

Poems I Begged For

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Not Sleep

By Sammy Gagliardi

I want to sleep.
It is not time to,
but I need to sleep.

My head feels light,
my eyes feel heavy.
I don't feel good.

I cannot move.
I simply lie here,
not doing anything.

Trying to sleep
I've done too much.

Now I want to move.
I cannot.
I beg my arm to move,
to get water,
to get mom,
to get something.

But it won't move.
It only shakes.

My whole body shakes.
My body went limp
and now it lies on the floor stiff.

Somewhere,
somebody has their hand on my head,
calling to me.
Not here though.
Here, it is only darkness.

It is cold on my neck
and hot on my arms and chest,
too hot, much too hot.

And I want to move,
to get back in the game,
or the shower,
or to the meal,
or wherever I was
before I wanted to sleep.

Somewhere,
a man comes,
standing next to the woman
who still calls to me.

I don't hear it,
I can't,
but it's there.

It's all there,
and I'm in here.

It's nice,
but it's not.

Somewhere out there
a woman in a car stops,
asking if I'm okay.

I don't know.

I'm facedown in the gravel,
or face up in the grass,
or maybe on my side
with my face pressed to the tile.

I don't know where I am
or how I got here.

But I'm tired again,
so I have to sleep.

And someone shakes me,
and someone bangs on the food,
and cars are honking,
and somebody's yelling

but I'm not there.

I'm not there
because I'm in here.

And I'm in here
because my head was light,
and now my legs feel heavy,
and I still need to sleep.

Life's Hallway

By Samantha Gagliardi

Life is sometimes like a long hallway
Doors on both sides, like you're staring down a hotel floor.
As you go through life you open these doors.
Some you avoid, some you run to.
Some you throw yourself into, some you get thrown into.
There are the doors children dream of,
There are the doors few but the poets would be glad to open.
But regardless of how you look at it there is one door we all open eventually.
Some only open it once, some open it far too often.
When you stand in front of this door, hand outstretched, you'll want to run, you'll wish you could hide from it and open a new door.
But when your hand greets the cold handle you'll know it's too late.
There is no hiding from this
You can't run from this door forever.
Eventually it will be the only door left.
And you'll be forced to meet the cold, unapologetic door handle of grief.

Boo! It's Halloween

by Charlotte Pogoda

Pumpkin carving sure is sweet,
it gives you something good to eat.
Just bake them on halloween night,
and they will taste just right.

Just when you hear treat or treat,
you could see a soccer player wearing cleats.
Or a scary boy dressed as wolverine,
as moments later you'll see a queen.

With a knock and a dingdong sound,
parents laugh as kids run around.
While the kids are out having fun,
the parents are waiting for them to be done.

Happy Halloween

Untitled

Anonymous

What do you want to be when you grow up?
A question we have all heard
So much pressure
Im scared and so unsure
Theres many years till it needs to be learned
Im not ready yet.
What do you want to be when you grow up?
5 more years im sure ill think of something
Right?
I'm not ready yet.
What do you want to be when you grow up?
But suddenly I'm sick
Theres no longer 5 theres only 4
Now 3
Now only 2.
But what do you want to be when you are older?
The question holds weight.
Put your entire life on a scale
Put your future in folders
Put your thoughts in a book
Ask for all your ideas in a sentence
Like having so many papers but your folders are still empty.
But I am not ready.

Untitled

by Dylan Rochelle

imagine you see a dog
He is walking Through the fog
That would be crazy
All he wants is to look for a daisy
And that's how life is you seek for one thing
It's like your life is on a string
You follow till it ends
But it feels like it extends
That is how your life is

Music

by Jadon Short

Some people listen just for the beats and the bops
Some listen for the popularity
Some might even listen for the words

But a rare few actually listen for a meaning
A rare few listen for how the combination of the raw sounds and heavy words make a song
Rare few actually listen to a song because it has a meaning beyond the song, but with a personal memory

Music is more than just the beats and the bops
It's the person that made it and their experiences
It's why you listen to music that matters
It's how a song gets to your soul

So next time you listen to your favorite song
Or artist
Ask why. Why

Why I listen
Why they made the song
Why it sounds like this or why they said this
Why they sang it like this or that

Your life will be changed when listening this way.
Music is meant for the soul
Music is meant to express how you feel
Music is music.

