



The Phoenix Egg 2017

## Poems by Brian Armijo

### Villanelle

Dammit, now a villanelle?  
I think I'm tempted to quit.  
I mean, who? What the hell?

I can't promise I'll do this well.  
This seems like some tough shit.  
Perhaps this is not parallel.

To my time cooped up in a shell,  
when I couldn't dish or take a hit  
with which time I only fell.

There is one thing which I cannot tell,  
no matter the pondering hours I may sit,  
whether things have gone bad or swell.

But just around the corner, I think I foretell  
something with a tad bit of hope in it,  
a light to keep me from that deep well.

Here I still stand with only time to tell  
how I will persevere with mind and wit,  
with this story only to retell  
how against my fate I will rebel.

### Rhyme Scheme

How to make a rhyme scheme:  
easier than it might seem.

Oh, how it is that I do not know  
how to formulate a rhyme scheme?

Whatever it is one might deem  
necessary to create a rhyme scheme

Must there be a common theme  
in order to create a rhyme scheme?

I don't know, I mean,  
I just can't create a rhyme scheme.



## Imperfect Sonnet

This, my first attempt at a sonnet,  
hard as it may be.  
I doubt that I may see  
that coming up from my throat is vomit.  
and I wish I'd fly away on a comet.  
As drastic as that may be,  
I now explain unto thee  
that I would not write this sonnet.  
So, until then I say  
with the upmost of dread  
that I will not give way.  
This sonnet will complete by the end of the day.  
So no, I will not be dead,  
but merely torn affray.

Evelyn Wrisky



This Day  
by Zeke Carpenter

There is that day,  
We all realize  
That life is short.  
It opens our eyes.

And on that day,  
We take time to think.  
We notice everything  
And try not to blink

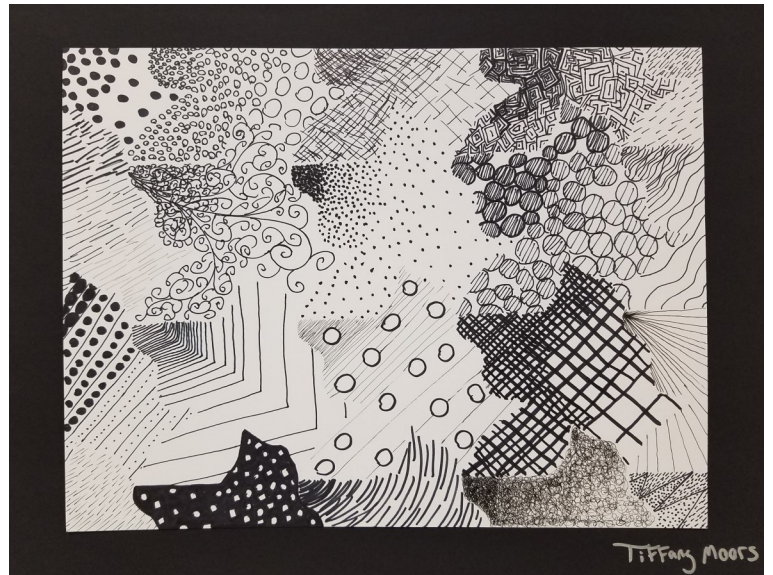
On that day,  
We look around.  
We notice all the things,  
That have yet to be found.

On that day,  
We hear the birds sing  
Over the traffic  
Our city seems to bring.

