

When a child joins a family, whether from birth, adoption as a child-teen, or fostering, the message is the same, "You are loved." This inclusive poem illustrates the diversity of families in our world today and celebrates the love every child brings.

CHILD OF LOVE

By Stephanie C

You're a child of love.
We're so glad you're here.
You're precious to us.
We hold you so dear.

We might look different,
or almost the same.
But we're family,
and that will not change.

Whoever you are,
a he, she, or they,
We love you so much,
and in every way.

Whether baby or teen,
We made space for you.
You're part of our home
and our hearts too.

Maybe you're with us
for only a while.
But we'll care for you
and love you, our child.

We can't wait to see
the ways that you'll grow,
the new things you'll try,
the talents you'll show.

Through good times and bad,
things you're not sure of.
We'll be here with you.
You're a child of love.

How the shadow hits me

As I sit beneath this tree
I wonder how the shadow hits me
How the wind moves away
Yet here I stay

My thoughts of a past denied
And thoughts of a future hard to find
It is the tree that takes my mind
And how the shadow hits me

For rivers run into the sea
Mountains climb above me
Valleys look away
And here I stay

My eyes look not to the sky
Or down below the earth tonight
They gaze upon the mighty tree
And how the shadow hits me

My lungs they fill with air
My heart beats letting me know its there
Moments pass and still, I stare
At how the shadow hits me

The birds they do not fly
The darkest clouds fill the sky
Each step is a question why
And how the shadow hits me

DG ' _____

Name- Daniel _____

Age group- Adult

Contact info- _____

Journeying Along Life's Way

Oh, how I love to write...

Oh, how I hate to write...

For in order to write

I sometimes have to delve into uncomfortable places

Or it will have no true meaning or deep-felt resonance.

And sometimes, sometimes...

The memory places are dark...

Dark that is...

In the sense of revisiting

Difficult times or experiences.

These places, however,

May also be ones where rebirth occurs

Renewal...

The beginning of a journey

I never thought I'd take.

Yet, here I am...

And where am I on this journey...

'tis yet unknown...

Whom will I meet?

Again, unknown.

Is there a road map

To help me find my way?

Surely you jest!

Final destination ...

Unknown.

A spiritual journey is...

What our life's about...

Or should be

If we do it right...

And get it right.

For some a spiritual journey

Is an expedition over one's lifetime

An Everest we must climb...

For others it is a super highway with no stop-overs along the way...

So sure are they that there is but one way.

As for me I am glad

Of the mountain's twisting path

Perhaps it is you I will meet along the way...

Denizen of a place I've yet found

It may be you that guides me on my way.

HT

North Cheyenne Canyon – Nature's Inlet to the Mountains

Front Range, Colorado Springs western boundary
Grand granite barrier ascending
Thousands of feet
As if to keep industrious mankind
Contained outside

Yet in its southern reaches
Like a special invite to them
A grand cleft
Of depth of feet of thousands
And length of miles
North Cheyenne Canyon
With its message in stone
Don't try to develop and destroy
Here is an occasion to be
A temporary guest
To the Rockies' seductive beauty

From high above
The alpine heights of Almagre Mountain
Feed her liquid life pulse
North Cheyenne Creek
Tumbling, falling, to her back door
The falls of Helen Hunt
Her endless soft siren song
And here starts
Her long and twisting living room
Downward, as nature's pathway
To the Ute and pioneer of old
And modern man, and his asphalt rock hewn road
And to the deer by day
And the cougar by night
With its grand stone perched eagle sculpture
Watching over this retreat
Like a prized sculpture
Stream continues
Toward city and plains
In its soft whisper
Of life's sustainer
With its verdant sides
Of diverse flora
In land of sparse water

High above the walls of
Her granite spires soar
To the shifting ceiling of sky
And the city bound and stressed of man
Accept the invite by the hundreds, by the thousands, per day

North Cheyenne Canyon
Come accept her conditional invite
With a sense of
Awe and appreciation, and respect
For the beauty she then freely provides
Now, and for generations to come

Mark



Poetry contest

1 message

deanna

Sat, Apr 22, 2023 at 12:19 AM

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

Hi my name is Deanna

DREAMS

Once upon a dream I dreamt when once I was asleep
I dreamt a silly dream when I was slumbering deep.

It was a silly dream to dream for it was sorta strange
To dream a dream like that for it was placed on a range.

