

Quarantine Poetry

A Gift of Joy and Laughter
From Mead School's Poetry Workshop
To You
March - June 2020

Syllabic Poems

Syllabic poems are poems measured by the number of syllables. Haikus are syllabic poems, for instance.

HAIKU – Haiku poems are early Japanese poetry that originated with the introduction of writing in Chinese characters, most likely in the fifth century, A.D. In the Japanese tradition, the poems were often sung and had a pattern of dance gestures.

Topics common to haiku poetry include: nature, ceremonies, friends and acquaintances, beauty, love, and death.

A haiku poem consists of 17 syllables written in three lines with a 5-7-5 syllable pattern.

Variations include the:

SENRYU – same as haiku but the topics are about politics, social satire, or irony.

TANKA – 31 syllables in a five line pattern of 5-7-5-7-7 syllables.

CINQUAIN – 22 syllables in a five line pattern of 2-4-6-8-2 syllables.

Jade Moore

Senryu: What now?

Fire alarm rings

In case of fire. But what

If *it* is on fire?

Haiku: I love spring

I stand with the flowers

Then my allergies greet us

I really hate spring.

Austin Shapiro

A little birdy
Starts flying around the house
Cat sees little bird
Kitty jumps into the sky
Birdy goes bye bye, munch munch

Smack, smack, smack, pillow!
I hit and hit and beat you with fluff
Feathers everywhere
The bedroom becomes covered
The floor is turned to whiteness

Now I own Boardwalk
And I have Park Place, as well
That's thirty-five grand

Feed me!
Just give me food!
I've been nothing but good
Hey human up there, I'm talking!
Meow meow!

A small little frog
Sitting right next to a dog
In the creepy fog

Rain, rain, go away
Please don't come back any day
I really hate you

The quick brown fox jumps
Over the lazy hobo
Haha I got ya!

India Smith

the rich measured by
not the amount of money,
but rather, the greed

Eliza Raben

Staring at the screen
I can't think of anything to write
Hey, a senryu!

Lightning flashes white
Thunder roars its fury to the world
The storm keeps me awake

Manholes
They are dangers
To society. I slipped
On a wet one and it was very
Painful.

I am very confused
I haven't charged my headphones
In a week, so how
The heck are they still working?
Are batteries infinite?

Kyle Motill

A dear in the woods
A very breathtaking sight
But the black wolf lurks

peaceful water flows
The black bear bobbing for fish
Finally a catch

Good night dad, good night
monsters lurk under the bed
Waiting for the sleep

A Dark gray racoon
Its looking for food waiting
Then it jumps to trash

James Johansen

Senryu

Brazil Nuts irk me

All they do is take up space

And they taste like dirt

Tanka

Jackson has a cat

That cat has a tiny hat

But the cat is fat

The hat doesn't fit the cat

Jackson has a big problem

Cinquain

Hello

My name is Bob

Bob is short for Robert

Robert is bigger than Bob is

Pizza

Senryu

Zap Pow Boom Crack Crash

Onomatopoeia

It's what I'm good at

Tanka

Jackson has a fish

Fish can make lots of wishes

But this fish can not

Jackson's fat cat ate the fish

Jackson's cat is very happy

Cinquain

Jackson

The teeny bird

The teeny bird eaten

The teeny bird meal by the cat

Full cat

Lila Swartz

Vanilla Fudge Chip Cinquain

Freezer,
I dig deep down,
The ice cream is hidden,
My mom thinks she can hide it,
Found it.

Thunder and Lightning Tanka

Thunder and lightning
So loud, scary, so frightening
Thunder and lightning
The lightning lights up my room,
Every once in a while now

Dishes Haiku

Dishes pile up,
And they keep piling up,
Now I am so full.

Swinging my Chair Cinquain

I swing,
I swing my chair,
I swing my chair so much,
I swing my chair so much more now,
I'm bored...

“How was school?” Senryu

How was school, honey?
My mother asks, I answer,
How was work, sweetie?

