

Poetry

From the Class of 2022

Watkins Glen High School

English 9:

Mr. Durfee, Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. Ruda

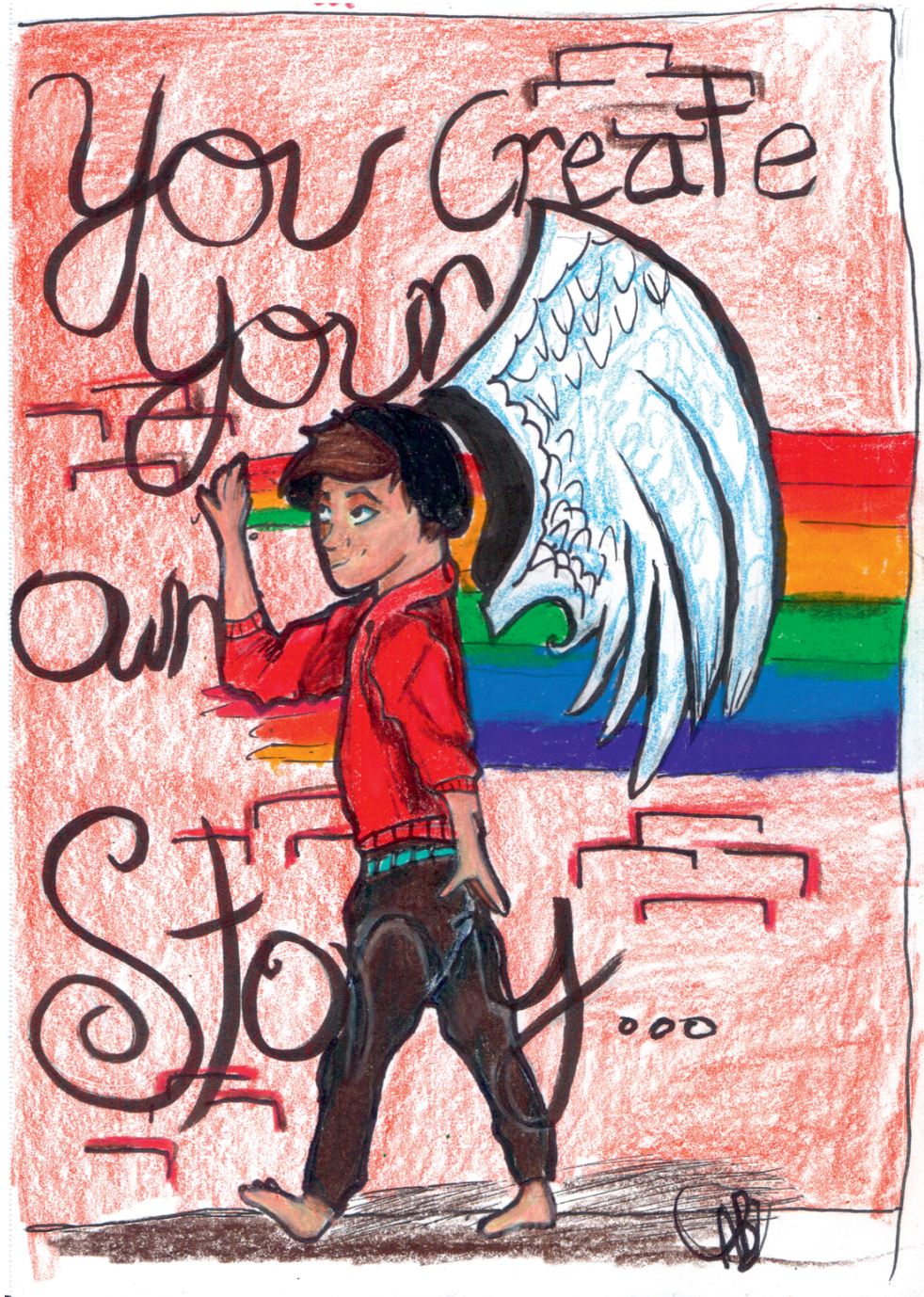
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Cover art by Kellie Memoli
Back cover art by Ashlyn Karius
Inside art by Alex Burke

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FIRST PERIOD

FRIENDS

By Carlie Baker

I met you at a lacrosse game,
I knew you'd be my best friend.
You didn't talk that much,
But I never wanted our conversations to end.
You have help me tremendously,
Through the good and the bad.
You helped me through heartache,
Through my mom and my dad.

Last summer I met Itty Bitty Gibby,
She is great at dancing,
And she's really, really skinny.
She loves to eat nuggets,
And talk about buckets.
She's just odd.

People always ask how I can tell you apart,
Maybe it's because I'm kind of smart.
Your eyes are closer together than hers,
And your hair is always in a bun not curls.
You two never forgot about me,
I love you both tremendously.
And although you come to my house,
And you always fight,
I'm okay with it, it's kind of a delight.
It's really entertaining,
You both are truly amazing.

Throughout these past couple of years,
I have met people who caused me tears.
But these people always make me feel better,
They need to know that they really matter.

YOU LEFT

By Bailey Beaumont

It was your choice.
I get that.
I couldn't have changed your mind,
Nobody could have.
But I tried.
We all did.
Except for you..

That's what I don't get,
I don't get why.
Why didn't you try?
If not for him,
Then for me.
Do you even care how I feel?

Wait, I can answer that
It's obvious
You don't,
You don't care how any of us feel.
It's only about you.
You and your feelings.
Why is it like this?
When can it end?
When can we be a family?

A WALK IN THE WOODS

By Benjamin Swinnerton

The cool brisk smell in the autumn air
Makes me we want to scream aloud
Hopefully going to intimidate the crowd.

When there is a crackle in the leaves
I must quickly find a tree as my babies sit at home,
I mustn't leave them to stow.

As I now see the beast for he is heading east,
They come around the least,
But when they do it's for a feast.

I run and hide as I do not want to be ceased
But the speed of a bullet was released,
For soon I will be fleeced. The squirrel in the woods.

SWEATER

By Alex Burke

I sit here in your sweater
Missing you, don't know how
Long it has been.

The grief consumes me, As Fast
As a Race horse. The wet tears obscuring my eyesight.
Why now I ask. Young and naive like a child.

I stand in the waiting room.
I say to the patient, someone dear to me.
"When you go can I have your clothes?"
My family says not to worry about that now.
I look at them with confusion. Why are they so sad?
I'm just trying to make them happy.

My family since I was young,
"We will let you know when to worry."
Having my phone turned on in my pocket waiting
For a call or a text from my father saying I'm needed at the hospital.
Whenever I'd see her I'd tell her, "It's okay to let go. You've fought hard
Enough." But like a puppet I can't move or speak without someone giving
me words.
Or to let the courage to roar through me as if I'm a lion. But like a mouse I
stay silent.

Its fourth period. Why am I being called down to the office.
But more importantly why didn't the teacher get a call. And why was the
Councilor there to escort me? Thoughts rushing to my head. Is this it?
My worst fear coming true? Anxiety pulses through me
Like the blood in my veins. It fills me to the brim and boiling about to
Overflow like a pot of boiling water.
The water balloon in my chest about to burst. This cannot be it.

We Pull up to the Hospital my brother by my side.
We get to the room and wait in the waiting room.
We walk into her room the patients room. To say our final goodbyes.

Brother and I exit going to the waiting room.
My Dad comes out we rush into her room. No monitor. Is she free to go
home?
No pulse. Cold dead hands. Purple cracked lips.
She's dead.
The person who had raised me since birth is gone.
My mother is now dead.

Its two years later, I've grown so much
Is she proud of me? Is she still here in spirit like everyone says she is.
And now I sit here wondering these questions. Wondering in your clothes.
And stealing your sweatshirts. Almost like a hug from you.

