

A
B
A
B
A
B

A
B
A
B
B
C
B
C



Poetry is humorous. You'll find...

Onomatopoeia, Metaphors, Personification, and other words that adorn

Ending verses that rhyme...mmm, now you find me in a bind!

Tomorrow Ms. Effinger will forewarn.

Rhyming patterns? Oh no! Please, don't let her know I've whined!

Yellow-colored treats she brought, were these all made out of corn?

Gracie Adams



A
B
A
B
B
C
B
C

A
B
A
B
A
B

Buttercup...Our Rottweiler in a cute Chihuahua costume

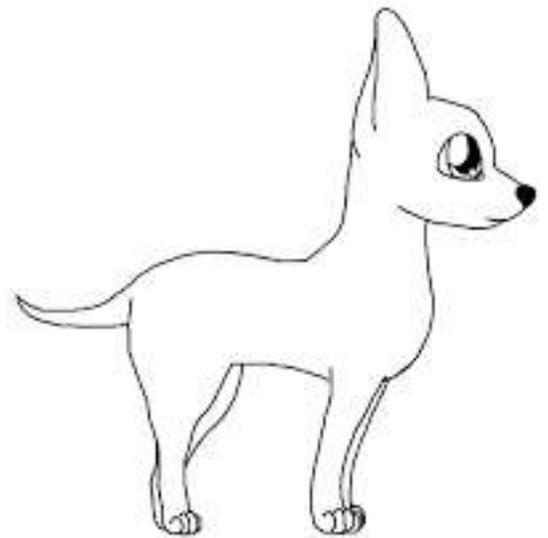
~~ Lee Peacock

“Oh, no, honey, not another dog...not until I’m finished with graduate school; and then, an older one from ‘death row’ – **NOT** a puppy!” Fate was listening...mere moments moved, then, *DING DONG!* “*Precious Princess Peanut Butter*” said my neighbor at the door as he offered me the minuscule *bolillo* in his hands.

UP popped her six-weeks-old head, with love-at-first-sight in my eyes. buddy’s still babbling, barely perceptible “Friend doesn’t want her...wandering eye, umbilical hernia, broken tail...”

I turn to my husband with “Please?” (in my heart and) on my lips – he chuckles “You are **such** a woman of your word.” The rest is ...

HISTORY, well, *HER* story.



Poetry is about capturing a moment with a hope to transcend time



Poetry
&
Photographs

It develops a type of photograph you
hope someone will find

Images and thoughts of all that we
once did see

Hopeful that our messages will
relate from you to me

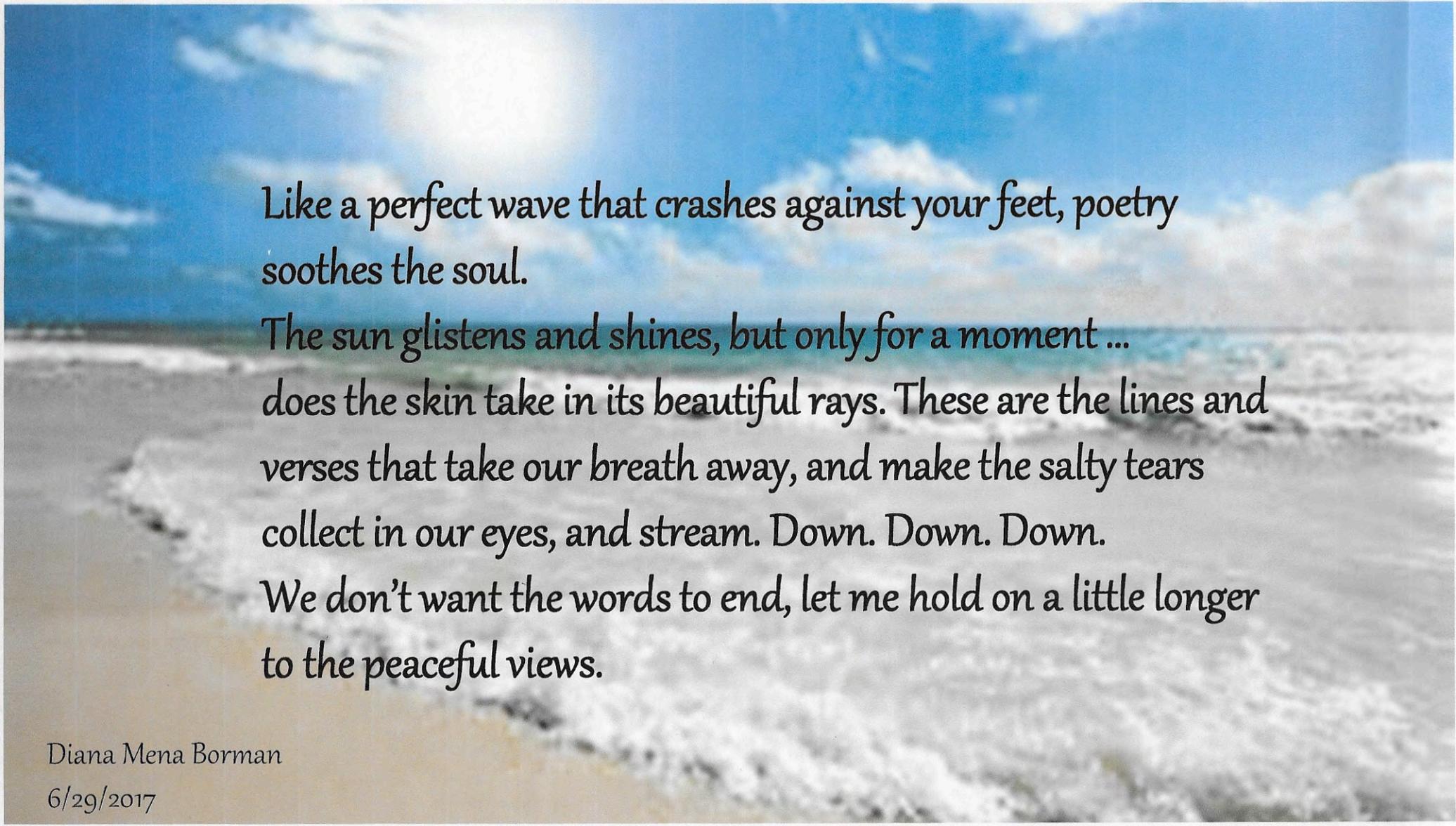
Have these words develop as you
read them one by one

Linking past and present
photographs of ideals left
undone

Poems are but photographs created throughout time

Bringing life to these images that I hope someday you'll find

- Sandy Marie Romo, M. Ed.



Like a perfect wave that crashes against your feet, poetry
soothes the soul.