I didn't want to wake up yet but sunrise was in sight
It would be a shame to leave the range but it was getting light.

Someday I will dream again but this time I won't wake
Because a dream is something out there people can not take.

Thank you for giving me this opportunity to showcase my poem.

Deanna

FOREVER BE YOU

Forever be you
By staying true

Live by light
To know right

Always be kind
Love will bind

Engage to win
Find honor within

Do much good
Know you stood

Sing your song
Believe you belong

With every smile
Blossom with style

Let you shine
You'll be fine

Be of worth
While on earth

Laugh out loud
Above the crowd

Discover your way
Brightens the stay

Give away pain
Hope will remain

Obtain His peace
Trials never cease

Vision beyond years
Even through tears

Adult

JOHN

719

Faces to Treasure

If only I could reach out and touch your face just one more time

If only I could just hold your hand

If only I could whisper I love you, for the words never seemed to be quite easily spoken

If only I just had one more chance, I would have never let you leave this world without you knowing my true feelings of great romance

To have told the truth was like falling flower petals beneath the rain

If only I would have known quite the words to say and had the courage to have told you the great secret I always seemed to have kept within.

Written By: Suzette



Abril '
Adult entry

My heart weighs heavy-
Confused and bewildered, it scurries off.
Looking for a wall to hide behind
"keep me safe," it whispers.
Your words linger inside me - they rattle my mind.
I learn how unkept we are.
How misdirected I have been.
Blind.
My version is different from yours.
I accept messy days-
I embrace them in return for our stability.
I don't make an effort to hold back tears, because they don't come.
Hurtful words become
staggered inside me.
It saddens me how familiar I have become to this feeling
-exposed and vulnerable.
Always uncertain.

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

*Every time I think of you
It is like
I loose you
All over again
After the tears
It is like a
Fresh summers rain
Just a little pain
A little break in my heart
My mother could never explain
The first day of kindergarten
Now I know
The pride inside
Watching you walk away
My little girl
I love you*

***DADDY
10/11/03***

The Matriarch's Ear

Written by Katie

Adult

The Matriarch's Ear

She is the majestic elephant of the dessert
She walks tall and leads her family to water and food
Dangers always surround them
Beasts with claws and fangs sharp to tear the flesh like tissue paper
Floods that could carry her family away
Drought that could dry up the land and could kill a man if he stays too long in the stinging sun
But she holds strong

There are many qualities that make her the leader
Though one of the best is in her ability to hear
The crunch of the leafy food in her mouth
The rush of water that comes in with the rain
The slow groan of a tree that gets knocked down
The gush of sand that whirls when a sandstorm is about to hit
The language she shares with her family and with others miles away
She hears it all

These sounds all impact her decision making
She has the duty to make sure that her family is fed and safe
She has the duty to make sure that she can bring them to good water
She has the duty to make sure that she can remember the way
She will remember it all

The sounds of her grandchild sing near
As she walks the path foreword
Leading the generations through mental maps
She will steer like the captain of a ship
And she makes these decisions
And these are the sounds inside

DO WHAT ONLY YOU CAN DO

Br Priscilla

When my heart is so broken, I can no longer feel
Help me cling tighter to Thee and in Thee remain still

When my world has turned yet again upside down
Help to know You are near and in Thee I am sound

When my tears flow a constant and are full of fierce pain
As You gather them Lord, remind me how in my life You still reign

When trauma comes to the surface, rears its ugly and vile head
Help me to push through the fear, the lies, and all of its dread

When my mind is no longer clear, cannot the pain comprehend
Help me hold tighter to You Lord, so I can heal, and again mend

When circumstances are beyond my control and are all so wrong
It's only by You that when I am weak, You make me strong

In my humanness I feel weak and frail for my emotions and body fail me
Keep my spirit strong and hope alive, this I pray, I beseech Thee

When doubts try to storm in and cloud my hope, clutter my mind
Remind me that through Your word and Your Spirit I am intertwined,
defined

So I place all my trust, my heart, at Your feet and in You
Here You go Lord, I'm completely surrendered....

SHOW ME AND DO....

