By: Kaley Bohlin

Overthinking
"It’s all in your head"
Little do they know, I just want to crawl into bed.
I think about tomorrow’s test then
I think about failure then
I think about bad grades
I think about not getting into college
I think about the bad career I’m left with
I think about a bad life then
I think that the world is ending.
I begin to shake like there’s an earthquake.
My mind desires to rest, but I’m wide awake.
The fire grows deep in my chest,
Engulfing my ability to breathe.
What I just saw of myself in the mirror
Is now blurry.
The uncontrollable spiral is infinite.
My face is smeared with black mascara as I wipe the tears off my cheek.
I rise from being crouched down on the floor,
And then I collapse on to my bed as the fire in my chest is being put out.
Anxiety is a never ending roller coaster

By: Julianna Erpelding

List Poem: Winter
It’s hard to fight how much I love cold, cozy winter nights
With a mug of warm cocoa in my hand
Gazing at the pretty christmas lights I can’t comprehend
While listening to Christmas music about ice and snow
And hearing the cold wind blow
Once I step outside I feel Jack Frost nipping at my nose
Fantasizing about who will be under the mistletoe
Red and green and Christmas wreaths
Thousands of Christmas movies
Along with ice skating and sledding
The shoveling of snow we will all be dreading
Decorating the tree and having many arguments
I think it’s best to just stick with ornaments
Many pairs of sweaters, coats, and boots
But I found a rip in my coat oops
Christmas and Winter are coming a nigh
Just don’t forget to have a piece of pumpkin pie

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Volume 46
By: Katie Barton

Fall Poem: October
October’s the month
When the smallest breeze
Gives us a shower
Of autumn leaves,
Bonfires and pumpkins,
Leaves sailing down -
October is red
And golden and brown.

October leaves are lovely
They rustle when I run
Sometimes I make a heap
And jump in them for fun.

Autumn leaves float quickly down
And form a carpet on the ground,
But when those leaves are stepped upon,
Listening for the crackling sound.

By: Morgan Ernst

Fall Poem: THE SEASON HAS COME
Fiery colors fall to the ground
Carpeting the grass in a thin layer
Animals scurry around
Preparing themselves for the coming season
The whole world is changed
Summer has gone astray
Fall knocks on our doors
We prepare for the cozy nights
The home cooked meals
The Friday night lights
The apple picking
The halloween costumes
The pumpkin everything
We prepare for it all
It’s finally Fall
By: Gerald Shepherd

Color Poem: DEAR BLACK
D34R 614CK Its so vividly portrayed as a negative color
But to me black is a color unlike any other
They call you dark but they don’t understand how bright you are
With you we wouldn’t be able to see the stars
I know how you feel
I know that your worth is real
Black you need to be respected
When the sun shines on us you are reflected
Dark is just what you show
But deep down there is more to know
From the panthers to lives that matter
The fact that 614CK people get no justice makes the world much sadder
I know that you have the answer I’m hoping that you help me
All I’m asking is if you can read my letter write back and just tell me
Sincerely,
A 614CK 60Y

By: Angie Kaala

Love Poem
You are as sweet as honey
Your eyebrows are bushy caterpillars
Everytime I see you my breath walks away
Every day, every night, every hour, every minute and every second I think about you
Your hair is so pitch black and it looks like a black hole.
Your cute smile melts my heart
Whenever we are apart
My heart weighs a ton
Heavy on my shoulders due to the fear of rejection.

By: V Gumz

Nature Haiku
Twinkling starlight
Reaches me from light years out
I stare in wonder

Sophie Miller 12

Kendra Payne
By: Megan Sincebaugh

The Feeling
Everything seems to come to a complete stop
My breath, the time, life
My heart falls through my chest
Down to the carpeted floor
And there it sits for a few minutes
Aching to be encompassed in a warm chest just once more
For a few seconds even
Just a few seconds
Just a few
All that’s left to fill the void that my heart left behind is
Emptiness
Space
Nothing
And it gets to a point where it seems like that’s how it should be
That heart-shaped pocket inside my chest isn’t meant to hold a heart
It’s meant to hold
Emptiness
Space
Nothing
It starts to feel right
The emptiness
The space
The nothing
It starts to feel like home
The emptiness
The space
The nothing
It begins to give me comfort
The emptiness
The space
The nothing
Losing him made me feel as though I never wanted to find someone to begin with
As much as
The emptiness
The space
The nothing
Had provided me an odd safe haven
It had hidden the hurt that was also staying in the room that my heart had previously occupied
The emptiness
The space
The nothing
Was all just louder than the hurt.
So as
The emptiness
The space
The nothing
Began to dull its roar
The hurt revved its engine
And That engine was as loud as an earthquake
An earthquake that would bring everything to shambles
Everything seems to come to a complete stop
My breath, the time, life
By: Evan Porter

Color Poem: Blue
The lovely color blue
The best color without a clue
The pretty blue skies
Up very high
Letting of steam with a sigh
Blue is the best
It’s unlike all the rest

By: Rylee Carpentier

Nature Haiku
Geese, deer, and raccoon
Sad fate when nature meets street
Beware: vehicle

By: Cirea Holliday

Love Poem
Ugh… Love, love, love.
That sounds like blah, blah, blah to me.
Let's be serious not delirious.
On the days that I look hideous.
I seem to have this strange forgetfulness about what love is.
While I relax in the suds I think about what it means to me.
Rose petals and lit candles.
Soothing music, let’s not forget about the food
Of course you need that to set the mood.
Of course you’re not sure if you can handle what's about to come next.
Ahhh, get a text from guess who your…. EX!
What good things come with that?
Another stab in the back?
Its just them trying to find a way back into your life.
Man what's the hype?
I don’t even think I pick by type.
All any of them do is waste my time while we sooner or later argue and fight.
What is it about me that keeps them running back?
Trying to play quarterback.
While I continue to tell them to hit the road Jack
By: Jordan Pegg

