

**2012** B. K. Evans

The ground is wet;

Dark patches of water fill up the concrete that was once light.

All of this based around a bet,

This bet had an intensity of much height.

The sun doesn’t shine, but clouds cover the sky

Clouds of smoke, clouds of death, clouds that hide.

Buildings destroyed, the world kissing the universe goodbye,

Death instead of life, now it will abide.

No people move, no people can be seen,

No animals, no plants, no life.

Scientists, now on their theory, can lean,

But no one can hear their complaints; their heartache and strife.

It has now happened, just like they said it would.

Is it because of lack of faith and hope?

Has God come down and gotten us like we knew he could?

Or is this just another way that we humans could never cope?

When they said it would happen, some didn’t believe,

They are now up in heaven, living without a care.

But many stayed in the burning flames that deceive,

This is the punishment that they will forever bare.

Contrast

Your touch leaves me helpless.

Your trust dares me to believe in the love you offer;

An end to my darkness and my past forgotten.

You revive my hope and heart,

Promising your love and my happiness,

I tremble in your arms.

My walls crumble in your presence.

You make me fall apart with just one kiss,

One glance from your calm blue eyes can leave me breathless.

It’s torture to not have you here in my arms.

For so long there was no color in my world,

Until I found you.

I once denied myself the light,

Convinced I deserved the darkness.

Now my light shines forever in your eyes

Doubt

Elizabeth McAuley

Do I put my morality in the invisible hands of a being I do not understand?

I cannot see you.

I cannot feel you.

I cannot hear you.

The world sees you in different ways.

Wars are caused in your name.

In you I do not trust.

In you I cannot trust.

Man created you.

Incompetent people needing something to cling to.

Needing an explanation.

Needing an excuse.

To make themselves feel they have purpose.

They say I will burn.

But still I stand my ground.

I cannot give in to this idea.

That’s all it is.

An idea.

I will not.

I will stand before them.

Filled with doubt.

**I Once Dreamed That…**

**Lauren Mathews**

I once dreamed that I was purple

You were blue and I was purple .

I lived my life without a care

Sporting crazy eyes, a violent stare

I never let blue get to me,

We are she that he made me and I

Hold my blunt in this Technicolor world

Because “I am the Walrus, koo-koo-ka-choo”

Living, breathing, nonsense love

Gives me that funny kind of buzz

That you can’t care of anything in the world

Colors In this now swirled over the drone of silence

Evermore I take a swig, departing me to another

Land. Green filled the open air and put green leaves in my hair.

I didn’t care about he, she, or me, we were the world.

We were the future of a green world whose nose never

Curled at the ideas we hurled or the songs we sang of those ideas we claimed.

I once had a dream that I was free.

**I’m Not Truly Sorry** B. K. Evans

I didn’t mean to do it

I would have gotten away with it though

I’m sorry whorever I hit

Actually it felt great, but on my face, I mustn’t show

I’m only a kid, don’t do this to me

Truly, I’m a genius mastermind. Wah hahaha

Officer I said I’m sorry; jail isn’t where I want to be

Go ahead and try to put me in there you fat oaf, I will beat the law!

Please don’t call my mommy, an accident it was.

Call her if you wish, she’s dumb anyway, and doesn’t even care.

Can I just have a warning? It was only a dare that I did just because.

Because I wanted to shut the other kids up, and eat them like I do a bear.

Here you can have it back, I’m sorry I took it.

It was only a back up for my real plan.

I’m sorry I held a gun to his head, I know it was over the top by more than a bit.

No, he should have given me the money and then I would have ran.

Officer, the trouble I caused, I apologize for

But I’ll be back next week and I won’t get caught.

I promise I won’t try this again, and I will walk forever in shame on this floor.

Until my return, and next time you will hear shots.

Killers

By: Jacqueline Graham

Their minds fly

Inside a colorless world

Of synchronized fright

Two monsters

Connected by a firm hold

He leads

She follows

Controlling her body

While she controls his mind

Knife against her back

Gun against his head

Comforting them both

Before their next kill

Stab to the back

Execution shot

Giving birth

To a new corps

Strong hands

Choke the life

Out of a weak

Naïve soul

Red lips

Grant a welcoming kill

Opening the doors

To Satan’s corruption

Back together

In a black and white world

Splattered with only

Spots of red

Dancing until the killer

Becomes the killed

Mayfly

There once was a girl who was sunny and bright

In everything that she did

Of all beings she possessed great might

From life she never at all hid

Despite nature she was a friend to all

And tried to find good

She would rise from every fall

Different she never would

To me she always was warm

According to her I was “neat”

Far too early she suffered the norm

And now she lies there with the wheat

Peaceful always as a dove

She was picked off in her prime

She had all of the love

But none of the time

Mistress of Murder

By: Jacqueline Graham

“Not guilty”

My ass.