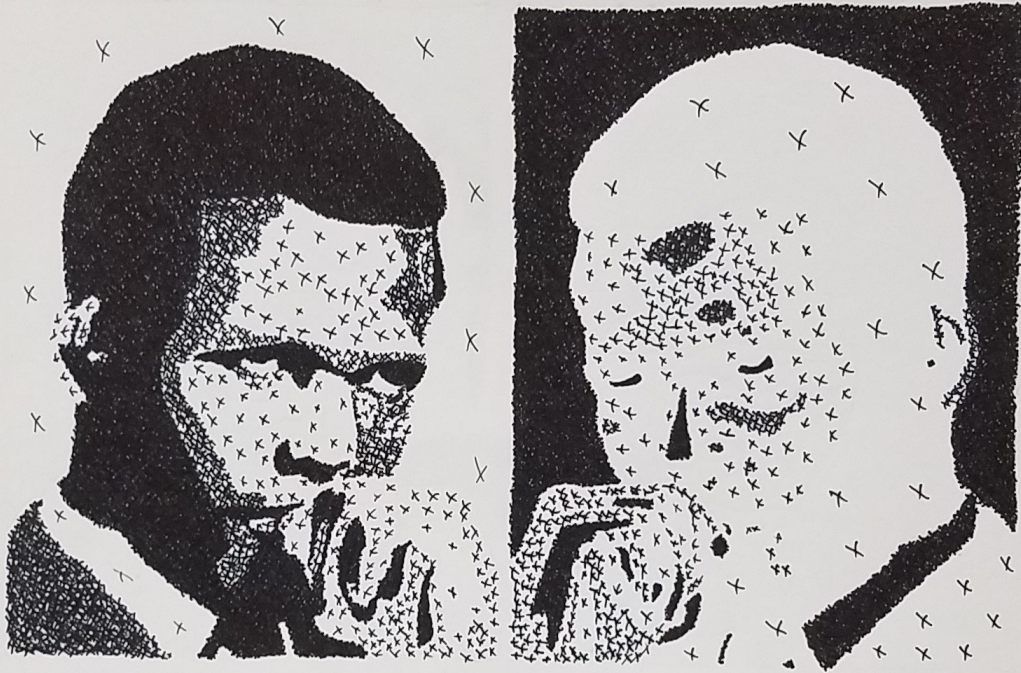
On that day  
We all see  
What our life  
Is meant to be.



