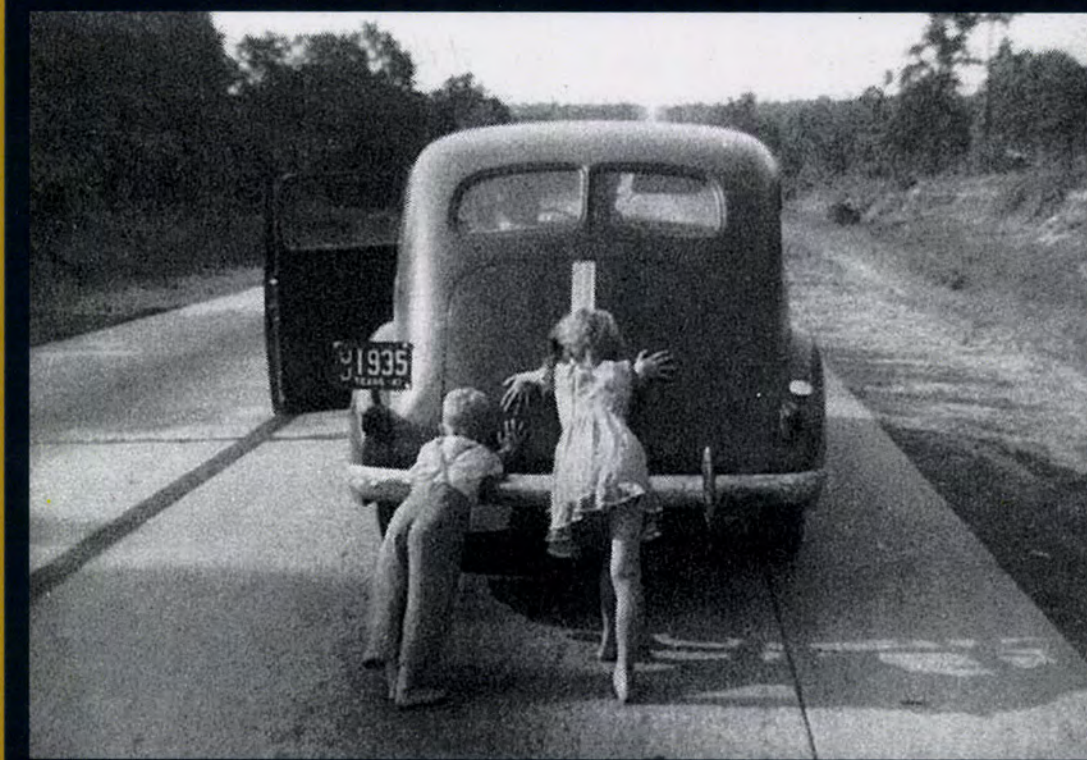


**diverse
YOUTH
ANTHOLOGY** 2012

**AUSTIN INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL
20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION EDITION**



Edited by **Barbara Youngblood Carr**

Austin Poets International, Inc.

Presents:

**The 20th Anniversary Celebration Edition
of
The Austin International Poetry Festival's**

DIVERSE YOUTH

2012

Editor

Barbara Youngblood Carr

Judges and Contributors

Jena Kirkpatrick

Susan Summers

Guest Judge

Suzanne Zoch

Production

Barbara Youngblood Carr

Cover Art

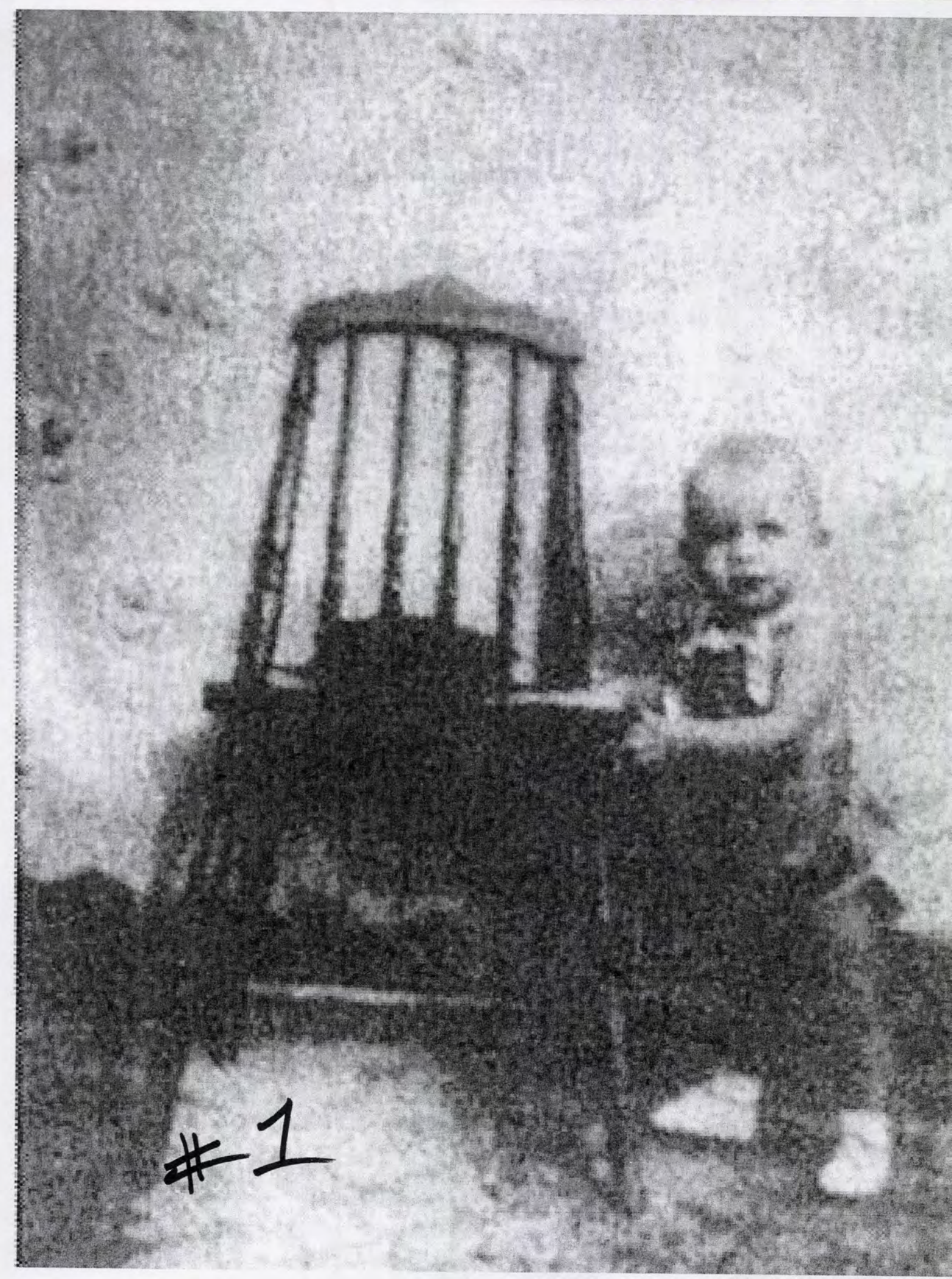
Barbara Youngblood Carr

Cover Layout and Design

Rebecca Byrd Bretz

Printed by

Global Printing Solutions, Austin, TX



#1

The following was prepared by the various contributors of the following:
Dear Parents - Through her work with (and) your love and support (and)
Child Health Council and Community



The very nature of our work
is to help mothers all the more of nature - the feeling of nature
the feeling of work, and the child of the mother
The very nature of our work

As a result of this



This project is being supported in part by the City of Austin through the Council
on the Arts and the Texas Commission on the Arts and the Council on the Arts
the National Endowment for the Arts which believes that a great nation does

#2

This Anthology was made possible by the generous contributions of the following:

Gene Kirkpatrick – Through her work with Central Texas Boys and Girls Clubs
City of Austin Cultural Arts Commission
Texas Commission on the Arts
National Endowment for the Arts



(A photo taken at Camp Indigo)

*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...*

–American Indian –



Texas
Commission
on the Arts

Investing in a Creative Texas



Cultural Arts
Division

CITY OF AUSTIN

This project is funded and supported in part by the City of Austin through the 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.



#3

Introduction

For the last seven years teens from across central Texas have gathered at The Quiet Valley Ranch during the height of summer. Creativity, expression and support are condensed into a powerful 4-day experience that has created moments of beauty and magic, of humor and heart touching empathy. This is the Music Camp for Teens, an experience that emphasizes using the tools of poetry, song and music to find and express your own unique voice. Transformations occur within each one of us because of the tone that is set. No ridicule, only positive encouragement and continual support for your peers are acceptable. Campers may have just written their first poem that day or picked up an instrument they are excited to learn to play and written a song. Confidence grows when their thoughts unfold into a vivid snapshot shared with peers from a professional stage. Cheers of gracious support arise at the open mic performances held each night. True self-realization occurs as they are accepted for who they are, what they have to say and the music they create. It is a rare and beautiful space without any judgment. It is a peaceful place where the artist's soul is awakened. After camp this year I taught throughout the central Texas area in many Boys and Girls Clubs. In the pages of this book you will get just a glimpse of something very precious; please take the opportunity to savor it. The wit and wisdom of these young poets from all over Texas will inspire, expand your realm and hopefully encourage you to pick up a pen and write. A special thank you to Jon Charles and The Central Texas Boys and Girls Clubs for submitting the work of their youth to the Diverse Youth Poetry Anthology for the 20th Austin International Poetry Festival.

