

Many fail because they never begin
Without a start, there's no way to finish
To give up is to say you'll never win
To keep going is to dream and to wish
Wishing is dreaming, but with your whole heart
Dreaming is deciding what you'll wish for
Decisions, choices, and multiple arts
Regret is something that you can't ignore
When it's your turn, take the road not taken
The best road for one is the worst for two
Keep going forward but don't be shaken
The biggest decision is up to you.
So do what you want and say what you feel
Make sure you remember: always be real.

by Hannah Govett

There's a strange melody stuck in my head
Though the lyrics are fully lost on me
And when I try for a new one instead
My mind simply refuses to agree
Now hearing the song wouldn't be so bad
If I could remember more than one line.
But since those few words are all that I have
I am having quite the horrible time.
The same old lyric is stuck on repeat
And I just can't get it out of my brain
So I must just stand here and drag my feet
While the same line plays again and again
Now I lie awake, crying, in my bed
'Cuz I can't get this song out of my head.

by Taylor Allen

Sonnet

Beyond our bounds of peace and innocence,
And homes back afar pure and wholly white,
Befall practice so terribly intense,
Performed in incidence that causes fright,
Day after day steamers be present there,
But still do never glimpse this evidence,
Was Faust's man presented horrors to bear:
His adored torchbearers turned malicious.
Winding and bending, right's river does twist,
To and from they who wander in the night,
Those poor souls lost in ignorance's mist,
Stained cursed black upon what was once white.
What happened to our once unblemished race
Which has collapsed and quit with all death's haste?

-- by Joe Webber

When Writing a Sonnet at Night ...

Time is of the essence at the moment,
So much to do and no time remaining.
It is too late and I have made no dent,
I need to stop wasting time complaining.
I am tired, annoyed, and need a bath.
I need to be done with this stupid mess,
But there is no exactly clear path,
And this is causing me a lot of stress.
It is getting late and I'm not finished,
Why did I save this for the one last day?
My attention has greatly diminished,
I always regret trying to delay.
Just two more lines I need to suffer through,
I am glad to bid this sonnet, adieu!

by Stephanie Milligan

Like All Good Things

The leaves have fallen, the green is now gone:
Goodbye orange, bye bye yellow, adios dear red.
Cool wind blowing leaves too and fro now done.
The beautiful sun awake, now in bed.
The first snow of the winter has fallen;
Grass, trees, even buildings are painted white.
The bitter cold, comforted by my den.
The blinding snow has obscured my good sight.
Snow, so cold and nice, is melting away,
The ice goes drip and drop all the day long.
Cold burn away, the sun shines all the day,
Green is growing, the birds sing a bright song.
The winter is gone, spring is on the mend,
Like all good things winter comes to an end.

by MaryAnn Grover

Snow Falls

The air is cold, my face is colder. There
Is no sound save the groaning of the trees.
The snow, it falls, it lands, and melts. My hair
Is wet now down my face the icy streams.
As Nature's tears flow off my cheeks I sigh.
The world's white burden is become my own.
Peace now. And yet if I should wise to rise,
I cannot. In such silent air the snow
Doth seem a torrent of crushing boulders.
They fall from high and I wonder why so
Many creatures may here abide in winter,
But I would die, for I cannot eat snow.
I turn my head, stiff with stillness, and see,
My home is warm and lit inside for me.

by David Hill

The Beginning to the End (Swimming)

Once you can swim the breaststroke and the crawl
Then you move on to swim the butterfly
And soon the chlorine won't vex you at all
Though lactic acid still may make you cry.
You'll make your way along with whines and yelps
And all the while dream of Olympic gold
And hopefully you won't be quite like Phelps,
Too soon known for the dope he smoked and sold.
Your fitness will progress by leaps and bounds
And confidence will swell your chest with pride
Until the poolside's filled with cheering sounds,
As effortlessly up and down you glide.
You are an athlete, water is your tool,
A Champion until they drain the pool.

by Zach Barreto