

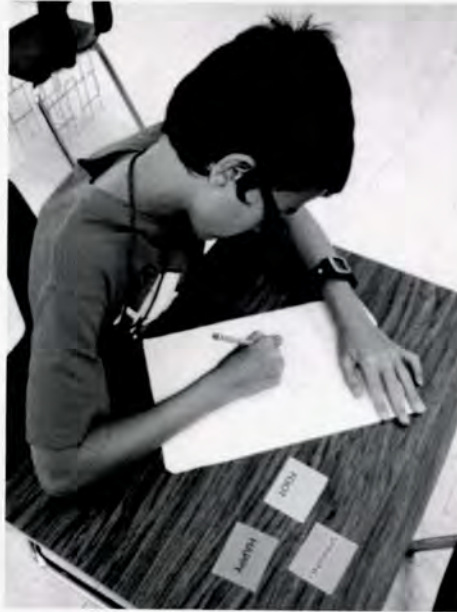
di-verse-city ²⁰¹³ YOUTH ANTHOLOGY

The Austin International Poetry Festival
21st "Lucky" Celebration



Edited by: **Barbara Youngblood Carr**

2013 diverse city YOUTH ANTHOLOGY



*"We sang songs that carried in their melodies all the sounds of nature –the running of waters, the sighing of winds, and the calls of the animals.
Teach your children..."
-Native American Poet*

This project is funded and supported in part by the City of Austin Cultural Arts Division and by a grant from the Texas Commission on the Arts and an award from the National Endowment for the Arts, which believes that a great nation deserves great art.



Austin Poets International, Inc.

Presents:

The 21st "Lucky" Edition
of
The Austin International Poetry Festival's

diverse city YOUTH ANTHOLOGY

2013

Executive Editor
Barbara Youngblood Carr

Editor
Jena Kirkpatrick

Judge
Jena Kirkpatrick

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Kali Parsons

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Introduction

Young authors have a brilliant way of cutting through the fringe to the very heart of a topic. Their simplicity leaves you feeling a bit exposed if you are not used to sharing so openly. They will tell you why without the sometimes-flowery techniques of poets. They will also use phrasing and structure completely individual. For me, this sheds a fresh light on writing every time I visit a new location. I bring home their poems like treasures only I get to read and now, I get to share them with all of you. These pages are filled with poems written in classes focusing on different literary techniques and styles. Students are introduced to various authors, their personal history and historical connections to the time periods in which they live or lived. We discuss the poems, their interpretation of them, write and share our works offering positive feedback. Diverse indeed, this anthology offers poems from students all over central Texas. I hope you will leave this book with an understanding of their insight and a smile from their honest humor.

On behalf of the Austin International Poetry Festival, a special thanks to all the educators, parents and poets for submitting work to the AIPF 21st "Lucky" Edition **diverse city YOUTH ANTHOLOGY**.

Each of us has our own story to tell. Write On!

Jena Kirkpatrick
Editor

Writing for Positive Change



Preface

Children's imaginations:

Innocent, natural, innovative, without pre-prejudices, wonderful.

For the 2013 "Lucky" AIPF diverse city YOUTH ANTHOLOGY

Jena Kirkpatrick and I have put together a unique collection of poems from many locations across Texas including: St. Francis, The Griffin School, Bryker Woods Elementary, Laurel Mountain Elementary, several Boys & Girls Clubs locations, poets from Leander and Home School Poets. We have been blessed with dozens of bright, unusual, sometimes weird, happy or sad verses from a group of extremely diverse youth.

Rather than retype the creative efforts of these diverse youth, we copied their creations exactly as they wrote them –including artsy sketches. There are some misspelled words, but the reader can decipher what the word is supposed to be. There are also neatly formatted poems received from students through the AIPF website. For privacy reasons, only the first names of some youth poets are used.

Thanks to all the young people/poets who shared their creative endeavors with us. A big bushel of thanks to Jena Kirkpatrick whose assistance helped create the **2013 diverse city YOUTH ANTHOLOGY**.

Barbara Youngblood Carr,
Executive Editor

The Austin International
Poetry Festival's
Diverse Youth Anthology
Winners

Natalie Fischer
Grade 1

Anannya
Akella
Grade 5

Ari Tolany &
Bristol Lovoy
Grade 9



My Little Song
By Natalie Fischer

Do you know what I'm thinking?
Do you know what I'm thinking?
I might be thinking about the **time**.
I might be thinking about a **rhyme**.

I think you're thinking about a **leaf**.
Well, *I* think that you're thinking about a **thief**.
Well, *I* think that you're thinking about a **tree**.
Well, *I* think that you're thinking about a **bee**.

Well, you guys were all **wrong**.
I was thinking about a nice **song**.
But you were right in one **way**.
My song was about what you **say**.

A bee and a thief sat on a tree and a leaf,
Time went by.
Night to night, day to day.
Then they heard a little rhyme.

Bryker Woods Elementary
AXBW 2013

**My eyes, Fly eyes
(Haiku Series Poem)**

Everything sudden-
ly pixelled. Broken down in
to little squares. Fly.

An unnoticed patch
Away from the others like
A lost friendship

A small twig twitches
I look away to shoo a
Fly. Looked back it stopped.

A light breeze shakes the
trees. Leaves break off and fall like
A short Austin drizzle

The smiling Buddha
Chubby cheeks and closed eyes
And a rounded face

The five green chimes clang
A symphony. Finished with
Beethoven's grand note!

An invisible
string. The work of a spider-
A trap for its meals!

**Anannya Akella
Grade 5**

pretty pink cage

lock me in a pretty pink cage
pay me lower than minimum wage
and if i show any rage
lock me away in a pretty pink cage

i have a small waist and glassy eyes
i have no need to think
i cannot wait to get my ring
i love to cook and I love to clean
what else could you ask of me?

Lock me away in a pretty pink cage
I have a lovely face, but i have no brain
just ignore my cries of pain
lock me away in a pretty pink cage

i love to shop
i cry a lot
i have no desire to be free
i am innocent and I am sweet
always meek, always weak

lock me away in a pretty pink cage
i'll sit here in my fluffy-flounce dress
you can work, and i will rest
so lock me away in a pretty pink cage.

Around my neck is a string of pearls
i giggle and give my hair a twirl
i stand here in my bright glass case
a cheery smile on my doll face.

So: lock me away in a pretty pink cage
tie a silk ribbon round my eyes
i will gladly swallow your lies

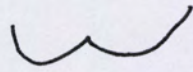
i am meek and I am sweet
i am innocent and I am weak
i will do as you think I should
it's really for my own good
lock me away in a
pretty
pink
cage.

Ari Tolany & Bristol Lovoy
9th Grade

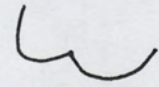
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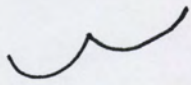
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Leander Poets



St. Francis School Poets

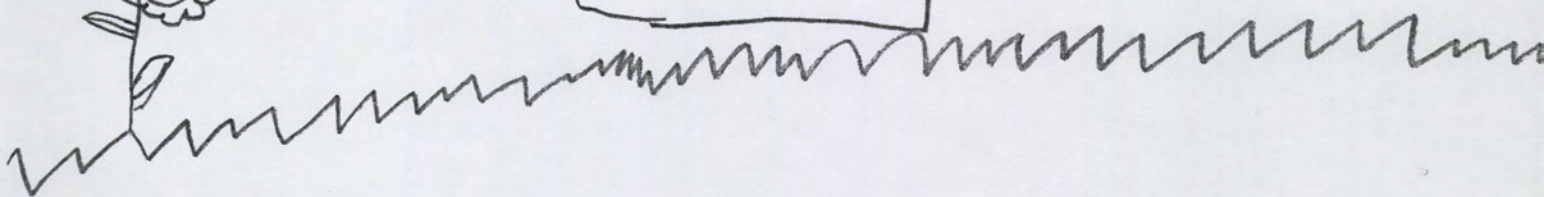


Bryker Woods Elementary Poets

The Griffin School Poets

Laurel Mountain Elementary Poets

and
more...



This or That?

Stuck on an island
With nowhere to go.
Would you bring a canoe,
or a half broken kazoo?
Would you bring a knife,
or the elixir of life?
Would you pack up some matches,
or locks and latches?
A picture of your friends,
of a camera to set new trends?
A handy dandy survival kit,
Or a tiny bottle of slimy snake spit?
A large old heavy bottle of water,
or a rainbow rock, that gets hotter and hotter?
Nasty freeze-dried lasting food,
or a red-hot car, with a sparkling hood?
Would you bring a radio tower, that could save you for good,
or a playlist of songs, to keep you in a good mood?
To save this memory, would you bring a journal?
Or a popcorn machine, that bursts kernel by kernel?

Questions, questions,
so hard to decide.
Just remember the sad girl,
who forgot her phone and cried and cried

Alisha Ahmed
8th Grade

Every day...

Come do the dishes.
Go take the trash out.
Water the plants!
Remember to feed the dog.
Don't forget to dust the furniture!
Will you give your sister a bath?
Did you finish your homework?
Go outside, be active!
Practice piano.
CLEAN YOUR ROOM!!
will you make **OUR** bed?
Go play with your sister!
Did you study for the test?
Call the new neighbors!
Come set the table!
Eat your vitamins
Get out of your room!
NO.