Love Poem
The first “Hello” from someone
Is just so magical
That first time you meet that one person
It only happens once
And sometimes that one person
Can make you feel so amazing

That’s when that one amazing feeling,
Can turn into so many more emotions

But I loved everyone else more than I loved myself.
And no one loved me the same way
And that’s when the first “Hello”
Turned into…
The last “Goodbye”

By: Jared Arellano

A Message to the Graduates
A time to see, a time to be living with greatness
A time to congratulate the new graduates,
Although we haven’t graduated yet,
A day passes with no regret,
A full twelve years of education,
Another set gone to seek out their own paths for future and placement.
The Women Who Came Before Me
The women who came before me have every right to be angry
The women who came before me have screamed like banshees in order for their voices to be heard under those who undermine them
The women who came before me fought like warriors
Amazons
The women who came before me were belittled
Struck down
Harassed
The women who came before me were strong
They broke barriers and shattered glass ceilings
The women before me paved the way for the movement of our sex
Or body
Our choices
Our rights
The women before me poured everything into their fight
Blood
Sweat
Tears
The women before me stood up to the men controlling them
Their body
Their words
Their lives
The women before me have risen from the ashes
Only to find themselves struck down again in the heat of battle
Our present society
The women before me are relapsing into the constant battle with the men of power
Our president
Our courts
Our leaders
The women before me have done so much for our movement that it’s time we repay them
For their sacrifice
For their fight
For their words
The women of my generation will fight for the women who came before them in the fight for equality
And the right to their own lives
They have burned a path so that we can follow and go
Further
Stronger
Harder
Our generation is the generation of change and we will fight back against those who oppress us
The women that come after me will live in a society where both sexes are equal and no women will be put down or shamed by the opposite sex
The women that come after me will learn of the fight of the women before them
They will thank them for their efforts
The lives in which they will live in peace and prosperity within their own achievements and celebrate the women who came before them
By: Molly Zook

ART
art isn’t always pretty
if you’re with a writer,
undoubtedly you want them to write about you.
be careful with what you wish for though.
be wary of your expectations of what it means when they do.
because yes, they will write about you.
they'll describe you as a raw human being,
the sun filtering through a window.
they'll tell whimsical stories about your hands and lips.
they'll blanket you in words of fascination and allure, reaching a point where you don't even think
you're the person they're describing anymore.
but writers are emotional wrecks and we naively allow ourselves to feel everything; regardless of the
weight it puts on us and how it makes mascara stain our cheeks.
they'll describe you as a drug they get withdrawals from,
the raging storm of a hurricane.
they'll tell stories of shattered glass and locked doors.
they'll wrap you in words of rage and jealousy, and now you don't recognize the person behind the
scribbled words of a notebook page.
you take it for what it is; a form of art.
and art isn't always pretty.
you take them for what they are; art in all forms.

By: Erin Dailey

1963
I stood there in amazement
I could hear the crowds cheering and chanting
Signs blocked my view of the brave man standing atop the marble staircase
The muffled murmurs of the his oh so powerful voice rang through the distant speakers
No one can really hear what’s being said
But every so often the words “I Have A Dream” electrifies the crowd
It’s now 2019 but standing here before the Lincoln Memorial
I can still feel the hope that Martin Luther King Jr instilled in millions in 1963
By: Kathlyn Wagner

The Moment I Met You
The moment I met you, I felt something in my heart.
I knew nothing could tear us apart.
Butterflies fluttered the moment I met you.
And from then on our love grew.
The moment I met you, I knew you were the one.
Staring into your eyes under the midnight sun.

By: Avital Harris

List Poem
Little European Towns
Windmills on hillsides,
Pastel painted houses,
Steeples rise over small cottages,
Fields of sunflowers,
Small planes doing loops up above,
Sounds of trickling streams,
Charming people everywhere,
Ivy creeping up sides of buildings,
Markets open up,
Exotic smells waft through the air,
Flowers pop up everywhere,
Boats float on the dock,
Little European towns remind me of the simplicities in daily life.

By: Haley Dunnigan

DANDY CANDY
Candy is quite dandy
Randy gave chocolates to Sandy
Sandy gave suckers to Brandy
Brandy gave twizzlers to Landy
Landy gave pop rocks to Tandy
Tandy gave smarties to Zandy
Zandy gave snickers to Mandy
And it was all quite dandy
By: Joseph Jamison

Love Poem
I want that me thinking of you thinking of me thinking of you type love or me telling my friends more than I ever admitted to myself about how I feel or hating how jealous she gets but loving how much she wants me to herself type love, you know that love when you try and see how long you can go without calling them but you barely make it to your car...yeah I want that love.

By: Megan Johnson

List Poem: Time To Say Goodbye
A long ride already to the doctors and the destination is still far Today I take an allergy test, I don’t want to leave the car We’ve finally arrived, behind me I slam the car door I fear I wont be able to eat my favorite foods anymore Lots of pricks and pins later I finally hear the news The doctor says, “you’re allergic to all fruit”, I cry I have the blues No more melons, apples or cherries how will I survive? Without oranges, papayas and mangos I’ll die by age twenty-five And all the wonderful berries, oh how sweet Blueberries, raspberries, blackberries, and strawberries they make me weak Fruit tastes so sweet it’s earth’s candy No more bananas, kiwi, peaches, or plums isn’t that just dandy Goodbye lemons in my lemonade and goodbye avocado on my toast The time I’ve been able to enjoy you lasted long enough, almost