On the stand

Defending your word

You’re still alive,

But only just.

You have killed a flower

Raped her of innocence

In a bloody murder

Another woman gone

My job is to immortalize

Make her life live on

And the first step:

Seeing you dead.

I don’t kill with guns

Nor with poison or knives

I kill with persuasion

No man, ever able to resist

Come her dirty bum

Fall right into my trap

You will black out shortly

Followed by one last breath

It’s her turn to torture

Fulfill merciless rage

Making you feel it;

Everything you did.

Yes, I killed you.

You had it coming.

Based on the song *Cell Block Tango* from the musical *Chicago*

Nuclear Warfare

By: Lucas Lambert

Empty,

completely empty.

Cars and people,

rushing to and fro.

Children playing

riding bikes, playing catch.

Parents coming, going

busy everyday.

To work, to the game.

To the bar, to the spa.

To Tommy’s house,

To hang out with Luke.

Not anymore

All is empty.

8th street,

the busiest spot in town.

All are gone, all are dead.

The trimmed bushes,

kempt sidewalks,

white picket fences.

Dainty houses,

hues of baby blue,

soft pink,

quiet yellow.

All are gone,

empty.

8th street,

busiest spot in town

Empty?

No way!

But the enemy didn’t care.

It tore through the houses

the children, the fences,

the sidewalks, the cars.

Emptiness radiates.

Fills the air.

Sickens those,

who dare come near.

And all that remains?

Nothing

It is,

*Empty*

Parchment

By: Jacqueline Graham

Stain me blue and black

Open up to me

Write your sorrows

On my skin

Put your pain in me

Let your evils be released

Fill me with guilt

Make me as angry as you

Light me on fire

Burn me to a crisp

Kill your despair

As you murder me

Places

Lawson Kennan

I hold firm to the belief

That not place is ever the same

One moment to the next,

One breath from the rest.

Although I think of my world

As separate from yours,

This much I know to be true.

Water is a devious, mysterious thing,

We know it, and yet we don’t know it,

We see it, yet are still enthralled

In its shaping, shifting, twisting,

As it gently lures our gaze, our hearts.

Imagine a frosted mirror,

That reflects the rage,

And the cool serenity

Of our fleeting world.

Imagine the awe inspiring glory

Of my dear Northern Lights, the Aurora.

The everlasting night sky

Taunts me, teases me,

As it gracefully and colorfully

Dances to where I can never follow.

Imagine dull clouds, yet intriguing clouds

Looming over.

The long awaited sunshine is moments away,

Yet years long gone.

Eyes raised to the heavens,

The clouds part,

Allowing the first smiles of the God’s rays to leak through.

And imagine, just one more time,

That in one moment in time,

When things come together,

The world is beautiful.

Breathe, and the moment passes,

We observe the glory  
Of the next moment, and the next, and the next,

And in each moment in time,

The world is beautiful.

Inferno

Travis Wendell

He sank into the checkered tile

The water was scolding

A fever swept over him

This was his Inferno

Towel, dry, washer

He looked in empty rooms

His stomach wobbled

Bones cracked, limbs shook

Hair that needs a host

Dangling parasitic strands

They itched and stung him

Like snakes and tentacles

T.V. equaled cluttered images

Birds knocked at his door

Searching for Mother Nature

In all her beaut and glore.

**Pure Beauty**

By: Bandon Burton

Her skin glistens in the sun

The look in her eyes

Shows character and beauty

And the willingness to rise

I love her so much

She holds my heart ever so kind

Oh those goose bumps

Her smile is so divine

She brings me happiness

She does no harm

Oh do I love that feeling

Of having her in my arms

So beautiful all year round

She makes everything right

And when she kisses me

It brings me all of my light

Your love take me above

To the top

Of the world

Let’s just fly

And let’s just fly

And let our wings unfurl

Darkness no more

Light oh yes

Breanna Yvonne Meredith

Sappy Love Poem About Love  
Samantha Oty

I want to be your  
Eve, Juliet, Jane  
Catherine, and Penelope.

Your Peach  
or your Zelda  
Any princess would do really…

I want to kiss you in the rain,  
like every terrible Nicholas Sparks book  
Only minus the terminal illness.

I wish I could get lost in the woods with you  
on some magical midsummer night  
and never wake up from that wonderful dream.

We may never have Paris (that’s to cliché)  
but we’ll always have Barnes and Noble  
Because we’re cool like that.

I would love to be your June Cleaver  
but let’s be serious…  
I’m more Lucy than Stepford Wife.

Perhaps silent era is more for us?  
We can go see the City Lights  
as we enter into Modern Times.

