INKWELL WINNERS

**Grade 5**
Matilda DePold  
Gabriella Dixon  
Xavier Duncan  
Sarah Krabach  
Roshen Kulkarni  
Ani Lettau  
Jordan Minnick  
Charles Nwakanma  
Vincent Poe  
Preston Reeves  
Orion Runion  
Leona Sandoz  
Adderly Surack  
Maria Tan  
Sterling Waterfield

**Grade 6**
Khyree Bowe  
Luke Chaille  
Sei Na Chappell  
Elizabeth Craig  
Grace Gephart  
Chloe Park  
Noelle Spier  
Jacob Summers  
Aishani Valluru  
Monica Wojewuczki

**Grade 7**
Saed Anabtawi  
Kush Anand  
Alexander Bayburt  
Brian Collins  
Naomi Gephart  
Andrew Habig  
Madeline Phuong  
Anya Ramrakhiani  
Elliot Straka-Kitch  
Thomas Tsai

**Grade 8**
Vonnia Anwar  
Harley Babbitt  
Avery Biggs  
Gavin Bowe  
Emma Hildreth  
Katian Hornbostel  
Eamonn Keane  
Kyle Lawson  
Mia Patton  
Miyako Semba-Norwalk  
Oliver VandeWater
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Grade 5
Simone Dikeolakos

Grade 6
Amelia Ervin
Ali Ghazali

Grade 7
Anthony Salerno

Grade 8
Alexander Elko
Emma Hildreth
Zoraiya Limzerwala
Leah Marquell
Rowan Miller
Alexandro Robles
# POEMS

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Beauty Unnoticed

Preston Reeves

When the seeds leave the dandelion stem
There is hidden beauty
Because the stem has not been forgotten by the seeds
They learned from the stem,
How to grow and become light like a cloud
Fluffy like sheep’s wool
Learning from the stem inspired them so much that
The seeds have set off
On an adventure of their own
The soft wonderland on the tip of something as simple as a stem
Inspires so many seeds to create the beginning of their own new tower
A new green stem
Endlessly bringing joy to the hearts of many little children
When they pluck the stem and blow the seeds
Giving them a head start to the grass
To start it all over again
I Wonder
Sterling Waterfield

I wonder why we call bats, bats
Why do we call them that?
I wonder why little kids burp
And crickets chirp
And why snow is in the winter.
Speaking of snow,
Why is it called snow and not sand?
Why is music sometimes called a band?
And
Why do people walk on land?
And why do they die
Or cry
Or get mad
Or sad?

Why are we the ones that can talk
And the ones that have technology?
Why aren't hedgehogs a sophisticated species?

Why do spiders give you the creepies?
It doesn’t seem right to me
Why the world is this way
I think the world should be different.
But I can't make hedgehogs talk
Or fish walk
So I think that I will just
Burrow under the earth
Inspect the workings of the world
And see what makes
The world this messed-up way
But I kind of like the world this way
Just a little
So I will stay
Here where I am
And watch the flow
Of this total, absolute, beautiful, messed-up
chaos that is the world.
Simone Dikeolakos
For Good or For Evil

Ani Lettau

How can a yell
Something so loud
Turn into something
As quiet as a whisper?

How can a look
Something so gentle
Turn into something
That could scare a whole nation?

How could a word
Something so soft
Turn into something
That changes your life?

How can a gun
Something to protect
Turn into something
That could start a war?

How can a fire
Something to warm
Turn into something
That is used as a weapon?

How can a nation
Something so exciting
Full of life
Turn into something
Something the whole world fears?

