A	A
	В
В	Α
A	В
В	В
A	C
В	В
	C



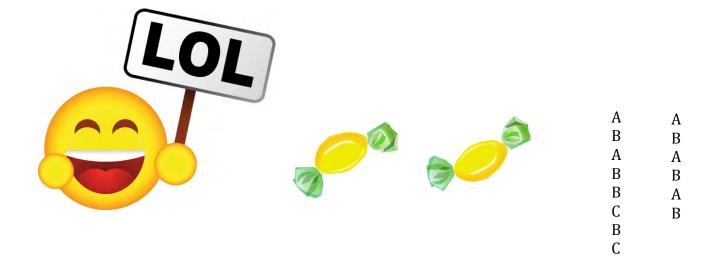
Poetry is humorous. You'll find...

Onomatopoeia, Metaphors, Personification, and other words that adorn **E**nding verses that rhyme...mmm, now you find me in a bind!

Tomorrow Ms. Effinger will forewarn.

 ${\cal R}$ hyming patterns? Oh no! Please, don't let her know I've whined! ${\bf Y}$ ellow-colored treats she brought, were these all made out of corn?

Gracie Adams



Buttercup...Our Rottweiler in a cute Chihuahua costume

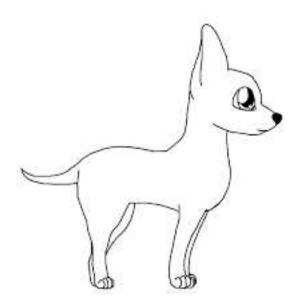
~~ Lee Peacock

"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 belille 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..."

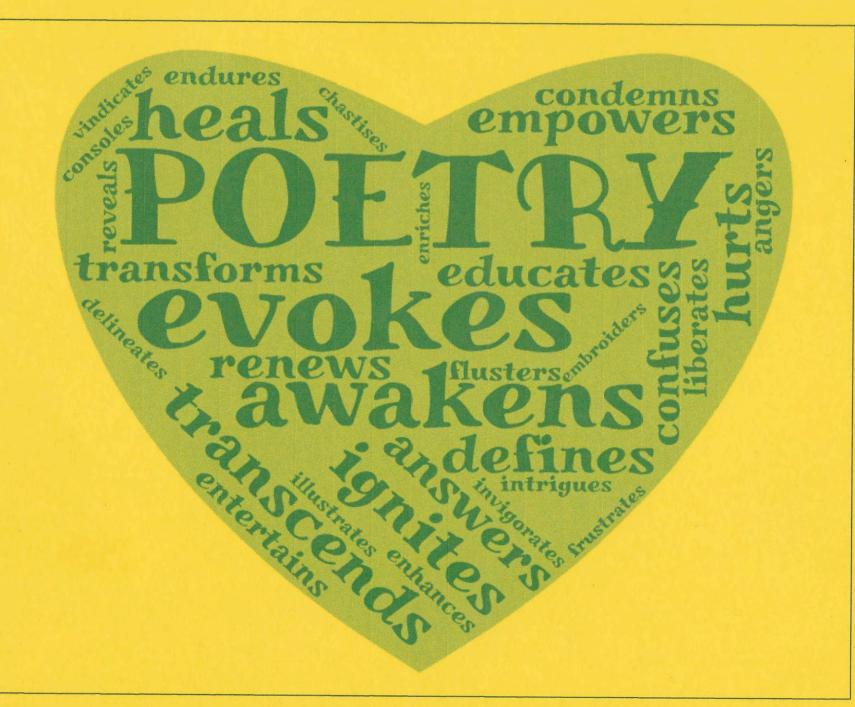
I turn to my husband with "Please?" (in my heart and) on my lips – he chuckles "You are **such** a woman of your word." The rest is ...

HISTORY, well, HER story.