WHAT ONLY YOU CAN DO

=

Adult

Lying here beside my pain and anger
Overlooking the hurt he has caused
Trying to forget, move on, get away
Ending what he has started, before its too late

Carefully I word my letter
On the page I leave my tears
Never fully realizing what kept me here
Questions that will never be answered
Understanding that will never come
Ending my letter with a sigh
Remembering what was good
Suddenly I remember, his smile, his touch kept me here

As I go to wipe a tear, I wince with pain
Left marks of a fight the day before
Leaving I realize, love doesn't conquer all.

Para You

Lara -

719 -

spl email

Adult

God Bless America and Our Teachers
(By Alma)

It was my Social Studies class
in Nineteen Fifty Four.
Our teacher looked at us
as she walked around the floor.
She told us to stand for the
Salute and Lord's Prayer.
She seemed to enjoy us
and she gave us teaching care.
We put our hand across our chest,
and saluted our country
knowing it as the best.
We recited the beloved Lord's prayer.
Then our teacher told us something
she wanted to share.
She said the day they take the Salute
and Prayer from her class,
it will be the day she would
be teaching her last.
I remember her repeating that
statement during the year.
I wondered if she thought
that would happen was her fear.
Sure enough! Years later the
Lord's Prayer was banned.
No more prayer in school
that blessed our America land.
Over 60 decades later I still
remember my teacher and her class,
I am thankful I received her
teaching before it was her last.
God bless America and
please! Our teachers bless,
while they teach with all their
hearts for their student's success.

Poem Category: Adult
Home phone: 719
Cell: 7

4-2023

God Has Taken His Hand

*He's helped so many people
And made so many friends
He worked so hard for all his life
Please God oh take his hand*

*He lived his life in honor
In honor of the land
He loved his wife so dearly
Please God oh take his hand*

*He cherished his fine family
Loved them one and all
He did his work for you lord
Please God oh take his hand*

*The skies have opened up now
His light it now will soar
For God has opened up his arms
Yes God has taken his hand*

This poem was written in memory of Sam Gillan by Greg Gorenco

Greg

ADULT

719.

LOST

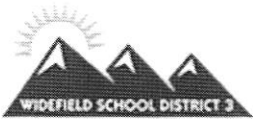
What do you call it when all you feel is pain
When your loved ones look at you and all you feel is shame
When you're tired of living and playing this game
When you know your life is meaningless and you're the only one to blame

What do you call it when the hurt is in your soul
When you smile and laugh but you know it's all a show
When you feel like you've hit your all time low
When nothing makes you happy and the darkness around you grows

What do you call it when you feel so alone
When you're in your house but it doesn't feel like home
When you look back at your life and every choice you made now seems wrong
When the wait to die seems too long

Ken

Adult



ENTRY FOR SECURITY LIBRARY 2023 POETRY CONTEST

1 message

PoetrySoup <poetrysoup@poetrysoup.com>

Tue, Apr 4, 2023 at 3:23 PM

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

[DO NOT REPLY]

This email was sent by PoetrySoup on behalf of



Robert I

ON

The Ballad Of Prospector Pete

Prospector Pete had roamed the hills fer years searchin' fer gold!
He and his faithful burro, Fred, were both growin' weary and old.
He'd looked fer color in many a mountain and stream in Colorado,
Lookin' fer that mother lode, that elusive vein, his own El Dorado!

Oh, he'd found a few nuggets here and there, but didn't amount to much.
Those he did find he'd blown on gamblin', women, whiskey and such!
Pete would save a bag of dust or two from his many wanton toots,
To grubstake himself to re-supply his picks, jeans, shovels and boots.

He staked his claims along ripplin' streams and left many holes along the way.
The mountains and valleys are pocked with his many diggin's to this very day!
He'd come up dry, nothin' there, and move on to more appealin' pickin's,
Burrowin' and pannin' with elbows flyin' workin' like the dickens!

Pete would winter in his cabin 'til spring then he'd begin his annual quest,
Packin' his tools on long-sufferin' Fred and headin' fer the hills to the west.
If he didn't find that elusive bonanza this year he swore that he would retire,
To his ramshackle cabin at the foot of Mount Pisgah and enjoy the blazin' fire!

Years passed and Prospector Pete wasn't seen 'round town much anymore.
One wintry day his friends found him froze to death upon his cabin floor!
They dug Prospector Pete's grave and buried him outside his cabin door.
Eureka! Six feet down was that vein of gold that he'd been a-lookin' for!

This poem can be found on PoetrySoup.com at https://www.poetrysoup.com/poem/the_ballad_of_prospector_pete_429387
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