Jena Kirkpatrick

Poetry Instructor, Publisher, *Writing for Positive Change*



BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS
OF CENTRAL TEXAS



#4

About Camp Indigo – A Summer Camp for Refugee Children, Austin, Texas

Camp Indigo offers exciting and creative opportunities for children ages 4-11 to explore their inner selves. The camp promotes a high level of respect for the self and others, clear communication, increased confidence and act as a space for healing and personal growth.

Camp Indigo, now in its 12th year, is a week-long Summer camp that offers exciting and creative opportunities for children ages 4 – 12 to express themselves and explore their world. Camp Indigo promotes increased confidence, clear communication and a high level of respect for the self and others. Some of this year's summer camp offerings will include music-making, movement, yoga, art, gardening, and song-writing.

Each Summer, Camp Indigo unites local Austin businesses, farmers, musicians, artists, community leaders and volunteers in a posture of equality and celebration of Austin's children.

It is our hope that local, immigrant, and refugee children from diverse countries, cultures, faiths and economic backgrounds can come together to create and share in a living experience of peace, compassion, creative expression and unconditional love.

The intention is to create a summer camp environment that is safe, nurturing, fun, and creative where children can freely express, heal, be acknowledged and heard. We endeavor to support and empower all children to explore the essence of who they are.

All summer camp activities are designed to create a space for the volunteers and children to experience a deeper opening of their hearts. Camp Indigo is transformational for all involved.

#5



Preface

Children's imaginations: innocent, natural, innovative, without pre-prejudices; wonderful.

This year, because of the untimely death of our beloved Austin International Poetry Festival (AIPF) Youth Activities Director, Deb Akers, the fact that nothing had been done to produce a Diverse Youth Anthology, etc. by mid-April (which usually involves coordinating with dozens of teachers from every grade level to submit poems from their students) – the AIPF Board almost decided to not have a Diverse Youth Anthology for 2012.

But there is always more than one way to accomplish a desired goal.

So, for the 2012 Anniversary Celebration of AIPF I have put together a unique Diverse Youth Anthology – with the assistance of my good friend, Jena Kirkpatrick. I emailed her in early June for help to get poetry submissions from youths. She was already teaching summer creative writing and music workshops for children from the Central Texas Boys and Girls Club and Badgerdog – a group that takes creative writing into schools, particularly to underprivileged school children. And I went back to Camp Indigo, a summer camp for refugee children where I'd done a poetry workshop/presentation a few years ago. Between the two of us, we were blessed with dozens of bright, unusual, sometimes weird, happy or sad verses from a group of extremely diverse youths.

Rather than retype the creative efforts of these diverse youths, I decided to copy their creations exactly as they wrote them – to include many with arty sketches – they drew to go with their poems. There are some misspelled words but the reader can usually decipher what the word is supposed to be. In rare instances, when the word is very “iffy,” Jena and I put a correct spelling next to their poem in parentheses.

There are also some neatly-typed poems interspersed with the community camp poems that we received through our AIPF website registration.

For privacy reasons, only the first names of the youth poets are used in this 2012 Diverse City Youth Anthology edition.

Thanks to all the young people/poets who shared their creative endeavors with us. And a big bushel of thanks to Jena Kirkpatrick, without whose assistance this 2012 Youth Anthology could not have been done.

Barbara Youngblood Carr,
Editor

#6



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#7



#8



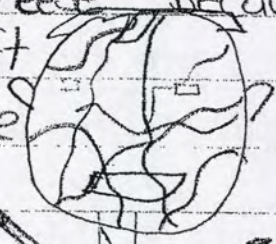
(1)
As I ran through the
woods I come across an
old stone path. As a curious
kid I explore the path
and a clear blue river.
I pick up a rock and throw
it far but it hit a wall but there
was no wall. It was like
an invisible wall. I walk
up to it and fall through
an endless hole but then
I see a bright blue. I start
screaming but a snake was
there the bright blue snake
saves me. but then
I look up at the sky
Its blue, red, green, our beautiful
earth is always changing.
and epicly weird.

Shane

Jayve

2

my head is a ball because I like to play ball. my body is a flute because I like to play the flute my feet are tasty tropical bannanas and because my feet are huge. my mouth are little blocks of cheese because I like the taste of soft something cheese in mouth.



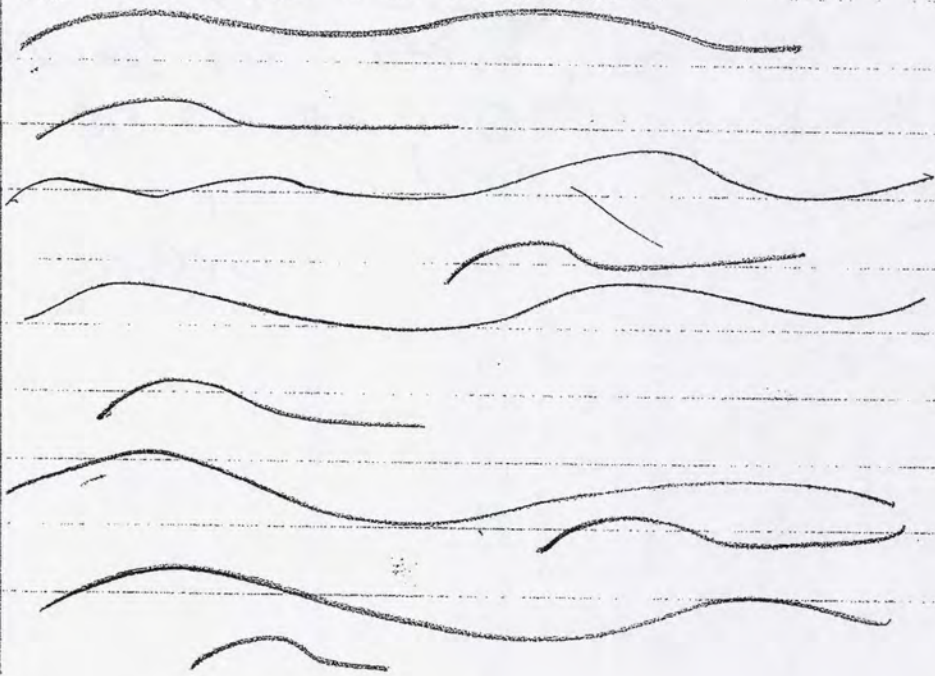
My eyes are pencils because I like to draw

day I would like to graduate. Some day I would like to go to The Bahamas Or Hawaii

My hair is a graduation hat because some

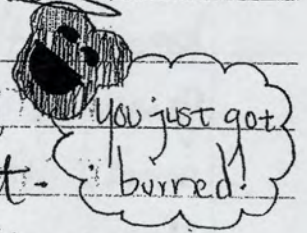


(graduation)

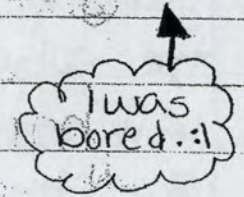


~~My head and brain is~~
~~a balloon waiting to burst~~
~~of excitement excitement~~

My head is a balloon
waiting to burst of excitement.



My ~~set~~ ~~body~~ body is a ripe
apple, fresh and healthy.



AND!

I am in the sky traveling the
world to find new ideas and
~~help a help~~ help the ~~last~~ last.

My ears are headphones music is
always in my head.

~ Jazmine K.