How can the world
Something so big
Something so full of life
Turn innocent things
Meant to be used for good deeds
Into something
Something so vile
That it’s dangerous
To even have around?
Wandering Thoughts

Maria Tan

I wonder
Why we sweat on hot summer day
Why we do what we do
Why we follow our instincts like a dog on a trail
Following the path the Fates have made
Why we even have an appendix
Sometimes I ask myself why am I even here
Then relaxing I let those thoughts drift away

Salty

Matilda DePold

The time has come
to say goodbye to the old
and welcome the new
Under the fir tree
We sit
She and I
Sharing last minute secrets of
Bracelets, charms
An old feather or
A smooth rock
We will write, we promise
But we never do
Once maybe, but not now
**Bitter Sweet Poem**
*Adderly Surack*

The bag crackles as my grandpa is opening it
He tears it open
Gummy worms dump out on to the table
The fridge opens
He gets out the Sprite
Hear the sizzle
As he twists open the bottle
Together we eat our treats
Sadly now, we are no longer together
But we are still together every time I eat gummy worms and Sprite
Only now I am opening the bag

**Name Sake**
*Orion Runion*

I walk out of the car
Then I see the moon
Shining so bright
I see the stars
Making pictures
Constellations
I see the hunter
The one who was killed
By a giant scorpion
The one who holds the bow ready to strike
The one who wears a belt around his waist
The one who lost his eyesight but was restored
The one who can walk on water because of his father
The one who I was named after
Orion the hunter
A hunter of the night sky
The sun shining bright,
Playing with friends in the park,
Ice cream is the best treat.
My favorite flavor is chocolate chip.
I choose this every time.

One scoop on top,
Summer is my favorite season.

Leona Sandoz
Bitter

Sarah Krabach

A taste left in your mouth left by a bad experience
Different from the taste you get from black coffee or bitter melon
It’s the taste from an argument
From a fight
From guilt
A bitter lie
That deceives or angers people close to you
A taste you know you shouldn’t be feeling
But nevertheless, it coats your tongue
And stays there longer than any other taste
Longer than sour or salty
And unfortunately, longer than sweet
Bitter is a taste that is very common among us
One that I’ve experienced personally
When I fought with and lied to a friend
At first the bitterness was angry
But later that faded and was replaced with the worst kind of bitter
Guilt and remorse
And the bitterness held me back from apologizing
And experiencing the sweet taste of relief
Until I fought back the bitter
And apologized
Fossil

Xavier Duncan

A fossil is a still life
It is the leftover piece of creation
many years ago, a reptilian ancestor was living
But now it is a stone fragment of what once was
Now time has locked it in a stone prison and thrown away the key
But we discovered them in their stone shackles
They whisper to tell us of what their beauty was
They wish for freedom to walk our earth with us and live again
And if they do walk the earth, they will be free to live their way again
And maybe one day their shackles might be broken

The Unopened Present

Vincent Poe

My grandpa passed away when I was in kindergarten
He was my grandpa, but I called him Pawpaw
Out of all my family members, I would choose him to hang out with
I still have a Christmas present that I was going to give him, but I couldn’t
He died before I could give it to him
We had so many good moments together and we can’t anymore
After he died, I cried so much
I didn’t go to school the day after
When I did, all my friends made me cards saying, “Sorry for your loss”
I will always remember him
Waves
Roshen Kulkarni

When I was little we went on a vacation
I forget where, but it was by the ocean
One day, we went down to play in the waves
The waves were huge
They were taller than my dad
One of the waves had fish at the top of it
I tried to jump over it
It didn’t work
Instead it caught me and flipped me
Then the waves went over me, and I couldn’t get up
Then the waves started to slow push me back to the shore
They were pulling me down and pushing me out at the same time
It was awesome, but I had a lot of water in my mouth
It was salty, my mom made me stay out of the waves to hydrate
Then the waves got so big that the lifeguard put up a red flag that said
Nobody could go in the water

Grass
Charles Nwakanma

Stands tall above dirt
Gets stepped on by shoes everyday
Grass goes through a lot
17

Gabriella Dixon

17 lives are now gone
17 lives that were not done
17 families that are lost in the loudest silence only they can hear
17 minutes of silence
Prayers fill up the room
Thoughts and feelings consume
Silence is a sadness only humans can hear
17 lives that could have cured cancer
17 lives that could have stopped a war
17 minutes of silence
Youth
Jordan Minnick
Ode to Herman the Goldfish Cracker

