

May  
Poems  
Leave



*A collection of poetry  
written in response to  
Poet Ms. Janet Wong's visit,  
springtime 2018*

“Lines” by [REDACTED]

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 [REDACTED]

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 [REDACTED]

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 XXXXXXXXXX

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 awful.  
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 dad's 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 XXXXXXXXXX

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 [REDACTED]

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 [REDACTED]

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 [REDACTED]

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 [REDACTED]

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, H<sub>2</sub>O  
Tastebuds shocked by the saltiness  
The sun drying you by it's heat  
Summer is here

“Poem” by XXXXXXXXXX

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

“Dance” by XXXXXXXXXX

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.