Elyannah Valenton

Quarantine Cinquain

Hard times

Only trouble

There is still a good side

Staying with pets and family

Inside

Was Going To Do A Puzzle Tanka

Starry Night puzzle

The box finally opened

A thousand pieces

Needed a platform to start

She went to go buy pillows

Lampshade Haiku

There is a lampshade

The lampshade is on my head

The lamp fell on me

Clay Marigold Haiku

The clay marigold

Frozen there but looks alive

Small yet it still thrives

Sawyer Young

Cold breezes

The cold wind outside
Brushing against my
window
For a quick moment
Then it is quiet, silent
As I wait for the next

A Book

A book
Filled with unknown
Waiting to be opened
Filled up with stories
and magic
Through words

A tree

A green sprout falls down
It grows into a large tree
Now it gives the life

Camryn Schneberger

Thunder- Cinquain

Thunder booms

Then rain comes next

Thunder getting much louder

Then lightning

Sticky Notes- Tanka

Sticky notes are cool

They are all over my desk

I have pencils too

Shells are also on my desk

Sticky notes pencils and shells

Pillow- Haiku

I have a pillow

like to sleep on my pillow

Pillows are the best

In Poetry Workshop, we go off-topic with ease, and so began our photo contests.

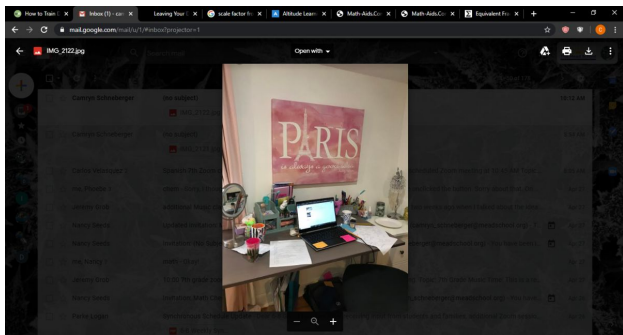
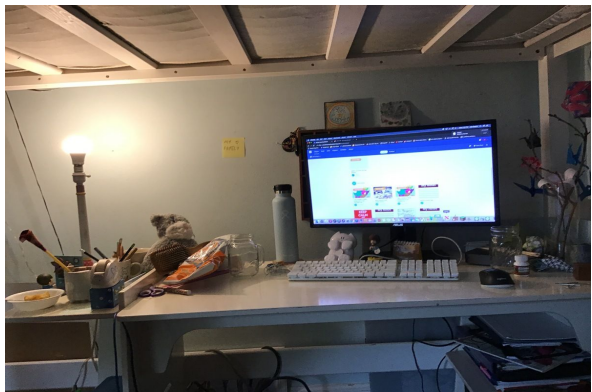
The first category was . . .

What's Beyond Your Screen?

Or

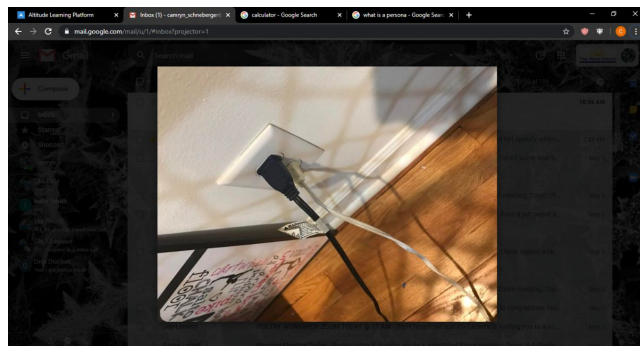
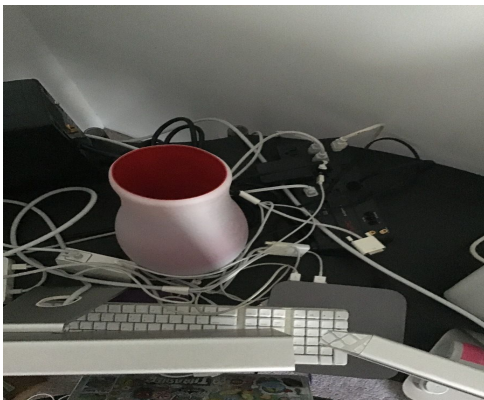
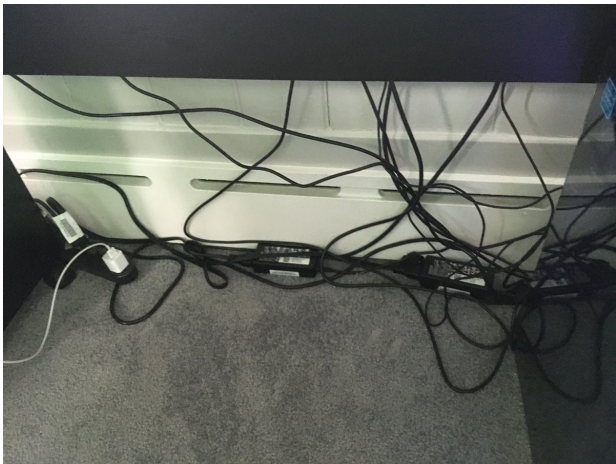
Who had the messiest desk?