Alisha Ahmed
8th Grade

Ballad of Freedom

Through cold and snow we have fought
with oppression over our heads
it was only freedom we sought
with liberty won we moved on, and buried our dead.

With our freedom attacked,
we fought back, but sometimes you can't bury your dead.

When freedom was threatened in the south,
we fought back and won.
We were divided and bitter,
but freedom prevailed,
because we know you can't forget the living.

We defeated the Spanish,
and brought democracy,
but when freedom is strong,
you can never be wrong,
but you can't bury those who are living and call them dead.

We built the cities,
we built up our homes,
and earned this land,
but never forget those who used to inhabit, what is now a city.

When the Japanese attacked,
we never ran back,
we sent our sons over seas to save freedom,
but those who were killed will never rest still,
when they know you can't bury the dead.

Bitterly divided we were,
when our boys were sent to Vietnam.
You can train young men to kill,
to bomb, and destroy,
but when you lose, remember that evil won't be forgotten,
when you can't bury your dead.

We have bested the best,
and fought evil,
to spread freedom, and democracy
but you can never forget that your home
is built on the tomb, of those who once inhabited,
this land.

By Kareem Hinedi
9th Grade

Boots Again!

Centipede, get those boots away from me,
There are too many and they are too stinky!
Centipede you are a pest! Be proud of it.
You are the best of all the rest,
And you like peaches more than leeches!
Your sharp jaws are knives.
They set us rolling to freedom.
So you know, we really need-em!
You are splendid, marvelous, and fantastic!
Oh stop shining.... Those old boots!
They're just plastic.

By Blaine Stephanos
4th Grade

Haiku Poem

Flowers Blossoming

Flowers blossom seeds
Seeds fly away like butterflies
Landing on the ground

Plants itself in ground
Leaves sprouting out of the seed
Bulb sprouts from the ground

Stem growing growing
Leafy leafy leaves form out
Stem growing up bulb forms

Bulbs grow large by day
Water, soil, sun, nutrients
That's what needs to grow

From bulb petals grow
Petals shining with color
Petals glow with life

By Flora McNabb
9th Grade

Metaphor

There is a moth outside my window

It is such a contrast to the gluttonous, crushing darkness that I seek
to trap outside by the use of a frail pane of glass.

The glass, although utterly failing to keep the gloom outside, keeps the moth out quite
well.

The darkness chases me through the window, against all odds.

The darkness chases the moth too.

This is why it rams its head against the window again and again until
I fear that it will have a concussion.

The moth is trying to get to the window that the darkness so easily
evaded, to get the one light I have employed to keep the darkness at bay.

The light is as bad at its job as the window.

I set and watch the metaphor unfold.

By Miles Siberling-Cook
8th Grade

Villanelle

Come Inside

Welcoming you to my lair
You will be in fear
You will be trapped, forever.

I will listen through the air
I will always be near
Welcoming you to my lair.

I will be fair
So have no fear
You will be trapped forever

Your fragrance is in the air
The scent of you dear
Welcoming you to my lair

Your hair is like a vine of gold hair
So I can keep you near
You will be trapped forever

I will always care
My love is so clear
Welcoming you to my lair,
You will be trapped, forever.

By Flora McNabb
9th Grade

Charles Bukowski on Love

Bukowski said:

“Love is just the morning fog
That burns away before too long.”
And for a moment, I was cold
And then there was the afternoon.

By Joe Lewis
Griffin High School

No Shoes

The man on the street
Asks for ones and twos.
He stands out in the heat,
Always singing the blues.
He wears cloth on his feet
In the place of his shoes.

He's the face of defeat
With no one to turn to.
Forced to beg every day,
He's starting to whittle away.
He wears cloth on his feet
In the place of his shoes.

One day, saw him on the street.
He was looking up to
People he'd never meet.
He was watching me too.
He wore cloth on his feet
In the place of his shoes.

I gave him some money to use
He smiled; it was an uncommon treat.
I turned and was on my way,
A smile on my face for the rest of the day.
I'd met the man with the cloth on his feet
In the place of his shoes.

Shelby Johnson
9th Grade

A Boy!

A boy fully flushed in a bright red.
The same colors as his shorts.
Surrounded by lockers, surrounded by students,
He grabs her hands.
They're sweaty.
She doesn't understand what's happening,
No one does.
And then he speaks.
Her face goes from a gentle smile to a painful wince, to a frown.
The crowd begins to whisper.
She wishes to read their lips,
But the faces of those in the crowd begin to blur into a peach and a brown blob,
From his tears.
"I'm sorry," he says.
She feels her arms envelope her.
His cologne smothers her, providing a harsh snap back to reality.
She pushes him away and the bell rings.
Slowing the crowd disappears.
One by one. Two by two, three by three.
Until she is that last person left.
She feels so alone.
He had taken her heart and kept it safe.
Now it feels as if he has taken it, thrown it on the ground, and stomped on it.
How can he apologize after that she wonders.
A boy,
who loves her no more.

-Angele Kelly

Black Sack

you're driving down the road in the car
with your mother and your father
and you pass a black lump on the side of the road.

You ask "mommy what is that?"
your mother says "It's an old black sack."
you are fine with that simple answer.

You think its true.

It might be
But what is hidden,
behind your mothers gentle words?

The contents of that black sack
on the side of the road
is not just trash.

It is a carcass,
of a cat
or a dog.

Not just trash
but a life
that is no more,
in that old black sack by the side of the road.

By Louisa Martin
9th grade

Meadow

Breeze blowing in the meadow
the flowers swaying slowly
but their petals fall

Flower

A little boy walked up
to a little girl in a dress
with something in his hand
and spoke slowly and said

a flower to you,
and I know it's not much.
Because compared to you,
its beauty is nothing.

He waited there,
his stomach churning,
listening for a response
and she leaned down and kissed him

By: Nicole Cravey
8th Grade

Wind

I coax leaves to
all join in a whippet dance,
to whisper in ears
the sweet secrets of the world
and why butterflies sing.

Dusk

When the sun awakes
The moon from slumber
And tucks itself into bed,
When the stars dance across the sky,
And the moon peers down at the ocean;
Then I arouse and step outside.
I listen to the silence,
And watch the monarchs sleep,
Then I wish upon the dying stars,
And quietly fall asleep.

ladybug

a ladybug lies on my windowsill.
its wings are crumpled underneath, and
the breath has chased the life
far, far, from this windowsill.
how it got inside i'll never know,
or if it planned to leave.
but fresh is coming,
bright is coming,
floral is coming,
rainbow is coming,
Spring is coming,
so.
i think i'll bury that ladybug
underneath my window in the new garden
blooming outside my
windowsill,
where it can smell the flowers.

By Olivia Parker
8th Grade

LYRIC

**If I was your mother your name would be Angel or Kylah
If I was your mother you world never have to cry
If I was your mother I would never leave and if I do,
I would always come back
If I was your mother you would know me
If I was your mother I wouldn't treat you like mines did.**

**Patience Nyanway
8th Grade**

The Day My Dad Didn't Listen

In the morning I get up, get ready for school
Find some nice clothes so I don't look like a fool
Get out my cereal and pour me some juice
Look in the mirror looks like I was hung from a noose
I say, "hey dad! Guess what I dreamt last night!"
And I talk about the nightmare, which gave me a fright
At the end of the story, I look up at my dad
He's just reading his newspaper, which makes me mad
So I hold up my fork way up to the sky
And then lightning comes down and makes everything fry
It explodes the house, sends us all flyin' back
And me, being hit, I looked pretty whack
Guess that taught my dad a lesson, about talking smack

Henry Pitre
8th Grade

Medicine

For many 360 days we spent
at the end of your hospital bed
Then we put the truth in torment
And lie and lie on no dread

For your medicine keeps you sane
Form shattering at a finger
Even in the hardest rain
And the better aren't here to linger

Please don't worry your still here every moon and sun
You're coming out of your snow flurry

I don't know

We lie

Julia Schriber
8th Grade

Targeted Fight

Can't feel anything at all
No break in the ice
The pain comes so small
Not striking precise

The view from me
always is cracked
Thoughts can't enter easily
from the ones I lack

Left deranged by your presence
But you are far from prestigious
Can't even feel my penance
A work of art yet spurious

Passed the winded shield
Far from healed

Katia Grenaille

Slicing Cures

Thrashing
Hitting
lead pushed down
weak leader follows slides
creases in the way
Over and down
across not found
dim lit
made break
break into the whole
spreadin', epidemic
throughout, without
runnin' wild

Katia Grenaille

Untitled

A lone pine tree on an island
Suspended in blue
Rocks as dark as ebony dot its shores
An eagle carrying a sparkling fish
Lands in a branch
This is my favorite place to be

Beginnings

Small little seedlings
In the moist warm dirt they grow
Saying spring has sprung

By Lucas Brown
8th Grade

BUZZ...

Inside our classroom roams a bee.

It zips, dips, tries to flee.

Buzz..

As students duck, and papers fly,
the whizzing bee races by.

Buzz..