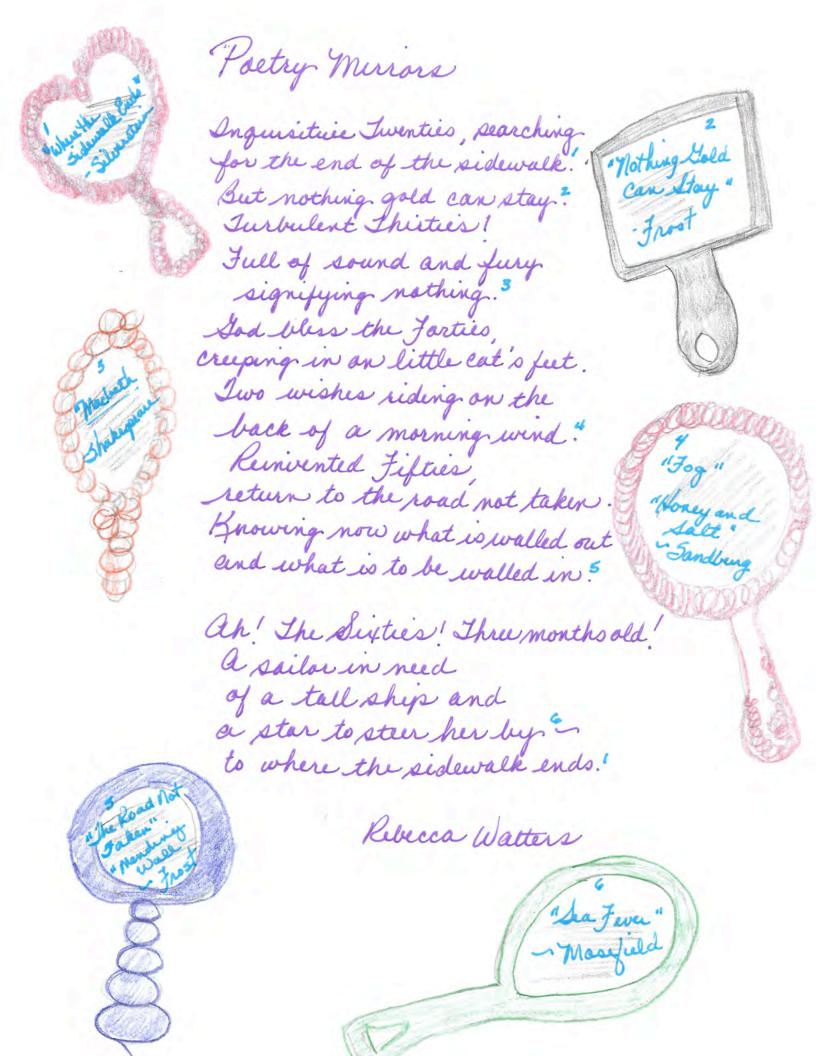


ringing life to these images that I hope someday you'll fin
- Sandy Marie Romo, M. Ed.



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.



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.







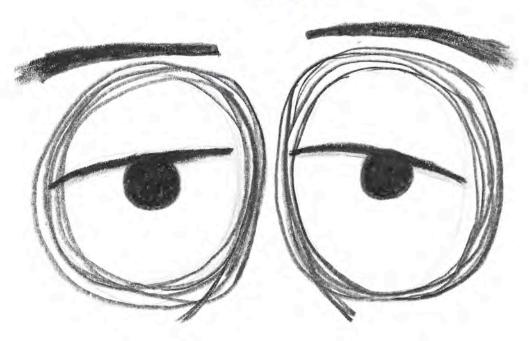
Dreary Night!