Khyree Bowe

Oh Herman,
Shining salt like snow on the ground,
Our friendship immortal.
Your orange shell like a tiger cub’s fur,
Your smile never failing to make me happy!
Oh Herman,
Your foil bag home like a mother’s embrace,
A palace of comfort and hospitality!
Herman, a name fit for a god,
For you are like Zeus!
A match made in heaven,
Our bond tight like the string of an airborne kite,
Soaring through the sky, a dragon of our comradery!
Oh Herman, you are the meaning of life!
Dear Desiree,
It feels like it was just yesterday
You brought sorrow to our hearts
Face as pale as clay
A mind blank of what you’d want to do or say.
You don’t look the same Desiree,
Leaving me wondering what made you feel that way
Flowers glimmering around you, you rest your eyes
Hands shaking, Ally said goodbye
Trying not to cry.
I remember the times when we were happy,
Although it might seem a little sappy,
Times where we would laugh and play
Even though you seemed to be so far away.
Desiree, Desiree, I wish I could say goodbye,
Desiree, oh Desiree, I promise to drop by.
Dear Frame

Lukey Chaille

Dear Frame,
Why do you like to get me in trouble?
Kicking the ball and hitting you,
You come down and smash against the ground.
Glass splattering across the room,
So weak.
Looking at you and realizing how much trouble I am getting into.
Listening to my mom’s steps come down the stairs.
Preparing for the long speech,
About how I shouldn’t boot the ball so high up in the basement.

Of course, it had to happen again,
Just getting back from a long car ride from Hilton Head,
Which took about a half of a day to ride back,
Where my sister hit her head on the side of the pool and got stitches,
And now we call Hilton Head: Hit Your Head.
You, the frame, sitting up on the ledge as straight as a ruler.
Punting the ball at you again,
Plummeting to the ground and nailing me in the face.
Letting out a cry and laying there with blood all over my hands and face,
I get up and start to walk up the stairs when my dad comes to me.
Relieved he had brought paper towels or else the carpet would have been stained red,
I wipe the blood from my face and start to get in the car to head to the hospital.
Hidden Talent
Noelle Spier

The power boils within
Like a storm ready to strike,
A time ready to begin;
The power boils within,
A silver strand upon her skin,
Flowing like the path of a pike-
The power boils within
Like a storm ready to strike.

Ode to Ballet
Grace Gephart

Leaping across the floor like a bird taking flight
Plie and tondu, degage and randejambe.
Turning and twirling, feeling the music flowing through my bones
Like leaves on an autumn day, piroettes and fouettes
Dancing my heart out, and throwing my arms up in fifth position
Feet starting to hurt, as we put all of our weight on our toes
Blister and calluses, reminding us of our journey
As we dance like our lives depend on it
With each fondu, our love grows more and more
Until it is so large that we know we will never stop
And we know we will love this forever
We wish it would never end and that it could go on and on
But it has to stop, and we know we will come back the next day
With high hopes and huge expectations as we dance our heart out
And feel all our hopes fly away like leaves in the wind
Amelia Ervin
Ode to My Car
Jacob Summers

You are a piece of junk.
You smell like a three-hundred-cow dairy farm
I can’t see through the crack in the windshield, the crack like a spider’s web.
You are a skeleton back from the dead
Sputtering from even the simplest task
The gas tank leaking onto the street,
You are like a bomb, about to explode.
You are actually a Maserati, which would be nice, but I found you in a junkyard,
That explains the raccoons.
Ode to South Korea
Chloe Park

From far away,
You could be something else.
You could be a mural,
Something not alive,
Not full of life.
Something that people
Graze their careless fingers over
As they walk.
Something frigid,
Petrified,
Fixed,
A small, hazy fog
That's absolutely useless.

You could be a frozen picture
Of nothing,
No movement -
But that's only for people
Who know nothing
About the true, real world.

People who know nothing
About the true, real world
Always stay in one place,
Without venturing into the wilderness
And swinging on its vines.
The average know-nothing human
Who likes to not explore
Constantly linger in a single spot.
But some special people
Really, truly know you.

You are like a flight of fancy,
A castle in the air,
A pie in the sky.

Maybe that's why
I adore you
As a petal is to a stem,
As a dream is to a soul.