The sun glistens and shines, but only for a moment ...
does the skin take in its beautiful rays. These are the lines and
verses that take our breath away, and make the salty tears
collect in our eyes, and stream. Down. Down. Down.

We don't want the words to end, let me hold on a little longer
to the peaceful views.

Diana Mena Borman

6/29/2017

Poetry Mirrors



Inquisitive Twenties, searching
for the end of the sidewalk.¹
But nothing gold can stay.²
Turbulent Thirties!



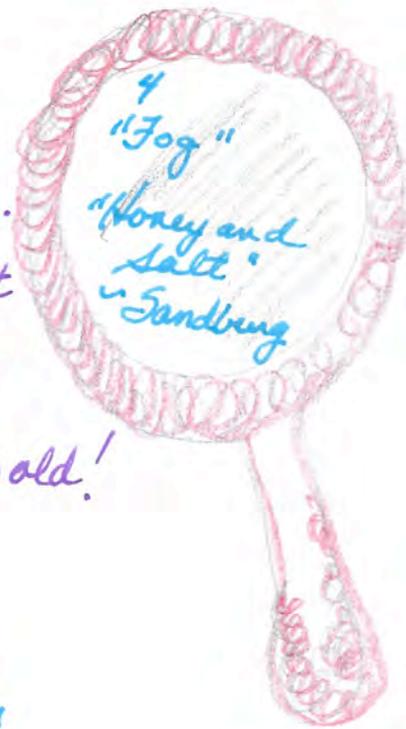
Full of sound and fury
signifying nothing.³

God bless the Forties,
creeping in on little cat's feet.



Two wishes riding on the
back of a morning wind.⁴

Reinvented Fifties,
return to the road not taken.
Knowing now what is walled out
and what is to be walled in.⁵



Ah! The Sixties! Three months old!

A sailor in need
of a tall ship and
a star to steer her by.⁶
to where the sidewalk ends!

Rebecca Watters



A Poem is...

Honeycomb covers the mysteries of honey.

The inner making of the hard workers.

How may I learn?

I am not a BEE!

Sticky, syrupy, slippery, deliciously honey.

Is it worth the trouble?

Could I be persistent on the unknown honeycomb?

Busy bees buzzing continuously

Working endlessly

Working until the end OR

Die working

Enjoying the prize...

The tough work paid off...

The infinite satisfaction ...

The honeycomb mastered.



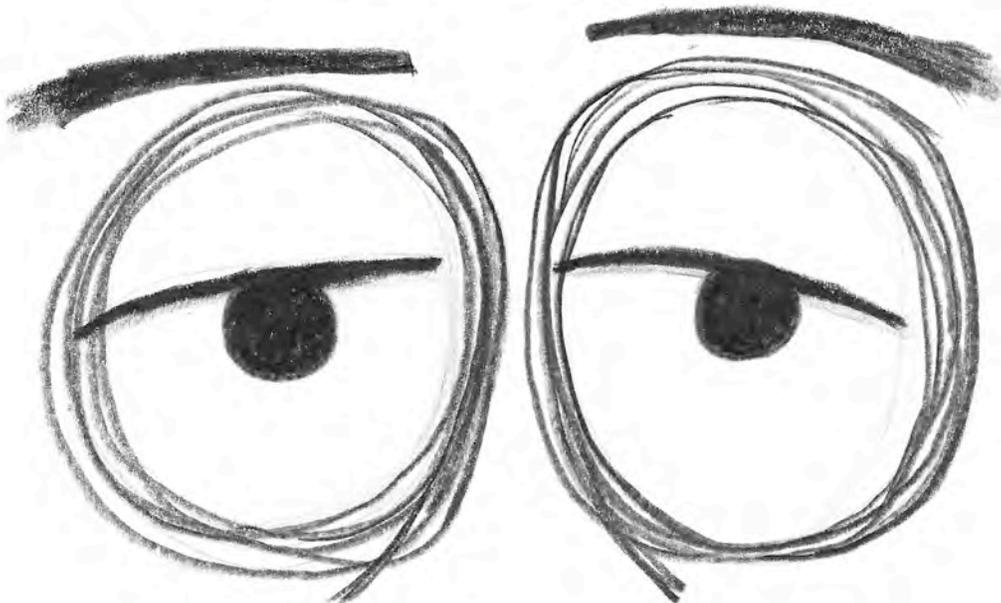
Dreary Night!

A poem Mrs. Effinger says I must write
I asked, she said "that's right!"
I fear I am in such a plight.
Makes me feel quite contrite.
For deep thoughts I must incite.
Won't get much sleep tonight

I see no end in sight
In my brain not a single active dendrite
Words they are putting up a fight
For all my lines I must rewrite.
A dreadful poem I shall indite

Hopeless I'll just call it a night!

R. Lerma.



Nancy Franklin

28 June 2017

PreAP Middle School/ UTEP

MetaPoem

Twenty-Six

A poem may
Be an easy task
Completed by some.
Determining words to
Effectively convey meaning
Felt by the poet and
Garnering emotion from the
Humble reader.
Impact,
Jarring or sweet,
Kindling memories
Locked away for private use,
Marking the moment with
Nuance and verse.
Oh! Composer of
Poetic lines
Quenching the passionate thirst with
Rhythm, repetition, and rhyme.
Starting with
Twenty-six letters,
Used in combinations, creating a
Variance of
Words linked together,
Xylotil for the paper,
Yielding phrases that
Zigzag through the mind.



coffee
P of L
L
em
S
y is the
awakening your
every sense

It keeps you grounded -
or off balance some days

poetry is the sound of
a violin
F
when you wake up early
to begin another day

It is the sound of birds chirping -
hummingbirds gathering the sweetness of a bell like