Be You

by Dylan Rochelle

Believe you can do it
Especially when it's hard

You matter more than you think
Only you can change yourself
U don't have to be like others

Teamwork

by Jack Caldwell

Together we strive for
Excellence and
Accountability amongst our
Members to find a
Willingness towards our
Obligation with each others
Reliability and
Kindness

Walking Lonely Through The Driven Snow

by Lauren Kim

Go lie with your lover in the driven snow.
Do not linger here where you wake alone,
for in this life, who do you know?

The sun has left you, so you must go
into the darkness it has deeply sown, and
go lie with your lover in the driven snow.

A fantasy beckons, harsh and low,
trust not yourself, trust the familiar cawing of fate,
for in this life, who do you know?

Piercing your resolve like a flute's sharp blow,
its pull drags you closer, closer to home.
Go lie with your lover in the driven snow.

On a white path marred by pitch-black crows,
wept feathers mark where he rests—go ease your loneliness,
for in this life, who do you know?

Watch them, watch them, watch the crows
as they cry for you, cry for you, cry for you to
“Go lie with your lover in the driven snow.
For in this life, who do you know?”





Awakening of a Heritic

by Lauren Kim

“I don’t think
that’s right,” she said
when she should’ve
kept her mouth shut

in the darkness
it sounds louder
rings like a bell through the classroom
whispers reverberate outward
from cruel lips
that raise my friend
for all to see
holding her at the neck
like a pendulum
she is a beacon
in the miasmic dark.

light pools around her
and I am drawn to its softness
it tickles my eyelashes
and strips
thick, inky air
away from my retinas

in this light
the banners and the curled posters
adorning the room
are echoes
of the people I condemned
just like she was.
they all hang like forlorn bodies
laid out to dry
under my luminous friend,
the false Sun that rises to join them.

it hurts to see them
nailed down by the scripture
that the collective God has written

He deals in monochrome custom,
lays down his judgment,
yet pristine rulings turn red
as they lose the shield of night

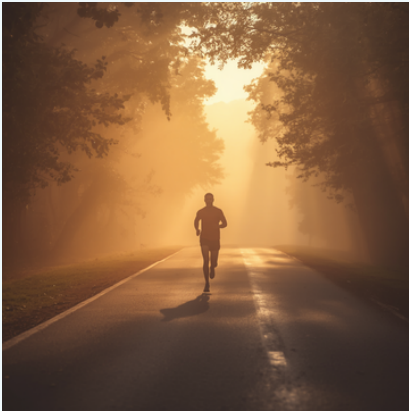
I sit half in the dark,
rewriting my scripture
trying to separate myself
from God's artifice
I am doubting
and the doubt
moves me,
loosens my lips.

"I think so, too," I say.

hands clamped to my cool desk,
I sweat with a fever
they will have my head!
I can hear the coming knell
in the hum of the fluorescent lights
God is the bellringer
and a call emanates
heavenly power beckoning the holy
to act against the traitor

I look at the ocean of light
that my friend has created
it reveals the world
and all the cracks
I was blind to

I see the reflection
of her,
feet dangling,
I look up and I know.
the pendulum will be me.
they will take me.
I will become it.