Gummy Bear Grace

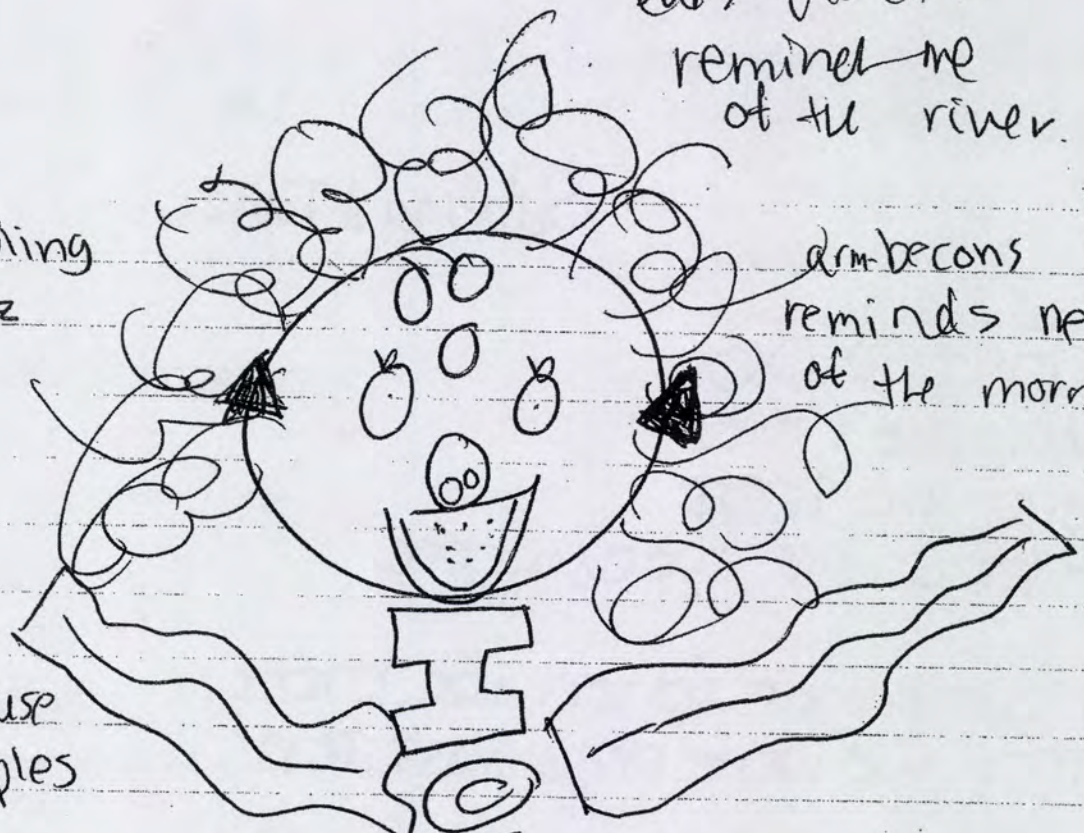
Mansion

(4)
My gummy bear mansion has
gummy bears everywhere! you can say
gummy bears and these hands ^{like mickie mouse} come ^{clubhouse}
out of the wall and gives you gummy
bears the pool is made of the
gummy bear gelatin this is offically
ment for the people that like
gummy bears. ~~Then~~ ^{And} you can say
the color of the gummy bear and it
will start dancing around and just
say stop for it to stop! This is going
to be the most high fashioned thing
you can have these days! And also-
it is 50,000,000 dollars! every thing
in the house is made of gelatin
the couch is green my refrigerator is
red the floors are orange and I could
go all day about this house but if
you ~~wants~~ want to buy it call
255-888-7172! Thank you

ears - donuts
remind me
of the river

head - bowling
ball beuz
its fun

arm becons
reminds me
of the morning



eyes - because
I like apples

hair - curly fries
I ~~have~~ curly
fries - hair

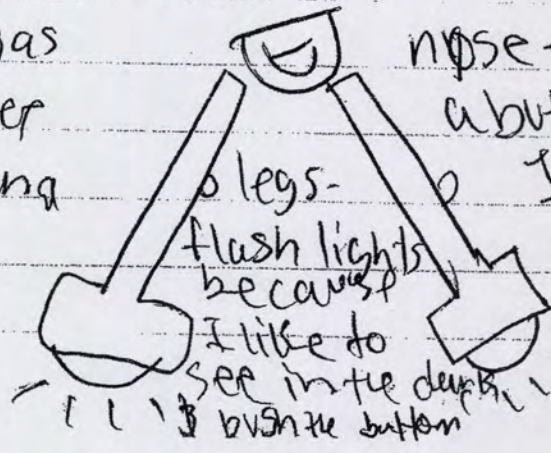
mouth - because I like
watermelons remind
me of my
grandma



body - hollywood
is my dream

background - las Vegas
because I've ser
it there and want
work there

nose - are like
a button bease



I use to
sew with
g-ma

legs -
flash lights
because
I like to
see in the dark
white button

Angelica

Sabrina & Tyera

6

Friends

You are here

You are there

Friends are everywhere

I remember when we meet,
then we were only just ten

Friends are far

Friends are near

So I shall never shed a tear

You've been for me with a Ton

So now I know I can trust someone

Friends are here

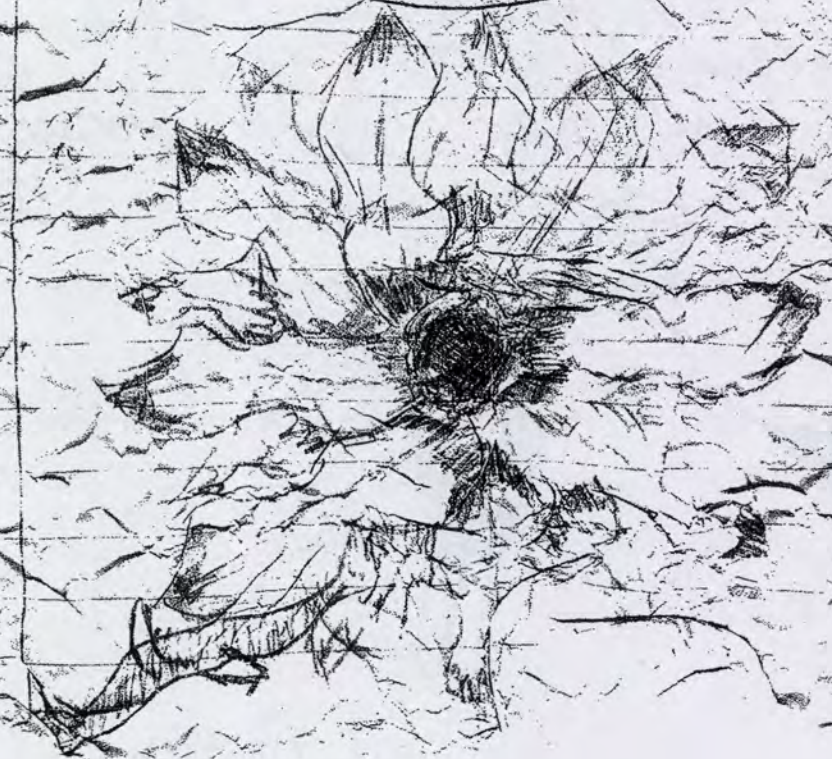
Friends are there

You are everywhere

Breakaway like majestic and be-
 come to see Shiny and bright
 Stars and to show you are powerful
 like one of our gods possessing
 eyes - but never show your dark
 side like mad and show your inner
 Beauty like harmonies and always
 Show your imagination.

all our majestic is with
 the inner soul

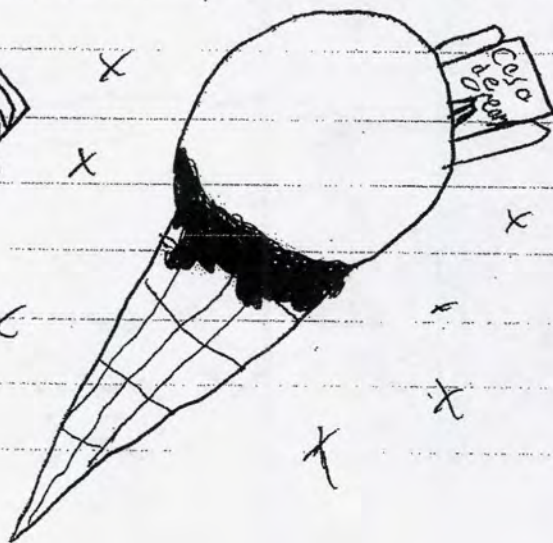
Jaime ~~Clifford~~ She loves
 me more



Planet made of Napoleon Icecream

8

My planet made of icecream is completely edible. Eat the trees, the bees, and the keys. This is right smack dab in the middle of the frozen food section of the galaxy. You can even look at the workers of the popsicle moon. Beware, there are ice cream canibals in the far north. If it gets too cold in the top you can warm up in the hot Ridge Springs near the cones. You can even stay at the hotel "Casa de Creamy". Here we will send you to the highest standards.



Austin

my mouth is a music note because
I Sing, my head is a china
Plate because I'm Pritty,
my nose is a Pear because
I love fruity smells. my body
is a Drumm because I love
the Drumes, my arms are
Pipe Cleaners because they
Bend. My legs are like
spugti because I weak.
My eyes are olives because
I Love them.