the light of day
or the dark of night
when all is bright
or all is
dark

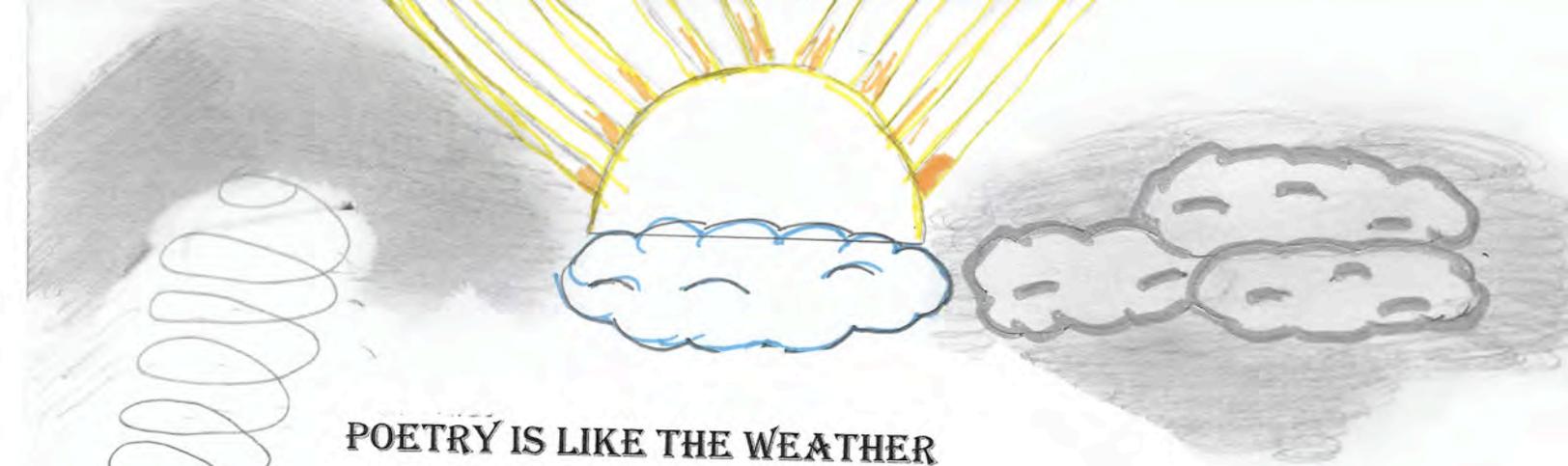
It can bring out the fullest you -
but at times the empty you

lightning
and
tears

the unexpected meeting your

EXPECTATIONS

No matter what - poetry is comforting



POETRY IS LIKE THE WEATHER

It is romantic on a sunny day

It is blue when it rains

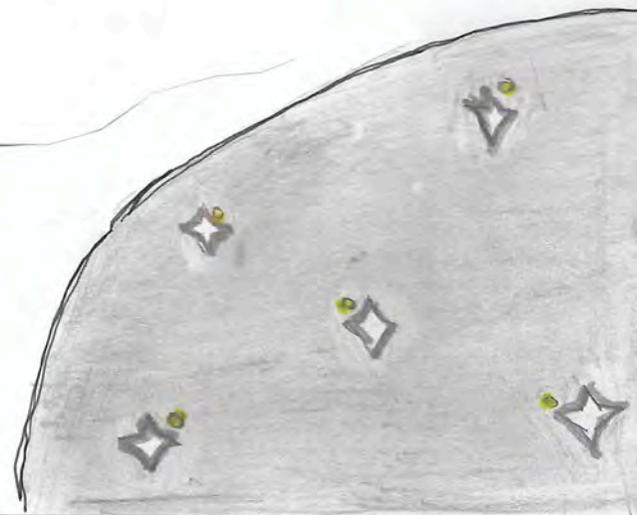
Is as twisted as a tornado

Is as depressing as a cloudy day

It is scary as the howling wind

It is dark as an autumn night
poetry is like any given day

BY ANGELICA MATA



Poetry



Poetry is a teacher's best tool to torture students.

It's the best kind of confusing because it's the worst. Huh?

It's like an inside joke that there's NOOOO possible way they could be in on. Oh, sigh.

"I know all the words, but not what it's saying."

"Ah, pos ni modo," they grumble, underestimating my hearing.

"Poetry is the quickest way to ruin a student's mood," they say.

"Hey kids! We're going to do something fun today... poetry!"

"Poetry?!"

They recoil quicker than Brazilian armadillos. (Really, Youtube it.)

Every year, I die by their dagger glares,

only to resurrect this awful unit for another class of innocents.

Poetry is the best way to see the effects of immediate amnesia.

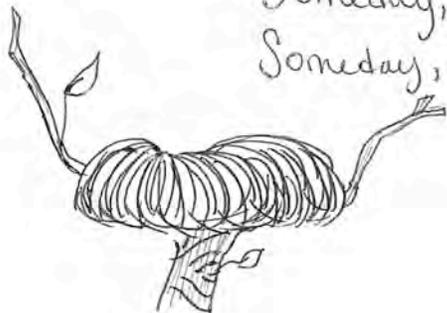
"No ma'am. No one ever told me what figurative language was."

And so every year, with due diligence I set out to

reaffirm their memories, to rebuild the scaffolding within.

Someday, some will become teachers.

Someday, some will need the shelter only poetry can provide.



-Stephanie Zaragoza 6/29/17

Poetry is rapturing love.



Poetry is a nuisance.

Poetry is a choreographed dance.

Poetry is a forest.

Poetry ~~is~~ lets her hair down.

Poetry is bureaucratic.

Poetry is a monkey swinging

From limp to limp

In a playground

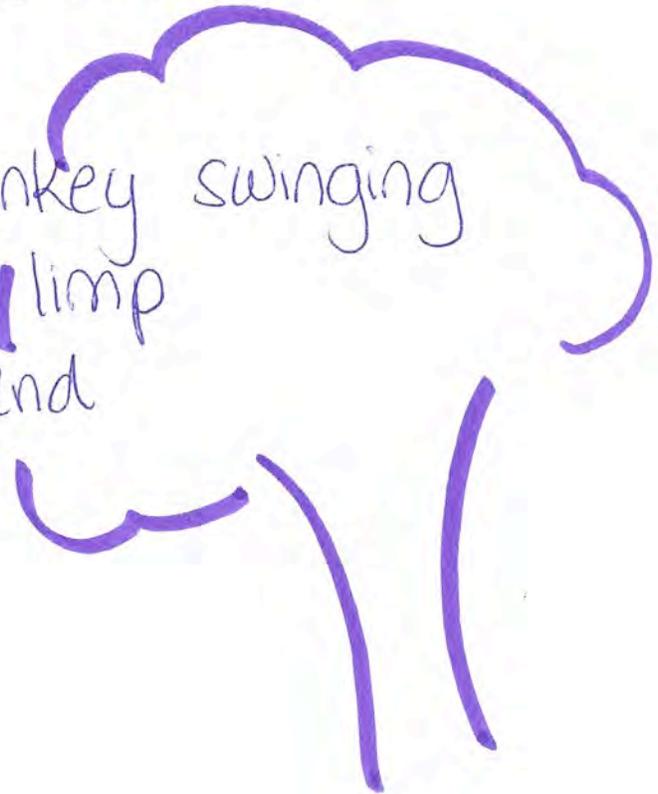
To make you

Laugh,

Cry,

Angry,

Scared.



B. Calderón

CLASSROOM PHRASES

By Alicia Garcia

This is a poem about phrases used in my classroom:

- Good morning
- Stop that
- I missed you guys
- No talking
- Thank you
- Give me that spinner
- Make good choices
- I care about you
- I'm calling your mother
- You make me so proud
- That assignment was due last week!
- Great job
- Do you need help?
- Yes!
- Try again
- You're a genius
- I understand where you're coming from
- Amazing work!
- Do it over
- You got this
- See me after class
- You are important to me
- I knew you could do it!





