



The Eagle's Perch

**Signal Mountain Middle School
Literary Publication**

Spring 2014

Note From the Editor



Welcome to Signal Mountain Middle School's 2013-14 Literary Magazine, *The Eagle's Perch*. The main focus of the literary magazine team is to provide a place for students grades 6th-8th to share their works of writing with our whole school. We are inspired everyday by our fellow classmates and the creativity that thrives within our classrooms. Many of the entries submitted evolve from class assignments, while others are self-motivated pieces. Our goal with the literary magazine is to recognize the amazing writers in our school, and share their works of art with others.

- Sara Brooks and Kate Peele

Original

By: Nick Jessen

People surround you

They try to influence you

They criticize you

They tell you what you should do

They tell you what you should be

Do not listen

I AM

Meg Marshall

I am anxious, worry washes over me like a tidal wave

I wonder about my friends, do they really like me?

I hear fear whispering lies into my ears

I want to push them away, but they are thorns that latch on to every thought

I am anxious, worry washes over me like a tidal wave

I pretend I am happy

I feel the weight of a thousand bricks on my back

I touch tranquility, but I cannot grasp it

I worry until fear's whispers become screams

I cry when panic leaves me gasping for air

I am anxious, worry washes over me like a tidal wave

I understand I am not okay

I say I'm fine

I dream of a day when I can go out with my friends

I try to adapt to be like them

I hope this will end soon

I am anxious, worry washes over me like a tidal wave

RED

Trinity Donnellan

Red is
When his arms
Wrap around my heart

Red is
His love
Like my favorite
Sweater.
If tugged too much
Will unravel
And disappears
Before
Tomorrow

Red is
His eyes
Looking into mine
And everything
That is
Missing

Red is his heart
Kind
Gentle
And simply
Not mine

I am Poem

Hannah Monroe

I am deviceful, inspired by many things

I wonder of the stars, many miles away

I hear each silent tap of rain

I see creatures in the letters of the alphabet

I want a canvas, to paint these unseen

I am deviceful, inspired by many things

I pretend to understand the world

I feel different emotions everyday

I touch them before they fly away

I worry of the new events, creating paths for my future

I cry when emptied of hope until filled with more

I am deviceful, inspired by many things

I understand the pictures in my mind though

I say they shape my world, my dreams

I dream of unimaginable ideas

I try to create them

I hope one day I will

I am deviceful, inspired by many things

Rain

Sophie Lyle

Distant crackles clear my brain and send shivers through my tingling flesh

Blinding light rips through the crisp air around me

Sharp icy droplets collide numbly into my skin

Feet pound on thick dirt

Water parades down in heavy portions and consumes my body

Finally

Scents of sweet warmth stream through me

Heavy blankets hold me tightly and comfort my shivering body

Watching I'm fascinated

Beads of water parade the surface of the window

Rolling thunder screams though the glass

Screeching cracks of blinding light joins into the furious cry of the choir

Clouds submerge into one

Wearing furious robes of gray and black

Spitting out violent streaks of white and gold as they please

I envy the freedom of the clouds

Where have the times gone

When people cherished each cackling explosion of lightning

Each joyous crash of thunder

Music to my ears

Yet it is only a burden to those who wait inside

Longing for only the sweet smile of the sun

Music to my ears

Yet it is only a burden to those who wait inside

Longing for only the sweet smile of the sun

The shimmering gleam of love and warmth and passion

God created each magnificent season to our advantage

If you look closely

You will find the beauty that I have held so dear so long

The beauty that one can only find in the pouring rain

In the cackling explosion of lightning

In each joyous crash of thunder

I am

I am Signal Mountain

I know it will always be my home

I hear of people who leave and never come back

I want to be here

I am Signal Mountain

I pretend I don't have to leave

I feel that it's the right thing to do

I worry I will be forgotten

I cry thinking of leaving everyone

I am Signal Mountain

I understand I need to leave

I say I do mind it

I dream of staying with you

I try to understand

I hope you will remember me like I will remember you

I am Signal Mountain

Shey Thaxton

Grains of Sand

Lilly Hardin

Millions, billions, trillions grains of sand

What do those tiny, mysterious objects symbolize?