Perched on an inanimate bird,
I stare
Through the eyes
Of the pile of feathers.
I put myself
In its shoes.

The dewdrops stuck in midair
That are frozen in bundles
Seem different when I
Approach you.
You are like a bundle of bliss,
A jumble of jubilation,
An eclectic collection of ecstasy.

My heart beats faster
And begins to throb
And you welcome me
With open arms.
My happiness is radiating,
Complete with the idea that
I will reunite with my family
Hits me.

Thank you,
For giving me the aura,
The sense,
The feeling,
Of a cozy nook
All prepared for me.

Thank you.
Thank you, South Korea.
Ode to Stars
Sei Na Chappell

You are scattered across the sky like little glass shards.
Twinkling in the night sky,
Molten gold traveling through the universe on a never ending journey.
You are as beautiful as diamonds,
Which shimmer in the moonlit sky.
You are as bright as 1 million flashlights all together,
Which light up the sky as a guide for those who are lost.
You give comfort for those who feel forgotten.
You’re constant presence in our lives,
You are a million angels watching over us.
You are a friend of mine.

A Letter to Pencils
Aishani Valluru

Dear Pencil,
You have always been with me, stored away.
Grinding nonstop, morphing our hands into machines of skill.
Like hidden ninjas, the masterminds behind the artists.
Leonardo da Vinci sketching his flight suit under the candlelight,
Al-Khwarizmi scribbling away during his slow process of inventing algebra,
And Albert Einstein’s very own pencil scratching at his paper as he reaches into his vast expanse of knowledge and develops the theory of relativity.
First created by Conrad Gessner, your ancestors were inventions that helped to create world-changing innovations.
Your kind can be colorful, a work of art, or as simple as black and white.
With all sorts of traits and characteristics, you are all as diverse as the people that are continually forcing you to toil away.
Magicians of knowledge and art,
Friend and foe to plotting enemies and allies, the creature creating the basis for schemes.
A simple creation of wondrous things.
The Ocean

Monica Wojewuczki

A magnificent site
Its waves crashing to the shore infinitely
Gently playing with the children on the beach
Sending small waves for them to jump into
Splashing them softly with its serene water
Tending to them like a nurse
As caring as a mother whose love is everlasting
Yet ferocious like the wolves
Yearning to break free, thrashing within its bonds,
Its waves slamming onto the decks of ships
Sending cracks through the bow
Sinking the vessels to the bottom of the sea
As cruel as the kings who are driven hungry with power
Two faces
Two sides
Working together
Light and dark
Love and destruction
To create balance
Hockey
Brian Collins

Hockey
Beautiful and tough
Skating, slicing through the ice, chasing the puck.
Shooting, IT’S IN!
GOAL!

Daydreaming
Andrew Habig

Magnificent wonders
Sitting there beaming
Daydreaming
Eyes gleaming
Stirring up a thunder
Daydreaming
Magnificent wonders.

A Bird in the Night
Thomas Tsai

My wide eyes remind people of stars.
I soar through the dismal skies, my wings carried by the zephyr.
I notice an unknown, ominous shape in the distance.
Folding my wings, I drop in a millisecond.
Getting closer and closer to the fugitive.
My talons sink into the flesh of the rabbit.
The wounded prisoner wriggles as I rip into the flesh.
I float to my lair as the sun welcomes Earth.
**Just a Boy**  
*Saed Anabtawi*

This boy,  
He was not just a refugee  
But just a boy  
Who loved to sing and dance,  
To walk with mama by the beach.  
The days and nights were getting loud...  
They had to go.  
So now,  
We call boy and his family...  
Refugees.

**Sleepless Night**  
*Anya Ramrakhiani*

The lightning flashing,  
I darken the shades,  
The thunder roaring,  
I put my soft blanket over my head.  
As the rain pours,  
I lay in my bed and wish I was snoring.  
Giving the pillow,  
a fluffy companion in bed,  
a big hug,  
I start to count backwards and soon with  
the pitter-patter of the rain,  
I begin counting sheep.
Goodbyes
Elliot Straka-Kitch

Goodbyes.
Bittersweet,
Crying, hugging, waving,
Watching the silhouette disappear...
Tears.

