

19th Annual Poetry Contest 2018 Winners-Youth

Grades 2-3

Jace A.

“The Sky”

The Sky is full of beautiful colors
Like Blue with shades of purple
Orange with shades of red
Oh but then, there's gray and black clouds
Ominous but I still love their colors.

Evelyn C.

“My Mother Has an Orchard”

My mother has an orchard,
It only has one tree,
But even though it's little,
It's big enough for me.

Our tree is just a baby now,
The leaves are green and new,
But after days and days of growing,
It will become bigger than you!

Nisreen J.

“Fall”

The trees are tall and the leaves are bright
The amazing feel and look of the sun light
You can jump in leaves and feel the breeze of amazing wind.
The leaves slide so, get all the fun you can get.
Until it's time to go inside and now say goodbye.

Isabella M.

“Umbrella”

My umbrella is broken,
I am sure of that,
I feel the dripping from my collar down my back,
the storm is unforgiving,
I am soaked to the bone,
even in this weather,

I am forced to walk home,
this weather is misery,
I'm feeling quite dead,
wait...
your telling me it goes over my head?

Kahlia

“Salad”

I grew a head of lettuce
then grew some tomatoes
grew some wheat
and milked my cow.

I cut my lettuce and tomatoes
then turned my milk into cheese
and baked the wheat to bread
then bread to croutons.

The salad was delicious
I wanted to share the taste
so I opened a restaurant
and now I'm a famous chef.

Grades 4-5

Kaydan A.

“Kaydan the Soccer Player”
Soccer is my thing,
All you have to do is SWING!
When I score a goal,
Everyone goes OH,
If you pout when I pass,
You'll get kicked out of class!
When we kick the ball,
You will hear the call.
When we score,
You'll beg for more!
If we lose,
It'll be on the news.
Soccer is my sport,
Face me on the court!

Gracie D.

“Gracie the Artist”
I am an artist,
An artist indeed I am,

I love to paint bees on trees,
And bears eating pears.
Painting is like a flowing river,
That just will not stop.
My paint brush keeps dancing,
And prancing,
And the paint is like it's tip-toeing friend.
I will never get over the colors that shimmer and dazzle,
And the ones who shout and pout.
Some of them are crying for me to use them!
I love the green ones that give me green peas,
The brushes are as soft as any could be,
New canvases look like blank landscapes,
Crying for me to make them look beautiful again.
I am an artist,
An artist indeed I am.

Mia D.

“Moonlight”

Dusk falls over the sleepy town as the moon comes into view.
It is a ship sailing over the horizon as it climbs the lazy clouds.
Moonlight illuminates the rolling hills like a blanket of soft, warm light.
It is timid, majestic, silver, gold.
Everything known by day melts away,
and what is left is the hills, the moon, and me.

David W.

“Alone”

I am lost.
I am forgotten.
I am alone.
I used to be home.
I used to be known.
I used to be loved.

Now all I can do is wait for my time to come.

Angela

“Home”

I will find my family twinkling among the stars calling me.
I hear a song on the radio making me feel strong.
I miss my home I miss my family.
I wanted inspiration so I traveled far away.
Not knowing I would find it at home.
A place of love and family.
People might be torn apart from home for reasons unknown.

But I'll find my my way back home.
Among my dream lies hope for my home.
In my heart lies memories so sweet.
With my soul a poem to last throughout time.
When the skies grey and black and road is unclear I'll have my home to guide me near and clear.
I will find my home one day.

Grades 6-7

Abigail A.

"Flame-"

Burns Orange and bright.
Through and through our town tonight.
The wind the howls passing over the trees,
Sparks a flame that's clear to see.
One tiny flame, one little spark
Causes an uproar into the park.
Ash is crumbling, branches falling,
And through it all the wind is calling.
As, suddenly as it came it stops,
Allowing new, and growth, and crops.
One tiny flame, one little spark,
Made change for us to restart and embrace the heart,
Of blooms and beginnings,
Just about to start.

Madeline B.

"Beautiful Orange"

The bellowing forge comes to life.
The room becomes dark
as the flames grow.

Hard, cold metal
becomes soft
like clay.

Tongs clink
as beautiful orange iron
is pulled from the fire's grasp.

I wield a hammer.
Lifting it high,
I strike.

Orange sparks scatter like stars,
disappearing.

With each blow,
I mold it,
and it becomes something
made
from
nothing.

Emily B.