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

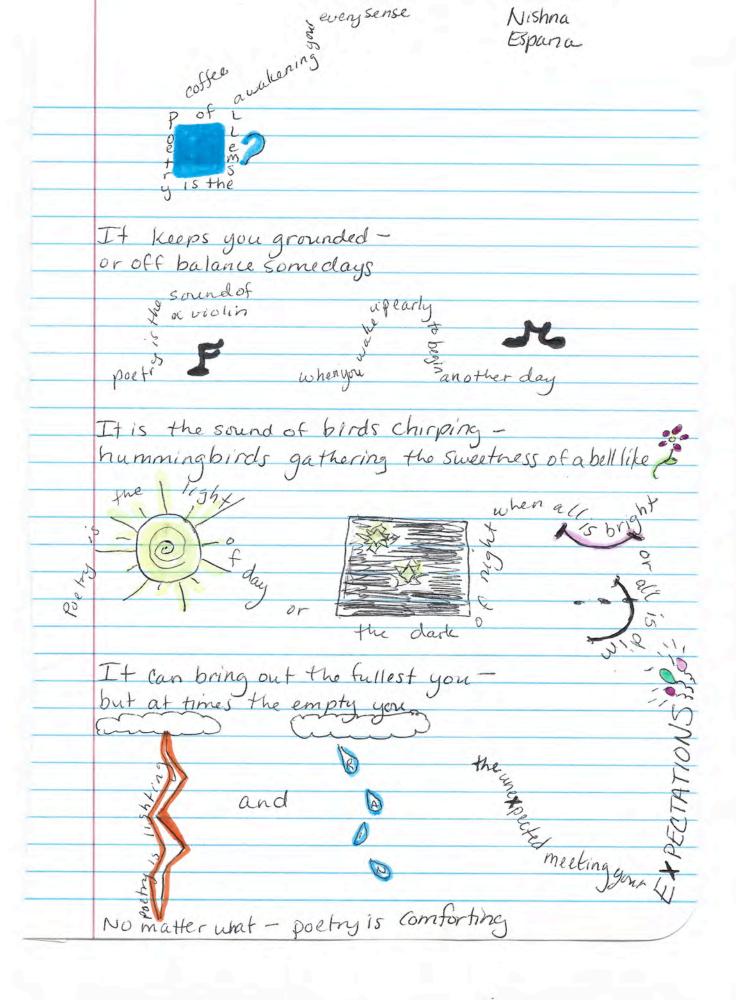
I see no end in sight
In my brain not a single active dendrite
Words They are putting up a fight
For all my lines I must rewrite.
A dreadful poem I shall indite

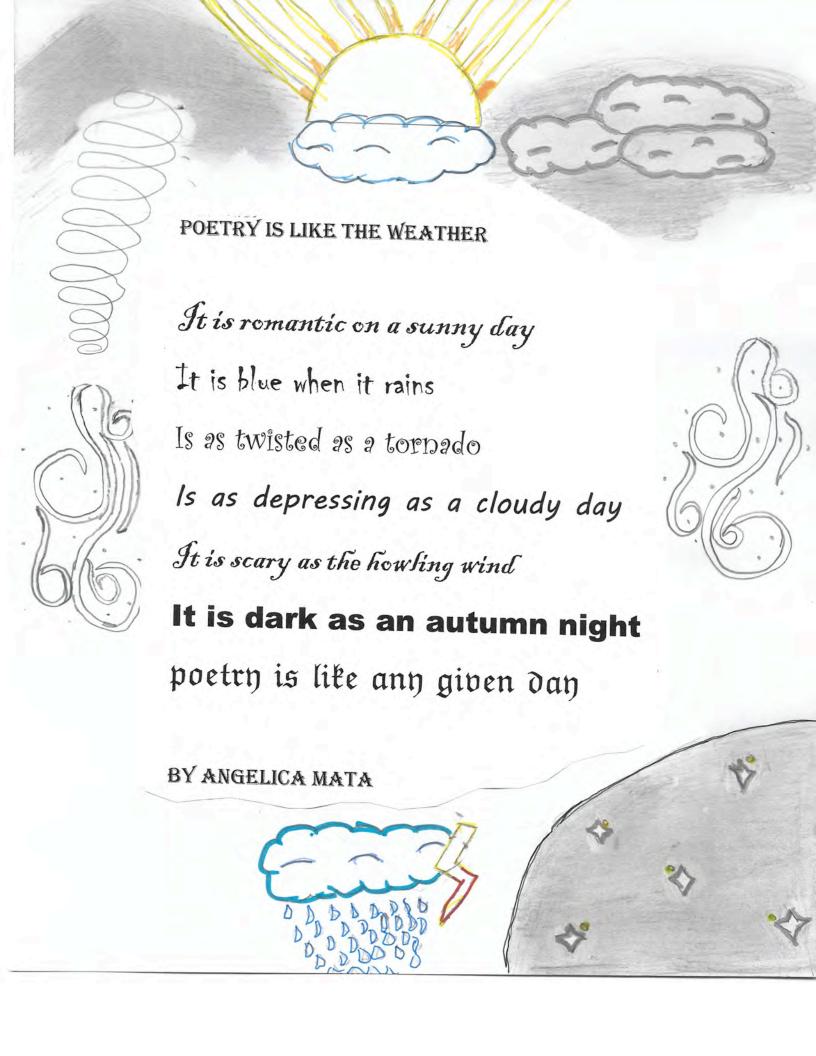
Hopeless I'll just call it a night!