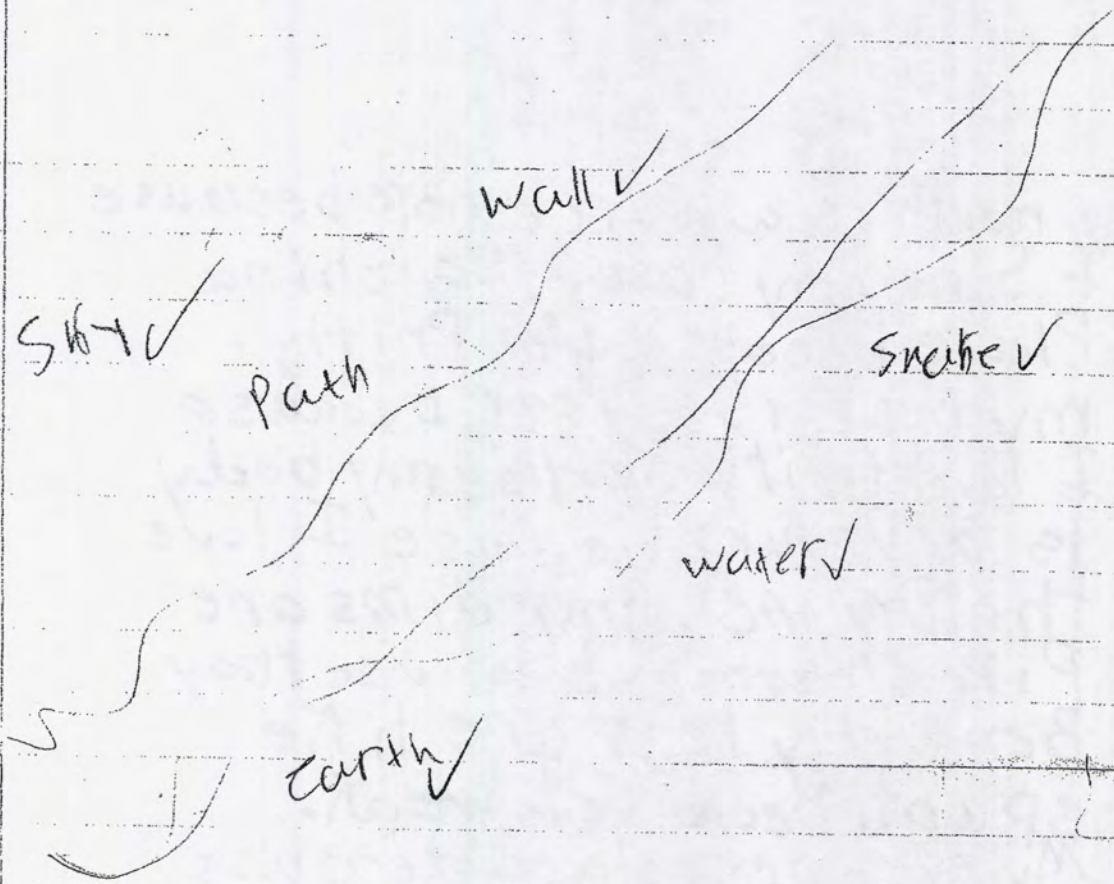
Victoria

9

AS

10

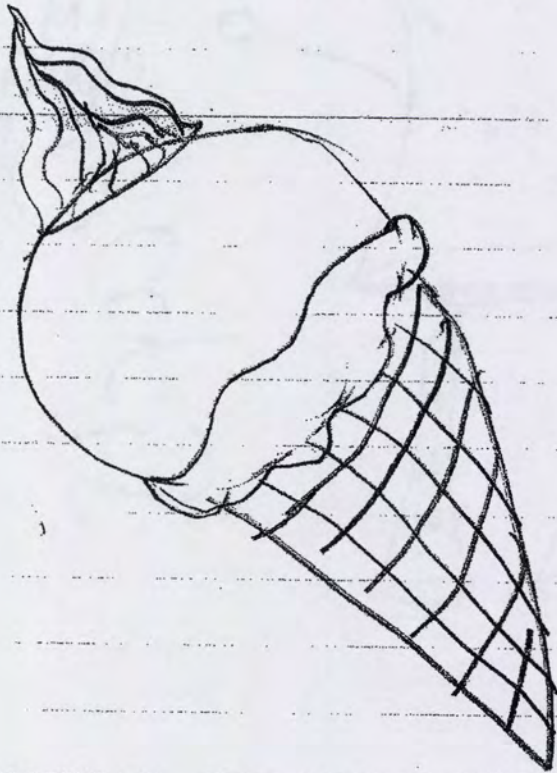
Open Mic Poem 2



The sky is blue as ever be. The
river water is green as the leaves on
the trees. I see the snakes slither around
with joy to protect their young. The
earth cracked waiting for the next
rainfall. The walls of mountains
looking over the beautiful horizon.
This is the way of nature. This
is the way how I see life.

Blue Bell Home made in
the Shaid Disneyland ^{victoria}

at this Butiful and Peleshis
amesmint Park there is icecream
everywhere. all Diferint ice cream
flavors But manly Blue Bell
Home made in the Shaid. you
can Have as meany Blue Bell
icecream as you wont and it's
all free. all The Disney cariters
are there.



My head is volleyball because / 12
I'm very sporty, my arms are
flowers B/c I love outdoors

My ~~body~~ is an hourglass
my legs are
are because I use time
wisely.

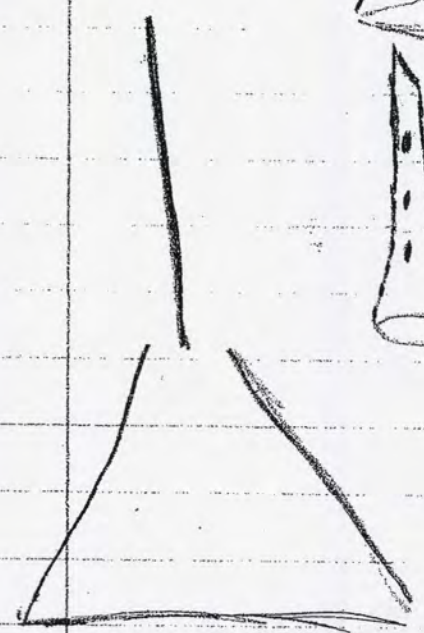
my eyes are
a clarinet
because I'm
see everything

a musical
person
my mouth
is a mango

my
background
is Paris
my hair is
clouds because
it's poofy



Paris



Tyerd

(C)

The way to my heart!

Your tears I will borrow,
So that you have the least of sorrow.
To you happiness I will lend,
For I am your well wisher and you are my best friend ,
I locate you amongst a whole crowd,
Because you being mine makes me feel proud.
I skip a heartbeat seeing you,
Because the road to my heart is named after you .

-
Flowers do not know the colour of their petals but we know it,
Likewise you do not know how beautiful you are but I know it.
Water does not know the speed of its flow but we know it,
Likewise you do not know the value of your presence but I know it.
A deer does not know the presence of musk in it but we know it ,
Likewise you do not know the amount of faith I have in you but I know it.
Love is an art, presence is a part,
Based on trust this relation is in everyone's heart.

Shubham

Lucky

14

He looks at me with big brown eyes
ears laid back
tongue out
wagging tail

A rat terrier
My rat terrier

He drops his bone, walks up to me,
and lazily flops down on his back,
begging me to rub his belly

so, I sit on the couch with Lucky
stroking his soft, silky fur until he falls asleep

They say a dog is a man's best friend,
but in this case it's mine!

Kaitlan

(A)

Cute Kitten

Fur, orange as the sun

White like a cloud

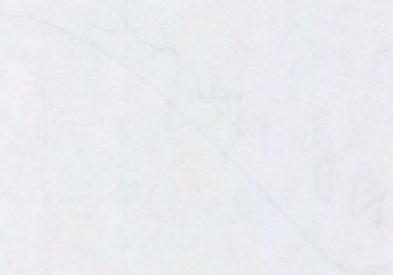
Soft as the breeze of wind

Cuddles like a bear

White & orange stripes

Cuter than herself

Yvette



(A)

Life as a Gecko

As I watch the gecko that crawls across the wall
I wonder what it's been through
what makes it get up in the morning
and continue to eat flies with a quick flick of it's tongue.

Does it even understand misery?
Has it ever felt the punch in the gut of loss,
the disappointment of a valued mentor?

But if it hasn't, then how could it ever truly grasp happiness?
What is sweet without sour?
What is love without hatred?
What is life without death?

Geckos do not have war.
They do not have peace.
They do not love or hate.
They are born. They die.
All without the excitement
of that vastly slower heart beat,
the beat of the ups and downs of life,
the summit of a mountain,
the sled ride down.
And without that beat,
their hearts count for naught.

no name

(B)

Misunderstanding

Misunderstood.

You have no idea...

You just saw,

Let your eyes do the talking,

Shutting off my pleadings,

My explanations.

Horrified.

I could see it in your eyes

You were horrified at me.

At what I was.

And in your eyes glistened tears.

In your eyes that did the talking.

I tried.

I called every hour of every day.

Begging you to let me explain.

It's not what you thought it was,

You didn't know the context.

Let me explain...

Shunned.

Every message, you deleted.

Every visit to your house, you "weren't home".

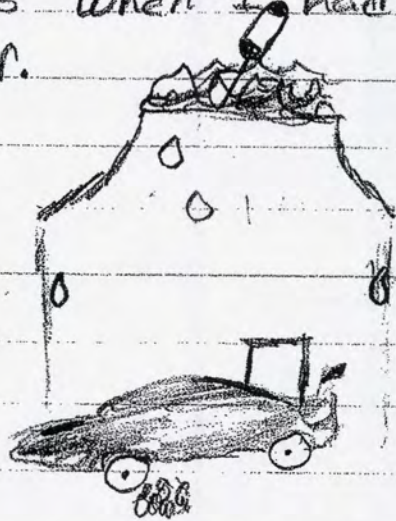
And in my exile, my agony,

Misunderstanding reverberated.

Misunderstanding of me.

Maya

one day I bought a black lambo
with cheery red race strips that every
time you open the door a bowl
of pomagrenates come out
of the cupholders and I drove
to my coffe ice cream magient (man's ion)
and started to eat my door
thats when I had to re ice my
door.



chase

I poked the floor with a pencil

I poked Cina in the face (china)

I poked my leg

I poked w hamburger

I poked w hot dog

I poked w Bed

I poked the earth (earth)

Brilliant poem!! 😊 Excellent use of repetition!! I love the line "I poked China in the face"

Write on!!

Ms Jena

What if?

What if there was no emotion
would this world be in chaos & destruction

What if there were no violence
would there be more relief and comfort.

What if there were no sense of Hatred
how would lives be different.

What if there was no obsession over power
if only people would stop loving power
but understand the power of changing
the world by what they do.

There's only one question to asking about
the difference between now and what
it could be.

And that question is what if

Jeane'

Julian J

(PB) Dust Particles, Medusa: Booty Booty blue,
Threatening A Fly (air)

Here there was a fly
He was ready to die
His first name was booty, his last name was blue
But death he wanted to try

Booty's middle name is blue
Down below he saw a beautiful Poo
There's a party down, It's a doo-doo fly fair
By then he knew what to do.

