

Anthology 2008-09



Sunlight on Raging Waters

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Roswell, NM

May, 2009

Once again, under the inspired and inspiring leadership of John Brandi, our students have created a volume of poetry full of beauty, humor, and surprise, proving that imagination has not gone the way of typewriters and rotary telephones. We have had fun writing, revising, and sharing these works among ourselves, and we hope that our readers will enjoy them as much as we do. As you open this anthology, be prepared for a most unusual, exciting, and enlightening journey through the minds and hearts of the SMGS students.

-Leslie Lawner

Cover photo by Kylene Reeves

Title taken from poem, "Sun + Water=Meant to Be" by Haley Willard

Amphora

Zachary Armstead

Stuck in a maze
There is no way out
Only a view of the horizon
I'm lonely

There is no way out
A giant spiral on the beach
I'm lonely
The sun is going down

A giant spiral on the beach
Water from the last rain forms small lakes
The sun is going down
The dwindling sunlight flickers on the water

Water from the last rain forms small lakes
Stuck in a maze
The dwindling sunlight flickers on the water
Only a view of the horizon

The Crying Fall

Zachary Armstead

In the summer
My friends are welcome
For play and joy
Like the weeping willow
I'm not always sad
But emotions change

The leaves are like friends
They wave at one another
Basking in the sun,
Laughing and swaying

But when fall comes
My friends look sick
Their colors are not green
They are red, yellow, orange

Soon they fall
And never speak
I grow lonely,
With nothing to do
But cry

Randomness

Zachary Armstead

All that glitters
Is not gold
Same with people

Are is a statement
Not an image or vase

Also if all else **F.A.I.L.S.**
Go to plan B.

A banana a day
Keeps the monkey away. . .
Oh wait, bananas attract monkeys!

Let the randomness flow
And all things ludicrous
And great will come

Abiqui

Anton Dominguez

At the lake
Fishing alone all alone and happy
Seeing the colors mixing together
The blues, the aquas, the green
All together the fresh morning
Mist on my face cool. The birds
Giving their good morning calls.
All that fills my mind is happiness.

The Invisible

Anton Dominguez

Fast, diving, zipping around
The dragonfly moves through
The forest quietly to safety

Like the dragonfly
I move swiftly trying to stealth
In and out without being seen

Lead Me

Anton Dominguez

I will follow you riding a desert scorpion on a blistering day
(Lead me to a green shady tree)

I will follow you flying with my wings
(Lead me up past the clouds)

I will follow you on a dragon through the storm
(Lead me to a place that is dry and safe)

I will follow you holding a star
(Lead me to a place of many colors)

Receiving

Alejandra Dykstra

I will give you a glowing blue pineapple
(Give me an orange tree)

I will give you a yellow penguin with red polka dots
(Give me a glowing triangle periwinkle wheel)

I will give you a little giant
(Give me the wordless dictionary)

I will give you the colorless rainbow
(Give me an invisible ocean)

Small Curious Creature

Alejandra Dykstra

Mice are creepy and annoying
When mice get curious they look around
Sometimes you don't know they are there,
Because you only hear the pitter patter of their feet.

Like a mouse,
Sometimes you can only hear my feet when I wander around
When I get curious and I have to know
I am sometimes unnoticed.

Why Me?

Alejandra Dykstra

If I wasn't so charming, I could carry my own books
I could walk home without boys fighting over me
I would get through a day without 1,000 love letters
I wouldn't have 1,000 boys asking to go to the prom with me
I wouldn't have 1,000 guys calling me every minute
Guys line up through the halls just to say hi to me
I wouldn't have other girls crying because they got dumped
I could go on a date without 1,000 guys dating
I could go to a store without guys asking for my number
I could work on my homework without getting an A+ for nothing
If only I wasn't so charming.....

Mischievous

Eric Cox

Quick, mean, and independent
The ant looks for something
Silently, knowing what it is doing

Like an ant,
Fast, furious, and independent,
I search for something
Silently, familiar with what I am doing.

Cinnamon

Eric Cox

I'm going into the
Kitchen to get some candy.

My dad gives me some cinnamon sticks,
I am getting mad at him because
I do not want any.

I do not want to try the cinnamon
Sticks because I have never tried them and I
Do not know what they are.

But I finally try one and I love it,
It is so delicious and I am so happy.

Touch-and-Go

Abbey Bell

Jumping here and jumping there
All the frogs jump around
Small and bright, bouncy and fun
Frogs are jumping one by one

Like the frogs I am fun and shy
I like to jump and try to fly
I am bouncing and flying in the air
Jumping here and jumping there.

Meandering

Abbey Bell

I'm walking back and forth
So many different cards
Have I been here before?
I think I've passed this card twice

So many different cards
All the same color and all with red hearts
I think I've passed this card twice
My opponent already finished

All the same color and all with hearts
There are one hundred turns to make
My opponent already finished
I've found so many dead ends

There are one hundred turns to make
I'm walking back and forth
I've found so many dead ends
Have I been here before?

Good Morning

Abbey Bell

I wake up one morning
I'm at my blue cabin in Cloudcroft
I'm always the first kid up
My grandparents and parents are there
So are my sisters
My grandparents and dad are up
I will help fix breakfast
They tell me we will have biscuits and gravy
We will also have bacon and chocolate milk
My dad makes coffee before we eat
He sits next to me
He brings his coffee to the table
It smells so good
He drinks it black
It always makes me feel happy

My Mom's Coffee

Eric Barnes

My mom always makes the
Sweet smell of coffee.
It tastes so good.
I can always hear it boil
In the pot.

I am always up by 7:00 am.
Every morning when
I jump up, I feel so
Happy when she makes it.

The pot makes a
sizzle sound.

I put lots of sugar
In my coffee.
I sip the coffee slowly.
If I sip it too fast the sweet
Taste will be gone too soon.

It always smells like
Flowers.

Just Answer
Eric Barnes

I will write to you with a beam of clouds.
(answer me with your happy face.)

I will write to you with a huge world.
(answer me with your heart.)

I will write to you with a great brick tower.
(answer me with a grandfather clock.)

I will write to you with a gleam of light.
(answer me with the bright sun.)

Exploring the Unexplorable
Gus Liakos

I will explore one edge of the world
(While you explore the other)

I will explore the realms of death
(While you keep on living)

I will explore the desert's maze
(While you feel the monster's tongue)

I will explore the art of brutality
(While you mend the mind of the insane)

I will explore the truth behind the rainbow
(While you catch the kangaroo mid-flight)

I will explore the universe's children
(While you stay safe and sound)

I will explore the depths of your heart
(While you have no worry)

Astute Sovereign

Subtly and cleverly, it catches its prey.
The fox is king of its world,
Leading his pack to survival,
Fierce but not evil;
He does as he pleases.

Like the fox,
I lead all my acquaintances;
I control my world.
I rule with a strict but kind hand,
And do as I please.

Gus Liakos

The Fear Gus Liakos

The fear-oh, the fear
The fear of getting shots.
I'm going crazy with fear,
Why won't it disappear?

My mom tricked me into going
To get my tetanus booster;
The nurse is stabbing me with a needle,
And there I am,
Embarrassingly feeble,
Cawing like a rooster.

In the doctor's white office
I smell the dreaded smell of alcohol.
I'm losing all control,
And hope I don't die,
And then it's done,
With a relaxing sigh.

The fear, the fear,
The fear of getting shots.
When it's done and gone,
I hope I'm not gone too.
I hope that the dreaded spear
Of hated fear
Will soon disappear.

The fear, the fear,
The fear of my first shots.

Summer Day

Mitchel Latimer

The day in the woods
sweet day of summer
down at the river
warmth, comfort,
the sounds of nature around me:
birds singing, the gentle sound of the river
things so happy and peaceful.
Then it comes.
Someone calling me out of my pleasure.
Time to go home.
Goodbye, sweet summer day.

Yielding

Mitchel Latimer

Sweet sound.
Pain on my branch.
This is strange.
Oh, I wish I could dance.

Pain on my branch.
Who is this woman?
Oh, I wish I could dance.
In this desolate place, her music is welcome.

Who is this woman?
Why does she stand on my branch and play?
In this desolate place, her music is welcome.
Why is she not asleep at this hour?

Why does she stand on my branch and play?
Sweet sound.
Why is she not asleep at this hour?
This is strange.

Untold Secrets

Mitchel Latimer

Complex, confident, clever
The mouse avoids being seen or heard
Quick, soundless, cocky.