You can be the Big to my Carrie  
We don’t have the city  
but we can still have the sex (wink)

I’ll even be the lamb to your lion  
Yes, I did just reference Twilight,  
That’s how much I like you.

But, you know what?  
I don’t want any of that silliness  
perfect as it may seem.

Because you are you  
and I’m me  
as cute as can be

and we’re better than all of them.

Smiling

By Iliyaas Reid

*The beauty the grace*

*Her smile is so much to embrace*

*The days go past without seeing her face*

*How I wonder where her smile is in this race*

*I wish she was my smile to hold on*

*But forever she’ll be away and always gone*

*Her smile brightens days*

*Makes the rain stay away*

*Forever will she not be mine*

*For her smile is just too hard to chime*

Stand Up

By: Lucas Lambert

They were called,

By people like us.

They left home,

Left their mothers,

Their fathers,

Left their wives.

They travelled to lands,

Unknown to them.

They spent each day,

In fear for their lives.

All the while,

They fought to survive

While all the fires of hell,

Rained down of them.

Their only hope,

Was written on letters,

Sent from the ones they love,

From home.

Their families were haunted,

By fear and pain.

Brothers, missing their examples.

Sisters, missing their protector.

Fathers, missing their pride and joy.

Mothers, missing their sons.

They died for us,

They deserve respect,

They deserve the liberty,

That they gave their lives for.

So now,

I pledge allegiance to this flag,

With honor,

With respect,

With a heavy heart for those who died.

And I challenge you to stand.

Stand with honor,

Give respect,

Stand Up for your country.

Sweet Nightmare

By: Jacqueline Graham

She’s never around

But she’s always there.

I know he has her

But she should be mine

Eyes that draw me in

Seductive lips say “welcome”

I won’t be capable

Of handling her “goodbye”

Slender stomach, smooth bare hips

Slither through my senses

Snake around my mind

Cutting me off from all other thoughts.

She kills me inside

I want him to die.

What does he have that I don’t?

Her.

My useless self control

Has completely blacked out.

Her warm body against me;

Feel her heart, listen to her breathe.

Her nails tear down my back

As I kiss her neck

Fulfilling my every fantasy

Of her delicate body on mine

My nightmare,

I never want to end.

His reality

That never has to.

The Enemy

I cannot tell you who I am,

But I can tell you what I want to be,

And that isn’t with you.

You knock me down,

You enter my deepest thoughts.

But I will get rid of you,

Oh you creature of depression,

I loathe you.

I loathe you with every bone,

Every part of my body.

My heart will overpower you;

My will to survive.

So surrender,

Give up alter ego of mine.

If you aren’t with me

You are against me.

No longer can we be one.

No longer can we be one.

By: B. K. Evans

**The Song of the Night**

In the dark, starry night, the lady moon rose,

Diamonds surround her, sparkling and bright

The mysterious beauty of the midnight sky

Bathing the world in her pale grey light.

Her song begins playing, and with it, a sigh

For her splendor fills your heart with delight

Her beauty and innocence plain on her face

Her great song of silence sounding each night

And then her sister returns, the splendid song stops

The orange supersedes the white

You wait out the day and its boring routine

And long for the song of the night.

The golden lantern of the Sun

Lights my way,

The flooding lighthouse of the moon,

Guides my way,

And the Congress of meandering stars

Is my destination.

The line I walk

Is unlike any other,

Yet I follow in the footprints

Of millions before I.

I look to my left,

And see the wealthy business man.

To my right,

I see the lonely, degraded scavenger.

We each walk our own paths,

And yet we walk together,

We’re all individually headed to the same place,

So we might as well walk together.

Lawson Kennan

*Anonymous*

You

are malignant.

A tumor sprouting,

suddenly visible on my skin.

At first I didn’t notice;

you were a

mark of beauty.

Then I saw it:

the ragged edge.

You grew slowly,

morphing over months

of gentle togetherness,

living peacefully side by side.

But now?

Now you are choking me.

My eyes suffer from

constant moisture;

a wretched, salty

stone,

scratching my pink cheeks

on its way down my spine.

My cheeks throb,

pulsing with the

caustic fluid that

infects my every pore.

You have taken

control of my mind.

My every thought

turns to you.

Love.

Hate.

Desperation.

Which will win?

If only I had noticed sooner,

then you wouldn’t have had the chance to

kill me.

