Yellow       By: Lauren Mammen
Happiness, joy, excitement
The color of the school bus you rode as a child
The color of the sun on a warm summer day
The color of lemons as you squeeze them to make lemonade
The color of beautiful daffodils freshly picked just for you
The color used to express your smile
Glee, delightment, and optimism
Why it’s yellow, of course

Yellow       By: Samira Ahmed
Yellow, the color of happiness.
The color that brightens my day.
Seeing you brings joy to my eyes.
You paint the sky when the sun sets.
Yellow, a bright spot for emotions.

Color Poem       By: Luke Johnson
A magnificent color is Hearthrob Red
A voluptuous palette
Not much more can be said
An awe inspiring shade
Found in the most passionate of places
A relaxing and fantastic hue
Maintains its beauty on curtain laces
Lukas Fraase

Fall Poem
By: Samantha Nyquist
From the moment I wake,
The cool, crisp air floods my skin
As I notice the delay of the daybreak
And the dimmed glow of the neighbor’s pumpkin.
I hear the crunching of a rake,
The cheering of crowds after another football team’s win,
And the children complaining about their massive bellyache.
As for me I have another activity that makes me grin,
Something that I often partake,
A taco wrapped hug of blankets from my toes to my chin,
Soon to be found unawake.

Fall
By: Annette Nyamwaya
Cold in the morning, but warmth in the noon.
Yep thats fall for you! You leave the house freezing with a sweater,
but come hune in a loose flimsy t-shirt.
Lighting candles of sweet smells, but with a touch of a spicy scent.
Stepping outside to a sight full of color, no longer green and monotonous,
But soon to be white and dull! Strolling through the crisp air brushing your face.
Neighbors porches lined with pumpkins and scarecrows! Its that time of year again, bundle up!
Fall Poem  By: Abdullahi Aden  “Aden”

Fall
The shorter days
The longer nights
The windy days.
Leaves all over everywhere.
Everywhere you look is all sorts of different colors.
What a view.
A view of the most beautiful season,
It’s the view of fall.

Untitled  By: Dani Appleget

The sun was a blinding ray in my eyes
The sky bright like a fire
Birds flew through the air at the speed of light
All for my eyes to admire

Nighttime brought calm and serenity
Stars waltzing through the air
The moon seemed to smile down at me
To frown I would not dare

Untitled  By: Danielle Fredrickson

Leaves danced in swirling circles,
The river humed its tune.
The trees were harps
Sending ringing melodies
Through the balmy afternoon

A young man sat
Upon the banks,
His hair as pale as snow.
He listened to the river’s song;
Its tune he seemed to know.

Blllions of sounds sought out his ears
And yet, their tone was hushed
They calmed and soothed him gently
As the winding river rushed

This place was the man’s haven;
His own corner of the world
Where wandering wayfarers would never find
His favorite place to hide
Love Poem  By: Destiny Franks-Velisek
Love is what keeps me warm at night.
Every night.
I wake up to love and sometimes I can’t or don’t want to leave.
Love can be a trap
But also love comforts me when i’m down.
Love can come from many things or people.
I love, you love.
But I may love differently than you.
The love I’m speaking of is the love from and to my bed.
My bed loves to keep me warm every night
I wake up in my bed
I’m always late because I never wanna leave my bed.
It traps me.

Love Poem  By: Amanda Leadens
Love is a very conflicting feeling it can bring you happiness or sadness.
It can make you feel warm and fuzzy with butterflies,
or have you sitting in you bed scarfing down ice cream listening to sad songs.
It sucks to be alone, but that’s the time to think deeply about who you are as a person.
However, when you are with someone that cares and loves you,
it just makes you happy and feel good about yourself.
List Poem   By: Logan Ehlenz
This is a story of a fat man’s nightmare,
It is about something most people don’t really care.
Of course it is the gym that gives him a scare.
This “exercise thing” is something he can’t bear.
He walks through the door and his heart takes a skip.
The man almost faints, but he soon finds his grip.
He gazes and stares down the gym ownership.
Then he shifts his glare to the gym airstrip.
His heart drops as gazes the whole gym scene.
There is a bike, a rower, and a treadmill machine.
On the left, there are dumbbells, and dips in-between
Over here are pull ups and weights with a sheen.
He begins to sweat and his heart starts to crawl.
As he checks out the yoga mat the exercise ball.
He cannot stand the BOSU or the trainer named Paul.
Soon the fat man slips on some yoga pants and begins to fall.
His head hits the Bowflex as he lunges for the punching bag.
The pedometer restarts as he begins to retch and gag.
His heart started to wander, Elliptical, and zigzag.
Trainer Paul comes over and proclaimed they need a bodybag.

