

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, H₂O
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.