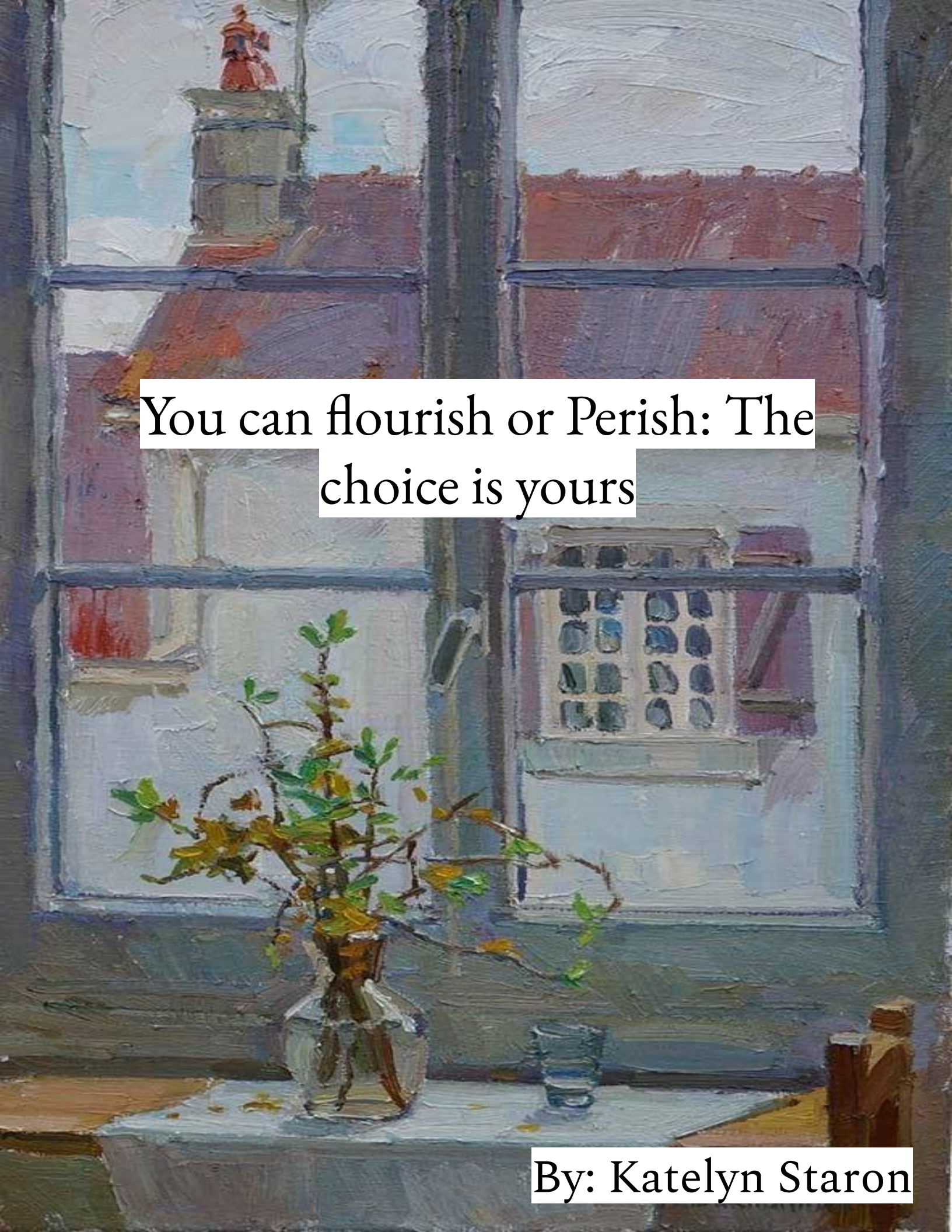


You can flourish or Perish: The choice is yours

By: Katelyn Staron

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Letter from the author

Dear Reader,

Enclosed you will find a collection of poems I have hand picked myself to share with you. These are just some of the many I have been working on all year. I decided to include these specific ones because they hold a lot of meaning to me. Writing poetry is the perfect way to express what you can't say or do not want to say out loud. It is an escape for the people who maybe would rafter hide what they are feeling rather than jump at the chance to talk about it. Poetry, to me, has always been very comforting- seeing other people write about what you might be going through is the best feeling in the world. You know when you read those words you have struggled with for so long that you are not alone. This is my chance to give you that feeling. All of my poems are written based on my life and all the feelings I have felt- good and bad. Enjoy my words and maybe they will make you feel less alone like others did for me.

