

Name:	harmonie b
Email:	
Phone Number:	
Age:	14
Grade:	9

rain

it rained today
it was a soft rain
like butterflies on a happy day
and it was almost as if i was relieved of my pain

the rain calms me
it brings me never ending joy
its almost like it gives me this tranquil energy
i grow numb to emotion, but when it rains i let it deploy

the rain reminds me of the worlds sad sorrow
it is not just us who have the ability to feel
maybe it thinks of what will come of tomorrow
or maybe it has an achilles heel

today i was sane
for i saw the rain.

Name:Aeris Zi.

Age group:9th-12th

Contact information:

Growing older

Let me say this, I am getting older

Why is this happening to me?

It's happening to me because i am changing

My voice will change

My hair will turn gray

My body will stop working

We all get older

We all get jobs after finishing high school

We all still love anime and video games

Growing old is a part of life

When we get old, We'll be laying in our deathbeds and wishing to go back in time when we were young again

The feeling of being young feels nostalgic

Someday, We will all die

Jessie P.
Age group: 9-12th
7/19. 2020

That Girl

That girl in your class,
The one with good grades,
Who doesn't have to even try,
It seems she has it all.

That girl in your class,
The one who seems to have great friends,
Who smiles all the time,
It seems she has it all.

That girl in your class,
The one who always checks up on you,
Who says you can always count on her,
It seems she has it all.

That girl in your class,
The one who hides her body,
Who doesn't want you to see the lines,
It seems she has it all.

That girl in your class,
The one who likes to be alone
Who really struggles,
Who cries herself to sleep every night,
It seems she has it all.

That girl in your class,
The one with good grades,
Who doesn't have to even try,
It seems she has it all.

Complete your contact information.

Name: Oksana M _____
Email: _____
Phone Number: _____
Age: 15 _____
Grade: 9 _____

Choose ONE of the following poems to create. Follow the instructions for submitting your entry.

- ☐ **Spoken Word:** Youtube Link:

Record a video of
you performing or
speaking an
original poem.
Upload your video
to Youtube.

- ☐ **Blackout Poem:** Print this form and submit it with your original poem OR scan your blackout poem (JPG or PNG) and attach it here. OR scan as a PDF and attach the file when you submit this Doc.

- ☐ **Original Poem:**
Write an original
poem. There are
no rules for
devices, meter, or
rhyme.

When life is hard and becomes barred.
When there's no escape and you feel irate.
When you can't breathe and your lungs leave.
When you can't tell and you want to dispel.
All you can do is think,
As well as stare and blink.
They say ignorance is bliss,
But it really is a mess.

Name: Stephen S
Email: [redacted]
Phone Number: [redacted]
Age: 14
Grade: 9th

It's always seemed just out of my own reach
A mood I felt but never truly had
Though such a task from one I'd not beseech
From others' aid tis hard to be so sad
It's off and on but things I like will stale
Although there's passion I crave for anew
Perhaps even my own "self-freedom" trail
But something far so out in time isn't soon
To come into my life as less but nought
For now I sit and wait upon the floe
Of life, that sits inside my own deep thoughts
Tis carrying no thing beyond my hopes
The only thing I want from this long life
To feel some joy from all this painful strife

Tylah St...
9-12th

My Bedroom

My bedroom. A space where I feel myself in all that i am
can be so many things at once
You may not always be concrete, so neither will your feelings be
But what about the silence? Why is there silence in a room with such bright potential?
How come I am loud, but in my room,
My thoughts are louder than the ones I am able to speak of.

The silence is suffocating, but words are as flexible as feelings
Sometimes, the silence is comfortable.
It's consuming, and I allow my surroundings to consume me as well.
My bedsheets hold an imprint of everything I am
And all that I wish for
Yet I make my bed everyday

However, sometimes I prefer the chaos of noise
My mothers favorite movies can be heard just a room away
The rattle of my desk hitting the wall as I push my chair away from it
Getting up to turn on even more music

The low hum of the computer
goes well with the cordial smell of home
comforting quiet knows me well and
bliss can be a lonely silence where you feel safe,
But also candescent passion when you're with others you love

I share this experience with you
in hope of a mutual understanding
however, you may not be able to see
the way my door doesn't shut all the way
and make that little 'click'

Ghost of You

Every night I await the ghost of you.
Stories of the little girl sobbing through the window that I wish to see when I wake.
I know you hear my cries, my pleads.
Why you ignore me,
I'll never know.

