

I see the light
by Lea Albrecht

When your fast asleep
wish
Blinking in the starlight,
The dark side of the moon
Through an endless diamond sky
It's warm and real and bright

the wind blows a little bit colder
But on fire within
as the sun will rise
its like the sky is new
The world has somehow shifted

The lights will appear
the sun rolling high
,Starring straight, back at me
through the sapphire sky

Just a little change, small to say the least
While the candle lights still glowing
a beautiful night, the sun will rise
All the world seems to awaken
It's the circle of life

I wanna be, where the people are
I wanna see them, them dancing
As the sun rises in the east
What more are you looking for

-a dream is a

- i see the light
- make a man
- a whole new world
- i see the light

-some things never change
- make a man
-beauty
- i see the light
- i see the light

- when will my life begin
- circle of life
- reflection
- circle of life

- beauty
- b our guest
-beauty-bella notte
-smile and a song
- circle of life

- part of ur world
- part of ur wrld
-beauty
- under the sea

Mask Break
by Cassie McGinley

Winter wind
whistles
Crack of ice
Birds chirping
Faraway laughter
Fills the air
Cold ears tingle
As I lie
On cold solid ground
Only my jacket
To keep warm
Mosaic of
Hardy branches
Break the
Pale blue sky
The crisp air
Fills my soul
As I breathe deep
And think
How perfect
The world is

And how I
Could decompose here

(last lines optional)

In Between

Living through history isn't really all that great,
Where things like masks became a political debate.
In a world consumed by people full of greed,
Everyone worries too much about the things they don't need.
Please try and think about the lives that are in danger
It might not be you, but please try and think about
Your
Sister, brother, mother, father, grandparents, husband, wife, aunts and uncles,
And anyone in between.
Everyone you see is someone's something special.
So keep your mask on, and your head held high
In a world where it seems like nobody cares about anybody,
You can protect yourself, protect others, and keep everyone in between safe.

Ode to Mario Kart
by Evan Bang

Oh, Mario Kart!
The greatest race
Where blue shells chase
And sequels
Are better than the first.

How fine and well
It is to throw a turtle shell
And to start before START!
And bombard other Karts
Oh, Mario Kart!

And the rush that you feel
When you dodge a banana peel
On Rainbow Road
While playing as Toad.

Oh, Mario Kart!
Which of you is the best?
Or can the answer be expressed?
Is it Mario Kart 8?
No, it is not that great
Or is it Mario Kart DS
No, there is better, yes?
But the greatest of all
The game that has Coconut Mall
How great would it be
To play Mario Kart Wii!
Oh, Mario Kart!

Pork Cutlet Bowl Haiku

Oh pork cutlet bowl

“A pork cutlet bowl fatale
That entralls the men”

Holiday Poem

Christmas

Snow

Jingle bells

Christmas tree

Cookies

Christmas

A feeling of calm

It's been years since my life felt normal
All that I know now
 Is alcohol
 Cigarettes
 And Numbness

There's nobody left to keep me warm
Nobody left to talk to
It's just me
 And me alone
Inside my home.

I waste away as the days go on
I lie restlessly in my comfortable bed
Only seeing the light of day from my balcony

 Inhaling
Exhaling

The smoke draws from my lips
I look down to below,
Seeing the ghost of a garden that was once lively
Now, it's all but died
This garden's life is isn't so different from mine
Once vibrant,
 Colorful,
Now shriveled. . .
 Gripping onto the little essence that remains

I am sick of these dreadful feelings

With no end,
I wonder what to do
Or if anything can be done

Every day is the same cycle
I wake up at whatever hour my body beckons
Refreshing myself with the substances I depend on
I sit around, thinking about how it's all gone wrong

And I begin pondering of the how I can get myself out of this life
But it seems so hard
These habits are hard to break
Is this life I've made even worth the struggle of 'breaking'

My telephone rings from across the room

I pause, walking over

"Hello?"

"Hello, brother! How are you on this fine day?"

"Fine, thank you... Lewis."

"I haven't seen you in ages, man! What's up with you?"

"I've been busy, I suppose."

"Huh.. well, can I come visit?"

"No. Not now-- I'd better go. Goodbye."

The phone cuts off my brother's voice as I hang up.

