

Vanessa M _____

Age Group: 9-12th

My Worst Enemy

There was once this girl I knew.
Always seemed to have the perfect hair do.
She had perfect grades in every class.
But most importantly she was always nice to everyone she would pass.

It was her goal to always make people smile.
Would make time to talk to people for a while.
She would step up if anyone ever needed a helping hand.
I never really experienced that first hand.

It was hard to understand why her kindness seemed to stop at me.
Was there something missing that I couldn't see?
Any outfit I wore was harshly criticized.
There was always something she seemed to despise.

She never failed to point out all my imperfections.
The insecurities it created spread like an infection.
No matter how hard I tried her voice was always in the back of my mind.
I think she will be there til the end of time.

I've gotten good at avoiding her sometimes without a trace.
Except for when I stand in front of the mirror where we are finally face to face.



My Poem entry

1 message

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

Mon, Apr 29, 2024 at 11:05 AM

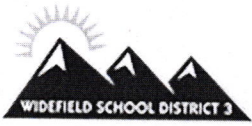
The Weeping Moon

Dhani W 4/15/24

14 years old 9th grade

Oh, alas my life a sorrowed moon
Doomed to walk the world in gloom
Atop the mountains stormy frights
and crashing down with mornings light
I come and go from dawn to dusk
left like a shell, left like a husk
no need for me in mornings light
but still i live, but still i fight
life as the moon dull as can be
But no one cares
But no one sees

Alas again I rise once more
Crying down a hollow pour
filled with holes
Still I arise
Lighting the earth
with the suns illuminating eyes
And as I rise so do waves
I'm undeserving of your hateful gaze
But even still I expect no praise
As hope and wonder stain your eyes
Again and again and again I will rise



Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

Poetry Contest Submission - Ace Wisneski

1 message

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

Fri, Apr 26, 2024 at 7:53 AM

Ace Wi

9th grade

Phone number:

Email:

Written Poetry

Loving thee is as easy as breathing
Nay, simpler is my love wrought
Thine beauty leaving me seething
Just upon the thought

For how, could a monster love such sun
Could a sinner pollute such holiness
And oh how I've prayed I may run
Free myself from our craziness

Yet 'come hither' I call
For my heart too stubborn to deny
I shan't force my heart to be sally
For thou art the apple of my eye

Thine eyes shine bright as the gods
So please, may we drop our calm facades

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Death

by Dulcie H:

9-12th grade

Death

Why must we give in?

Is it something we can withhold from the darkness within

The beeps on the monitor

As your last breath draws near

As sweat trickles down your face of fear

Hold my hand

Until it's numb

Then you'll see the dangers weren't dumb

The wheels of time stop

But breathe your last breath

Before you drop

Cold hands, blue lips

Hypothermia has succumbed

Freezing your body and hips

Sorrow

Is what you'd feel after I depart,

And tis I who caused your aching heart

Frozen, you can't speak

As if someone menacingly called you a freak

Walking through these empty halls

It's like you can hear my cry, through the walls

My death will haunt you for years to come,

As you cry the life I was stolen from.

The top of the world

The top of the world. At the peak people feel free, away from civilization and alone. Cold sharp wind hits a face causing the eyes to water. The eye travels as far as the great plains. Buildings of many litter the ground below. Everything looks tiny from far above when in reality you are the ant to the buildings. High up, this must be how birds feel, although they are not held to the ground. One is on top of the world on this peak but never set free from the feet that hold them there. Free feeling but never as free as a bird.

Addison C.
Grade 11

You were
always sure to show me your heart.
Gentle and caring as you let it tangle into mine.
Leaving your mark on what you assured would
always be mine, no matter what happened
to the two of us. A vow of your devotion
that was mine to keep. I fear
I may never be able
to love you any
more.

Audrey V
Grade 11

Unreachable

by Isabella I

When I was little
I'd stare up at the stars, the sun and sky
And think that they'd be within my reach
For sure
Someday.
I'd just need to grow older
A little bit taller
And then I'd be able to grasp the clouds
To hug the moon that watched over me
To touch those things which seemed
Even then, so close.
Someday.
Someday.

Time passed
I grew older
Taller
And I found that - no
The friendly stars were still
Beyond my reach.
But it didn't matter
Because now
I looked more at things around me, near me
Cared more for friends, for sports and school
And less for the silent, endless sky
After all, it was always there.