R. Lerma.









Poetry

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

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

It's like an inside Joke that there's Noodo possible way they could be up 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 is mood," they say.

"Hey Kids! We're going to do something fin today ... poetry!

"Poetry?!"

They recoil quicker than Brazilian armadius. (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 wir become trachers.

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

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 play ground
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 15 .. 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 historically until you cry. the comforting words during your darkest hours the unequivocal strength to face acaver sity that intoxicating song that up unfailingly makes you get up and dance the absolute courage to overcome your most memacing Fear the delightful memories of your distant past and the promising nope of your near tuture. the perfect vessel to convey whether you are feeling love sadness, anger, happiness or hate. Rita Porras

P.O.E.M.5

F.R.I.E.N.P.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!

Poetry freedom written form; unbound expression of the soulprivate, obscured in a cute, simple, rhyming way. Form offers freedom too GONNEt, Villanelle, Ode, Haiks It's the freedom to create: synthetism with color emotion from diction amphasis through repetition music with moter 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 kids of weather.

I rub it on my coat, and offer it to a street lamp,
In the glisten a 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)

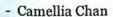
from word to lobe of line,
a sweet curve stretching the supple ceramic of space, breath, time.

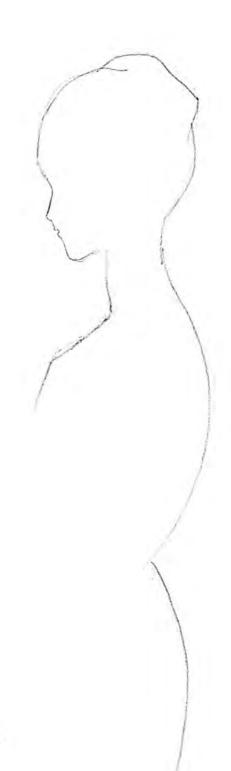
How hollows gather 'round the curve and dip

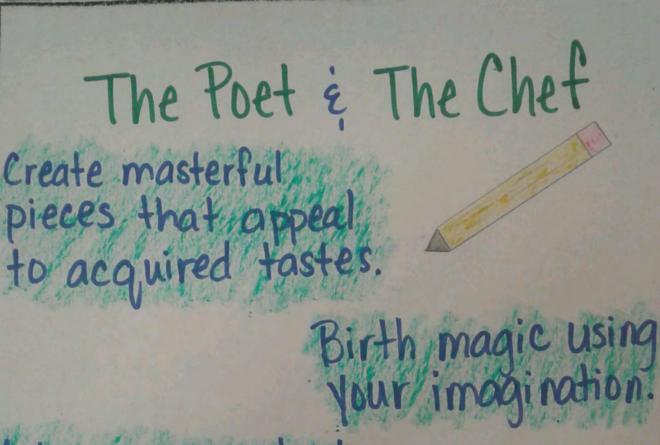
bless the world with

and

poetry.