Running Life

by Mason Vo

The Road is long
But short enough

As life moves fast
The world is tough

Life's fast paced
You got to keep up

Come on, its time to go
As soon we might grow slow

For its time for you to prove
Your true point of view

Untitled

by Madeline Buono

The wind blew suddenly
The flowers flew anonymously
The girl looked left to right
The sun was so bright
The flower stems' iridescent glow
Matching the river that flowed
The clouds looked so fluffy
I almost mistook them for a puppy
The tree in the center stood so tall
Nobody in the town ever thought they'd live to see it fall

Follow Yourself

by Dylan Rochelle

All I did my whole life was chase a dream
It was going away so fast it was like a moving stream
Along the way I had to change my face
This whole time I was trying to just find my place

I kept trying to just go along
I knew it felt so wrong
Who I was a few days ago was already in the rear view mirror
I know that if keep going along then it wouldn't get any clearer

Ode To Spring

by Joelle DePasquale

It's been so long
since breaths came full
and skies widened
The colors have not returned
but they will

Days that feel warm
will soon feel cold
Count on it
Change is most noticed
when it starts

Not Anymore

by Anna Ruegg

You won't have to cry alone anymore

because I will be here to support you.

You won't have to work alone anymore

because I will sit with you until you're done.

You won't have to eat dinner alone anymore

because I will gladly eat every meal with you.

You won't have to stay up alone anymore

because I will hold you until you can close your eyes.

You won't have to be home alone anymore

because I will stay with you.

You won't have to do it all alone anymore

because I love you.

Green

by Anna Ruegg

Ever since i met them, the color green started to mean more to me

It became more than the color of grass and moss

The color of leaves during summer and spring

The color that is associated with mint flavored things

Ever since that day, the color green became a safe space for me

It became the feeling of knowing that i was gonna be okay

The feeling of enjoying the little fun moments

The feeling of being loved

Now i know someone reading this may think

Why the color green?

If you've never met them you wouldn't know why

But if you do know them

And you ever learned their last name

Then you would know why

So now whenever i take a walk outdoors

Or see a pint of mint chocolate chip ice cream

Im reminded of many things

Love, fun, enjoying the moment

Laughing, crying, and feeling the feelings

The color green is there for me

Coffee & Tea

by Anna Ruegg

There's a big green oak tree
It's got big and bright green leaves
It stands big and tall
You would never think it could fall
If you saw it
You wouldn't believe it
You may even say it's "lit"

The State of Living

by Lauren Kim

The state of being alive
is somewhere between
California and New Jersey
both ways around—
everywhere included—
in a sort of
waiting room to a
Heaven
that we probably
don't deserve

The national bird
is the angelfish,
and it swims
in the water vapor
in the air,
because the state
didn't get funding
for more water
or for more
than one state animal
because multiple pictures
cost too much,
on the kindergartenesque
mystic scroll
that is
their "informational state sign",
because they
certainly can't afford
a website either

(and they don't
have enough resources
for everyone
'cause Malthus was
pretty right)

So the angelfish
swim weakly upwards
towards a Heaven
that they probably
don't deserve

And all of us animals
and slightly different animals
(by undefined standards)
can find solidarity
in that
if not
in that
accursed
informational
sign

“Existence”
The Living State
Est. Beats Me
Come see our state’s wildlife—
We have it all!
Population: Everyone

Untitled

by Chase Connerly

Roses bloom in morning light,
Birds sing softly, pure and bright.
Clouds drift slowly through the sky,
Butterflies go fluttering by.
Gentle breezes cool the day,
Children laugh, run, and play.
Trees stand tall with leaves so green,
Nature paints a lovely scene.
As the sun begins to rest,
The peaceful world looks its best.

Untitled

by Charlotte Pogoda

Spring is going and summer is coming,
Thinking of summer days ahead
Could be the number on the weather app
Or the beaches that fill your head

It may be a reach, but the lake is nice too
Where the water sparkles bright brown
You wake from tanning in the sun
And that's where the fun begun

Skipping stones and watching them glide
With family and friends by your side
As the sky turns pink and yellow
The best summer starts to unfold.

Happiness

by Casey Harasy

Happiness is hard like a butterfly
It's hard to catch
Beautiful to behold
It's something we all strive for
But it's never quite easy to find.

Happiness can be found in the small moments
Like a smile from strangers
Or a warm hug from someone you love
Happiness may seem unreachable at times,
But that butterfly will be found.