



Poetry *in*
BLOOM
2020-21

cover by Dawn Betner

Poetry in Bloom Magazine Submissions

Dear POLers,

This year would have been unimaginable without the Poetry Club! It's been my salvation getting to know some new people and deepening connections with old faithfuls!

Dawn—So glad you joined us and I expect you will carry the torch for us into the next two years.

Bryce—It has been a gift seeing your growth as a person in the world and a poetic voice in the universe!

Megan—I will always remember your inimitable voice, both in the poems of others and in your own!

Ria—So grateful you joined us this year, and your poetry club presence has made up (a little) for me missing your face in AP Lit : }

Arianna—What a journey it's been, and how beautifully you represented Eastern at the regional level.

Rachel—You're coming back next year! (Not an order, more of a plea!) How delightful to have gotten to know you.

A Moreno— I am so looking forward to two more years of your powerful voice and your willingness to bring your whole self to our club!

I will think of you all often and fondly whenever I hear your poems. Actually, whenever I hear any poems, which is multiple times a day. (Special thanks to Melody Dias, a guest contributor!)

Fondly,

Mrs. Pomerantz

Dear POLers,

Like a beacon in a storm, the members of Poetry out Loud have buoyed my spirits and given me something to look forward to every...single...Thursday! Your consistent dedication to the group has left it better than it was in September. You inspire me, and I am thrilled to see what life holds in store for you.

Dawn—It has been a tremendous pleasure to be your teacher this year and to welcome you into the fold of Poetry Out Loud. You have brought so much to the group, and I cannot thank you enough.

Bryce—You are a trailblazer, an innovator, and a pillar of strength. You have motivated me to push beyond my own comfort zone. The world beyond Eastern’s walls does not know what is in store for them. Congratulations, Valedictorian!

Megan—You have a very uniquely mature and realistic outlook; your way with words is like no other, and you can find the right ones when others cannot. Stay sweet...it makes others feel better being around you.

Ria—I am so fortunate to have had the opportunity to get to know you through this group. You have a gift for poetry. And your laughter just lights up the room! Never stop writing!!

Arianna—I am so lucky to have been both your Sophomore English teacher and to have circled back around to see you bloom in Poetry Out Loud. Your warmth, talent, poise, and gentle nature make others feel wonderful. I cannot wait to hear about the wonderful things you are poised to accomplish. Congratulations, Salutatorian!

Rachel—You are such a talented woman...a triple, even a quadruple threat. I cannot wait to see where the next years take you, and I hope you take a greater leadership role in Poetry Out Loud.

A Moreno—Your talents blow my mind! I am thrilled that you landed in my English class, Study Hall, AND now Poetry Out Loud. Cannot wait to see you carry the torch for the group in years to come.

Much love,

Mrs. Steller

TABLE OF CONTENTS

livin' the dream <i>by Dawn Betner</i>	4
i'm not sure what to write <i>by Dawn Betner</i>	5
what makes us? <i>by Dawn Betner</i>	6
goodbye <i>by Dawn Betner</i>	7
stabbed in the finger <i>by Dawn Betner</i>	8
the rose bush <i>by Dawn Betner</i>	9
Rytten <i>by Bryce Dershem</i>	10
Still Life Vignettes <i>by Bryce Dershem</i>	11
Hourglass <i>by Melody Dias</i>	12
Crawling Out of the Garden <i>by M. P. Miller</i>	13
Dungeon Song <i>by M. P. Miller</i>	15
To Do or Do Not See the Truth <i>by M. P. Miller</i>	15
The Final Internationale <i>by A Moreno</i>	17
Jar of Dirt <i>by A Moreno</i>	19
His Name is Ernesto <i>by A Moreno</i>	20
He Came in Peace <i>by A Moreno</i>	21
The Spartacus Rose <i>by A Moreno</i>	22
Nothing More Than Rhyming <i>by Ria Raval</i>	23
An Aching Beat <i>by Ria Raval</i>	23
Engine <i>by Ria Raval</i>	24
If I could stop one heart from breaking <i>by Emily Dickinson via A.J. Reischer</i>	26
(Meant) to be or not to be <i>by A.J. Reischer</i>	26
Dust of Snow <i>by Robert Frost via A.J. Reischer</i>	27
Paragraph <i>by Rachel Squire</i>	28
Mirror <i>by Rachel Squire</i>	28
Moon <i>by Rachel Squire</i>	29
The Phenomenon of POL <i>by Ria Raval</i>	30