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.

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 <u>must</u> 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.



ACAUTION



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!

NATURAL CURLS LANSTON HACKES NATURAL CARLS CHRIS BOCK

BOIDIS MURPHY

SMOLE MOTHES UNITY CLEANUATED PLAZA ANDIECKI

NAS ISLIKE JAMES BROWN

AFRICA

MAYA ANGELOU PERROY HET GALA JESSE CATENO DALBERLIN

COOK HUNSTY NAC RUKE PUDDOY MET BALLA BODIE MURPHY HIDDEH PROUBES MOTION GRYKAH BADU

BUSHAM BICKE NAS ISLIKE

CONTRACT CHOS CLOSE BLACK JESUS

MOTION DAYE CHAPPELLE

FREEWAY PENDEY MIT SALA CHRIS BOCK **EGYPTIANS** ANSWERS BESTER DOMA PARKS INFRISAL

MAYA ANGEROU HICKSEN PIGURES ECYPTIANS NAS ISLIKE CHRIS ROCK

DAYS CHUPTOLIS

ONNON COME CICER MINTY CHECKLATEUR OJ BENGFIET AGAIN PORTICI GHEACHRUAK

JAY-Z

HOYPTIANS

MARIEMAY JAMES BROWN

ROSA PARKS REPLEAL

EGYPTIANS JAMES BROWN

LO ME BONG FREE MASS IN LINES AN

PUDIDDY HET GAILA

AT LAST BYTA JAMES AT LATTETTA JAHOS

IN ANY NEWS HOUSE MOTION HDDB/ PGURIS PAIN

VEHICLE TO THE MOUNTAINTOP BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

BARBERSHOPS BEAUTYSHOPS

CHIS FOCK

PROSESSOR CURITIN LATERAH

MIN JAMES BROWN SYNCAM BLADU

1 MUNICIPAL MATERIAL MACKSTRA

> AIR JORDAN BLACK CEMENT 35 SINGLE MOTHERS

MURPHRY SOCIETY

LOVE AFRICA BLACK JESUS DAVE CHAPPELLS

JAY-Z

ARST CATHOLOGY BLACK JUSTES SMOLE MOTHERS **UCIAE HANYS**

LANGSTON HUGHES SINCLE MOTHERS HIDDIGH FIGURES NATURAL CURLS AT LAST BITA JAMES BOSA PARKS REFUSAL

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...

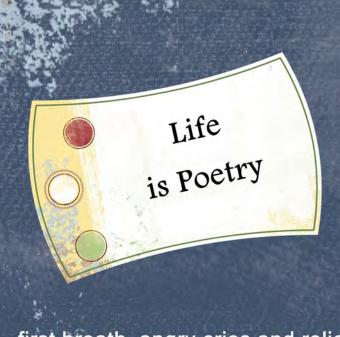
Tasting cool, crisp citrus and yearning for more yet no more...

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

This is poetry.

I am poetry.

-Kylie Fainshtein



first breath, angry cries and relieved sighs fullables, 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 exhibited
Watching
Ht the rim of your world
with panic ever-present.

Will you pierce me, Encourage me, Pender me Speechless from the outskirt?