Poetry is . . .

the treasured moments with your loved ones.

a turbulent storm of mixed emotions

an intimate connection between two passionate lovers

the stabbing words between two sworn enemies.

the intricate pieces of a complicated puzzle.

that one joke that makes you laugh hysterically until you cry.

the comforting words during your darkest hours

the unequivocal strength to face adversity

that intoxicating song that unfailingly makes you get up and dance

the absolute courage to overcome your most menacing fear

the delightful memories of your distant past and the promising

hope of your near future.

Poetry . . .

the perfect vessel to convey whether you are feeling love, sadness, anger, happiness or hate.



Rita Porras.

P.O.E.M.S

are our
F.R.I.E.N.D.S

*Poems are our friends
They'll be there 'til the end
They'll never say you're "on a break"
And unlike Joey, they'll only need one take*

*Poems are our lobsters
We'll love them even if they used to be a robber
Poems will be there even if you're a smelly cat
And if Joey suspects they're cheating on you
They'll beat you with a bat*

*Poems are like Rachel as they'll always get off the plane
They'll never let you down or cause you any pain
Poems know to count the number of
erogenous zones you'll need but 7 digits
But poems will never forget to
PIVOT! PIVOT! PIVOT!*

Poetry
is
f
r
e
e
d
o
m

in
written form;
unbound expression
of the soul -
private, obscured

It's freedom to say what we may
in a cute, simple, rhyming way.

Form offers freedom too
SONNET, Villanelle, Ode, Haiku

It's the freedom to create:
imagery through metaphor
symbolism with color
emotion from diction
emphasis through repetition
music with meter
exaggeration with hyperbole
subtly through metonymy

Honestly,

Poetry is whatever - you want it to be.

"Poetry Hitchhiker"

by Lori Bakke

I stick out my thumb and hope for a ride,
The journey is long, so I continue my stride.
Weaving blindly through the black and white lines,
"Is the destination is near?" I search for a sign.

I sweat and ache, despising the road,
"I don't belong here - my happiness is rightly owed!"
Through sleet and rain I keep my pace,
Hoping to arrive at no particular place.

I discover a crowded street, it's smoggy and dark,
The stench is foul, "This is no walk in the park."
I cannot turn back and I cannot keep on,
I am trapped in this hell, "Soon I'll surely be gone!"

I am a foreigner it seems, as no faces are usual.
A man passes by quickly, stuttering, "Q-q-quite beautiful."

I take a sharp turn, my head snapping back,
He gives a shy smile and says, "Look on the t-track."
I glance at my feet - a glimmer beneath leather,
I find a coin that's withstood all kinds of weather.

I rub it on my coat, and offer it to a street lamp,
In the glisten I see a peculiar, golden metal stamp:
"Quite beautiful," it reads, "finding beauty all around.
This you must search for, in a poetry town."

Confused and growing cold, the coin tight in my fist,
My eyes close then open - and there is a twist.
A warmth from my core moves towards my fingertips,
An odd sensation - a smile - spreads across my lips.

I begin to notice the sites I once ignored,
The more I look upon them, the more I adore.
Still astray in a town that makes little sense,
I just look around and all fear becomes past tense.
My eyes brightly shine, as the moon is reflected,
I decide then, "I will no longer be dejected."

I tilt my head back to the sky and the stars,
They show me a different path - one I can't take by car.

Walking through the streets I meet many rare folk,
They hold many words that I have never spoke.
When I listen carefully, their words make me tingle.
I realize I no longer feel so lonely, so single.

These people are like me, though dressed in different colors,
I ask who they are - they say, "We are your brothers."
On their chests I spot a sliver of gold peeking through.
I pull out my coin, smiling, "I am one of you."

I stick out my thumb and turn it straight up.
My journey has been long, "Do you have tea and a cup?"
Skipping playfully through the black and white lines,
"Can I stay here?" I think I'll make my own sign.

From collarbone to lobe of ear

a swan curve stretching the
supple ceramic of neck and nape and knee
freckles powder elbows, overlapping scars from
6am jostles on her stumble for coffee -

how hollows gather 'round the curve and dip
and

 bless them with silence.

And words --

the love child of sight and sound and taste
clustered on cream, sweet Georgia, size 10, double-spaced,
 carbon black nestled on softwood pulp,

words --

the incarnation of consciousness made light
 (not through pregnancy of poignancy but)

from word to lobe of line,
a sweet curve stretching the supple ceramic of space, breath, time.

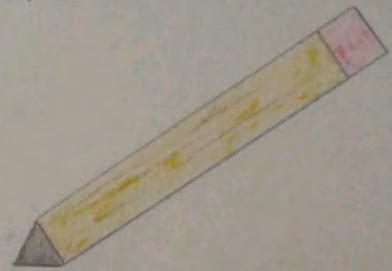
How hollows gather 'round the curve and dip
and

bless the world with poetry.



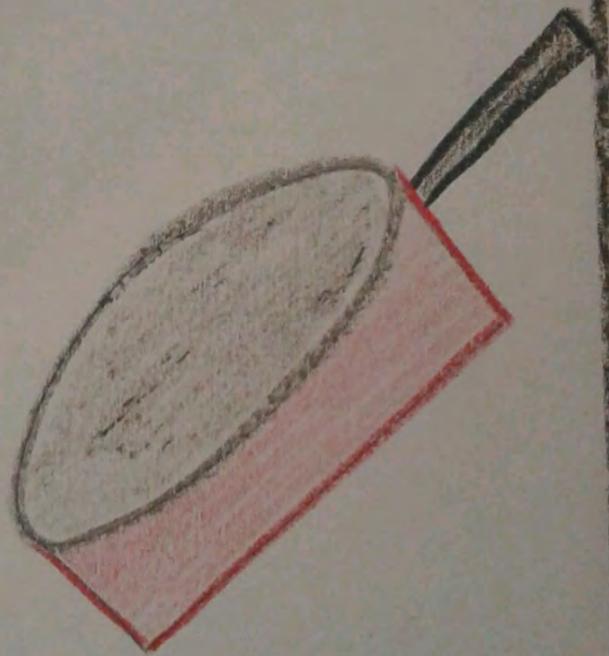
The Poet & The Chef

Create masterful pieces that appeal to acquired tastes.



Birth magic using your imagination.

Make your product your own; the unique nature of your outstanding artistry is the best part.



Presentation is EVERYTHING.

FRENCHMEN

The poem blazes a path -
A path like Frenchman Street -
With potholes, and music escaping
The confines of structure.
But violence not far away.

Be careful. A wrong turn
Leads to darkness.