“Received”

Friends they used to be
But they never see
The pain he hides
Creeping in his insides
He would smile
He would laugh
But always never left his past
As he started to fade out fast
He sent a letter
Trying to think of something better
He sent it to his dearest friend
Saying he will love her to the very end
To not come knocking on his door
As she did
To find him on the floor
There were screams
As she thought of his dying dreams
She wanted nothing more
Then her friend
He sent a letter
Full of love
Explain his secret life
Saying he wasn't alright
She remembered the games they played
The years they shared laughter
Of her favorite life chapter
She was never mad at him
She missed him
And loved him
For that one little letter
Explaining everything
Once it was received

Taylor G.

“grandpa- I'll always rememb--”

i turn to look at him one last time
my solid ground
my tree
as he's framed
by the endless expanse
of blue.

the snow is light
and brings me back to days
of more life
more joy
more hope
but now his branches
droop uncharacteristically
his previous energy
gone.

and maybe he'll never touch the sky
but he gave me wings
to do so.

Aaron G.

"Pumpkin"

I look at the pumpkin
sitting
in the garden,
big and bulky
like a huge rock
at the side of a mountain.

I look at the pumpkin
shining
like a piece of the sun
as it shows off
its sweet orange,
the pumpkin bright and cheerful
like colorful fall leaves
swaying gently in the breeze.

I look
and smile
at the thought
that this
is my pumpkin.

Abbi H.

“I Remember”

I remember when
we used to catch
crawdads in the pond.

Don't you?

We used to laugh and play,
but now we're so far apart.

I remember when
the grownups would yell at us
to get the dog out of the house,
especially when we ran up the river with him.

Don't you?

We used to frown,
then smile as we ran back in
and played some more.

Don't you remember when
your dad
and our dad
caught that turkey for Thanksgiving.

Why don't you remember?

Is it because you don't want to?
Or is it something else?

I remember....

I remember
every detail of that old cabin,
the picture on the wall
of an old shack next to a river
with a wheel on the side.

I remember
us smiling
as we talked and played.

I remember
how sick I got

and when he had to go to the hospital
because he fell down that hill.
I remember him having cancer and spending his last days there.

I'll always remember,
won't you?

Jazel I.

“Real VS. Fake

I wait for our little conversations that probably mean nothing to you but for me
it's the highlight of my day

I want something real

Not fake

I don't want to be called perfect or beautiful or special

We have overused this words to the point where they don't have the meaning
they used to have

Other girls would love to be called those words but not me

I don't want something fake

I long for something real

Instead I want to be called breathtaking or alluring

I want to be called something like that so that way I know I'm not average in your
eyes

Any other girl would die to be called one of those other words but not me

I don't want to be called perfect because that would be too easy of a word to
come up with

I want to know that you have spent your time thinking of me

But I know I won't be called those things by the person I wish would call me those
words because he's all tied up with the girl that would be fine being called perfect

I know that won't happen because in this world him and I are surrounded around
fakes

And it will just take a little more time for him to figure out that I'm real and she's not

Alexis J.

“Fire and Smoke”

Fire
has never
been detrimental
to
me.

Yet tonight
it is.

Tears
drop every night
it seems
since you left me.

Blazing fire
is all I
can dream of

since your house
went up
in
flames.

1----

2----

Three years later,
--the pain is still ripe.--
--I have healed but still suffer--

from losing you. I still cry
hot tears when I hear yo-
ur sister say. “I thought
she was follow ing me.”

Ezra K.

“The Byzantine Empire”

An eastern city branched from Rome
Byzantine was far well known
As western Rome began to fade
Byzantine grew rich from trade

The empire had a golden age
Where art flourished as well as wage
Education was held in high thought
And universities built for kids to be taught

When Byzantine let down it's guard
Others civilizations struck them hard
The power of battle was too strong to fend
And led to the Byzantine empire's end

Ben L.

“An Unsolved Rubik's Cube”

Turning...turning...turning...
I watch as the sides move, bright and colorful,
each one a co-conspirator in an unsolved mystery.

Days go by, and still the case isn't solved.
Colors have shifted sides next to each other,
but not one side is in perfect unison.

Detectives are working around the clock.
After days of work
the case of blue is solved.

The media is getting restless.
Angry protesters are at the detective's door.
Knock! Knock! Knock!

In desperation, rules are bent.
Multicolored paint comes flying in at all sides.
The colored mystery looks solved.

A reporter admires the work that was accomplished.
Water spills, and its true colors are revealed.
Still just an unsolved Rubik's Cube.

RaeAnna L.

“A New World”

My hands brush the bindings on the shelf.
The dust on the top shelf sits hovering over all the forgotten novels.
Each one of the stories opens up to a new adventure.
The titles overwhelm me with pleasure.
Characters wait to share their stories.
The possibilities are endless.

Finally,
after what feels like forever,
I grasp one tight in the palm of my hand.