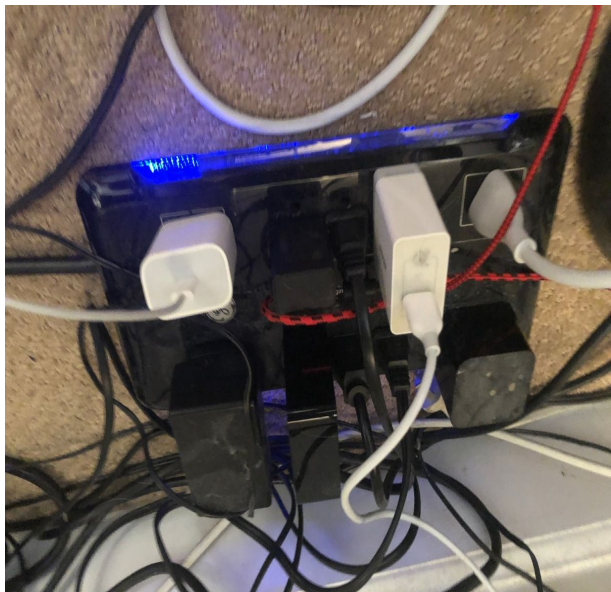
Aka How are you surviving the quarantine?





Who has the messiest outlets?





Persona Poems

For the purposes of this workshop, we defined Persona Poems as poems written from the perspective of an inanimate object or a fairy tale character or an animal (not your own) or a fictional character.

Connor Flood: The TS9

I love my job
I get to scream all the time
All the time
Into these huge boxes with speakers
I'm a little worried for my owner's hearing
But who cares
Its rock and roll
And my job is too make the sound overdriven and good
Full of juicy delicious saturation
And my other friends who affect the sound
They all love to do their things too
Such as manipulating the sound i scream into liquid flows
Or producing the echoes that make a sound huge
But in the end
The one thing that always stays the same
Is that i get to scream all day and all night
In front of thousands of people
Every night
With all my best friends
I love my job

Elyannah Valenton

A Typewriter's Life

I am a typewriter
Everyday, I roll around a piece of paper
The writer clicks on me hard
And I smack the paper
Just to put words on it
One click at a time
But when my ribbon is dry
They slowly take me apart
Just to put a new one in
And then
Smacking the paper again
One click at a time
I am a typewriter

The Life Of Binoculars

I'm just a normal set of binoculars
I can see as far as I need
It may be a little suspicious
Don't worry, I mostly look at nature
Sure, my life seems simple
Many times I see too much
Many times I see too much
I look again to stare at the birds
But to see is my only job
All I do is look at the world

Lila Swartz

COVID-19 Supermarket

So many empty shelves

My floors trampled

Why are there lines outside?

Why are there limits on how many food items you can take?

I want more shoppers.

I wish people were inside instead of outside waiting

How can I tell whether someone is robbing me or being safe?

I am offended by the hand sanitizer by the doors

Are my products not clean?

Why are people following these yellow arrows on my floors?

What do they do?

Can someone tell me what is going on?

Why are my guests keeping their distance?

Why are the cashiers shielding themselves?

Why are people stocking up on certain things?

Why do people need so much toilet paper, soap, and hand sanitizer?

This makes no sense.

Is this my new reality???

Camryn Schneberger

Hand Sanitizer

Hand Sanitizer

I am filled with smell

During quarantine I have gotten used a lot

Like never before

I help people to not get sick

I have never been so used up

It is a good thing

And a bad thing

What will happen after quarantine

Will I still be used

I'm not so sure

The Bored Tennis Ball

I'm so bored!
I'm just sitting here in a can.
Ooh look! Two people are
coming!
They're picking up the can.
Opening the top.

Wait, noooo!
I forgot that they hit me with
racquets!
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Austin Shapiro

The Angry Thermostat

Okay, I can change the temperature for you.
Just push this button right here.
Oh, alright now he wants to change it, too.
He can just push the button.
Now she's coming back?!