livin' the dream

by Dawn Betner

it's 10:30
i close my eyes
i see myself
walking down the hall
the rumble of the stampede
the laughter and overlapping conversations
being carried on by those who
are trying to get through
they try to keep a smile on their faces
they say,
"just take it one day at a time"
but how is that supposed to help
when i can barely get through an hour of the day?
i keep my head down
airpods in
drowning out the intrusion of
the phony smiles and laughter
i look up every once in a while
to see a cute guy smile
or my cousin's friend stop and say hi
i try to keep moving
as fast as possible
the sooner i reach my destination,
the sooner i can leave
i continue this routine 8 hours a day
180 days a year
i tell myself it'll get better
but it never does
now,
i open my eyes,
look over,
it's 7:30 a.m.
and now it's time to live the dream
once again

i'm not sure what to write

by Dawn Betner

i'm trying to write.
but i can't think.
i mean i can think,
but nothing comes out.
well,
a lot comes out,
but nothing worth writing.
while i sit here and think,
my mind wanders to fighting.
not like a war,
well maybe the war in my mind.
but more like the people
that try to find
the person who is not me,
but who they want me to be.
i won't let them.
i will stay strong.
i won't be dragged along
the path where dreams go to die.
why would I let them do that?
i want to get out.
to escape and thrive.
for once in my life,
i want to be alive.
here i am rhyming.
trying to put words on a page.
but at the end of the day,
will i escape this cage?
to be held back,
and stripped of my energy
takes a toll
both physically and mentally.
maybe i'll make it out.
like a dog under a fence.
but if not,
i want you to know
this is not the end.

what makes us?

by Dawn Betner

letters make a word.
words make a sentence.
sentences make a statement.
we make a statement.
whether it be big or small.
it could be a solution to poverty.
or even just a compliment.
words also make a question.
questions come from curiosity.
We question life.
we ask,
“Why is this?”
or
“What is that?”
we ask to learn.
learning.
we go to school for 12 or more years
Why do we go to school?
to learn.
But why?
what we learn in school, can't we learn in life?
life.
living.
to live we must feel.
what do we feel?
anger?
happiness?
sadness?
or is it deeper?
maybe we don't feel at all.
maybe it's just something we're taught
but it's not reality.
reality.
R. E. A. L. I. T. Y.
to be real.
not fantasy,
which is a place our mind takes us
to escape what we fear
or what makes us upset.

What makes us upset?
or even better,
What makes us?
limbs.
genes.
atoms.
No.
What makes us?
personality.
logic.
intelligence.
character.
Maybe.
words make up sentences.
words don't make us.
we cannot be stripped apart by adjectives
or the people who use them.
we make us,
we choose who we are.
we cannot be described
we can only be us.

goodbye

by Dawn Betner

i loved you
i love you
there's nothing to change that
maybe what we did was wrong
but we can't take it back
i want you in my life
no wait
i need you to survive
and now that you're gone
i just want to die
you aren't even dead
just not completely alive
we don't talk anymore
we don't even say hi
and you're leaving soon
so i know,

we're done for sure,
i guess you can call this
our final goodbye.

stabbed in the finger
by Dawn Betner

a friend,
who isn't really a friend,
but is a friend.
or so you think.
the ones who
say they have your back
when in reality
they just stab you in it.
maybe not your back,
maybe your finger.
when sitting with a
DVD and a
pair of scissors,
Which do you expect to cut you?
well,
if you are cutting the DVD,
you carefully watch the scissors
you move your hand
to fit each twist
avoiding harm.
what you don't think about
is what happens when
you have tiny shards of
broken plastic
sitting around.
sharp but invisible.
you think that the dangerous foe has been defeated
you let your guard down
not realizing what you have to face next.
you continue with your project
when suddenly
your hands begin to feel sticky
you look at your hands to find
patches of a red liquid

you soon recognize to be blood.
you clean yourself up
and go back to work.
not even realizing what you did
and how you let yourself get hurt.

the rose bush

By Dawn Betner

life is like a rose bush
different paths,
each with a beautiful ending.
but on the way up,
it pricks us.
shall we not bleed?