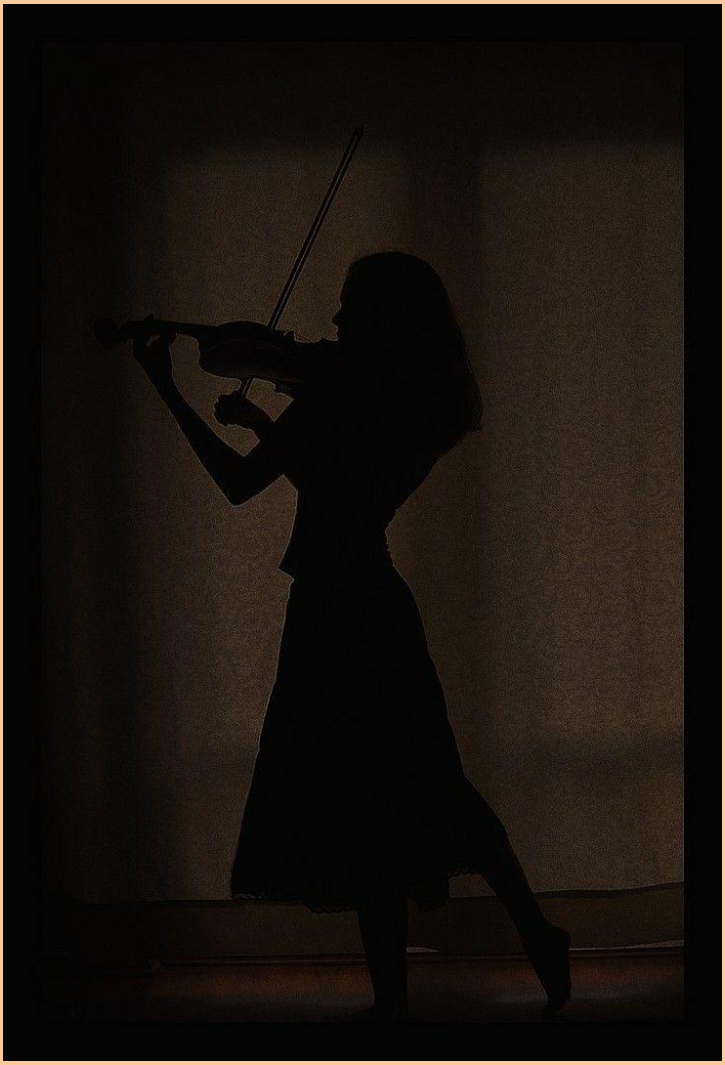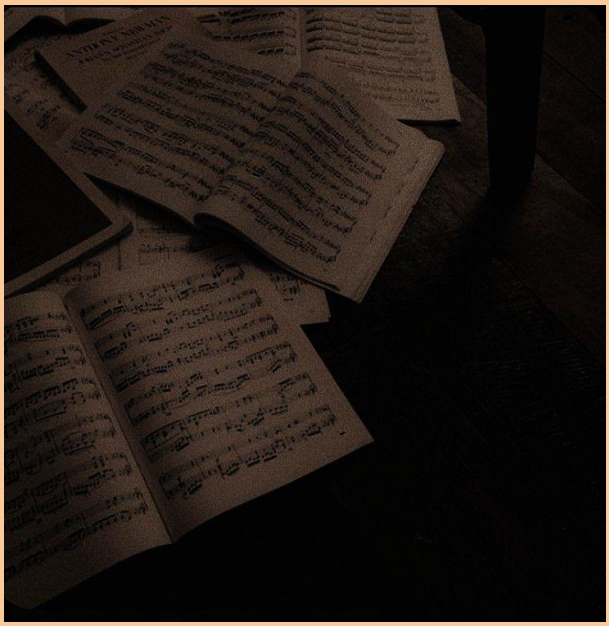


Sincerely,

Katelyn Staron



Introduction Poem
“Introduction to Music”





Introduction Poem
“Introduction to music”

I ask them to play a song

And listen to how it makes them feel

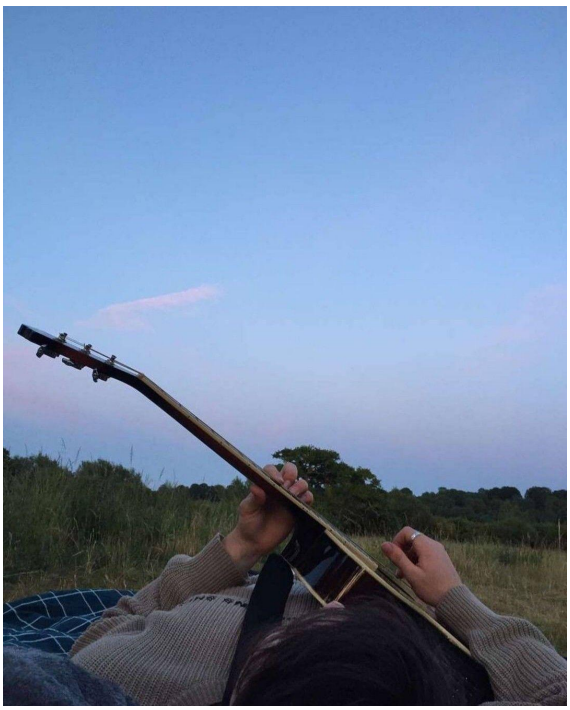
Or just listen to the beat that taps in their ears

I say play a scorpion a song and

watch how he softens his sting

Or walk in a field

And see how the flowers flourish at the sounds of a piano



I want them to dance

Around a huge stage

Just to feel how much lighter they are

But all they want is to sulk in their sadness

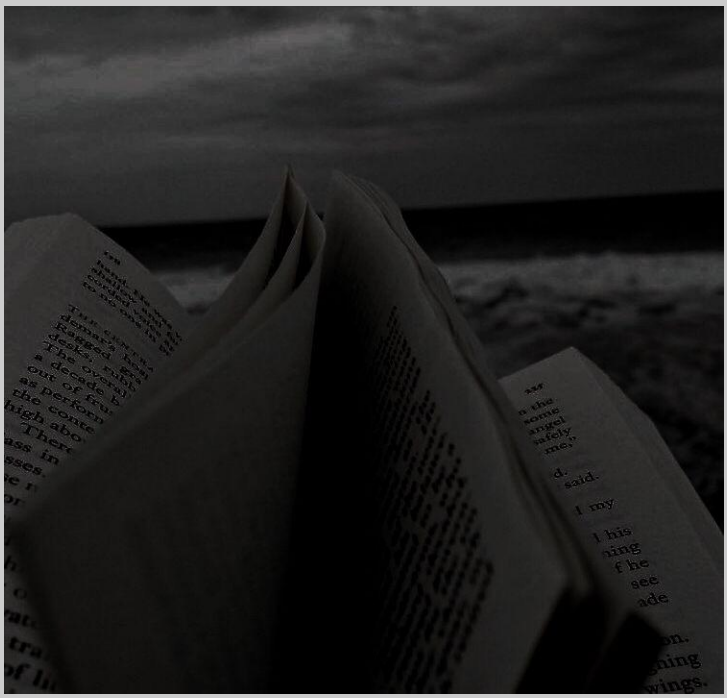
and not see how lyrics can change their lives

