If only I could go back

Playing outside
Without a worry in my mind
The peaceful sound of
The ice cream truck
Coming around the corner

Silence of the sugar
Coma
Fills the room with serenity
Naptime the thing that
We took granted
But now I want the most

If only I could go back
And hit rewind
And
Relieve my childhood
That i know and love

By madison etchells
Dear Daddy,

By: Kalaylah Chisolm

Bottle after bottle, can after can.
I’ve always wondered why I was so damned.
All the other girls’ dad would buy them nice things, but did you?
I don’t remember because all I can remember is the...
Yelling.
Cursing.
Holes in the wall.
And tires burning into the hole in my heart.
Did you ever wonder the impact
On a little girl like me?
Remember that time
When I was chatting with someone online?
I told him that you died.
You were dead to me.
But.
I did say you died as a war hero.
Although, you were never in the military.
But.
You’re my hero.
It took you years to realize how much you’ve broken my heart, but also mommy’s.
You realized you were wrong.
You realized what was important to you.
You stopped.
Cold Turkey.
It was like a quick rain shower that ceases the sky
And the glorifying sun peaks through.
You were born again.
No more bottles.
No more cans.
No more yelling.
And I sure don’t feel damned.
You finally bought your little girl something that she’ll never neglect.
A ring.
But, you also gave her something she’ll never ever forget.
Your love.
Thank you,
Your baby girl.
Hot 98-degree weather on a summer day, old clothes being thrown on at 9:00 am to rush with my brother to my grandma’s house for eggs, bacon, grits, and toast.

“Don’t leave the table till ya cleaned your plate ya hear” she would always say.

My cousins lived with her because their mama died when we were just little things, but she took good care of them.

After we ate we’d run outside to go play ball me, my brother, and cousins; Tyler, Brittany, Katie, and Courtney.

It seemed every time we played ball our three dogs would chase everyone around trying to get it, kinda like a game of monkey in the middle.

Usually every weekend you could smell our backyard with a burning fire and s’mores, which followed to a chase in the woods or night swimming in the river behind our house.

That neighborhood is where dreams came true and life happened. That is my home town and will forever have my heart!
Watermelon Sun

Courtney Lester

A perfect childhood.
Not a care in the world.
The good in the watermelon sun
warmed my heart
and opened my mind
to a place with no rain.
Only love, no hate.
I sang.
I danced.
I did crazy things
because deep down,
I’m crazy.
The good life
interrupted by thundering thoughts
of the future.
I have to be independent today.
The vines are in too deep,
bound together forever
like a marriage
without love.
The moon shining
on the porch
illuminates a path.
Do I take it?
“Eight”
Esther Anderson

When I was eight
My body was small
But my mind was big.
Glad to know
And quick to learn.
A whole lifetime ahead of me
But at the time
It didn't even cross my mind.
Living in the moment
Only focused on the present
Nothing else mattered.
Brian buzzing,
Flourishing.
Like a forgotten breeze..
Miscellaneous thoughts came and went.
Hair as tangled as the green wildwood
Through which I
Run, sing, dance, play, act, dream.
Without a care in the world
What anyone thought.
The world was my playground
Full of never ending adventures.
If only..
It prevailed.
Ancestors Run Next to Me
By: Eston Parker

Ancestors run next to me

From Raphina to South Carolina

A family runs deep

Deep with diversity

Yet deep with similarities

From the palmettos to the european blue skies

To the country folk to the country people

The country is full of peace

Yet skylines and downtowns represent a future

A future which honors heritage

A heritage filled with beaches, palmettos, and diversity
This is the place where I felt
Safe
Comfortable
And free
A place filled with
Unforgettable memories
From beginning
To end
Where I would run all around
The neighborhood
Trying to catch the
Butterflies in the spring
Playing catch
With the neighbors
Making wishes on
dandelions

By: Kelly Barranco
Little Butterfly
By: Jocelyn Konitzer

Shy shy little butterfly
Inside your little cocoon
Open your wings
Take flight towards your dreams
Fly with the wind
Be free
Capture those dreams you have
Live them and embrace life
Shy shy little butterfly
Four Years

By: Alec Willey

2006
Moving in
KFC in hand
Furniture in the trunk
The fresh scent of a new home
Took a whole year to get used to

2007
My dominion in the garage is established
My own safe haven
Just me
Myself
And EyeToy Play 2
I begin taking the dog out back
To the double-edged sword of a pond
Spider-Man 3 consumes my life
Like a fog enveloping a highway
And to top it all off
My mom’s car breaks down
On Christmas Eve

2008
My dominion is taken from me
As many temporary ghosts come and go
I became more social, quite a surprise
The whole year was mostly a blur
One long
Unmoving
Blur

