

WRITE ON POETRY – 2014

The Fading Flower

Bright red

fading to

dark maroon.

The last flower now going

hiding

in the heavy

dead

set

leaves

fading

melting

draining.

The smell

fading

from the flower.

The color

melting

from the petals.

The life

draining

out of the flower

fading

melting

draining petal

by

petal

falling from the beautiful spot of

LIFE.

Ellie Barker

### **Moon Flower**

Moonflower growing,  
its annual leaves  
starting emerald green in the garden,  
blooming pearl-white in June,  
growing 13 feet tall.  
Moonflower growing.

Carrie Plume

### **The California Poppy**

A golden  
    orange  
        flower  
cracking its shell  
    then slowly  
        sprouting  
    through the soil  
finally  
    blooming  
to a beautiful  
    delicate  
        flower.  
The California Poppy.

Pete Wingsted

## Losing Yesterday

Her eyes were  
    sparkling  
her blood pooled around her  
she was innocent  
    no  
                    more.

The attack happened  
    early  
her sincere loving eyes  
were  
    pleasant  
                    yet magnificent

But as she looked  
into the  
    powerful  
        eyes  
that dared her to speak  
    she shivered.

The sparkle in her eyes  
    was  
        gone.

Her royal sophisticated  
    demeanor was thrown into  
the wind as she rode  
    off into  
        the night.

Madison Kilfoyle

## **Bullying**

Someone telling you  
you're not good enough.

Loser

Freak

Ugly

One day you have enough of it  
stick up for yourself

tell a teacher

Mom

even your Dad

Whatever they say

brush it off

it's not true

they're jealous

something bad is happening to them

try and help them.

**FIGHT FOR WHAT IS RIGHT**

about yourself

someone else

even the bully

It doesn't matter

anyone

someone

is willing to help you

and other people

just like you.

**Bullying.**

Jessica Horton

### **Animals at the Zoo**

baby tigers  
baby polar bears  
baby lions  
from their first roar  
to their first step  
they're at the zoo

Austin Tallman

### **The Nursery Rhyme Reciting Lamb**

renowned toy, nursery rhymes,  
cradling, story time, gentle,  
soothing, cuddly front, plays,  
huggable, my childhood memories  
traditional rhymes, a story, soft,  
comforting, enjoyable, caring,  
my childhood memories

Aleysha Stark

### **My Super Nikes**

At a store I see Nikes  
size six, black, blue, white  
and new.  
After a month or two  
they turn brown, dirty, and smelly  
with inserts inside  
with a weird pattern on the bottom.  
At recess playing tag and basketball  
it still feels like a pillow.  
Even though it said "Made in USA,"  
in the shoe it says "Made in Indonesia."  
I still love my shoes even though  
they lied.

Jarod Girouard

### **My Nikes**

Gray  
white  
black  
green squares  
on the bottom  
rough texture  
comfortable  
they're a pain  
to put on and take off  
so I got new ones  
to replace them.

Alex Zimmer

## **Air Max**

My shoe  
glorious like Nike  
the goddess of victory  
dirty and rough my shoes  
aerodynamic, ripped  
bubbles of air to the max  
rubbery and hollow without its pilot  
the swoosh represents the shaped glory  
tough and soft  
fungus collects  
moist  
spicy oldish but new  
power with every step  
paralyzing with every day  
uniting moment of pilot and shoe  
my shoe  
a jet  
a car  
a rocket  
springy and flashy  
my shoe  
Air Max

Michael Cathy

## Depression

She goes to school, goes to practice  
Then back to home.

She gets scolded by the teachers and her parents;  
She never gets a break.

None of her friends notice, not even her sister;  
She feels like no one cares.

She's always smiling and laughing  
To hope it will be a better day.

Nothing seems to change...  
Her father's never home, mother tends to drink too much,  
Her sister keeps taking pills.

She goes to school, goes to practice  
Then back to home.

All the girls call her names  
For wearing a skirt or a little eyeliner.

Her sister doesn't show up for dinner,  
Neither does her father.

Her mother cries herself to sleep.  
People still don't notice.

She goes to school, doesn't go to practice  
Then back home.

Her best friends don't even bother  
To call her anymore.

She has no one to talk to;  
Her sister's been missing,

Her father kisses another woman;  
Her mother is passed out every night.

She goes to school, quits her team,  
Misses two classes.

Nobody even notices she's gone.  
She ditches school for two weeks.

She lays on the bathroom floor, gone.  
Now everyone loves her.

Margaret Gocha

### **Angel of Freedom**

An angel never feeling anger, disappointment,  
An angel living a life I wanna live.  
Me living in Satan's world, trapped, trying  
to break free, hoping to see the light escape.  
The angel living in a good place; you  
in the underworld, meant for criminals.  
Slavery is what you are; you are a slave  
wanting to escape and experience true freedom.

Carmen Mo

## Waiting

I called the day before  
and made a reservation.  
Now at table five, alone I sit  
pondering what could be taking so long.

I begin to get crabby, mad, then anxious.  
Had something gone wrong, a car crash?  
Had she gotten sick?  
I then begin to think that this was a trick.  
I decide to order and wait,  
still thinking she was  
a victim of murder.

I order a zesty meal  
from this Mexican restaurant  
and begin absorbing the facts.

I decided she would not come  
and as soon as I get home  
I turn on my phone to call her  
instead of wait.

I wish that I saw a missed call,  
a missed call because my phone was on vibrate.  
I wish I heard a message, a message  
that she was going to be late.  
I wish.

Troy Tedeschi