I told you to be with me always,
to take any form,
to drive me mad,
to not leave me.
So where are you?
Where is the ghost of you?

You said that I killed you but can't you see
that you're killing me?
I knew that after losing you two words would comprehend my future,
death and hell,
and since you've been gone one of those has been true.
My life has been an everlasting hell.
Just holding on for the ghost of you.

Years have passed,
the leaves have changed,
our kids have grown.
Everyone moved on but here I am still awaiting the ghost of you.

Sharp words

Dull red and white colors
Stretched for millions of
Miles tears of sorrow
Flew through the air
Heartbreaking goodbyes
Cutting through the heart
Like a knife

Beauty in Sadness

Silent like the night
Massive at the sight
Growing till
It can't be controlled
Like a storm
Beautiful but destructive
Bringing life and pain
Killing in vain
Like the storm
The tears will fall
The actions go unchecked
And anger takes control
But after the storm
A calm will come
To bring the sun
And all will see
The beauty
In the sadness
The rainbow glows
The wind blows
And all is good
Like a storm
Find beauty
In sadness.

The Undetermined Tree

The rectangle tree
It swayed in the gentle wind
One says its free
With the bright orange sun piercing on the tree
But also one says..
Its alone
All the tiny branches droop
All of them droop
One says the tree is calm
Like a girl that is free
But..
One says the tree is alone
Like a dog who lost its big bone

Key

Imagery	
Repetition	
Alliteration	
Assonance	
Smile	



Written Poem Entry

4 messages

To: spl@wsd3.org

Sat, Apr 23, 2022 at 12:16 PM

She wasn't the conflagration she once was
but instead
a tamed domesticated
candle kept in the dark room of the house.
She still flickered brightness
but was contained and controlled.
She used to decimate forests and scorch the earth
but now she simply sits atop the shelf,
illuminating the room
for whatever wax and time she had left.
Being suffocated by the
dark emptiness that surrounds her.
Dripping wax drops like the ticking of a clock
counting down the minutes until
she is smothered by the void.

-Kloi F

This is a student email account monitored by Widefield School District.
The contents of this email are governed by state laws and the board
policies of the school district.

love you by nila m

love the admiration

love the adoration

love the you

love the thought

hearts of blue

hearts of you

hearts you knew

your eyes bling like diamonds

Smile as lovely as frost on a window pane

love your style

love that smile

love that you♥

Blood Shed Upon Sorrow

By Gabriel M.

As the sun sets in the west,
The wind begins to creep along the land
Which possesses the eerie and darkened soul of mankind.
Along the land,
There lies the withered souls
Which once cried out with joy,
Full of laughter,
Full of hope,
Full of excitement for the future that was to come.
Walk across the land and into the homes which once carried this joy.
See now the bodies that lie.
Their hearts broken and lost in the wind that holds the souls
Now forgotten and unknown.
Go out and peer around the corner to the gates of Hell upon Earth's burdened ground.
Walk in and see the mocking of Satan's work be fulfilled throughout this cold and bitter place.
Unknown by many,
Such innocent souls were charred from cries of joy once spoken,
To cries of abstruse pain.
Stand in the middle of this land,
And smell the unbearable odor of burning flesh taking control of the air above.
Cry after cry,
Soul after soul,
Each taken by the burning flames that burned through the night.
And while the flames cracked under their voices, pleading for an ending to awaken,

such voices grew louder on this dreary night.

A child,

So innocent and small,

Screams in fright as before her very eyes,

Her mother is taken by the flames,

crying out in terror of what's becoming known.

Next to this child,

See her brother who has become lifeless and motionless,

With no sign of hope as his little body grows still and cold.

As you gaze upon this,

Look further into the land to see the cracks of the ground,

Filled with the blood of the millions of souls tortured and torn.