People, memories, number of breaths I have yet to breathe

But yet I may never know

There are millions, billions, trillions of things I see

throughout the life I live

Do the grains of sand by the seas symbolize those things

Maybe the grains of sand symbolize the thing I will see

But yet I will never know

Opportunity

Thomas Thelen

Opportunity is a strange creature
Opportunity can knock but it prefers to hide
It can seem to be so close but then you blink and it is gone
It has an uncanny ability to present itself to some people but not others
Those who seek opportunity find it but they aren't the only ones that find it
They are better to be taken advantage off then to be left alone
They shape everybody even if they don't know about it
Opportunity is the sole gift that can't be re-gifted
Opportunity is a very strange creature

“Forgive”

Mary Elizabeth Wakim

12-2-2013

Darkness,
settling over me as I process the news,
the horrid news that I had dreaded for so long.
It seems as if just yesterday she was sitting beside me,
laughing as we shared an inside joke
that no one understood the meaning of but us.
It seems like she should be waiting to greet me in her kitchen,
but I walk in to find nothing but the hole in my heart where she should be.
The depression expands throughout me,
consuming me in a matter of days.
I feel a wave of grief every time I hear her name.
I kneel down in prayer every night,
but the overwhelming pain continues to grow.
Why couldn't the doctors have done something?
Why couldn't they have treated her before it was far too late?
As the questions multiply,
so do the lack of answers.
All hope is lost.
I tell my friends.
They try their best to comfort me,
to tell me that everything is okay.
But it's not okay.
I don't talk.
I stay at home.
I isolate myself from the rest of the world.
The burden has overcome me.
Seven days pass.
The depression, the grief, and the anger
all overwhelm me.
I fall asleep crying,
a nightly routine since the tragedy had struck my life.
I dream of her, on the last day of her life.
She is hardly awake,
her heart rate slowing.
The doctors say it is too late to save her.
I watch through the window
as her sisters and husband say goodbye.
I see the heart monitor go blank.
I know that it's the end.
These dreams had haunted me throughout the week,
but something was different about this one.
I watch as a man dressed in white walks towards the silent room.
He isn't an employee or a family member.
His eyes are a gentle blue,
His footsteps perfectly in time.
Before he glides through the light brown door, he whispers,
“Forgive.”
The long awaited answer to my prayers has finally come.
After seven days of hatred and anger and sorrow,
I finally find the key hidden beneath
the weight of my suffering.

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but something was different about this one.
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"Forgive."
The long awaited answer to my prayers has finally come.
After seven days of hatred and anger and sorrow,
I finally find the key hidden beneath
the weight of my suffering.
It was always there,
but I had suffocated the idea
with my hatred that only left
an empty sensation inside of me,
the emptiness that had swallowed me whole that week.
Those seven days had come to an end.
It was time to let go.
I reach into my dusty desk drawer
that had been neglected for months
fingering through the old letters and documents until my fingers
rest upon a pink stationery kit that once belonged to her.
I write three letters that day.
One to her, one to God,
and one to everyone I had held accountable for that cold, dreary afternoon.
The third letter has three words:
"I forgive you."
I seal the last envelope,
secure each to the string of a balloon,
and watch them float off into the evening sky
as the sun disappears below the horizon.
the weight of my suffering.
It was always there,
but I had suffocated the idea
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as the sun disappears below the horizon.