Like the mouse I am complex
I avoid being seen or heard
Unless my cockiness prevents it.

A Painful Accident

Jet Murphy

I am riding my bike.
It is a beautiful spring day.
Not a cloud
in the sky.

Coming back from
My bike ride I turn
the corner. There are rigid
sharp rocks on the ground
where I am turning.

All of sudden WHAM!!!
I am on the ground.
I race back to the house
with a sharp
pain in my knee.

I storm into
the house and
look at my wound.
It is a dark, bloody red.
I am off to the bathroom.
I put on some rubbing
Alcohol, Neosporin, and a
bandage.

The pain is
searing when I dab
the alcohol on. I know it
will get better.

Winding Canyons
Jet Murphy

The sky so soft and calm.
The winding canyons ramping upward.
The ocean so serene and blue.
The sun drifting away to make endless night.

The winding canyons ramping upward.
Clouds fluffy as pillows.
The sun drifting away to make endless night.
Gritty but golden, the sand waits for the ocean to take it away.

Clouds fluffy as pillows.
All the browns, blues, whites, and golds.
Gritty but golden, the sand waits for the ocean to take it away.
Nothing but a perfect summer day.

All the browns, blues, whites, and golds.
The sky so soft and calm.
Nothing but a perfect summer day.
The ocean so serene and blue.

Too Rich

Jet Murphy

If only I weren't so rich, I wouldn't have to ask my servants
To fill up all 42 cherry red Corvettes I own.

If only I weren't so rich, I wouldn't have to order
Every expensive thing from Gucci.

If only I weren't so rich, I wouldn't have to use an elevator
To get up to my room on the 11th floor.

If only I weren't so rich, I wouldn't have to tell people that work
At my company "you're fired" so many times.

If only I weren't so rich, I wouldn't have to tell people, "No,
I am not selling the Internet to you."

If only I weren't so rich, I wouldn't have five miles
Of beggars at my security gate.

Watch Out
Alexa Nguyen

Hardworking, buzzing, dangerous
The bee never stops working
She's always graceful, but also able to sting

Like the bee
I'm hardworking
Very nice, but able to sting.

I Hope
Alexa Nguyen

I hope my dad doesn't stop spoiling me to
Death because I got a bad grade

I hope I don't stop getting lobster instead of a
Sandwich for lunch

I hope I don't get another award for being
Absolutely gorgeous

I hope I get a message back from Robert
Pattison telling me I'm dazzling

I hope Hannah Montana doesn't get jealous
of my ridiculous beauty

I hope I look normal in my sparkly designer
Dress for prom

I hope I get that book about me on 100 ways
That I'm gorgeous

I hope Oprah doesn't cancel on me just because
She's jealous of my extravagant beauty

I hope my brother doesn't get a girlfriend
Who's more beautiful than me.

Sour Pickle
Alexa Nguyen

It is my first time
Going to the new movie theater
On a dark cold night
We buy popcorn and sodas
My mom asks me what I want
I want candy, ices, hotdogs, and nachos
But I choose a pickle
A very sour pickle
Big and wet in the wrapper
I enjoy that pickle
It eat it fast
Then I say to my mom
I want another big, wet-in-wrapper, sour pickle.

Foiled Again

Connor Olguin

I wake up, I go to the kitchen
My mom, my uncle, and cousin are there
We are all very tired
We're eating cereal
I'm going to brush my teeth
Once in the bathroom
I grab my toothpaste
And toothbrush
But I'm not looking
I put the toothbrush in my mouth
YUK!!!
It's rash ointment
But I don't know
So I go to my mom
She laughs
And then says
That's rash ointment!
I'm embarrassed.

The Slow Worker

Connor Olguin

Sluggishly moving, working
Almost unnoticed
The sloth moves around a branch
Little by little, eating,
Deliberately working

Like a sloth,
I gradually move
Or work.
I work leisurely,
But I get it done
Bit by bit I eat
Slowly I work

The Super All Star

Connor Olguin

If I wasn't so awesome at basketball,
Shaq and Kobe wouldn't ask me for pointers.

If I wasn't so awesome at basketball,
I wouldn't have to stuff every shot.

If I wasn't so awesome at basketball,
Maybe the All Stars would win.

If I wasn't so awesome at basketball,
I wouldn't have a bodyguard to fight off all the beautiful girls.

If I wasn't so awesome at basketball,
I wouldn't have to sign so many autographs.

Searching Within the Darkness

Bryce Peterson

In the darkness,
The wolf leads its pack,
Hunting for the good of the pack,
Quick, silent, tireless,
It leads on through the winter cold.

Like the wolf, I lead,
Quick, silent, tireless,
I search within the darkness.

Phantom

I am faceless, legless, thinking
I play my guitar
The world is dark
The tree looms over me, gnarled and withered

I play my guitar
The leaves fall in time with my music
The tree looms over me, gnarled and withered
The mask watching me

The leaves fall in time with my music
The eclipsing moon behind me
The mask watching me
My music speaking for me

The eclipsing moon behind me
I am faceless, legless, thinking
My music speaking for me
The world is dark

Bryce Peterson

I Will

Bryce Peterson

I will be there as a silent explosion
(Come to me as a colorless rainbow)

I will be there as a bright darkness
(Come to me as a cold star)

I will be there as a speaking mute
(Come to me as a seeing unsighted)

I will lead you to a forgotten memory
(Follow me as a living ghost)

The Grabbing
Carolyn Fambrough

Fast, Radiant, Graceful,
The Swan swims in the pond,
Seeing fish as she goes,
Taking what's up for the grabbing.

Fast, Radiant, Graceful,
I live in a big world,
Seeing everything,
Taking what's up for the grabbing.

Spoiled By Rain

Carolyn Fambrough

Once we arrive home from the hurricane evacuation,
While our parents clean the house, they tell us to go do something,
So we run to the evergreen forest by my house in Louisiana.
You bet it smells bad after Katrina.
We run straight to our tree, surrounded by a fence,
We sit down and eat cookies, draw, and clean up the forest,
Taking turns with the colors,
We fight over the last cookie.
Then we go inside, the cool air brushes our faces,
My mom's cooking hits my nose
Sometimes things that are spoiled by rain can be good.

Oh So Graceful

Carolyn Fambrough

If I wasn't so graceful,
I would trip over myself.
Professional ballerinas wouldn't ask me for classes.
I would have to watch my every step.
I wouldn't be able to walk, oh so perfectly.
No one would watch my feet,
Just to see how I do it.
No one would stare because I 'm so quick but peaceful.
No one would ask, "How do you move your feet so perfectly?"
Oh, if I wasn't so graceful,
Angels wouldn't bug me because they think I'm one of them.

The Mystery

Jonah Flores

I will lead you at midnight
(Answer me with roses)
I will lead you to a romantic dinner
(Answer me with the wind)
I will lead you to outer space
(Answer me with your heart)
I will lead you to an enchanting movie
(Answer me with singing hummingbirds)

Hard Worker

Jonah Flores

I work all day
But, like an apple tree,
Nobody hears or notices me

I am silent like an apple tree
I am good and nice
People do not appreciate what I really do

Fresh Baked Pie

Jesse Jennings

Driving down the street
Two blocks, then one
At the front door,
Heidi, we're here!
We can barely wait to take our own share
Fresh baked pie
Right out of the oven
Is sitting on the window sill.

The Heiress

A belt of gold on her waist
A princess and her warrior
Ready to fight for what she stands for
Not needing much to do what she wants

A princess and her warrior
Jewels all around her with a bear on her shirt
Not needing much to do what she wants
A crown on her head, a sword in her hand

Jewels all around her, with a bear on her shirt
A dagger, a horse, and a leopard to guard her
A crown on her head, a sword in her hand
Her hair like the sun, shiny and red

A dagger, a horse, and a leopard to guard her
A belt of gold on her waist
Her hair like the sun, shiny and red
Ready to fight for what she stands for.

Jesse Jennings

Best Friends . . . Forever

I will be your best friend when the earth turns square
(While we play Legos that are destroyed by Darth Vader's ambulance)

I will love you like a daisy growing on the sun
(Be there taking a picture of space)

I will be the pink in your clear rainbow
(Stand there by the pot of gold)

I will be there for you when a polar bear ditches you for her cubs
(Answer me when I call from the Pacific Ocean, to make sure you're okay)

Jesse Jennings

Coffee House

I always wake up to the coffee maker in the morning

I get the Folgers, medium dark, out.
Get the cupcake-like paper and let it drip.
I then go take my shower and get ready for school.
I come back to the hot boiling pitcher
With black liquid inside
I wonder if this is what the Black Sea actually looks like?
I down one cup of coffee in five minutes
And take another cup on my way to school.