Tiffany Moors





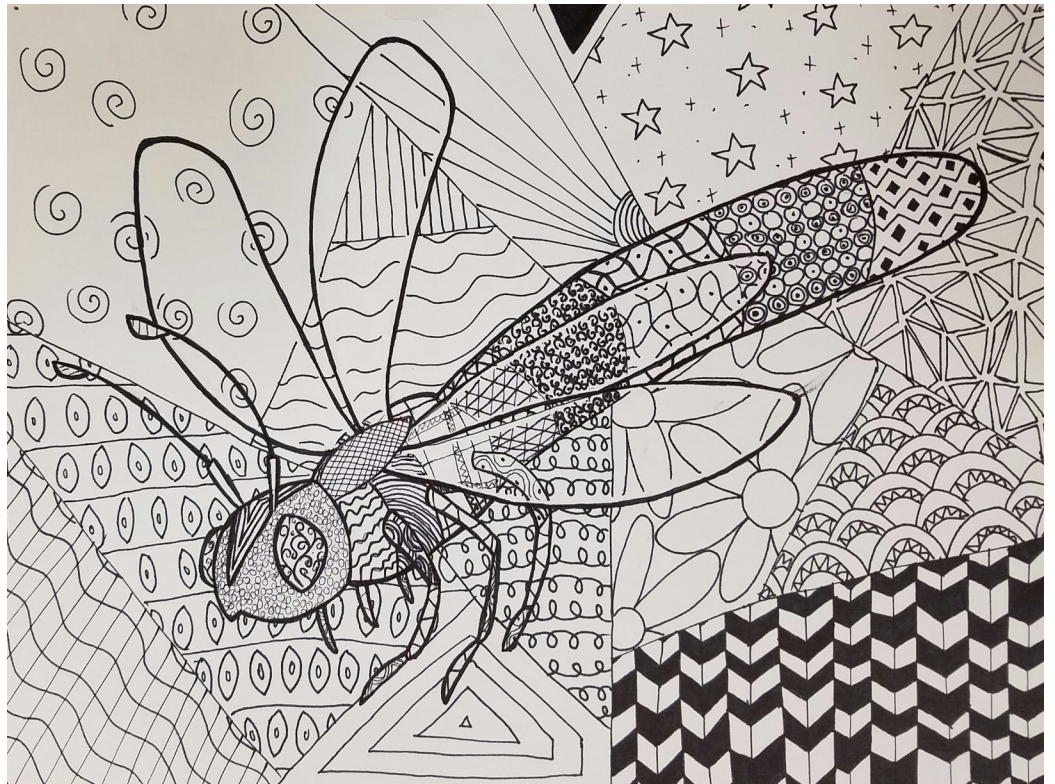


Sara Harlow

If you go  
by Zeke Carpenter

If you go before I do,  
My life will be gone without you.  
If you go without me,  
I don't know who I'd be.  
If you go before I'm dead,  
I don't think I could get out of bed.  
All in all, please don't go,  
Because I would miss you, I hope you know.