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

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

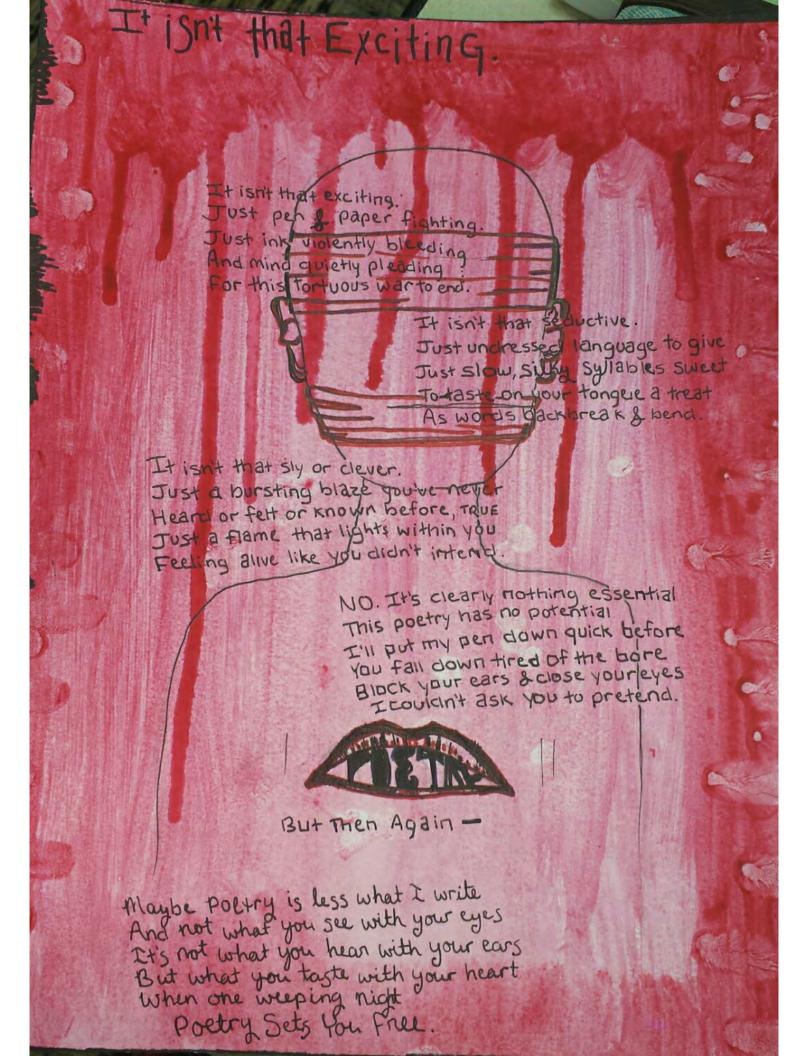
But you demand attention.

You canter
You canter
You saunter closely by my side.
A whisper
of a gesture,

our okins graze. Easily.
The soft velvet touch tonings understanding.

Left is the memory of precious wildness.





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

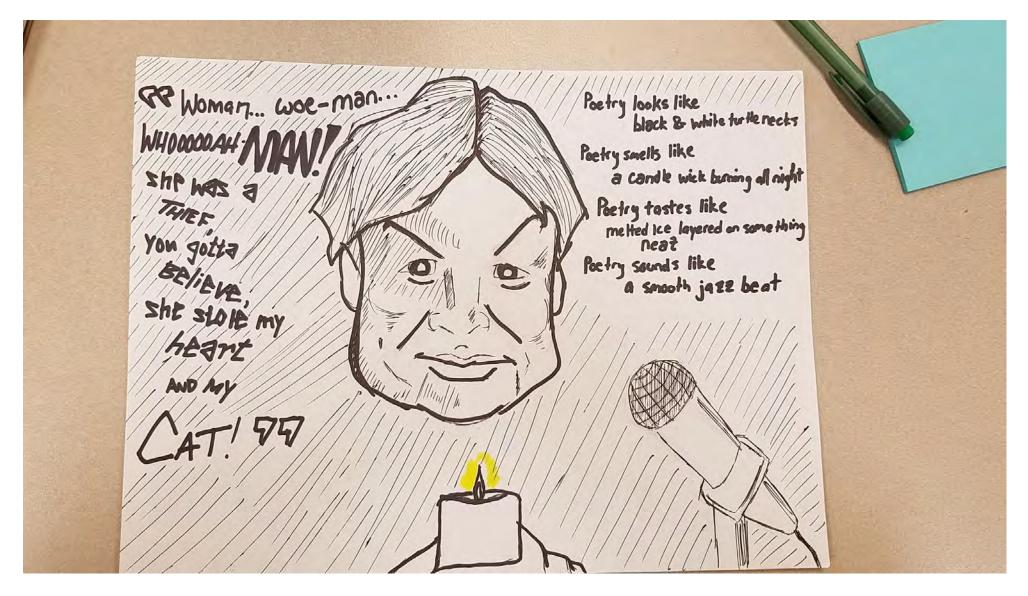
this poem is meta is poop on the pavement with an exquisite backdrop of where anyone would want to be: mountains and sky and sea and sea breeze