Alex Vivens

Solar

Alex Vivens

Angry, mad, furious
The sun burns in the night sky
People are full of joy and happiness
But the sun is not

The sun burns in the night sky
We are grateful
But the sun is not
He grieves in his sleep

We are grateful
But the sun has to use up all his energy
He grieves in his sleep
He is angry

The sun has to use up all his energy
Angry, mad, furious
He is angry
People are full of joy and happiness

So Good at Soccer
Stephanie Robertson

If only I wasn't so good at soccer
The world would still remember basketball and football
People wouldn't line up just to shake my hand
I could walk into a store without causing a commotion

I have a 7-story house with stained glass windows
Twelve cars and a square mile soccer field with four goals
My kick is so powerful, anyone in the path will go
Soaring through the air with the lime green soccer ball
With yellow stars

If only I wasn't so good at soccer
I could play with kids my age and *sometimes* lose
I could spend my weekends with my super-star girlfriend
And super-hot boyfriend.

Green Peppermints
Santana Fresquez

As I walked into my grandma's
Trailer I could already
Smell the sweet and yummy
Green peppermints
I've always wondered why
Grandma sucked on green
Peppermints
I realized that grandma
Always had her lips curved toward
The inside of her mouth
Then it hit me,
Grandma had lost all of her
Teeth!

Annoying

Santana Fresquez

More annoying than ever and very
Irritating
The mosquito is swarming around
Loud and unstoppable
Waiting for someone
To yell in anger

Like the mosquito,
I am very annoying
Loudly waiting for someone
To yell at me.

Domesticated

A boat sailing toward the moon
Strangers in a mellow mood
Gazing at the abundance of beauty
Anxious to see more loveliness

Strangers in a mellow mood
Enjoying the peacefulness
Hearts full of enthusiasm
Longing to reach their destination

Enjoying the peacefulness
Hearts full of enthusiasm
Longing to reach their destination
The lake they sail on glows red, blue, and yellow

Hearts full of enthusiasm
A boat sailing toward the moon
The lake the sail on glows red, blue, and yellow
Gazing at the abundance of beauty

Santana Fresquez

What I'd Like to Save

D'Jae Alvarez

The unusual colors, forest green and limestone
Yellow or incredible animals in the sea

That's what I'd like to save

Songs of the wind or
The smell of pine

That's what I'd like to save

The last words from my nana: mi hija I love you
Or the last hug I treasure so dearly

That's what I'd like to save

The gold necklace with my name on it
Or the traditional Mexican smell of my aunt's house

This is to say

I have lost
your dog we
were having
fun playing

If I hadn't thrown
him in the bushes
and hidden him
He probably wouldn't
have wandered off

Please don't kill me
Each time I threw him
Was fun, each time he
Made a smile on my face

D'Jae Alvarez

Great Basket Doorway
D'Jae Alvarez

As you open the door
As you start to walk out
Stop at the door and look
Around, look at the sublime
Valley and the peaceful view
Of the mountains, look at the
Pretty view of the glittering
Blue water and the
Drifting clouds mixed with blue
Just think, where that path on
The mountain leads, to the top
What a wonderful world God
Has given us

Dear Mom

Joel Castelo

I am sorry about
scaring you so much
between the snake in your
bed and standing behind the
door and grabbing you

Your face was worth it
You should have seen your
Face, it was so funny

I am sorry
I know I am going to die
but before you get me back
please remember, it was
a rubber snake

What the Heck

Joel Castelo

Dear person behind me at Walmart
I know what you are thinking
"What is this nimrod wearing?"
You may think I am an insolent
Cowboy but I am more than that.
I learn from what I do
And now that you know how I am, what I am
Stop staring at me.

Can't Stop Now

Joel Castelo

I have been riding all day looking for one cow
I am so tired

But I can't stop now

Found that darned cow and it dang near just horned me and my horse
But I can't stop now

I just rope the devil. When you rope you prepare
For a fight, and that's what she gave me

But I can't stop now

She made a break for it, I leaned back and
Dallied hard, missed that diamondback by an inch

But I can't stop now
Come under Thunder, let's catch up and finish

But we can't stop now

The old cow croaked on the spot

Thunder, now we can rest

I Just Wanted to Tell You

Tyler Brooke Clements

I didn't do my homework
That was given to
Me yesterday

It was so hard
So difficult, I just
Couldn't do it

Forgive me
I tried and I couldn't
Get it right plus
I have more exciting
things to do
Like going to Disneyland

The Magnificent Shell

Tyler Brooke Clements

Pick me up and
See the fascinating
Colors of black on white

Touch my smooth surface
And rub your fingers
Down the spirals

I am smoother than a flat
Stone that you would
Find on a California
Beach

Put me to your ear so
You can hear the ocean
As if you were two
Steps away

You can hear me, feel me,
Or hold me, but whatever
You do, don't take me away
From this nice soft sand

How I am

Tyler Brooke Clements

You may look at my
Ragged clothes and
Judge me because
They're different

You can see that I
Am unhappy when
You push me around

You may think I'm
Different, but I'm
Really like you

You can say what
You want about me
But I know it's not true

But remember one thing
This is me, not you

What I Am Keeping

Nathan Nguyen

The amazing hamburger
That my father makes with care

The times I spent with my father,
Both hunting and fishing
Are undescrivable.

I would save my favorite gray shirt,
The one that I wear so often,
The view of the rising sun,
For it slashes away the very darkness of night.

I would save the feeling of the crisp mountain air,
For it feels so wonderful.
I would save my religion,
As my beliefs are strong.

The fierce roar of a lion,
One cannot help to hear.
I would save my brother,
For is my only one.

I would save the enchanting moment
Of when I first saw her,
So astonishing, so extraordinary.

The Way You View Me

Nathan Nguyen

You view me as your
Little perfect boy
Who you expect to live the way you did
But there's a problem

This is America, not Vietnam
I don't know how to use a buffalo
You tell me to work, yet when I do
You compare my ways to yours

I know I am your eldest son
I know what you expect
I go to school, get good grades
Work, is there anything more?

I am not perfect
I am not God
I am me

That is all I will ever be
Me

A Metal Bowl

Nathan Nguyen

Gaze at my outside,
Also my inside

I am more than just metal
I am handcrafted
Smooth on the inside
Rough as rock on the outside

With the wooden stick beside me,
We make the food for my people
We grind the wheat to make the bread
We are life

I make a sound equal to that
Of the peace brought by spring

So next time you look at me
Don't think of me as just an ordinary bowl,
But life-giver, peace maker, unbreakable
All that I am

No more
No less

Nobody is Perfect

Jordan McCutcheon

You may see me as a dumb
Person who will never do
Anything right.

You may think I'm lazy,
And can't do anything
Good in life.

You want me to be quiet
And leave you alone.

But I am someone who wants
To help the environment
I have a great imagination
Nobody is perfect.

What I Would Save

Jordan McCutcheon

My mom for her love,
And her chocolate chip muffins.

That's what I'd save!

The memories of longcat's song,
The taste of my mom's chocolate chip cookies.

That's what I'd save!

A polar bear because it's endangered,
And my most prized possession, Three Spot.

That's what I'd save!

A Poem Based on a Painting Called Yellow Pearls and Gray Smoke

(By Alexandra Wiesenfeld)

Jordan McCutcheon

The pearls are used like little
Lights to guide someone's ancestors
To heaven. The smoke is made of evil spirits.
The pearls protect the good spirits. The pearls
Are safe spots for good spirits.
Pray for your ancestors!
Respect your ancestors!
The pearls protect the trees from evil.

Please Understand

Javier Dykstra

I have unplugged
your computer

While you
were finishing
your unsaved final

Please understand
it was hot and I
had to plug in the fan
or I would have died

I'm Gonna Keep

Javier Dykstra

I'm gonna keep it!

The sight of many wonders hard to be seen,
The man-eating wolf hunting throughout the night.

I'm gonna keep it!

The vexing choices of others,
The blissful silence at night.

I'm gonna keep it!

The pain of others shaping the future,
The causes and effects of other's grim choices.

I'm gonna keep it!

Ceramics

Javier Dykstra

Just wait and take a second,
To snag a look at me.