Anger

By: Alex Tippett

The depths of a fiery flame
lurking in the pits of Onyx
fueled by detest
burning for all eternity

Destructive by nature
in the path of mankind
cannot be contained
shall not be tamed

always lurking
in the pits of Onyx
Anger
fueled by detest

The menace, the monarch
of one's own demise
the motive of destruction
the source of hurt

the scars left
the wounds unhealed
emotions stir
boil inside

the depths continue
in the pit of Onyx
burning for all eternity
fueled by detest

Long Lost Road

Anonymous

While we travel the long lost road the past of life flows behind us

We travel the road throughout our lives

The friend or foe of all

Whether it is bad or good that is the question

The road is good the road is bad

Everyones views change throughout

While we travel the long lost road

The road is smooth

The road is rough

What we make of it is how we view it

The long lost road the road of life

The long lost road is our happiness

The road is our doom

The road is steep the road is long

The downhill is soon approaching

The road is almost gone

When the road ends so does the journey

But the road starts again this time smooth

The road is gold your life is done

While we travel the long lost road

Handspring Tuck

Carla Slabber

The adrenaline rushes in
I creep to my toes
Push my hands back
Lean forward
Keeping my eyes on the corner

My leg lifts and my foot pushes me to a run
The soft mat presses against my feet
Arms swing up
Feet lift above my head
One second to recover
A split second later and you're on the ground.

My legs bend
All pressure goes from my toes to my heels
My legs straighten and push me up.
The ground grows farther and then closer
My hands search for the floor just to push back off
I lift my chest and my eyes look up

I push of the ground
Tuck my legs tight to my chest
Arms swing in a circle and grab under my knees
I straighten my legs and look up
I push my weight to my heels and push my arms forward
Stick the Landing

Oxymorons of the Universe
Dana McCormack

Time,
stretching infinitely and compressed into moments at the same time
forcing us to anticipate our excitements and accelerate towards what we dread.
elongated in the present but brief when we look back
making us stress over our limited time alive
but also struggle to comprehend the extent of our existence.

Influence,
affecting our priorities and our ideas
making us think only of how the seemingly larger choices will advance us
although sometimes it is the trivial moments of life that change us the most.
somehow allowing us to believe that everything in our lives is so crucial to living
while from a different perspective, human beings are just ants
and the verisimilitude of each, being big and little in the universe, gives us freedom to choose.

Progress,
while we all participate in our pursuit of happiness, everything encompassing us is in flux,
constantly moving, growing, and shifting, perpetually transforming into something new,
not limited by size, whether it be in hearts, situations, nature, or discovery.
although we live in a world of movement and hope
we let ourselves become caught up in the monotony of careers
or simply the life pattern that has been laid out for us.
so that some find themselves without limits of their future
and discovering new possibilities that were never imagined before
while others are lost in their tedium and their only progression is through time.

Falling
Ariana Hensley

I am falling
I wonder if i will ever stop
I hear secrets like wind whistling past me
I see people getting hurt but just stare
I want to have the courage to land firmly on the ground and end the pain
I am falling

I pretend not to know that it is happening and
I feel guilty for doing so
I touch the feelings of others but they just slip out of my hands like wind
slithering out of my grasp
I worry that i will be falling so fast that it will be too late to stop
I cry of the thought of losing control
I am falling

i understand that this has just begun
I say it will end
I hope that my actions will reflect my words
I try to land, looking for the ground below me
I hope that it is not too late
I am falling

Ocean

By George Coogan

The ocean so vast
Water moves so fast
It is like home to me
In the deep blue sea

The ocean is so very huge
But there isn't one in Baton Rouge
It makes me so sad
It even makes me very mad

The ocean is so pretty
But there isn't one in my city
I so wish there was
I want it just because

I feel so very lonely
The ocean is my only

BEAUTY

what is beauty?

is it

an image of a model, tall, skinny,

nipped and tucked

edited to perfection

not a flaw in sight

little girls, pinching every inch of fat on their body

standing in front of the mirror thinking

if i could just be like her

if i could just be

beautiful

like her

no

beauty is

the way you laugh,

love, smile,

in the way only you can

beauty is

freckles and birthmarks and blemishes

beauty is

confidence

beauty is

the flaws that make you who you are

Meg Marshall

Untitled

Emeline Sharpe

the summer night song
a beautiful band of bugs
singing all night long

International Poem

Lauren Vatter

The American flag is red, white, and blue
the flag stands for freedom, and other things too.