Walking down the road begins
enlightenment -
Turning away from the busy street -
Towards the anonymous man
Seated on the bucket, supporting a
typewriter.

A poem. Out of a name. Five dollars.
The cost of Poetry.

The park awaits as the place of
reflection.
Look back on the road, the man, the
pot holes.
Admire the musicians creating
Their own place in this world.

And mourn those lost to the
violence,
And those too afraid to try.



A poem can be when
a child got his mom
a kitschy card for Mother's Day
but he spends his whole allowance.

Or it can be a teen reading
sappy sonnets like WebMD,
finally putting a name
to his jejune love sickness.

We dust the fingerprints of a moment;
moments you felt but did not think
moments you thought but have not felt;



we find there is a wink
in between the lines
or a nod in the rhythm
an offered hand extended in the couplet.

Out of all the different pages,
we're all on the same words.



—Ailene Dominey

Approaching Poetry

– Carleen Durham

Poetry should be read aloud
– it makes all the difference.

Poetry should be discussed
– it's simply divine sense.

And poetry must be shared
– so it can perch in the heart.

All of this is just to say
that poetry,
if approached properly
– so long as men can breathe and eyes can see –
will give joy to thee
and never ask for a crumb.





CAUTION



INFECTED

It touched me and it spread
Like a fever run rampant.
Through my veins the words slip like venom.
An outbreak of metaphors covers my skin
As the alliteration affects all, aching.
Form and style corrupt my mind,
and defile my thoughts,
Thoughts that were once simple and untainted by
symbolism.
An affliction I cannot escape,
It grows in me, a contamination of everything I encounter.
And if you aren't careful,
It will infect you, too!



B. FOST



Kaleidoscope

~

Exploring an internal message that is not yet fully realized...

Painting a canvas peppered with colors transforming into an unintended masterpiece...

Singing melodic notes producing tranquil whispers instead of screams...

Teetering from rock to rock eventually finding a destination...

Bending limbs into bows and finding tranquility and not pain...

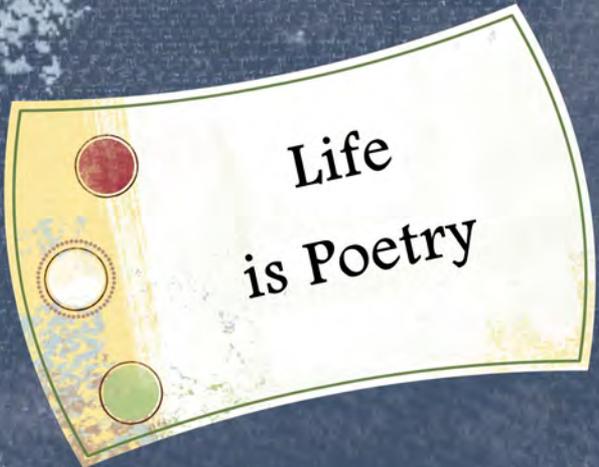
Tasting cool, crisp citrus and yearning for more yet no more...

Uncovering reality through a kaleidoscope of words forever moving...

This is poetry.

I am poetry.

-Kylie Fainshtein



Life is Poetry

first breath, angry cries and relieved sighs
lullabies, a sweet voice and words of love
first steps, soft gasps and happy tears
kindergarten, first day jitters and first day friends
graduation, last day tears and giddy anticipation
college, dorm rooms and frat parties
real love, rose colored glasses and heartbroken tears
first job, rude awakenings and tough lessons
weddings, white lace and candle light
first house, cardboard boxes and property taxes
first child, stretch marks and teething gums
midlife crisis, gym membership and sports cars
empty nest, repurposed rooms and renewed love
grandchildren, absolute joy and jubilant pride
retirement, Alaskan cruises and Wednesday night dates
funerals, celebrated lives and sad goodbyes

Dream Deferred

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

Like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore--

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over--

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Langston Hughes





A person once asked me what happens to a dream deferred

A dream deferred will always be confined
Forever partnered with the past leaving scarce room to grow
Just as I am eternally bound with my creator
The dream has no place to hide or seek
As I too, must arrive at the will of a dictator
A dream deferred is great friends with Blame
It is stuck just as a I am stuck
A dream deferred and I are one in the same

Maybe one day it will abandon its horrendous latter
All it has to do is what I cannot, choose
To ignite a new reputation on this matter
To give a proud response to the dreamer Mr. Hughes

Poetry's Limits

Resting on the uneven thumb of the tournament's referee
The coin has but a limited basic binary probability
When it flips -turns -twists in the air like an acrobat
Fighting gravity on her way down to the green astroturf mat.

Battling on the bumpy field the coin rests on
The athlete has but three limited outcomes
No matter how hard -fast -far he runs -kicks -throws in the games chronology
Horatio can dream of only win -lose -draw in his philosophy.

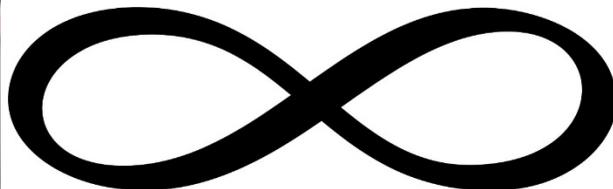
Shining in the earth's tilted sky above the open arena
Encompasses the entirety of stars in heaven's cantina
E=MC2 would say millions -billions -trillions of stars heaven hath
Is the limited ceiling of creation's bounded aftermath.

But all those probabilities -possibilities
And all those night time numbers are- finite-fleeting-final
However, put a pen in the hands of a child's imagination
And would anyone dare say there is a limit?

*Horatio reference is to Shakespeare's "Hamlet".

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, that are dreamt of in your philosophy

*E=MC2 is a reference to Albert Einstein



Audiences cage you
what do they see?
You pace
You breathe
You dance in fearful fog.
Released you are magnificent.
Watching your steps
Your beats
Your slides
The deaf can't hear your song.

Strength ripples; muscles beautiful.
Gentleness plays
I am exhilarated
Watching
At the rim of your world
with panic ever-present.

Will you pierce me,
Encourage me,
Render me
Speechless from the outskirts?

You find me at last
and I am planted. Solidly.