It zigzags back above the floor,
until it finds an open door.

Buzzzzzzzz...

SCHOOL TIME

I hear the engine rumbling as it sits out by the street
waiting for a slowpoke (me!) to climb into his seat.

I don't know how she does it everyday as 8:03.

Burr, rain, or snow or sleet, I know she's always there for me.

LIBRARY

Come right in.

Look around all the treasures that are bound to make you glad for a week or two.

Until your treasure's overdue.

APRIL SCHOOL

Sitting in school on an April day isn't fair.

A guy should be flying a kite with the wind in his hair.

I know I am supposed to be doing my homework.

I don't care.

Sitting in school on an April day isn't fair.

ART CLASS

Dream catchers hanging with feathers and beads.

Pictures from popping corn, lentils, and seeds.

Egg cartons, centipedes, painting with sand.

At is a feast for my eyes and hands.

MICROSCOPE

I zoom in

I zoom out

Secret places

Hidden around

Captured by a magic eye..

A tiny World magnified.

Nitin Akella

Mrs. E. Smith 2nd Grade

St. Francis School

Upstream

Pondering
On the banks of the Colorado River,
I couldn't decide if I should go
Will I flip? Get hurt?
No say my buds,

I decide,
With a life jacket and paddle in hand
I climb into the raft and float off,
Upstream,
To the white waters of Colorado

Splash, slap, crash
The waves roar
Threatening,
Persistently, trying to lead me,
To a rocky end

But no,
I push harder to fight
The current which,
Uncouthly pushes the other way,
In an instant it is over

I realize,
It feels good
The water is cooling and relaxing
In the unforgiving heat
I ask the river for more

It's true
There is more
The next rapid is right
Next door

Haiku **Cement Tree**

A Leaf hanging from
a building, but wait. It is
moving, an insect.

Ekphrastic poem

The Goldfinch

(Artist: Carel Fabritius)

Little goldfinch, what are you sitting on,
Resting on your throne, whistling a song.
Little goldfinch, what catches your eye,
As you open your tiny golden beak and sigh,
Little goldfinch, what are you staring at?
Something, maybe, your senses have met.

What is your sight resting on, perhaps something out of view?
Whatever it is, my mind is caught in it too.

You stare at it like you are in a trance,
Anticipation flapping your wings like a dance,
Waiting there calmly when you should be flying,
Why are you there, when to fly you should be trying,

Little goldfinch, silent on your post,
Tranquil, unnoticed, like a ghost.
Everything here is a mystery,
Oh little goldfinch where could you be?

Pooja Enagala
Grade 6

Falling into Spring

Miniscule and round,
resting on twigs, red bits,
falling into spring,
the wind shakes the chimes,
they ring clear, like a gold bell,
glimmering in the light,
blue feathers lay hidden,
chirp a symphony sweetly,
telling a story,
leaves slowly dropping,
turn green to brown in autumn,
lightly like raindrops,
dew drops pierce the air,
rolling down a woody branch,
clear as they hit the ground.

Pooja Enagala
Grade 6

Sound Symphony

Swish-swash

t.t.t.t.t.t.t

bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

whoosh/wwuu

ch-t-ch-t

da-damp

tda dtink tda dtink tda dtink

tink

dump ddddaaa

bump bhump

pshhhhphhh

tact ac

hur hhh

tha think tha think

clip clap clip clap

chr-r-rr-rr

nyaah

Anannya Akella
Grade 5

Haiku 1

Brown fur, furry tail
Chomps on nuts, runs up trees
Has very long tail, who?

Haiku 2

Red orange yellow
All kinds of shapes and sizes
falls down from the trees.

Haiku 3

Watch Christmas movies
Put up Christmas ornaments
Walk out see the lights.

Serena Govil
Grade 4

The Endless Space

The vast blue stretch of space
Is endless; stop no place.
As you look up at every puff,
It resembles cotton fluff.
No matter how far you roam,
Traveling across the loam,
Stars will appear every night
And still, you will not find the end of the sapphire light.
It is the only thing
That is bigger than the ocean,
It has no shape, not even a ring,
And never moves in fast motion.
Have you guessed the beautiful place,
Below the heaven of the human race?
Violet, Red, Yellow, Pink and Blue,
This wide, high zone has a colorful hue!

Sanjana Kumar
Grade 4
Laurel Mountain Elementary

Escaping the Smoke

(A tribute to Holocaust victim Izabella Katz)

Night is laced with the rhythmic percussion of gunshots
Thick fog is our only blanket
I tuck myself into the comforting invisibility
That cannot mask the smoke stacks
And the fumes, as they mingle with the mist

The Nazis
Stamped by the Swastika
With selfish soup ladles
That whittle our flesh to the bone

Our captors swing withered bodies from frayed ropes
Hypnotists' pendulums
Masking every rebellious spark with fear
For our own frail throats
Then they burn the corpses and shake hands with death
Death, who strikes a match to each life
Reducing it to a trail of smoke
That mingles with the fog

Dandelion

An army of chimney sweeps
Standing toe to toe
Swept off their pedestal by a wishful breath
Drifting umbrellas
Dips and swoops and pirouettes through gusts of wind
But one does not detach,
The sole demise of a child's unfulfilled desire

Madalyn Marabella
Grade 9

Ekphrastic Poem

The Sun

(Artist: Edward Munch)

The Sun

A warm coastal breeze,
the roar of waves crashing,
the sting of heat from sunlight,
smell of salt hitting your nose,
as you look out into the blue horizon,
streaked with every color,
the intense and radiant sun,
looks down upon you,
like a king perched on his throne,
the cerulean ocean beholds you,
glinting in gold waves,
scattering the glittering waves,
blanketed with an azure,
enveloped with magnificent rays,
like a pirate's booty,
filled with royal treasure,
rocks painted in red and orange,
ocean painted in gold,
the dusk sky turns to indigo,
as the sun breathes its last breath.

Rohan Enagata
Grade 9

Ekphrastic Poem

Four sunflowers gone a seed

(Artist: Vincent Van Gogh)

Falling Sunflowers

His personality flaring on canvas,
he paints the radiant glow,
of fierce fiery sunflowers,
falling to earth,
leaving a trail of fire,
like a raging dragon,
bright orange strokes,
lead to vivid blue strokes,
a calm peacock ocean,
pacifies the angry sunflowers,
leaving an aura of tranquility,
a background of emerald,
criss-crossed with color,
overshadowed by the battle,
between chaos and order,
the artist paints his last stroke,
the entrancing work of art,
staring back at him,
mirrors his emotions,
he stares in awe.

Rohan Enagala
Grade 9

My Snake

My snake's a he,
My snake's name is Bossss.

My snake is kind,
My snake is fun.

My snake likes me,
my snake likes you.

My snake's a good friend,
to play with every day.

My snake is my pet,
the best I'll ever get,
until I move out of the
H-O-U-S-E !

Alison Jones
Grade 4

Rachel The Ant
By Dylan Kadas

There is an ant named Rachel
She sent this note to me
It says, "I love you, you love me, we can make a family."

And I still sit and wonder
How many Rachels there must be
In my ant colony

Alison Jones
Grade 4

Hamster Math
By Nitin Akella

I'm taking back these hamsters
I've kept all summer long
I had no way of knowing
Something would go wrong

When my teacher gave me Sam and Max
Two friendly furry guys
She never guessed they'd multiply
before me very eyes.

I had hamsters on my drawer, hamsters on the window sill, and hamsters on the floor.
They were adding, dividing, multiplying by the score,
I never knew that one plus one could equal twenty-four!

Backpack Buddy
By Nitin Akella

Zip it up, off I ride
Everything I need inside

Sack of lunch,
a permission slip,
library books,
a poem I wrote,
markers,
folder,
sticker stars,
a word list for our spelling bee,
and a secret letter just for me.

Zip it up, off I ride
My backpack buddy and I ride
Everything I need inside

Title poem: "Permission to cry"

By Sami dhibi

As a young kid was crying in my room
When friends and exits kept alone
When I remember mispronounce act days with brothers and friends ..
The cry for a homeland in the hands of luck and experience ..
Weep for thirty spike fell from the spiritual card aimlessly
I weep for those who waited to pursue their dreams
And inadvertently disappointed hopes
They cry long because I was not happy enough to giving Rhode them
I cry because I'm trying so hard that I am becoming and I could not ..
Deposited and wait for a coffin coffin will come
Life is like a locomotive we loyal passengers
We who turn a blind eye to those we love
Because we shy away from Bedouin thin reveal our feelings, then regret
Tears spring butterflies
Nowadays functioning in the way of a circular
Cry permission

Living in a Seashell
By Megan McDaniel

Seashell,
Spiraling to the center,
It wraps its arms around me,
As if it were a mother's loving embrace,
Shining, sleek, beautiful,
Its sound's the ocean waves,
Sneaking to turn off the stress in my life,
On the white sandy beach it lays in wait for the next life to calm,
With the sunset in the far horizon,
The kind waves shush it to sleep,
Beautiful,
Even more so on the inside.

Fitting In

We are stuck trying
To fit our square selves
Into impossibly
Perfect circles.

Told that circles
Are superlative
We evaluate others
By how close they come
To fitting in.