2009
A year that I remember
From the smell of a long gone leather jacket
The year I first broke my foot
The year I was trusted to be home alone
The year where anything was possible
Where my dreams of
Owning a PSP
Owning an Xbox 360
Became reality
It was a climactic year
In my four year stay in
Allenwood
2010
The end of a decade
The end of a chapter
The end of Elementary School
The end of the four years in Allenwood
I tried to balance
Magic Tricks
Games

Acting
And somehow succeeded
June came
And I went from Elementary School
August came
And I went from Allenwood
Four years came
And they went in a flash
**Childhood poem**

Haley Hyatt

Little did I know
Moments like these wouldn’t last for long
Little did i know
Mom and dad would separate
Leaving me to shuffle
Between the two
Little did i know
The sun wouldn't shine
As bright
And radiate through my soul anymore
Tough times ahead
Little did I know
There was a battle
And cancer won
Little did I know
Things would never be the same
November Lettuce

Swallow
The bitter sweet waters
Ice melts
My palms
Crystal drops of snowmelt
Give the river birth
It grows to muscular youth
Stronger than I

The river

Broadens wide in valleys
Loops in great bends
Stampedes over everything

The emerald river serves thousands
But never me
It relieves
It quenches
It revives

But when I approach it
I prune
I soak
I gag

A daughter's argument with her father
Left me leached and ignored

River returns

Upon his back
A mosaic coat of plenty amid a waste land
In his fingers
Ripe wheat grass stays golden
Nourished many
Yet left me easily craving for places
Without people
My body was wrung through its own drought
My heart parched

Giving up
I thought with satisfaction
Was the appropriate thing to do

I lay down
Feel the water rise
Tracing the outline of my body
Like a child armed with candy chalk
Or a lover
Remembering the curves of my skin

I let myself believe
Allusions of comfort
Even though I knew
These bands of my father
Were nothing tender

Daddy’s coming
To tuck you goodnight
I told myself
Smiling
As the broad sheet around me
Pulled close to my neck
It boiled up and foamed
The surface of a spaghetti pot

With scarcely a moment of
Slack water
The whole went whirling
The thunder of a cataract

The river took me
Child of the wild Colorado

But a desert can not afford a swamp
Cinnamon turned to muck

I drowned

They witnessed the birth
A new body of water
Strengthened
By the swallow of my body
The sun drenched lands
Yielded two harvests that year
Bled acres of November Lettuce
From my rotting body

Bloom of a dying river

By: Sarah Sugg
A dragon, a soldier
A sailor on a sky ship!
A pencil, a pen,
A book on her right hip.
Happiness
Was skipping, running,
And dancing! Now
It’s tiny smiles, quiet laughter,
And pen clicks.
Caution
From plenty of it, hopping from
Couch to couch avoiding
The lava monster.
To hardly any caution,
Jumping from roof to roof,
Avoiding responsibility.
Anger
Started simply.
Punching and kicking.
To frustration, hurtful words,
And looking for solutions.
Happiness
A dragon, a soldier,
A sailor on a sky ship..
Question: Ivana M Reyna

Our creator
The one we share
The one that people don't believe
The one who's your best friend, a shoulder to cry on, and our helping hand
Hes our solution
But yet people still think it's all imagination
Only plead on their knees when they're in great desperation for a wish
That he accomplishes with his great power of love
But why don't you show it
Why don't you beg and grace everyday, every morning, every minute of this precious life
Because he's the one that gave it to you
Why do we question even the greatest things in life
Ancestors Run Next To Me
By: Joe Brockman

The fog clears
Opening a path for the sunlight to shine through
Highlighting my pale skin from my mother
The freckles on my cheeks
Dotted like stars on a clear night
The Irish red hair sweeps off the shoulders
Like waves on the beach
Blue Eyes
Crystal & bright as the sky
Permanent & Promising as the German language
Engraved in my father’s family forever
Impatient sunrises pass and fade
From vibrant oranges and reds
To yellows and blues
Ancestors never pass
Ancestors never fade
Ancestors run next to me
Growin’ Up

Jackson smitherman

“Life ain’t always easy, buddy”
Knowing that is part of growing up

“Think smarter, not harder”
Doing this is part of growing up

“Try to pay attention”
Seeing this is part of growing up

So now that I’m here,

why does nobody seem to realize it?

