
The long wait was finally over
I could not believe that she was at long last here
A new companion to befriend

The long wait was finally over
The precious gift of life arrived
A new companion to befriend
She was our family's life now, second to moi

The precious gift of life arrived
I see her face and view perfection
A new companion to befriend
Her presence completed our lives

I see her face and view perfection
Our eyes met and we smiled
Her presence completed our lives
My sister had been born!

Our eyes met and we smiled
A sudden sense of delight engulfed me
My sister had been born
There was no way to deny it

Ben Morgan

Family Portrait

In the room there sits a boy
His gaze is fixed on the TV
And as he sits on the sofa
He enjoys a bowl of soup

A woman sits at a desk
And types away an email
There she sits with a
Smile on her face

Another boy sits on the floor
This one younger than the first
Sits failing at his homework
Try as he might, he only gets a B

A man rests on the sofa
Enjoying his favorite show
While he talks to his sons
Enjoying his soup

A sofa sits against the wall
A TV across the room
With a desk on the side
And a hearth on the other side

The sun sets
As the moon comes up

Haibun

I am a muntjac from China. I was taken
at a very young age from my home. I
have prospered here, and I spend my
time wondering where my family is. I
always wonder who these people are
who come to visit me, all of them are
kind and friendly to me. I come from
the jungles of China, and this place is
very different, but I am happy here.

My home is far away
Eating my feed and hay
But I am happy

Exile

He looked at the spectrum so lovely
He looked at his wife, daughter, son, and
the newborn
And the premier about to happen, his
daughter
About to pass a trial of conquest in which
she will not succeed

The next new moon, his wife and son sit
at home
And his daughter travels to Hungary
His son places a flower on her empty bed
Sighing, the daughter leaves in exile due
to her failure
The people in the city hold a tournament
There the people come to honor her

Jordan McCutcheon

Filled with Lights

There's a tree
Opening of presents begins
Cool cups
Funny shirts
All is supported
By a family

There's a man
Wearing plain clothes
Sitting
Strong arms
Fierce beard
Eyes tired
In joy
Opening a card

There's a woman
Orange hair
Large smile
On her face

There's a cat
Her face is hiding
Under the tree
As if surprised
She stares

The old family
In a small room
Near the kitchen
Is gently laughing

The joy is slowly
Beginning to show

Struck Me Hard

When my mom told me
I knew she was right
I tried not to cry
I wish it wasn't true

I knew she was right
The drive to my home was quiet
I wish it wasn't true
My heart was broken

The drive to my home was quiet
The words struck me hard
My heart was broken
When we arrived, I cried

The words struck me hard
I never said goodbye
My heart was broken
I tried to calm down, but it was too hard

I never said goodbye
I will never forget him
I tried to calm down, but it was too hard
I loved him a lot

I will never forget him
I tried not to cry
I loved him a lot
When my mom told me

Et un Sourire What a Story

The nest must be complete.
Two can be dear.
People can affirm.
Desire can satisfy.
One main trend, one main overture.
Do you like me?
I like you.

Nathan Nguyen

Haikrostics

None awoke the heir's
Advisory never to
Unhinge again, nil!

The hermit obliged
Happily uncertain, "Get
Hydrogenated!"

The ominous boy
Yesterday madly attacked
Communication

Latex

He gave the girl a massage
She smelled like a baby
Then an alarm went off
Interrupting the massage,
"Oh, the mirrors are so clear
They reflect the dead of the season."

The raisins were green
They stretched over the horizon
Bella's raisins were hers,
They weren't his, but he ate them all
With no regard toward her
"Nature brings the bounty before her."

The Constricting

I was once a small hatchling born in a lush forest. Many things have tried to eat me in the past, but man has done something worse. He abducted me. I was mad at first, but they do feed me small rodents. I kill my prey with a constricting motion that I have perfected. The cage I am in is so small, for I grow rapidly. They call me Jacko, which I utterly despise. I see through my tongue, for odor is what guides me.

A small glass prison
Is where this snake lies today
Ready to escape

HAYLEY PRIMM

The Family of Six

The hallway
Lined with lockers
Being opened and shut.
Colorful bags hold books.
Their six lockers
Are next to each other.

The first two girls
Are best friends.
Walking and laughing
Listening to an iPod.
Similar jackets.
Similar height.

The blond girl
And the girl
With almost black hair
Are gossiping
About guys
And walking
With the best friends.

The two "shy" girls,
Who are loud and excited
When they are with friends
Are also walking
With the gossipers
And the best friends.

The six of them
Arrive and sit together.
The friends
At one table.
The gossipers
At another.
And the "shy" girls
At one nearby.

There's a buzz of chatter
As class begins.

Haikrostics

How a young lady's
eyeliner yells proudly!
Really, it's my mark!

A uniquely named,
krazy auntie, talk-talking.
Happy yesterday.

Much innocence, done.
Don't lie, everyone sees.
Cool, hot, only ones liked.