Smoother than the ocean's surface,
Darker than space.

Older than your great grandma,
Materials older than time itself.

I have seen the cavemen come and gone,
I have seen your grandparents long ago.

Designed with a color brown as the earth,
I was made by a skillful Mayan, molded from clay aged for centuries

Painted with pictures of corn crops,
Pictures of festival banners show on me.

I also have pictures intrigued by millions,
But don't you dare just glimpse for a second or two,
'Cause it takes a while to look at history.

I have many secrets to see,
So take a minute to look at me.

A Surprising Blue Fan

Breanna Saenz

I am a blue paper fan
Kind of boring
If you don't open me up

But if you do
You'll see that I'm not as tedious
As you thought

You'll see the
Interesting things I've become

My boring blue will
Look like the dusk sky

I will have designs that are
So elegant and beautiful
They look like
A spirit made them himself

You can do many things with me
Cool yourself down on a hot day
Or maybe use me to do a traditional Japanese dance

I can look boring or
Be wonderful but
You have to look closer

The Not-So-Great Fair Day

Breanna Saenz

The fair is behind me
A drunken man beside me
On the floor despite me
I won't touch him, how kind of me

(Inspired by "The Fair," a painting by Stewart McFarlane)

Oops!

Breanna Saenz

I have answered
The phone
That was probably
An important call

That you were most likely
Waiting for
I told them to
Not call here again and to
Go away

Don't be mean
It was an accident
You can get a new job
(Scared laugh)

My Own Reasons

Breanna Saenz

You may see me as a
Silly dark brown-haired girl but
I'm not always like that and I have my own reasons
For acting the way I do

I'll open and close a huge
Dictionary just because I like
The sound it makes

I'll say weird things just
So I can make
My friends laugh

I have my reasons
For doing things silly or not but
That's who I really am
And that's who I plan to be

Look at Me

Yodel Rodriguez

You look at me and see no future. I
May look different but I want
So badly to be the same.

I may be a loser in life
But I can change. I won't
Be a clone of my father.

I may look angry or look like
I just don't care. The truth
Is I try to learn but nothing
Sinks in.

Just give me a chance and see
The real me, don't judge me
By my outer looks.

The White House (based on a painting by Stewart McFarlane) Yodel Rodriguez

They left me
Alone they
All did after
He died

They left
Because
the memories
hurt too
much.

They said
they would
come back

IT'S BEEN 50 YEARS

I Will Save

Yodel Rodriguez

The morning of seeing the sun rise and being lazy
I will save

The first moment I stepped on a skateboard
I will save

My VANS that take me anywhere
I will save

The smell of my grandma cooking me breakfast
I will save

All the times my dog Roxy was a fool
I will save

The memories of my past

You're Dead Wrong

Reyes Gallegos

You may think that I am weak,
And you probably think you're right,
But you're not, I'm strong
In my will, strong from the neck up.

You might think I'm shy,
But you would be wrong,
I'm just looking for someone
Smart enough to understand me.

You may think of me as cowardly,
And I suppose you're entitled to think that,
But it's untrue, I'm just too
Smart to spar with someone twice my size.

You may think I have no life,
But it's a lie, I simply do
Things in my life more important than
Texting my friends

And you might think I'm like you,
And you might be right, but really
I'm someone who would rather watch a
Miracle than a tragedy.

Organized Chaos

Reyes Gallegos

The bright russet red in abstract art
The colors of names in my hand painted box

That I can't leave

Dicombobulated, magnanimous
Words that slide from the tip of my tongue

That I can't leave

My mama's pot roast
And the smell of our kitchen

That I must keep

The purple-y red of a rose
And the tall climbing tree whose limbs are like seats

That I must keep

The cool summer storms
Or the calm summer breeze

That I can't let go

And the silently noisy
Onslaught of color
That organized chaos of
Shape and hue
The unreal juxtaposition
Of color on canvas

I need that.

I Need to Tell You

Reyes Gallegos

I ate all of
The strawberries
And grapes
In the fridge

Which you were taking
To work with
You so that you
Could try a new diet

Hear me out,
They were juicy
And tart, and
You didn't hide them well.

Can You Feel My Home?

Reyes Gallegos

Don't be fooled,
I'm plain on the outside.
But open me.
Observe the blues.

Look through the serene paper waters.
See my painted fish.
See the plants which decorate me.
Read my words, read the Japanese characters.

Feel my breeze.
Close your eyes.
Do you see my home?
Feel my sticks.
Does it help? Can you feel my bamboo?

Can't you see?
I am the sincere image
Of my home.
Believe me, I was once tall, green, **Alive.**

Feel me,
But don't covet me.
Use me,
But don't break me.

Close your eyes.
Feel my breeze.
Do you see my home?

If I Could Save!!!

Sarah Bejarano

I would save the smell of brand new shoes.
The bright enchanting orange and its glow

If I could save
I would save a small box of chocolates
And August 19, my birthday

If I could save,
I would save the flavor of a cherry lollypop
My orange and black friendship bracelet so I never forget

If I could save,
I would save Ashlea so we could have a great time;
Oh, and my I-Pod too!!!!

I Have to Say
Sarah Bejarano

I have taken
the chocolate
icing that you
had in the cabinet

and which
you were probably
going to
use on that cake

forgive me
it was so
rich and soft
it was delicious

You May
Sarah Bejarano

You may think
Of me being cool
But I am weird
Inside

You may think
Of me as someone
Who is weak
But I am very
Strong inside

You may think
Of me playing basketball
But I don't, I play
Volleyball

C'est Moi

You see me and you
think I am atrabilious.
Quite contrary, my friend,
I am quite blissful most of the time.

When provoked though
I turn into
a melancholy soul whose
only goal in
life is to conquer or lead
a country

You try to visualize
someone who
loves to work and get
all of his things done,
however what I truly
desire is just one straight week
of solitude and peace

You view me as torturing all who oppose
me but I am not like that.
If asked to do something or change
my ways, I will comply.

All in all
I just deserve what
I want and
want what I deserve

You view me as hopeless
I am what I am.

Adrian Lopez

Can't Live Without

Adrian Lopez

The tint that is black
and all of its acridity and pureness

Can't live without it

The season that is winter
and its frigidity

Can't live without it

The powerful and stubborn
abode that is Russia

Can't live without it

The Kremlin and its precise
architecture that draws the undiminished
attention of all

Can't live without it

The sweaters and jeans that I
shan't repudiate

Can't live without them

The Mr. Bickelsworth and his
brown and black coat and his large
and graceful ears

Can't live without him

Death

Adrian Lopez

Aboard the coffin
Above Hell
Across the skies of mist
After life, all is bitter
Against the dawns
Along the Garden of Eden
Among the spirits of the dead
At the point of death
Before death all is sweet
Behind the trenches
Below the ground
Beneath the surface
Beside the mountains
Between the canyons
Beyond salvation
But still Holy
Despite his crucifix
Without holy assistance
During his first two years he is tortured
Except on Sundays
For death is inevitable
From life to death
In the few years he has left
Inside the fiery depths
Into the Holy Palace
Underneath all life
Near his point of termination
Of the fiery hills
Outside the grasp of all
Under the stars
Past doom
Without regarding himself he doesn't know where to turn
Since his death a couple of days ago
Through the fiery desert
Under the cemetery

Descend into My Spotless Interior
Adrian Lopez

Pour the jasmine
tea that you are wistful for
But while pouring
don't think of me
as just
another teapot

Think of me as an
unknown being
that deserves to
be venerated

Now I beg of you
look beyond my
serene and tranquil
designs and assume that
you are one of the
delightful coy fishes treading across
my placid waters

While my crab expresses
hardships my
flowers articulate the
meaning of sorrow and
remorse

Look beyond my grimy
exterior and descend into my
spotless interior

There you will
learn not to view me as
just a teapot
but as the eighth wonder
of the world

Oh My Goodness

Adrian Lopez

I have stolen
the pen you loaned me
I was going to take
notes with your
extravagant ballpoint pen

It somehow slipped
out of my mind
that I had put
your pen, which
wrote such articulate
masterworks, in my
apparel

Please don't sue me
somehow and somehow
sooner or later
I will bestow
upon you the grandest
of all writing utensils

I Am Not Who You Think I Am

Alysha Guajardo

You may think I am just wasting time
in my room
but I am not.

I am really working on homework
or cleaning.

You may think that I am trying to get in the way
but I am not.