Japan's flag has a red dot in the middle

Some people in England, they like to fiddle?

Some people in Africa are starving

They might work all day, and still get no pay.

They lay on the weeping, but still get no dinner before the start sleeping

Unlike us, we take food for granted.

We should look at places with no food and be humbled

and yet we throw it away, while people there are so hungry

We should remember that things can be taken away at any moment

And then where would we be? A hungry people with no place to sleep.

A person in poverty begging for food on the street

It would be a struggle to keep going, yet we would push on

Even

Fall

Leaves golden yellow
Apples crisp and red
The wind is slow and mellow
Acorns fall on my head
Fall has arrived
Leaving summer behind

It is getting colder
The sun comes less and less
The moon is becoming bolder
We get more and more rest
Fall is here
Summer has disappeared

Leaves now brown
The days are dark
Everyone with hot cocoa, warm and sound
White frost is flaking the bark
Fall has left
Winter is the theft

Just a Game

Shey Thaxton

**Football is my favorite game
Linebacker is what I play
Perhaps I'll be in the Hall of Fame
If I become a pro someday
I want to play on Sundays
Who knows I just may
I dream of of getting paid
Just to play a game
But football is my favorite game
I work out near the bay
Just to say "yeah I play on Sundays"**

Around

Around the corner, there it was found
The pencil with ideas
with memories bound

Found on top the gorgeous green grass
There it was found
The wood that looked like brass

That pencil was unique
it gave my ideas
ideas of pictures of beaks

Around the corner, there it was found
the pencil with ideas
with memories bound

Swimming

You see the water, glistening, blue.

"Beep!" The starter sounds. Splash! You dive in. Your first thought is, "COLD!"

Your muscles kick in. The water flows past as you swim.

You reach the wall and turn over.

Lap after lap goes by, but your only thought is of your rhythm.

"1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4" you say to yourself.

Last lap. You sprint, pushing yourself until you can hardly bear it.

Stroke after stroke. You claw your way toward the finish.

You are sure that you can't make it, but the wall is suddenly within reach.

One last push and you're through. You made it.

You look to the clock. Was it worth it? Did you take time off?

You did. You climb out, exhausted. Yet every fiber of your being is energized.

You feel invincible, yet you need to sit down.

You don't have long to wait until you have to do it all over again, but it is worth it.

Just for that exhilarated, invincible feeling, you would do this all day, every day.

And that is why you are a swimmer.

Catherine Chimley

Mirror

By George Coogan

I am like a mirror when I reflect on others
I wonder why people hurt others
I hear things others don't
I see people for who they are not what they are
I want to help as much as I can
I am like a mirror

I pretend that I am important to others
I feel wind when no one else does
I touch the hearts of others
I worry about how people feel
I cry when I see someone's tears
I am like a mirror when I reflect on others

I understand everyone has their own opinion
I say nothing but people understand me
I dream that all people will be treated kindly
I try to help other in what troubles them
I hope everyone notices me
I am like a mirror when I reflect on others

Drowning

By: Anna Wright

I am a pebble drowning in waves of insults and misery
I wonder when I can get out the ditch I am stuck in
I hear the waves of worry and frustration crashing towards me
I see the new pebbles wash in as I sit in this ditch unable to get out
I want to get out and let the waves push me up the beach
I am a pebble drowning in waves of insults and misery

I pretend I can go on in life but it seems like I will be stuck in this rut forever
I feel caged in like an animal at a circus with people pointing and laughing at me
I touch the sand as I try to get to the top but I remain drowning in waves of insults thrown at me
I worry that the waves will grow bigger making me even lower than the ones above me
I cry inside every time a wave comes in wondering if its the one that will end my misery
I am a pebble drowning in waves of insults and misery