By Chris Cuvarney

Fizz

Kaitlan!

I hear my name and run to the kitchen.

I get there just as the bottle of Diet Dr. Thunder is set back on the counter.

My hands hug the cup and I bring it up to my lips.

As I'm drinking I can feel thousands of tiny suds spray into my face.

I set the cup down and see that all of the fizz has disappeared.

All that's left is bubbly, brown soda.

Kaitlan B.

Congo #18

Bryker Woods Elementary AXBW 2013

Audrey
Feb. 25, 2013

Writers Workshop
teacher: MS. Jena

crazy day

One day an amber flaming frog got stranded on an abandoned forest. His name was "Guy" he likes to eat bugs especially the blue crusted purple eyed moth. One day he found a snail who lived in the jungle of Congo. He went to Splendid Academy and met Lorelie and Andrew. He swam in the Ooga Western Warren Round-Up pool. He finally went home when his step sister took him home in a blue lagoon water faided car. He was so mad the car broke and they had to swim and walk home.

The
END!

Thank you
Ms. Jena

EM
Lorelie
Andrew

Does a Giraffe Laugh?
By Sam Fischer

Does a giraffe laugh?
Gee, I really hope so.
Does a pig wear a wig?
Gosh, I really don't know.

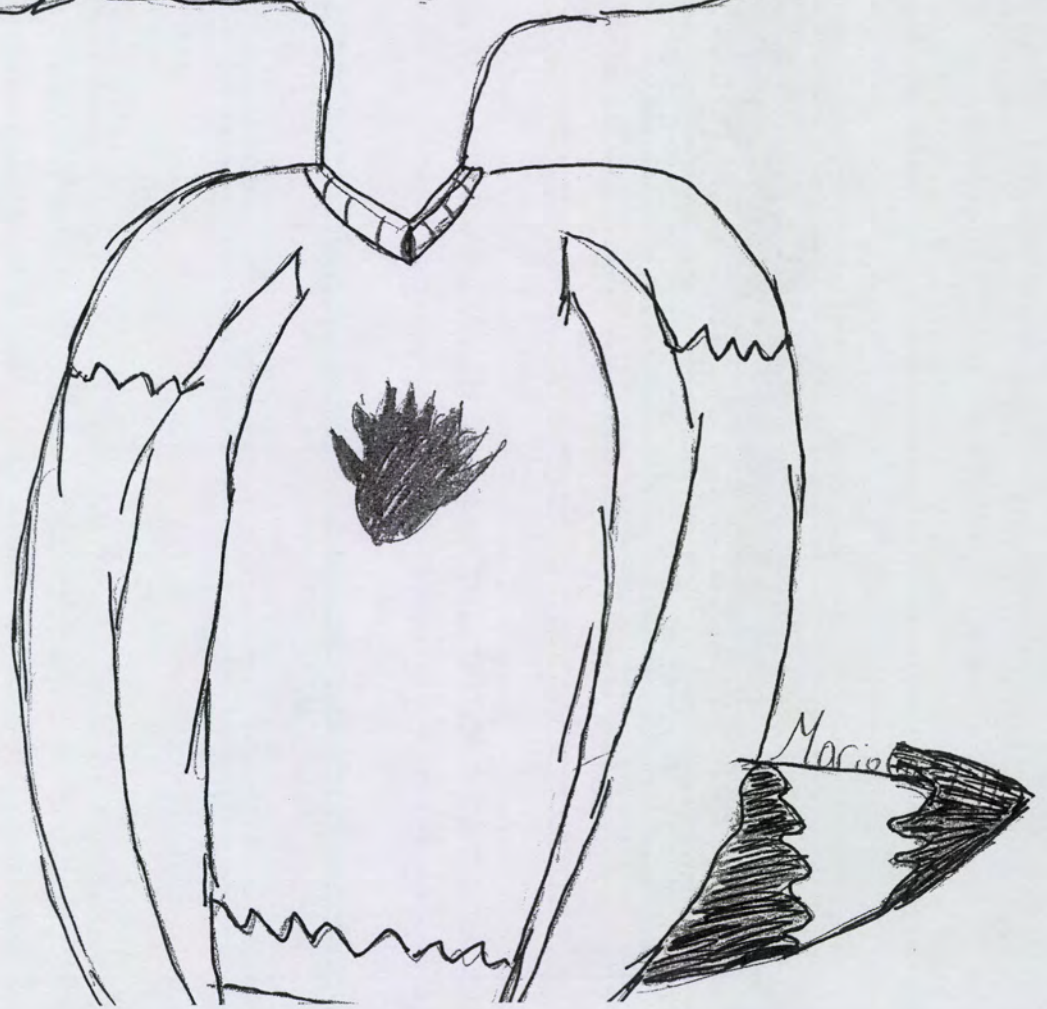
Does a whale wag its tail?
It might, it seems like it.
Does a hog live in a log?
They might be too big too fit.

All this is important to me
because, you know, do you?
See, it is important because
I am making a zoo.

Pecan, Crack!

Pecan, pecan would you crack?
Do you know you're hurting my back?
Would you just now go click?
Let me break you with one stick.
My stick, you see, is a bendy one.
Please just let me be done.
My stick is not a hammer.

Bryker Woods Elementary
AXBW 2013



Live Oak Ridge
Boys & Girls Club
March 2013

Maria

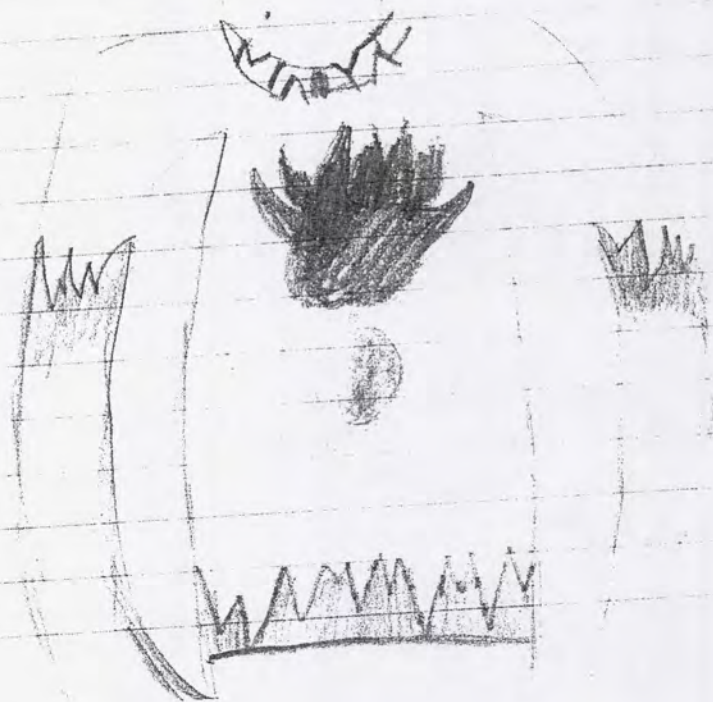
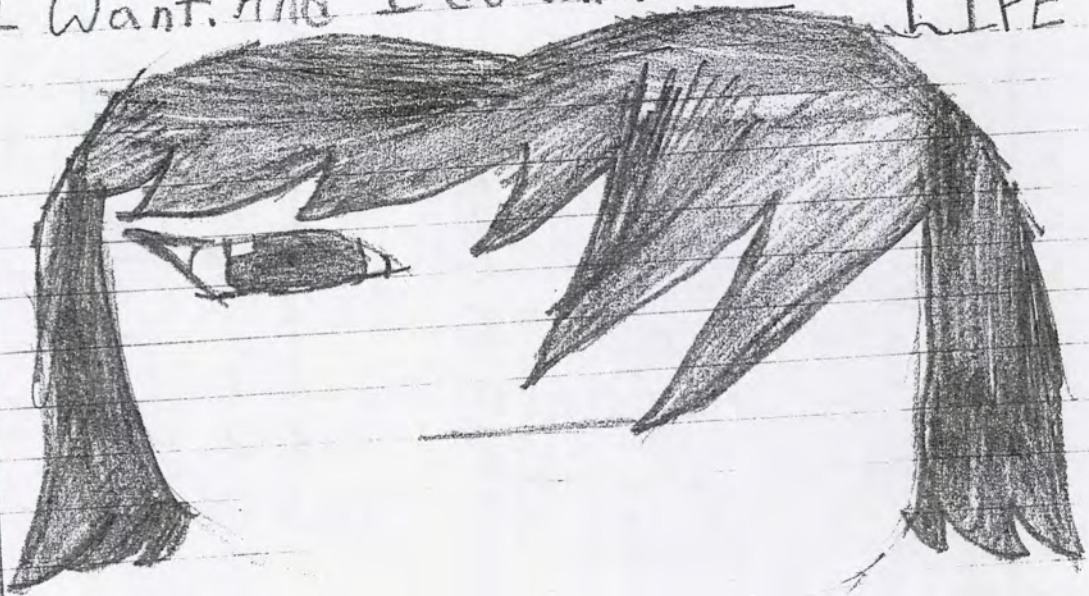
Paris [REDACTED]

The missing Tuba

There was a girl who had a locker. One day she couldn't find her Tuba so she went through her binder & found a frog, a balloon & a pillow but still no tuba. Then she went to her locker & looked in there. She found a elephant in there, a bicycle, two baby cub tigers, her neighbors car & a bed but no tube. Then she felt something in her pocket & found her tuba along with her washer machine & dryer.