See the walls of the buildings drenched with blood that once was touched by the lead of a bullet
as it encrypted its prey.

See the necks that lie along the concrete,

Lined with the encryptions of linen and straw,

Which carve out the streams of blood,

Trickling down to the land below.

With one last breath,

The heart begins to slow,

The wind begins to calm,

And the land now known

Lies in darkness,

Bringing these lost souls

To peace at once.

From the moment you spoke

By Lexy B

From the moment you spoke,
something connected in our minds and our souls.
I become consumed within all that is you-
and I only felt hatred.
Your arrogance and your pride was all that I saw
and I despised you.
The way you spoke and the way you carried yourself,
the way that you seem to push all of my buttons and you
The way you had all my nerves and senses on overload.
I go days feeling as if you are the only person in
this entire world, or my world in fact
and I can't get rid of you.
You to, feel the sting of the distaste
and yet,
we find ourselves near one another
like that of a moth to a flame.
The words that left your mouth that night run through my mind,
and like gravity
It has weighed me down.
It pulls me in every which direction and I cannot help but wonder
Why?
From that moment I have seemed to cause you so much agony.

But on the April afternoon,
your words struck me like the blow of a bomb.

"I love you"

I denied you and I left at once.
Your actions the day before stuck with me.
You had this gentleness upon you and you even let the happiness
spread across your face in the form of a smile,
and for a moment, I let myself really gaze upon you.

Time continued to pass and all I could seem to think about were those 3 words.
Then you went out of your way and you helped my sister.
I couldn't possibly seem to fathom why you would do this thing.
Weeks passed-
nothing else mattered to me but answering this question.

I saw you once more, and I was frozen.
Seeing you then gave me clarification.
I watched you leave and my heart left with you.

You took me with you and I couldn't do anything but have this animosity
towards myself.

How could I not chase after you and demand you stop?

In the early light of the morning, I walked with my thoughts-
and there you stood.

In all your glory, you walked towards me.

In that moment

Your pride and arrogance slipped away.

I no longer saw the surface- but much deeper than that.

I let myself look upon you once more-

my heart no longer held that hatred but mere adoration

My heart beat a million miles an hour

My skin had this tingle,

You told me if my feeling were the same as they had been,

You'd leave.

You would do that for me.

It was then that I too let the happiness spread through me
at the rate of a wildfire.

For you had truly bewitched me-
body and soul.

and I would forever more be yours.

Goodbye

By: Joyce R

Goodbye

The one word never wanted to be herd
She was gone like a bird
Everything happened so fast
I really wish it wasn't the true past
I want to rewrite every word
Erase all those events shouldn't have occurred
I was filled with emotions
Everything flowed out like oceans
I begged and begged for her back
But nothing happened it felt like an endless track
I look up and see her
It reminds me of how we once were
Her smiling face was like the sun
She was someone who was so fun

Goodbye

The one word never wanted to be herd
She was gone like a bird
Looking down I see you
All the time together flew
I close my eyes and still imagine your here
Like all that happened was just a fear
I hug all the items you gave to me close
Cause at this point its what I care about the most
I still cry wishing you where still around
But there is no proof to be found

Goodbye

The one word never wanted to be herd
She was gone like a bird
Something I never say
Even when it wat your last time lay
I cried my silent tears
Which felt like years and years
You will always be in my heart
No matter what part
I know you look at me
You see me being young wild and free

I used to hide all my books in my drawer

When I liked reading my book mark of choice was a card

I used to be forced to read but it was such a bore

Books can be like it's own adventure if you want to explore

When I started to grow up I got rid of my book in a discard

I used to love reading but I can't stand it anymore

I used to be forced to read but it was such a bore

Goodbye

The one word never wanted to be herd
She was gone like a bird
You should have been here
Graduation was so near
You left this world in a race
And now you left consequences for us to face
I still miss you

Goodbye

The one word never wanted to be herd
She was gone like a bird
I still think this is all a joke
In reality its just makes me feel broke
I refuse to say it
This one word bit by bit
One Day I will see you again
Until now goodbye my good friend

Original poem

Name: Joyce R

Email:

Phone Number:

Age: 18

Grade: 12