I'm still older now
Still older, taller
And now I only reach for things
That are very much on earth.
College is coming up, and I'm busy with essays
With good grades on tests
And applications.
I'm so busy that I hardly ever have a moment
To even glance up at the drifting clouds, the sun
After all, I know they're unreachable
And always have been
Always will be
Unreachable.

Then
One day
You came
And you made me think
Once again
That I could touch
The far-off stars.
You yourself are higher than the farthest stars
Than the shining sun
The endless sky
I gaze up in wonder
But I also feel sure that if I grow just a bit taller
Your rays will be
Within my reach.
You make me look up
Look up past Snapchat and Instagram and Sephora
See things that I haven't seen in ages
Stretch my hands for things I gave up on
Long ago.
I need you
Just like I once needed
To hug a cloud
Except clouds don't last
And you will.
You'll always last.
Long after the screaming, blazing sun
Has hurtled from the dying skies
And ended an aching, ancient world
You'll be there
With your warmth
Your smile.
You won't grow old
Because the light in your eyes
Is brighter than even the twinkling stars.
I'm a little child again
Standing on tiptoe
Grasping for things I'm too short to touch
But that I know I'll reach
Someday.

And even as I write this
Even as I put these words on paper
I feel like I'm grabbing for something
That's over my head.
Because trying to express what I feel in my heart

About you
Is as difficult as trying to describe
The vastness of the sky.
How corny that sounded
How feeble and blundering.
But I'll try anyway
Never stop writing
And maybe I'll be able to think
Of something fitting
For you
Someday.

You know
Getting real
Even as I write this
I have a feeling
Maybe more than a feeling
That things will change.
Just like I know
That one day the sky will fall
That stars will shrivel, eventually vanish
I know that someday
You'll do something
Say something
Be something
That I wasn't expecting - that I'll hate.
And it will be all over
The spell broken, shattered
And I'll look back down
Look back down at the everyday ground, the earth
Letting my outstretched hands and reaching fingers
Fall back down at my sides.
It's hard to believe - unbelievable, really
As I look up at you in your shining perfection
But I have to be smart
To recognize
That everything ends.
Everything
Even
The sun.

But - before I go -
You may fall from the sky
Burning up, destroying
My entire earth
My whole wide world
But still, I don't see why
Or how
I won't keep loving

The smoke and dust that you'll become.
We'll both be smoke
The smoke of my shattered universe
Will mix with the smoke of that being of light
You were for me before...
We'll both be dust and drifting remains
And though I know I can rebuild myself someday
I can never remake what I thought you were
And to my mourning mind you'll be but ash
Blown by the changing, restless winds.
But I tell you now that I will love your dust
Cling to your remains, dwell in your night
Remember forever that you made me reach
Beyond the heavy, common earth
Beyond the winds, beyond the air
For what I was sure
I'd never touch
For what I thought
Was unreachable.

City blandness and Hatter's Parties
by Tori Ar

Around, around the world spins
in day to day conformity
that shuns creativity
tingles and shivers, needles and pins
that's my life upon my skins
life and lights in the city
cannot spawn spontaneity
breathing clean is the same as toxins,
down, down I tumble down the rabbit hole
vision filled with mushrooms towering telephone poles
my life shines with tea and the Hatter
my head is filled with inspiration
I do not fear Red Queen's decapitations
I climb with magic cookie batter.

~~11/21/157~~

12th

Phone: Moms: '



Jennifer H.

9th grade

For

 The Enchanted Place

We walk through the frigid forest
Our hands in an embrace
I can't help but wonder
How you walk with such grace,
Such elegance that not even the
finest dancer could retrace

Deep in the forest, the heart of the wood
Lies a clearing so still and discrete
That's where we stood
Bird song around sounding so sweet
Yet this whole moment is nothing
But bittersweet

He settled himself on the snowy floor,
Laying like a cold dead corpse
In a casket drawer
Just a chore
He was dead
But so
So alive

We lay there with no care for the time
His hand in my hand
A moment *no one* could mime
Just us and the land
The land and us
In this enchanted place

We lay there for seconds or years
Away from our greatest fears
So long
We become one with the flower
Drops of melted snow shower
Our still forms
Lying there unmoving

And dead

They'd find us in a month
When the weather becomes scorching
When the insects start eating at
our lifeless bodies
The damp grass hugging our frames
As a mother would a weeping child
Our bodies converge as one with the earth
Feeling more comforted
Than we ever had before

They'd find us too late
We'd escaped their hate
Lying in our new estate

The seasons will change
In this forest we love
No longer birds in a cage
Just you and me
Me and you
In *our* enchanted place.