Mario

I would just want to be me and
that would be my super power. I
would just be me and no one can
I would help my way. I help any
way I want to. No one can control
me. No wall can stop me. No one can
stop me, I can't be stopped from what
I want. And I do what I want with My
LIFE



Mario

I don't really care how I look
Just make we look cool and make me wear headphones
I want a tail with a reallig good desine

I want to have you name on my tail
I want flames for hats, have hair
covering one eye,

I want my hands in my pocket
and thats it.

Adriana

I wish my head to appear exactly how it is and my skin to look as smooth as silk.

I want my hair to be as curly as spaghetti but with fetticuni noodles.

I should be wearing only blue and purple.

My surroundings should look as exotic stars glowing in the night.

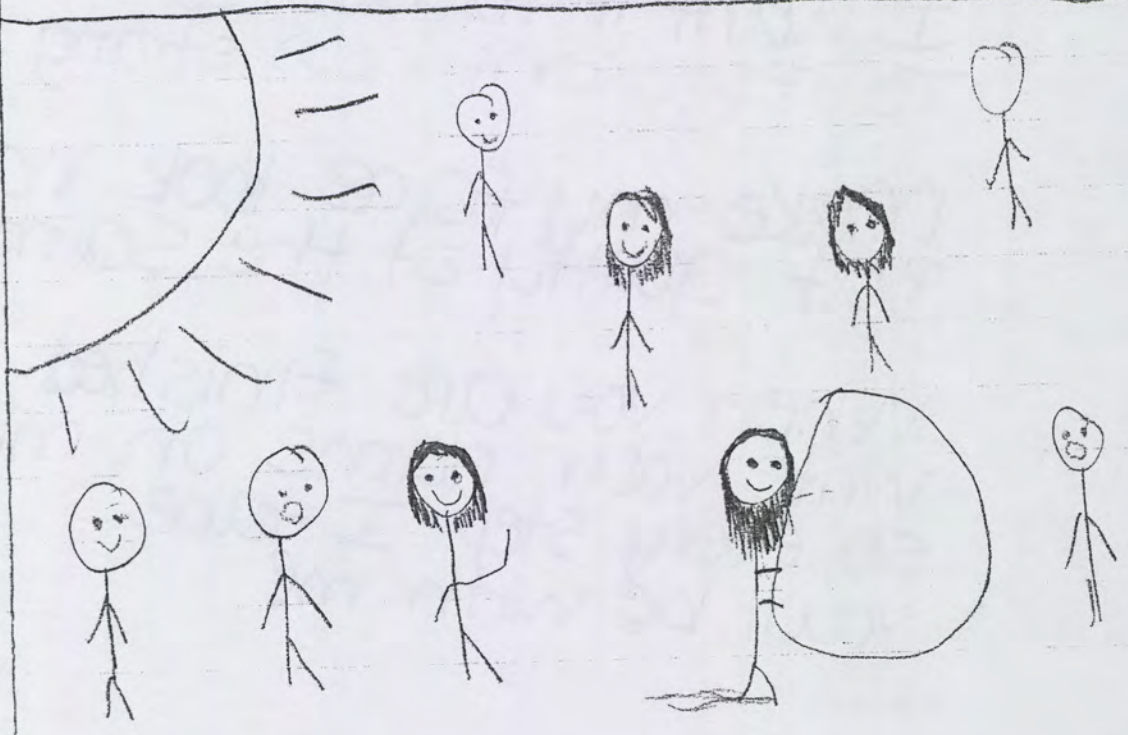
Adriana


Running in Africa

As I run across America
and walk on water

I can feel my surrounding
getting hotter. Finally, I am
here in Africa going from
village to village picking up
all the trash in the land.

Then I look to ^{at} my hands.
I can't see them this
giant ball of trash is in
the way. If I wasn't doing
this here is where the
trash would stay. Thousands
of people of people thanking
me as I go on my way.



makiya 

"Instructions to the Artist"

I want the canvas to be full
of color

Except the color yellow

I want my arms to be noodly
to represent my craziness

Don't use much detail

I have many flaws

But my clothes should be
all black

Because it reminds me of a
black cat

When you make my hair,

I want it to be red.

To represent how strong I am

Make my face look happy

But guilty at the same time

When you are finished,

write your name on my toe

so every step I take
you'll be with me

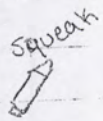
Super Bowl

Power outage, dark as the
 midnight sky. Rumors say
 the half-time show caused it,
 some say the 49ers turned
 them off for extra time-out
 time. I say it was because
 the New Orleans bad
 weather. Vick of return for
 the touchdown caused a
 Super Bowl history record,
 Hapernick's and Flacco's
 first Super Bowl. Record
 broken here. Record broken there.
 But in the end the Ravens
 win their second Super Bowl
 Ring.

Monique [REDACTED]

I have the power to draw and then my drawings come to life.

My drawing whould help people with problems like poor people. My pen whould look around and find problem. My drawings whould also make people fell better and cheer them up, when there down.



deseca ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Rain (Feb 12, 2013)

Today it is raining
Raining like tears,
Pushing all the pain away,
Making room for a new year

Raining is a word for hurt
and pain sometimes I cry
to take it all away.

Crying makes me feel
better cause I let the hurt,
and pain go away like rain.

When my tears are all gone
it turns to an ocean with
life and hurt in it.

The Sun comes out and brighten
my day just like god calling
my name saying never back
down.

This is my tears that I
cried but now it is up to
me and god and us now.

By ~~Scuhria~~

Why am I so

Tall I'm the tallest
person in the world

If I'm the tallest
person in the world
then I'm the tallest

person in school I was
such a "big" help

I got so tall my

head is in space

Ps. my friends are Aliens and flying
serpents

Boys & Girls Clubs, Live Oak Ridge, Killen, TX

New Orleans Vacation

On my spring break vacation I went to New Orleans. I begged my parents to go downtown. Of course, I got my way as usual. We went to all the attractions. My favorite was the Superdome. I got to run around everywhere and I went crazy! When we went to the zoo I met a talking penguin and turtle. Did I mention that I love turtles? It was the best day ever! Of course, on the next time we come to New Orleans I'll visit them.

Boys & Girls Club
Killeen, TX
Live Oak Ridge

The spider

Mario [REDACTED]

Once came a spider
went up the water spout down
came the tsunami and washed
the spider, Out came the larva
and dried up all the water
Then the Tinny little spider
went up the water spout

made by Itcee bitcee spider.

Live Oak Ridge
Boys & Girls Club
Killeen, TX

Xolani ~~_____~~

if you thinkin' you were false
you gonna have to come back to the boss
if you thinkin' you so fly
then you betta roll with me
cause I take care of my stuff
they don't see me rollin' up
cause if you gotta Lamborghinni
you betta count your stacks up
Cause if you think you rollin' up
in my Chevy Camaro with 22" rims
and you thinkin' you so fly
then you better step back
Cause if you think I've got it all
then you better watch me fly
and you think you so tough
cause you got that money got that check
you betta roll outta my hood
Philadelphia, LA, coming through the cities
pullin up in my Chevy
comin to your town - woot

Live Oak Ridge
Boys & Girls Club
Killeen, TX

I am a big daddy's drill
I help my owner to protect their little sisters
I am water prof cause I'm underwater.
We walk around deffending our little sisters with our life
Well, big daddy's life.

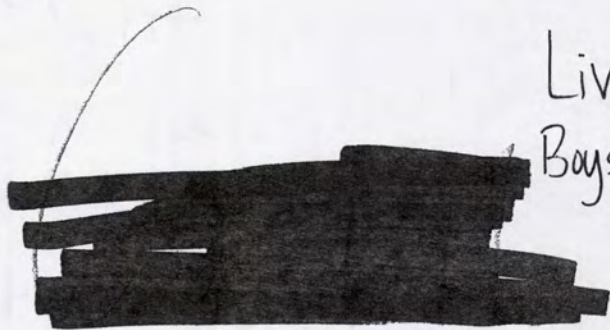
We do any thing to keep little sisters alive
Pon't matter what happens.
But sometimes I get changed for anothe weapon.
But I will always be the main drill.

I can change into a ice drill.
I can do a drill run.
But I get bloody sometimes.
But I keep little sisters safe.

I protect little sisters when they get ADAM

So this is how it is to be the bigdaddy's drill.
I won't get mad at the bigdaddy cause he dont use me
but I wouldn't be happier
This is a bigdaddy's drill and I love it.

Mar 10



Live Oak Ridge
Boys & Girls Club
Killeen, TX

I'm very bounce and it's hard to stay still.
love to be played with and it's a bore to sit around,
metimes when people miss the hoop I feel a kind of sad.
but I know if they try ~~to~~ they will make it.
but I fell the most happiest ~~at~~ when I ~~am~~ am
around the hoop. I see the floor and everthing
around me. I feel the floor and hands on me it fun
now I'm used. I smell the sweat of my players
and there breath on me. My hopes and dreams are
to be in the NBA, and to now I can win a bunch
of games. I sometimes fear that I will go flat, or
not be played with. My likes are to are to always
win. I dislike to lose or to sit around.