I understand I'm not perfect like the others but that doesn't give them the right to push me down
I say to myself that I am fine but I know inside that it is a lie
I dream that someday I will be equal to the others but if I was they would shoot me down
I try hard to get out, but to do that I would have to fit in which is almost impossible for me
I hope that someday that will change and I can finally stop drowning
I am a pebble drowning in waves of insults and misery

I Am

I am perfectionistic and in depth
I wonder the origin of life
I hear the echo, but not the sound
I see my own subconscious, but forget who I am and everything
I want answers and knowledge to everything
I am perfectionistic and in depth

I pretend to be simple, yet I am complex
I feel pessimistic about life sometimes
I touch artifacts and wonder about the past
I worry about academics and being the best at everything
I cry for the people who have less than everyone else
I am perfectionistic and in depth

I understand that I won't get all the answers
I say that life, in the history of the universe, is unimportant
I dream of knowing all there is to know
I try to use Carpe Diem
I hope that I am always right
I am perfectionistic and in depth

Unknown

Her

Her pale red lips sit lifelessly on her face
Her eyes shut from a cruel cruel world
Her blood still seeping down her like a river

People say it is ok
People say things will get better
People are wrong
People don't know my pain
People are not what I need I need her

My pain is hanging me down
My ears hear that echoing BOOM
My life is forever changed
My eyes act as if they are broken faucet constantly dripping
My thoughts are filled with Whys?

Her body stands before me lifeless
People begin to comfort me
My pain will never change not without her

Hope Taylor

Long Lost Road

MICHAEL LANCASTER

While we travel the long lost road
the past of life flows behind us
We travel the road throughout our lives
The friend or foe of all
Whether it is bad or good- that is the question

The road is good, the road is bad
Everyone's views change throughout
While we travel the long lost road
The road is smooth
The road is rough
What we make of it is how we view it
The long lost road, the road of life

The long lost road is our happiness
The road is our doom
The road is steep, the road is long
The downhill is soon approaching
The road is almost gone
When the road ends, so does the journey
But the road starts again, this time smooth
The road is gold, your life is done
While we travel the long lost road

My Role Model

Haley Taylor

My role model is special when she is at home

My role model is caring when she is at school

My role model is loyal when she is having fun with friends

My role model is sincere when she is saying 'good game' at the end of games

I can count on my role model to be honest when I need her most

I can count on my role model to be respectable when I need to talk to her

I can count on my role model to be dependent all the time

I can count count on my role model to be there for me whenever necessary

My role model has been there for me

My role model lightens up my world in everything she does

My role model is my best friend forever and always

MY ROLE MODEL IS MY SISTER, Hope

I am a Cloud

Eli Goeltz

I am a small cloud, sitting next to big, interesting, noticeable others.
I wonder why I couldn't have been made just like them.
I hear nothing but wind and laughter of the big clouds at my dullness.
I see so many faults of mine, but none of theirs.
I want to be interesting- to be different in a GOOD way.
I am a cloud,-sitting next to the abstract others.

I pretend that I am big, spreading across the world, but I become thin and still boring.
I feel that I am going to condense into small puddles out of misery.
I touch thousands of other clouds, but none ever notice me.
I worry that when I split up, I will have had no true experience with the others, and that I would have wasted my life.
I cry up a storm, and that storm rains on everything I come into contact with.
I am a small cloud, sitting next to bigger clouds.

I understand that I can't be like them.
I say that I am special, but being special doesn't make me better.
I dream that one day, I will grow to be a big, unique, interesting cloud.
I try to be abstract, but soon, I become blocked by other clouds, so I become dull again.
I hope to grow, to be noticed, but for now,
I am a small cloud, hiding behind the others.