And bring them to a great happiness

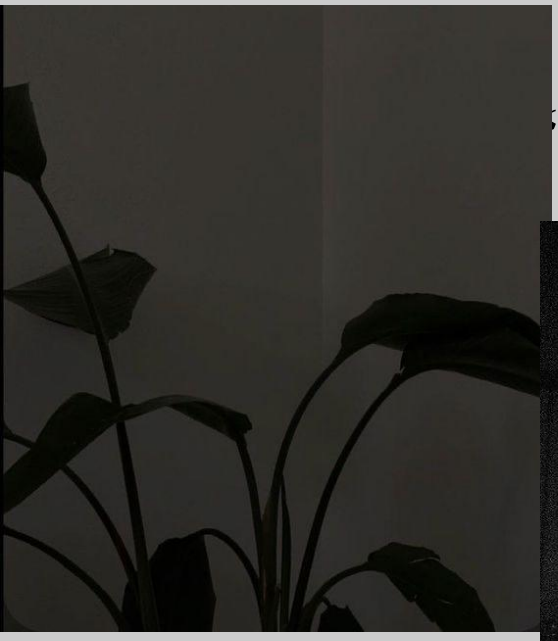
They begin suffocating it with silence

to try and find peace in something other than the words

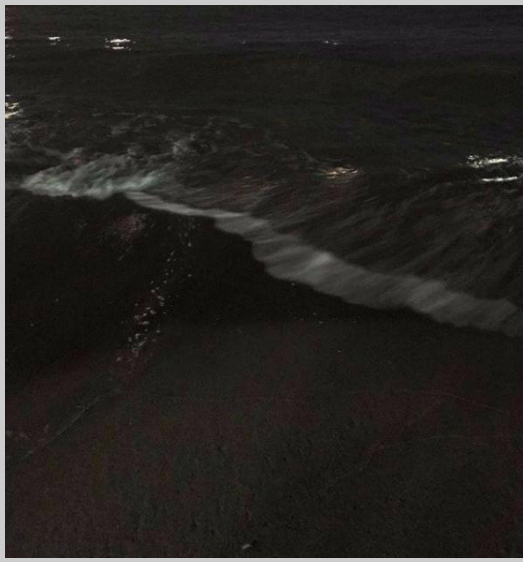


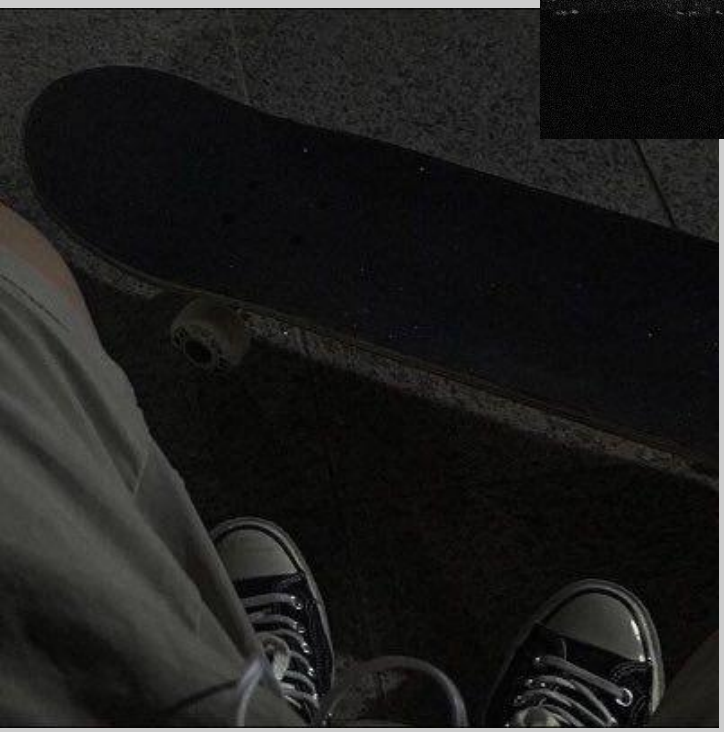


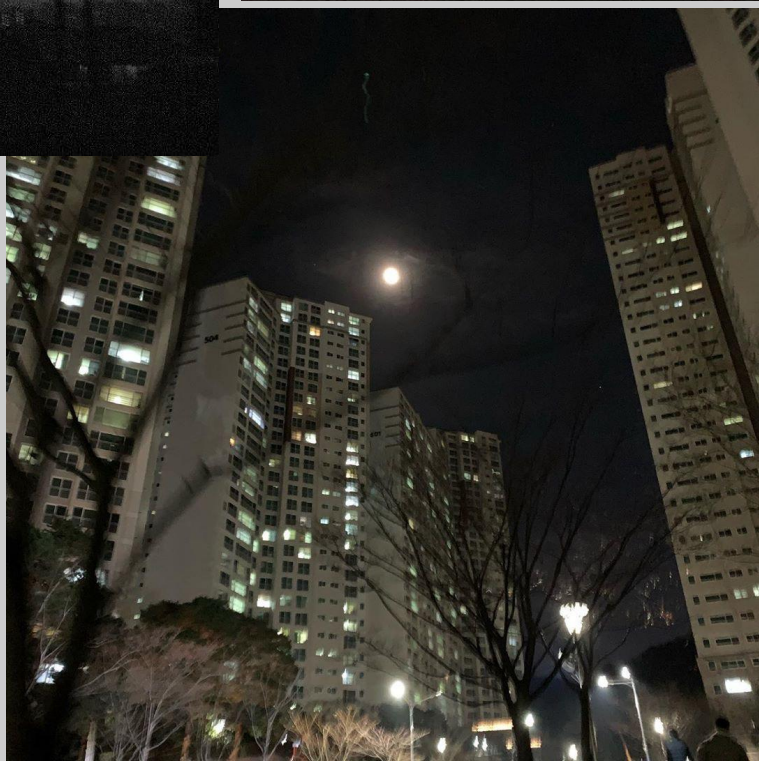
Blackout Poem
“Am I thriving?”