Monique

~~Monique~~

11

Live Oak Ridge Boys & Girls Club
Killeen, TX



i'm a stinky trash can

Im not much of a man
can you see how they treat me

I rather watch Bruce Lee

yes i'm a still trash can

I might need a fan

I might need a bag

I can't even hang a flag

I have no arms

I can't hear the alarm

i'm so mad

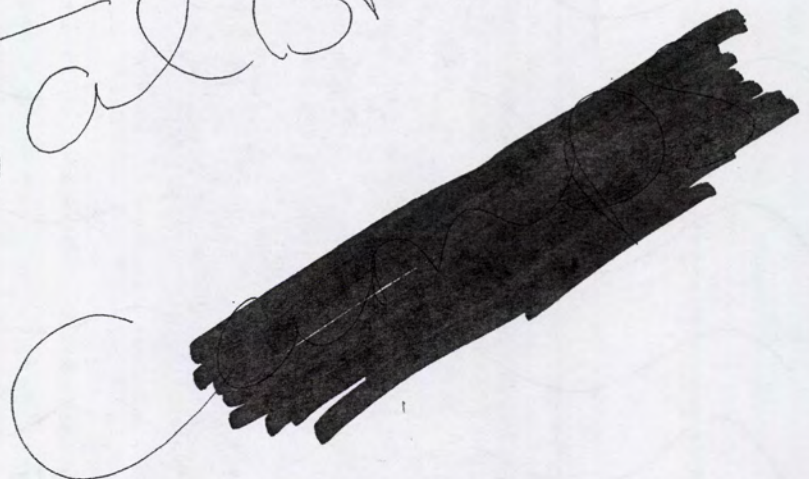
I rather be sad

oh just try to meet

oh wait i'm not meet.

Boys & Girls Club
Live Oak Ridge
Killeen, TX

Jal'sne



Bigham Unit
Boys & Girls Clubs
Killeen, TX

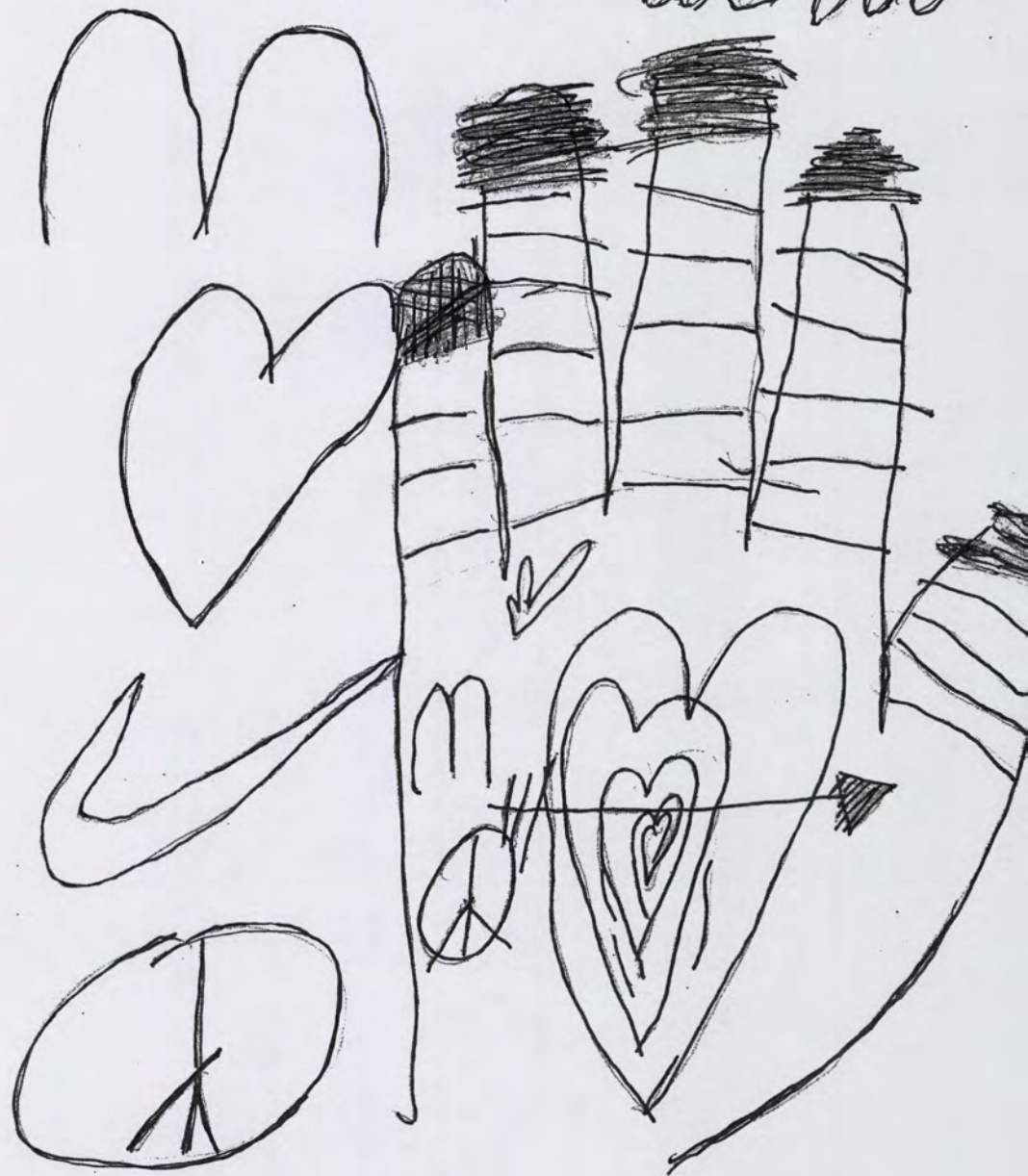


by
Charles

God

is

the
best



Alexis



I am a track star I want to race fast as a cheetah, One day I woke up and realized that I am a track star, I said to myself is this real.

I taste fresh air, and I hear birds singing wind blowing, I feel the wind blowing, and I smell my sweat dripping from head.

I hope that I get to the final.

My dislikes is win somebody beat me and I am in 4 place.

Bigham Unit
Killeen, TX

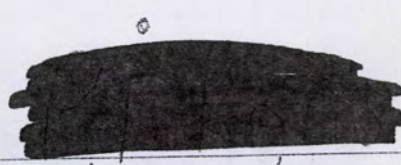


Tyler 2000

I am a shirt made of good cotton and
the best polyester every day I am stuck
in a small cramped dresser with socks and underwear
when she wears me it stretches me and makes me
warm by I am too underwear but not bad
enough to be tossed and a couple stains here or
there but that makes me me T-shirt not a V-neck
or turtle neck but T-shirt I love it when she
sun dries me but dislike washing it feels like
I'm doing and the taste of soap is unbearable
I hope my owners kids wear me but fear
the dogs malicious teeth

Bigham Unit
Killeen, TX

Mariah h



I'm a dog I love chueey bones

I do not like flowers

I like bacon

One time I had a dream of
a person that was nice and
confident. She helped people
that were sick and hurt.

She also helped a dog.

The dog was me.

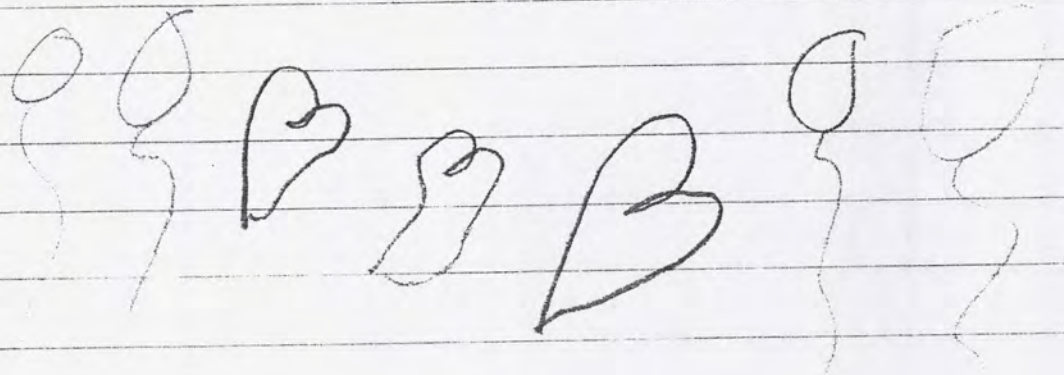
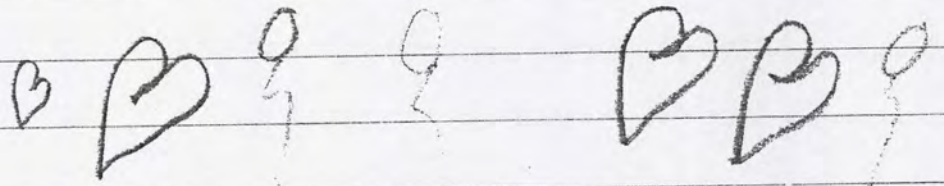
I had a broken arm
and she fixed it by putting
a cast on it.