As booty flew down hill
Medusa was there looking still
Then he looked back, Turn to stone with a crack
And in three seconds he fell like a pill

He was falling down like a star
From the four flies looked from afar
He finally landed, the flies could not stand it
He crashed in the ground like a car...

purple chocolate monkey
is made from chocolate
he keeps chocolate in
his pocket. He is always
hyper from the candy
so he is in a cage
but he can be useful
and handy. He is
purple because he can do a
magic trick that turns
you yellow purple or
a color that will make
you sick. He is crazy
and wild because
he was left alone
as a child. The other
monkeys were being
attacked and the baby
ran and had to be
caught. They caught
him and took him
away for good but his
chocolate is very good.

Triana

SUBJECT:

DATE:

/ /

PAGE NO.:

I was eating cake
and a fly was in
it, and my mom
said oh well you are
going to have a
fly cake.

Triana-

So FUNNY!! 😊

I love the dialogue
in your mom's statement -
"oh well, you are going to
have a fly cake."

wife on! 😊 Ms Jena

SUBJECT:

DATE: / /

PAGE NO.:

Justin

A talking turtle on a
fishing saying No don't let
a shark eat me if
you don't I will pay you
a thousand worms.

Justin-

So creative! I love that
your turtle talks and offers
"a thousand worms" to remain safe.

Write on!! :)

Ms Jena

I'll buy a car and drive far,
till I hit a house and crush a
mouse, I won't eat till I see my
feet, Then I'll beat passengers
seaf. One more thing, that stings
If you lie you'll die!

👍 Omar

Omar-

Absolutely awesome rhymes!! 😊
I love your lines - "I'll buy a car
and drive far till I hit a house
and crush a mouse - I won't eat
till I see my feet" HILARIOUS!!

Write on!! 😊 Ms Jena

Paley

SUBJECT:

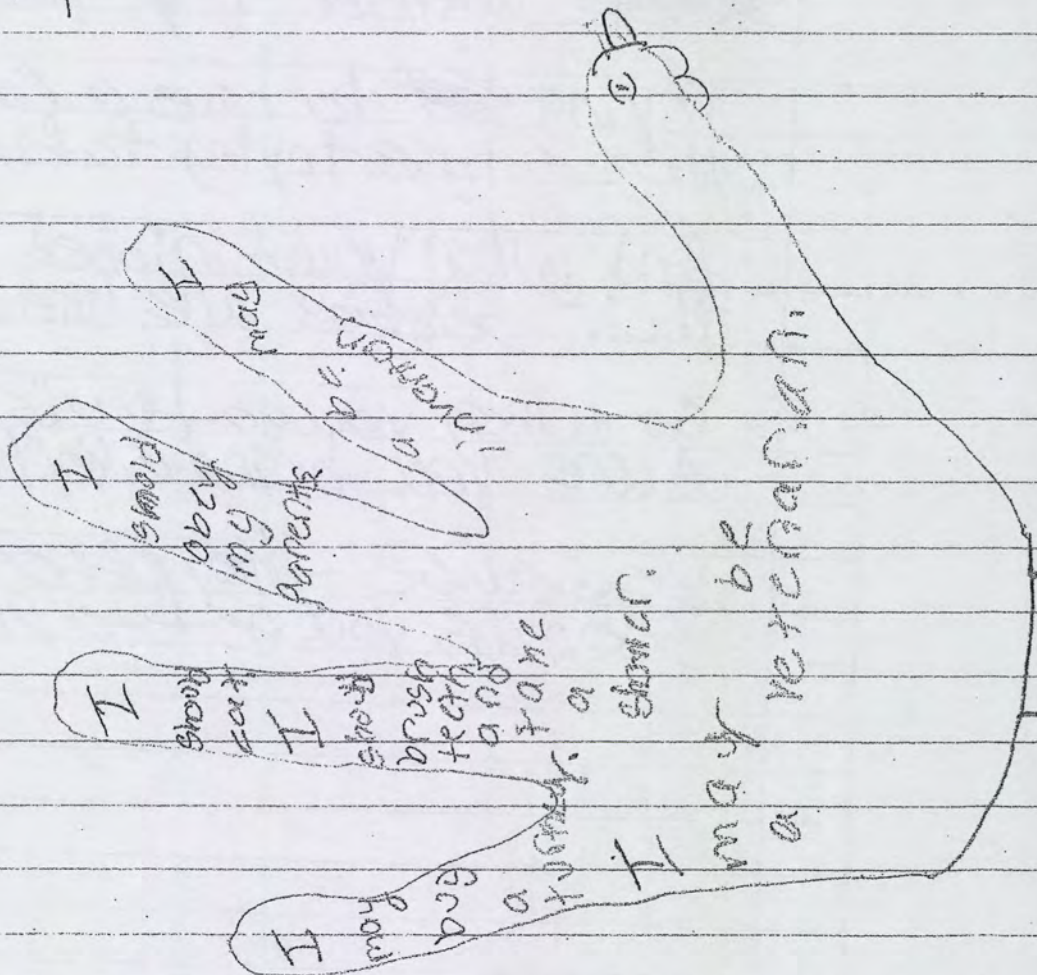
DATE: / /

PAGE NO.:

A Turkey That Gobbled

One day I bought
a turkey. It
gobbled so much

it woke mars
up. I duck-taped
it's mouth, but
it don't think
it will work
cause I need
turkey-tapes.
I invented a
gobble machine
to make the
turkey be it
quiet. But it
didn't work.



28

SUBJECT: Planet Splork!!

Michael

~~In a galaxy far, far,~~

On a Planet surrounded by many stars,
Leprechauns dwell,

With technology oh so very advanced,
they make humans look like a fool.

They're skin tone is Blue Ivy
and they all ride pogo sticks.

They can communicate telepathically
~~to~~ whenever their paths are mixed.

Trying ~~to~~ to have a conversation with
them is like trying to fix a tire,

And when you're finished talking to them
their screams are like cannon fire.

So when you go to visit them make
sure you bring a fork,

Because they offer you cake as
soon as you get to Planet "Splork!"

(A)

Food

Turkey, cake, sweet potatoes,
Pasta, peppers,
Lives being served on a plate.
The doorbell rings and more food is brought to the table.
Aunt brings the mashed potatoes while avoiding the
topic of her distress.
The cousins try to catch their parents at a low point.
And try to get away with their delinquencies. They'll end
up eating all
Of the cranberry and leave smelling sweet.
The sister I hardly see pays little attention to me. And my
Grandfather hardly notices that I'm not paying any
attention.
My mother will bake the turkey her way,
While avoiding her sister's
Suggestions,
Critiques, of the best way, but won't help with any of the
preparations.
I'm seven
I look out the window, making up
Rhymes, Songs
Poems.
Trying to figure out cousins names. Do I care for
Thanksgiving?
I only live for sweets on Thanksgiving.
The pumpkin pie, sugar cookies, mint brownies,
are a delight. The aroma of the food calls me and I await
the distraction, so that I can escape into my own world.
Turkey is good, but not as good as pie.

Cynthia

(C)

let's be children

let's crack the fragile wall of
sound with the roof of our throats
and watch as the shards melt back
together like popsicles
while it waits
to be broken again

let's pierce the cloud of sweet
aroma with the tears of our burning
skin while it drowns the
damp with a chilling breath

let's trample the dense shell of
earth while she leaves evidence of our
havoc on our shoes

we could stay
forever but our time only lasts so
long
so let's be children
not even the wagging
fingers of our
mother or father
time says we can't

EMMA

(B)

Protected

Every once in awhile
You'll find

Someone who drags your
Spirits down

With the poison put into your system
You can't see that what they say is wrong

Let go of their words
Before you're too far gone

Because you
Are perfect

Because you
Are beautiful

You are the best thing
To me

And I don't care what anyone says
I love you

Christina

31
(B)

~~_____~~

I am a single green leaf
flowing down a river obviously
I feel like no one else should
be depressed, lonely, afraid, mad

~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
Nathan

~~_____~~

I Am Poem

Blake
Ochoa

32

✓ I am kind and hard-working no matter what happens
✓ I wonder about my future and my family to come
✓ I hear a monster roar in the dark of night
✓ I see the freaks prowl through the shadows
✓ I want to see the world to Asia and back
✓ I am kind and hard-working no matter what happens

✓ I pretend I am invincible when I truly wish I was
✓ I feel the Lord guiding me in moments of sorrow
✓ I touch the farthest star whenever I'm able
✓ I worry for my family forever and always
✓ I cry for my cousins and what they've been through
✓ I am kind and hard-working no matter what happens

✓ I understand my life is great no matter how hard it gets
✓ I say everything happens for a reason because I know it ^{doe}
✓ I dream of the perfect future and hope it will ^{wo}
✓ I try to bring others joy when I think they need it
✓ I hope to change the world and bring it peace
✓ I am kind and hard-working no matter what happens

SUBJECT: Scary things DATE: 7/10/12 PAGE NO.: 0

by: Christina

♥ Back me up to the bloodsucking vampires.

♥ Back me up to the very scary things!

♥ Back me up to the flesh-eating Zombies

♥ Back me up to the very wicked things

♥ It's halloween, It's halloween, It's halloween

♥ Scary things gonna getcha!

♥ Back me up to the alive scarecrows

♥ Back me up to the very scary things

♥ Back me up to the squawking black crows

♥ Back me up to the on fire jack o's

♥ It's halloween, It's halloween, It's halloween

♥ Scary things gonna scare ya

♥ Christina -

♥ You are an amazing writer!! Excellent use of repetition, theme and rhyme! ☺

♥ I LOVE your lines "Back me up to the squawking black crows, Back me up to the on fire JACK o's"


♥ WONDERFUL WRITING!!