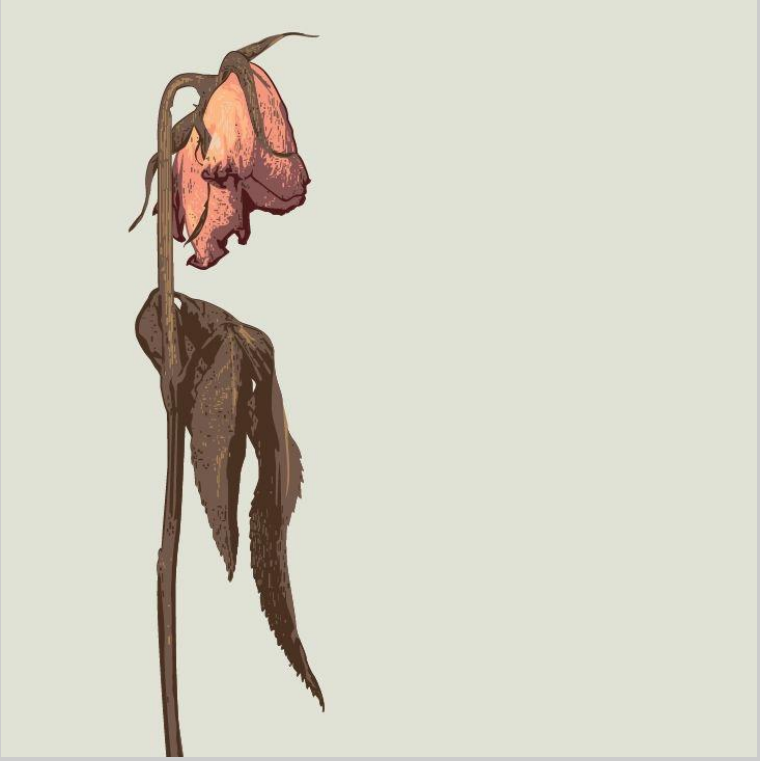






“Am I Thriving?”

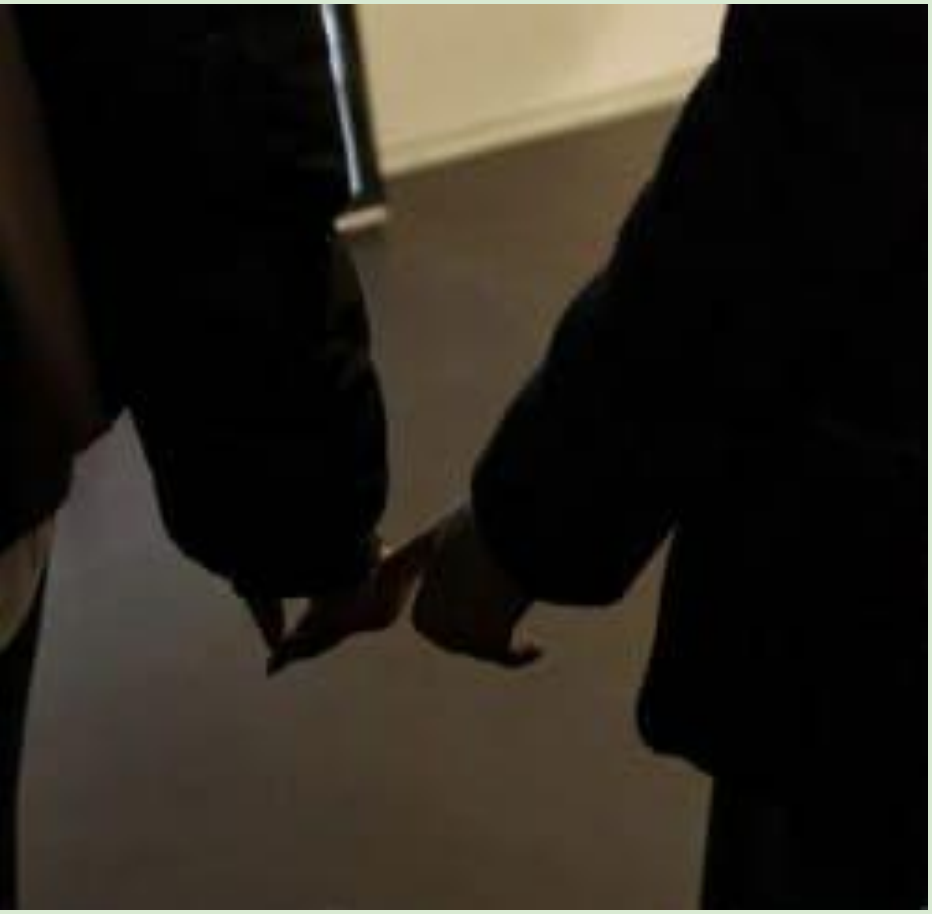
I [redacted] thrive [redacted] to accomplish [redacted] [redacted] people [redacted] often [redacted] have [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] decided [redacted] liking [redacted] thriving [redacted] and [redacted] have never been louder. [redacted] it seems [redacted] [redacted] people [redacted] already high [redacted] but they are continuing to thrive [redacted] laugh and scream [redacted] taste the smell of the doctor office air when i got my vaccine. Its sad [redacted] heaven is thriving [redacted] with [redacted] chaos.







