

# Creative

December 15, 2014

# Writing

## POETRY ISSUE

### QUIET

by McKay Smith

Quiet is observing,  
Watching.

Quiet is mouth shut,  
Not saying.

Quiet is not wanting to talk,  
But not knowing  
What to say.

But quiet is not just absence of sound.

It's peaceful, happy solitude,  
where anything could happen.

A time to relax.

But quiet is not always good, either.

Quiet could be someone hiding a feeling,  
or deeply thinking,  
or unspoken problems  
between two people.

Quiet is not just one thing, but many.

### THE FAKE IT OUT SHOW

by Melody Wooten

When we were all together  
The neighborhood kids and I,  
We'd group together on the patio,  
And split up.  
Half on the swings,  
Half under the deck.  
On the patio, we'd huddle together,  
Whispering secret plans  
Of how we'd pull the curtain  
And start to act  
And dance  
Or sing  
Or wrestle  
But then suddenly  
Someone would fall.  
Those on the swings would gasp.  
While the rest tried to hold back laughter.  
Then,  
In all the shock and gloominess,  
The fallen would open his or her eyes  
And stand and shout  
"It's the fake it out show!"  
And it was all the joy and laughter  
That never got old.

SFJHS

## THE PIZZA

by Robby Lapray

I ate some pizza late last night  
'cause I just couldn't sleep.  
I snuck into the kitchen and  
tried not to make a peep.  
I grabbed the box out of the fridge  
and lifted the top off.  
The smell of cheese and anchovies  
made me let out a cough.  
I pulled out a large smelly slice  
and raised it to my lips.  
I closed my eyes and held my breath  
and took a little nip.  
I fell onto the kitchen floor  
and puked onto the tile.  
So please don't ever eat a slice  
That's baked by Uncle Kyle.

## ODE TO MEMORIES

by Imogen James

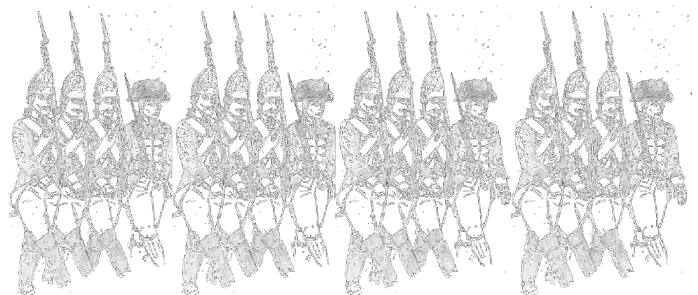
I close my eyes and there I see  
    Children playing Hopscotch.  
I close my eyes and there I see  
    My mother baking pie  
*Oh, how I remember the smell.*  
I close my eyes and there I see,  
    My brother teaching me to skate.  
I close my eyes and there I see  
    Singing songs and playing jump rope  
I close my eyes and there I see  
    Sneaking mom's lipstick on my lips  
I close my eyes and there I see  
    Catching butterflies in jars  
*I close my eyes and start to dream  
For this gives me pleasure.  
For these are my precious memories.*

## THE LINE

by Porter Stulce

Back to back  
Blow to blow  
The cannon to the next  
Everyone was panicked  
running to and fro  
The sound of guns rang off  
into the valley  
The smell of gun powder hung in the air  
Nowhere to go  
Completely surrounded  
One rose up whose name was Chauncey  
He issued orders one to the next  
He told the line of men not to move  
And never falter  
He yelled for the charge  
And all of them ran  
Ran in knowing soon all would be dead  
The noise rang out quick and fast  
Gunfire and it happened again  
Again the men fell down silent  
And the line threatened to break  
but it held on by a little thread  
Then like a dragons' soul  
Everything stopped to listen  
To the sound  
Then all fell down  
Right on the ground  
Ragged group of survivors  
Fighting  
Back to back  
Blow to blow  
The line was crumpled and no more

BACK TO BACK  
BLOW TO BLOW



Mountain

Memorably marvelous  
Slowly scratched smaller  
Still shrinking super small  
Stone

by Ryan Whitaker

Sad

Sitting silently  
Solemnly staring sadly  
Hoping for happier dreams  
Happy

by Kelbie Taylor

Winter

Whirling whiteness  
Whooshing with wonder  
Soon a sloshing slop  
Spring

by Mia Colton

Sunshine

Softly shining  
Smiling, singing, swaying  
Swallowed in colorless clouds  
Snow

by Imogen James



## LOVE AND BETRAYAL

by Damaris Flores

The girl who leaned against  
who she thought was the only boy  
that would ever love her

Opened her arms wide  
and felt something tingling inside.