Examining the cover,
I have made my choice.
My hands open it up,
words come flying out.
I stop to picture what's happening.

The print is black and bold,
making it easy to read.
A strong musty scent sweeps over me.
Not even stopping,
my mind trails off into the novel.
The chapters engage me,
keeping me from putting the story down,
in my new world.

Joseph M.

“Out of the Flames”

Out of the flames, comes a single spark
to fly into the sky
And comes back with a red glow
To land on the dry grass
Out of the flames, a slow crackle is heard
And from the crackle comes a great roar
Out of the flames, comes a light smoke screen
And from the smoke screen rises a cloud of dark smoke
Out of the flames, comes a forest of ashes
And out of the ashes
Rises a single green stalk
Out of the flames,
Comes new life

Nolan P.

“The Wonders of Cinema”

When you enter the movie theater,

What a delight!
You can smell the fresh popcorn,
and see the shining lights.
When you take your seat,
you've entered a new place,
with action, and love, and villains to face.
When watching the film,
you could laugh, or cry.
The limit of the movies isn't even the sky!
The actors of the films you all know and love,
can appear on the big screen right above.
But when the images disappear, and the movie is done,
There is always the DVD.
There is no ending to the fun.

Myah P.

“How Instagram Got Named”
One day I was thinking about a new type of game
Where people could post photos to get fame
I just had one problem... what to name the app
Just as I was about give in and take a nap,
my Grandma walked in
And looked at me with a grin

“Hey Gram,” I called from across the room
“Thanks for coming to end me from my doom.”
Gram sat down and asked, “What’s the matter?”
So I sat down too and we began to chatter.
“I just can’t think of what to name this app.
To help me think, will you go get me a snack?”

So then Grandma left to walk outside,
On the way out she stepped back inside.
“I’ll go get us some coffee okay?
I’ll be back in an instent, don't you worry!”

I realized the Gram had said inste
When she should have said insta
So I called out as Grandma the door began to slam,
“You said it wrong! It’s insta Gram!”

Before I even knew it I had thought of a name
From now on kids would always use this game

Everyone would know that thank to my Gram,
We now have an app called Instagram.

Faith V.

“Tomorrow”
I woke up with my throat feeling scratchy
I knew what that meant
I was getting sick.

It was normal for me
it didn't bother me, being sick.
I was used to it, the way my throat screamed in pain,
the way my stomach ached all day.
I just had to remind myself,
Tomorrow, I'd feel better.

Tomorrow, I would go to school with tired eyes, and a smile on my face,
like all the other strong kids in the world who are struggling
And say, “I feel fine.” Even though I didn't feel fine I would still remind myself, Tomorrow is
coming.

But sometimes, Tomorrow didn't always come.
Sometimes Tomorrow took weeks to arrive.
But that didn't mean I would stop saying
Tomorrow will.....

Arrive.

Sydney V.

“Forever”
I swayed side to side
along with the horse's steady pace.
Around me were all kinds of flowers
and mushrooms I'd never seen.

The gentle sound of water flowing
echoed through the trees
till a small creek appeared.

The best part of the trail revealed itself,
and as I approached the hill slowly,
excitement built up inside me.

Then suddenly,
the horse bolted for the top,
filling me with this thrilling feeling.

And I wanted to stay
in that moment
forever.

Madison V.

“Peace on Earth”

I think every day
About every word they say
To start peace on earth
Every day since birth.
Starting marches, boycotts, and protests,
And all at the same time
To speaking that segregation
Should be a crime.
There should be life
Among people who have no rights
And to stop all people
Who get in fights,
Because in God’s eyes
Everyone is the same
And nothing nor no one is to blame.

Emma W.

“My Battleground”

Nervous steps
To the battle ground
Where for an hour
I will fight

Where crucial calls
Will be made
By officers in black and white

Where as soldiers,
We will push
To reach the rim
Where success or failure
Will be made

Where the spectators cheer
Encouragement and criticism
And the buzzer blasts
The sound of victory or defeat

Where every move matters
Where every pass counts
Where every shot is a cliffhanger

That's where I'm going
To fight

Katerina W.

“Sparks to Stars”

The fall sun sinks behind the golden trees,
streaking across the field,
covered in sunburnt leaves.

A match is lit
and touched to the decaying heap of branches

Tongues of flame
lick their way up the wood,
devouring it before my eyes.

We burn marshmallows
until the sky is dotted with diamonds,
embroidered on the velvet train of the night.

Our laughter mingles
with the soft trills of nightingales and warblers
soaring into the twilight.

Creating a banner of unbreakable love.

Amanda Y.