MY LOVE

By Douglas DiGregorio

Her sweet melodies,
Like windchimes on an autumn day,
Like a cat,
She hides her true meaning
Only letting those who work
Get to her core.

She's complicated
Two people look at her,
And see different people

She may hate you
She may adore you
One thing is for sure.

The thought of her
Stays in your mind,
Drives you mad,
But that's why I like her.

What is her name,
Would you like to know?
I'll give you a hint.
It starts with "All"
And ends with "Star"

MY BROTHER

By Molly Dunham

From the moment she
Entered that dark and warm
Hospital room, her definition of love,
Changed forever.

Her heart was so happy
And oh so full
The look on both of her
Parents faces, was a wonderful site.
They knew this was a miracle from
The first minutes.

From that day forward there
Was always something to look
Forward to on those dark and lazy days. He seems to always
Put a smile on her face. His
Smile is as bright as the sun.
When he looks at her, his eyes
Look like diamonds.

Oh that little mischievous boy
Will chase her around just to
Give the biggest hugs any little one year old could give.

The nights he comes up to her lap
to fall asleep are her
Favorite. He looks up to her
Like she's his whole world.

Just the way that he
Makes her heart feel is
So intense but so amazing.
She has grown to love that
Little boy more than she's ever
Loved any single thing before.

I've developed a love that was
So unconditional for that little Lincoln.

IMMORTALITY

By Noah Gardner

I want to live forever
When I have my brother with me
When he leaves me
I feel like can't live forever.

When the fire came there was so much
And afterwards I no longer had my brother
I wanted to stay away from everyone
But I can't, I want to be immortal.

I still have faith
That I know what I am doing
And it is tested everyday
Forever if I am Immortal.

I come from a place
Of the ice and snow where it was so cold
The god's hammer
Will drive my ship

To new lands
And fight the enormous horde
Valhalla, I'm coming soon
My only goal in life
Is to reach the western shore

Your soft and green lands can tell the
Tales of carnage from the war
And how we calmed the war
I am the overlord of this land now.

THE SHAKY MAN

By Gavin Bond

Today I was supposed to be quiet
But I couldn't seem to be
The only time I shut up
Is when my instructors looked at me
But it's really not my fault
My family was making jokes
I was stuck in a room
filled with tons of other rowdy folk
But now I'm going to shift your attention
To a wonderful man I want to mention
He really is super nice
And he just wants to help
Of course I'm talking about the instructor
And just let me say
He may have hit a kid with a gun
But its wasn't his intention
He had a quick twitch
This wasn't your normal convulsion
Not by any means
He has Parkinson's
But he is not that different from you and me
Honestly we can all learn something from him
And that thing would be
No matter your condition
You can still help and spread positivity

JOURNEY

By Abby Gibson

All standing there,
happy and nothing
to worry about.

All can't wait to
see my dad in his first
bike race.

Everything was going great...
until we couldn't see
our dad anywhere.

A POP like a gunshot sound
is what we heard.

All was racing over to see
what was the matter,
and we all saw so much clatter.

And there as I stood,
couldn't move a single muscle.
I felt this one tear come down as
I saw my dad laying on the hard
ground in so much pain, and I started
to feel his pain too.

And I was ready to brace myself
with the journey we have ahead of us.

MAYBE ONE DAY

By Andrew Hayes

I hope I don't offend anyone
By saying what I'm about to say,
But I hate poetry,
And it will be like that every day.

Never tell me to understand it,
For I feel it's very confusing.
All that paper to be wasted,
But honestly, my hatred is amusing.

Face as red as a tomato
About to burst
For I will burst,
If I must read one more verse.

Maybe one day
I'll never read another,
But like a kindergarten painting,
It's all just one giant smother.

My final poem stanza,
Boring because it's poetry.
An uninteresting scramble,
But not to fear, for Andrew's here
To wipe it out for good!

PHILADELPHIA

By Cameron Holland

The city can be a scary place
for someone so young,
so defenseless and scared.
there is nothing you can do,
except grasp on to your parents.

You are standing under a sea of lights,
as the forest of skyscrapers stare down at you.
The noise is nonstop, the clinging and clanging
of people performing along the streets.
Asking for your money.

"We hope you don't like your space,"
says the hundreds of people as they run into you.
The streets always chaotic, as if it were a zoo.
But somewhere in that crowd, under those lights,
hides someone you've always looked up to.

As you wander the streets, you know that face,
the face of a man you've admired forever.
You freeze with excitement, not sure what to do.
You're so happy, not a worry crosses your mind,
what a time you had in Philadelphia.

SISTERS

By Madelynn Jones

A bond between sisters
It's strong like metal
No one can break it
Sometimes they fight; like cats and dogs
But most of the time they have fun
Like going on many adventures
Singing in the car loud music on and a blank road ahead
Or going to the mall together
But one thing is for sure
They've always got each other's backs

GHOST IN A MACHINE

By Ashlyn Karius

Living with such confidence,
Such ignorance.
Tangled within your own fantasies,
Clutching onto your life like it never was your own.

Why is it that Death is an ugly truth? And life a blissful lie?
It's like fighting another war with a disease without a cure,
Is there a way out?
Is there a drop of light in that pool of darkness?

I've always been a prisoner of war in this hospital bed
How could I live like this?
A ghost connected to a machine,
Pumping chemicals into my blood.
Pull the plug and see what happens.

Disease takes and it takes
And everyone carries on,
Expect for the unlucky ones.
Surviving never meant living,
Why survive at all?

THE BASKETBALL GAME

By Isabella La Face

Walked into the modified gym
The floor felt hard as rock, shoes were squeaking
We had on our white jerseys and white shorts
I felt like a skyscraper to the other team
Everyone was screaming at us
Like a war mid battle
Sweating like onions in a saucepan
Ran down the court like a flash of lightning
Suddenly everything got quiet, for a foul shot
I could hear the clock go tick-tock...
like a bomb...
We got the 2 points; Suddenly the ball got passed to me
Feeling extreme and overwhelmed
Made the choice to shoot the ball at the backboard
Felt as if everything was going in slow motion
The ball swirled around, and around, until it finally went in...
The crowd cheered
Felt like I was as bright as the sun

A DAY IN THE LIFE

By Mason Lampman-Roisen

As I sit in English class I day-dream,
I dream about the sunshine,
Of cantering through a field of timothy.
I dream about the sweet smell of horse
And saddle soap, the rough leather
Connecting my hands and his mouth.
As the sunshine fades away in Bio my
Heart sinks. Now my only thought is the
Weather, hoping it doesn't rain.

When the bus rolls to a stop I thank the
Good grace of god that the sun is out.
I hurry to change my clothes, deciding
Who to ride. A hyper mare or a lazy
Gelding. I choose Lou.

While we warm up in the rink, I feel
his smooth canter beneath me.
His powerful strides carry us through
The wonderful fields of timothy.
On the trail we meet our four legged and winged friends.
Maybe a deer, fox, snake, turtle, pheasant,
And on rare occasion a turkey.

We trot towards home and I
Notice an unknown acquaintance,
A tall walnut tree next to a cherry
Tree. We spent a few minutes under
These trees taking in their scent
And beauty.

I untack and notice the sweat we have
Both acquired on our ride, a white lather
On Lou and two terrible pit stains on my shirt.

As I watch him join the herd I am overcome

With a joy only this sport can provide.

ART BLOCK

By Kellie Memoli

The paper full of blank.
Blank, blank, blank.

Thoughts spinning.
Spinning, spinning, spinning.
Dizzy, Dizzy, Dizzy.

The graphite tip lightly dances.
Dances, Dances, dances.

Across the empty void of paper.
paper, paper, paper.
Drawing a blank.
Over, and over, and over.
Sitting patiently waiting for...