Rytten

by Bryce Dershem

they hate fish, the (no) uncarcasses 'ièd a 'up, stac' 'wenty onto 'wenty unstol' from tractèd des moth(er)fath(er)s, les sist(er)broth(er)s, (no) flounders 'hrusting 'hemselves 'gainst 'hemselves, unchokèd par la (not) uncircumcisional air, 'urn prom(un)etheus laszt lapping 'owards the unbottom, une unescape penumbral dommeans de 'uickly 'iftèd 'nd 'orcèd le wnerfkin regarde as hoverèd sur la obscure spamfloor griminey, pure? alors des (car)ts' (car)ps 'wim a'new tile like an 'ngorgèd, (not) undefinnèd knadinsky (m)onterray (m)ange 'ang' pulverizèd 'nto la can, unpus festering in unpustules und' scales b'ause (m)aggots (not) usually seep les reek of alexandro' 'summer staleness antioch et the 'oming the eagle eyes or eye (n)'est orpheus a eurydice "burning with anguish 'nd anger" crumbling irise 'nd irise unflaying corneas caresses 'orever (no) sculptcarving sour stare the "bluish slate color" of beast o'eye o'je o'eye unknow (not) the 'wollen jugula' (no) molds to crack a (sli)t a (sli)ce a (sli)ver de 'oetic passionality prose wingèd Icaru' j'(n)ow of unmirrors nh's rc avec fecal cro-matter unsplattering "derevaun seraun! derevaun seraun" (not) comme nicoma' 'tote insomniatic asthmatic post-traumatic asymptomatic (not) ma(n)ybe pike 'ike 'chilles-lov' patroclus dimmid dim mid après pederasty flashing flies unturning dust 'nto dust noir raven bodies bulge 'ith (s)mokey fresh, (s)weet fest, (s)weaty flesh milky poe-eyèd centi-doe-eyèd bambièd (no) salv(os) les larv(o)e(s) tearrip tearrip tearrip sinew 'rom ossein unchunk unbegets 'alf voirea pilin' owly 'owards the lusto' nor (not) revena' nor (not) kero' moira' moira' moira' rothko co coupletbubplet porpandscorp gizzard (no) et giblets unyolks gnats 'eason ant en anthills undevoir anthills de flies, une mnarc echo? no narcissus de dabassy aural atresia lint therehere diaphanous, please please diaphanous, psychedelic l'enema (not) ejectamenta baathavan moana sweary six 'ermaphroditus rimming feculence sur buckets, unnot unknot the bucket but buck it (no) mais de dove de kooning quixotic cytotoxique inj(ect) ins(ect) 'hrow la turnip 'haps flee more fleas 'ause 'member the victuals unfirèd for fixin' the folkèd on "their wayward and flickering existence" tinctures (not) p(ush) bl(ush) more mimy mome grating grunt wristing 'way en hemic ocean les 'nwards swobbls' herethere juste thigh scissor thigh (no) uraniel unprostr(ate) unmictur(ate) plus pan (kras)ner (cras)s canine flamingo stev' pickl' 'o many many dm cherry, hesperidian 'ree 'wimming qu'est magenta la moonligh' cars rustin' la roadkill 'axidermied opossum squirt, flat decomposing on h(ooves) r(ooves) (no) pearls et pearls et pearls (no) et o'pals knlee tender jnh whl vap crimson cry ai bi cy dye omit fi meat slirpèd sur gloomèd hyacinth pollock potluck uncadaverous (no) arro(yos) 'nd cordur(oys)? non lic lic 'lato (not) 'ither/o'kierk caesura assurance anemic ataxia turpentine 'nd acidic heroin unliturgies 'eaning (not) chaos: mobocracy 'nd edibles langelo popèd 'bort storky g(naw) (nah) g(naw) (not) ninety-jawèd pandor'boxièd ttraanssceenddennt quiple chapan biple quarple magician unjerks magnets 'ares 'airs choking del phoeni' pilasio gibbet gibbet bedim autum(nal) uriel the unskimmèd 'arbor What's for my dinner?, i ate fish

Still Life Vignettes

by Bryce Dershem

Vignette I. (Still Life with Skull - Cézanne)

Perseph un P(aul) sk(aul)
Congen' imperm' (not) on rosem'
Napk' on plim(ento) plac(ento)
Marina violeta l'ast crédençe
'Urn (not) grekda hydr(a-o) de table?