“With Flames of Sticky Plastic”

A little girl sat in her bed
With a roll of tape in her hands
A small tube in her wrist
Attached to a machine
She sat for a while, then tore off a piece
And folded it in
On itself
She tore off another
Sticking it on
She folded and folded
And tore and stuck
Creating life
Creating beauty

Creating imagination
Creating a Duct Tape Dragon
To help her smile through the suffering

This Duct Tape Dragon was small
This Duct Tape Dragon was weak
This Duct Tape Dragon was vulnerable
He could not protect the little girl
But he tried

When her hair began to fall out
He tried, and she felt better

When she had trouble sleeping
He tried, and she felt better

When the pain was almost too much to bear
He tried, and she felt better

But when she stopped breathing
And when she stopped moving
And when her heart stopped beating
He tried, but she did not feel better

The little girl did not come back
He tried and tried and tried again
But the Duct Tape Dragon could not save her
He could not bring her back

Grades 8-9

Miranda B.

“Monday Poem”

Monday

Monday

Monday

Is not a fun day

I hate Mondays
They are not fun days

I would rather eat a rat
Then have it be Monday

4 more days until Friday
Yay!!

But I still hate
Monday's

Mary B.

“Trensalar”

Oh Doctor, dear Doctor,
I worry bout' thee,
Traveling the universe,
As free as can be.

Oh Doctor, dear Doctor,
Saving planets in distress,
With a will and a whim,
It's time you took a rest.

Oh Doctor, dear Doctor,
Travel to and fro,
Come down to Earth,
Where the wildflowers grow.

Oh Doctor, dear Doctor,
Take me with you!
Don't leave me here,
I'll come with you too.

Oh Doctor, dear Doctor,
Doomed to die at Trensalar,
You cannot escape,
By "Pull To Open" that door.

Ethan B.

“I'm From”

I am from the wood floor, the smell of sweat, pain, and hard work.
I am from the dedication, the time, and the effort.

One-thousand shots a week,
one-hundred threes a day,
fifty made foul shots.

No missed layups,
or its a wind sprint.
The drive, the will, and determination.

Everyday, no breaks, without fail.
I am from the heartbreaks, the disappointments, and let downs.
The hard losses. The injuries. The 40 point losses

But In the end it makes you better, gives you strength,
and gives you experience.

Basketball is what I'm made of and where I am from.

Kaylee B.

“Beauty”

Beauty is from many sides,
Not always from the looks,
Beauty has many meanings,
Not always the pictures took.
Maybe your personality,
Or the way you think inside,
So look at beauty in different ways,
It may be under a disguise

Gavin C.

“HighSchool”

Growing up.
The next four years start here.
Take a deep breath as you walk through the
Doors.
Hear the feet pounding the floors.

Eyes are watching, everywhere.
Look at the seniors, we wouldn't dare.
Talk to old friends, the pressure ends there.

Decisions and choices, always in the way.
Affecting your future, day by day
New things to learn, always a delay.

Stressful schoolwork, and pressure to try.
They say always give 110% but you just ask
WHY?
Overwhelming, bored, you just want to cry.

Sports, Pressuring you to do your best,
But you know you will never be as good as
The rest.
Everything here is always a test.

They say these years will be the best
years of
Our lives,
But others think it's just another few

Years of throwing knives.

So hold onto the memories already made,
Because they will soon fade

Natalie C.

“The Little Things”

Dear Cat,

There are moments in a person’s life
they can never forget

I know that now

Seeing you lay there

Lifeless.

Why did you have to leave me?

Why so sudden?

Why couldn’t you have stayed just one more day?

There are so many questions I have for you
but none I will get the answer to.

Take me back to when you were little

Back to where I could hold you in my arms

Back to how you would comfort me when I was scared.

I still remember your little white paws

Gently gliding across the kitchen counter

I still remember the softness of your fur

rubbing on to me as we slept peacefully through the night.

Days feel like weeks since you have passed

The memories of you slowly fades away into the abyss

I will soon be left with nothing

but hopeless less dream of you returning.

To this day I remember you just as you were

Beautiful and unique

Loyal and content

majestic and proud.

How I miss opening up my front door

To see you stand there

With your big beaming eyes

Gazing upon me.

For now, I lay your memories to rest

Never Forgetting you

Always remembering you

Hopelessly waiting
For the day I will see you again.

Alicia C.

“Love and Hate”
Love sits like a shining star,
Gazing down with fondness and joy.
She sees what each person does,
Even every girl and boy.

We see her affect
All that we see,
From the largest man
To the smallest bee.

Her voice is like music,
So lovely and clear
It fills every beast,
Including the deer.

But then along,
Comes the mean one.
Waiting and watching
For love to be done.