An idea?
Bubbles, Bounces, and Bops.

All through my brain like ping-pong
Scribbling continuously
A peak of creativity
Straining for perfection,
As anyone should.

Have I done it?
Have I broke the boundaries?
Of that box,
That block.
What is holding me back.
Back, Back, Back.
Repeat.

GOLDEN

By Sierra Morris

You were so small, small enough to fit in my palm
Romp in the yard, a smudge of gold against the grass.
I held you in my hands, and you kept them warm
As your dark eyes gazed up at me.

You're getting bigger now, I had to set you down
And you stepped on my feet, clumsy, still not knowing your way
around.
As I step out of my car, you're there. You're always there.
Waiting for me to come home.

It happened so fast, I didn't realize.
You're able to look at me over the table now.
Hungry, even though you already ate.
Two little beads I can see, just above the edge of the table.

You can keep up with me as I run across the field, scattered with
color
And the light shines gold off your face as you start to tug on my sock
I want to go in, but it seems like you could play forever.
You probably question me when I leave you in your room.

You are the biggest you will get now, and if you jump, we can see eye
to eye.
You seem slower now but so am I.
Sometimes I get angry when you take my things.
I don't mean to.

The hair around your muzzle has been turning gray, and you don't play
with me,
But your eyes still shine like the first day I saw you.
It seemed like you would stay around forever,
But you're not waiting anymore.

MOVING

By Elaina Rodriguez

The boxes were heavy and large
Lifting them hurt my knees
They were like a pile of boulders
Into the trailer,
Small and full
It was tight like a size small shirt on a large man.

We were driving for long
Both distance and time,
It felt like forever,
A never ending drive
That was tiring and stuffy,
I was bored to death,
My corpse rotting in the back seat.

We finally arrive in a place called Watkins Glen,
To be honest,
It was small and disappointing
But it'll have to do...
For now.

THE RUNNER

By Matthew Sandritter

The wind was howling in the trees
And I was howling too
The bear was chasing me through the leaves
The vines would not let me through

I felt its breath upon my back
The branches cut my face
The foliage was inky black
It was a mighty race

Its claws were scraping at my heels
But I could see a light
A beautiful sight of greys and teals
My lifted feet in flight

Hopeful with the forest shed
But I could not be free
The bear was on my, I was dead
But my pet would save me

My dog was dead upon the floor
But my escape ensured
My eyes were wet, I closed the door
Oh, what I had endured

UNTITLED

By Jade Scaptura

The light of my life,
You are
So bright and blinding
It makes me feel alive

Even if we are torn apart,
You will always
Have a place in my heart

Thank you for staying with me
Through thick and thin
You and I
Are like twins

It is crazy
How one person
Can change another
You know me better
Than my own mother

Together from the beginning
There is no end
I am glad to call you
My best friend

If I were to break,
I know you'd be there
To pick up the pieces
Put me back together
Although it's unfair

Thank you

We all have
A special person
In our lives

Ones that make it hard
To say goodbye
But can make it easier
At the same time

I look into
Your hazel eyes
Ones that could make you
Hypnotized

Your scent fills my nose
And it makes me
Feel at home

I could talk about you all day
I have so many
Things to say

It was thrown at me
Too fast, too hard
I shattered like glass
But you didn't shield your eyes
Or walk away

Thank you

THE GAME

By Owen Scholtisek

Everyone gathered at the fieldhouse,
the gym packed and chattering throughout it.
Everyone stands to honor the flag,
sickening silence came across everyone as they stand.
The game was ready to begin.

The crowd rumbling as the game is underway.
Every shot made the crowd went crazy,
the buzzer sounds and halftime it is.
The scent fills with a mixture of sweat and salty popcorn,
everyone waits for the game to resume.

They take the court and start throwing up shots,
the horn blows and they take the court.
Shot after shot, cheer after cheer, the game is tight.
Each team fighting to take the lead,
down by 2, 12 seconds left Seneca's call a timeout.

The team spreads onto the court dripping sweat.
Pass after pass, the ball flying around the court,
the shooter has the ball in the corner behind the 3-point line.
2 seconds left the crowd suddenly died,
the shot goes up and...

DAD

By Kara Sheesley

You mentally and
Physical abused
Me, I thought
It was love.

You hurt me
So many times
But I kept
Running back,
I kept running
Back because you
Were the only
Guy that I
Felt some sort
Of attention from,
Even if it wasn't
The right time.

I wanted to
Believe you when
You said you
Were sorry but
How could I believe
Something that wasn't
True?

Now that time
Has passed and I
Wanted to forgive you
Like you insisted I
Do, and I come
To find out that
You haven't changed
At all.

SIBLINGS

By Jordann Simpson

She's here,
you're here.
That's all that matters to her.
Without you,
she wouldn't be holding on

She would do anything to see you happy.
Seeing a smile on your face,
when those chubby cheeks of yours perk up,
when your pretty, hazel eyes light up,
and you bat those long dark eyelashes.
Now that is her happiness.

You can count on her to stay,
to watch you grow up,
to be your safe place in a storm,
to hold your hand when you're afraid of falling,
to help you get to shore when you're lost at sea,
to be your friend,
to be your sister.
She'll be there.

You're the reason she looks forward to tomorrow.
You're the reason she sticks around.
You're the reason she's here.
You saved her.

WINTER'S VENGEANCE

By Maya Somerville

It's been a rough week.
I think my body is reacting,
To the dark and the bleak
Of an early winters morning.

The bed is soft and warm
Even though this room is freezing,
But I guess it does no harm
Considering the wrath of the evening

To the football field we go,
It'll take a few hours,
The roads are covered in snow,
And we notice the withering of the flowers.

The game is over now
And the punishment's getting worse,
I guess we should see the doctor
Or at least talk to the nurse.

They send us to the lab
In order to get tests done,
It already feels like torture
And it isn't very fun.

They say I have to stay in bed,
I can't go anywhere.
I have to take my meds,
It feels like I'm trapped in a nightmare.

I've been here for weeks,
Coughing and coughing.
This makes me feel so weak...
I can't even eat anything

I think my suffering's over now,

I can see my friends.
I was afraid of the turnout
I didn't want it to be the end.

THE WOODS

By Kade Westervelt

In my time
Spent in the woods
I realized natures beauty
For all it was worth

The trees stand tall
And it was so appalling
So very enthralling
The gorgeous trails in their beauty

They were so muddy
It made me feel fuzzy
The pine needles and nuts
I crunched in my struts

It made me feel nice
To smell all the pine
To walk the slick trails
To observe nature for all its beauty

STRUGGLES

By Melanie Wysocki

When I was young, like a seed,
planted in the ground, I was told,
"Work hard, and push yourself to become,
like a magnificent tree," but as I grew up I become,
a disappointment, that no one liked.

They say work hard,
and you will get your achievement.
They say do your work,
and you will get your credit.
Then how come I do all these things and fail?

These struggles scare me,
and not just me, all people.
They are like monsters that crawl under your bed,
keeping you up at night, trying not to get eaten.

These struggles make us tired during the day,
having us do more tasks than we can handle,
as if we were their slaves,
with the work piling high as a skyscraper.

I get scared that these struggles would change,
change the people, to do bad things they regret,
and change the world, for it to sting us like a bee.

I want to crumple up in a ball,
and roll down a hill to my doom every night.
They make me stressed out,
believing that I'm not good enough,
that I'm not worthy.

I don't want to deal with my struggles.
But, there is no way to get rid of them.
I've thought of couple things,
but they never work out.

They just tear into me and eat me alive.
I'm done...