Oh my God!
Just make up your mind on a temperature, already!
You've been doing this for hours!
Stop changing me!
Why can old people never agree?

I wonder, if I turn off, will they stop?
Here goes! It worked!
Oh never mind.
Now he's just slapping me.

The Mafia Gong

When will they let me out?
I've been trapped in this tiny space for a week.
Maybe I can escape.
No...no no no! I heard them say may we please have the gong!
I hear their footsteps.

They're opening the door.
Noooo nooooo! Let me go!
No not the mallet!
I'm sorry I'm sorry! I just need a little more time to pay.
But they don't care.
He starts beating me with a mallet.

Why the heck are you all silently clapping!?
He just beat me with a hammer!

Sawyer Young

Window

You always look to me
I feel so special
It is an amazing feeling
But then I realize
To you, i'm only a gap in the wall
Only there for you to see
what's behind me,
And not to see me...

Book

You open me up
You read my many chapters
But then you leave me
Never to be reread again
I feel alone and rejected
But then I realize
The Library will always have
Another person to read me

Pillow

I love when we snuggle
You hold me in bed
We fall asleep together
We cuddle when you need to work
We cuddle when you are tired
We cuddle when you want a friend
I love to be a pillow
Except during pillow fights

Eliza Raben

Computer

I am being abused.

I can tell you anything you want

Just by typing a keyword and pressing “enter”.

Family tree of King Charles II?

Easy.

Signs that a dog is stressed?

I got you.

Fish that live in the Nile river?

Nile perch, barbel, water leopards, and boliti, among others.

See?

I can tell you absolutely anything.

But what do you use me for?

Images of weapons of mass destruction.

I must say, you have some... *interesting* side projects.

But I don't think I was intended to bring up pictures of catfish mermaids for you.

James Johansen

My Story
By the Printer

All I do is spit up, spit up, spit up, and spit up
But I never get fed
The scanner always gets food
You feed me every 2 Months!
Hey there is a pile of food above me!
YO,
Doggie
Fetch the paper
Gah, Doggie, I can't spit up any more!
Wait a minute? The human will come because I can't spit up!
Yippee
When the human comes he will realize that
I NEED FOOD!
Here the human comes now!
Crunch
That was a good lunch
Ok
Have a good day

Good Dog

Man, I am hungry
I wonder when that
Fat cat will stop eating my
food
I just saved the printer and
now Jackson won't feed me
Maybe I should just eat the
cat
That would be nice
Hey,
What's Jackson doing?
He is going on the computer
He is looking up "why is my
dog so skinny"
I wonder what that means
Hey printer.
Tell computer to go to
notarealwebsite.com
And order 3,000 pounds
Of dog food

India Smith

Driver's Manual

I sit *all day* in your glove box

Waiting for you to take even a short skim.

But, no

It takes effort to find what you want, rather than Google

I'm grateful for your tips though,

That you so thoughtlessly deposit into one of my chapters.

I am not a one story book.

I'm here to guide you

I'll have to wait until you're older

Jade Moore

Pick me!

Pick me! I have marshmallows!

No, pick me! Lucky Charms are unhealthy!

Raisin Bran is gross! Pick me!

Now guys calm---

Be quiet Cocoa Pebbles. No one cares.

I have to agree with Cheerios. You rank on the Raisin Bran level. Eww.

You are totally biased, Fruity Pebbles.

Oh great. The person is gone.

It's all your fault Lucky Charms!

What?! You mean it's Cocoa Pebbles' fault, surely!

What did I do?! I tr to *stop* the fight! I blame Fruity Pebbles!

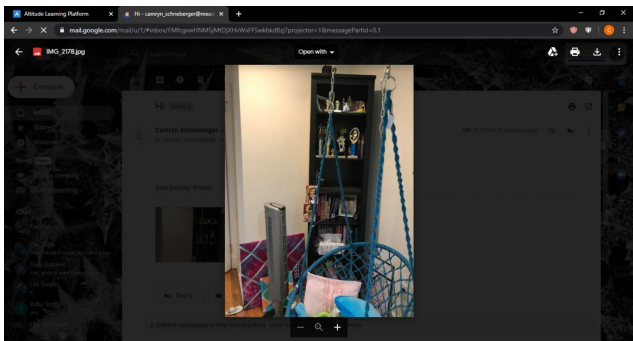
You're just upset 'cause I'm better and you know it.