His name is hate,
But he won't last.
As long as love's here,
He'll hurry away fast.

So love always wins
Even without,
The willing charms
Hate's not without.

So keep a good watch
On all that you see
'Cause maybe hate's lurking
Right where you'll be

Madison D.

“Country Drive”
Green rolling hills,
A bright blue sky,
A million little trees whizzing by,

Driving through the countryside,
What a thing to see.

Little farmhouses,
With horses and cows,
Little windmills,
Spinning around,

Girls in denim shorts,
Boys in white t-shirts,
Walking between stores,
Or just on the road,

Old dirt roads,
Chipped store signs,
Clunker pickup trucks,

Rolling golden fields,
Big twisty trees,
Tractors blowing smoke into the air,
Driving through the countryside,
What a thing to see.

Penny D.

“The Second When Nothing Happened”

Four babies born every second,
Nearly two people to death beckoned,
Humming bird flaps its wings seventy-fold,
As flowers wilt and the Gouda molds,
What if for a second that were not the case,
And the world nothingness must face.

If for a second the bees wouldn't buzz,
If a child's kite wouldn't fly, as it usually does,
If the seas became calmer and barely waved,
If winds didn't steal hats and briefly behaved,
If not a single boat bobbed on the open ocean,
If for a second there was little commotion.

As if time had stopped, yet still moves on,
As if no one aged and yet a second was gone,
As no woodland creature sounded in the glade,
As nothing was broken, and nothing was made,
As Earth pauses, nothing cast into dark or light,
As day remains day and night remains night.

Not a single person dies, nor is one born,

Not a reason to rejoice, nor one to mourn,
Not a thing is wasted, except maybe time,
Not one good deed, not one single crime,
Not one accident, not one miracle to cherish
Not a bud to bloom, nor fawn to nourish.

Countdown of milliseconds comes to an end,
So that that was paused can resume again,
Births, deaths, movements, nature all at once,
As if not a second had frozen but months,
If all were for naught in the length of a second,
What time would we lose, if longer we reckoned?

Hayley H.

“Looking Back”

Looking back at the night,
when I prayed for a friend,
even just one,
I realized that i had been lucky that i made it this far. .
I didn't know how far one little prayer could go.
I walked in on the first day of middle school,
ready for a fresh start.
I was ready to find someone who loved me
for who I was and not what I looked like,
or what sport I played,
someone who didn't give me a label that I didn't want.
Looking back, I didn't know it would be
the girl I sat across at lunch on that first day
I didn't know I'd stand up for her,
then sit next to her, then go to her house one day.
Looking back I didn't know she would move,
to a new place,
right along with me.
Looking back I didn't know one simple prayer,
could make friends
sisters.

Gabriel J.

“Gypsy Lane”

Come and take a walk with me-
We'll stroll down gypsy lane.
We'll pretend we're vagabonds
just laughing through the rain.
Let's stop for just a little while-
to buy a bright bouquet-
then we'll pretend we're flower girls

on someone's wedding day.
Who knows what wonders we may find
as we go wand'ring by-
perhaps we'll see a snow white dove against
a cobalt sky.
We'll travel on across the sea
to lands with foreign name;
Our passports just two eager hearts;
We'll never be the same.
Yes, come and take a walk with me;
We'll stroll down gypsy lane;
And we'll pretend we're vagabonds-
Just laughing through the rain.

Andrew K.

"From the Heart"
Some people think
that poems are fake.
That they have no meaning.
No purpose.
Just ink on a piece of paper.

But poems are more
than something that we
hate, dread, despise.

Everyone
has their own word
describing poetry.
For some people?
Worthless.
Mine?
Fascinating

Other people think
that poetry
is just like
writing stories.
"You think using your brain for both,"
they say.

But they're wrong.
Stories,
come from the mind.
Poems,
come from the heart.

Christopher K.

“The Rooster”

Strolling through the house
as proud as it can be,
it walks down the ramp
into the bright sunlight.

Its coat shiny
like it has just been polished.
Bright colors green, blue, and red shine.

Strolling through the yard
as happy as it can be,
until evening comes
and it goes to sleep.

Then the morning sun rises bright and early.
It gives a shout to the world,

Good morning!

Treasure M.

“Poetry-A guide to creation”

Each verse holds a certain rhythm rhyming or not,
I sought,

To find the meaning of this written paradise we call poetry.

I seek to find the passion and emotion,

As the writer creates an explosion,
of creation on the paper.

I savor,
the words richer than farmers soil as he begins to smile.

I might take a while,
as I dig through the darkest cave like a spelunker,

Or deeper than a bear’s slumber,
during hibernation.

As I look the writers continue to build a stronger foundation,
With their writing.