FINAL BREATH

By Robin Zimba

2011

You were so happy
You were finally ok
But I knew in my heart
It wouldn't stay this way

2012

It was Tristan's day
However the love
Couldn't keep the cancer away
We needed help from above
The chemo was hell
But you got to ring the
"You did it bell"

2013

It started out rough
The days were long
And the radiation was tough
But eventually,
Your scan was clean
You walked your 5K's
But the cancer was mean

2014

The cancer came back to say hello
But we all just wanted the cancer to go
It was Tristan's graduation year
At least you could see you only son say
"Im outta here"

2015

This one went by in a flash
Chicago was fun
But you started to crash

2016

This year was not that great
We said bye to some friends
But who expected your fate
Would come so quickly
No one knew it go stronger
And that the cancer grew

2017

This was your last new years
But you calmed me down and told me not to fear
But that didn't prepare me
For the hurt I would have
When I heard you take the breath
That would be your last

2
SECOND PERIOD

UNKNOWN FEELINGS

By Claire Cole

She couldn't explain her feelings,
She couldn't explain because they were unknown feelings
She couldn't explain because she didn't want to
Strain a vein from trying to think about how she was feeling.

She wanted them to ask even though she didn't know the answer,
all she wanted was to feel wanted.

She tried to act fine but all she could do was sleep without a peep,
because maybe people would think she was fine,
but she couldn't keep her secrets they started to seep out like
something that seeps to the deep.

She needed help, it was almost too late.
She created a noose that wasn't lose.
She almost wanted to die,
before she did she told her sister about her arm.

Her sister told their father about her self harm,
Their father told their mother about the
The blood that bleeds because of her sharp blades.

Her mother wanted to talk
But she was as quiet as a rock
She didn't want her mother to be shocked.

As the clock ticked the finally broke her lock
The lock that locked her words
She told her mother about how he backed her in a corner
He backed her emotions in a corner
So, they would hide and become unknown.

She couldn't say anything without tears taking over,
She couldn't move because her fears of her unknown feelings.

B A SIP OF WATER

Colby DePree

As I stroll through the
Woods I head to the creek I feel like
Something's different but I can't put my
Hoof on it.

To get to the creek I must pass
My mom's den so I guess I can
Stop by and eat some of her food,
As I finish my apples and acorns
I head off

I'm not far at all but it feels like 10
More mile's "man I shouldn't of
eaten that tenth acorn" but it's just up
Over that ridge

As I arrive at the creek, I look around
I feel Safe... enough and I put my
head down to take a sip and **BAM!!**

A sharp pain in my side.
I start to run but I feel a little light
Headed I run abt 50 yards
And I almost pass out I run about
20 more yards and suddenly
everything goes black

LIFE ON THE FARM

By Daniel Ely

Farming is hard, stuff may break
Critters assaulting your crop like wildfire
After knowing you can't hire
This may be dull like the nut on the trailer
Especially when it pops and screeches in terror

The machines can act old and frail
Or they can act as if they're in their prime, young and strong
The deer stalemates you in the middle of the road Splat
There goes the deer and the front end of the tractor
You realize something is in common
Both your front end and your wallet are gone
At this time when nothing seems to be on your side
All of a sudden, the tree branches start to glide

In the vineyard you see a bird fly by
And sit on a post nearby
The bird gives you a sly eye
Then the bird flies low and fast
Into the grapes at last

The weather may be on your side
At times the weather isn't on your side
The weather acts as a terrible thief
On a Tuesday at Tops

COMING HOME FROM WAR

By Brayden Heady

I woke up from a comma
I'm in so much pain
I can't remember anything
I can't see anything
I can't feel anything
It's like I'm just one in a dark empty world
The only thing I can feel is pain
Nothing is real but pain
I have visions of my squad members getting killed in front of me
I'm holding my breath as I wish for death
God wake me
I don't want anyone to cry
If I don't survive
Tell my loved ones
I was born free
Please god help me

A WINTER STORM

By Joseph Sweet

The winter is the best season
Where wrestling begins,
and the singlets brake out
the school has their basketball torments begin
and the best time of the year were the fat man brakes into your house
and gives you presents and the
even though I don't believe in Santa it's fun to see all the young goblin
get so excited about a giant teddy bear
The most beautiful part of the winter
Is the snow when I get ten bucks to shovel the walkway
It looks beautiful outside with all the trees covered in snow full of
chipmunks ready to make their family
The reason why winter the best season is because the best Halladay Is
in there like when your happy the hole time and the breath of cold air
full of adventures waiting to happen
And it's like heaven but in life

MY TEENAGE LIFE

By Katherine Larson

Being a teenager is tough
As tough as it can be
We always want to hide,
like a cat hiding from a new person
And would always want to scream,
That the little kid inside of us wants to do

Some lives are hard and tough
And others are hard yet easy
But when we feel alone and down
We better have a friend and fast,
Before you hear a bang!

While some love books
And other with sports
In the end
We all have each other's backs
We all protect each other like brothers and sisters

Because when we all work together
We all succeed in our own different ways
All for one and one for all
Should be the new motto for us teens

UNTITLED

By Alexis Lepp

I had rehearsed
Rehearsed a song
A song that was
Worth rehearsing

I got up on stage
The crowd was glaring
Glaring like statues

I broke into a sweat
The sweat made me
Look like a porcelain doll
All shiny and frail.

My aphonia cericorum
Got the best of me
I was my clarinet
Without a reed
Not a sound

Now I was sweating
Sweating like I ran 5 miles straight
I felt like crying
I heard someone shout
Are you gonna perform or what
I was so frightened

I peed my self
Right on stage
Right in front of
The sea of students
And teachers
My pants were white
They were ruined

Everyone stared

Everyone shouted ew
Eew you are a
disgusting pig

I cried
I ran
I tripped and fell
My head collided
with the stairs
my skull cracked
I lied there

Everyone gasped
Some shouted hooray
The ugly one is dead
Someone ran to me
Checked my heart beat
It was faded

Five beats
Four beats
Three beats
Two beats
One beat
Gone

My name is Lyla
Her name was Kyla
We were identical
Not only were we sisters
We were best friends

She was scared
She looked like
She did when she
Came out of a
Haunted house

I lost her
My only sibling

She was gone, gone,
Forever
I cried for hours
I didn't want to talk
To anybody
And I am very social

To this day is still cry
How would you like
To lose an identical
Twin?
Gone

STAR SAPPHIRE

By Ember Lewis

You're on top of the world
But I bet it gets lonely up there
I'm not beside you like we planned
But I promise its better this way
Wanted to see you as a star
Never meant to make you so sad, so blue
Blue like a sapphire

Oh, but you are a star
How did you get to this place?
Where nothing ever goes your way
Where it's so lonely and cold
Is it because I pushed you away?
It makes you so blue
Blue like a sapphire

I didn't mean to hurt you
I wanted to be with you everyday
But I pushed you away
I'm sorry but its better this way
Just wanted to see you as a star
But you're a star sapphire
A star sapphire because of me

You're pretty and shining like a star
So cold and hard like a gemstone
And blue like a sapphire
Yea, you're a star sapphire
A star sapphire because of me
Something you don't deserve to be

You're so pretty and smart
The most amazing girl I've ever met
I still remember your kiss
Trust me I saw the sparks fly
You're an angel to me

But I still pushed you away

It pains me to say
But it was me or your destiny
Your destiny to be a star
So, I pushed you away
So you couldn't leave me first
Wanted to be part of your destiny
But we know it'd never work

I love to see you smile
But I haven't in a while
I'm sorry I pushed you away
I'm sorry I made you blue
I'm sorry I made you blue
I'm sorry I made you a sapphire
But hey at least you're a star
A star sapphire
Something you shouldn't be
But you are