Then I felt better.



Rashid YN

I am a butterfly because I went to try the neccakther to see if it is sweet. I like to play in my day because it is fun cus I like to play on the swing and get on the slide. I see trees and grass and pants and dogs. My dreams are I want to go to desneworld for the summer. My hopes are I want to go to my brother's house for the weekend. We would play on dirtbikes, play video games and watch TV. I like dogs. I like wind. I like to land on a dog's nose.



Dellamantino



LEM a nice

Teacher ME

He would respect the school and his kids. He doesn't yell at them when someone is bad he tells them nicely to change their card.

The kids are

He's good. He has lots of hair. He nicely goes to a room and tells the kids what he needs from them. The kids are proud that they have a nice teacher.

Smart and

He might eat a turkey, chicken, bbq sauce and mixed vegetable sandwich and soda pop.

Kalia



I'm Vicky Munsh I write songs I'm
in music videos and I am pretty I hope
that people respect me and like me
the way I am. I don't care if people
don't like the way I am because
I know that I am perfect. People may
think that I'm crazy but I don't
care because I know if I know I can
do it I can. So what I like who
I am. Sometimes I can't see very
well. That doesn't stop me from
doing what I do because I know I
I can do it. I love myself just
the way I am. My dream was to
be a music writer. It came true.
So now I'm living my dream I
hope you can have a dream come
true.

The end

By Kalia.



3/27/13

Precious

I am Beyonce I am a beautiful talented
super star I sing across the world take
autographs and take pictures with fans.
I see lots of people coming to see
me when I sing I feel the air from
the fans around me I hear every
one around me screaming MY NAME
I smell my perfume when I put it on
for my show I taste the food that
is in my dressing room MY hopes
are to go to hollywood and go on
television on the world so everyone
can hear my voice. MY dreams are
to teach my children how to sing
like me. MY fears are to mess
up and lose my voice in front
of a lot of people and everyone
in the whole world. MY likes are
to sing in front of a lot
of people. MY dislikes are being
around paparazzi because they always
take pictures of me all the time.



broken

Zysses [REDACTED]

Yo sueño de que soy un jugador de foot ball
y no es sperto nomás estoy soñando
en la noche pasada y a la
9:25 y mi hermano también esta
soñando a las 7:21 y mi hermano y yo
lo soñamos en el cuarto de mi
mamá y del mi papá.

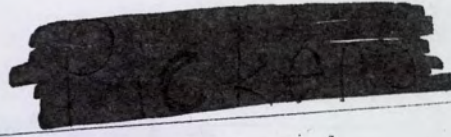
From Zysses [REDACTED]

Boys & Girls Club
Bigham Unit
Killeen TX



bird

Mariah




I want to be an Artist I took
a picture of a bird and I
painted it on a canvas
the bird was blue
and it hatched from an egg
the mom gave its food to it
and she gave them worms
she put them in their mouth
with her beak
one bird started to fly
because it was one year old

Boys & Girls Club
Bigham Unit Killeen, TX



Nevaeh

I had a dream i had a dream that.
I'm going to be a  ★ when i grow up.
My three Bf going to sing with me to.
But some they was d locking me.
And one time my mom told me to brak the.
Top frst so fly up to brak all the way
down. by nevaeh I hope you like it

Boys & Girls Club
Bigham Unit
Killeen, TX

Frozen



Lonnie [REDACTED]

My Dream is to Become a Singer
and a minister of Gospel music
and it will make me fill like
I am singing to god it makes me
fill like sunshine sometimes
people have there good times and
there bad times in the world the
good times make people feel
like sunshine to just how it makes
me fill and bad times make people
like a shadow like a storm I just
read some times you just want
to brake down the wall but some
people need to help inspire them
some times you fill frozen but
you just got to Brake out of the
Ice and like your dream.

by Lonnie mapp I hope you
enjoy it.

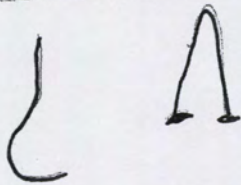
Boys & Girls Clubs -
Bigham Unit
Killeen, TX



Charles [REDACTED] lite

I believe in peaceful
and the rights, hope, one
day I hope to be
president. If I do
I am going to make
ekole rights for every one
and make others
treat the way you want
others to treat you
that will make everyone
feel happy and make
shure every bodys life
better and I mine
every bodys in the whole
world.

Boys & Girls Clubs
Bigham Unit
Killeen, TX



Union Grove
Boys & Girls Club
Killeen, TX

True

By Andrej [REDACTED]

There are things I hate. School being one of them. It's not the whole idea of school that I hate. It's just all the homework and pretenders who are too fake. Now think about that..... Pretenders who are too fake. I'm talkin' about people who say and do things just because other people do it. I'm talkin' about people who change nearly everything about themselves just because they think they don't fit. Our Father who art in Heaven didn't make you who you are only to leave yourself so far. Sometimes so far to the point of no return. To where you don't want to go back and every influential thing that comes a long you just get in line with the other wannabe's to take your turn. Just be you and don't let anyone or anything change you. Just be TRUE....

Union Grove MS
Boys & Girls club
Feb 26, 2013



Amiya

Boys and Girls Club

Feb 26

You could Be.....

You could be your best if
you try to rest.

You could be a star if

you hung by the bar.

You could be a dime if

you do the time.

You could be a bear if

you do your hair.

You could be a bully if

you want to be a victim.

You could be proven guilty
until you are proven innocent.

Amiya



Boys and

Girls Club

February 26th 2013

Feb. 26th. 13

2-26-13



I imagine

Airplanes in the sky
Butterflies in my eyes
I still imagine

Roads fill with cars
A space ship flying to Mars
I still I imagine

Music flowing in the air
Kids playing everywhere
I still imagine

My moon bracelets ringing
My doll is singing
I still imagine

드카일

★ Rodney V.

~~_____~~

~~_____~~

when ~~you~~ wake up
 I can ~~and~~ see what is around me
 my room, Tv, my family, my tep and my self
 go ~~out side and play~~ the out side and
~~see what is there~~ play the walk ~~through~~ to my
 School some teachers some friend some work
 and my self
 every thing is same but ~~you~~ I ~~can~~ can change
 you can chang every body can chane it takes
 one ~~chase~~ ~~_____~~ If you ~~_____~~ The Change
 you have to ~~think~~ think about it first ~~don't~~ think
 about the other think about you. ~~and you have~~
~~_____~~ After you change when I w
 I chose to Change for ~~_____~~. After that
 when I ~~wake up~~

~~I see new~~ I lost every thing
 New roon, Tv, my family, ~~my~~ and New my self
 go out side and walk to my School ~~some~~
 and my new teacher New student New work
 and new my self. you sad you don't like your
 self and he's more batter and you ~~_____~~
 want to change? But Don't for get ~~when~~
 when you Chosed you can't Not taked
 back like me.

소중한 것. Rodney V.

~~인생이 ~~인생~~ 인생이 바뀔 건 일주~~

~~인생이 바뀔 수 있는 시간은 일주
밖에 없어서 한번이 리고~~

~~사람들은 전부 이유가 있어서 살 거다.~~

~~나의 중요~~ 나의 소중한 했던 기억들이 벌써 태버렸다
~~친구와~~ 친구와의 행복했던 기억들
가족과 부모님들과 행복했던 기억들
그리고 할머니와 아버지의 기억들 모두다.
가장 소중한 것을 잃어버리면
다시는 찾을 수 없다 다만 ~~모든 것~~
~~과로움, 슬픔, 그리움, 그리움을~~ ~~죽어 버려~~
죽 자기 자신을 희생 해서 다시 찾아
야 한다.

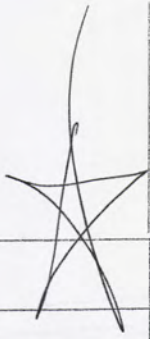
소중한 기억은
~~누가 바꿀 수 없~~
누군가와 함께
있어 버린 것들이다.

나의 소중한 기억을
다 찾았다 나의 소중한
것들을 다 찾았다
어머니와 아버지께
고맙고 사랑한다
생각하면
모든 게 소중한 것이다.

~~머리에~~
~~고마움, 슬픔, 그리움, 그리움을~~
소중한 기억들
소중한 가족들
소중한 친구들

부모님 사랑하고 맴라 늘 말을 해 놓는 거
어머니가 웃을수록 사주면은 고맙다고 해 놓는 거
아버지가 돈을 주면 고맙다고 해 놓는 거
~~고맙고 사랑한다~~

~~고맙고 사랑한다~~



Katishia

KATISHIA
3-6-B

Why?