I go through their wonderland of words and I am the Alice,
I will find words that shine more than King Midas’s chalice,
of gold.

This adventure will never end for me,
As I look through this world of poetry.

Hayley M.

“Walls Too High”

They didn’t know to feel,

They kept it all inside,
They just wanted to die,
They let their walls get too high,

He didn't know how to heal,
He never tried,
He just wanted to cry,
He let his walls get too high,

She didn't know what was real,
She had no pride,
She thought she could fly,
She let her walls get too high,

Their parents said "No big deal",
Their parents always denied,
Their parents didn't want to pry,
They're parents thought they would never lie,

But now after this big speal,
And because those parents never applied,
Those kids. Have died.

Michael M.

"The March"

Dr. King once said " I have seen the promise land"
The struggle to reach the promise land is rugged and will not stop
But if we climb the steep mountain of oppression and segregation
We Will Reach The Top.

Nicole M.

"A Journey Through Life"

I stare into the murky
waters, watching as her scaly
body glides through the dark abyss.

Fourteen babies follow
in an orderly line,
like ducklings following
their momma bird.

Their eyes as dark as
the night sky,

I can't help but wonder
what might be going on
inside their heads

as they trudge down the endless
journey of life

to find hope in their situations
as they come upon disaster
and despair,

yet at this moment
I can almost make out
what seems to be smiles,

on their faces
as they swim
into their
far away land,

to tackle,
the neverending
journey
of life.

Sarahi Q.

“Beauty”

The most beautiful women aren't perfect
They don't all have tan skin, big breasts, curvy figure, wavy blonde hair
Beautiful women have a crooked smile, frizzy brown hair, maybe some acne scars
Beautiful women have many insecurities
Because people don't realize how beautiful they are
Because people don't focus on how perfect their personality actually is
They only focus on their appearance
These type of people do not realize
That more than half of these beautiful women
Sit at home, looking in the mirror
Crying and wishing they were
Tanned with wavy blonde hair and big breasts with a curvy figure
And that's what makes those judging people hideous
But beautiful women do not judge others for their appearance
They judge people on how someone's personality is

Emmeline S.

“Ignited”

Sparks fly
Golden and amber
In the late October breeze

Fresh from the smolder of campfire

Embers crackle and snap
Igniting the cozy luster
That falls across my face
Making it hard for me to see.

Trees sway
Under the midnight veiled sky
Chiming clamorous ruffles
Of vivid and variegated leaves.

As I am standing
Under twinkling stars
Everything stops, all is quiet

It is breathtaking,
This moment of calming perfection
Safe and warm in my sweater
Ease washing over me
I am fully engulfed in nature's melody

Closing my eyes
I breath in
Never wanting this moment of peace to end
Never wanting to leave this place of solitude
Never wanting to forget this Night in the forest

Angel S.

“I”
I’m from where people have a lot to say.
I’m from where there’s drugs everywhere.
I’m from where you can’t even go outside without
seeing a crack head.

Where if you cry you’re a punk.
I’m from where the streetlights don’t work
If you’re out before dark you get jumped or killed.

I’m from where people died and cry
And where if you go on a corner you see a drug dealer.
I’m from where there’s robbers every night.

I’m from the streets, what can I say,
I’m just trying to get my mama out of the streets

and get her help! What daughter wouldn't do that for their mother?

Grades 10-12

Nadeh A.

“Roots”

A tall tree sits comfortably among its friends
After years of consistency in its life, the tree learned to depend
It shared its leaves with anyone who pleaded
Kind words were all that was needed
With just that the tree was happy to give it all away
For the tree had a loving heart to share with anyone who stayed

When Summer came and nature was blooming
The tree still gave away to those who were looming
Too overjoyed to speak it's mind and say
That the other trees didn't really need the leaves that day

Then Autumn came, the leaves bursting with hues
But even then the poor tree didn't refuse
And before the Fall season was done
The tree had not a single leaf, not one

Winter around the corner, the leaves became rare
The time of year that everyone refused to share
Only but a few remaining
With one tree without leaves retaining
The pitiful tree felt ugly
As it's fellow friends looked on smugly

The tree knew it was different, it's roots not as deep as the rest
All the more reason why it became obsessed
Wanting to strengthen its bonds with those around
But to this cruel fate, it was bound
As they'd already formed deep roots with one another
There was no room for any others

A powerful wind hit the forest one day
And the poor foolish tree, it's body was weak from its internal decay
Fell with a thud, completely uprooted
With all of its goods carelessly stolen and looted
The world collapsing around it, not a single helping hand
Just watching as it snapped, the sound bellowing loud and grand

When a foolish tree falls in the forest
And everyone it trusted sits idly around
It's existence meant nothing to them, therefore it made not a single sound

Ayden B.