What You See

Anonymous

You see me as beautiful

Artistically talented

And capable of anything

I wish I could be that person

You think I’m outgoing

Free spirited

Ready to face the world

I wish I could be that person

You say I’m childlike

Happy and carefree

Able to do whatever

I wish I could be that person

But you didn’t see me before

Before you and your love

Before you were mine

I would have done anything to be that person

A Dying Love

There he stood

In front of her

The man who’d sworn his love

He raised his hand

He struck her face

A slap and then a shove

Another bruise

Another lie

Another fable to be told

A shot rings out

She hits the ground

A body, still and cold

A wooden box she’s locked away

There’s nothing more to see

He sobs and mourns

A great façade

And a guilty man roams free

Nissa Bonney

Day After

Katy Kelly

A blur of tears

I’m sorrys

How are yous

I want them gone

Just leave me alone

They won’t bring him back

The food

The calls

The plans

The flowers

Just leave me alone

They won’t bring him back

So many houses

Traveling everywhere

School and people

Too many questions

Just leave me alone

They won’t bring him back

Any empty tractor

Empty field

Empty house

Empty heart

Just leave me alone

They won’t bring him back

**Flamboyant Ambiance**

**Emma Gawthrop**

I see Violet,

Purple, Lavender, Aubergine, Plum,

Amethyst floating in Wine.

I see Indigo,

Navy, Midnight, Cobalt, Ultramarine,

Pavonated gems glisten in Ink.

I see Blue,

Cyan, Azure, Cornflower, Cerulean,

Sapphires flash in Ocean waves.

I seen Green,

Jade, Pistachio, Viridian, Pine,

Emeralds scattered through Grass.

I see Yellow,

Lemon, Dandelion, Saffron, Maize,

Gold placed next to Vanilla.

I see Orange,

Pumpkin, Tangerine, Rust, Vermillion

Amber Sunrise.

I see Red,

Scarlet, Crimson, Cardinal, Cinnabar,

Rubies set in Blood.

What I *don’t* see is White,

Light, Colorless, Ashen, Transparent,

Diamonds covered by Snow.

All around me is Black,

Darkness, Gloom, Shade, Opaque,

Obsidian in the Shadows.

I want to see the Shades,

The Tints, the Tones, the Hues, the Colors,

Iridescent hearts gleaming with a Flamboyant Ambiance.

Jordan McCracken

If I could only speak

If ever we could be together

I would hold you to me forever

Our future together, I have it all planned

At nights we could talk long walks on the sand

The two of us would be inseparable-

I think the damage would be irreparable

Everything about you shines and burns

And of you I would never spurn

How could you choose one such as me?

There is nothing at all pleasant to see

In my darkness I plan and I plot

But it is all for naught

Of you I could never truly seek

For am I much too shy and far too meek

In Regret

Elizabeth McAuley

The sweet bitterness of life starts to hurriedly slip away.

I lie here in my painful delight.

Every moment flashes before my eyes.

I listen to the silence of the night.

As my sorry existence plays nosily in front of me,

I pause.

I sift through my shadowy past and see a light.

I realize my worth in that second.

There is a brilliant glint of happiness.

I see things I overlooked before committing to this.

I panic.

I want to live.

My life is full of so many wondrous things.

I am simply throwing it all away.

I thought I trusted myself.

But I thought too quickly.

Now I am drifting into an unknown afterworld.

Attempting to grasp the last few seconds of my life is overwhelming and pointless.

My body will not react.

I dimly see myself falling into oblivion.

I am dead.

I lived my last moment in regret.

**Love**

Joseph Jacobs

I cut the hearts of those who stand in our way

Leaving them writhing in pain

Bleeding in agony

As they call my name

I steal their souls

From out their broken hearts

Leading them with my seduction

My lustful coercion

They are all mine in the end

I hold all their hearts

In my leading hand

Letting the blood

Trail to a river

And a puddle

At my feet

Me

A lonely person

On a broken road

Feels like life

Is down the hole

No friends has he

All lonely and cold

He wishes he can fit in

But his wish is blown away

One place he can never say

Putting a mask on everyday

This person I tell you

Is a person I know well

This person is myself

-Mark T. Livermore

**Joan Brannon**

“He who walks in another’s tracks leaves no footprints.”

**My Footprints**

*You want me to follow in your footsteps,*

*And I have obediently.*

*Driven by love I have blindly followed you,*

*My only dad.*

*No matter what the case, I have been behind you*

*Watching every move you make.*

*I have practiced each move and each step you have taken*

*To the point where I make no mistakes.*

*But when I look back I only see one set of footprints.*

*My footprints have become yours.*

*And when I think of my life*

*I can only see yours.*

*This has troubled me*

*Because when I have a son*

*I want him to love my set of footprints*

*Just so one day he can break away from them*

*And become a man of his own, just like I have, today.*

Jesse Phillips

Ode to Skinny Jeans

By: Jacqueline Graham

Skinny jeans, oh skinny jeans

Where for art thou skinny jeans

In the dryer or in my drawer

On my legs or on the floor

Skinny jeans, oh skinny jeans

You are for skinny people

People like me

Who wear sizes

One, two, or three

Skinny jeans, oh skinny jeans

But those who wear you

Whose legs are a tad fat

Don’t quite realize

You can’t elude that

Skinny jeans, oh skinny jeans

**Passion Awakened, Heart Asleep**

**By: Emma R. Gawthrop**

**After a million years I might make a mistake,**

**Which road should I take?**

**Whose love was fake?**

**Whose heart is breaking,**

**Yours or Mine?**

**After a million miles, with twenty more to go,**

**Which path should I follow?**

**Whose feelings are shallow?**

**Whose hear is hollow,**

**Yours or Mine?**

**After a million tears have been shed,**

**Which way was I lead?**

**Whose emotion was spread?**

**Whose heart is dead,**

**Yours or Mine?**

Player

By Taylor Vaughn

(using a comparison, describe how something burns or cooks)