I am only trying to help.

You may think I am being lazy
when I read alone in my room
but I am not.

I just enjoy reading alone.

You may think I enjoy playing the piano,
but I don't.

I would rather be outside,
playing sports.

Look at Me!!!

Alysha Guajardo

Open me up and look at all the
beautiful designs I have.
Run your hand across
my many folds.

I recommend you notice my
unique designs and see my
true beauty.

I am handmade in Japan
of brown bamboo and blue
paper-like material.

My designs are printed
with dark brown ink.

I am perfect for a hot
summer day.
You can open me up and fan,
cool, or refresh yourself.

All thirty-two of my bamboo
strips stand for something
different such as joy, peace,
love or courage.

These are all emotions my
maker had while she was
making me.

Next time you happen to
Come across me remember
That there is a lot more to me
Than just a plain fan.

I Have to Say

Alysha Guajardo

I have lost the
new book that
you bought me
for the road trip

you were probably
expecting me to read it
and tell you about it

I am very sorry
but there was such
a huge mess in the car
I could not find it.

What I'd Save
Ben Morgan

A magical blue
And the once in a lifetime snow

That's what I'd save

The smell of bacon in the morning
All my furry pets

That's what I'd save

And the taste of a buttered biscuit
And I'd carry off a sheep to save it from dying

That's what I'd save

My favorite pair of Pumas
And a four-pack of Red Bull

That's what I'd save

A canyon in Arizona
A family photo on vacation

That's what I'd save

I Want to Say

Ben Morgan

I have broken
The fishing pole
I caught a tree
Instead of a fish

And I know
You were going
Fishing
Tomorrow

Forgive me
It was a good pole
But it was old
And weak

How Do You See Me?

Ben Morgan

You may see me as
A good son, but I am not
Happy doing the things
I do

You may see me
As lazy, and I am
I always try to
Fix things
The easy way

You may see me as
Smart and capable
Of getting good grades
But I am a B average
Student

You may see me as
Weak, but I am strong
You think I can't handle
Things because they're
Too advanced but
I can

Just So You Know

Kylene Reeves

Just so you know

I have opened
The chocolates
You left on
The counter

Which you were
Probably going to give to mom
Since it was her birthday
And all

Please don't kill me
They were only a dollar
And they were
Starting to melt

I Just Can't Live Without That

Kylene Reeves

The glorious way red looks with black
Or the smell and taste of my great grandma's green chile stew
I just can't live without that

The silence of my room at night
And the feeling of the cool grass on my back at midnight
I just can't live without that

The peace and innocence of a baby sleeping in its crib
The beauty of a white rose with black speckles
I just can't live without that

The way a garnet shines in the sun
The weeping willow in my grandma's backyard
I just can't live without that

The huge boxers I've grown to love
The lazy cats that do nothing but lie around all day
I just can't live without that

All my goofy friends
That serene feeling you get when you're alone behind a church
But you know on the other side of that wall is total chaos
I just can't live without that

The smell of cigarette smoke in my grandma's house
The dark blue rag-top '66 Mustang with the new leather seats
parked in my friend's driveway
I just can't live without that

Solitude

Kylene Reeves

(Based on the painting "Winter Range" by Donald Anderson)

As I soar through
These great jagged peaks
All covered with snow
I know
That my chicks
Lay far far below

My wings spread wide
As I scan the steep mountain side
For signs of prey
That my family might
Have a decent meal today

Up here
Alone in the world
That is how I feel
Alone
The last eagle
In all the world

So on I fly
On and on and on
Through these dark majestic peaks
Hoping that soon
Something will stir
So my chicks may live
So that I am not alone

Don't Be Angry

Hayley Primm

I have dressed
you in hats
and sweaters
and shoes.

It wasn't
appreciated
you wiggled
out of them

Don't be angry
You look so
cute and
adorable

ALL AN ACT

Hayley Primm

You all know me
As a brunette
Blonde.
Weird.
Crazy.
Funny.
Dum.—I mean Dumb.

But I'm smart.
I'm an A+
Student.

My blonde thing
Is an act.
It's not
Really me.

So, I'll
Still make you
Laugh.
Just know
It's all an act.

The Rio Grande

Johanna Eskeli

Up and down,
Back and forth,
Colors fill the trench.
I'm sitting by
The Rio Grande
Which will satisfy my quench.

Blue, green,
Yellow,
And even some red.
There are the colors I can see
From the Rio Grande's bed.

(Inspired by "Particles and Waves: Rio Grande" by Joshua Rose)

Stop, Look, See

Hayley Primm

You might have
Glanced past me,
And not have looked
Inside.

Because I'm
Just brown?
Just boring?
Just dull?

Or am I?
Have you opened
My lid?
Have you seen
The beads
That spiral around
Me, red, blue, red, blue?
Have you felt
My woven
Texture?
Or noticed how
My lid
Fits so snug?

Don't glance, stop.
Look and see.
See that I'm
More than
Just brown,
Just boring,
Just dull.
Look, I'm
Beautiful.
You just have
To pay attention.

I Want You to Know

Johanna Eskeli

I was the one
Who woke you up
With a glass of
Ice water

I tried yelling and
Shaking you
But you wouldn't wake up
So I dumped the liquid on your face

Forgive me
I split for the door
So you wouldn't see
Who did it

A Woven Basket

Johanna Eskeli

Hey, look at me!
Come notice my wooden structure.
Look how there are beads
Of all colors woven in me.

I have the shades of the sunset.
Red, Purple, Blue, Green, and Orange
Gaze at me so you can see my
True beauty inside.

Run your hand over me!
Discover how rough I am.
Note all the beads that make
My once smooth outside seem like
It is covered with a thousand mountains

Pick me up!
See how light I am.
Take off my lid and observe
How hollow my inside is.

Put things in me.
Use me to carry things.
Make me feel wanted.
Make me useful.

I Is Me

Ashlea Watley

Without my old black converse
Signed by my friends

Without my blue denim skinny jeans
And my 12 year old back toy poodle

Without the minty fresh taste of 5 gum
And Sarah to make me laugh

Without my I-Pod and everything else
I wouldn't be me!

Needs to be Said

Ashlea Watley

I broke
your phone
when I dropped it
on the floor

The Motorola phone
that you just
asked me
for today

I'm sorry
I just borrowed it
to call my friends
I loved the feel of the texture
and the brand new color

May It Be

Ashlea Watley

You look at me and think
I'm an evil sister
But I just like hanging around

You look at me and think
I'm different
But you're different too

You look at me and think
I'm a brat
But I get moody sometimes

You look at me and think
I'm unthankful
But that's not true

You look at me and think
I'm a good friend
And you're right
I got your back

That's What I'd Hold On To

Emily Boardman

A perfect pink
Or the smell of a clove-covered orange

That's what I'd hold on to

All my stuffed animals, my teddy bears, dog, and
cats. And my real ones too

That's what I'd hold on to

Oh, and July 5th, I can't let go of that
A warm summer day in a hammock

That's what I'd hold on to

Or the mounds of scrapbooks
That have been used for so long
I would hold on to the genealogy books

That's what I'd hold on to

Or my favorite blue jeans with the huge hole
I would save a panda from disappearing

Most of all, I would save my family's love
and kindness.