Leia Millard

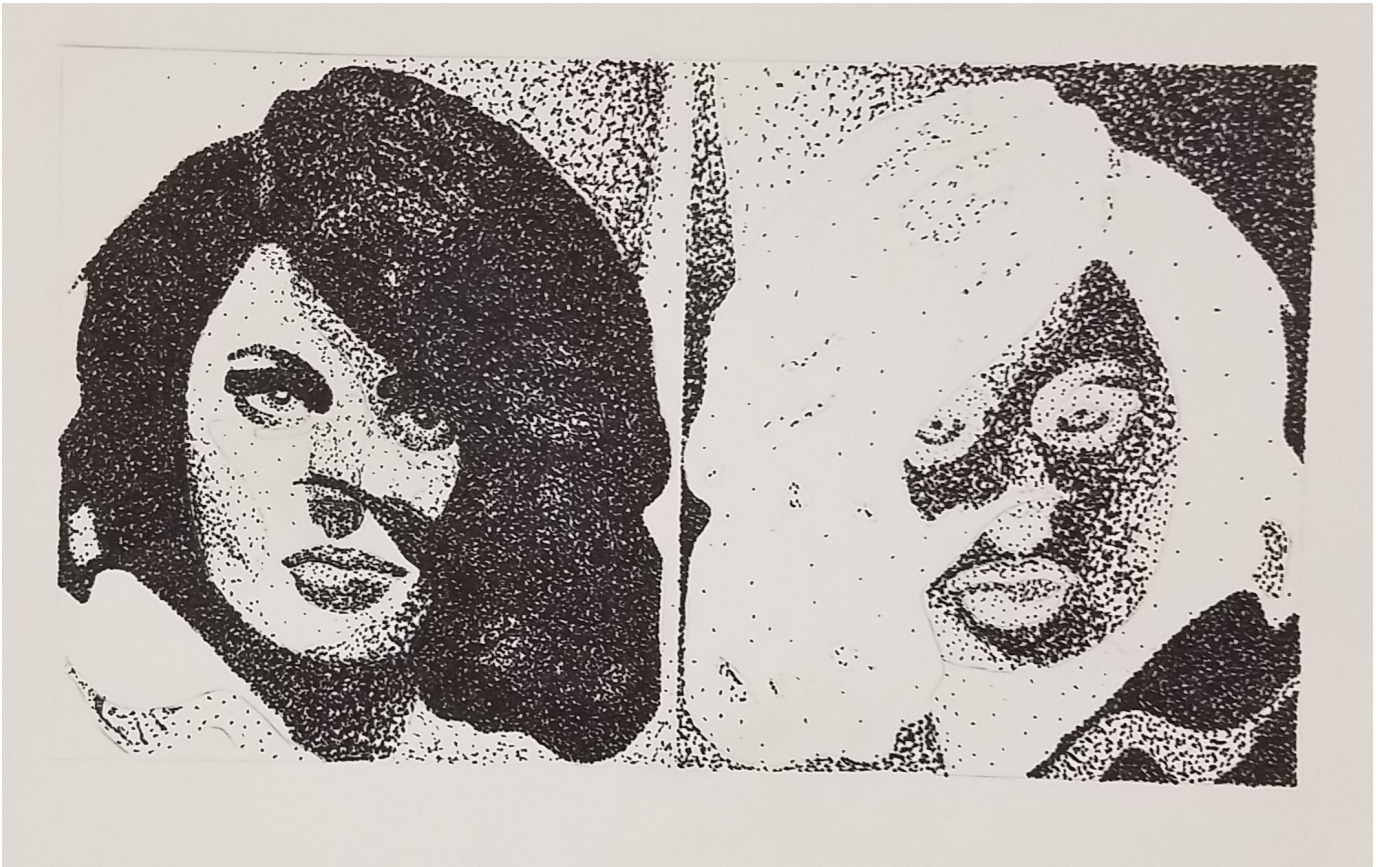






Sierra Castro





## Sierra Castro

YOU

By Shauna Jackson

I know I'm probably the last person you think of.

The only time I'd be a thought is when you see me in the hallway...

Which I don't understand 'cause I'm not the one who got up and left again.

You sat there and made me look like a fool so everyone could look at you and think you were cool.

You switched it up to where I was the bad guy when we all know that's a lie.

People talking behind my back 'cause of you—some even saying I should just die.

But I've been the one who'll sit from afar hoping you're happy.

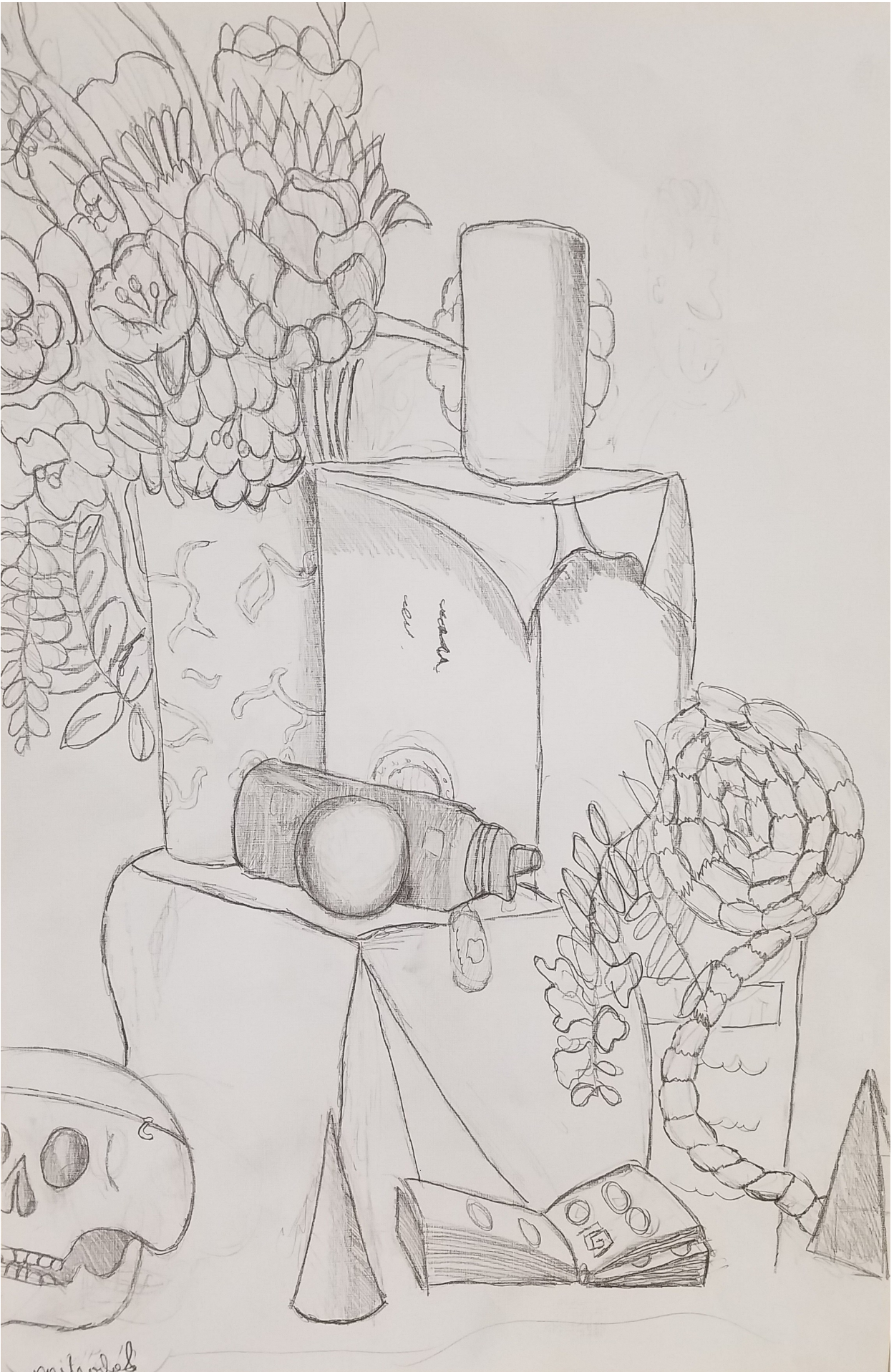
You deserve the best; you deserve the world.