Am not!

Are too!

Am not!..

Who has the messiest bookcase?





Love Between Inanimate Objects

This topic was inspired by a spoken-word poet, Sarah Kay, who wrote a poem about the romance between a toothbrush and a bicycle tire. You can see it on YouTube! Since we had been working on persona poems, we decided to give it a try.

James Johansen

To the Mouse in the Room Next Door

One click rules the world
You are a great hold to the hand
If only I was human and could hold you the same
That little light is so annoying
So blinding compared to my matte color
If only I could scribble over it
I could see you better

Usually I am permanent but you have made me washable
You broke my heart when you married the keyboard
But my love will always stay even when I dry up
We were best friends for 7 days on your desk
Until I went back to the drawer
I will never forget the way you click
I thought I stained me into your head
But you didn't care about me
You just cleaned my marks off
Or at least tried to
Either way you weren't affected
You always liked the way the keyboard clicked more

Your drawing on the computer screen was
so fascinating.
You could draw a perfect circle
You are so much better than me
But you ignore me to continue hanging out
on Paint 3D

I will go back to my pencil friends but I will
always have a permanent recollection of
you

Signed,
The Sharpie

Eliza Raben

Love Between a Post-It and a Computer

They say that you are capricious and unreliable.
One minute you are alive and throbbing with warmth,
The next you've completely shut down
And it seems nothing can wake you up.

But I promise, I'll stick with you.

I don't know how to win your heart.
You are always off connecting with Bluetooth Headphones
And they say that Plug is sometimes the only thing keeping you alive

And I am nothing but an annoying nag,
Forever telling you to take out the trash or walk the dog.

But I swear that one day I'll figure out the password to your heart.

Austin Shapiro

Love Between a Cat Toy and a Pencil

Everyone says you're just a thing for cats to beat on.

For them to get their energy out.

But I can see through that.

You are patient, you are tough.

All the other pencils say that you will just bring me to my snapping,
but I know you won't.

They think you'd shove me in front, so the cat will eat me not you.

They are wrong.

You would not let that happen.

They say the cat will get me dirty.

Bite me and scratch me up.

But you will always help me, not throw me to the cats.

Lila Swartz

The spatula asks the mug on a date

Hey, yeah you

Uh huh, I see you over there.

I admire your shineyness

So fragile.

And I hate it when you get thrown into the dishwasher

But when you come out, oh you look so beautiful

I never get used.

Just laying here waiting to flip a pancake or something.

I miss the days when the kitchen wasn't renovated and we used to sit next to each other.

On the same shelf...

Anyways, I was wondering if we could have a picnic together sometime.

And both get chosen to go into the basket.

And the sun reflecting off of you.

So beautiful...

Love the Spatula <3

India Smith

The Curtain and The Tree

I have watched you soak up sun for months, while I float by the window

Waiting for the day I finally can drop from the rods that hold me up

I know you're surrounded by dirty, unkept flowers

You deserve better.

I'm a freshly ironed linen curtain, I have *never* touched the ground

We both are for decoration but I'll never treat you like only ornamental

The lengths I'll go for you, from bedroom to front lawn

It's not easy.

I'll adapt to any new surroundings you plot yourself in,

No matter how deep the hole is.

I'll wait until the day is here.

Sincerely,

Curtain

Connor Flood

The Bow & The Guitar

That bow, I love it
That dang violin steals all its attention
Why won't it hang with me
I'm tired of picks pounding on me, I'm sick and tired of it
My strings hurt and my body's covered in scratches & other marks from it
Human fingers are a bit softer
But i rarely get those
But that bow feels light as a feather
It lets me sing for so long
It won't quickly shut me up, for it lets me live it out
Nobody wants us to be together
But we should be
It's better for me
I love the bow

Camryn Schneberger

Love between a cup and a picture frame

I was just a cup until you arrived
You have brought me such joy and happiness
When you are hung up on the wall it makes me happy
I love it when we are stuck together in storage
You have been my best friend
But I feel a little more
Even though I am dusty and dirty, I would hope that you love me
Please be with me forever and spend the rest of your life with me
Thank you for all of the good times we have had
I am about to get thrown out because people are cleaning the storage out
But just know how much I care about you
And how much fun we've had together
Now I must go
So goodbye

Jade Moore

Water to a phone

They were shocked when I revealed my feelings

They said I would hurt you

But our love is electric

Simple chemistry

But you leave me after just one embrace

You leave me

Everytime

For that stupid rice

Tell me now

Am I not good enough?!