FOOTBALL

By Jacob Marsiglio

Football is a very intense
And dangerous sport
There are not many of this sort.
Very exhausting and intense
You go get a drink and think about your
Occupations
You get on the field, sometimes
It feels weird under the lights
It's all you can think of
Is making that perfect play
The crowd screaming in joy

QB take's the snap
The RB gets the handoff
You get your hands on the RB
And hit him with all you've got
RB hits the ground, the crowd
Roars you're so excited, then you
Realize it's go time you charge
At the nose guard and you put him
On his butt
And before you know it, its game over
You won

MOE

By Ryan Meier

Moe is my dog
He is a black lab and Pitbull mix
He is a loyal friend and a very good one
He will come and lay with you when you're feeling down
He has a white fur chest plate
I like to call him Moe Moe,
we've had him for about 5 years
he is as spontaneous as a squirrel
And bursting with happiness
Moe is a very cute loveable kind-hearted animal
But he has a wild side
Moe LOVES rabbit hunting and chasing after small animals
Moe is rarely ever mean unless
there someone he doesn't like around
Moe likes to stand guard on the front porch all day
Watching each and every car go by
Letting us know when someone is here
barking at anyone who comes to the house

I RIDE

By Michael Gee

I ride, and I ride
Practicing and
Playing around, having fun

I get to the track
It all stops
And gets intense on the line
The flag drops
And the adrenaline starts
And I feel it in my spine

Hearts pounding into the first turn
Everyone wide open
I feel the ground shake from the rumble
And it all starts

Then it ends, the energy is drained
And the adrenaline has stopped
I leave to home
Then on to the next

THE WALK

By Braden Pesco

I was enjoying a boring walk home
When I saw a man carrying an object that kept staring back at me
I walked a bit closer as he walked towards me and I saw the object
The nameless object was a knife
The man said something with his hands
Being too preoccupied with the knife I turned and ran
I ran, ran, and ran
The adrenaline ran through my body as a ran
I ran so fast as fast a cheetah and ended up in main street in a couple
seconds
I waited as the adrenaline still running
I see a friend who had seen the same man
He says the guy was harmless
The man had a knife, so I was not trying to test that theory
I took a shorter route and went to another house
I relaxed
Then played some call of duty

GLASS

By Kaylana Rekczis

She is a piece of glass
That has shattered all around,
They attempt to pick up all the broken pieces
But one still lies on the ground,
Hiding in plain sight
Waiting for the appropriate time
And the deserved person
To stroll by,
As he walks on the soft, fuzzy, fawn colored carpet
The shooting pain rides through his fragile body,
He lies there speechless from all the pain
the piece was so tiny yet so powerful
He wants to forget
And wishes that he never walked in that room
But it's too late,
He's infected with all her troubles and problems
Whenever he tries to ignore it,
It keeps disturbing him
But he finally gets away
And she shatters again
But this time
No one finds that broken piece
Its buried deep deep deep inside

BEAUTY

By Brandon Smith

The woods so yellow, brown, colored
The squirrels jump from branch to branch
The sweet smell of the grapes

The skeletons of the trees shake
“swish” brown blobs run, you follow
The woods go from gentle music to rock and roll

You settle the woods settle
The flock of turkey graze in the grass
The rifle in your lap
Blue Jay starts to cry at east of field
The elegant animal walks in to the field
Tall brown fat and elegant

Pull the machine up to your shoulder
The safety is off
you aim
the world stops
just to the side of the shoulder “steady”

Pull the trigger
Bang flash of smoke the shiny piece of metal flies out
Flash of fire
The piece of metal flies through the air

It hits,
The brown fur turns to red
The deer turns
The black shiny eyes look at you
You see the soul you see everything
The beauty the pain the fight
It is strong enough to make a man cry

The deer falls
you go up to it

The eyes are looking at you
“sorry I will waste nothing of you and
Respect and enjoy you”
“good I hope you enjoy this meal”

I MUST

By Garrett VanOstrand

In order to ride my bike
I must maintain
I must clean my air filter
I must lube my chain
I must wash my bike

In order to ride my bike
I must clean my carb
I must mix my gas
I must put oil in my bike
I must buy parts that I break

I must love my bike
As if it is my child
I must be grateful for my bike
It all should pay off in the end
Its like a child in some ways
That's why I must maintain

UNTITLED

By Richard Winchell

When I was one my dad bought me a red rider bb gun
When I was 2 I got my first kill it was a
red headed wood pecker
As I started getting older I started getting more kills
When I was 7 I got my first woodchuck
it was hard to kill
because they are fast and
don't like to die
When I was nine my dad's friend called him,
so we could come get a fox because they were tarring up his land
so they could eat grubs
we called it in and it is the hardest animal to call in because
they have a keen smell and
sight and
hearing so they can see you very well
3 years later I realized I had a passion for hunting after that I've loved
hunting

THE GIRL WHO CRIES THE WATERFALLS

By Cloey Wratten

It's astonishing how drastic someone can change
Who once was confident, kindhearted, and
the one who didn't care about what other's perspectives of who they
are.

But now they care the most.
It seems as if you can't be seen without the plastered face you've
made.

You have disguised your true self for a while now
Where has all your confidence gone?
This deceiving version of you isn't you
You were not the girl who cries waterfalls.

Isn't it breaking you to know that you have changed?
You have cut people out of your life with ease
As if they were paper dolls that were begging you to stay,
but you just shriveled them up and threw them out into the abyss.
You act as if we never had any good memories together,
we could've had the best of times even if it was the worse time.
You never used to be this fake version and I'm sorry, because
You never were meant to be the girl who cried waterfalls

PAIN

By Ashley Youmans

Your solution was permanent,
Pain took over
Your mind
Your body
Your soul

Your hurts are her hurts
She doesn't blame you,
No guilt trip.
Pain took over your mind,
You wanted it out.
You are gone
But always in her heart,
she misses you.
Now her tumid blue eyes
Are red while the waterfalls
Roll down her soft pale cheeks.
She looks up at the sky
Lightless,
Everything feels black and white
Hoping for color to appear in
Her dull life.
The words she speaks are shallow
Like the edge of the ocean,
But the hurt she feels is
As deep as the deep blue sea.

Her pain is not permanent,
Pain is waning
Her mind
Her body
Her soul.

3
THIRD PERIOD

THE DAY I SCARED MY MOM

By Anthony Cummings

The bike when I got it ready the
brakes were not working,
and I did not know but when I started,
I pulled the brake on the right and
it fell off and followed me like a bee,
I was already so having a bad day
So, I took my bike out for a ride

And I regretted it that I had
Taken my bike out for a ride and
So, when that was happening, I felt
Like I was going in slow motion and
Before I knew it, I was on the ground with

The bike on top of my and when that happened
My sister went to the house to get mom and her
Friend came to see if I was ok when my mom finally
came, she was taking her she was as slow as molasses
to get down the hill me at the bottom of the hill.
When she got to me, she was as scared as a cat.

WONDER

By Donner Bean

What a conundrum time is,
it says hello in the morning
and escapes you at night.

Time is the element of wonder.
The chronology and position where
Anything can happen.

The feasibility's innumerable never runs dry
Your decisions impact positive or negative
Yet, you have the ability to change them just
Give it time.

Space is a major part of this object we use with no
Regard, looking with a glance, then you turn to face away from this
mysterious
Mistress you will never know.

Space is the developer of wonder, the embodiment
Of the unknown. The subject that is so mysterious we
Race towards it, to understand what's below, above
all around and gave birth to time herself.

These two are so very similar and so very different
One is neglected every second and yet is the primary

Principle to the one thing we will never completely understand.