"I'm Still Here"

I keep to myself, drowned in sorrow
These walls would tell a story of a cold summer night
Another day wasted waiting for tomorrow
Clouds covering the stars from sight
The darkness shines into your eyes
A silhouette of you hides behind the light
Your hold on me as the child cries
And thin glows the moon of white.
I can't hide from you anymore
You surround me like a fire
Your hand reaches deep into my core
Killing my want and desire
And my life belongs to you
It all belongs to you
And my life belongs to you
Only you.
Only you know my pain
The pain in my heart
It runs deep like an everlasting stain
And I fall hard like winter rain.
Talk to me
They talk to me at night
The voices in my head
Your voice in my head
Talk to me so I may hear your voice
You can't take back what you said.
They can't take it back.
I'm here to suffer alone
Someone be there god, that's all I ask
Know my struggles, know my sorrow
Love is forever not borrowed
Touch me back to life so that I may be here tomorrow.
Be there to protect me
From the voices
From the demons
From myself.
Spending the nights alone texting the crisis line
More than the friends I thought I had
But I guess I don't.
The voices treated me better even when they told me to swallow a bottle of pills

An escape that I never had.
But I'm still here
And while you go on with your life
Just remember that as each day passes
I'm still here
And as you live each day to its best and I hide in the shadows from the ghosts just know
I'm still here
And as I sat there in that hospital for the third time that year you cried at night but at least you
knew I was still there.
And as I spend the rest of my life reliving the pain of my past know that
I'm still here
And as he said I'll always be Dads little boy
Because I'm still here.

Morgan H.

“Renaissance”

life; the ultimate card dealer
the unfair hand I've been dealt
does not have to result in failure
don't let my pokerface fool you

nevermind my muscle mass
let's wrestle with our souls
I'll put up quite the fight
as I've mastered preserverance like breathing

despite the climb, it's beautiful from the top
suppose that's the point
from the bottom, the peak seems unnerving
the top, sensational

sensational like my first love
in face of the heartbreak
it's something you never forget
something you learn to treasure
reather than repulse

captivating like learning to love myself
for I am the closest thing left of my mother
though departed, she lives inside me
in my veins, my recollection, my heart

beautiful like observing the world
individual people with individual thoughts
how the sunset grows so intense
only to fade so quickly
as if ashamed of her beauty

Kenna H.

“Disguise”

Why are we so scared to show our true selves?

We keep our identities hidden with our masks held on still. We love who we love, but are scared to get caught. We cry ourselves to sleep with our hearts in a knot. We fake a smile and people think we're ok. We laugh and talk, but there's no blood in our veins. We are empty souls, but when we put on that mask nobody knows. Our feelings go unknown waiting for that one place we can finally call home. When I'm sleeping I put the mask on the shelf. That's the only time I will take it off I like hiding myself.

Sarah H.

“Priceless Pearls”

Perhaps you've noticed something different,

A simple, subtle change.

For since the day I saw you last,

I've possessed a relic rather strange.

It is not a physical item,

Although it's as physical as can be.

And though it's not quite as eye-catching,

All see it plainly on me.

“What mysterious adornment,” you ask,

“Could be so very refined

That all may see it in a moment,

But it's significance escapes the mind?”

It's a sad puzzle to me,

Why this precious gift I've received

Has a meaning lost in translation,

Yet value that cannot be thieved.

You have given me a gift,

You did not realize that you held.

But since you passed it on to me,

Within, true joy has dwelled.

For your gift wasn't costly,

But of infinite worth to me.

And while others are trapped with objects,

This gift has made me free.

You cannot wait a moment longer,

You must know what you gave.

It's something that won't last forever,

Yet I'll take beyond the grave.

But why do I carry on?
I'll tell you simple and plain.
Here's a statement of the gift:

I'm wearing the smile you gave me.
With hopeful eyes,
I tried it on,
And I haven't been the same since.

Hailey L.

“Cornfield Coyote”
What thoughts I have of you tonight,
Coyote.
I can't see you across the field, as it is
Much too dark.
But I always see what you leave behind
When day comes.
And what are you crying for?
I feel your loneliness, across that field of dark.
Maybe I am in that cornfield,
The moon above us,
As I walk with you through the stalks.
Maybe I am in my bare feet,
Just like you.
And maybe I am still asleep, but not lonely anymore.
And neither are you.

Isabella R.