I head for the bathroom

Peering into the mirror,

I see a person

Who I don't even recognize anymore,

Is this what it's all come to?

I open a cabinet, looking at the medicines that line the shelf

I take a bottle into my hand

Then another

If I take a pill

Or two

Or three

Or four

What would happen?

Would it help me be at ease

Just for a few moments . . .

Skimming my eyes across the labels,

I decide to swallow one

Two

Three

Four

I lose count.

I feel no change . . .

My home is silent

I am silent

Seconds pass

It could be longer

I don't try to keep track

A somnolent feeling hangs heavy

I feel calm

I like this feeling

I walk from the bathroom

Into the wallpapered hallway with wooden floors

I take a few steps forward,
Where am I walking to?

I can't quite tell
I feel uneasy
Unbalanced
Unconscious...

My eyes close

There is silence.
A soft ringing.
Is this it?

...

My brother's voice
Calling to me
But what does he say?
I don't think about it
Just a figment of my imagination

Yet I open my eyes again, to see a dull gray room
A few people around me
Overjoyed to see that I am awake

That same feeling of 'calm' remains
Except this time,
It's lighter

To be in the presence of those who care for you
With no use of a lousy drug
Which makes you feel worse in the end

So now, I find my 'calm'
In the ones I hold close
They are my escape
They can make me feel truly...
Better.

Help me
by Maci Stackhouse

Let go of me!
I scream hoping for help
But nobody cares enough to even turn around
I scream again hoping for a different result
But nothing changes
Just like I always thought
Help me

I kick and fight hoping to escape
But it's too late
They grabbed the knife and hit me where it hurt
They dragged me in where I found out the truth
I will never see the light again
Help me

I had seen the truth
When they killed that man
They stabbed him in the back
Watching the blood pour out
I swore I wouldn't tell
But they didn't believe me
I'm not sure I did either
But now I know
They will kill anyone who gets in their way
Help me

Where are we going?
I ask knowing I won't get an answer.
Even if I did it's too late
I'm trapped with no escape
Help me

The truck stops in arrival
They drag me out by my hair
letting me get a glimpse of where I am
I start to remember what this place is
A man slaughtered and fed to the pigs in the lawn

A woman raped to the point she gave up on escaping
The children starved until resorted to cannibalism
The fire that burned groups to a crisp
But why do I know this?
Help me

They take me to the basement
I hear the door lock
I walk around wondering how do I know this place
Then I hear the voice
The one that starts to bring it all back
My memories from when I was young
I hear them say they are going to kill me
So I set a plan in place hoping it works
Help me

Suddenly I get the advantage
Little do they know about my past here
My father the past leader of their little cult
I'm their queen whose been missing for years
I'm what they didn't even know they needed
And now they will pay the ultimate price
They will be the sacrifice
For doing this to me
Help them

Gone

They're gone now
So you sit alone
Staring at the wall
Wondering what you could've done

There's so much to remember
How you saw them laugh and smile
How you saw them frown
You remember the good times
And the bad
Now you cherish all those memories

But now it's time to say goodbye
Say your last words
And hope for a new tomorrow
These deaths sure are sorrow
But you have to let them go
And be strong for them
Even if you just want to weep and cry

They're in a better place now
Than you and I

TIME

IT PASSES TO FAST, THEN STAYS TO LONG
NEVER ARE WE SATISFIED WITH THE TIME THAT IS GONE
WATCHING THE CLOCK LIKE SOME IMPATIENT BEAST
WHILE YEARS PASS BY NO ONE FEELING COMPLETE
THE TICK TOCK ON THE WALL
THE LEAVES ARE STARTING TO FALL
PEOPLE GROW AND MOVE AWAY
ONLY TIME WILL STAY
PLANTS FROM SEEDS START TO GROW
OVER THE YEARS AND THROUGH THE SNOW
THE PLANTS GROW HIGH BUT THEN WILL FALL
BECAUSE TIME IS INEVITABLE TO US ALL
I LOOK AT THE CLOCK AND ITS MOCKING FACE
HIGHLIGHTING THE TIME THAT I HAVE MISPLACED
TIME IS LIKE A THIEF ALWAYS STEALING WHAT WAS YOURS
BUT IT LEAVES THE MEMORIES THERE, YOU JUST HAVE TO EXPLORE
TIME DRAGS ON AS I LOOK AT THE CLOCK
BUT SOMETIME I STARE AND WANT IT TO STOP
THE TERROR OF TIME IS UNNERVING
I FEEL LIKE I AM MUCH MORE DESERVING
WHY TIME?
WHY BE SO UNFORGIVING?
WHY PASS BY SO FREELY WHEN WE WANT YOU TO STAY?
WHY?