I Am Poem
by Thomas Thelen

I am a jungle

I am curious about how the universe works

I seek understanding of other people, yet empathy comes hard to me
I wonder how some people could find their way through a maze better without a
map than with one

I try to see things in their entirety to help my understating of things

I change to improve where I am weak

I am a jungle, ever changing, ever growing

I hear challenges coming, but they come too slow and aren't big enough

I enjoy being tested, for without being tested I won't know what I don't know

Without being tested I am a car spinning my wheels in the mud

I am careful and cautious so I don't mess up; yet,

I find trial and error to be the most effective way to learn

I zero in on things that are important too me, but I still don't do as well as I think I
should

I have the memory of a photo album, nothing is forgotten forever yet I still think I
could do better

I am a jungle, already really good, but still could get better

I try to bring out the best in others yet sometimes their best isn't enough

I value trust and knowledge, with people I trust are smart,

I can learn more in 1 hour independently than I can in 3 hours of class

I think best in complete silence because silence can't lead you in a direction

I feel that the best teacher anyone can have is themselves, the only person who
can motivate, make something important, and know how you learn best all at the
same time

I hope and dream of a place where everyone can learn and be accountable for
their actions

I am jungle- full of thoughts, wonder, and surprises

Poverty and Unconditional Mistreatment

walking down the street in a big city people walk by

They ask for the small courtesy of food

Students at a community college giving half their paycheck to a grandparent who
does not have much money

Grandparents threatening their grandkids for money while taking care of them

People hooked on drugs, even in a homeless shelter

People not able to live their life

This makes you feel sorry that life is there

The reality of life is worse than the movies show that it is

Criminals, not always their fault

People living in apartments where the rug is basically cockroaches

It is not fair

We take advantage of what we have

Stop and remember the others

People who don't even have clothes to wear, so they wear trash bags

The large price of medical care, make many people homeless

the cup of suicide running over

Death, murder, cruel things in life

Human kindness is running low

Should it?

The downfall of alcohol event to the best

Life has caused a mess

Natural Disasters killing hundreds

Humans being forced to kill

Untouchability in India

Is life really as good as you thought?

Sister

Like Christmas,
but anticipation that hurts
like a bee sting
that grows as time goes on

Why does she have to leave?
Childhood memories fade,
and nothing takes their place
but collage pictures of an adult sister,
a long-time friend.

I will never see her as a child again.
fights, eye rolling,
I'll miss all of it.
I'm losing her.

At least I get her room.

Eli Goeltz

Michael's poem

Michael Cornett

They say it's what you do
That it's not up to you
That all you do in here
Determines your place out there

If your explorer score,
Determines the one on your ACT,
And that determines..
Your whole life

If your whole place in life,
Is to get your monthly check,
That's a life that
I don't want to have

Now I've said my part
And it's up to me,
If I follow my heart
And live life my way

Thunder”

By: Lucy Woodrow

Thunder could be a sound, just a sound.
But it could also be the sound of great armies’ footsteps
Thunder can be horrible too.
A monstrous creature roaring for you to let it in

Thunder is what you choose to make it.
The beautiful sound of angels’ wing-beats in the air.
The pounding of wild mustangs hoof-beats across a great plain.

Thunder is what you choose to make it.
The horrible footsteps of a giant cyclops coming,
To tear into your home at midnight, to kill.
Boulders tumbling down from the heavens, to trap you in an airtight cave.

You must always remember, though,
Thunder is what you choose to make it.
Should it be beautiful or terrible,
Amazing or deadly,
Thunder is always what YOU

I am Poem

Lucy Woodrow

I am loyal and a swimmer
I wonder why there are no more redheads in my family
I hear rushing water
I see the blue ribbons
I want to be in the Olympics
I am loyal and a swimmer

I pretend that I will be a great a great surfer
I feel sadness
I touch the lives around me
I worry that I won't get a good job
I cry when I imagine my family dying
I am loyal and a swimmer

I understand my brother
I say surfing is awesome
I dream that I will be a good surfer
I try to get blue ribbons
I hope to compete in the Olympic
I am loyal and a swimmer

Snoopy

By: Jack Summars

So proud yet afraid,
for he has climbed back
up the vertical highway,
through darkness,
and silence,
and fright,
and hurt,
he acts as happy,
and healthy,
as if a pup,
but the thing I am still
afraid of you see,
is to witness his last
nap, sleeping
so peacefully.

