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