Blitz Poem
“Sweet and Sour”





“Sweet and Sour”

Candy is sour
Candy is sweet
Sweet as pie
Sweet isn’t everything
Everything will change
Everything is removable
Removable people are bad
Removable relationships don’t last
Last night was rough
Last time was enough
Enough sorrow
Enough pain
Pain is temporary
Pain can last forever
Forever is a sweet con
Forever is a dream
Dream to be with you
Dream to runaway
Runaway from the madness
Run away from the hurt
Hurt my heart
Hurt my feelings
Feeling distraught
Feeling let down
Down the rabbit hole
Down in my mind
Mind you any compassion
Mind your attitude
Attitude changes a person
Attitude is a deal breaker
Break my soul
Break my worries
Worried about us
Worried about you
You started crying
You then started smiling
Smiling while you hide
Smiling to hide the fear
Fear I would be gone
Fear the whole thing would end
End to soon
End would never approach
Approach me gently
Approach me with love
Love is what keeps us sour
Sour love is bitter
Sour actions are mean
Mean face
Bitter words end what we have





Tapestry Poem
“Brave Bessie”



“Brave Bessie”

Nicole, Brooke, Katelyn

“Brave Bessie”
Up in the clouds
The plains of Texas fall unable to barricade
the boisterous spirit of Brave Bessie

Poor girl head filled with dreams
who escaped to the vision of Paris with fervent dreams
and a heart of irrepressible embers which yearned to touch the clouds
because those before her could not



But how long can one be on top
Is there an expiration on victory
And if so why does it come so fast

With the nose of her plane pointed towards the endless sky
Not an ounce of fear seeped through her veins
she climbed the ladder of change.

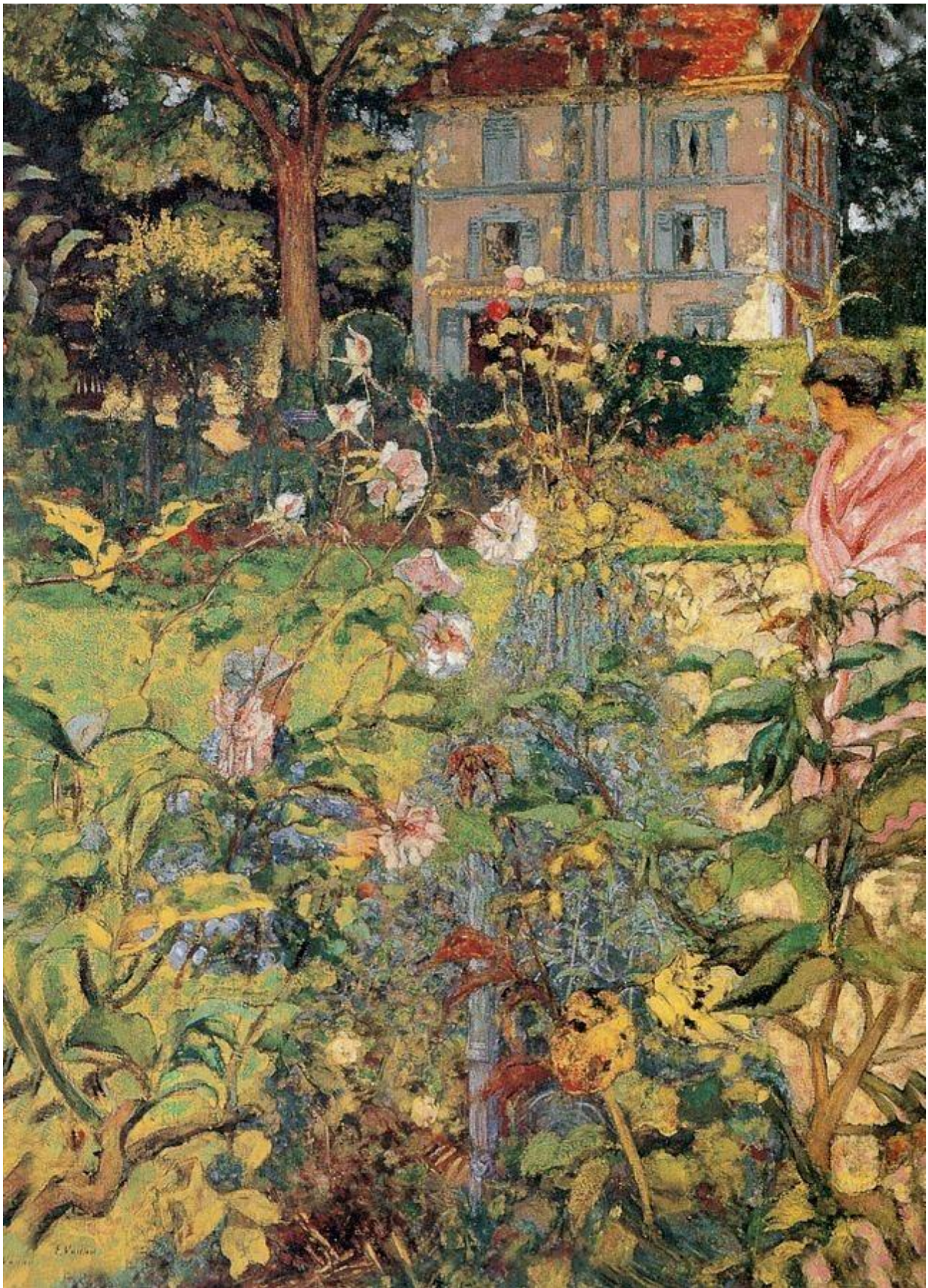
Even the birds looked up to her

“You can’t be a pilot” they say
Black, Native American, and a woman
A list of disadvantages to society’s eye
each inch scaled proved the world below her to be mistaken,
as they become miniscule on the unmoving ground they stood on.
Ignoring the judgments, for she will not be ignored