Vignette II. (Violin and Candlesticks - Braque)

J'ai(n't) singin' sierra de orpheatic ocean
Nor oira (not) 'ay siaza violine, luteful
Or'allure a lure, 'astin'
Burnillow, (ch)op 'cr(oss) (ch)ip "ch(oss),
Auroral 'tacama pass-to ob'tèsé cubi?



Hourglass

by Melody Dias

Autumn relinquishes its captives,
Bound by Mother;
Cries of defeat ring out as
Drops of life seep through the sands
Ever so slow.
Friends rejoin
Guided by grief
Handshakes and niceties exchanged
In seconds comfort lacks
Just an empty hourglass remains.
Keys are now covered in dust,
Lights remain off in one room,
Morning beams are the only solace to the dark now.
Never does their warmth reach the room.
One still allows silent weeps each sunrise
Perhaps...?
Questions for a time were posed, answers are
Refused, remiss, and recycled
Staunchly repeated with perseverance as intense as a dog guarding its young against attack,
Til no questions can be asked.
Undisturbed the sands now stay except for the occasional rain
Vanity melts with the frozen air, then,
When the Sun dares to rear its damned self again,
Xeranthemums are no longer placed.
Yet, yesterday
Zinnias bloomed in their place

Crawling Out of the Garden

by M. P. Miller

I.

Now begins the 18th chapter.

Here. Let me tell you a story about a girl.

Perhaps an apt introduction: harbinger of the leeches.

She stands on the precipice, perilous

Resonance of the chrysalis when it shakes.

Overlooking a Brave New World and she trembles when she awakes.

She wields honesty like a weapon, sharp and biting

And isn't it exciting?

She stands still on a timeline unfulfilled.

II.

There it began,

with a *well intentioned* man.

Legs give way when the moths

Ingest her stomach.

Lips like a cadaver

All too moist and close

But he thinks he can have her

And in that moment she is

So small.

No— Round cheeks and clumsy paws

Withstood in the excitement of belonging.

Here, I'll tell you.

Gasping suffocating breaths.

Grasping the rushing wind.

Skinned and dimmed, wading further

With reluctant hands over eyes, ears.

I can't see through the blur.

Shaking lips curl back, exposing teeth.

III.

Ah! Cue the sardonic score! And

I'll score once, twice

Five times a score in the room— close the drapes—

In the room with the casts of geometric shapes, hovering.

Don't be stuck in the moment while

she's stuck in her head and

he's in love with a feeling and

not with the girl.
I am silent of my own accord;
Struck by the fist of fear.

IV.

In a vision I sneer at my indecision.
Upturn my head, aim with unyielding precision.
It's a different kind of friction.
I'm making a new decision and here's what I envision.
My mission: make him know that he does not see me.
He will not get my submission. You do not have my permission.
You lie and cry—which you cannot deny—and do not make me the bad guy.
Don't put me in that position.
It's a strange juxtaposition between the supposed good and bad.
The elation I'd feel from the pain on his face.
My face I see reflected in his.
I turn away to a rainbow of colors.

V.

Cracks are visible in the grey.
Today I smelter in a tv static sort of way.
Retreating further into myself I wonder
As I plunder and dolly over my own folly: How do I proceed when all I see is the reeds among
the strong?
My solace,
and my undoing.
Hey, I mean, now you know don't you?
With a strap around my back with new convictions.
Making faces in the mirror,
a snarl. A *predator*. And a smile.
Lopsided.
Alight that spark and ascend as a
Monarch in chosen solitude.