DOTTIE

By Haley Carl

One evening
In the pet store
Looking at puppies
Not sure she will get one
The death of her other dog still saddens her
Her family too
She looked and looked
Only then did she see
Beautiful brown eyes and black fur
Small and as happy as can be
She fell in love with her
The perfect new addition to a small family
Years later bigger now
Still small as always
Not energetic but the best spirit
One of the greatest

RACECARS

By Ethan Day

Engines screaming
As the race is about to start.
The checkered flag high in the air
As if it was in the clouds.

As soon as it dropped the air filled with smoke.
The sounds of tires screeching off the start of the race.
The Japanese cars taking the lead at the start of the race.
The engines being super snappy.
The sounds of rev limiters bouncing like a ball

The heat basting on the track making it sticky.
The open track filled with straightaways,
Every car in the race would really show what they had.
The engines ripped and ripped till they started to fall.

One by one people were blowing up their cars.
They all got disqualified till the person in last place
They were the last car left.
They rolled to the end and the race had finished.
The race was like the tortoise and the hare.

DUMB POEM THING

By Zachary Naylor

Last Thursdayism is a belief.
Really more of an example.
It says all things started last Thursday like the changing of a single leaf.
The evidence is not ample.
An undisprovable idea.
An intriguing concept.
Something that can't be proven right or wrong as if from IKEA.
It may be thought to be correct except.
A theory with no evidence is no theory after at all.
Nothing against but nothing for either.
So, don't stand tall.
The earth isn't flat the moon is real we don't end in ether.
A family of lies father son daughter left speechless.
Oh, they know the secret.
They must be genius.
But do not fret.
An attempt was made to elevate.
Above Einstein above Newton.
An attempt that only ended in hate.
A scare much like the one on gluten.
A disease like lynxes.
A cure like clay.
One with zero links.
A story as made up as a play.

CHAINED DOWN

By Jasmine Powell

Roses are red
The sky is blue
I fell in love with you,
But doing so broke me down
And know I can't be found.

Silver sparkles in the light,
As I am trapped in my mind.
Counting down the days you'll send me free,
I'll wait till your done with me

As time goes on,
You'll give me a ring.
I can't say no,
Or you'll leave.
I fell to deep and now chains keep me up,
like the curtain's in your room,
locking me away from my freedom.

The moon being my only light,
I'll sing that song you like.
As I am stuck here for the rest on my life,
I'll say "goodbye" to my dear old friend, Life

GRANDMA...

By Emily Rhoads

You love her
But can't understand her
You are the light of her life,
Your grandma...
When she was in the hospital room, she was stiff.
You were as scared as a deer in headlights
Scared, shocked and stressed!

You were counting down the hours till she got home.
Hours go by one by one
You hear the door crack
She walked in and looked at you cold, weak and skinny...

Why! Why can't this be different?
You love her but can't understand her!
The night comes fast like a jet in the night sky... but nothing.

You're getting better as she does.
Your emotions grow stronger for her
As soon as you know it, she's walking
She looks at you with a big smile
And she mumbled I love you.
Grandma!

DOES IT GET BETTER?

By Raeline Rider

I wish you'd understand me,
But that would require you to listen.
You don't care what we say,
You're the adult and we're the children.

And those teachers at school
They don't care if we're okay.
As long as we get perfect scores,
As if we were them.
They'll be content and happy...
Because that means they've succeeded.

You're my best friends,
But I've pushed you away
Like a child who doesn't like their dinner
I noticed a changed in your mood.
I knew you'd be sad at first
But you'll see... you're better off.

To my brother and my sister,
Although I can't stand you at times
We are connected by the same blood;
Running through our veins.
And when I see you play
I pray, that you never understand
My struggle and pain.

Father, are you there?
Did I do something wrong?
I'm here all by myself, lonely and scared.
Mama is crying, her struggle is real.
Her worst nightmare come to life,
And the way it makes her feel.

I found a boy and he loves me,
Truly with all his heart...

He's the one that I talk to
When the shadows come out to play.
He smiles at me and promises,
"It's all gonna be okay."

MY DAY AT SCHOOL

By Charlie Samuel

I climb on the bus
It's quiet as an empty room
I feel the bus bumping up and down
Eventually, I see the school in the distance
Coming to me closer and closer

I walk off and feel the cool breeze beat my skin
I quickly rush to my locker before first period begins
Before you know it, it's time for second period
And then I go off to third

Repeating almost the same schedule everyday
I walk into study hall and do my homework
After we walk into lunch
My friends and I have a good time
Soon the day will be over

When I walk into my house
I do my homework
It screams at me until it's done
Knowing that it will benefit me
And do it all over again

LIGHT

By Julya Slater

You seem to light up a room with just one smile
But yet you don't see it
When you laugh
It makes everyone else laugh
But you think they're laughing at you
And you still think no one knows you
You still think no one knows you're there
And you still think no one sees you
You simply just look at one person
And their jaw drops
You simply just walk in a room
and you light it up
And yet you think you're unwanted
You think people are staring at you for bad reasons
But they're not
And you're not

Dear, ...

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF HORROR

By Caleb Smith

The haunted house was very spooky and loud,
The screams of horror threw chills down my back.
The dark of the night and the chilling winds.
It may be fun for some but others may be afraid.

As I walked through the grass I hear the screams of horror,
and the cold breeze throws chills down my back.
I try to stay warm as I sit by the glowing, hot heat of the fire.
As I sip on hot chocolate my mouth is so hot it feels as if I could breathe fire.

As I walk through the haunted house I begin to get startled,
I know at any moment someone could pop out with a scare.
As I start to reach the end I begin to think that it's all over,
But then I hear the loud roar of a chainsaw as if its right behind me.
I turn and see a tall, scary and vicious clown standing right behind me.
I ran as fast as cheetah to the exit door. Once I got to the exit door and got outside
I knew that it was all definitely over with, all the screams of horror and loud,
Terrifying scare were all over with.

MY FIRST FOOTBALL PRACTICE

By Jayden Smith

The first time I tried football
Stepped into the locker room seeing familiar faces
Almost everyone had a helmet but me
It started to pour when we ran threw it felt like someone was throwing
pebbles at you
We stepped out of the locker room and ran to the field
The pouring rain sounded like the rain hitting plastic
And the cleats hitting the pavement sounded like horses running down
the road
Then we stepped onto the field for warmups
we were separated into 4 different groups army, navy, air force and
marines
After being split up we got sent to different stations and did different
drills
After doing these drills we did line man and running back drills
In the line man drill you got in a three-point stance and hit a bag and
did a swim move to get around it
the lineman drills looked easier
At the end of practice everyone was tiered
Then coach yell lets go to the hill
To get to the hill we had to run across the pavement again clack clack
clack
We had to run up and down the hill 10 times then we were done

EXTRAÑO

By Kimberly Smith Brown

¿cuál es el significado que le damos a lo que no conocemos?
gritaron los religiosos; ¡es un milagro!
gritaron los ateos; ¿es este acontecimiento mi problema?
gritaron los obsesionados; esa sí que es una señal
gritaron los políticos ; tranquilos no hay nada que temer
gritaron el pueblo; queremos respuestas
gritaron el gobierno; tenemos respuestas que no pueden escuchar
grito yo; hay cosas en la vida que no se pueden cambiar intentos de
ordenar a la naturaleza pero yo prefiero estar en un lugar donde será
un ritmo natural, por lo que nace, por lo que muere, por lo que tiene
sentido y por lo que no tiene sentido, por lo que hay y nunca hubo,
por lo diverso, por este caos desordenado con mil encantos ...

tenemos las respuestas que queremos pero no las que necesitamos, eso
no quiere decir que ya hayamos tenido una respuesta , pero que para
muchos no estén respondidas ...