Xanadu

Emily Boardman

Busy, busy, busy

Ladders and trucks
Boats and fountains

Light and dark
Tall and short

Many and few
Friend and foe

Flowers and sticks
Straight and curved

And up above it all a dark blue sky
With a lighthouse glowing
Blues, greens, and purples

A busy city

Fired

Emily Boardman

Fired, fired, I got
Fired

Paperwork, paperwork,
Too much paperwork

Tom, Tom, Tom
Mean old Tom

Mean people mean
People they are all mean
People

Bob, Bob, I am so sorry
Bob

I have given up as I
Walk out the golden
Revolving door

Fired, fired, I got
Fired

Based on the painting, "Revolving Door"
By Willard Midgette

I'm Sorry

Felipe Ibarra

I left the gate open
And let the dogs out
I was leaving the house
But forgot to close the gate

I should have remembered
To close the gate
It is
My responsibility

Accept my apology
It was such a nice day
I wasn't paying attention
It was just so beautiful out

I Can't Forget

Felipe Ibarra

The family that I have been with
My whole life

I can't forget

The special gifts like clothes with the flame
Design that I have
Wanted over the years

I can't forget

The brown Chihuahuas at my house that I have
Cared for and fed

I can't forget

The love that my family has
Given me so I feel happy

I can't forget

I can't forget all the good memories about the
Trips like Sitting Bull Falls

I can't forget

My favorite cousin
Being in my life

I can't forget

The City

Felipe Ibarra

Even though there's peaceful green
Some people could be mean
The walker on the sidewalk
She probably wishes she could skywalk
The dog on the grass is probably a Yorkie
It probably takes place in New York

(Based on the painting "Bus Stop" by Robert Jessup)

Ridicule

Konnor Kundomal

Every different puzzle piece has
Its own personality
Any color every color
From flowers to skies
All the seasons unique
Whether plants or fruit
All parts of life in this painting
RIDICULE

(Based on Al Souza's painting "Ridicule")

The Crash

Konnor Kundomal

I have crashed your motorcycle
Trying to be cool
Doing a slide in the gravel

Your motorcycle was
Fun to ride plus
You were chasing me

I am sorry for being a show off, Ben
The scratched paint and
All of the mud everywhere
Will be cleaned
But it was still a fun ride

What I Would Save
Konnor Kundomal

My old worn-out Pumas
That I go everywhere in

That is what I would save

Or maybe my dark cherry red SG

That is what I would save

Or maybe the country where
My father comes from
Small size,
But a big personality
Mauritius!

That is what I would save

Or my best catch phrase
“Live life like you hit it, hard!”

That is what I would save

Or maybe parasailing over the
Indian Ocean

That is what I would save

Or maybe even the taste of
An ice cold Red Bull in
The Summer

That is what I would save

Or the snow in the mountains that
The sun slowly melts
One inch at a time

That is what I would save

Ante Meridian

Kayla Bell

A chill in the air
The heater turns on
The room is dark
Sleep beckons

A man walks in
Turns on the light
Says good morning
Leaves to get ready for work

A young girl lies on her bunk bed
Not wanting to rise from
Her warm blankets
Her soft bed

Get up!
Time is short
The sun is rising
Don't be late
School beckons
Begrudgingly we leave

Heart of Gold

Kayla Bell

The night is almost complete
We know the end is coming
We will be together
Write one more song for me
Just one more
We know the end is near
Your heart is gold
It is genuine, beautiful
Just sing one more song, one more tune
And we will be ourselves
Day by day together

Perspective

Inspired by Donald Anderson's Black Canyon

Kayla Bell

From one side I look
Black
From the other
White
On one side I look
Smooth
From the other
Rough
It all depends on how

Look

As to what you

See**Simple Gift**

Kayla Bell

Love is
Milky and smooth
Innocent and heavenly
It is pure white

Love is
A small child
Pure and sinless
Clean of the world's mistakes

Love is
A cross
The ultimate sign of love
In the Bible

Love is
A sweet sound
Never erupting
Always a steady rhythmic melody

Love is
The show of kindness to a stranger
A helping hand
A feeling that is strong enough
To make people cry
Over the ones they love

Love is unchanging
Always faithful even in the very end

Poem in a Letter

Alex Chamberlin

Dear X,

You've seen me.
You've heard me.
You know me.
You'd cut your heart out
For me.

I've heard you.
I know you.
You're mysterious.
You're a ghost.
I'm not sure
You really exist.

We talk.
We laugh.
We'll meet.
We'll stand
Hand in hand
Once our chance
Comes along.

Poems made from another language, Based on "Et un sourire"

Alex Chamberlin

I am sorry

I will not be complete
Until you and I are poised
Perfectly and firmly together.
And about the change I went through
I just freed myself
Until you and I are stuck
In a desire for each other's love
We'll uncover our truths for other generations
One main tendency, one main virtue
Give our affairs attention
One life we'll become and we'll never part

My Deepest Self

Alex Chamberlin

Silence.

Dark place

White place

Always different

But the same.

Rarely visits

Near a pencil

Near some paper

With some music

Alone.

Can't write

Can't draw

Can't speak

Can't think

Can't hear

Can't bear

To always never be

Can't bear

To always never be

Can't stop

Can't go

Can't yes

Can't no

Know nothing

Know everything

Can't stop

Can't go

Can't yes

Can't no

Know nothing

Know everything

Always never

Never always

Table of Life

There's a bright colored room
Forks and spoons set on a round table
Glasses filled with water
Plates with a stack of red enchiladas with rice and beans
Well needed to get strength
To work.

There's a woman
Over a hot stove cooking her heart out
She lacks rest well needed
She cooks what she has
For her family.

There's a man
Who came from a long day of work
He walks to his favorite red sofa
Waiting for his dinner to be done
Watching his sports on TV.

There's a boy
Wanting to go play
But he hasn't finished his work
So he sits in the corner
Waiting to go to bed.

There's a dog
Short and small
Waiting at the door
So it can come in
But it just waits for the time
To come.

The sun sets slowly
Getting ready for night.

Diego Morones

Rage

Hate

It's like a hot summer day
It's like a stainless steel knife
Stabbing you in the back
It's like a storm about to occur

A single lightning bolt
Hits the ground with
A big . . .
BOOM!!!

Hate

Like a volcano about to erupt
Brightly colored reds and oranges
Gushing out like blood
From a little paper cut

Hate

Is a feeling that never goes away
It's like a pain
That a sibling gives
To get in your head

It's like a dragon
Always on fire
On its course to get its prize
Riding away to the sun

Hate is what hate is
It never leaves you alone
It bugs you until you crack
And give into its tricks

Those tricks devour your other feelings
It never leaves you alone
Hate is rage

Diego Morones

Dear XX,

Why is it so hard?
Is love a game I'm just not good at?
I did everything for you.
I even changed a bit just for you.

Why is love so confusing?
Everybody says it's easy.
But when I had seen you through your problems
I guess I did not meet with your expectations
All the way through.

You can say what you want
But I will reply, "I don't care."
I have begun to repair my heart's tear.

Diego Morones

Dear Roswell,

What is the problem?
Why do have quiet streets in daylight
But at night no one in town can sleep?
Why are you filled with animals
That can't ever find their homes?

Why are the fields
Filled with dead grass and trash?
Why do you have schools that spread sickness
And others that are too scary even to walk by

Roswell, please clean up your act.

Anthony Olguin

Two Men at Sea

Anthony Olguin

(Based on "Exhaust" by Scott Greene)

Whew, that was a big storm
Where are we at the moment, Bob?
Don't quite know George
We better hurry
The semi is going down fast
Wait! I see a mattress!
Maybe we could float back to land on it Bob
No, I don't think that mattresses can float
Hey, look George
There's a surfer out there
We better hurry and get his attention
Before another storm rolls in
There is another one coming in fast
Grab the nearest thing to you
Try and get his attention
Bob, why did you pick up a gas can?
At least I'm trying George

Family Gathering

Anthony Olguin

There is a TV
Filled with a bright picture
Smell of popcorn fills the air
Plastic remote that can never be found
Is sitting underneath the couch waiting

There is a man
Walking in from a long day at work
He sits down
Blue shirt
Long pants
Cap with his favorite team on it, the Steelers

There is a woman
Kept busy with a small child
Greeted the man with a hug

There is a child
In his room
Busy with homework, math
Crying that he always has homework

The day is slowly
Beginning
To end

One P.M.

Victoria Meraz

There it is, the remote
Control covered in warmth
The TV channel being
Switched every minute.
Make up your minds already!
NOPE her mind was never
Made up. Yelling begins,
"MOM!"

There she is, a young adult,
Who can do nothing else but
Sit and watch the soap operas.
Every since that day,
December 12, 2008,
Nothing has been the
same for her.

There he is, coming in
The front door
All tired, but with a smile
Pasted on his face

There she is, walking
Toward the kitchen
Not knowing what to make
But the thought of enchiladas
Is racing through her mind

There she is, MY old lady,
Sitting in her everyday
Spot knitting and
Always half asleep

There it is, finally
Time to eat!

If Can Feel Either Way

Victoria Meraz

Jealousy here
Jealousy there
It happens everywhere

Jealous, the feeling of not
Having something
Someone else has.
It is lust for something
You can't have.

Jealousy is like a mixed color,
Having the complements
And the supplementary
Combining to make an ugly
Horrid color.

Jealousy is like
Your dog having
To look at the new
Generation coming
In after itself.

Jealousy can vary,
Emotions you can feel
Sympathy for yourself
You can feel hatred toward
Her or may even it.
You can feel good, bad,
Maybe even guilty for
Feeling jealous over
Him, her or it . . . !

