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By: Javiara L

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

Contact: 400@wsd3.org

Teacher Contact: coopermarissa@wsd3.org

# Love..

By: Adalynn O

They tell us to shine.

Be different from the others.

But when we show our true colorful selves they turn on us.

We should love who we want to.

Love comes in many shapes and sizes, but we should all be colorful if we so feel.

Hate Hate Hate Hate  
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By: Adalynn O

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

Contact:

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)

You are someone that respects other people.  
Are you the type of person who would do bad things?  
The reason you are here is because of you.  
Ruler is you because you are a person.  
Of afraid of things in the dark.  
You're the type of person who cries, it is ok.  
Own up to your lies.  
World is great.

By: Stephen W

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

Contact.

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)



He's an enemy of the fire.  
He's an expert blower  
and a hat thrower .

He shakes people along-  
speaks without a mouth  
and hears with no ears-  
moves eyes like waves  
And refuses to behave



Nevaeh E.  
8th grade

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I sat in the grass  
starring up at midnight stars  
Twinkling down at me

# Mirror

By: Emery Wright

Poem	poem poem poem poem poem	poem
Poem		poem
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Poem		poem
Poem	you	poem
Poem		poem
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Poem poem poem poem poem		poem

We have deep, complex, and confusing lives. So you are the poem.

By: Emery W.

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

**Contact:**

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)

I just wanna skate.  
Will you do it with me?  
We can skate on the bright concrete  
Or skate on the moon.  
Tugging my shirt while you fall off your skates.  
Feeling my body fall with yours.  
We can skate on the long summer nights  
Watching the sunset.  
Always meeting up at night,  
Watching you sneak out your window  
And that one time you fell out and i caught you  
And we looked into each other's eyes for a moment .  
I wonder if you will ever love me.  
I have always loved you but will you?  
You have always made me happy but have i made you happy  
All i can do is skate with you or without you  
If you leave me I don't know who I will be.

By: Maylee M

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

Contact: 509.326.1000

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)



# True power

The trees sway like the waves on the ocean

Life surrounds my soul, encasing it as a sense of peace

I wander through this forest knowing everything should be fine

The waves were crawling gently to the shore.

As I saw the beauty that lay before me I feel a sense of inspiration

The flame in my soul was just as equal as the fire that dominates in front of me

Filled with passion, Filled with hope, this makes people strong

And that beautiful breeze that powers the fire is what made me understand.

Understand that beauty can be anything that shows true use

By: JaVyn T

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

Contact: +

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)



# Ruptured

What happens to a broken book?

Does it smell foul

Like a musty attic?

Or smell sweet like a vacation beach

And then gather dust?

Does it shrivel up like a grape?

Or crack

Like a broken spine?

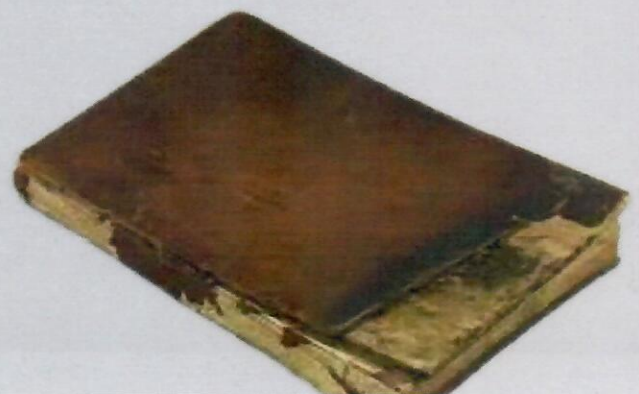
Maybe it just infilates

Like a sunflower bloom

Or does it *decay*?

By: Willow

C [redacted]





6<sup>th</sup>

Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

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## My Security Public Library's Annual Poetry Contest poem

1 message

Pixie N

Tue, Apr 19, 2022 at 11:19 AM

To: "spl@wsd3.org" <spl@wsd3.org>

March 5, 2020 Written By Pixie N

That dreaded day of 2020,  
It sure felt like it wasn't sunny.  
When Covid hit my home state,  
It was kind of all of our fate.  
I remember waking up, smiling at a new day,  
Then I went upstairs and heard my Dad say;  
There's a new disease in town,  
They say it's called Covid 19, he said it with a frown.  
I thought it was no big deal,  
But soon it became very very real.  
We were kept from leaving our home,  
I still remember what it felt like to not be able to roam.  
If only God, make it go away!  
I still pray this night and day.  
Only only only, but two years later, it hangs around.  
A vaccine, at least, they have finally found.  
My Dad says that Covid doesn't like us.  
But my Mom says that it just doesn't like what we do, the way we fuss.  
I just think it's like a wolf stalking a herd of buffalo.  
It picks out the weaker, the younger, the unguarded, the frail, and  
then it lets the others go.  
It chooses the most vulnerable,  
It takes our friends, our beloved, and it becomes insufferable.  
I try to look at the bright side,  
That families are together more, have time for a car ride.  
It all was a struggle, but I have gotten used to it,

And now I can say, for the last 2 years, I took every punch from Covid, and every single hit.