How are you doing?

By: Isaac Dantzler

When someone asks, "How are you doing?"

I want to say,

I live

It sucks

It is really very stressful.

From school

To home

Doing homework

Then sleeping.

Rincing.

Washing.

Repeting.

My friends are few and far between,

And even for them I don't have time.

Because,

School

Homework

Sleeping.

Rincing.

Washing.

Repeting.

But, for now,

It is all I can do.

So I will have to say,

"I guess I am doing...

Okay."

It is weird in a way,

Saying okay

Even when life sucks.

A question you know the answer to,

But you still ask it anyway.

To

Friends.

Strangers.

Family.

A question with no answer,

But you still ask it anyway.

"real poetry"

Sitting late at night
staring at the screen
time goes slowly by
tick tock tick tock

I have to get this done
because tomorrow it is due
I want to make it rhyme
I want to make it fun

"real poetry"
about "real" things
Nothing funny
always serious
tells a story
I can't do it

frustration builds
and so does my weariness
I want to go to bed
and leave this work for the future me
but I can't
I'll forget
and my grief tonight over nothing

so painfully boring
bland plain lines
a story made of stanzas
"real poetry"
about "real" things

I am Poem
By: Allie Lancaster

I am curious, a gentle being.
I wonder if she is watching me,
The loving face I long for.
The gentle sound of the wind reminds me that i am not alone.
The light of the sun fills my vision.
I want to have a place in this world.
I am curious, a gentle being.

I pretend I am a bird,
Flying high above my troubles.
My mind takes me on magical trips.
I run my hands through the clouds.
I worry that my troubles will drag me back to the earth,
I cry when they do.
I am curious, a gentle being.

I understand that life will bring me to my knees,
I believe in getting back up.
My dreams are filled with desire to reach her.
I try too hard to fit in, to hide what makes me unique.
I hope that I am important to someone.
I am curious, a gentle being.

Hungry

By: Jack Poss

Disheveled on the street
starting hunger
lying begging for food

pain in the stomach
hunger worse
shoveling, digging through trash

people pass
without a second glance
hunger sets in
for the worse

the Hungry grow by day
by week
by month
by year

people need to help
to stop the hunger
rally together to end
world hunger

the people on the street
are grateful
for help already given
others must help too

Religion vs God

By: Jacob Gravett

I know Jesus can abolish religion
just because you're a republican does not make you christian
why is religion so great if it starts so many wars
why does it build huge churches but fails to feed the poor
people the bible is just a faith book
when people only know your a christian by your facebook
i believe he took away my sin
but if he came to your church would you really let him in
religion says do
jesus says done
religion says slave
jesus says son

Little Joys In Life

Do you hear,
The beautiful song,
Sung without fear,
Gentle yet strong,
Can you feel,
The tender rain,
A sensation unreal,
Hard to explain.
Do you taste,
The berry's savor,
Not a bite you will waste,
An unmatched flavor.
Can you smell,
The cookie's scent,
It's soft, doughy shell,
Leaving only content.
Look closely, spectator,
Beyond glistening treetops,
An arced band of color,
Left by misty rain-drops.
Remember, my friends
These tiny joys,
Happiness, that never ends,
Sensations and noise,
And the scars that they mend.

Animals have Feelings

by Chloe Mitchell

You're wrong,
All of you.
Torturing animals for your benefit?
Put yourself in their, uh, paws.
You wouldn't like it either.

If you saw things like I do,
You wouldn't do this.
Animals have feelings, too.
Stop messing with them!

Animals testing will stop.
The animals have families too,
With feelings.
What if you left your family to be tested on?
That's right,
You wouldn't.

