May Poems Leave

A collection of poetry written in response to Poet Ms. Janet Wong’s visit, springtime 2018
“Lines” by Emerson Riedl

Our teachers tell us we must walk in lines.
We can’t even wave when our friends walk by.
It’s really quite boring, just walking to and fro,
Sometimes she’ll separate us, boys and girls in different rows.

But why do we have to listen?
What makes them always right?
I see no one else is going to so I’ll put up a fight
I always ask them why.
Why we have to walk in these terrible lines.
They say it keeps us organized, and it’s time fun when you abide.
From the moment we are born,

We are trained to think they’re right
Our elders
Our saviors

Why can’t they accept that

We’re
Just
As
Bright
“Being Neat” by Abby Staib

Being neat is different
Than being organized.

Neatness is completely
a step closer to
perfection.
Neatness is the absent
Layer of dust that should finely coat everything
   Neatness is too
   hard to put into
   Words
and so instead I will simply
say neatness is not for me
   knowing where
your stuff is is organization
which is know-where near
neatness.

“Ms. Tresca” by Luis Vazquez

I never want to forget
My sixth grade art
teacher
Mrs. Tresca

I never want to forget
Whenever I come into
that
room I’m always
splattered
in paint
and soaked.

I never want to forget
how the classroom
is always fun to be
around.

I never want to forget
how the whole
classroom
is always messy.

I never want to forget
all the conversations
we all have.

I never want to forget
Each day in the
classroom
“Lavinrac-Nih” by Katelyn Brunner and Anna McDonnell

Literally terrible.
Absolutely horrible.
Very bad.
If you come, you can’t leave.
Never been worse.
Ready to have the time of your life (not)?
Awkward
Can You Kick It?

No Refunds!
Intentionally aweful.
Hi until we say you can go bye.
“Fairytale” by Carter Phillips

She sits waiting
for prince charming
to save
her from the locked tower
but all she hears is
her dads slurred speech
and whimpers from her mother
She wanted prince
charming to slay the
dragon and free her mother
from his shackles
but sadly fairy tales
don’t exist.
“Poem” by Nic Reiske

Bad dreams fill my head
I don't look at the deathbed
I'd turn to see red.

Without the bloodshed,
I heard the voices overhead,
Now i am widespread.

Faces are full of dread.
I walked into the room ahead,
Commands let them know.

I am still down below,

Im a dangerous crossbow
With no arrows.

I can still tip toe,
Into the open i go.
Cover is so-so.

With just little glow,
Given away by shadow,
No space to outgrow.

I am a whisper,
I am a mere young whimper,
Full of blood blisters.

I have still only sinned,

I am still lost to the wind.
I am undefined.

In bad state of mind
The whole wide world left behind,
Tired of all mankind.

I wake up to you.
All of my dreams fall right through,
She helps me pull -though.

I am now brand new,
She is immune to outdo,
With a shared world view.
“Older” by Harper Knapp

Mom,
Thank you for everything you do for me.
Well, did.
When you left home,
I was heartbroken.
You made me realize the importance
of a family.
I’m so thankful.
I was so happy to hear your voice again.
I’m starting to think that you leaving
was suppose to happen.
Over time, I started to think maybe
you leaving was better for the both of us.
Are you going to stay for good?
Or are you going to take my message,
and leave?
Maybe you can visit a little, You don’t have to
Stay with me,
I’m not “your little angel” anymore.

Thanks again, Mom - I mean
Kimberely.
From, Skye

“Like a Rose” by Virginia Zapletal

My sister is like a rose.
Always thought of as ‘the perfect one.’
Prickly, and sweet,
Bitter, and charming,
Always growing,
A red haired, red faced girl.
Just like a rose.
“My Grandfather is like a Tree” by Annabelle Colonna

Standing tall above you
Like a beacon lighting your way
Standing strong beside you
So you never feel alone
A shelter from the wind
A savior in the storm
Stretching arms around his kin
Providing a place safe and warm
A rustling voice to guide you
With a mind old and wise
With a heart honest and true
And a set of twinkling, wrinkling eyes.

“Summer” by Jasmine Cabrera

Summer is here
Sun blazing on your back
Parched as you were in a desert
Drizzling with sweat, how a snowman would melt
The sun smiling
Butterflies frolicking flower to flower
Bees buzzing, terrorizing, all the children
Jumping in the deep end of the pool
Salt, chlorine, H2O
Tastebuds shocked by the saltiness
The sun drying you by it’s heat
Summer is here
“Poem” by Caitlin Lavallee

Gushing out
   Tubes of blue
Swiftly streaming
   In a line
Clear as day
   Soft as dawn
Wet, cold
   And squirting
Powerful
   Yet calm
Splashing like
   A thunderous storm
Still
   Quiet
Forest and
   The big open plain
Kids swim
   In swimsuits
Drop their
   Jaw
Wet and a little
   Dirty
It’s a
   Barking dog
But still
   Calm
Still
   Quiet
Still
   Peaceful
I dance, dance, dance
everytime I get the chance
cause every time I dance
nothing
matters.
When I dance I come alive
I need dance to survive
our ponytails high and curled
everytime I hear a song
my feet say dance along

I love dance with all my heart.
If I ever lost it I’d fall apart.
Dance is the word I say when
my
heart goes hooray.
There’s standard ballet,
and hip-hop every Monday
and that is why I dance, dance,
dance everytime I get
the chance.