I realize there is only one constant in life

It is internet memes.
“Success”

Sammee Schirmer

Success
Defined by society
Not the individual
When were young were told
Stay in school
You'll be successful
A whole new idea of success approaches
College
Standardized testing
Spinning
Grades
Honor societies
Extracurriculars
Spinning
Our whole world is
Spinning
Spinning
Spinning
Until we stopped
By the thought
That societies tongue has stopped ours
Our judgement soon begins to cloud
And were blinded
By the amount of followers
And likes on our recent picture
Success
Is now defined
By the commas in our bank account
Degrees were granted
And “things” we have acquired
By a
White picket fence
Perfect marriage
2 kids
With college funds for their 18th birthday gift
But with these funds comes a coloring page
From yours truly
Society
The note reads
Do what I have always taught you
Color inside the lines
Brainwashed.
We all conform so easily
Like water taking shape
To a perfect mold
I will not conform
I will not be defined by society's level of success
My level of success
Will not be money made
Or college debts
O me success is different
Being a good friend when you have nothing to offer
Having an open mind
Broadening horizons
Bonding with my intuition
Being better than I was yesterday
Feeling no obligations
To follow
A path
Most travel
I will be successful
By bringing what I have to offer society
My own coloring page
With no lines on it
There are seven billion different ideas of success
Choose yours
Don’t Forget
By: Holly Kerr

Moments are faded ink written in the journal of my past
As they die away, the future comes too fast
My emotions opened out of their cage
Releasing the love, the disappointment,
Excitement and rage

This is where the memories flee
The ones that lingered like the breath
Of coffee

Till forgetfulness was added
Instead of sugar over time
In wait like dormant ghosts
That walk through the walls of my mind
As far as the eternal stretch of the beach
Till the sand is washed away to the oblivion
And completely out of reach

So the future is in focus and the
Past is left behind
Memories and faded dreams
Are left to fester and remind
A decade becomes a moment
A moment becomes a lifetime

This is where memories live
Trapped in time like restless ghosts
That walk through the walls and haunt the halls
Of the lives that we have chose
The Tallest Throne
By: Morgan Hughes
The tallest throne is in my memory
A leather saddle
A cold embrace
Hot coals in my boots
Wind in my face
But I’m sitting still
I see the ground
Dust far below
I dare not move
Far
Bellow
So
Very
Far
I feel the warm sun on my face
A soft hand from below
A gentle voice
Holding me
Steady
Off in a moment
The ground so near
I can barely hear
The voices calling
Telling me I’ll be safe
On the cold leather throne
snowflakes fell dancing slowly on my clothes,
huddled in the crook of my neck
i can only feel the warmth of the air
leaving your nose.
lifting my head
my eyes merely said
every word i would have ever wrote
to describe how your
fingertips tasted like sugar cubes
and how we often still made sand castles with
sleep still engraved in our eyes
with the moisture withdrawn from our lips.
we got lost under our covers
on top of the mountains
during summers
when we created maps
on top of every gap
of clean skin
we painted our bodies
to look like houses
so in eachothers arms
we knew we were always
home.
Illustrated poem

The break-up

I’d take a shot for you

Everything we did

Everything we once was in our relationship

Thought i’d never see the day

Where it’s my heart thats breaking

I should've known, i mean ?

You’d switch up on me

I felt it coming

But chose to ignore it

I lay at night wondering why things change

But things change

And there isn’t really much you can do about it

So i guess this is it

My final words

I really do wish the best for you

Even if it hurts

Don’t act like you don’t care

Because i promise you

You won’t dare to forget my name

When you were alone i always came
I want bad things to happen to you

But i care way too much to let your days rain
In order to be wise
You must first be
Knowledgeable
Mindful
Powerful and
Kind
You must first conquer your
Demons and thus you
Will find Peace and harmony
Within yourself.
Only then will you achieve the
Level of encouraging others
To your cause.

Wisdom
The Golden Days

We used to count the thunderstorms

1

2

3

CRASH!

That means the storm is three miles away!

My Dad and I sat on the swing,

Watching the purple and green tumble in,

Like a drunk falling off his stool.

The rain kissed my cheeks

And the wind chilled my teeth.

We used to play pirates.

Unguard!

Scalliewag!

Bootstrap Bub!

My brother and I would
Waste hours in that lot,
So many things to see,
So many forts to make.
We played like birds in the spring,
Chittering between branches,
Teasing Gravity.

My mom trudged slowly with our dog,
And I rode next to her
It stayed like that for two miles.
When we got home
The dog laid down and we dove in.
The heat finally won,
We leapt into the creek,
Fully clothed.
When I popped up
The water would evaporate,
And salt crystals would freckle my cheeks,
Like sprinkles on a frosted cake.

We used to watch the thunderstorms,
Make forts,
Swim in the creek,
Back in the golden days,
When the sun walked across every inch of my sky,
And laughter fell like rain in a summer shower.
My days weren’t counted
And the love held me like
Sleep hugs the dreamer.

- Rachel Ruth
Alliteration poem
By: John Bell

Dear Dad I wanted to
Thank you for not being in
My life. You missed out on some great memories,
But know my journey is over with you.
I’ve been blessed with so many
Things that someone like you could
Never provide and for that am
Over you!
I Am Glad that you hardly Exist in
My life, I hope you’re doing horrible
And Realize that I’m much
More of a man
Then you’ll will
Ever be.