But they don't have a choice,
do they?
Fine,
take them away from their families.
I'm sure they won't care.
Have a heart,

The Missing Part

She left us,
Without a word,
Too bad,
I wasn't there
She left something behind,
I saw that,
But those last moments,
Is the missing part
She left us,
Without a word,
Or so that's what I have been told,
Did she have a last word?
Guess I'll never know

Broken Cranes
Ethan Fell

I told her... "Stop! You are broken...
Frozen in time...
Parted from the world...
Like a galaxy in the corner of the universe...
You are different...
Yet you are the same...
You sing of your sadness...
You sing of your joy...
You know your weakness... Life...
Just existence has haunted you...
There is a place better...
I promise you...
I will travel the distance with you...
I will sing with you...
We will run together...
To the end...
We both want to conquer this fear...
So we will...
Together...
Flying as broken cranes...

War

War

What's it all worth

Is it over land, money, control

Everyday people hear one thing in all the places they are

People only know of one thing certain in the world

War

Wars are fought in the east and in the west

What difference does it make?

People killing others

For their own personal gain

What will our world come to if all there is is

War

Children play it in their early years

To have fun and make some laughs

But what is this really teaching them

Is it that doing this is fun or right

Or is it that it is a laughable matter

War

Attacks are held everyday

In our land

And in lands foreign to us

There are always the people who like to cause this kind of trouble,

who like to do this sort of thing

Who go out against the crowd

For their personal pleasure

To cause pain and suffering

War causes pain

War causes suffering

War changes lives

In a very negative way

Veterans suffer from the awful memories

Families lose loved ones

War

War

War is an awful thing

War

What is the purpose of it

War causes death for a countries personal gainqqq

There are no victories in war

There are no conquerers in war

There is just defeat

In all that had been lost

Jack Dowling

`In The Mirror

In a grey house,

On a grey road,

In a grey city.

There is a grey room.

And in this grey room, there is a grey chair.

And sitting in this chair is a grey girl.

And this girl has grey hair, and blank, grey eyes.

This girl is wearing a stiff grey dress.

She is not smiling. She is frowning, and a single tear falls down her grey cheek.

And this grey girl is facing another girl.

And between them is a slate of glass.

Thinner than a piece of paper, no taller than a doorframe.

And this girl that she is facing has fiery red hair, and deep blue eyes.

This girl is wearing a flowy purple dress, and she is laughing.

When she laughs, her eyes light up with life, and she almost falls out of her chair.

A hammock chair.

In a green room.

In a yellow house.

On a black road.

In an orange city.

Facing a grey girl.

Two sides to a story,

Two faces,

Trapped-

In the mirror.

"Eagles"

By: Sam Turner

Oh, how they sit on their mountain high
they see so far below
a wonderful city so fair
The people below think of them as snobs,
but they know that not
The people below say that so, and
the eagles on top do so believe they are "the" top
The eagles on top that believe they are
top are fools, but are no they are
the top only but
awhile
They may stand atop their mountain so high,
but the eagles are as equal as the ones below
They shouldn't
raise themselves
so high
because
it would
be a
very
very
long
fall
down

Nobody is Normal
Rachel Verneti

Nobody is normal,
It's really quite true.
Everybody is abnormal,
And that thought is like glue

Everybody is different,
And they have a right to be.
For some are brilliant,
While others will never get a degree.

We were not created equal,
It is the honest truth.
One could fly on wings like an eagle,
While others are destined for ruin.

We are all quite peculiar,
If you don't mind me saying so.
Everyone will find who they are in the future,
We just have to go with the flow.

The Storm

Aidan Newton

The storm is coming
I hear the thunder rumbling
The lightning strikes
In the dead of the night

The storm wakes me up
I get curious
And get out of bed
I am filled with dread

I look out the window
And what do I see
There's rain and mud
And a fallen-over oak tree

The noise is still loud
It keeps me awake
I want to sleep
That would be great

I lay myself down
I close my eyes
I'll wait until morning
And then I'll rise