



Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

Riley Poem Entry

1 message

Riley S.

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

Thu, Apr 28, 2022 at 8:33 PM

For the ones living a safe and happy life, I give a respectful knod. For those living a life of risk and adventure I give a stern handshake. One filled with prideful acknowledgement and the other filled with Envious accomplishments. One a beginning to a paranoid motivation, while an end to a calm mind and body.

Strive for victory and embrace the loss

Brenna L

Adult

Blackout/Cutup

Unseen man peering through your knees.

Too weak to do anything about it.

Pretending you have a man's God-given right to fuck.

Sex positivity is radical, if only we cater to men enough.

Like if pretending I don't fear pleasure would in fact empower my grandmothers.

You cannot blame a man for trying.

From *You Can't Blame A Man for Trying: A Conversation on Youth, Girlhood, and Insidious Sexual Pressures* by Eleanor Persić.

And a passage from *The Robber Bride* by Margaret Atwood.

LET IT SUSTAIN, THE LOVE YOU SEE

HOW WONDERFUL, TO SEE YOUR FACE THROUGH THE PAIN
LYING HERE, STARING UP, WITH THE FALLING OF THE RAIN
THE DAY NOW DAWNING, BREAKING FORTH WITH LIGHT
KNOWING SOON THE END, NO MORE LEFT IN ME TO FIGHT
DESPERATE TO FINISH, GIVING MY ALL FOR WHAT IS TRUE
HOPING THESE LAST WORDS, FIND THERE WAY BACK TO YOU
WANTING YOU TO KNOW, I SEE LOVE WITH YOU IN MY LIFE
MY MISSION HERE, WILL BRING PEACE AMONG THE STRIFE

KNOW THE LAST THING I WILL EVER SEE
IS THE LOVE OTHERS HAVE FOR ME
WHEN I SEE YOU, I SEE LOVE
I SEE LOVE IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE
NOW I SEE LOVE FOR WHAT IT IS TO BE
AND THAT IS YOU FOREVER WITH ME

HAVING FELT LIKE I WAS WALKING IN DARKNESS
BUT NOW I SEE LOVE IN SMALL ACTS OF KINDNESS
HAVING BEEN TO THE MOUNTAINS THESE LAST DAYS
GAINING BACK NEW COURAGE IN RIGHTEOUS WAYS
STRUGGLING TO EMPTY MALICE FROM MY HEART
GIVING PEACE BEYOND MEASURE MORE OF A PART
THERE IN THE DARK, I FOUND WHAT WILL DEFINE ME
A SON SHINING, REVEALING WHAT I MAY TRULY BE

KNOW THE LAST THING I WILL EVER SEE
IS THE LOVE OTHERS HAVE FOR ME
WHEN I SEE YOU, I SEE LOVE
I SEE LOVE IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE
NOW I SEE LOVE FOR WHAT IT IS TO BE
AND THAT IS YOU FOREVER WITH ME

RETURNING HOME, NOT TO YOU, THIS MUCH IS PLAIN
AMAZING, OUR MEMORIES, WE WILL ALWAYS RETAIN
NOW REFLECTING BACK, THE TEARS BEGIN TO FLOW
YOUR LOVE WILL GO WITH ME, TIME STARTS TO SLOW
TELL LOVE ONES, THEY WERE MY SAVING GRACE HERE
WALKING THROUGH THE VALLEY, NO EVIL WILL I FEAR
THE MISSING WILL BE HARD, PRAY ALWAYS OVER ME
AS IT DID FOR ME, LET IT SUSTAIN, THE LOVE YOU SEE

Queen of the Mountain

(May 2020)

An aspen tree flutters
Wind gently caressing in a loving gesture of kinship
Delicate leaf dances
Bobbing in greeting of amiable friendship
Green to golden gracefully transition
From spring-washed youth to autumn's dignified acquisition
Of queenship of the mountain-
Slightly built but elegantly possessing
The strength and deference due a captain-
Queen of the mountain, the ruffling aspen-
Calmly commanding the wind-breath to quicken

MY UPMOST HEART'S DESIRE


By Priscilla Co

Seeking Your heart Lord
being still ~ waiting on You
desiring nothing more
than to match the
desires of Your
heart for
me

To be aligned with Your heart
aligned with Your will
aligned with Your plan
devoted to go
where You call
me to
go

To be faithful in pure reverence and awe
to bestow to You all I have
to love as You love
to give as You give
to be salt and light
to those around
me

Seeking Your heart Lord
will always be
my upmost heart's desire



I pull through
The clear blue waters
Releasing my stress

The tide comes in
The tide goes out
Taking me for the ride

The clouds above
Darken and fill
Release their pain on me

My mouth opens
My lungs fill
And I sink into the sea

-Lara T. [redacted]



Poety Contest

1 message

Sabrina M.