How can so much love

Be destroyed in such a

Small piece of paper ,

How can a little tree

Latter word ruin my

World and how come you

Seem to be full with nothing

Other than this word ,

You say all this wonderful

Things though you always

Mass it all up by the end,

*“I love you* ***but*** *I care a*

*Lot for her” “you’re my*

*One and only* ***but*** *I’m still*

*With her.” “Love* ***but*** *not*

*All the way Tom.”*

There is this anger

With in me, you

Have to pay. I go to

Find the close thing

To hell in have

I’m going to give back

The devil his word of hate,

**But** what a stupid word

**But** I hate you so much

**But** I you forever burn

With you master.

I though the heart

Stopping latter in the

Red ball of my own

Hell and watch all the

Evil words go golden

Drown and turns to ash

Like it belongs

Thin all that was left

Was the name, the

Perishes name that

I would crave to see

on every page thin it

to turn as black as his

heart.

Goodby my lover

I’m tired of playing

You silly games

Oh that’s right you

Wasn’t really my lover

You was just my player!

Puzzle Pieces

Travis Wendell

Two puzzle pieces  
Each of different shape  
Distance and departure  
Different life and decay  
  
An uneven foundation  
Built on ill-told jokes,  
Cliché falsehoods,   
And empty promises  
  
Balance tells the truth  
The pieces don't fit  
Pressed, turned, skewed  
Their hearts don't shift  
  
The pieces are not useless,  
But merely misused  
This puzzle isn't the past  
It's the future, imbued.

Rolled Tobacco

*Courtney Grubb*

*The inhalation of smoke,*

*The burning ember,*

*The flaking ashes…*

Reaching out, reaching up,

an itch for that which we cannot have.

Like a cigarette burning in the hand of a child, we all find fascination

within the depths of our

backwards minds, interpretation

of dreams; life is a game of roulette.

Pushing daisies, twirling tulips,

frisking fancy futile felines…

our silly little puppet show, our every

desperate effort goes out to the crude audience, curdling

our innocence and fattening

our skins. We are all garbage in an ashtray, leftovers;

*once* a part of something, important

to *someone*, somewhere. A dire

need, an honest desire…

A mysterious taboo.

Frowned upon by those *high society scholars,*

they’re too good for that.

Perched with their necks extended to the

clouds of heaven, leading (leaving) the rest

of us from our path of destruction to theirs of corruption.

M A R L B O R O

That cigarette bridges the gaps of

society in the hands of a child,

breaks the chains of separation,

but with such varying interpretations one cannot be sure

of where she lies in this word game.

*Makes known their desire to be us and ours to be them while what we have will never be*

*good enough but what they have—or don’t—surely will, for they are simply* ungrateful.

The smokestick plucks away the

child’s innocence with every puff

while he watches his father do the same.

Innocence…

Just as the cigarette burns away

inch-by-inch;

in this bored game we’re playing, our timer is running out of sand.

Someday

Katy Kelly

You see that girl?

Someday you’ll hug her

And bask in the feeling of her

close to you.

You see that girl?

Someday you’ll hold her hand

and yearn for the way it fits

so perfectly in yours.

You see that girl?

Someday you’ll touch her

embrace her warm body

and trace her skin.

You see that girl?

Someday you’ll kiss her

until the world stands still

and she is all that matters.

You see that girl?

Someday you’ll hurt her

and you won’t mean to

but it tears you up inside.

You see that girl?

Someday you’ll love her.

You see that girl?

Someday she’ll love you too.

Savannah

*Courtney Grubb*

Silently padding over the horizon,

she watches everything around her,

observing every little movement…

hearing every gust of wind.

Her vibrant orange fur

stands out amongst the monotone grasses,

but she knows well

how to blend.

A gentle giant, her

wide green eyes shift

left

right

left

right

left…

alone for an instant,

happily distanced from the pack.

Her hungry nose twitches

as the pack’s carnivorous

fumes reach her hiding place;

she slowly retreats back to them,

vigilant to the frenzy.

Her rippling back

saunters closer, one

ear still pitched to the

wind at her tail.

