

All the Lies

Locked within the deepest depths
Unknown to all, to all the world
A window stands dormant, closed off from the world
Nothing can be seen through and through
Unless the eye can see the lies
Ominous curiosities lay ahead, only a key can be used
Unless the eye can see the lies
The window creaks open, with key in hand

Cera I
9th-12th
150, 500, 600
500, 600, 700

Paris, 16, Sophomore
Widefield High School

Révolutionnaire.

Sweet as Summer's night

sharp as Autumn breeze -

I love at which hour thee behold at me,

But -

what doth I say

to someone who hold me

but as a marionette?

Alas I am no more stone than brain,

seized in a lover's web

I doth not fall

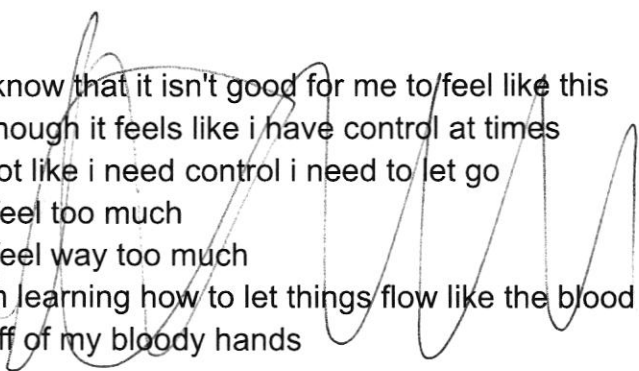
beneath thy grasp -

I am aught but a lamb.

What say you to be my controller?

Bloody hands

My arms and legs are shaking
I know what i feel
I know how im supposed to feel
Why do i feel numb
Like nothing is affecting me
Its like im a ghost
Not really living but not really dead either
Im shaking but not anxious or cold
The blood flows out of my body so sweetly
Like its sugar and honey
It looks sweet
Like red candy
I love the way my body looks but i also love the way the scars look
The cuts are so cute
My hands are covered in my own blood
So sugary and sweet
Thin but not so much
The way i can describe it is watery red sugar
I open my eyes again and my heart is pounding
I cry and whimper as i realize what i have done
I fucked up
I shouldn't like the blood
It scares me how much my brain cuts out
The only times i remember doing those actions is when i was in 8th grade
Even then it was occasional and not recreational
It was for control and nothing more
My hands are bloody and it's my blood
I'm scared and lost but no voice can be heard in this vast dark hole
My voice is muted and cold
Fearful and not all there
My eyes are dark and tear filled
Low and sad
My hands are still and cold
Shaking and warm
My legs are trembling and scared
Warm and red
My head is racing and mad
Slow and sad



I know that it isn't good for me to feel like this
Though it feels like i have control at times
Not like i need control i need to let go
I feel too much
I feel way too much
Im learning how to let things flow like the blood
Off of my bloody hands

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Vanessa D. ...

9th

spi email or

79...

Gabriella

Age Group 9-12th

One Love Ago

How could you tell me you loved me when all you did was hurt me
You made me think I was the problem, but now I see
It was your game and you had to win
What did you win?
The broken shell of who I used to be, screaming, crying, pleading please
Don't go don't leave, I love you and want you to stay
That made you happy, made you feel strong
A weak girl on the floor crying for so long
How could you do this?
Did it make you feel good?
You took my hurt and multiplied it by 10
Took all the things I said and hurled them towards me so I would want to lay down and cry
Then when you had your fun and won your game, you said goodbye
How could you do that to me?
Did you get what you wanted?
I know I was left with a broken heart and broken soul
Still I cry remembering your name
Not for leaving me, no
But for all the things you ever did to me



Poem contest

, Alyssa

Wed, Mar 22, 2023 at 10:02 AM

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

Free-Verse Poem

Home

She hates going to school

But she also hates being home-

Trying to find a place of safety and warmth

She finds it in her-

A girl, someone judgeless, and nice

She found her home in the form of a human.

- Alyssa

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Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

Poetry Contest

Mon Mar 20, 2023 at 11:55 AM
To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>

Hi, My name is Emily ^^ Im and 9th grader at Widefield.
Email me here or at: (

Him

**Tall with short hair and gorgeous hazel eyes,
Short temper, but still very kind and dazzling,
Gives up easily, but at least he tries,
He says it's not but his beauty is baffling
I appreciate and love him so much
He's adored by me and I hope he stays in touch**

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