Wasn't On Safety

Chris didn't come to school that day
We were silent when we found out
It didn't seem possible
He was only nine

We were silent when we found out
Blood-red eyes leaked salty tears
He was only nine
I couldn't understand it

Blood-red eyes leaked salty tears
He had just moved here
I could not understand it
I was too dazed to weep

He had just moved here
He went on a hunting trip
I was too dazed to weep
I barely even talked to him

He went on a hunting trip
The gun wasn't on safety
I barely even knew him
He was too young to die

The gun wasn't on safety
It didn't seem possible
He was too young to die
Chris didn't come to school that day

Kylene Reeves

Freedom

Humans. Despicable creatures. Taking whatever they please. Giving nothing. Capturing any impressive animal they come across. Like me. A bald eagle. Majestic. Beautiful. I long to soar like I once did. Like I did when I was free to roam the world. Before this cage. This wretched cage. When I could do as I pleased. When, if I was hungry, I could fold back my wings and dive at a pond, then, the last second, I would spread my wings. This feeling of power cannot be bought. I would graze the surface of the water and grab my lunch. But that was then, and this is now. Now, I look out of this prison and see ungrateful children. I see a man smoking. I see two lovers kissing, true affection shining from their faces. Their eyes locked. I see a jogger on the bridge. I look up, I see a majestic, beautiful eagle. Wings back, beak in mid-screech, talons open. Ready for lunch, beak in mid-screech, talons open. Ready for lunch.

I still have my pride.
My memories of past grace.
Past sunset-filled skies.

Haikrostics

Keep your lies enclosed
Not enlarged. Really even
Exit very endless sounds

An apt role-model
Obscured, never bringing real
Ukase, never ordering.

A Day at the Park

Swings in the background
Slide to the side
Sand under their feet
As they walk to the table under the tree

He's taller than her
Just by an inch
He's smiling
He has a fire cracker

There is another guy
He's taller than her
He is smiling at her
They are talking

She is just slightly shorter than them
She is smiling at both of them
But mainly talking to second one
The first one is like her brother
So he doesn't mind

The sun is high
They just finished lunch.

Yodel Rodríguez

Haikrostics

Just eat something, you slug
Regrettably enter
Yearning equal sides

Stop kidding act two
Please attend
Regurgitating kaleidoscope

Here, eat at the house
Let's embattled dawdle
Gutter each regent

Just Another Day

Standing on a board with four wheels
With my gray and black hat
Pushing with my leg to get speed
Going off the ramp, flipping the board
And landing on the ground

Watching the other people
Go up and down the ramps
Some fall, some don't
As it gets darker, they start to leave

I wait for my ride to pick me up
The red car arrives, I get in
As arrive home, I enter my room
I place my board against the wall
Place my black and gray hat on its shelf

Just another day in my life

Breanna Saenz

Let it Grow

When you have a fruit
There is a time when it needs to be picked
But you need to know when
You must wait for the change of the season
So when it is finished
Its taste will be of your liking
And will give you great satisfaction
But if you don't let it grow
Its taste will be the opposite of your satisfaction
And all you have will
Is a sour little pear

Wasteland

There is a field
With no grass
Cold and dry, with no visible sun
Like a bare wasteland

There is a boy
Hungry and sick
His bones clearly seen through his thin skin
He lies on the cold ground
Tired of walking through the sad torture
Dying slowly as the days go by

There is a mother
Not strong enough to continue
On her knees by her son
Worried for her young boy
And the unknown baby still inside her

There is nothing around
No food
No shelter
No hopes or happiness
Just the pain that the mother and son had to endure

There is no day to end
And no night to begin

Lost Ring

I lost my gold ruby ring
She saw it wasn't on my finger
My mother was furious
It couldn't be replaced

She saw it was not on my finger
How could I be so careless?
It couldn't be replaced
It was a gift

How could I be so careless?
I took it off my finger
It was a gift
I just put it in my pocket

I took it off my finger
It was made just for me
I just put it in my pocket
But it wasn't there when I looked

It was made just for me
My aunt gave it to me
But it wasn't there when I looked
Everyone was disappointed in me

My aunt gave it to me
My mother was furious
Everyone was disappointed in me
I lost the gold ruby ring

Ashlea Watley

(Inspired by the poem "Je Parle en Reve")

The Whole Family

The woman is at the stove
Stirring,
Preparing the food
She reaches for the salt
Just a dash is added

The man sits at the table
With fork in hand
And napkin in lap
Ready to be served

The little girl watches
The woman cook
She asks if she can help
The woman helps her stir

The elder woman takes the food
To the table
She makes sure everyone eats
Then she sits to eat

The dog on the wooden floor
Is looking up at the table
Wishing food would drop

The kitchen is filled
With a family
That is whole.

The Paralyzed one

Down my veins the blood flows
Not touching the bones, disabled by love
One chapter in my life is closed
Now it is crystal clear

Chemically Challenged

Some say I have chemicals in my blood
But it's the female's secret
Come and see what I'm about
I was made with a special recipe

He knows all about me and nothing about me
The one moment I have to replay
Some think it's impossible
But it's not until I drop

Haikrostics

Casting her roughness
Instantly she trusted in
Nothingness again

Mostly young but empty
Does return over opposite
Mysteriousness

Awesomely she has
Lost everything
Thirst, life, escape, youth!