Dear You,

Evelyn Vasquez

I saw you
And you just walked past me.
I smiled
You didn't even look.

Did I do something wrong?
Did you not see me?
Or did you just act like you didn't see me?
But someday you will smile
And I will just walk past you.

No Out

Evelyn Vasquez

I stand on the balcony,
Gazing at everything that stands beneath me.
I've put on a shirt,
My favorite shirt.
I look ready for a special occasion,
But there is none.
I see the lights,
And the buildings.
I also see the people,
People everywhere.
I want to go out,
Be a normal person.
But I know I can't.
Things are not normal,
All I know is that there is no out for me.

Serenity

Evelyn Vasquez

The summer was long
The routine the same
But I was certain of one thing,
That tonight would be serene.
My dear love in the garden,
All my errors forgiven
All that pain had eaten me away
We lay, peaceful.
Our love calm, guarded.

What Origin has Poetry?

Christian Wentland

What language is poetry?
Why am I arranging water in school?
Great bananas, the river is pacing itself

Does my contract match?
The time is now, a man in a cape appears
A man in an office, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth

Me arranging the water in a soda
Me, my time and my color, in June, facing a sink foist

Great White (based on the sculpture "Great White")
Christian Wentland

One day I was playing golf in Florida
I had gotten tired of playing golf
So I made a fishing rod with my golf clubs
And I took a knife and cut off my toe for bait
I cast it out and 30 seconds later
There's a shark on the other end of my rod
I'm reeling him in, he was a strong one
He's jumping out of the water
I almost have him to shore
When he jumps right into my golf bag
His fins were so sharp they put slits in the bag
I didn't know what to do with him
So I put him back into the pond
And we see each other every time I go golfing

Tired

Christian Wentland

Yellow turtles moving motionless
In a lopsided circle
I'm sitting on my bed
Thinking of what I should be doing

Tired but sleepless
Reading the Book of Revelations at 2 in the morning
Drowning my schoolwork in drool

Tired is sneaking into the nurse's office
And taking a nap

Out at Sea
Robbie Rivas

based on "Exhaust" a painting by Scott Greene

Safe—
A word I no longer understand
The middle of the sea
Hanging for my very life on the door of my truck
My predicament
Is not what you would call normal
My diesel
My livelihood
Has been thrown into the sea
By an eight-armed beast
The storm around me is raging
The clouds look like heaven
I know I can't run
I can't hide
The roaring sea surrounds me
I can only hang on
To all that I have left
Safe. A word I no longer understand

The Records of You
Robbie Rivas

I record them all
Every memory I can muster
From every part of our lives together

When we went on vacation
Doing things without a care
We went to so many parties
Dancing and singing
I felt the love
As we looked deep into each other's eyes
These memories I will have for an eternity
To remember you by

Scorn

Robbie Rivas

Hate
What pain turns into
If you have it too long
The inviting but tricky corridor
Wanting you into
Its cold clutches
The loud crash
Behind the closed door
The spicy taste on your tongue
When someone wrongs you
Hate will consume you if you let it.

Dear You

Joshua Chavez

Wow,
I really thought you
liked me.
I believed it for....
for a while.
Then I realized
it's not real;
it's not real....

I thought we could
be together
but hey
things change.
I imagined things we could do
talk
laugh
learn to play the piano.
We could've done
the things you wanted to do.
Ha-Ha
I'm a fool
I fell for it.

Ha-Ha
I Don't Go Away
Joshua Chavez

Boredom
(sigh),
it is what people
don't want to tell.

When people feel it
they try to find....
find another thing to do
but hey,
I don't go away.

It takes a lot
I mean a lot
of fun to
get rid of me.

People know when I come
I taste bitter in their mouths
I feel dull as
As dull as a used pencil.

You people see me as a
gray blob of nothing,
nothing at all,
just a waste of matter.

Hey, I'm always here
and there is nothing
I mean nothing
that you can do about it.

Family Night

Joshua Chavez

Nacho Libre on TV,
dishes being picked up,
faucet running,
noises galore.

A woman,
cleaning,
picking up things,
needing help,
calls for it.

A man,
sitting in his spot on the couch,
eyes fixed,
on the television,
gets called,
irritated but willing to help.

A boy,
playing rock on guitar,
playing football games,
texting on the phone,
called for help also,
goes to help.

A girl,
playing with toys,
making a mess,
crying away,
adding to the noise,
sent to her room,
somewhat helping.

The night,
Turning slowly,
but turning,
Night.

Love Is?

Fantasia-Renee Ramirez

Love is?

Love is Peace
Quiet and warming
Pink and white mixed
Can be articulate in any way

Love is Honesty
Hearts and Diamonds beautiful as can be
It brings out emotions inside
Love can bring vexation in the end

Love is Caring
Relaxing and cuddling
It can be hard at times
Like a monkey, caring for its baby

Love is Love
You can do anything
Just follow your heart
It can be anything you want it to be

Dear X, Fantasia-Renee Ramirez

I've always had something for you
Your eyes, your smile, you're everything
I have like you since you played baseball for my dad
Every time I tried to catch your attention
You would just look away

I finally have your number
You know me, but not personally
Now I see the real you
Now I just want to let you be
You are mean and immature, which I cannot take
I just wanted to say that we can't be

The Liars, the Traitors

Fantasia-Renee Ramirez

War in the night, fight in the day
Everyone's hurt, everyone's weak
Everyone's dying, everyone's dead
This is what hate does
Brings war

People are crying and stressed out
The army "halts" as they walk by
Disease spreads rapidly
Throughout Men, Women, and Children
Mixed people crowded everywhere
All together in a fort

The Park Revenue

Amanda Valdez

The blood in my veins tingles
When I go to Norte Ville
The stallions in the barns
The homies, lovers, infants
Different stages of my life are here

There are less chemicals here than in a city
So many sacred stories here
Oh, here come the violets to get married!
No over-raged dogs with rabies, it's so orthodox

The park revenue transforms a basketball moment
Into a grand entrance in a temple
It seems almost impossible, but it is
But it's
The chair on the top that looks like it leads to heaven

I guess angels are real

Just My Luck

Amanda Valdez

How could I not see you?
You were right in front of me this whole time
I have two eyes, don't I?
You stood right in front of me
I looked right through you
Like a clear glass of water

It's a while later, YES!! I see you
There you are
You tell me you love it when I laugh
Because my nose crinches up
You think it's cute, I love you so much
And you love me
It's you and me, a couple to be

As time fades,
I fall more in love with you, so do you,
Just not with me
Why must you do this?
You loved me before

I'm trying my hardest,
Can't you see?
Why can't there be a you and me?

Not Right in the Mind

Danielle Clements

(Based on painting "Poker" by Enrique Myer)

No one has their head completely filled
Everyone is filled with crazy things
Snakes slithering
Wax melting
Cards dealing
And one person is locked away.
They play poker
With a mouse
A black pirate flag
And a cup of red wine.
As God's angels play around them
The Devil's serpent slithers below
All this chaos goes on
Though no one seems to know

What is Love?

Amanda Valdez

Love, love isn't just the typical colors
Pink and red
It's like a bright lime green, it just pops out of nowhere
And it hits you in the face
You never know what to expect.

Love is a circle,
It has no ending or beginning
It's just there
You have no control over it whatsoever

Love to me is like a sea monster
It's mysterious, unknown, something you don't know about
And you start to wonder if you ever will
In fact, half the time, you don't even know if it's real
What you're feeling.

But....Love also brings FEAR, HATE, and MELANCHOLY
It brings being scared of losing someone
Or someone hurting you that you love
Which can bring you to hate someone
It can bring depression or melancholy,
It has so many links you can't explain.

What is love? You ask
Love is just love, we will never know what it is.

Through the Rain

Danielle Clements

Sometimes, we dance through the rain
Your suit fits you well
My love, the night is perfect
The green trees surround us
As the rain pours down
And we both look up at each other
The night, as good as any other, becomes special
You lean on one knee, and say I love you
Open your mouth, to ask a question
And then,
I wake up.

An Ordinary Day

Danielle Clements

The volume is loud
TV on showing cartoons
With the sun shining in
Straight from the window
The couch is messed up
The room is dirty

There's a boy
Four years old
Running and screaming
Throughout the house
Wearing nothing
But his superman underwear

There's a baby
Laughing sweetly at the boy
Trying to balance
Her chunky self
So she can walk

There's a mom
Coaxing the baby
To walk towards her
Encouraging her every step

There are others
Hiding away
In their rooms
Not bothering anybody

The sun slowly goes down
From high above

What to do?