Eclipse
Alexander Bayburt

A blinding golden halo,
Glowing with harsh, heated light,
Shattering into vivid colors,
Flooding the skies red with blood,
Dissolving the silent night.

A luminous disk,
Shining with the sheen of cool silver light,
Hued with hints of chilled blue and white,
Controlling the vast and dark crashing seas,
Illuminating the quiet night.

They come together, Day and Night.
The twin orbs of light unite,
Consuming the sleeping world.
Are We Actually Equal?

Kush Anand

Black or White,
Brown or Asian,
Latin American or Mexican, the races are endless.
But, they are somehow asunder between one other
With the word segregation.

Undertaking the challenge to keep peace amidst races
Is a struggle.
Because of this,
Brother has turned on brother,
Neighbor against neighbor,
Child versus child...
Just because of the word “different.”

I even question myself,
If I want to be a part of this world.
I ponder why races can’t be together.
I get treated differently by them.
Almost like I’m being put aside from them,
But then they say we are equal to one another.

God’s plan was to create different people,
Who are not the same,
But to create unique people,
Who love each other,
Who care for each other,
Who will maybe die for each other one day,
And become a family.

But to these people,
They feel like kings,
Who rule over everyone
With their power of discrimination.
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears,  
While the rain strikes down on the hard roadway,  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

As the sky pounds the asphalt with its endless tears,  
It turns everything a bleak grey,  
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears.

Until we extinguish ours fears,  
Truth will continue to be held at bay  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

We wait for the sky that never clears,  
The hope we once had starting to decay.  
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears.

After so many long, hard years,  
We still must find someone to lead the way,  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

The truth we have been waiting for suddenly appears,  
The hope leading us into a new day.  
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears,  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.
Letter to Mathematics
Naomi Gephart

Dear Math,
I’m never going to need to know
How to turn a triangle one hundred and eighty degrees.
I won’t have a use for
Multiplying matrices.
Or graphing lines in a specific manner.

And yet, I know these things -
The formulas for triangle rotations
And the steps you take when
Dealing with matrices
And the slopes of various lines.

People say that if you
Go into a career that’s decent
You need math.
But, nowadays,
Math is a computer and an internet connection.

So, math, I’ve come to bid you adieu
Math class is cancelled,
And textbooks are no longer sold.
And math, here’s a piece of advice:
Go solve your own problems.
A Windy Night
Kyle Lawson

Wind of Night
Secret Nature’s midnight
Spiritually traveling deer
Trees blowing violently, awakened nature
Moon of light reflecting below
Changed perspective
Echoing wolves howling from distant forests
Above skies are leaves dancing beyond
Serene and calming yet frightening and loud
Uncertain are feelings remaining

Remaining feelings are uncertain
Loud and frightening yet calming and serene
Beyond dancing leaves are skies above
Forests distant from howling wolves’ echoing
Perspective changed
Below reflecting light of moon
Nature awakened, violently blowing trees
Deer traveling spiritually
Alexander Elko
A First Date
Avery Biggs

A boy with brown hair
And a crooked smile,
Hastily looking for something to wear—
Mess with his hair for a while.
A girl with freckles on her cheek,
And eyes the color of the sea—
Whose personality is meek,
In ten minutes, she would flee
From her home to Cindy’s Place
To meet with him for a meal.
He was ready to see her face;
Her beauty makes him kneel.
Just two love birds
And only three words.

Friendship
Oliver VandeWater

Friendship is a fantastic thing--
Nobody can deny it.
There is no end to the good things it brings,
Friendship is definitely “lit.”
You have good times with friends--
Playing games and telling jokes.
The good times will never end
So long as you hang with these blokes.
And if you’re ever in a jumble,
All you have to do is yelp.
And if you ever start to stumble,
Your friends will be there to help.
So, hold on tightly to those who care,
And you will find happiness everywhere.
Emma Hildreth
**Halloween**  
*Vonnia Anwar*

It once was a dark winter’s night,  
When the children came out for a fright.  
With costumes galore,  
And candy, much more--  
Walking alone in moonlight.