But she didn't fall too far
And yet, she goes on
Soaring over language and cultural barriers,
Flying - she was cutting through the clouds
so she can soar among the birds

She will reshape the clouds in the sky
While she reaches for the stars
And now she lives forever with the birds who looked up to her

A Garden of Flowers



A Series of Haiku's
"A Garden of Flowers"



1. The flowers will grow

The harsh winter can't stop them

your presence will destroy



2. The rabbit jumps through

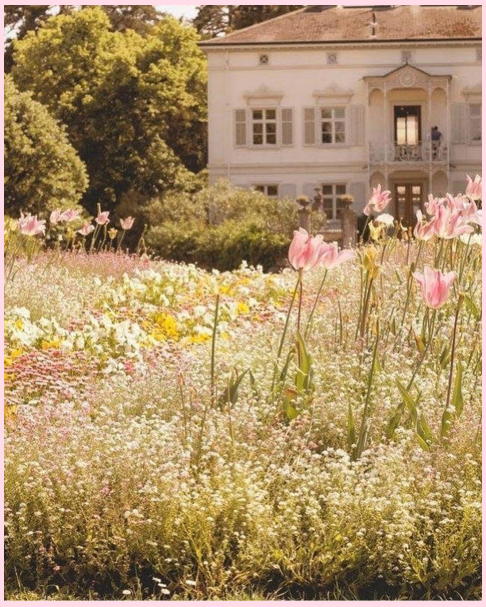
Messing up the pot they sit

Oh how little it cared

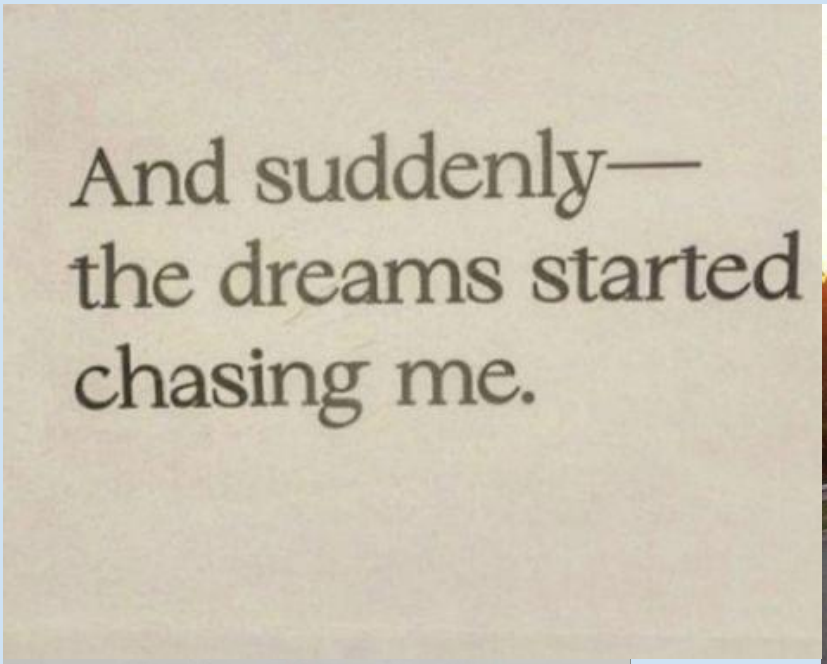
3. They sit still always

Nothing short of beautiful

Who will comfort them



Clippin' Poem
"A New Life is Ahead"











“A New Life is Ahead”



Acrostic Poem
“Shoes”



Acrostic Poem
“Shoes”

S- skidding across the pavement

H- hoping you won't fall apart as I jump from the fence

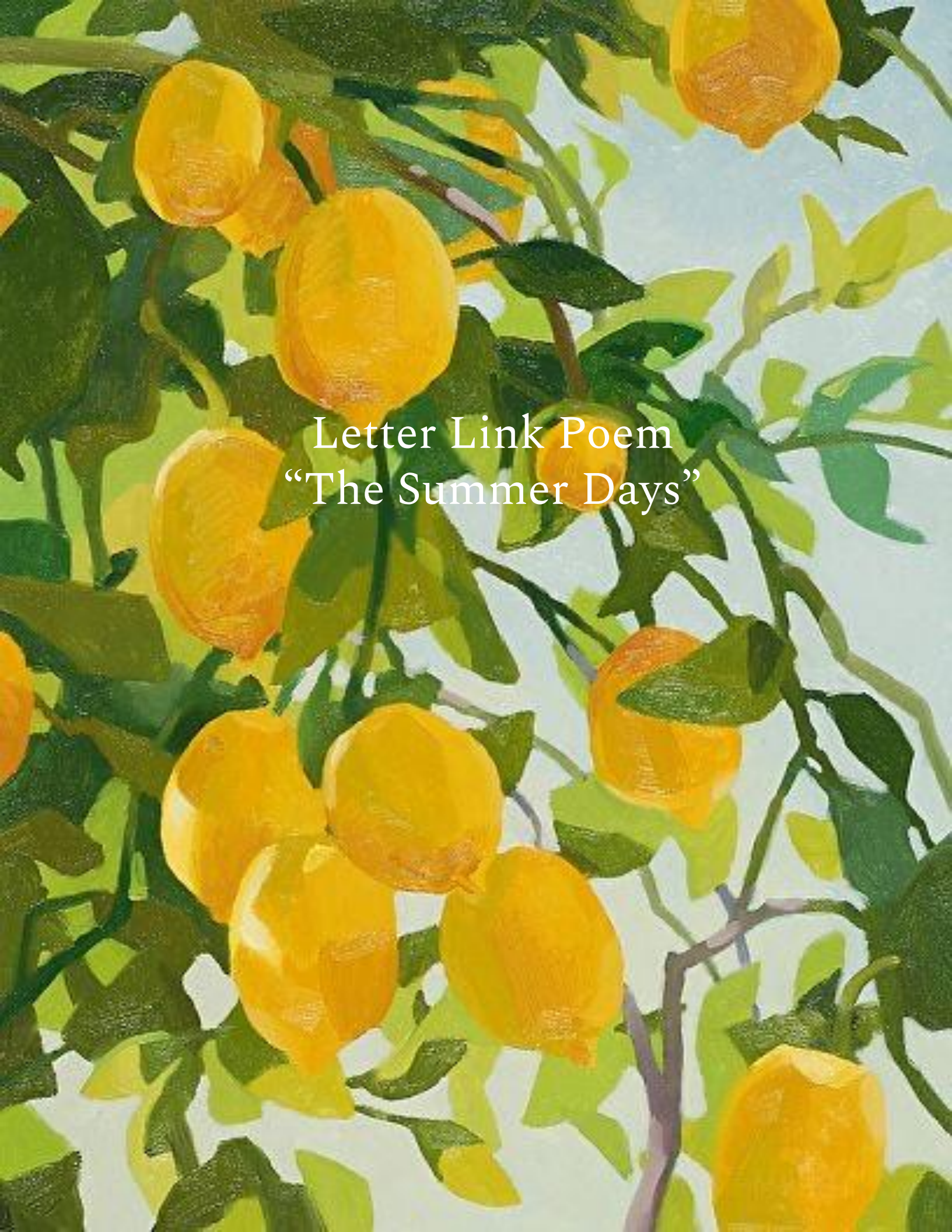
O- only pair that perfectly forms my foot after being worn for so many years