But then that boy who she thought  
was the one and only  
was NOT.

He betrayed her with another girl.

She cried puddles and puddles  
of tears every day as she  
remembered when they were together.

## I CAN DO IT

by Shayla Seitz

I watched my best friend  
riding down the street  
on her purple bike  
her hair flowing behind her.  
She was so happy.

Why couldn't I ride?

What is wrong with me?

The butterflies in my stomach  
as I was thinking of riding.  
Would I be able to do it?

Looking at the pink bike,  
Climb on,

Wobble, wobble, wobble

Pedal faster and faster

Around the parking lot,

Like a spinning tornado

Mom and Dad so proud

Cheering louder

The faster I go.

Finally knowing,

I can do it.

The butterflies fade away.

## YOUR TIME

by Abbi Jeffrey

There it was

The big dirty arena

The barrels are set up

The timers are prepared.

I can't wait for those short seconds

that short but sweet rush

When you let your horse go.

You are so nervous, but confident

Your horse is hyped.

The gate opens!

The rush of the wind

The sight of the barrels

Go around one, two, three.

Faster than lightning

then finally

Your time.

Sometimes, it's a relief

Other times, it's a burden.

You learn from the win

or you learn from that burden.

Never forget it, never forget it.

## FREE

by Haylee Orton

Free

In the Meadow

Crickets chirping,

Dogs barking,

C R U N C H I N G

As I walk on the

f r o s t e d

Grass, swings creaking

Kids L A U G H

with JOY

Picking the flowers

Just R U N N I N G

WILD

Free as birds

In the meadow.



CRUNCH  
LAUGH  
JOY  
WILD  
FREE

## LITTLE MOMENTS

by Treven Marler

When I go camping,  
When we gather around a warm crackling fire,  
When I wish upon a shooting star.

*Celebrate the little moments in your life.  
Savor them, remember them.*

When we go outside on a crisp autumn day.  
When we jump into a gigantic pile  
of crumbling rusty orange leaves.

When you play a hard piece of music  
and conquer it.

When the crowd applauds,  
yelling, Bravo! Encore!

*Enjoy your lifelong story.*

When you finish a masterpiece,  
When you notice you are just  
as good as Michaelangelo.

When you go to the local pond,  
When you finally skip a rock,  
When you catch your first fish.

*The world is your playground.*

## SADNESS


by Megan Haymore

Sadness is being alone  
Forgotten  
Useless

Sadness is having an  
Empty feeling inside you  
Throughout your days

Sadness is hot tears  
Running down  
Your face

Sadness is  
Nobody  
Noticing



**SADNESS  
IS  
NOBODY  
NOTICING**

## IMAGINATION

by Bronte Matis

Imagination  
Where you can be what you want to be.

You fly across the dark night sky  
in your high-tech rocket ship  
And visit Jupiter, Saturn  
And burning, smoldering stars.

You sail across the deep blue sea  
And fight swash-buckling pirates  
You search for buried treasure  
And meet a friendly octopus.

You paint a gorgeous masterpiece  
Even better than Van Gogh  
They pay you \$1,000,000  
And chests filled with jewels.

You hike across Mt. Everest  
And battle frigid cold  
You get led by your trusty Sherpa Guide  
And a sled dog named Bob.

You walk across volcanoes  
And slip on scraggly, black rocks  
You cough out smoke and ash  
And stand against the lava.

Imagination  
Where you can be what you want to be.

## THE CHILDHOOD DREAM

by Porter Stulce

Climbing trees  
High, high up  
Swaying to and fro  
in the soft summer wind.

Reading books in the dead of night  
Hiding with a blanket and flashlight  
Running to and fro

On the soft, green grass  
Running with the wind  
Stealing toys from brothers  
And trying to sneak off.  
The childhood dream.

## FEAR

by Mercedie Benson

Fear

Consumes you

Quietly wrapping around you

Fear is a dangerous

Ugly beast

Makes you want to run

Fear isn't that

Warm feeling you have

It's cold and no one can escape it

Fear comes to you when you are

Isolated

Alone

Fear isn't

Kind

Generous

Fear doesn't know

Mercy

Kindness

Or forgiving.

## SUNRISE

by Addi Urmston

Darkness is sadness  
in my soul.

The moon, a tear  
in my eye.

My friends are stars,  
only showing a dim light.

The shooting stars are  
a comment, a snicker,  
a whisper behind my back.

The light, a true friend,  
lifting me up,  
brightening my soul.

I am the sun,  
rising, climbing to the sky,  
the sky is my next goal.

The sun I am  
achieving my goal,  
my warmth is a smile  
reaching the top  
my life, a sunrise,  
a sunrise,  
Happiness.