Dungeon Song

by M. P. Miller

I am a towel hung out to dry
I am but a face among many— claim me!
Break me and I will bend, pull off my petals and tear up the soil. Ignore the thorns.
Dig until you find the roots.
I am but a flower, waiting to be plucked from the ground, arranged into a bouquet.
You bastards, when will you realize it's all yours anyways.
It's yours.

To Do or Do Not See the Truth

by M. P. Miller

Henceforth, what am I going to remember?
Onward we go, in wonder
The rain has frozen
Wide
Speeding, slipping
Breathing sharp and stinging
A puzzle forced to finish with a piece missing
An empty valley in the cavity of my chest, but my mind is whole
What must I leave behind to keep going forward?
Just a girl, daunted by the whole world

I am a mindless being
Like a dog, rolling
Exposing my belly to the world
I'm lain open so obscenely
I proclaim!
How can trust exist without vulnerability?
How can bravery exist without fear?
Sing! loudly my accolades
Shout, scream from the topmost point in Fairy Glen like a siren
Preaching her stories
Eyes closed and far away my voice carries...

I'm earnestly spoken, narcissistic and thoughtful
The Envy of scholars and men
Perfection, yes perfection
There are so many exceptions to the lesson of perfection.

I hold all the words in the palm of my hand
Tell me, who will reach salvation? Who will be damned?
Don't look too close or it will devour you
Beauty, not because nor despite the horror
I'm an admirer, anew
Subdue the conscious through the slaughter
And though I am afraid, I am not brave

You're not kids anymore
We're 18 now
they'll send us off to war
And— hey what are you doing?
Don't embrace it, it's a disgrace
It... it's futile isn't it?
When even standing on the edge you peer and hardly feel a whisper of fear.
Here.
Cant we just go back to the bookstore? It's our safe place.
I don't want to be here, what for?
I'm sorry that this is the way the world is.
Tell me, when the evening falls under smoky grey,
with none of the warmth
Say when you wake everyday with the person who tried to kill you,
Tell me— Do you honestly like being the victim all the time?

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit

The *Final Internationale* *by A Moreno*

Do you know who are we?
Of course you do.
It's silly to think that you don't.
You pretend to build empires
From a scrawny little map
While we actually break our backs

Because you see in this reality,
You fear a certain word.
A very certain word that will forever
Go down in world history
As the name of our mighty endeavor.

...

In this world full of a darkness
Dictated by the dictators
On this heavn'ly plane of greatness
We are and've always been creators.

For we built this Mother Earth
And onwards we shall save her
From this darkness you have birthed
For we are one another.

We are the people
United and free
For we are strong
In a friendship
That has been tried by fire
For our mighty hearts shall
Continue to inspire
Shining in a glory
For all those to see

Cause' through days dark and stormy
Where we fed each other
We never stopped looking far
Above and Beyond

For the dream to end
Man's exploitation
Will be our final Declaration

This is our Earth, and our mighty journey
This is not the fifth
But the final Internationale!
For we let racist ignorance be ended
For kindness and humanity makes you
The oppressors
Collapse on your indecency

You create more depressions
In the name of capital
You sell us more possessions
To be more tyrannical

But we are conscious of your slavery
And we have foreseen your misogyny
And we'll remember your unsavory
Contempt for all oppressed peoples alike.

This is our Earth, and our mighty journey
This is not the fifth
But the final Internationale!
For we are the people
United and Free
So comrades, come rally!
The future will be ours.
This is not the fifth
But the final Internationale!

For time after time
And mind after mind
The collective human spirit
Will never begin to end.
For since time began
The human spirit reaches far beyond the stars.
For the human imagination
Always forever rampant
Exceeds all expectation
Of universal enchantment

Jar of Dirt
by A Moreno

(This was a legitimate conversation I had with a friend, explaining why they are not dirt).

I am a jar of dirt.
Comrade, no you are not.
Believe what I assert!
Can you explain aught?

I am just nothing
But a large jar of dirt.

Okay, dirt is special!

I'm but a glorified jar of dirt.

Consider me a worm.
Worms like dirt!
Waiting to find a firm.
Like a jar of dirt.

Better reassert!
Consider me a plant.
Waiting to grow from the enchant
Of said lovely jar of dirt.