-Pixie N.  
Age 11, Gender Female



Rhyllie G

### Self esteem

No matter how hard you scream in a room full of people no one listens,  
as if their ears were deaf unless it's something that they want to hear.  
As if you were drowning in the words meant to make others feel better.  
as if you were the tissue used to wipe others tears but they didn't realize how many tears you  
have built up until it pops  
like a water balloon popping at a summer party you didn't go to because you made jokes about  
your body to make others laugh,  
but now you can even bear looking in to a piece of glass that's supposed to show you you  
but instead you see an ugly monster that perfectly fits your body in your own eyes.  
As if in your efforts to fit in with the jokes and belittling things you said about yourself just dug a  
whole so deep that once you feel in it feels as if you are now Alice but no wonderland.  
Hoping that you'll reach the bottom of self doubt you made for you but it seems endless.  
Screaming hoping someone, anyone could pull you out,  
but yet the people you thought loved you just stand by because they still can't hear your cries,  
your screams, your pleas for help.

Rhyllie G.  
1st/2nd category  
beo

# Motionless

By Madysen B... 8<sup>th</sup> grade

Contact info \ phone number - 719 -

This is paralysis -

Try as I might to break free, Only Forever lost  
Sleepless nights abstaining from the endless endeavor  
Vexatious days -

Let them be calm so I can sleep, these shadows have possessed  
Me to weep

Still asleep, the rise and fall of countless breaths

A palpitating heart through bloodless veins

A voice so delicate it jolted awake - a stranger visiting

They're these terrors so realistic I may never wake up...

It makes my blood run cold -

I can never go back -

I can never wake up -

I can't ever wake up -

Breathing in with no relief

The flashing lights, blinding, expanding -

Motionless with a numb feeling

I cannot explain the weight that keeps me grounded

Gasping for air, I did not resurface



Haiku - Morning Rise

By: Anani H.

A soft yellow slim

Peeks from the rolling hills far

Reminding you, smile



By: Anani H

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

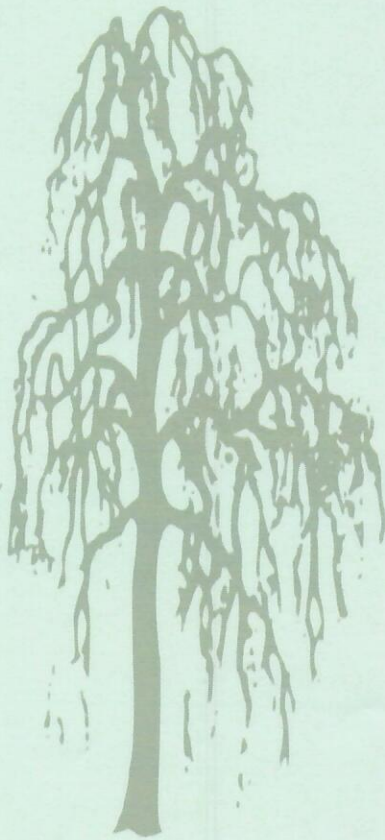
Contact:

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)

## Imitating Emily Dickinson poems

I glide through the sky  
Honey encoated  
Descending on a daisy  
Leaving pollen covered

- Erica Miller



My branches weep  
And sink down my face  
Onto the ground  
Leaving piles and piles

- Erica M.



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## Poetry Contest

2 messages

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ilwell  
to: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org> Sat, Apr 16, 2022 at 7:49 PM

Name: Aoife C.  
Age Group: 6th-8th  
Contact Information: Email- Phone Number.

Type: Sonnet  
Title: A Fragile Heart  
Poem:

I was told she was a beauty but there,  
I was told she was all happy but now.  
Never was I told she would give a glare,  
A lie they told me, I would not allow.

She is frail besides her dagger like eyes  
I believe she would not dare tell a lie  
Now as we part, we must say our goodbyes  
I wish to ask, but I need not pry

A different side we may not be shown  
What a greater lie we have all been told  
Something I was told, a secret unknown  
All believed she had a heart that was cold.

I believe her true self has been unleashed  
Now the chains fall, weight of the world released.

Sent from my T-Mobile 4G LTE Device

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Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>  
To:

Mon, Apr 18, 2022 at 9:14 AM

Thank you for your submission! Keep an eye out for winners in May!

[Quoted text hidden]



Afraid of what they'll say, so i push them away  
Everyday i cry, everyday i lie  
I'm scared you'll say im too young  
That I'm just trying to be trendy  
Yes, the moon has phases  
But what i feel is not a daze  
I can love who I want to  
I love who I've become  
Yes i changed my pronouns, yes i changed my name  
But I'm still your pirate, still your little princess  
I'm not a different person, i'm just more me  
Yes i go by she/they  
But i'm still the person u raised  
I still love going shopping, still love baking pie's  
I want stop with all these horrible lies

By: Nina R

Grade: 7th grader at Sproul Jr. High

Contact: [redacted]

Teacher Contact: [coopermarissa@wsd3.org](mailto:coopermarissa@wsd3.org)

# Party Doves

I watched as they gather  
Wondering what they chirp about  
I try to look away  
Yet I'm filled with doubt

They look look so jolly  
In their party hats  
"Come join us!" They say  
"Come party with us all day"

"Come join us!"  
"Come join us!"  
"Don't be afraid"

Then I donned a party hat  
And I partied all day



Mirxail ✓