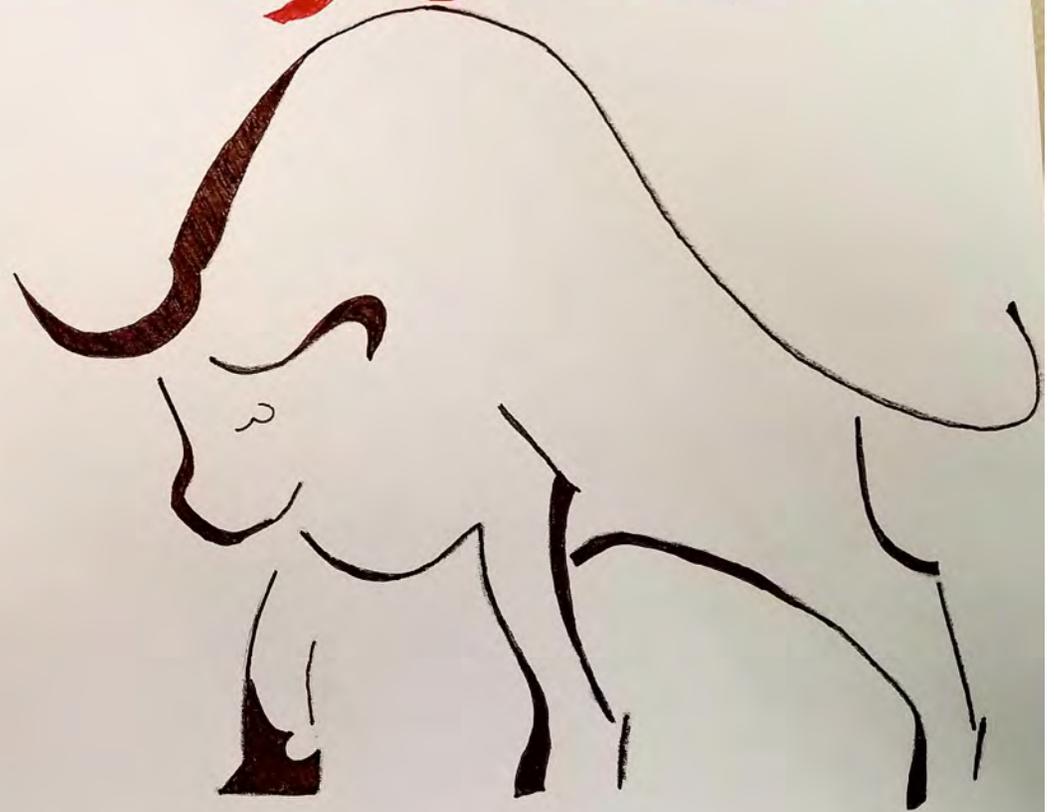
I am choked on the heat of your breath.
Trying violently
To cast my eyes away,

But you demand attention.
You watch
You canter
You saunter closely by my side.
A whisper
of a gesture,

Our skins graze. Easily.
The soft velvet touch brings understanding.

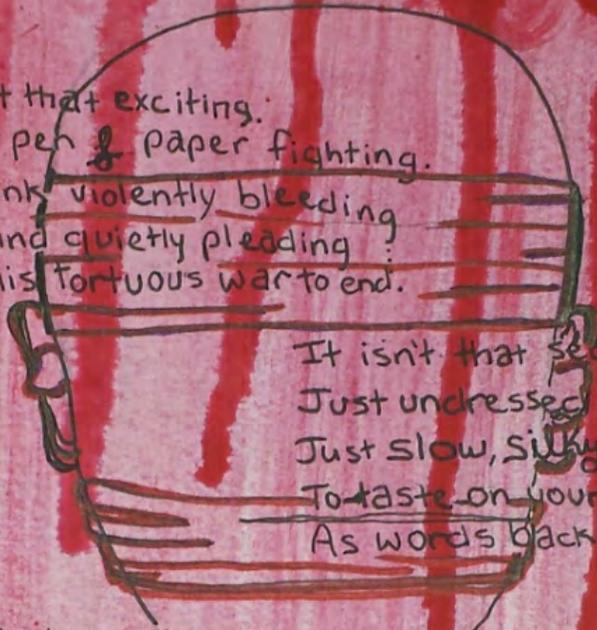
Left is the memory of precious wildness.

Bullfight, 2017



It isn't that Exciting.

It isn't that exciting.
Just pen & paper fighting.
Just ink violently bleeding
And mind quietly pleading
For this tortuous war to end.



It isn't that seductive.
Just undressed language to give
Just slow, silby syllables sweet
To taste on your tongue a treat
As words backbreak & bend.

It isn't that sly or clever.
Just a bursting blaze you've never
Heard or felt or known before, true
Just a flame that lights within you
Feeling alive like you didn't intend.

NO. It's clearly nothing essential
This poetry has no potential
I'll put my pen down quick before
You fall down tired of the bore
Block your ears & close your eyes
I couldn't ask you to pretend.



But Then Again —

Maybe Poetry is less what I write
And not what you see with your eyes
It's not what you hear with your ears
But what you taste with your heart
When one weeping night
Poetry Sets You Free.

meta poem

this poem
is meta
this poem is sweat
inducing and tantalizing
and refreshing
and you got here quite
by chance perhaps
with no plans to
take anything home with you but
who knows?
you just got here and
this stop's just another
tasty slice of the adventure

adventure
is carrying
your baggage across this poem
struggling
with who knows what in there
and a wheel is broken
(this baggage was not meant
for this poem)
but your baggage knows no bounds
you're stuck!
so you keep on
and your baggage gains character
rumbling through
this meta poem