Garage Sale   By: Emma Morrow
Garage sale, garage sale. Oh how much we love a garage sale.
Used barbies with loose heads, shoes with missing laces,
shirts with stains, that skateboard without a wheel.
Old kitchen equipment, whisks, spoons, bowls and pans,
But don’t worry you won’t have to break the bank at a garage sale.
Random clutter items, that lawn mower in the corner.
Cute baby clothes, old CDs, VHS movies and
who knew how long they had these blankets.
Tools galore. Anything dad would need
Hammers, wrenches nails and screws.
No need to go anywhere else, the garage sale has everything you need.
List Poem  By: Breanna Minter-Moan
Who knew I'd like the zoo
rhinos, flamingos and zebras too
I wanted to see the giraffes
but my sister thought the gorillas were better
and I didn't want to upset her
so, to please her
we gazed upon those gorillas forever
As well as chimps, orangutans and an ape.
Before she picked up on their behavior
the big cats became our savior
Lions, tigers, cheetahs and even a cougar.
Before we had to leave
There was a few more things we had to see
Lemurs, otters and a red kangaroo
but there was somethings new
A elephant calf
that made me forget all about the giraffes.

List Poem  By: Samuel Forest Lochridge
The pen and paper
Responsible for writing words
Words that make stories and poems
The brush and paint bottles
That create pictures of marvelous color
Books are what authors make
And Paintings are what painters make
Musical instruments perform marvelous sound
To make songs and themes
Precious jewels make necklaces and rings
These are the tools an artist brings.
Bother Me   By: Samantha Michelson
Things that bother me.
There are many things that bother me.
Me and my father are alike so the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.
When someone takes the remote control from me for the T.V.
My mom when she tries to lecture me.
I shut my door and tell her to go back up to her floor.
My dog when he tries to climb on me.
C'mon outside there are plenty of trees, can't you see?
When my parents try and take my phone.
Really? Don’t you got your own?
People trying to talk to me when I have my headphones in.
I swear to God they are trying to make me sin.
When I don’t get service in school.
I’m really just trying to bool.
Don’t try and make me do things I don’t wanna do.
Then I’ll have to put you in your place, boo.
My grandma when she tries to control the whole family.
Like get your clammy hands off me Tammy.
When I’m driving and my parents think I’m off a bar.
Take a pill, we aren’t that far.
When my hair doesn’t want to curl.
This is why I hate being a girl.
Homework is so much work,
All my teachers are jerks.
They always trying to lurk
They make me wanna light off a firework.
As you can tell I really don’t like school,
This place is really cruel.
Good thing my dad is cool.
Relationships vs Police Brutality

By: Toni Caston

I meant things torn apart whenever a cop can shoot someone 7 times and get Acquitted on “self defense”

Trayvon Martin
Never forget that if you're an African American teenage boy
Walking with a can of Arizona and a bag of skittles for your father,
A man who’s never stood with his right hand raised pledging to protect and serve
Can take your life without blinking an eye.
And get away with it.

Sandra Bland
Let me remind you, failing to use a turn signal,
gets you a ticket, not an arrest and a broken arm
But another thing not to forget is
Cops can get away with anything.

Philando Castile
Let's remember, reaching for something
as simple as keys could be considered
Non compliance, leaving a child no
Older than 2, with the memory of 7 pops and the image of a head
Know longer able to think.

Now that we’ve made sure you won’t forget, let’s get back to relationships.
The parents of Trayvon Martin lost their son to snacks and to a neighborhood watchmen
The family of Sandra Bland lost their daughter to a ticket and a rope around her throat.
The mother of Philando Castile lost her son to compliance and 7 unwarranted slugs to the chest.
They lived in a system of oppression and the system of power killed them.
Armstrong High School
2017-2018