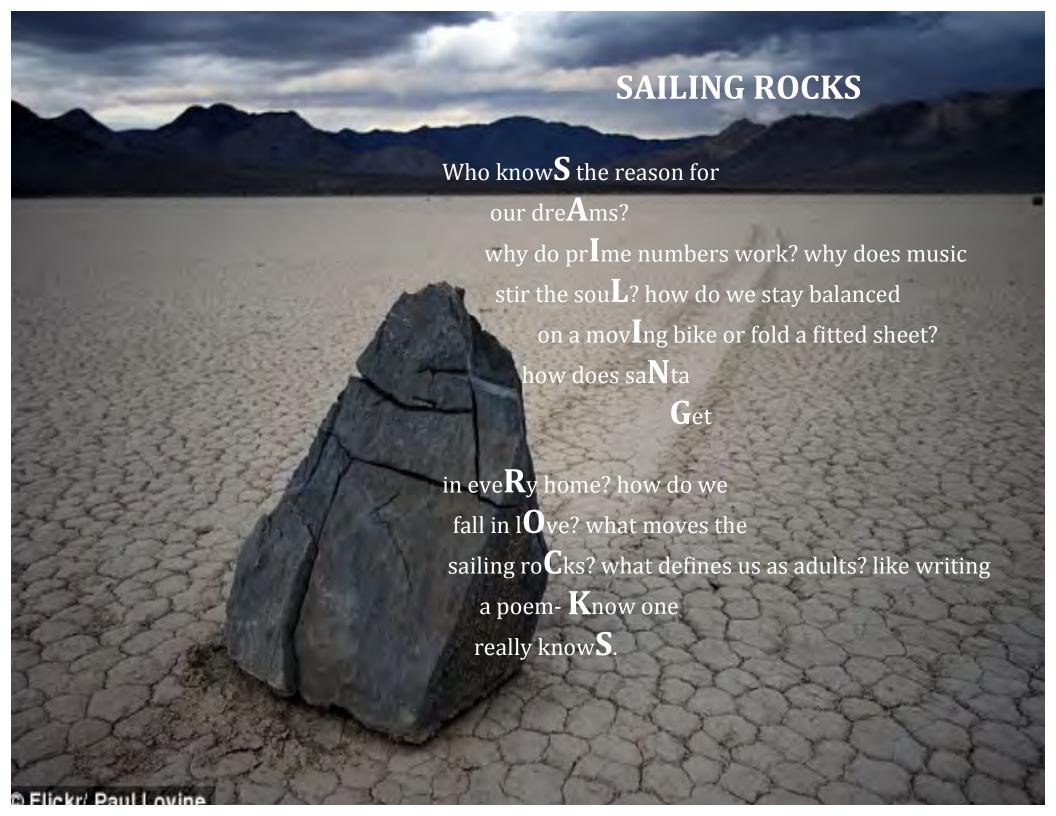
the sea breeze beckons, leads you away from this poem inevitably you have to leave to coast on to the next part of your wondrous adventure which knows no bounds and may have now benefitted from this poem somehow are you taking something home? either way you have relaxed you have taken a break from everything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

—Ivan Mendoza



by Pecina





"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 creep 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, dainty 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

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
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,
lambic 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