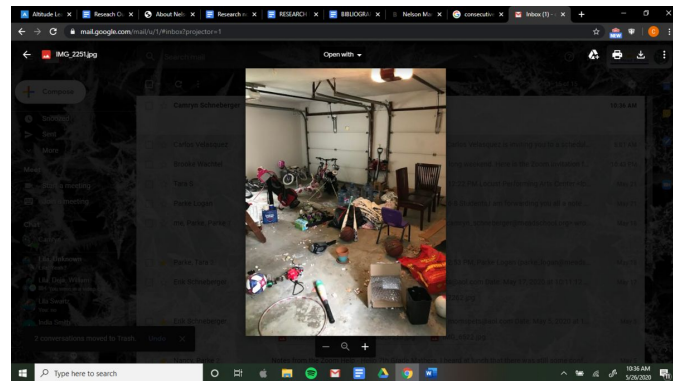
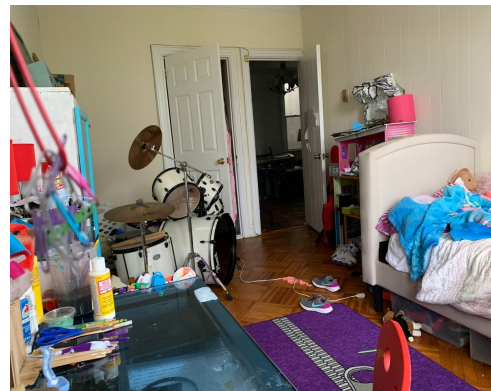
Confused, water.

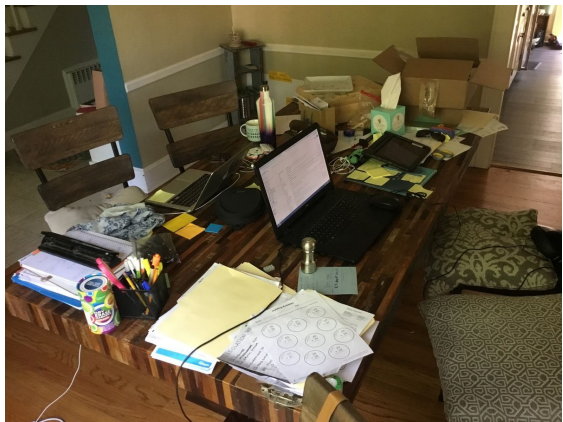
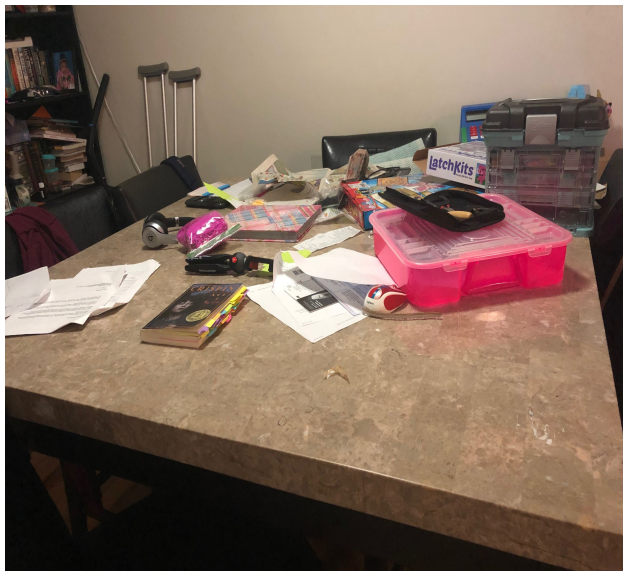
Elyannah Valenton

The Paintbrush in Love with the Clay

Two different art materials
I am a paintbrush that pulls colors around
You were clay-
You could shape into things of imagination
Thinking we'd never meet
Until you rolled by
Clay, you may be sculpted into fantastic things
But you had shaped my heart
Every time you visited my water cup
I'd spin around
I saw you next to a needle
Another art material
My bristles dropped
And I froze
But I saw you needed surgery
The day came where you couldn't move
And you were thrown away
My heart was broken
And I never loved again

What is the messiest space in your home?





Now, go write a poem!