♥ !! write on!! Ms Jena

Cassie

♡ Bob Marley ♡

34



If I could go back
in time I would go meet
Bob Marley before he died. I would
go to his last concert and
preform with him. I would help
him write songs. I would meet
his whole family. We would chill
in Jamaica, and I would get
a Jamaican accent ü, I would
ask what its like to have dreads
I would ask him how life
is. I would make Rasta colored
bracelets & anklets with him ü

Butterfly

Butterfly fly back
to your tree you dont
belong here with
me your wings are
yellow and black
like a bumble bee
Please dont hurt me

Cherokee

Cherokee -

Brilliant rhyming line -

"Butterfly fly back to your
tree - you don't belong

here with me" Excellent simile -

"Your wings are yellow and black
like a bumble bee"

Write on!! 😊 Ms Jena

Anna Salazar

36

2303 Lindsey dr. Copperas Cove
TX 76522

We walk hand by hand
but hide who we are
but one of us will open the door
for each of us.

We Never give up. Just Moving along
we build Friendship, love, and Trusted
we listen to each other, to Find
out what's going on...

yes we have a Fear that makes
us want to stop.

River Side CALIFORNIA we lost
are love one that touched us,
that cares for us, that believed
in us so much.

The Smell of her perfume
brings us back to the spot.
we wish she never left.
so she can protect us and
guid all 3 of us.

↓ (over)

- Page 2 -

But we have to keep moving on,
Some Times I hear her voice
"dont look back, Find your self"
I'm always with you. each and
every day. I will protect you
in your Prays."

SUBJECT:

DATE: 7/10/12 PAGE NO.:

Drugs, Drinking, ~~Smoking~~ Smoking, and Dying...

All because you dedicate to a gang. Suck in your own sorrow, pain, and disappoint.

You killed ~~you~~ someone child. ~~out of~~ because your high ~~and~~ you call yourself the master ~~&~~ all because you have power over someone or something.

~~Your driving & you~~

How would ^{you} feel if someone killed your own. What if no one cared to tomorrow. ~~if everyone die~~ in pain. Crying for your life & as everyone going down beside you.

~~The~~ life is a give or take.

And people mostly take thiers and some one else for granted.


~~I feel pain but no one think i do.~~

~~I hide my feels because its a sign of weakness. I ~~stay~~ stay strong ~~for~~ for~~

~~my family. They say what doesn't kill you makes your stronger. But~~

~~why do I feel so weak. I am fightin a war that should be fought. I am~~

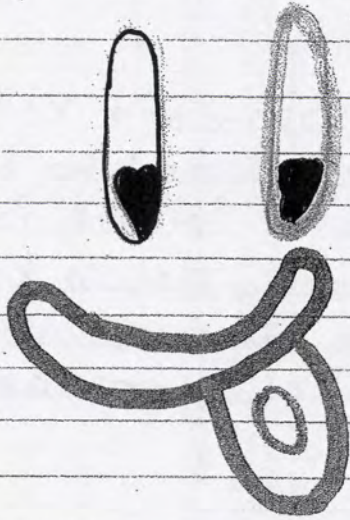
~~fighting within myself ~~to~~ about the choses I make now and the effect that it has later~~



Brianna



When I was walking down the purple pathway I saw river made intirelly out of Braces. Then the sky started to get pinkish color. I smelt some kind of water, so I looked up next thing I know snakes were coming out of the sky like rain. The snakes were pink, purple, blue, and black. I ran. I ran right into a wall. The wall was purple.

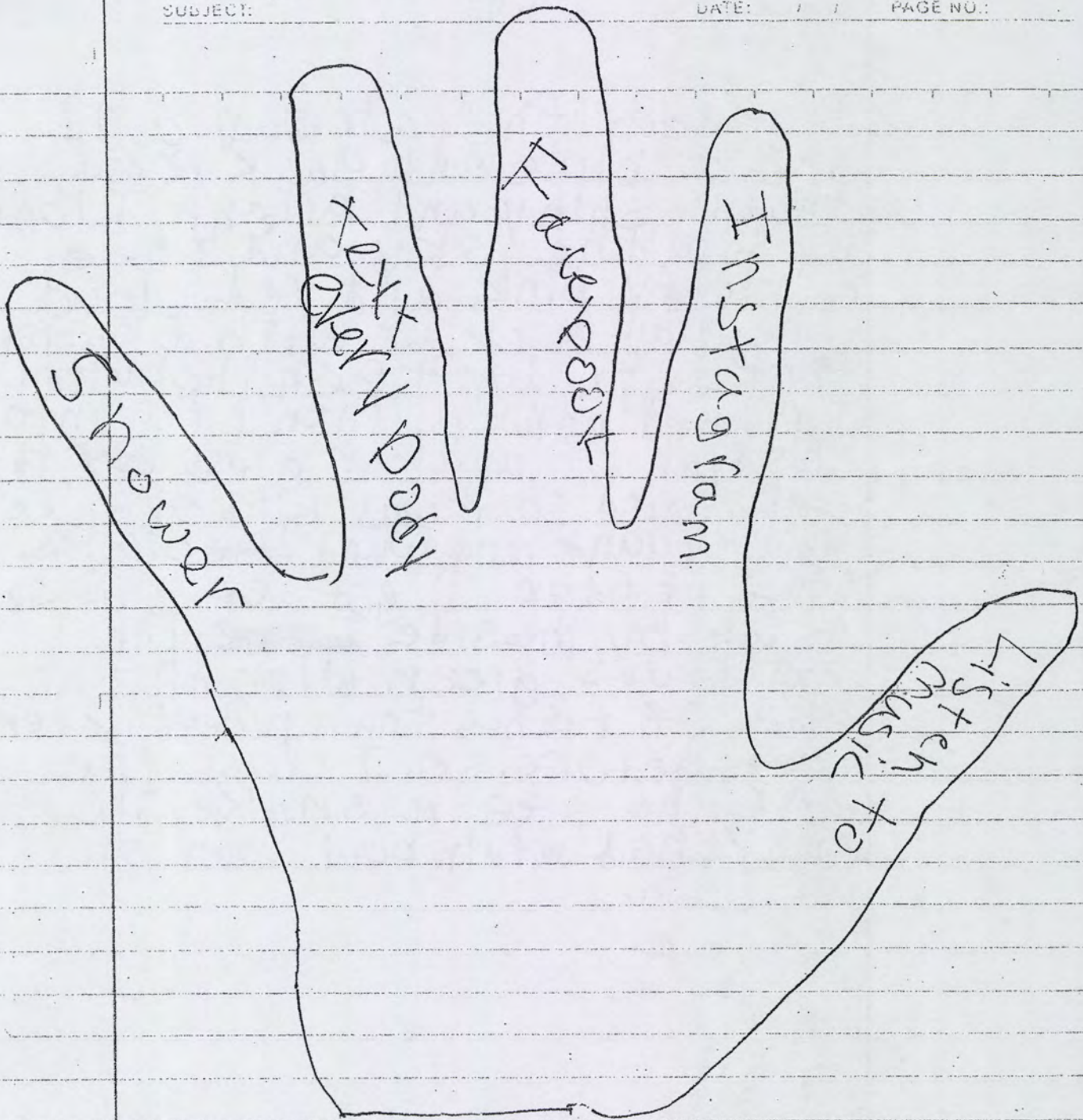


I will

SUBJECT:

DATE:

PAGE NO.:



(Can Extra Bonus)

- no name -

Jokell

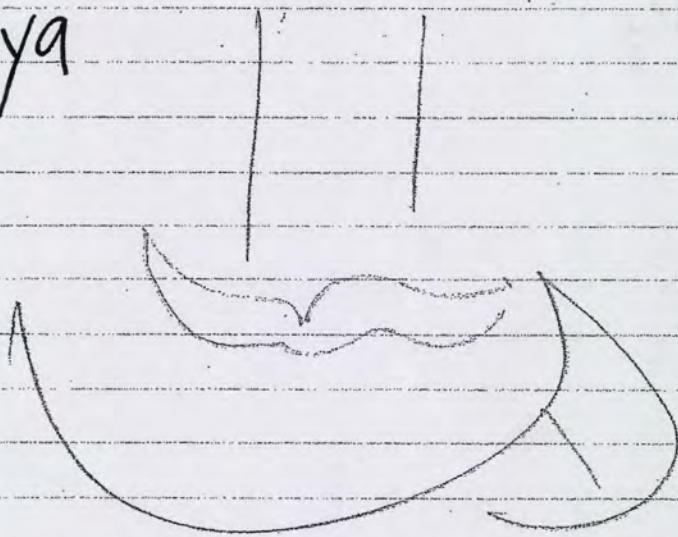
SUBJECT:

PAGE NO.:

I go down the pathway and see a blue and black road that is shiny and bright. I look up into the sky and I see a fluffy pink and red cloud. The wall is clear with a button that says don't push the button. I push it anyways. Then I fell into the trap of a clear glass ~~at~~ the ~~wall~~ ground so it was kind of like going round and round ~~and~~ circles. When it stop I got up and saw a river by the side. ~~The~~ The water was green with different kinds of fishes that nobody ever seen before. so I cross the river and see a snake. The snake had a rainbow color on its skin.