I know I loved you the best I could; I loved you so much I put everything I had into you.

The only difference between us is that my love was real.

I loved a great man, oh wait: I loved a boy, 'cause only boys treat real women like toys.







Food  
by Sabastian Ortega

I want food, I want it now.  
I want to feel just like a cow.

I want some cookies and some cream;  
it makes me feel like I'm a king.

Without it, my heart starts to bleed  
I want some meat. not KFC.

So if you see me, give me meat.  
and I will love you like I love beef.



Anonymous Photo: "Fuchsia"

Drawing by  
Sabastian Ortega









Amaya Dixon





(Untitled)

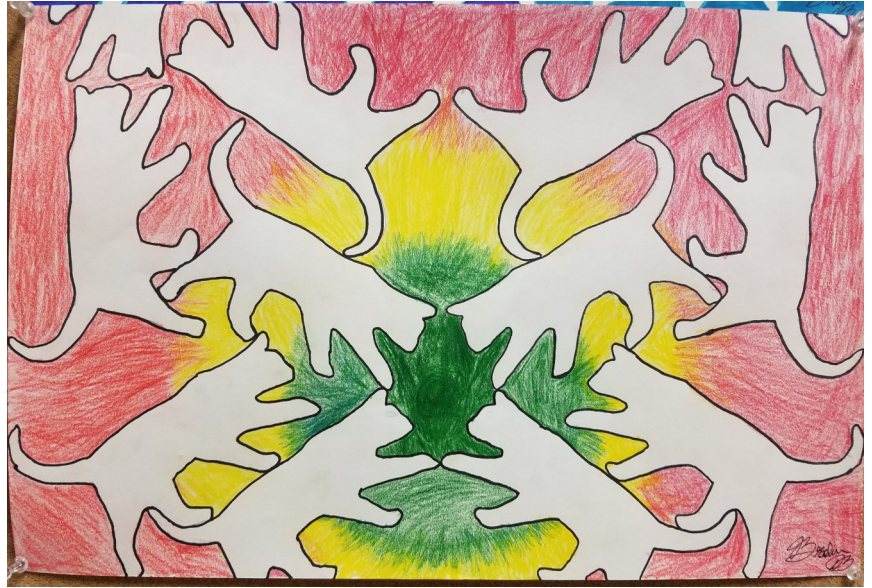
by Bailey Thackeray

I made a deal with the devil,  
And she told me I was holy.  
Took me to another level,  
Where we lay in matrimony.