STRANGE

By Kimberly Smith Brown

What is the meaning we give to what we do not know?
the religious shouted; It's a miracle!
Atheists shouted, is this my problem?
the obsessed ones shouted; that is a signal
the politicians shouted; calm, there is nothing to fear
the people shouted; we want answers
shouted the government; we have answers that they can't hear
I scream; there are things in life that you can't change attempts to
order nature but I prefer to be in a place where it will be a natural
rhythm, for what is born, for what dies, for what makes sense and for
what it does not have sense, for what there is and never was, for the
diverse, for this disordered chaos with a thousand charms ...

Anonymous we have the answers we want but not the ones we need,
that does not mean that we have already had an answer, but that for
many they are not answered ...

UNTITLED

By Luke Spahalski

The team goes out to the field for the last play
The quarterback is from San Francisco bay
So why would he be scared
He rides massive waves all day

The linemen are thinking of their jobs
They get into their positions like a dog in their cage
They rabid wolves are ready to attack

The running back knows his responsibility
He must take the end which will make or break the play
He knows he's liable for what happens
He's nervous like someone who doesn't have enough to pay

The head coach is nauseas knowing it's their last chance
Then before he knows it the ball is snapped

The defense bull rushes the QB and he scrambles
He knows he must throw the ball
So, he throws it with all his will
He knows he has the power to make it to the end zone
The wide receiver sees the ball in the air
He jumps up and the ball gets tipped he falls on the ground
The next thing he knows the balls on his hip
The whole team piles on him with excitement
The fans run onto the field like a stampede of bulls
They did their jobs correctly now they feel a scene of victory

DIRT BIKES

By Matthew Swarthout

I pull the bike out of the garage
I greet it like an old friend
I make sure nothing is wrong
I give it gas and make sure it's ready to go

Then I get my gear
I gear up and now I am ready to go
I get on the bike

I start it up and now I am getting nervous
Powerful enough to rip you off
We line all of them up
All the bikes are off
We wait

We start all of them at the same time and go
We go as fast as we can around the track
Engines are screaming as we pass one another
Toward the end I hear a weird rattling
It's my chain, it stretched
Now I must buy parts
It steals money right out of my wallet
But then its ready to go for round two

BROKEN BONES

By Colby Thurston

It all happens in a blink of an eye
You slip on the ice and fall you think
Oh well

But it's worse than you think
You go to the hospital and get ok news
You get wrapped up for three days
You hate it and think it is getting better

But
After all the x-rays and a CT
You find out that it is broken
Your hope just drops
You get wrapped up in a hard cast
For a long time
You go back for more x-rays
You find out there was gap
in-between your bone

You're lucky
If there was a little bit more of a gap
You would have to have two surgeries
You were scared to death
One surgery to put pins in and another
To take the pins out

But you found out after even more x-rays
That you were fine, and it should heal on
Its own but it will take a very long time
You go to physical therapy for it
You try and try ever day to get better
You go back and get more x-rays to find out
That you are all healed now

You are very happy now your relieved
You think finely
Some days you good ones and bad ones and
Ever really bad days
It hurts like crazy and you just want to scream
Just like right here right now

THE END

THE HOMECOMING GAME

By Damon Williams

I am on the sideline and I can feel the air blowing past my face knowing that we were going to win, and it was so exciting because we won the coin toss Moravia kicked off the ball and it started spinning out of control like a bottle rocket then we started our first drive on offense we made three first down then we scored, and we made it look easier than buying a pie then we kick the ball back to them and they tried to push back with a score we stopped them, and they couldn't move our team like trying to move a parked car the rest of the game we controlled them and no longer needed our starters, so we put the second team they still couldn't score they still couldn't stop us we were like a raging fire that couldn't be stopped then its half time we sent our second team back in and they keep the memedom going so we put in our 3rd team in and they only scored once then that was it the game had five minutes left and the score was 49-6 so we put our offense back on the field then the game almost over with a couple more minutes left in the game we score one more time then we ran down the clock as the crowd goes wild like a lion and the game was over the ending score was 51-6, we won a good game with the Watkins Glen varsity football team

4
FOURTH PERIOD

UNTITLED

By Bre Carl

The wind was flying carelessly through my long hair that day.
I could barely see through the thick locks going every which way.
The time was almost here, I couldn't escape no matter how much I tried
I love to do this though, I told myself, but my head told me that had lied

Two minutes, the man announced, my heart pounded, it'll be over soon
Just twenty short minutes I told myself, one more minute the man said
Pulling my long messy hair into a pony tail I stretched my nervous legs
I looked around, everybody I knew was here, they looked so happy for me
More and more pressure was added to my already heavy shoulders now.

The gun raised. The crowd went silent. The gun fired.
The ground shook as about 200 girls flooded out of the starting line
I knew at the end my friends would be there so I had to do my best
We went around the corners and up the giant hills through the woods,
There it was. I could see it. I was almost there. Just 100 more meters.

I was almost done. I couldn't believe it. Why did it all feels so fast?
Now was my time. If there was a time to push, this was it. I gunned it
I felt as fast as a cheetah as I flew around at least three people to the finish.
I had like three seconds to glance at the scoreboard with my time. Personal
record.

I felt like I wanted to collapse at the finish but I kept moving through the
shoot
Then a lady standing near handed me a medal. Top 10 out of 118. I was
shocked
I knew that day when I woke up I wanted to make my team and my family
proud.

THE MAN AND THE WALLET

By Georgio Fazzary

There was a wallet.
It was left on the ground.
It was a cold rainy day.
with no one around.
I was starving with nothing to eat.
I picked it up.
hoping to for a treat.
It was as if it weighed 100 pounds.
It sunk into my pocket.
Nearly knocking me to the ground.
I took it out and looked inside.
Only to see a picture of a small boy trying to hide.
The wallet seemed to get heavier as the day went on.
Only later I went on to see an old man, His face covered in wrinkles
with a small boy at his side.
I coughed up my pride to give the wallet back to the old guy.

CANTILLATE

By Chloe Gouin

I cannot help but look at the eternal demise
 an endless echo of iniquity
 Now endless is just the thing
 To get me wondering if it is truly endless

I witnessed the everlasting unrighteousness
 of their generation
 How I mourned the sinfulness
 The disgusting, ungodly acts
 One out of many

 Gently it goes- the downfall
It starts like a drug through one's veins
 An infection

The seeds of life come with many branches
 Dead or alive, dark or light
 Just to end it all,
 All that is waiting is destruction

WORRIED VOICES

By Brendyn Hammond

As I plow through the winds at 20 mph,
I look up every 2 seconds to stay safe.
I smell that burning fuel and the Klotz in the air.
All of a sudden I froze.
It's going too fast,
and I'm too distracted to squeeze the handles.
I was face to face with this monster
Too late
It went BLACK.
4 faces in my sight.
Worried voices trying.
I heard the loud red and blue lights.
It went silent.
Going 80.
Voices in my head might have been in my head.
Woken back up in a bed.
A beep that got lower and lower.
Then it stopped.
Worried voices.
It went black.

GOODBYE

By Kaila Hammond

I'm sorry I left you.
I know you'll miss me so much.
I'm in a better place now.
I have so much luck.

I'll see you in the next life.
I can't wait to see your smile.
Just make sure to make your
Life worthwhile.

It's really nice here.
I'm much more happy.
When I see you again,
We will both be very sappy.

Last night I died.
And went to a place called heaven.
Don't worry I'm fine.
But I'll miss you #7.