“Skinny and beautiful aren't synonyms”
I smell weight loss tea with the scent of dead flowers
because I want nothing more than to be thinner

I taste the mere almonds I ate today for hours
I can't remember the last time I ate dinner

I feel numb when you tell me my body isn't ideal
I'm so overcome by grief that I turn people away

Stop telling me I have to be guilty for eating a meal
Eating is something we need to do every day

Stop telling I'm not allowed to be big
I'm trying to find beauty in all of the fat

Stop telling me I need to look like a twig
Have you ever considered I don't want to look like that?

Savannah S.

“1:49am”

A phantom feeling in a temporary state of consciousness
The waves of insanity roll over the tide
An ornate feeling of tranquility
Not to be affiliated with any other kind

The waves of insanity roll over the tide
Determined with an underlying reason of guilt
Not to be affiliated with any other kind
The sirens sing their song of enchantment
And lure me into invigorating parts of my own mind

Determined with an underlying reason of guilt
My emotions are at war
The sirens sing their songs of enchantment
Logic has betrayed me

My emotions are at war
The constant force of emotional brutality
Logic has betrayed me
A phantom feeling in a temporary state of consciousness

Kaitlyn W.

“Battle of the Minds”

Monsters are all around finding their way to us,
To destroy, demolish, and the biggest one is to conquer
Some of the monsters like to find their ways inside of us
And stay, never leaving, acting as if it's their home
My monsters? They're vicious but not victorious
The biggest, boldest monster I have is sneaky,
Creeping my mind, when I least expect it.
My monster? Well he stays there for weeks and months
At a time. One day he came back stronger than ever,
So much strength and power causing my body to be sucked dry
From any fluids, unable to consume anything for a week.
Waking up licking my cracked, dry lips and an IV going
Through my veins. After many more hospital visits he stayed.
His name anxiety. Mental illnesses are hard to understand, some will
Want to and others not so much. You cannot see a
Mental illness which then leads you to believe
It is not there. Like when you were little and
You scraped your knee and you told your mom you fell.
She did not see it so she said shake it off, you will be okay.
If you made a big deal of your mental illness then you will be labeled an
Attention seeker or a cry baby. People believing physical pain is worse

Than mental pain because they never experienced it.
It is like me saying
America is the best country when I never left. Let me try and explain Anxiety
For you. It is like a person living in your brain and telling you to worry
Obsessively over every little thing.
If there is nothing else to worry about, then worry that you're not worrying.
It feels as if your head is running a marathon and it never stops.
Running in circles all the time. Let me tell you it sucks.
Your mind overwhelms you, trying to scream for help but no one can hear you.
Thoughts coming in as waves crashing over you drowning you out.
Anxiety prowling in my mind, knowing the fact that I could not face
This fiend, his friend came along. His name depression,
Yes depression. Its grip not as tight, but following me around
Every step I took, it was right there. Every forced, fake smile
It was there. Every response of I am "okay" or I am "fine"
It was there. Every glance in the mirror... it was there.
Every tear streaming down my face it... was there.
I was ashamed of what I was going through. Knowing that and
Making itself more at home at night. He invited more
Of his friends insomnia and suicide. I got your
Attention with the word suicide didn't I?
People don't seem to care until you try and take your
Own life. Because if you did take your life
They would feel as if it was their fault.
His grip the tightest of them all, clawing its way throughout
Me saying, "You are broken", "You will never be loved",
And the number one saying "You are a burden."
One night, I lost it all, water fills my bathtub.
Prayed for God to hear me, tears streaming down my face,
God did you hear me? One last monster came, his name
Cutting. I grabbed that razor freezing in fear,
It sat in my hand. That thing gave me power, and made me feel
As if I was getting my life together. Cutting is hard to shake,
Making you feel as if you should punish yourself for the other
Monsters. Saying, "It's your problem for not being strong enough,
And not standing your ground." Continuously praying for God to help
Me. He heard me, in His timing He came. He stopped those monsters.
I have won, I have defeated my terribly, dreadful monsters.
Yes every once in a while they will come lurking around
In the darkness. But they will never control my life.
My monsters, they made me strong, they helped me grow
As a person. To help others, to tell my story. You are not
Alone battling your monsters. You too will be victorious.

Erica W.

"Decisions"

Life is a journey! A journey full of choices. What path will you choose to go down? It's hard to

make my own decision with all of these voices!! Voices that tell me what is right for my own life? "You can't live your life without me!" I can't? My mind is just filled with strife. How can you tell me that I won't be able to live my life without you in it? Well, you know what, I RECAANT!! I refuse to follow one who tries to hide someone's uniqueness. Admit! Commit! Submit! To you and yourself...be you. No one can be you! If you are trying to be someone else, and that person is trying to be another... who are we all trying to be? So ask yourself... Will you be a leader?... OR... Will you be a follower?