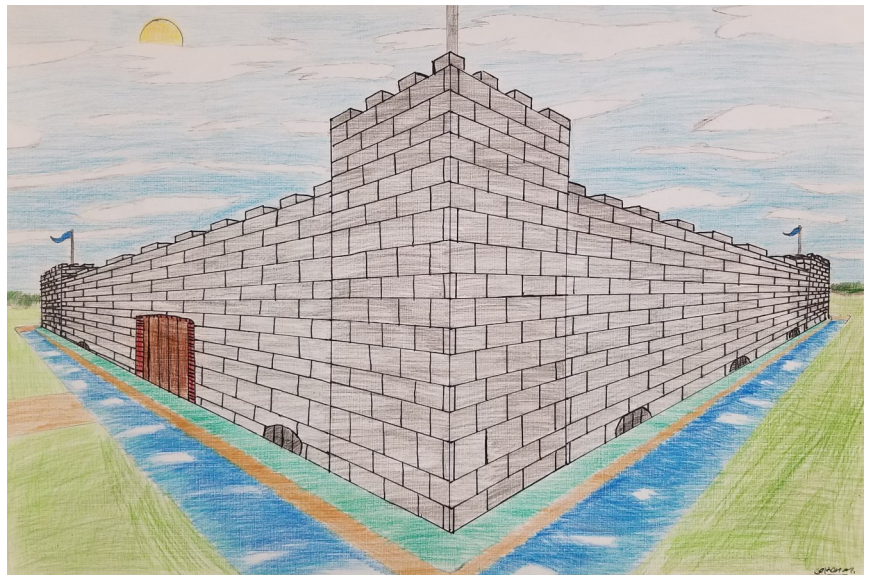
Everything was red,  
She was sinfully mesmerizing.  
She threw me on the bed,  
And lustfully demoralized me.

She walked away from me,  
And left me in the dark.  
I was left with something beastly,  
And slowly fell apart.

Everything was grey,  
And I was shackled in her grasp.  
But I ran far away,  
And there's no turning back.

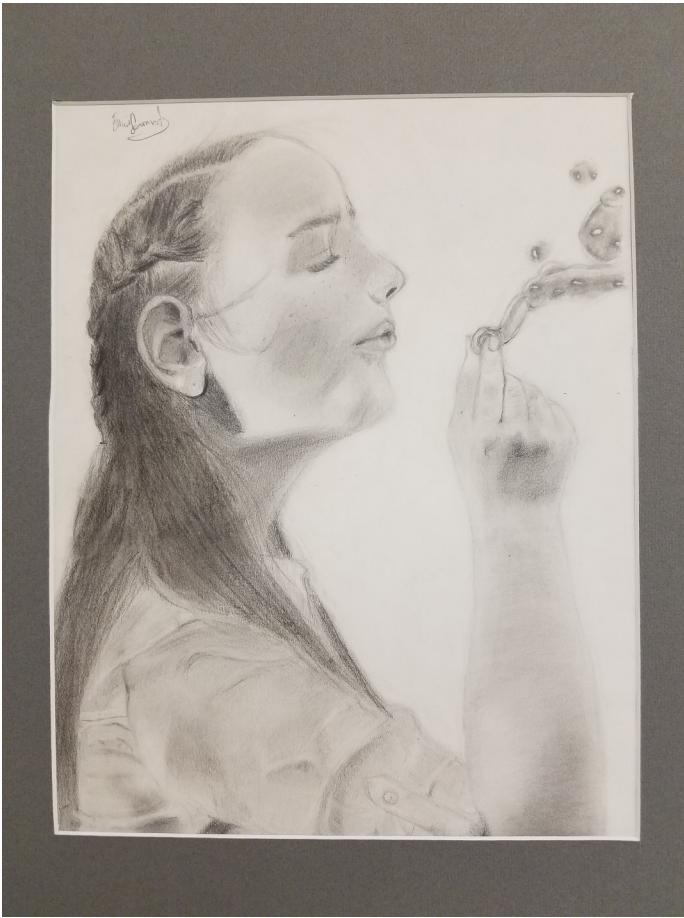


Brendan Thompson



Colton Maloy





Emily Carmody



Untitled

by Marissa Chavez

I am the source of which all good comes  
 The spark that sets off fireworks in the center of your chest  
 The warm kiss at the top of each nimble digit  
 The beauty in the pain when he tells you he feels the same  
 The eternal fountain hidden away which so many have yearned to feel my sweet nectar touch their lips  
 The wind carried twinkle that falls from parted lips  
 The purest of the pure that can be found between the spaces of three little words  
 The words that can birth a hurricane or calm twisters when they dance off the tongue  
 I am the source of which all good comes