Home again—

home, or hell?

She wonders wordlessly,

humble eyes glazed over

as she slumps to the ground,

longing for independence.

Stop the Clock

By: Jacqueline Graham

Stop the clock

When boy meets girl

So puppies can play

In childish love

Stop the clock

At the alter

Before you commit

Changing two lives forever

Stop the clock

On the ninth month

Gaining responsibility

Adding one more

Stop the clock

When I am grand

Take me back

To relive it again

*Terminal Diagnosis*

Courtney Grubb

Voyage to the sunset—

mysterious

silent

floating gently across water,

my little sailboat and I.

My mind is fading

quickly as we drift

tenderly over

evanescent waves,

lapping up my little sailboat

like a dog its water

My sailboat and I—

my body, my mind…

float swiftly away from

shore, fragments

left behind, perhaps

dragged along the undertow

a memory resurfaced,

glistening,

will they remember me?

me and my little sailboat?

when we can’t remember them?

**The Friends by the Moon**

By Lauren Mathews

The smell of old warmth that I used to know,

With a deep sense of love that filled a room.

A vacant old chair by the window of snow,

Near a heart that cried that October at noon.

You sit in my jewelry box, labeled my name,

The one from China on the trip round-world.

Untouched, it doesn’t feel the same,

A secret hiding place known only to a girl.

It means a lot, those words you say,

Even if I forget them, I feel your faith,

And though mine has a new direction or way,

I keep you close to my soul; your presence is my safe.

Along the Shenandoah Parkway, the house and the coast,

Those specs of you physically kiss our nose.

The voice, the music, the melody missed most,

But isn’t this life, just how it goes?

An unsealed envelope in paper and ink you lie,

A close hit to home, the smell calms my heart.

Once. I read and I accept these tears in my eyes

As I blink silently, softly, while falling apart.

But you give me strength for the music in my blood,

To sing a heart-felt harmony and carry my tune,

To a melancholy melody that grows a new bud

In a new place I call home, with friends by the moon.

I loved and I lost, the hole from a soul,

Who began original “once upon a time’s” at my request,

I laughed, I grew old, and I watched the cancer take a toll,

On the most beautiful person that peace let rest.

But now she sings proudly, my bright warrior in a star,

Never would say peace took her too soon,

She watches and graces us all from afar,

Me, and she, with our friends by the moon.

The Storm

Katy Kelly

Mommy and Daddy are yelling

Their voices slamming into each other

Like water hitting the beach during a hurricane

Their voices surge up

Wind roaring past my head

I need to take shelter

I need to hide

From the rain of their anger

The waves crashing over me

Slowly their voices recede

But the room is too quiet

Too still

Now more than ever I need to hide

Because once they eye of the hurricane passes

The storm will come back full force

**Trees**

We planted it the first day I arrived. It has grown with me ever since then. Stretching up to the sky, challenging the limits of the world.

I walk around this tree everyday. Hug it; feed it; cherish it. Others do not love this tree. They call it a corruption to their yards because of falling leaves.

No matter what they say, I will continue to help this tree grow. By the end of its days it will have a strong base. It will branch out its limbs, shading the ground underneath.

This tree is and always will be my better half.

By: B. K. Evans



Shaylee Hodges

I’ve noticed something

Unusual.

Are your eyes

Red?

Is your cheek

Wet?

How unusual.

Is your hair

Messy?

Is the bed not

Made?

That’s unusual.

Is your gun

Loaded?

Is your gun

Cocked?

Why are you saying

Sorry?

Unusual…

After the Curtain Closes

*Courtney Grubb*

Their movements cast

an olive color over the crowd;

a melancholy, luminescent ambiance

of sorrow.

Constricting conformity,

lonesome, mind-wandering

importancies clouding her

projected thoughts.

His concentrated fingers

supporting her lax spine,

his strength clearly visible

but impossible in all rational thought.

The clumsy, rotten boards

collide with her feet,

surprised when she keeps on moving,

skittering round in succinct circles.

The man stands tall and lanky,

a slim, sturdy statue

in the dark of a bright city.

His brilliant eyes shine outward, a spotlight away from him.

Their dance continues quietly

even as the audience is leaving;

clandestine intimation of an obligatory alliance.

**THE DAY AFTER POEM**

The day after tomorrow is the day before today,

Only the day after tomorrow I won’t be feeling this way

When my mind has escaped my souls embrace,

I will embark on a journey at my own pace

Because the day after tomorrow isn’t a day at all

That day called tomorrow I won’t be seeing you all,

I’ll be an empty body meandering the hall

And an unanswered phone to the number you call

You told me I should so I would even though I know

That maybe it wasn’t the right time to go,

But you said “He” wouldn’t care for he hated our kind,

The ones who were different who seeked different’s eyes

But now I’m gone and maybe you’ll feel better

Knowing you killed the girl with the guy’s sweater

Or the guy with his secret held from you

Move past hatred and learn to accept true…

True colors for the rainbow they bring

Maybe one day wedding bells can ring

To a person you stepped up to save?