-jh

~~714-600-1000~~



Poetry contest :D

1 message

Wed, Apr 24, 2024 at 3:23 PM

Hello! My name is Lillith, I am in the age group 9th-12th, and this is my submission for the Poetry Contest;

The hills are alive.
Hear the wind they use to breathe,
Swirling across the endless seams.

See the tops outlined in red,
The lowering sun, soon off to bed.

Hear the snow sparkling across the ground,
So light and gentle like the stars abound.

Whether in the brightest light or comforting dark of night,
If you're there or not, the wind still blows.
The snow still shines, and the sky itself knows,

That the hills are alive.

I hope you like it!

For my contact information, you can reach me here at
like, 9...)

"I made when I was

Tulips

Some are red,

Some are purple,

Some are pink,

The tulips grow in many shades,

More than the eye can see,

Some are yellow,

Some are orange,

Some are white,

In rows and rows the tulips grow,

More than the eye can see

Cera K.
10th grade



Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

Poetry Contest

1 message

From: Quinton D. [mailto:100@wsd3.org]
To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>

Wed, Apr 10, 2024 at 7:57 AM

My name is Quinton D. [redacted] and I am a 12th grader from Widefield High School.
[redacted] act number. My poem is in the style of a Pantoum.

Learning From The Seasons

The cycle of the seasons start yet again
More than just flowers begin to bloom
I close my eyes don't tell me when
For in my heart there is plenty of room

More than just flowers begin to bloom
The emotion in my heart is now mature
For in my heart there is plenty of room
This type of heartache I must endure

The emotion in my heart is now mature
I've now learned the power of patience
This type of heartache I must endure
The experience of this I am now gracious

I've now learned the power of patience
I close my eyes don't tell me when
The experience of this I am now gracious
The cycle of the seasons start yet again

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to me

The Cheshire Cat and Queen of Hearts,
Two symbols of life's many parts,
The cat, with a grin so wide and wry,
The queen, with a temper that can't be denied.

The cat, a metaphor for the mysteries we seek,
The queen, for the power that we seek to keep,
Both lead us on a journey of discovery,
Through a world of chaos and complexity.

The cat, with riddles and paradox,
It teaches us to look beyond the shocks,
And find the truth that lies within,
A world where nothing is truly true

The queen, with her iron fist,
Shows us the dangers of power's twist,
And how it consumes and will destroy,
If we're not careful to curb its ploy.

Together, the cat and queen,
Remind us of life's many scenes,
And how we must navigate its twists and turns,
To find the truths that our heart yearns.

So let us follow the Cheshire Cat's lead,
And explore the mysteries that we need,
While heeding the Queen of Hearts' rule,
To keep our power in check, and not be a fool.

For in the end, the journey we take,
Is a reflection of the choices we make,
And with the cat and queen to guide our way,
We may just find the path that leads us to stay.

Email-foryahketurah-100@wsd3.org

Mystery by: Cadence H

We're sassy in our unique way
We're both caring
We were obsessed with boys when I was their age
Their daughter is an exact copy of them

They've annoyed each other
They love each other
They tell each other everything
They will always stay together no matter the consequences

We're looking out for one another
We're always helping each other
We're praying for others
We're going to church together

We're building our faith in God together
We're listening to each other
We're always there for each other
We're keeping each other alive

We're thriving together
We're living in the same house
We're cooking together
We're making mistakes

We're growing our relationship
One is wise one is still learning
One knows more about the world the other is still learning about the world
We're spending time together from the moment we got out of bed
We're loving life

We're rescuing each other

We're learning from each other

One has given birth to a child

One has sacrificed everything for the other

One is helping the other learn how to survive in this world

We've been through a lot together

We've been to different places together

We've given each other meaning

We're learning from each other
One has given birth to a child

One has sacrificed everything for the other
One is helping the other learn how to survive in this world
We've been through a lot together
We've been to different places together