Isaiah Lawson

Bored is gray
With nothing to do
It has happened to
All of us

Bored is cloudy or a rainy day
It is a sticker that
Is hard to get rid

Bored is hated by most
Of us, it has no
Definite sound,
It has no definite taste.

One Shot

Isaiah Lawson

Beep! Beep! Beep!
Scramble out of bed
Hit the living room
Grab the shotguns
And out the door

A wild beast
Next to me
Quick honey buns
In the old Ford truck

A man driving fast
To my favorite spot
Where the cattails
Are always the tallest
Out we come
And up they fly

The sun is now
Just in my eyes
So they fall and the beast runs

Go back for lunch
And then try again

On the East Side

Chantel Housewright

The news is on the TV
The sun is barely gleaming through the window
Dogs barking outside

There's a baby
Crying
Waiting for his warm bottle
Red hot tears drip off his face

There's an old lady
The great grandma
Watching the news
Motionless

There's a woman
Trying to hurry
To get the bottle warm
Tired and out of it

There are some people
Still in bed
Snoring in their deep sleep

The sun is way up high
in the sky on the east side

Dear X,

Chantel Housewright

Why do you treat me different?

I dressed in my best (church wise)
But you just sat there staring as if I was something from outer space
When I smiled, you turned away
When I walked toward you, you walked away.

Why do you treat me different?

You have surely outgrown me
But I have outgrown you in maturity
You just ignore me
So it's my turn to ignore you

The Mystery Cave

Elias Liakos

Clop Clop Clop
Goes the distant echo of water falling
I must venture in
I must go further.
There are secrets down here
Along with this strange verdure
Stalactites crawl on the ceilings
Dropping their precious water.
The chalky floor clears for me,
The dust clinging to my shoes.
I look in the distance,
My lantern illuminates the cave
Showing the strange vegetation.
What more shall I find?

When You're Scared

Elias Liakos

When you're scared,
You feel like you're coated
In orange paint.
Everyone notices you and the hair standing up
On the back of your neck.

When you feel fear,
It's like you have a triangle around you
People want to help you calm down
But only get poked by the sharp edges.

When you're startled,
It feels like you're eating a peach
Green and
Picked a month too early.

Dear Roswell

Elias Liakos

So many things are wrong with you,
Your empty streets and childless neighborhoods,
Your dreary mall,
Your old, crumbling, deserted houses,
You are a small town and cannot satisfy my needs.

On the other hand,
Your silence at night is excellent
And your friendly citizens are fun
To be around
All you need is more.

More restaurants.
More kinky stores.
More things.
More people.

Homework Alternative

Elias Liakos

A big TV mounted on the wall.
A ping pong table.
A ball bouncing back and forth.
The quiet click the ball makes as it echoes.
Quiet laughter drowned out by a newscaster's voice.

There is a young boy.
He is tall and loud.
He talks rowdily and his voice rings like a siren.
He is not inside doing his homework.
He is not inside reading.
Instead, he is playing.

Another boy stands across the table.
He is smaller but just as noisy.
He groans as he loses another point.
He hits the ball and wins.
He cheers and asks for another game.
His brother denies him and they both sit on the table.

The sun begins to set
And the chirping robins retreat to their nests.

Dinner Time as Family

Hannah Martinson

Dinner is on the stove.
The 5 o'clock news is on.
The dining room table is set.

A boy walks through the door
Tired and hungry
He goes straight to his room to do his homework.

A girl sits at the kitchen counter
Doing her homework and talking to her mother

"Time for dinner," yells the mother.

The father comes inside from working in the garage.
They all branch out to separate sinks
To wash their hands.

They sit
They pray
And they start to eat.

My Heart at Rest

Hannah Martinson

Peace is a clear blue sky

Peace is the sound of waves on a beach
That seems to clear out my soul
Until there is nothing
But pure joy and serenity

Peace is a swan
Gently gliding across a pond

Peace is when everyone falls asleep
When every eye is closed
and the only sound is hard breathing
and the rustle of sheets

Peace is when everything becomes clear
When there is nothing to cloud your mind

Peace is when my heart is at rest.

Dear X,

Hannah Martinson

When will you understand?
My dreams are different than yours
When will you accept my passion?
And just believe in me?

You don't understand that I am
Willing to put everything practical aside
And do what makes me happy
I cannot be secure and safe
I want to take a risk for a bigger reward.

Siblings

(based on Siblings at Sunset by Robert Jessup)
Hannah Martinson

Don't do that!

Don't go there!

It's hard taking care of my brother

Stop that!

Eat this!

Busy, busy, busy

Until.....Sunset

When I look out passed the stress, and past the worries

I see the sunset.

It soothes

It turns the waters pink,
and the skies orange and yellow.

It makes the mountains look soft and smooth

Everything's crazy until.....

Sunset.

Sunday Routine

Haley Willard

A specific arrangement
On the kitchen counter
Of bibles and notebooks and pens
Each decorated
With a hint of customization
All anxiously waiting
To be claimed at the last minute

Unsatisfied sisters
Cautiously choose
Their floral attire
While neurotically applying
A palette of colors
To every inch of their face
And of course accompanied by
The perfect shade of lip-gloss

The Mother
Coifs and primps
Each strand of hair
Until she achieves the appropriate
Hair-Dress co-ordination
All to the beat
Of her favorite hymns

Precision
is required
While the father irons his shirt
Waiting 'til the very last tock
Of the rapidly ticking clock
Which sounds the stampede of high-heels
Parading down the hallway

The sun drifts gently
Towards
The top of the never-ending sky.

An Ocean of Truth

Haley Willard

Serenity.

A vast haze shields the sunlight
From contradicting the peace
Close your eyes
Breathe in the aromatic mist
A multitude of colors engulfs your very being

Inhale.

Exhale.

Forget about your worries
For once you have longingly gazed
Into the crisp, cerulean water.
You see your reflection
Not who you are on the outside,
But who you are on the inside

Some say the water contains a mystical power
Others say it's because
Once you invest a minute of your time
To stare aimlessly into the lush green mountains
You
In turn
See who you *really* are

So look a little closer at your reflection,
You might be surprised at who you see
Banish your fears
As the sky cries its heart out
Feel the rain
Breathe in the aromatic mist

Take a moment to listen to the silence
Echoing in the gray abyss

(Based on "Aegean Harbor," a painting by Donald Anderson)

Sun +Water=**Meant to Be**

Haley Willard

In the Summer I am patient
I rule the raging waters
With the sweet certainty
That my life is wonderful

My love is like a garden
But my flowers are few
My errors are common
But my apologies are pleasing

Shed some sunlight
On my raging waters

Let me come
And we shall dance
In my flowerless garden

Although I rule the water
You rule the sun
Your light overpowers me
Leaving me weak and insecure
But my smoothness
My cool refreshing bliss
Gives you the equality
To shine bright

The joy of our compatibility
Remains formal

Searching

Haley Willard

Based on the painting "Lincoln Forest" by Donald Anderson

Many days I have searched
Deep into the rolling hills
Losing almost all of my sanity

I have traveled passed
Snow dusted tree tops
And half-frozen lakes
Searching.

Through endless thunderstorms
And the challenges of the wilderness
Until I saw the light
Atop the peak
Of the highest mountain
Searching.

With all my strength
And passion
And will
I journeyed to the top
Of the virtually never-ending mountain
Searching.

A tear slips from my eye

And among the storm
The rain
And the rolling hills

I found it.
That's where I found

Myself

Monsters Under the Bed

Haley Willard

Cover your eyes
Bite your nails
Howl and scream
Fidget and fuss
Whisper and cry

It's the burning lump
Swelling up in the back of your throat
It's the red hot tears
That sting your cheeks
It's the thud thud thud
Of a rapidly beating heart
It's the monster under your bed
With teeth like broken glass
And eyes like fire
A sharp, piercing shriek
That send chills down your spine

You can't run fast enough
Or scream loud enough
This is a fever you can't sweat out
Fear
Can
Consume you

Reverend See that Pie

Anthony Olguin

Reverend, see that pie
Pour my memory out, remove it
Because a fiend's pie
Is being thrown at the reverend

Back to the house, fast
Hot cakes
Thrown high and low, it is hot
Pie stuck in my left eye and in my right
Pies will be thrown for eternity