And Then I Feel Nothing **by Scarlett Weinberg**

We all wake in the morning
And go about our days
With one common goal in the wallows of our minds

Survive

We give ourselves to make it through each day
Maybe to relish in it and eagerly await more
Or to power through and hope that tomorrow will be brighter

But one day, each and every one of us will fail in this quest
One day, maybe soon, maybe not
Maybe tomorrow or not until decades to come
Our daily cycles will be seized by a cold unforgiving hand and ripped away

What was once a life will be but shadows and dust
What was once love, fear, hatred, passion will dissipate into nothingness
And the hole our presence leaves in the universe will be filled as if it were never there

And maybe by some slim chance death isn't the end, but a new beginning
But how can I bet all of my cards on the greatest mystery known to man
I can't simply shrug off that one day my life will cease and my conscience will be erased from this world
and hope in vain that I will instead move to another one

But I can't let this thought consume me either

If life begins and ends with no mercy then why do I feel a purpose
Why do I feel joy and outrage and everything in between
I'd seldom be content to just chalk that up to animal instinct
No
It simply doesn't feel right

Maybe there is still hope for my soul yet

Poems by Zeke Weber-Loomis

She looked out into the sun
they said she was the one
Who deserved the most fun.
Not true.

She wanted something new
More than just endless blue
And a well drunk ships crew
She would leave

She planned under the eaves
She believes
She'll sometime see leaves
Someday

Planning done, she had to pray
For some moment, for some day
When she could slay
The boatman

So This was her plan
To kill the boatman
And jump over the span
To the canoe

But she knew
Her chances were few
So she decided to
Wait

She could not hesitate
Couldn't be early or late
She had to do great
Or she was done

Climbing staircases
Going up, there is the top
Wait no, just another landing, further to go
She looks down at where she was, so far below
She keeps climbing around and around barely making progress
The top should be soon
She can see it
But then she trips,
And the stairs are now a slide
Spiraling her back down to the bottom.

He trips and falls
Hears laughing
Turns around, hears shouts and calls
It takes him a moment, but then it hits him
It's inside his head
No other kids around

A Coldplay Paradise

He acts like a different century
Like he should be in one of those documentaries
He was a bit nerdy, but he was kind
He had a young soul, and an old mind
And he yearned for her soft eyes and smile

For they were a sky full of stars apart

She seemed like she was a piece of art
She loved her songs, her Dance, and acting parts
She had an old soul, and a young heart
And she longed for his soft eyes and smile

For they were a sky full of stars apart

But in the sky full of stars they flew through the dark
And met each other in their own little world
Their own paradise
There wasn't any sacrifice.

In this world he made a promise to her
That when she was down, broken, or blue
He said he "would try to fix you."

A Not so Wonderland

a dark night
that gave a fright
when she screamed her mother's name

The blood that dripped
her fingers where snipped
and the girl was the one to blame

Her fingers caught in the door
is there much more
to know about this fatal blow

No matter she said
tears streaming, she nodded her head
down the rabbit hole, I'll go

And "Oh?" she said
after she hit her head
what's the matter? You want me to be Alice?

.
.

but I'm the mad hatter.

Ode To Man
by Alii Albrecht

The race of man,
Moves far to quickly,
You must talk fast, write fast, and read fast,
Just to keep up.

The thing about keeping up,
Is you forget what you are doing,
And soon enough,
You find yourself conflicted with information,
Confused and disorientated,
You have read and written all there is to read and write,
Yet you still don't understand,
For you did it all to quickly,
Trying to keep up.

You look up at dead, sunken eyes,
The eyes of someone who has tried to understand it all.

Is this what you will become?

Trying to understand it all,
Understand life,
The structure and function of society,
The reasons of why things go the way they do,
The knowledge of years,

All reflected,
In the dead, sunken eyes of Man.

The race of Man knows facts and figures,
Formulas, names, dates, history,
Yet it is surely lacking.