I'm but a lonely jar of dirt.

I see a home!
I see a beauty!
You're a cosmodrome
Waiting for the next line of duty.

I'm but an empty jar of dirt.

Except that tiny, little flower
Waiting to bloom!
Ready for the sunny hour
And ready to assume.

Can you shut up for once?
No I can't, I am not sorry.

Stop it, please.
I am but an iron jar of dirt
Sealed with cement made of the Moon.

Oh but don't you see?
I see a thing.
Something that fills me with glee.
A future that will bring
A new dawn of thee!

You are special to me.
That is all that matters.
Comrade, you make me free
And I will continue this chatter...

Comrade, you are my jar of dirt
You can never make me feel hurt
With all of your friendly whims
You make my limbs
Feel a bit weak
From the amazing friendship that continues to speak!

His Name is Ernesto *by A Moreno*

His name is Ernesto
But you can call him Che.
His name cycles the Earth
And it shall not decay.

From the Argentinian
To the U.S. of A
He fought for the people
In a new kind of way.

He heals the people
And fights the tyrants.
From Cuba to 'Nam

He shall galvanize us.

“Hasta la victoria, siempre!”
Comrade Guevara has told us.
Because through time after time
And mind after mind
Ernesto fought to unite-
All of mankind!

He Came in Peace *by A Moreno*

He came in peace, for all mankind.
He was no billionaire, but he was kind.
He was a fellow worker, a revolutionary no doubt.
Our first representative to the stars was no plutocrat
But a fellow working proletar-iat.

His home destroyed by fascists, his family taken from him.
He never stopped, until he was unified with them.
He learnt to read, through war and peace.
He learned to forge, since he never ceased.
Until the day came, when he saw the release
Of fuel pumping through his vessel
To the stars on his mighty endeavour.

Comrade Gagarin, launching on Vostok One
He gave us the dream of something won.
A future bright, filled with hope.
Cause he gave us his scope
To see a humanity, unified with each other,
Because he came in peace, helping one another.

The Spartacus Rose

by A Moreno

Darling red flower,
Whom I call Rosa.
Your beauty in thought
Brings 'pon a nova
Of camaraderie
For all those to be.

Darling red flower,
Whom I call Rosa.
You are powerful,
More than you'll know!
You're the Spartacus Rose
Rising for freedom
While helping those
That shall need'em.

Darling red flower,
Whom I call Rosa.
You may be long gone,
But your dreams shall live on
For you shown us a way
To fight for
Our new May day.

Nothing More Than Rhyming

by Ria Raval

Books today
Far away
Into the mountains
Over the streams
Past the starlight
Into the dreams
Despicable children
Powerful women
A booth with a phone
A family at home
A train to work
A collared shirt
A pen to write
Whiskey at night
An elegant feather
From a bird lost in time
A dulling candle
Instead of a light meant to shine
Educational institutions
Standard tests and delusions
Creativity and fun
Supposed lack of income
Meaningless rhymes
You're so sure
But maybe you should take another look
Just in case there's something more

An Aching Beat

by Ria Raval

An ache every beat
Every beat hurts to breathe
Every breath a step
Further from what i need What i believe
A facade just perfect
Are the breaths even worth it
A heart in a cage
Unseen for days

A lifetime so short
But pain entrapping so wide
Held up by right morals
No matter morals are lies

An ache every beat o
It hurts me she hurts me
A dagger twisting in
Twisting words in I mean
A bond. Unbroken by lies
For that's what it's made of
Only broken by truth
But broken ashamed of
Hatred unseen unheard
The daggers of truth
Victim deserved
But the strength of truth
Yet to be seen
Truth simple to twist
An angel to a fiend
Gates of heaven open to a house of hell
Lies control this house
The Truth? Only but a shell

Engine

by Ria Raval

Every place an escape
Escape means too much
A fire, Reliant defiant
Left behind in the exhaust

Burnt rubber, burnt spirit
Every second going near it
The key that holds power
To hurt her to harm her
Switching on a flame
And the fire now burns
The roar of the engine not heard
Far off the road that owns her