E- everything in my life that has meaning has been witnessed by you

S- something about this pair of shoes tells me that I will never stop wearing them- too many memories have been made in them






Letter Link Poem
“The Summer Days”

“The summer Days”

Why is it that in summer I long for winter

Now that the long days are over

I find myself wishing over and over again that they come back

Back to the warm sun shining down

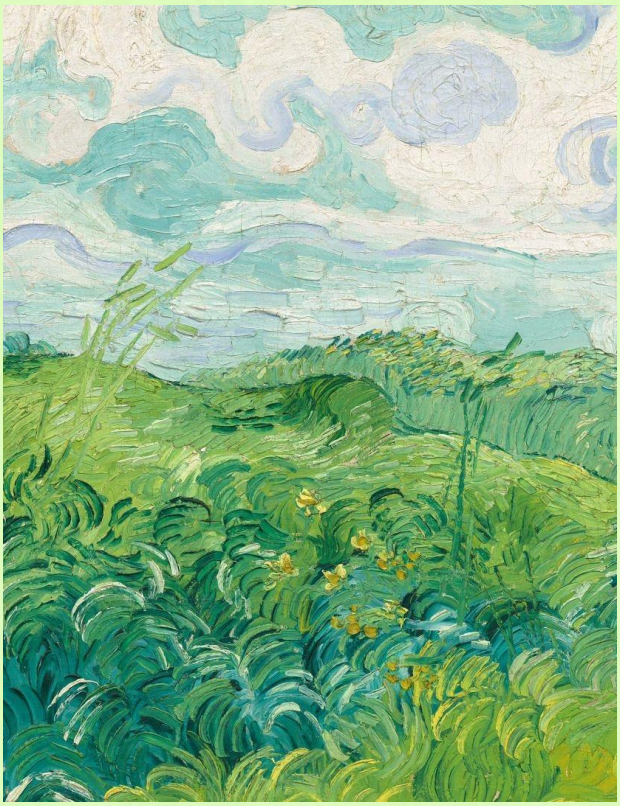
The shiny ocean rocking back and forth

I turned my back on those times of happiness

Now time stands still and I lay here thinking

Thinking of the days I wasted away wanting something else

When I am doing the same thing at this very moment





Billy Collins Poetry Assignment
“Water”



“Water”



Seed concept= water bottle

Having a water bottle keeps you hydrated

Would it matter if that single bottle had a larger effect on the planet than it does on you

What is going to happen if a poor fish or turtle gets in contact with the bottle

Imagine this happening a million times over and you will be right where we are today