I'm walking down the sidewalk, looking 40
above. The sky is a perfect shade
of light blue with big fluffy
cotton balls as clouds. A fairy in a
big colorful bubble comes to tell
me to follow the yellow brick road.
The pathway is so shiny and filled
with glitter. Butterflies are in the
air and birds are chirping, but then
an anaconda breaks through
the shiny sidewalk, eating the
butterflies. Luckily the birds attack
them. The birds carried me over
the giant gray dark spooky wall.
At last, I'm here, looking at a
waterfall.

Shai Kiya



41

Spiders

Devlin 9

Spin webs

Power

Inquapertive

Dangerous

Extra tricky

Rock

Stealthy



(B)

Bombshell

That feeling

It's back.

The feeling that no one wants,

The feeling of misery.

Not only misery,

But the feeling of

Failure.

I look at life as a delicate bomb

Balancing on a string

You make an improper step, the bomb slips, and...

BOOM!

No way to save it and no way to fix it.

Your life becomes nothing but a bombshell.

It's the feeling you get

When you know about your life,

That your life is

Ruined.

Then you realize it's just the beginning.

The beginning or return to make

Better decisions.

A second look at life.

MARLENE

(A)

Life Is A Game Of Cards

Life is a game of cards.

Sometimes you know it's the right choice to lay down that card.

Sometimes you don't know and have to take a chance with that card.

Sometimes that chance goes for the good and gives you a great outcome in your game.

Sometimes that chance doesn't go for the good and gets you in a mess that maybe you can't get out of, maybe you can.

There's always new twists and turns with every draw.

You either get a lucky draw.

Or try to get rid of the problem you just drew.

Sometimes you win a round.

Sometimes you lose a round.

That game of cards doesn't last forever.

There's always that time you lose or forfeit and the game's over.

Life is a game of cards.

BREANNA

(A)

Nocturnal Millionaire

You stay up all night

What's wrong, what's right?

Right;

what is that?

You stop thinking; you stop thinking,

and go to bed

Wrong;

What though is wrong? Unholy, unjust?

So many plagues, famine and dust

All that builds up, when you can't sleep

A million thoughts, in your mind deep

McCoy

Liliana
Age 9

"Star"

45

I am a star. You can see me from afar. I glow and shine like the sun. I am not too fun, but I can be nice to look at. In my light, you may see a bat. You can see me at night. While I'm with other stars, we never really fight. We all try to muster only so much light.

I am

The rain that dances away from the clouds,
The thunder that rolls and sings a song.
And the song I sing is about
You and me.

~~We~~ We are the clouds that cry tears of joy
The birds that hide in the trees during the storm
We are each other, we are one.

You are the flowers that spring up and say
hello to the sun.

You are the rainbow saying good bye to the rain.
And I am joyfully watching you shine in the sky.

Gaby

Summer Storms



Raindrops, mixed with the ~~beat~~^{heart}
~~beat~~^{rhythm of} pure life, falling; ~~washing away the heart.~~

The sweet smell of happiness,
 as the earth opens up...
 and with a flash of light,
 the sky kisses the sea.

Elesha

SUBJECT:

DATE: / /

PAGE NO.:

48

Sometime I swim one
time I went swing and
it rained and rained and I
still stayed in the pool
and we also played
some cool games.

Elesha-

I love your story! What a beautiful image of you swimming and it raining! I like your line "It rained and rained and I still stayed in the pool and we also played cool games." Excellent rhyming of stayed-played, pool-cool.

Write on!! Ms Jena

Clothitarian

Clip-on ties w/ shoelace dressing
taste like baby food said my
dad as we finished our appetizer
Mrs. Glove, our waitress, came to take
our order.

May I have an obnoxious bright
baked orange potatoe collar shirt
with a black night sports bra
gatorade

She quickly scribble down my order,
then questioned whether I wanted
a tank top garden salad or some
delicious sock fries.

Sock fries please

The smell is overwhelming, yet the
taste is outrageously scrumptious.

Dad just got his regular shirt +
boxer Macho Supreme

While waiting we saw a waiter bring
out the most outstanding hair tie
pie to the table across from us.

Our food was brought to us 10 min
and 48 seconds later

and we devoured our meal

Afterwards, my dad got me two
Scoops of rocky road mountain boots
icecream.

↓ (over) ↓

- Page 2 -

On our drive home I asked dad why didn't mom come. He chuckled and simply said,

Your mom is a peculiar being

She eats stuff w/o clothing

Then he spoke one of the

wisest words I ever heard him

say

"Son, never become a clothitarian,

Clothes are meant to be eaten,"

not worn, unless you're Lady Gaga

Ms JENA'S CLASS

ROCKS!

Bling Bling in your mouth ✓

Really hurts first time you get them

A short way of telling you
STOP eating Junk Food

Chrissandra knows how 2 rock
them

Extremely agervating

So now for the ~~re~~ ~~re~~

People who wanted them they

don't want them now

Nyah

Nyah - You are a very talented writer! You write with such style and poetic flair! Keep writing!! I love your lines "I'm leaving - everything was frozen - Cupid showed up - he told me - forgive then you will receive" You mix a conversational style with profound wisdom.

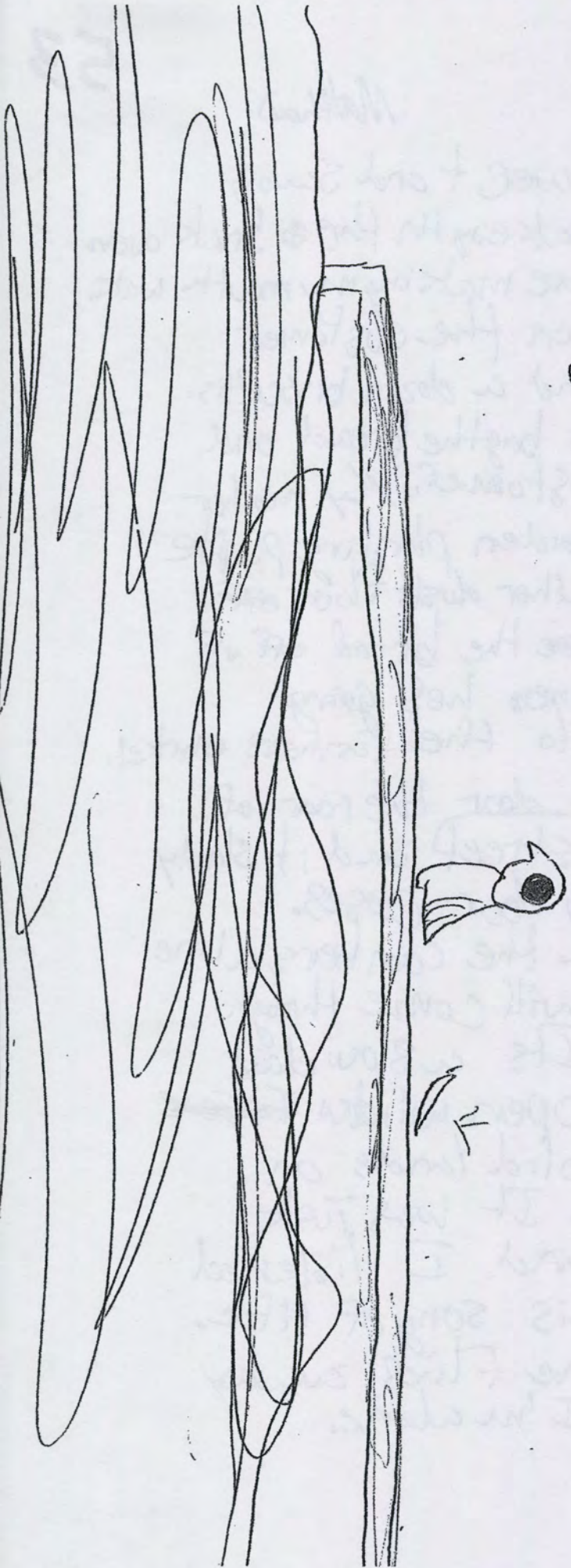
Write on poet!! Ms Jena

Haiku

Lily

In the deep deep snow

There was a bluejay
On ~~a~~ ~~Sagar~~ fence Feather



Matthew

The smell of sweet and Savory loaves of bread baking in the brick oven drift into the store making my mouth water. But I have to focus on the customer. 2 loaves of bread and a dozen biscottis. I pack the pastries bag the bread and hand it to the customer. My mother is outside in the garden planting purple lavender. ~~My~~ My father dusts flour ~~off~~ ~~of his hands~~ from ~~the~~ the bread off of his hands. He tells me he's going to take the cart to the farmers market.

As he opens the door the roar of the busy, bustling street and its slushy Fades as the shop door closes.

Floods
in
to
the
bakery

I stand behind the counters, alone wondering who will come through the doors next. It's a slow day and through the open window ~~I see~~ I watch as a bird lands on the window sill. It was just me and him and I listened to him chirp his song of life. When he's done he flies away and again I'm alone.

We heard our feet in unison
Stomping perfectly in rhythm
as we walk down the street hand in hand
we can smell the dogs
we can see the police
we can feel chains of the tank ~~not~~ ~~dig~~ ~~on~~ ~~its~~ ~~axle~~
as our leader **MLK** leads us through it all

We were all once filled with love, so much we had no common sense. The world was at peace. The idea of loving more than one person slipped into the world then all was completely lost. Trust, love, and faith were mostly gone but someday, it will all come back.