Lacking in art and music, poetry and theatre,
Information gets you far,
But one cannot create a world with just black and white,
Black and white is a movie.

A movie in which everyone understands everything,
One where everyone can talk fast, write fast, and read fast,
Yet still understands what they are talking, writing, and reading about.
One where everyone trusts and loves,
But of course, this is a movie, not a reality.

The race of man is a reality, not a movie.

Despite, the race of man is all we have,
And all we have is good enough.
Good enough to talk about, read about, and write about,
So maybe let's slow down,
And begin to change,
The race of man.

THIS is the Way

by Ben Burrell

Let me tell you the story of Din Djarin
He was a Foundling
A Mandalorian who wouldn't show his skin,
To any of his surroundings
This is the way

No being saw his face
Not a droid, nor a human,
Not a stormtrooper
Neither a Mythrol, or a Trandoshan
Ugnaught, nor Tusken Raider
Not even another Mandalorian
Because he did not want to stray
From the Way of Mandalore
This is the way

But when his life was on the line
He removed his only lifeline
His helmet

He knew that his life depended on it
And that there is no respawn
He would not survive
If he kept it on
He wanted to keep the Beskar that was styled
But there was a bigger reason
Din was determined to defend The Child
The Empire wanted The Child for his midichlorians

Mando did not want him to take a visit to the morticians
He no longer cared about The Child's payoff
He needed to be protected
Din knew that he was the only one capable of protecting him
So he did something unexpected
He took his helmet off
This isn't the way

At that moment he realized
That by not being disguised
And putting The Way of Mandalore on the shelf
He saved The Child
And he saved himself
From then on when he took off his helmet
It saved lives

So if you are wearing a helmet
I urge you to take it off
Because when you do
There will be a tradeoff
That will be in your favor
THIS is the way.

Spring
by Hope Lapinski

Flowers on the ground
and tea and floral sweaters
Smells of clean cut grass

Nobody to Blame

Let's talk about global warming.
Millions of years ago,
Long before humanity,
There was a birth of a planet,
Consisted of nothing but pure nature.
There were animals,
Trees,
Plants,
And a lot more than from before humans came.
Before humans came,
The Earth was once beautiful.

Thousands of years ago,
The new species came to intrude.
Humans.
Over a course of a few thousand years,
The humans have done nothing but damage
To the beautiful place we call Earth.
The amount of damage we have done
Is nearly unfixable.
We have drilled deep into the surface
For our own good.
The Earth never asked us to come here.
We intruded.
There is nobody to blame but us.

We've drilled for oil
We've killed the soil
There's nobody to blame but us.
Because of global warming
The penguins are barely swarming.
Polar bears are depressed
Because their home is in distress.
And there's nobody to blame but us.

The selfish people in this world don't care to contribute
There aren't enough fossil fuels to distribute.
The Earth didn't ask for us,
We weren't invited.
And it'd be delighted
If we all coincided.

Poem by Luke Walmsley

What

A

Luxurious

Man robbing

A TV and a

Rabbid bunny

That's just a day in Walmart

She

Sydnee Hufford

If it is a late Saturday night,
And she has been too quiet for too long,
She will speak.
Along with the crickets,
She will sing a shrill song,
A magical work of squeaking chalk,
She has taught me to fall in love with a heart-wrenching melody.
She is quiet.
And she does not speak again.

If it is a Thursday afternoon,
And your stomach rolls like the waves,
She will speak.
Along with the creaking footsteps,
She will become familiar.
A sound to wrap yourself in,
She has taught me to make a home in my sickness.
She is quiet.
And she leaves me in the frigid feeling of loss.

If it is a Friday night,
And the smell of cheap alcohol seals your breath,
She will speak.
Along with the shot of adrenaline, of rebellion.
She will become a needle in a vein.
An addiction you feel safe in,
She has taught me that starvation is the key to making a home out of your body.
She is loud.
And she does not leave.

If it is a Wednesday evening,
And the bubbles of peroxide coat your tongue,
She will speak.

Along with the beeping of a heart monitor, mocking the efforts I had made to
prevent it.

She will become the thought that lulls me to sleep on an empty stomach.

The rings under my father's tired eyes.

She has taught me to fall in love with the tired.

She is silent.

And I am alone.