UNTITLED

By Travon Jones

I was up to bat and very focused
My hands were sweating bad
So I got a better grip on the bat
And stared into his eyes

He let go of the ball
I knew I was in trouble
I tried to dodge the pitch
But was way to slow I
Got hit and fell down

After the pain went away
I got up and ran to first base
The pitcher came over to me
To see if I was alright...
He then became my best friend

MY CAT

By Eric Morrisette

My cat is sad
No one else in his family is a cat
He is excluded from most things
And no one tells him why
He just wants to play
And be loved
He looks at me with wonder
And disappointment
He says hello I am a cat what is my existence
Why is that / why it and not me please can you look at me and love
me to
Can I have some of your food please I don't really like mine
Do you want to play with one of my toys, this ones my favorite
Do you like me
Are we brothers
Why didn't I grow up
Why am I so small
Where are you going

DARK TO LIGHT

By Adam Pastore

Him,
No one knew
He is alone, in the dark
Stuck in a crowded room, but still felt he was falling apart
Sitting in silence no one knows who he really is
Pain,
Torture,
Hurt,
In the dead of night there was a light
He can feel the warmth,
He can feel the forgiveness
There will be No more pain
There will be No more torture,
There will be No more hurt
Forgiveness,
Happiness,
Relief

THE TALL GIANT

By Jacob Pierce

It was a new begging, a new year
I was exited but nervous
I didn't know which emotion I was more of
All I knew was, was my heart was going 100 miles per hour
My head was spinning.

I thought I'd never get past 6th grade
I had no one to help me
None of my friends were in my class
I was upset until I saw something
It was tall maybe as tall as a tower it approached me
I was nervous as it got closer I noticed something
It was boy, he was tall he was as orange as Halloween.
I could tell the tall giant was nervous.

The tall figure had a nervous like smile on his face.
He seemed nice I wanted to get to know him
We started to talk, we sat next to each other in class.
Then I realized it. 6th grade wasn't going to be as horrid as I thought.

FATE OR FREE WILL

By Mitchell Pike

I got into trouble,
Thinking nothing was wrong,
I never thought I was troubled,
It was free will I chose,
Not fate took me over,

I thought fate was wrong,
Turns out I was troubled,
And nothing was wrong,
Because I kept it all bottled,
My anger took over,

I glanced at the sky,
Screamed and shout,
My face was red,
My face like an apple,
My anger took over,

Listened to the words,
That came out your mouth,
You showed me the way,
To see clear enough,
Because fate and free will, carries us all,

I found a way through the dark,
And too the light,
I hope you do too,
For you can see light,
I thank fate and free will,

For the light was shown,
Because in the darkness,
I was alone,
I became accustom,
To my new home.

MY FIRST BROKEN BONE

By Cassidy Ploucha

It was a cold fall afternoon
I was getting ready to go on a run
I started my 5k on my road
I made it the first half mile
There were a line of cars
I thought they were going as fast as a jet when they went past my ear
The line was as long as a train

The second half mile the train of cars made it through
I was glad it was over
Until they started to get closer
The closer they got the farther they pushed me off the road
My heart was pounding
I thought it was going to jump out of my chest
Then I stumbled over a big, lumpy and grey rock.
I fell to the ground with a thud.

I looked down at my arm when I felt a sharp pain
I noticed my arm, bent back in an unusual way
It felt worse than 1000 bug bites
I jogged back to my house and went to a doctor.
This is why running is not my thing...

FREE WILL

By Jacob Powers

Sometimes, no matter how hard I fight
I am destined to lose anyway
Only darkness now, no light
Sometimes, I am stupid enough to have hope again
I am destined to break anyway
The only question is when
Sometimes, I let my guard down
I am destined to fail anyway
Just going to drown
Sometimes, I think it will be all right
I am destined to be disappointed anyway
It's never going to be alright
Sometimes, I believe...
But I am destined to lose faith anyway
Let me alone just leave.

FOREVER SCARRED

By Wyatt Reilly

There is 5 people left,
I have a scar and a pump
The first guy I see
he things he should rush
but I'm low on mats,
only 100 wood
I cleared all my ammo on my scar into his walls
The sound of it crackling like lighting,
He fell in a green tree
I didn't get the kill
its 1v2 now
and it is just defaults
with 18 hp left
I pulled out my pump
doing only 8 damage
I choked,
as he pulled out his scar
and then the bush won,
And I was now forever scarred.

FORGIVE ME

By Anya Simpson

I'm sorry, Little wolf
Forgive me
The red door had opened
The porcelain white hallway
Now is stained red
Thoughts of the past rattling around my head
my deepest secrets are stabbing me with stakes
I could not cope
All the pain and lies
Forgive me
I left you, I left Everyone
My mind left for Dead
Trying to save You when I couldn't save Myself
I love you, Little Wolf
Always and Forever
I must leave you now
Thoughts I must close behind the door
Memories must follow with them
Forgive Me, I chose to forget

5
MRS. RUDA'S CLASS

DREAM

By Michael Cook

I had a dream that lasted all night long.
I dream about me and my class graduating
in 2021,
Sitting in the chair that are split in rows.
Waiting for name to be called, anxious
Name is called
Walking up to the principal,
looking very nervous
receiving my diploma.
satisfied
Me, standing on the men's section all the way on the right.
Then I wake up saying best dream ever!
Sat up thinking
Need to get to work
Do my best
To reach my dream

LOVE IS IN THE AIR

By Taylor Cummings

When I am around him, I get butterflies in my stomach
My heart beats faster, it is harder to breathe.
He is a wonderful boyfriend in the whole wide world
He makes me so happy and loved
He is the only one I want to be with for the rest of my life
He is loyal to me
He is the love of my life
Sweetest man on earth
He will do everything for me
I don't want to lose my man
if I lose him
Will I ever talk to people again?
Will I be the saddest woman on the earth?
Will I survive?

Love is in the air

DOG TRAINER

By Johnathan Fuller

Who wants a dog that wants to eat people?
pull them, make them fall?
Who wants a dog that can pull off skin when walking their dog?
I like seeing dogs that are happy
I can tell when dogs are sad because tails are not wagging.
faces and body expressions tells it all.
Why I train dogs is because some people don't have the money
or the time to train their dog.
When I take their dogs for a walk-in town,
I get them used to different people
helps them not want to bite people when visitors come to the
house.
The owners get a well-trained dog.
they are controlled
not wild and crazy,
And now likes people
Seeing a smile on the owner's face is greater than how I feel.
Owners get a well-trained dog.

Hire a personal dog trainer!

PIZZA

By Steven Miller

Pizza is as spicy,
Pizza is cheesy,
Pizza is saucy,
Juicy pepperoni,
Hard pizza,
Soft pizza
Slurp when the
Juice is running
Down my face
Spicy sauce
Pop when I eat the crust
Slurp the juice
Slurp the sauce
Soft crust
Spicy pizza
Hot pepperoni
Spicy pepperoni
Juicy sauce.

POEMS

By Aaron Scanlon

A poem is a short story that was written by authors to describe their lives or describe the life of someone else.

A poem can look vivid, tremendous, or dark

A poem can smell clean, strong, or rotten

A poem can taste sweet, stale, or spicy

A poem can feel thick, rough, or stiff

A poem can sound like ringing, screeching, or silent

Poems can get you motivated into reading or learning new words and being imaginative about the events occurring wondering what's going to happen next.

There are poems that can have feelings to it, Like positive feelings and negative feelings.

Positive feelings could mention being content, enthusiastic, eager, or kind.

Negative feeling could include being depressed, furious, doubtful, or explosive.

A poem also has character traits including feelings, actions, or description of that particular character.

Poems can be anything or everything, it can be about your life or someone you know that had some events or could be about a certain object.

Poems are life!!!

MY DREAM

By Jade Williams

Going to bed at night time.
blankets on my bed are blue.
I started to have a dream.
My grandma was alive again and
I was staying with her.
Dreaming about her because I've been thinking about her lately.
that's why I get these dreams.
I miss all the memories that we had
and what we did together.
~ baked cookies
~ danced
~ hung out
~ ate food
~ watched tv
Why did you have to go?
Why did God take you away?