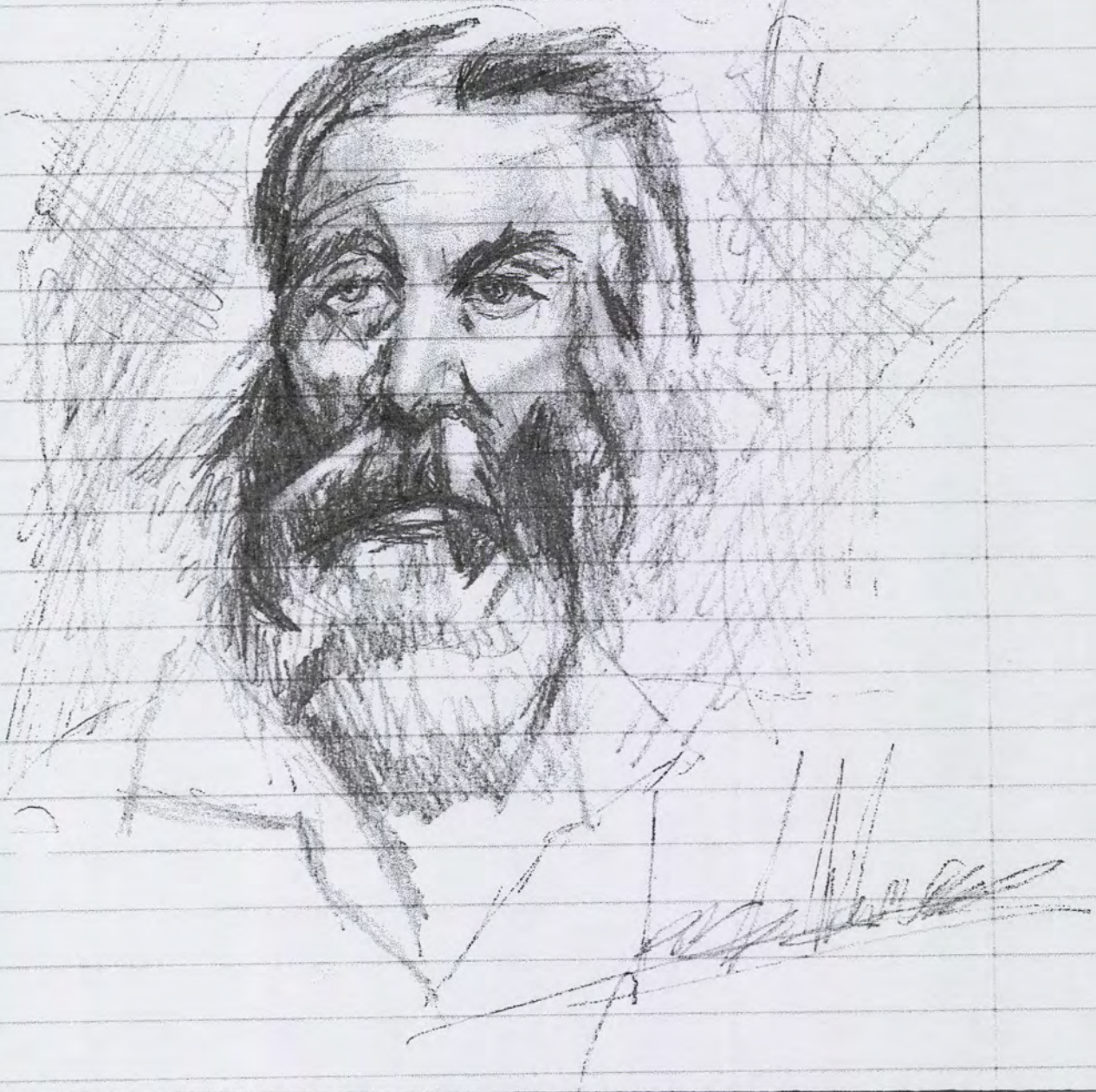
Why? Why me?! Why Can't you leave me alone.

Thoughts in my head
Tears rolling down my cheeks
Why do my friends like messing with me.

Is it because I'm funny looking
or you think I'm dumb
Why? I thought friendship
means stick together or be trust
worthy

Why? Well, You know, I don't need
you. in my life. You're not worth my
time.

Home School Salon



Walt Whitman
by Jack Manzer

Sway

A single moment with you
Thoroughly sways the wide world
Within and Without
Both altitudinous
And personal
In its scope
Everywhere I look or go,
Contained within my sentiment.
This has never been before-
A brightness
A strength.
I want to treat it like glass
Because I am afraid.

Before you,
I thought this life
Was drained of firsts.

by Meret Pavlina Slover

The Ballroom

It's stood for years
It's been called many things
But now it's forgotten
Music no longer rings

Through its hall, from its stage
Over the worn wooden floor
The grand Starlight Ballroom
Is danced in no more.

At least, that's what they say
Most people don't see
The still-laughing patrons
Who dance there unseen.

Their glamor has faded
Their speech turned to sighs
But, unlike their bodies
Their dancing never dies.

Yes, the chandeliers are cob-webbed
Yes, their surroundings decay
But as long as they don't realize
Is theirs such a bad fate?

by Meret Pavlina Slover

In the lot behind my house.

Dry grass spreads before me in **ubiquitous breaks**

Gliding over the blades grazed by

Spiraling
concentric circles

Up towards the vivid sun in sharp **golden filaments of light**

Rolling
Cascading

A sweeping chasm of desolation rises all around me

Like a surfer descending into a hallow wave

I am truly alone

Cut off from the sociality of the modern

Lone kneeling in this clearing of calm and lonely meditation

My eyes trace abstract paths **through the grass**

Marked by the gentle illumination **of the sun.**

The eyes dazzled and blinking **before crossing over**

Soothing, dark spots on the horizon

A truck rumbles slowly dying,

returning,

reviving,

with clashing sounds to full intensity

waning to no more than a wisp

The soft chirp of a bird pecks at the silence

Jack Manzer

Broken

Two lonely dogs call and respond across the endless deep

A long white line cuts the sky with streaking smoke

The warmth of the sun glows on my back as I feel it wash over me

As the desolation wave shifts I look up

Blue flashing mirage in the sky blind my eyes with technicolor dots

I am overwhelmed by sense of space as I stare watery eyed into the wake of the infinite

Noah

By Jack Manzer

Silhouetted against the darkening night
A lone figure stood rect against the storm
While waves that covered mountains wracked with might
The Ark with dark deeps of titanic form

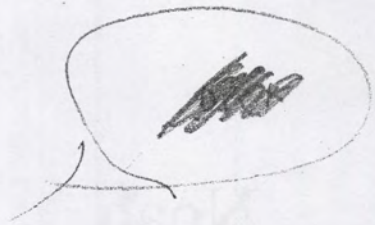
Descendent of La'mech stood rect **and proud**
White hair cascading in a torrent **flew**
On the hurricane that gnashed at the **prow**
Stood stoic no fear showed he who knew

That God would not abandon him the ^{six}600 hundred
Whose arms rose quaking in sleeves of muscle
As a massive clap of lightening thundered
Glorifying **G**ods' vindictive miracle

Stood Noah, the father of all humankind
Of whom **G**od spared from the flood of the blind

A

one of these days...



Sawyer
wrote this

one of these days
i'll come around
i'll sit right here
i'll watch you frown
one of these days
it'll all be over
one of these days
the world will
spin
much
slower.

~~you and me~~
me and you
all alone
though there's others here too
here we go,
once again,
making silence
be our friend.
are you afraid?
are you confused?
are you distressed?
I'm here with you.
clocks tick by,
i do not notice,
are we aging?
are we hopeless?
it is me?
are people moving?

all i feel
is ourselves proving
souls exist
they're made together
i hope this feeling
lasts forever
~~here we go~~
once again
we're climbing tallest mountains i hope this
never ends
you and me
me and you
knowing that your leaving now
puts me in a tomb
one of these days
maybe i'll tell you
one of these days
maybe we'll be together
one of these days
maybe we could be more
one of these days
maybe i won't see you
walking out the door.

- Sawyer



hunter's moon

7 beats per line

running animal

footbeats rap on bare, dry ground
pawprints pound but leave no sound
hoofbeats hope they are unfound
hunter's moon shines bright and round

like this line

hands clench tight on knives of brass
eyes stare straight, this chase will last
breaths come in and out too fast
who's blood will spill on virgin grass?

sight is seen of hunter's prey
scent is caught, won't go away
fear is felt, she begs for day
all this now in hunter's fray

hunter runs to kill his beast
beast comes close, he wants his feast
prey gives in, she prays for peace
blade cuts pelt. prey, breathe relief

hunter stares at noble prey
beast lies dead, life stole away
prey bows low, she lives this day
hunter's moon shall keep you safe

~

Sawyer

Cassie
Stiefrod
Homeschool

A dull lamp shines on the crinkling pages of this book

Peek inside, take a look.

Secrets beyond your heart's desire,

An imagination that never tires.

A page turns, heartbeats skip, blood pumping fast,

Stomachs flip.

You're feeling the pressure of the story within,

Read one more word, and it might be a sin.

The air has turned cold, dead, and flat

The ending hit you with a dreaded smack.

You set down the book, no emotions remain,

The world you once knew, will never be the same.

Little Purple House in the Summer

We arrive
I see an endearing smile
Greet me from the doorway
Bright green grass
Spiral branches reaching toward me
My feet move one step at a time
Gravel crunching under me
The smell of freshly cut grass rising
Bugs flying
I watch their flight
I step into your little purple house
It's time for my lesson

Brooke Huguley



K Parsons
-2011-