In the land of the free that’s lacking the brave.

***Free***

The pain that drives you mad,

is the same pain that holds you together.

You feel like breaking, but deep down,

you know you can’t give up.

That aching in your heart is the

proof that it still beats,

And while the rhythm continues

there’s always the chance that another

will mend it again.

Each step feels unbearable,

But you keep taking another,

One foot, then two.

The shadows peeling away your sanity,

will eventually die as her lips

brush against yours.

That warmth will return,

Murdering the cold that you let

yourself be devoured by.

And when she breathes life back

into your soul,

You can be free again.

Bri Burton 3-9-12

Crying

Ilyiaas Reid

Loving you is like crying

Missing you is like dying

I wish I never lost your heart

Cause now we seem forever apart

I stay awake into the night

It seems like it’s not right

That your love is not inside my heart

Today, I wish we had a fresh start

Girl, our love was once so pure

Now it ‘s all so insecure

Trusting me seems so hard

But never having you has left me scarred

Girl, I cry a million times

Just because I lost your chimes

I love you with all my heart

But crying is just tearing me apart.

Make Me a Sandwich

By: Jacqueline Graham

Independent, I am

In no need of a man

I can work just as hard as he

*Dear, you should be home*

*Cooking him food on the stove*

*That is what you were made to be*

I wasn’t made to be that

Now watch me fight back

And be whatever I want

*Sweetie, you need to be supported*

*A man can surely afford it*

*He’ll make lots of money*

*And call you his honey*

*Tall this thinking and abort it*

I’m sick of remarks that are sexist

A sandwich should be made when I request it

I am a women, damn it

I have more to offer than man.

My Room.

By: Taylor Vaughn

Chained doors and My heart can beat

Barb weir fences as loud as the

Not to lock in but music that flows

Out all the pain the tough these

World loves to shed tainted walls

Here I can love my soul can

Who I want Rome free as

Say what I please my pen dose

And mot care on paper with

What anyone thinks out any conviction.

I can cry with

Out a reason

Or laugh with

Out a joke

The fire within me

Can finely be shown

And my thoughts

Will finely be herd

Though no one’s there

**Pulling Petals**

**By: Emma R. Gawthrop**

**Once upon a time**

**I believed in fairytales**

**In happily-ever-after’s**

**Waiting for my Prince to come**

**Pulling petals from a daisy**

**Counting them out beforehand**

**So I would always land**

**On “He Loves Me”**

**But then I found**

**A path marked “Reality”**

**Curious, I tiptoed down**

**And was surrounded by brutality**

**No matter how many petals**

**I pulled, I was missing one**

**Kept checking my vitals**

**But my heartbeat hadn’t gone**

**Once upon a time**

**I believed in fairytales**

**My dreams chasing after**

**Someone who would never come**

**Pulling roses out of flowerpots**

**Petals falling into dust**

**But no matter what**

**I kept landing on “He Loves Me Not”**

Rules For A Sonnet

Allysand McIntyre

A sonnet requires four -plus - ten lines.

It needs a parameter; perfect talent.

It needs a totaling of seven rhymes.

And be written with emotion; nonchalant.

Double-A, Double-B, Double-C, D

Rhythm and rhyming go hand in my hand.

Rhyming is a task that some find easy.

Come on sir; take my challenge if you can.

Be prepared to write a sonnet from the heart.

Select your format, like Shakespearean,

It is much simpler, better for the start;

The harder of the two’s, Italian.

Complete my task, write yourself a poem.

Keep these rules at hand until you know ‘em.

**Heal** and **inflict pain**

**Provide pleasure** and **create hurt**

**Form** and **destroy**

**Pray** and **cast away**

**Steal** and **give**

**Hold** and **release**

**Gentle** and **forceful**

**To love** and **show hate**

**Beg** and **reject**

**Bring close** and **make distance**

These are my tools

Touch them and understand my life

Feel them and experience my spirit

-Elizabeth McAuley

Jordan McCracken

It never leaves my mind

Of all the things I have experienced

I would wish to be with her

Of all the things that could be perpetual

I would wish for that time

Of all the things I have ever lost

I would wish to have that most

And of all the things I’ve ever dreamed of

I would wish to dream of it more

Travis Wendell

Blinded Drivers

She fell in heavy drops

Soaking every surface

Sliding down windows

She blinded drivers

White-knuckle steering

Tires slipping on blades

A sold out show on ice

Where no one’s sober

No chance at the start

On playgrounds she was

Making artwork run

And fire ants sprint

Home was puddles

Her splashes a song

Forever she trapped

Explorers at sea.