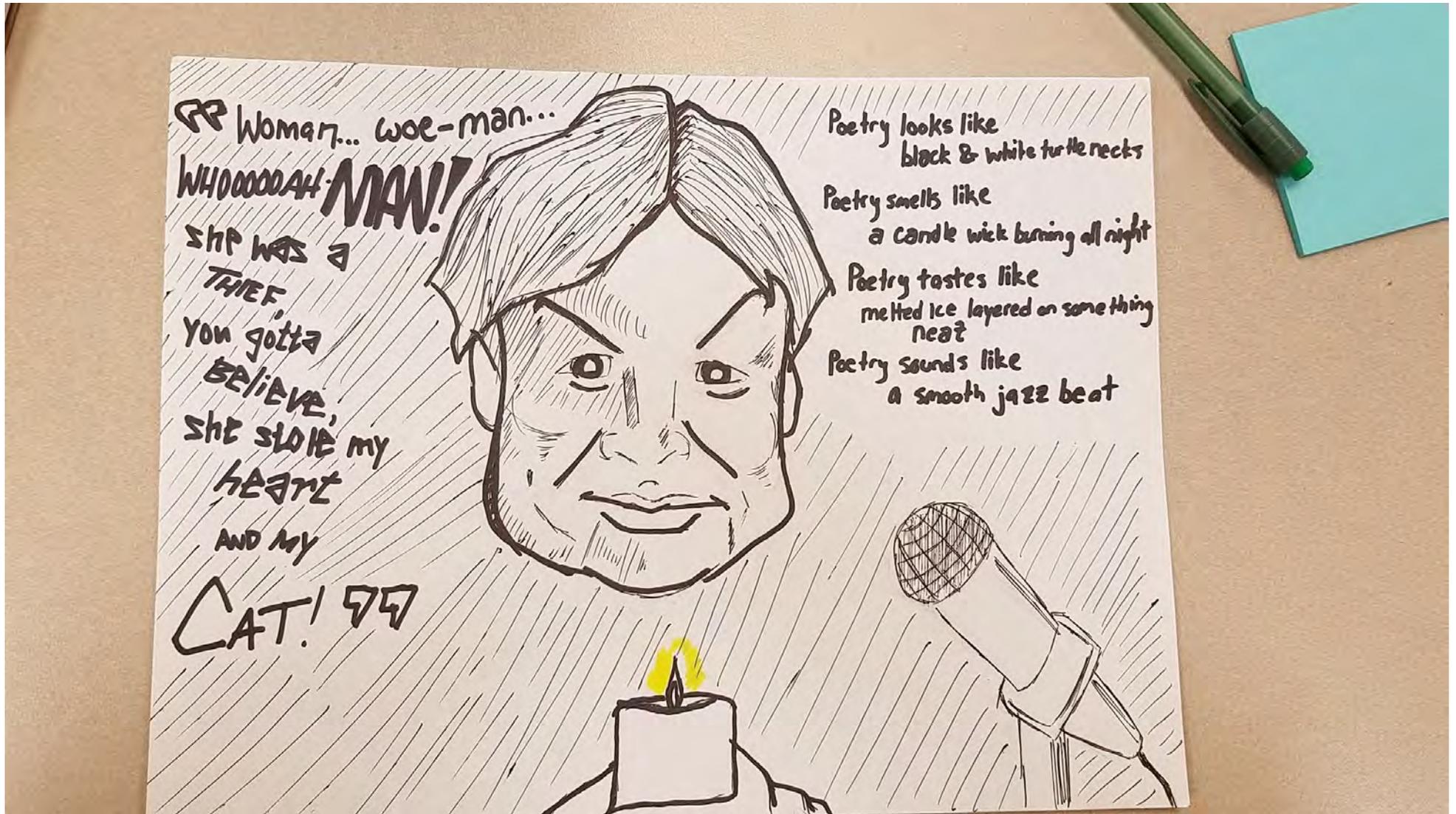
this poem is meta
is poop on the pavement
with an exquisite backdrop of
where anyone would want to be:
mountains and sky and sea
and sea breeze

the sea breeze beckons, leads
you away from this poem
inevitably
you have to leave
to coast on to
the next part of
your wondrous adventure
which knows no bounds
and may have now
benefitted from this poem somehow
and
are you taking something home?
either way
you have relaxed
you have taken a break from
everything else and
there's more to see
when you return
to meta

—Ivan Mendoza



by Pecina



SAILING ROCKS

Who know**S** the reason for

our dre**A**ms?

why do pr**I**me numbers work? why does music

stir the sou**L**? how do we stay balanced

on a mov**I**ng bike or fold a fitted sheet?

how does sa**N**ta

Get

in eve**R**y home? how do we

fall in l**O**ve? what moves the

sailing ro**C**ks? what defines us as adults? like writing

a poem- **K**now one

really know**S**.

“Poetry” by Christine Sidhu

**Poetry is the cool breeze that caresses your cheek.
The clear mind silence brings.**

**The rustling weeds.
The impatient cars.
The sun’s fatigue.
The distant barks.**

**The loud silence in the breeze.
Welcomes you to misery.**

**Health and wealth
worries the mind.
Death’s stealth.
Failures on rewind.**

**Poetry reveals anxiety’s mystique.
It is the silence that comes when the cool breeze caresses your cheek.**

"Dreaming of the Poem I Cannot Write" by Katie Spurgin

The Milky Way shows itself
And you appear on my lowly doorstep

You c r e e p to my bedside,
Thoroughly unhinged

Your tender *whispers* in my ear
You roam the deep folds of my mind

Igniting new synapses,
Your words connect in *thin, hazy lines*

You TIGHTEN your title around my dreams

And you lead me to the edge of the forest
While your cicadas sing sweet nothings to me

Your supple grass is damp beneath my feet
And your humidity beckons the perspiration from my skin

Your stepping
 stanzas
 lead us
 to the
 pebble beach

And into the salty mist rolling off the white caps

You lead me into the sea
And you drown my mind in **dark water**

You attempt to imprint your visit into my neurons
But your grip on my imagination begins to slip away...

You plead with my resting mind to keep your imagery safe
But the cortisol releases

Eyes flicker

My yawns release you
And you mingle with the carbon dioxide

Your ideas dissipate
Gone to another dream

Enlightenment

The sandy shore glimmers and glistens
Illuminating the pearls of stories untold
Twirl with rhyme under the dancing stars
Sway in the cadence of the tide
With Similes, and metaphors the foundation is laid
Sandcastles of dreams, syntax and diction create
From the shore of restrictions and confinement
Swim free,
Dive into the deep
Pry open an oyster
Revealing the secrets of the abyss
Whirl to the surface and gasp for the emotions it invokes
This is poetry to me

Aly Glass

Poetry is...

Poetry is the expression of self.

*It is a form of communication,
openly and inadvertently.*

It poses as entertainment at times.

Poetry causes involvement within a person.

Heather Bonds

Poetry: Syllables

Rhyming, rhythmic, fun!

A way to express oneself.

Poetry today.

Heather Bonds

Poetry

About the time that I think
I have teaching Middle School down,
I find out that there is one more thing I need
to focus on - today that thing is Poetry.

What is it about poetry that makes me shiver/
Why can one simple poem mean
one thing the first time it is read
and take on a new life form
the second time around?

I guess that is why I am spending the week
with eighteen new friends.
We will learn so much about metaphors and syntax
and diction - we will have so many new ideas.
Then all I will need to worry about is what else I
need to focus on to teach my middle schoolers.

Rhonda Cotton

Poetry Lullabies

Poetry jigs, poetry smiles, poetry can even make us cry.
Poetry laughs and poetry yells, poetry creates a lullaby of. . .
Sing song melodies of ocean waves
Dew-dipped blooms of a summer day
Leaves of gold framed by skies of blue
Captured moments envelope we, us, me and you
Rhythm of souls, rhyme of reason
Memories to grasp through the season
Butterfly kisses on hummingbird wings
Gentle spring breezes hum and sing
Icicles watch as snowflakes dance
Words can heal – take a chance
Rhythm of souls, rhyme of reason
Memories to grasp through the seasons

Mary Hanson

A Poem About Teaching Poems

There is a poem in my textbook waiting to be taught.
In the summer it is reviewed and dog-eared, full of excitement it is among the "chosen."
In the fall it listened to suspenseful but short stories.
Patiently it waited its turn.
In the winter it held back tears as the tragic story of the star-crossed lovers unfolded.
Still patient, it waited.
By the spring it grew annoyed.
Will this guy Odysseus ever make it home?
Will this mandatory testing ever end?
The classroom got hotter, the children got anxious, I got overwhelmed with too much to do,
But tried and true the poem waited
And waited
And waited.
The days passed, the weeks passed.
Another year gone, another year forgotten.
I hear it calling me once again,
The poem in my textbook waiting to be taught.