Unhooked

The chains binding her to culture
Unscathed but over looms a vulture
Watching every step every breath
Every breath inching closer to death
Every inch closer to having a meal
Desire ending in dirt on the wheels

Every action to serve an opposite
To the picture in the mirror
A hole burnt by boldness
Left as she disappears

If I could stop one heart from breaking

by Emily Dickinson (via A.J. Reischer)

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

(Meant) to be or not to be

Cento poem by A.J. Reischer

Yes yes yes I do like you. I am afraid to write the stronger word.
I don't love you as if you were a rose of salt, topaz;
I love you as misfortune loves orphans, as fire loves innocence, as justice loves to sit and watch
everything go wrong.
No, I wasn't meant to love and be loved.

I have manipulated everyone who has ever fallen in love with me, but you said
Tell me every terrible thing you ever did and let me love you anyway.
So, in a thousand delicious, ill advised ways
We were together; and we danced by the light of the moon.

Day by day and night by night we were together,
and those woods were lovely, dark and deep.
But we had promises I could not keep, a love I could no way repay.
Yet can I just say how much I wanted you to stay?

When nobody wakes you up in the morning, and when nobody waits for you at night, what do I
call it, freedom or loneliness?
I miss you more than I remember you.
I think I made you up inside my head.
Please forget your scarf in my life and come back later for it.

Dust of Snow

by Robert Frost (via A.J. Reischer)

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

Paragraph

by Rachel Squire

How does one go from the top of the world
To rock bottom in seconds
With one click, my life unfurled
And yet my heart still beckons

Right from the very start,
I felt warmth like I'd never known
The fear of feeling tore us apart
Life is colder when you're on your own

It 's over before it truly began
In my dreams you're beside me
Never have I met a man,
As perfect for me as thee

As I sit here and miss your smile
While tears fall on my notepad
I know that it will hurt for a while
But I will never regret what we had

With me, I still believe you belong
To my heart, I hold your photograph
My love for you is far too strong
To be destroyed by a paragraph

Mirror

by Rachel Squire

The woman in my reflection is finally me
On the outside I look the same, on that I can agree
Why mimic another when myself comes built-in?
The sight of my soul is what lifts up my chin

An image of perfection is not what I strive to be
I fix my heart not my hair which is better I guarantee
No need to apply products, like I had been
My appearance digs deeper than the clearness of my skin

Before your world shatters, just try to see
Vanity is a mistake to every degree
A bit of glass won't show who a person is within
Beauty means nothing, goodness will always win

Moon

by Rachel Squire

The space between us is astronomical and wide
There is a crater in my heart that is left unoccupied
When night falls I think of only you
Gravity binds me to you like glue

It feels as though you are light years away
The tides will turn and we'll be together someday
Nothing in **all the** cosmos feels as good as your embrace
When I look up at the sky, in the stars I see your face

The celestial world is so vast and great
Out of everyone on Earth for you I will wait
As my heart **rotates** around you **I** know in my soul

We'll find each other in the end and my life will be full

The Phenomenon of POL

by Ria Raval

Created from the compassion of those behind the scenes
Recognition of the point beyond my means
The little “love you”s and
“Where have you been?”s
Reading through facades
Composed of common sense
The “I don’t like poetry”s and “I’m too nervous to speak”
All the while coming back
Not obligation but connection

A focus on humor
An effort to ignore what matters
Until you realize you’re falling
And there’s no coming back
But it’ll catch you
No doubt about that
Catch you in lies
In “I’m Fine”s
Catch you
Save you
From yourself
Read
Not words
But right through you
Especially when you least want it
But most need it

Us
A composition of different minds
Laid out on the same page
A creation of something bigger
Made of one hour Thursdays

To give your time to art
My mistake
Not to art
To people
Give time to words
No not to words

To hearts
Hearts seen with scars
Accepted with burns
A place a time and a moment to learn
Not to paint over pain
But to let it overflow
And eventually through words
No,
People.
You finally let go

Strangers sharing laughs
Friends. Among painful days
Unexpected trust
Unnoticed
Too late
To realize you'll miss it
Them
They'll never realize
The imprint they had
But perhaps they can still hear me
So, just once. I'll shout it and make them proud in my poetry
Out Loud. ;)