---

**Jack**  
*Harley Babbitt*

My dog Jack was the happiest pup,  
Running around, jumping down and up.  
He looked so happy; panting at my leg.  
For his favorite bone he would always beg.

We went for a walk one sunny morning.  
I, not knowing that I would soon be in mourning,  
For Jack saw a squirrel and darted away.  
If I didn’t catch up with him, he would soon be astray.

In a few short seconds, he was out of sight.  
I waited there a minute, knowing he might  
Run back to me in a second or two.  
But he didn’t come, so across the street I flew.

I searched around the park, searched around the block,  
Trying not to hear the clicking of my internal clock.  
I flew around the corner, and what should I see?  
But my dog and a dead squirrel sitting in the street!

We returned home all safe and sound,  
I hugged my dog tight, I was reunited with my hound!  
I gave him a treat, and I knew hereafter,  
We would be living happily ever after.
Leah Marquell
Be Yourself
Katian Hornbostel

I wanted to have this friend, who promised to be with me until the end,
Her endless laughter and lighthearted attitude filled the room,
We were inseparable,
Like two peas in a pod.

But then that year came.
We were transitioning from middle to high school,
New classes, new people, new social life,
Our friendship began to seem distant.

As I walked down the halls,
I noticed her merging into the popular group,
Makeup all over her face,
Boys—the only thing on her mind.

I caught a brief glimpse of her eye,
And then she was gone,
A girl I once thought,
Would be the one friend for a lifetime.

It’s almost like I wasn’t there,
But soon I found my true friends,
The ones who didn’t care about popularity,
Or looks or relationship status.

Always be yourself,
And find the ones you are most like,
People comfortable in their own skin,
Are the real win.
Alexandro Robles
Love with the Damsel
Gavin Bowe

Before seeing her, I heard her small yelp,
Down in the mines in a very strained voice,
Shouting timidly, calling out for help.
I came down to her and saw her rejoice.

We escaped the mines with lots of money,
And we found we had a connection.
And I was the biscuit to the honey.
Honey she was, with perfect complexion.

I loved her like a farmer loves his crops.
Caring and always tending to her needs.
Guarding her better than the “keeper” shops,
Making sure she would never bleed.

Our life together has been long and good,
I know she loves me as much as she could.
Rowan Miller
Growing Pains
Miyako Semba-Norwalk

They were both children,
Everything was simple back then.
They played together--
Friends, but they never thought about forever.

Then the rules of society began to occur,
Separating them into a him and a her.
It didn’t matter much--
Never pushed the limits, not even a touch.

Then she came slowly to realize
And looked into his eyes.
But he didn’t seem to look back,
Which came like a sharp whip, Crack!

Then came the countless nights,
Staying up late, no lights.
Writing out her problems, each day recorded, tracked.
Sometimes she cried, knowing he was what she lacked.

She thought, continuing to write,
Until she realized what she must do, what was right.
Change isn’t something you should see,
It’s something you should Be.

Help Wanted
Mia Patton

There once was a boy whose name was John
I asked him for help; he said hang on.
So, I waited all day
But he went out to play!
I won’t ask for HIS help thereon!
My True Home
Eamonn Keane

I remember the crisp air,
The air that brought clarity.
The grass that brought me joy,
And the sea that gave me light at night.
I remember the explored old ruins,
The ones that gave me imagination of life that once was.

The memory of my home comes back once again,
Memories my ancestors hold as well.
The home that will always be there waiting
For me to return once more.

The Moon
Emma Hildreth

My love, the moon, you inspire me to write.
How I love the way you hide, shine, and rise,
Invading my mind and through the night,
Always dreaming about the bright demise.

Let me compare you to a big balloon—
You are more pleasing and interesting.
The beauty of you makes me want to croon,
You stay in the sky boldly while shining.

In what ways and why do I love you so?
I love your happy glow and mystery.
Thinking of your wistfulness fills my days.
My love for you fills all of history.

Now I must away with a dreamy heart,
Think my loving words whilst we’re apart.
Zoraiya Limzerwala