We've given each other meaning

9/11

3

Legos

staring at the box in awe, eagerly
waiting for the perfect time,
spreading the pieces all about the floor in a glorious mess of puzzle solving process,
peeling away the plastic restraints,
destroying the fragile paper-board box in a frenzy,
flipping through the endless instructions,
biding time until the flimsy plastic prisons are opened and the building blocks come flying forth,
opening every little package not caring that it's harder that way,
sifting through piles on piles of tiny plastic pieces, the corners all
tickling skin with nostalgia and childlike hope,
finding the little pieces between your toes,
discovering the first piece to go, one of many,
placing one on another to form a brick-built imagination land,
combing eyes along the structure coming together in hand, lit up with stud-sparkles,
skipping a page in confusion finding one too many pieces stacked,
breaking fingernails trying to prune the overgrown structure, back on track now
knocking parts together so they stay,
loving the image coming together in sight, finally the last piece
fitting perfect with the picture,
longing for the experience not to end,
dragging on as the cardboard and plastic litter is cleaned,
sighing as its perfect place is found on a desk full of memories.

Rebecca L.
12th grade
bi

Muerte Y Vida

Todo muere lentamente

Familia muere

Las mascotas muere

Plantas muere

Pero antes de la muerte

Todo vive

Death and Life

Everything dies slowly

Family dies

Pets die

Plants die

But before death
everything lives

"Too Much"

I need to undo
The lessons of aging
I've grown stiff
Not moving, not knowing,
Stagnant like a cornered chess piece,
With nowhere to run
I'm tired of this.
I'm not good at waiting
I want it fast, I want it now
I'm too much.

Too passionate
Too sad
Too angry
Too headstrong
Everything in one
Too hot, too cold,
Too quiet, yet too bold,
Too loving, too hateful,
It's all too much.

I wish I was pretty.
I wish I didn't smile at people I hate.
I wish I didn't cry to people I love.
I wish I wasn't too hot to handle,
And too cold to touch,
I wish I wasn't too much.

Marcus R
Contact Information:
Grade: 12th
Age: 18
Example: Pantoum Poem

Time

As it flies by right in front of you

It makes you cry

Once you realize you are out

Then you will die

It makes you cry

You won't know what to do

Then you will die

When it comes to you

You won't know what to do

Standing their loss at what is right in front of you

When it comes to you

You can say you are doom

Standing their loss at what is right in front of you

Once you realize you are out

You can say you are doom

As it flies by right in front of you



Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

Written Poetry

1 message

To: spl@wsd3.org

Wed, Apr 3, 2024 at 9:23 AM

Moses W

I know

I know. I know a lot of things, maybe too many. I know recipes. I know places. I know animals. I know people. I know her, him, and them. I know she loves him, but he loves them but they don't feel the same. I know they hate her because of that one time. I know why she did. I know he didn't understand. I know it was directed at them. I know they don't know that I know. I know what she should've said, what she shouldn't, what he saw, what he remembered, what they felt, and what they thought. I know they all deserved better. I know and I wish I didn't.

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Sadness

They say sad feelings are only temporary.

It comes in all colors

Black, purple, blue, red.

Sadness is like a human

It's perceived as strange

It's unsettling, yet comforting?

The comfort you find in your own sadness

Is like no other.

They say sad feelings are only temporary,

But so is everything else.

By Emery F

Grade 9

The Words Left Unsaid

We stand there together
face-to-face

For words left unsaid hang in this place

This place where words fill the night air

Words that nevertheless show we still care

These words we want to say
Words we need to say
The feelings in our hearts we wish to convey

Hesitation fills the moonlit sky

Not knowing whether to say hi or goodbye

Both of us afraid to breathe the words in

Afraid to let the words, flow through us within

Flowing out our mouths, for all to hear

The words left unsaid we hold close to us dear

Afraid of loss
Afraid of rejection
Afraid to admit that there's still a connection

Is our love truly done?
Is this where it ends?

Is there still hope for more or are we destined to be friends?

Our candle of love
now a barley-lit flame

Both of us wonder if the other feels the same

A luminous street light flickers in the distance

A breeze sways the trees as we stand there in silence

We stand there together
face-to-face

For the words left unsaid hang in this place

Our eyes saying more
more than our lips

Bodies glued to the pavement as our aching hearts rip

As we both walk
walk separate ways

All of the memories of us replays

And in the air hanging by a thread

Stays the words we left unsaid.

Maggi M

12th