Heather

Its cold dark lonely no one is
around Im by myself not knowing
if I'll live tomorrow the Germans have
defeated Poland and now there coming
Swastika signs surround me there all over
questioning my religion I get my helmet
my uniform and my gun shaking knowing
I may not make it the first shot sounds
bullets fly I dash towards the crowd
my Brain goes blank not remembering why
I am doing this I am falling I fall Im not
ready to die only 19 I sit in my own puddle
of blood no one comes to my rescue hoping
I made a difference in the war.

(A)

Sun

This is it.

This

One, spec of light. Here, up
Into the universe we find it. A

sun. A one

Great prolific change of thought. Tiny
explosions of it's surface, orange and red and
shattered. Thousands of micro-organisms, only to make
Up one.

We could not even look

Above us, at it.

For it would blind us and teach us how to see the fact that
We, are fleeting.

What true consequence of man

Now lies in this burning star.

Who, could, just disappear and

Kill us all. What are we, compared to the

Sky blue black, the clouds formed white and the moon

Half-split? We are burned by it's questioning, red marks on our sides,

Bodies, covered in oil, to cool it.

We

Beg

the illuminating force, the biggest bright:

"Stay one more hour, one more moment, one more smile to

Beckon away those beautiful cold starts, the one that

Envelope the black, the moon, shining upon all darkness

that then gives way to the morning."

But it does not hear of us, for we are merely

Human,

and it

has more places

to shine.

Savannah

(A)

The Traveler

The sea scented winds swept my face
I am the traveler defender of right
The sand stood tickling my toes while in place
I am the traveler defender of sight
The bonfire warms my frozen body
I am the traveler defender of kind
My wandering soul for once feels happy
I am the traveler defender of mind
The wind howls behind me
I am the traveler defender of right
Happy now more than I'll ever be
I am the traveler defender of light

Joseph

(C)

Unexamined

It is a darkness
An abyss
Bottomless
With a fullness of dank
That slowly
Must be chipped away by time
And humanity's urge to deepen
To spread it
Like a spider's web
Chisel and chip
Piece by piece
Drawing undefiable need
To be uncovered
To be revealed
The inescapable wire that has
Fastened
Coiled onto our subconscious
Driving us
To examine the unexamined
To uncover the covered

Isabella

(A)

Tears

Rain flows from the sky
 Like tears falling from a face.
 Today, they're my tears.

2019/10/25

(C)

Where I'm From

Sophia

I'm from butterflies
 from beaches and crab hunting,
 I am from the swimming pool at Cedar Park.
 (glistening blue water, wet kids,
 smells of chlorine and shampoo.)
 I am from the bright lights
 the Missouri Arch
 where we jumped in the elevator
 and first saw downtown St. Louis.

I'm from baby dolls and drawing stars,
 from Sোধி and Liv.
 I am from the Cheetah Girls
 and Hannah Montana,
 from good lord and holy cow!
 I'm from my family's versions of Charades
 and making letters with our arms
 to spell things out.

I'm from Rudy's and Starbucks
 breakfast tacos and frappiciunos
 from the white dog that greets me at the door
 when I get home from school,
 the brother that always wants to show me something.

On my wall are pictures
 showing myself old memories
 thinking back on what I did,
 remembering how much fun I had.
 I am from those pictures
 taken before I moved to my new house,
 before they were put into boxes, ready to make their reappearance.

(B)

Not Alone (A Haiku)

In the dark quiet
night. Wolves call to their loved ones.
One is calling me.



63

IF I WAS a doctor

IF I WAS a doctor I would have
to smell blood but i dont like
the smell of blood cause
its smelly and gross

IF I WAS a doctor I would
stitch and sew the worn
and torn skin thats soft & smooth
like babys butt. but even
through all that yuck
i still want to be a doctor

IF I WAS a forensic scientist
I could do that stuff not
worrying about the blood
and gore but all the guts &
stuff slimy and squirmy like worms
IF I WAS a forensic scientist
this is what I'll do.

— author unknown

Bailey

64

Feeling confused and STUCK
as I sit here like an empty
Husk of a thought when a
gust of wind whispers in my...
then inspiration has struck
now my thoughtless oblivion
has been carried away by the
wind as it rises higher and
higher closer and closer to
the burning flaring sun as
it starts to burn I hear a
cry like a soft little baby has
awoke I look up as I see
a little flare dance across the
surface of the sun I smile
and whisper farewell my
everlasting companion.

65

Toilets

megan

Trees in the park. The trees that make the oxygen. The oxygen we breathe. Slowly leaving, being replaced by buildings with 100's of toilets on every floor. Soon there will be no trees, no oxygen, no life. No life to use the 100's of toilets that sit in the buildings that replaced the trees that gave the oxygen that supported the life.

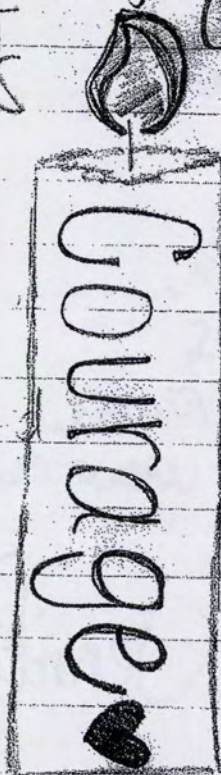
Nia G.

66

When I stand up I have
the courage to speak,
the light comes out &
there is peace.

(Pause)

[I



Have Courage.]

love	thor	kitties	motorcycles	limo	burgers	Puerto Rico
insecure	Storm	flowers	earrings	insecure	indigo	gorgeous

67

I'm insecure,
 for your love,
 I'm so in love with thee,
 you make a storm
 out of kittens,
 flowers are everywhere,
 even on motorcycles,
 I like to see Puerto Ricans,
 especially when they wear earrings,

Jennifer

Courage Poem

I think everyone should have
Courage and light my definition of light
is always continuing to persevere throughout
your life situations my definition of
courage is one's inside emotions
encouraging an individual to do what's
right when everything seems dark
and not bright we should all have
courage and persevere. Even when
things are not going right we
should all move forward and continue
looking into the marvelous light.

-DeVaughn



I am sleeping near my sweaty hippie friends
My Eevee, Honey sleeps at my head below
a huge willow tree.

Butter-free fly high above us on the
edge of Pallette town

We are tired from the journey we
are making to Mordor to help David

~~My~~ Honey's growl breaks the Eerie ~~the~~ silents
and ~~I~~ my mind breaks from the bond of
Sleep and runs to attention.

I sit up looking at a woman approaching us.

I stand and calm Honey with a few words
the woman smiles and hands me a small bag.

'Food and drinks' she says 'for your journey'

and she smiles and I thank her shaking her

frail wrinkled hand then she ~~goes~~ turns

and heads back to a small cottage
across the rolling hills.

I smile and wake my friends that smell

~~the~~ earthy and seem dusty

They gather their things and we head

~~to~~ forward on our quest.

Savannah

Blues + Silver

With only Blues + Silver
Why did I let you go?
You just left me
With only Blues + Silver

Blues + Silver

Mountain Ears

Listen with your mountain ears
Listen with your ears
The mountain nature is alive
Listen with your mountain Ears

Mountain Ears

Cloudless

Look at the sky
Tell me why
Why is the sky so blue
Because of you
the sky is cloudless

Cloudless

Marley

Jamaat

71

London

Kenya rolling plains, endless dirt roads
high elevations clear sky air heavy, I watch
as elegance passes the natives pass through
swiftly and strongly, Wildlife surrounds
everything. As ^{day} night shift to ^{day} night, the lands
grow more energetic, the grasses rustle silently
as a prey peers out ready pounce, the sun bears
~~overdescent~~ I arrive through a van as our
Native ^{tour} guide, speaks to us through their
tongue. Swahili the flow of words seem
fast and confusing at first, but slow and
understandable after times

The Macaw

72

I swung lazily in my hammock. Tied up to two towering palm trees, the warm breeze gently rocks me back and forth. I felt the need to open my eyes. I opened them slowly, for the sunlight was very bright. I looked up and saw a huge scarlet macaw perched daintily on the branch of a nearby banana tree. Its feathers were an array of bright colors. Red, blue, and yellow, just to name a few. I gazed and gazed at the beautiful bird for so long, I halfway thought I had fallen back into the world of sleep. Until it turned its head and looked directly at me. It spread its gorgeous wings and flawlessly took flight. I ~~it~~ couldn't take my eyes away from its beauty. It flew ever so gracefully across the clear blue sky. I followed it with my eyes until it was out of sight. I then had an epiphany. I longed to be as ~~free~~ ^{independent} and ~~gorgeous~~ flawless as that exotic Scarlet Macaw. I'll admit I was jealous, I envied the free, gorgeous bird. I wanted to fly

Jessie

93

John

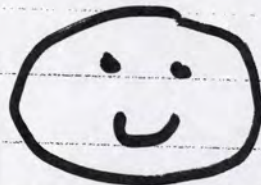
I do not write!

I'm writing a poem, It's Awkward
because I don't write, I feel out of
Place when made to write, because
I am not meant to write!

I'm a ketchup stain on a white
T-shirt when it comes to writing,
I do not belong there. I should
be playing guitar or running
Really fat, but not writing, Not
me...

- THE
LAST
ONE -

WHEW!



GREAT POEMS

By
Carr

By Carr, Editor

#9



Witew!
Last page

AIPF 2012