Sewn to Me

Elizabeth McAuley

The lonely abyss of my burdened mind grows darker every second.

I cannot look in the mirror without seeing this stricken outsider.

I wish to remove this mask of deceit but it is sewn to me.

I falsely give you the affection you so vainly think you have earned.

You have earned nothing.

You are nothing.

You abuse and criticize me.

All I can do is insincerely tell you, I love you.

The truth is I genuinely loathe your very existence.

Let me do you a favor my love.

Let me strip the life from you.

Let me relieve myself of your disturbing presence.

Let me scoff at your last miserable moment.

Species of Happiness

Courtney Grubb

Humble trees smile at me,

whispering their welcome.

Violet sun waves goodbye

as she sinks behind the horizon.

Elder leaves groan and grumble as

I step over them,

grumpy with old age.

I take a seat against my

favorite companion—a tall, handsome fellow with brilliant auburn hair.

His warmth calming as he

warps comforting arms around me

to a relaxing embrace.

The wind sighs her relief—

or perhaps jealousy—

that I made it out again.

Younger stalks skitter about,

frolicking in the final

daylight hour before bed.

Older

By: Jacqueline Graham

Small, feeble

Silent, nearly motionless.

Snowy white hair

Curved around her face

Surrounding icy blue eyes

Glazed with despair

She wants to speak…

Fingers boney and curved

Moving them slightly

Knitting the air without needles or yarn.

She doesn’t recognize me

Though my picture sits beside her

She looks over to the wall

Eyes fixed on a black and white photograph

A man smoking a cigar

Holding a rifle over his shoulder

She reaches toward the photo

Touches the rifle

Then his face

“Gen” on the barrel

She misses her soldier.

**The Broken Rises up and the Redeemed Follow**

By: Brandon Burton

Fight for what you believe is right

Stop at no cause

Never care for what people think of you

This whole world has flaws

We as humans have a voice

So let it be known

We must reach up for our goals

And stop being alone

In a nation where we discriminate

Let’s stop and coexist

And stop judging each other

And making our youth slit their wrist

Make a difference

And put down the gun

And let’s work as a team

And stand together as one

As this pencil hits paper

I ask of you to stand

And shout so loud

Everyone can hear you across the land

This is not your average “let’s try and change the world” poem

It’s a plan to unfurl

And it’s a guarantee promise

That we WILL change the world

**The Jump Shaylee Hodges**

**I looked over the ledge.**

**A noise. A sound. Anything?**

**The dirty wet asphalt**

**Glistened, even up there.**

**The lights that flickered looked**

**Like tiny stars**

**Dreaming in the milky way.**

**The sidewalk below me**

**Was nothing.**

**No more to me than the cold earth.**

**I held my breath**

**And counted.**

**One. Two. Three.**

**And I jumped.**

Tight

By: Jacqueline Graham

Go ahead

Scratch me again

Make me bleed

Please your taste

Bite my lip

Taste my tongue

Take my blood

Put it in you

Hold me tight

Tighter than tight

Steal my air

Keep it for you

Com closer

Heat me with your flame

Snatch it away again

Satisfy yourself

Don’t hit me again

I’m sorry, you can

My tears don’t matter

Just fuel to your rage

I love you,

I hate you!

Please don’t go…

Oh trust me, I seen this all coming.

By: Brandon Burton

Living life to the fullest

But then the bass drop hits

Your life spines out of control

Does everything seem legit?

Everything is dark

Nothing is bright

Why put ourselves though such pain?

Is there no end in sight?

Oh, just another fake life

It comes back around

Fake friends and fake smile

Everybody on the ground

Oh regret, sweet smelling regret

You’re here to haunt me again

But today I erase it all

Till the very bitter end!

“We Bad Boys” by Sara Cerv

We bad boys. We  
Steal toys. We

Skip school. We  
Too cool. We

Do drugs. We  
Are thugs. We

Say bye. We  
Then die.

Pipe Dream

*Courtney Grubb*

What if

dreams are not

fantasy, but

are reality?

What if our living

is really just dying;

floating up to the heavens

or down to the depths of hell?

What if

sleep was not so

sinister,

but yet embraced as fluid truth?

Instead of

trying to remember

our dreams,

perhaps we’d be striving

to forget the things

awake.

Sun

By: Joseph Jacobs

The Sun

Comforter of the Earth

Its rays of warmth

They caress the Earth’s frame

Giving it Life

Hope

Light

Together suspended

Cuddled in this universal bed

Holding it in its warm embrace

Even on the coldest days

It finds a way

Maybe not with warmth

But light

To wake the Earth

Waking in harmonious light

To face the cold season ahead

I am a Sun

And I have found my Earth