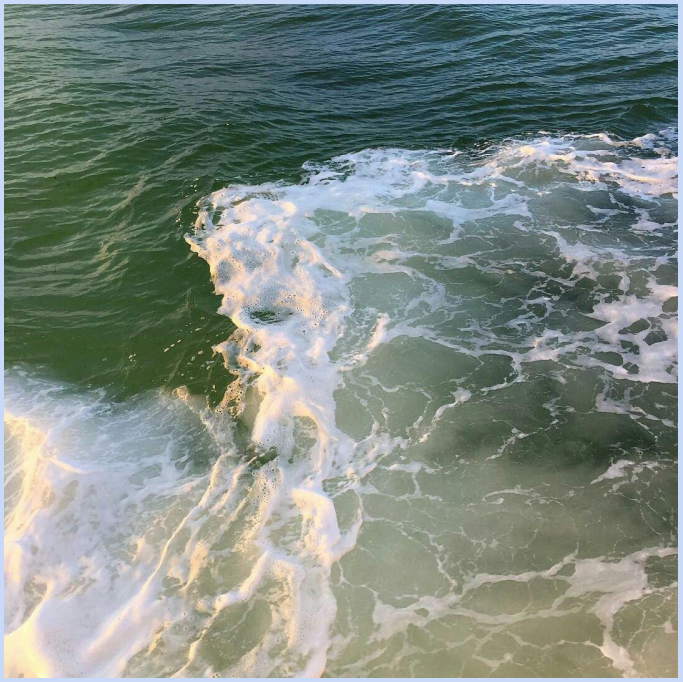
How can this terrible cycle be reversed

How can we help those we can’t speak to

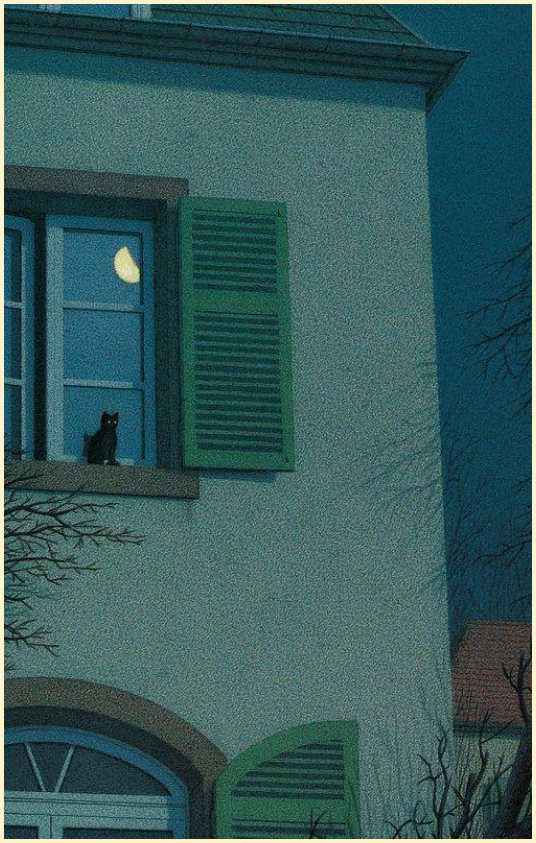
They need us to see them struggling

its ok though you drink your water

Just don't finish it







Synesthesia Poem
“The Walls“





Synesthesia Poem
“The Walls”

The walls fell silent when they heard the news

Scared to move in case they upset the sobbing figure

She was a lovely girl that had everything

Why did she have the right to cry in front of us

Her loud tears escaped onto the floor as she slid down

It seemed as though everything stopped moving

Time was at a standstill and the world stopped spinning

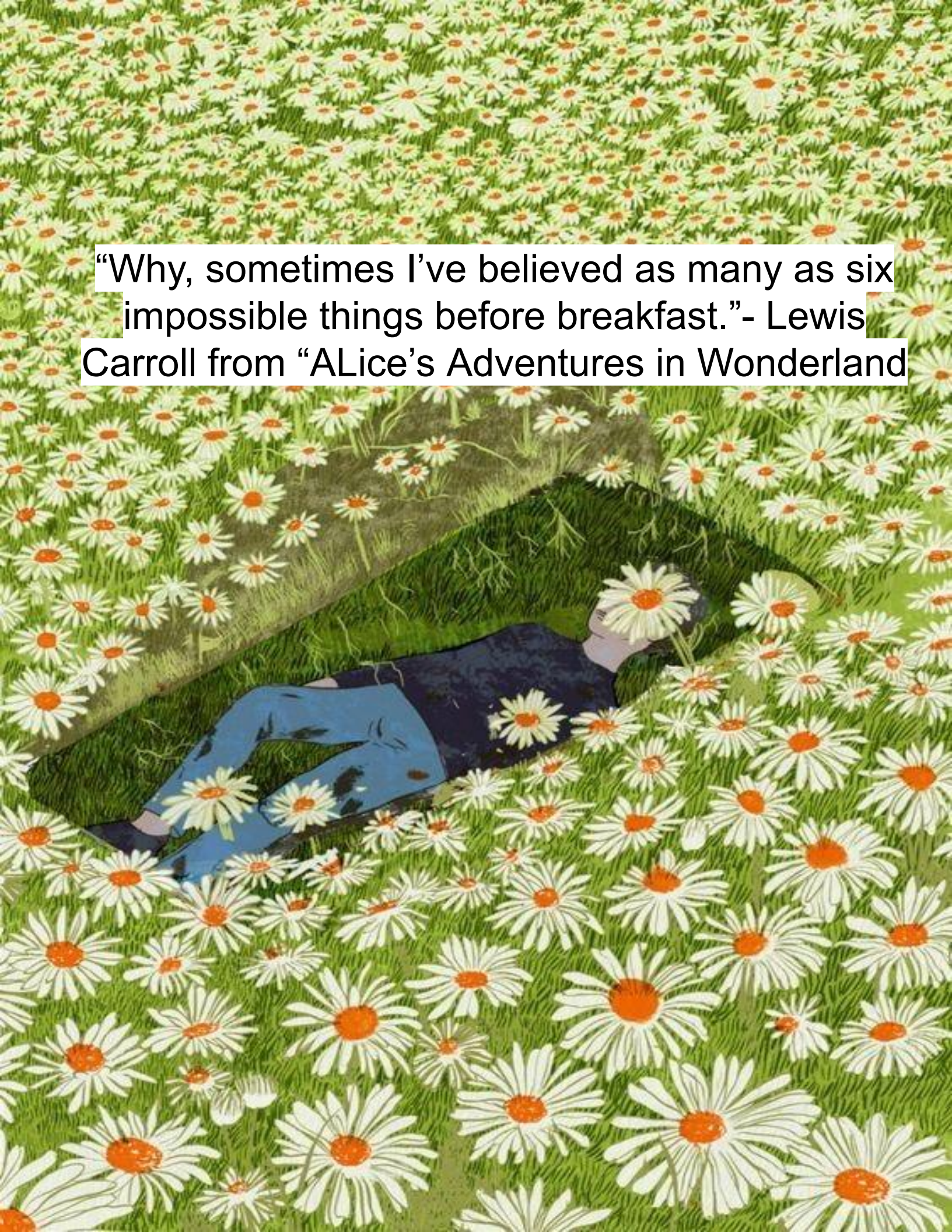
This girl never cried

I guess if the walls could talk they would have nothing to say

Because she has kept everything in for so long






“Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.”- Lewis Carroll from “ALice’s Adventures in Wonderland