Kristen Keplinger

Poem on Poem

Poem on poem on poem on poem

There's a rhythm, rhythm, ithm

And a rhyme sometimes

Others have extremely long lines with no apparent reason why and then there's one...

Word.

Does that solitary thing represent the entire theme?

Who's to know?

Each poem is similar yet different.

Its meaning all depends on you.

By Mary Beth Kwenda

Peaceful and serene,
Ostentatious,
Energizing and entertaining,
Tried and true, never failing,
Repetitive and revived,
Yearning to be free.

Poetry is a grand slam at the ball park.
It doesn't stop short of the imagination,
but soars to new heights.
Poetry is a peanut butter and banana sandwich,
Combining the mundane
and making them extraordinary.
Poetry is a puzzle.
It allows the writer to be inconspicuous and
the reader to decipher meaning.
Poetry is rhythm and rhyme,
nonsense and chaos,
anything and everything,
structured and free,
but always allowing for creativeness
and individuality of expression.

Alaina McNeill

Poetry
Rhythm Rhyme
Create Read Interpret
Joy Grief Love Pain
Cinquain

Debbie Pearce

Poetry

Poetry is like a vessel

Traveling at different speeds

Slowly at times, to build

Suspense or to reveal a solemn mood.

Quickly at times, to represent action, adventure,
and excitement.

Poetry may just flow so lovely like a stream

Traipsing and trickling at a mellow pace,

Symbolizing what “was” or what “will be.”

This vessel is called poetry:

Taking you on a roller coaster ride...

Flying fast and flipping,

Twisting turbulently and turning,

Or

Strolling softly and serenely on

A relaxing, reflecting journey.

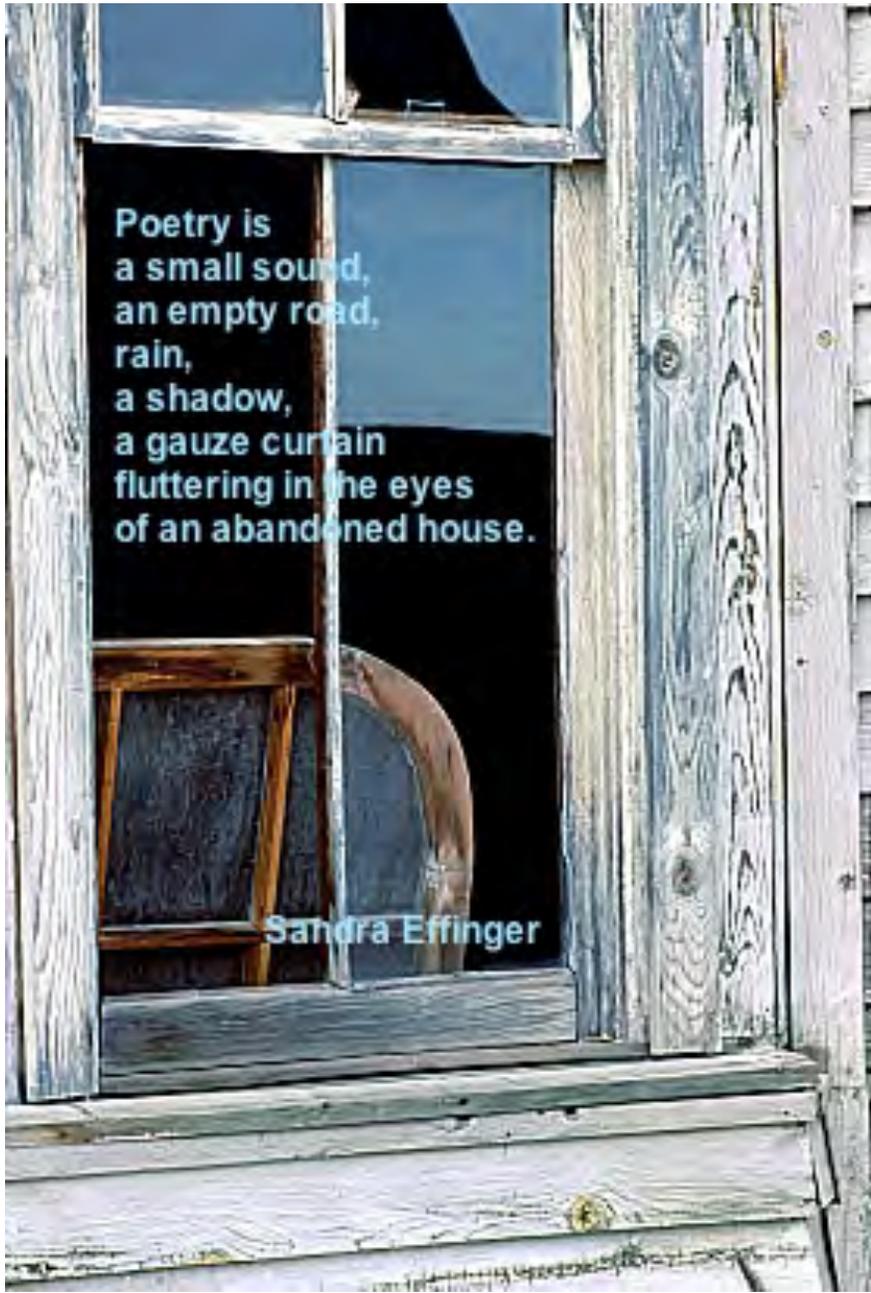
Penny Thorne-DeLong

Poems, Poets, Poetry, and such

**All of it-is a bit too much.
Be it similes, sonnets, stanzas, or rhyme,
Iambic pentameter is something about time.
Metaphors, meter, mood, or motif
Too many choices for my big "Red Chief."
Beat it, slam it, murder it if you must,
I'll write a beautiful elegy, in me you can trust.**

**Oh! I feel so ignorant, an idiot, an imbecile at best.
I should've known hyperbole, imagery, and irony were on the test.
Rhythm, repetition, refrain, and rhyme-
This . . . my poem about poetry and all of its elements
Is really starting to make a tiny bit of sense.**

Brandi Waldroop



Poetry is
a small sound,
an empty road,
rain,
a shadow,
a gauze curtain
fluttering in the eyes
of an abandoned house.

Sandra Effinger