To: Sabrina M.

Tue, Apr 19, 2022 at 6:25 AM

Sabrina M.
Adult group

My Girls

My girls are beautiful little daisies
Growing fast and colorful and strong
Always dancing in the sunshine
Ready to take the world head on

Their smiles light up a room
No matter where they go
With all their love and innocence
They let the warmth flow

If you ever get to know them
I hope you realize how lucky you are
These little angels God has blessed me with
Are brighter than any star

The Sin of Bad Men

There once was a girl who suffered abuse by strangers and those she thought she loved
She couldn't comprehend why god would allow her pain and suffering again and again

The girl became a woman and the woman had a beautiful daughter
Still the abuse continued
So the woman prayed for a man who was gentle and kind
Soon her prayer was answered

The woman was blessed with another beautiful daughter but she could not escape her past
Though she no longer wept from her own abuse
She was consumed by fear for her daughters
No threats were in sight but she knew what bad men are like

The woman she prayed that her daughters be saved and never endure the same suffering
She pled and she begged god please keep them safe
I will gladly accept any abuse in their place

Little did the woman know god has already answered her prayer
Her daughters were safe and would not suffer the same fate

If given the choice the woman would suffer again to keep her girls safe from the sin of
bad men

Poetry Contest: Security Public Library
Adult category
Alma Arnold

Struggles and Triumphs of a Butterfly

Written by Alma Arnold

Oh! beautiful butterfly,
God's creation.

You became a
joyful sensation.

Reading about you
we are informed.

You struggle in a cocoon
and then transformed.

The changes you go through
are a real process.

Your perseverance brings
you flying success.

Yes, butterfly you
experience many things

And then finally
earn your pretty wings.

You burst forth
and then take flight.

Your 'Lift off' is
a triumphant sight!

We humans have a
"Cocoon of Life" to work through.

Thank you butterfly for
lessons learned from you.

To never give up, just
"Hang in there" is what to do.

Jeremiah Slade

He rode in to Santa Fe one summer day on a broken-down, sweaty nag.
All he owned was the clothes on his back and the Bible in his saddle bag.
He wore a suit of black, an old slouch hat, both so dusty and frayed.
He was an itinerant preacher man by the name of Jeremiah Slade.

Beneath his well-worn duds he wore a brace of pistols on his hips,
With the 'sinners' in towns he occasionally enjoyed a couple-a nips!
His District Superintendent took a very dim view of his associations,
Warnin' that it might lead him into very injudicious temptations!

He dismounted, hitched his hoss and brushed the dust from his suit,
And strolled to Clancy's Saloon, well-known as a house of ill-repute!
He sauntered up to the bar and pointed to a jug of whiskey on the shelf,
Sayin', "Bartend, hand me that bottle. I'll pour three-fingers fer myself!"

He leaned with his back to the bar surveyin' the riotous scene before him.
The debauchery he viewed indicated reapin' souls looked mighty grim,
But he drew his guns and hammered the butts on the bar fer attention!
"By Gawd!" he thundered, "I intend to clean up this place is my intention!"

With that the dancin', brawlin' and gamblin' came to an abrupt cease!
"Now, I want y'all to find Jesus and give each other the kiss of peace!"
Forty-two souls searched and found Him that day in Clancy's Saloon!
He praised the Lord, sayin', "That's a purty good haul and it ain't even noon!"

The new saints were shoutin' "Hallelujah!" and he roared, "Now hold on there!
I remind y'all I don't preach fer nothin' and if'n y'all would care to share,
I'll pass the hat and as Jesus said, 'Tis better to give than to receive!"
He gave some to the bartend, sayin' "Set 'em up!" With that he took his leave!

Robert L. H
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Adult