

POINT

ARENA

HIGH

START SOMETHING

The Path of Self-Inquiry

A P e

HOW WILL YOU PASS IT ON?

SUPER POWERS!

Don't forget to breathe.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

seeking

EXCEPT TOTALLY DIFFERENT

(YOU)²

2009 - 2010

Worth the Wait

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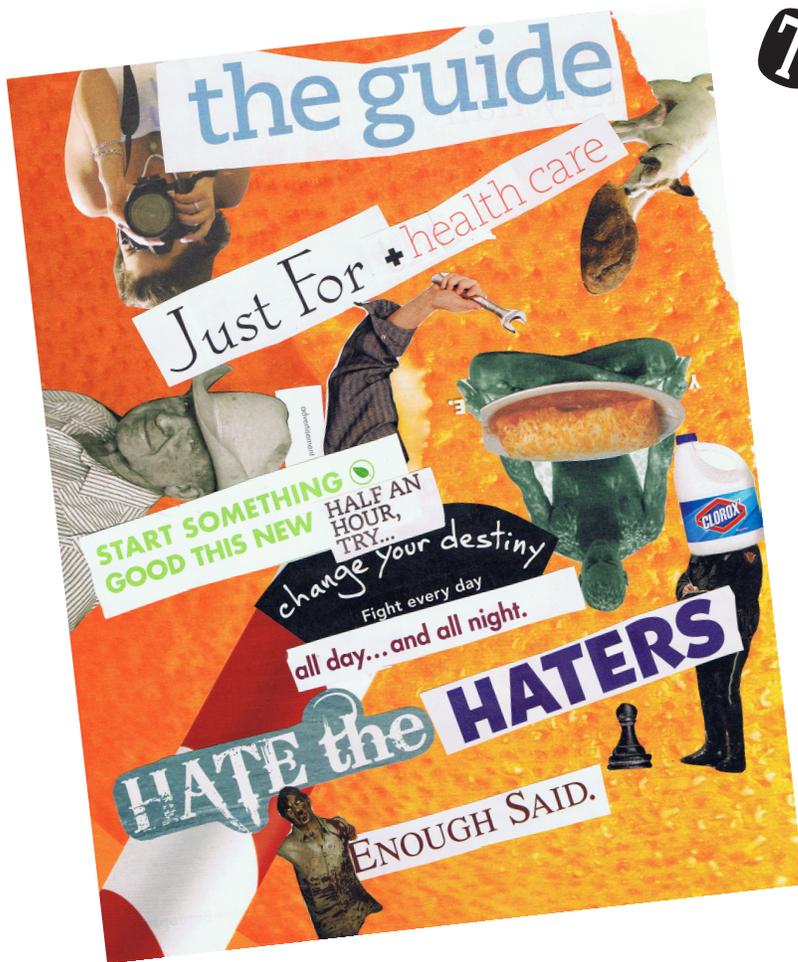
All poems written in California Poets In the Schools Workshop
guided by Poet Teacher Blake More
with Classroom Teacher Wendy Platt

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Tacho Gardiner

A choice beverage

Egg nog
 Like milk that's fogged
 With delicious
 Semi nutritious
 Ingredients
 Hop the fence
 Cross the road
 Pray the ode
 To the pour that's slowed
 Just indulge
 And watch your stomach bulge

Salt

I like
 salt, yes
 Sodium chloride
 Pass that
 Na Cl
 Who says
 Two wrongs
 Don't make
 One right
 Like quartz
 Tossed over
 Your shoulder
 Superstition beholder
 Spy disguise
 Like sugar
 By eyes
 Please savor
 The flavor
 It stays
 Till later

Hurrdurr

It's man versus nature versus the possibility of man
 These two threats place a mere machete in my hand
 Primed by the forest as my blood drips to the sand
 In contrast to humanity, this consequence is bland
 The foe has shown itself with unindigenous plants
 My expression changes at a glance
 Suddenly my senses alert
 Learning from logic I become overt
 I leave this place of unlawfulness
 My momentum building as I lose finesse
 Because of these villains that have placed themselves here
 I must walk the forest in fear.

Pro techs specs

When it comes to mp3s
 You can call me a beast
 FLAC. Lossless. That's how I roll
 You have an Ipod
 I have and Iriver H340 Fresh from the Akihabara
 Point is;
 You go mainstream I go techie's dream
 My choices in technology far surpass your mainstream choices in technology.

Tyler Molguin

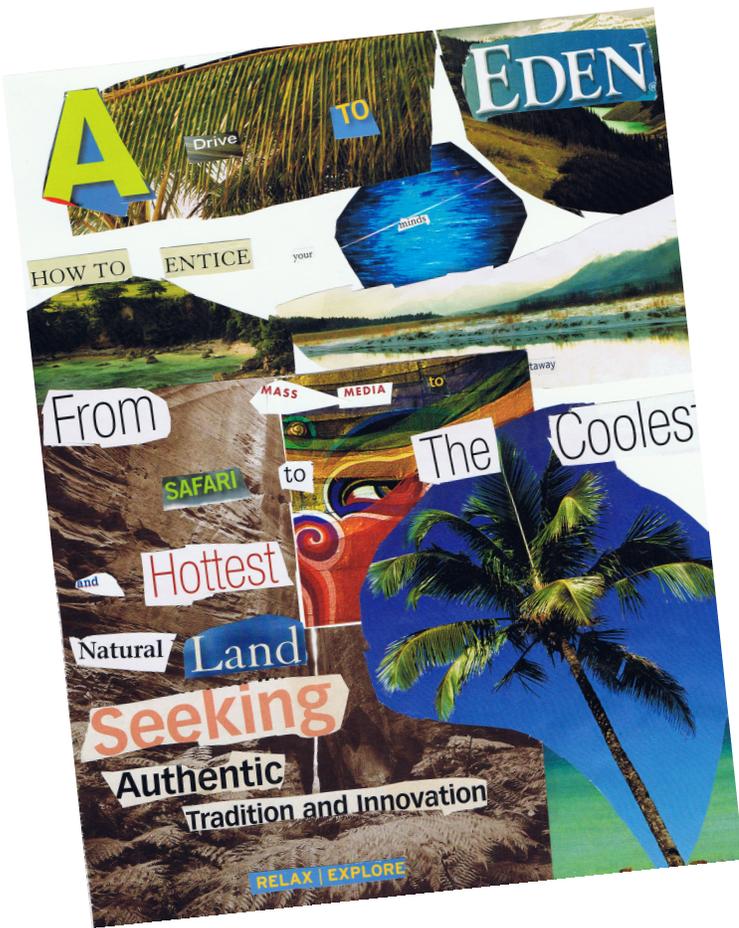
Nestor: Wats up
Tyler: Nothin wat r u doin??
Nestor: Writing poetry
Tyler: Thats hella lame!!!
Nestor: I kno it sux
Tyler: wat r u doin aftr skool 2day?
Nestor: im not sure wat bout u
Tyler: uh Dylan mite come up 2nite u should 2
Nestor: dam thats a mission wat r u guys goin 2 do
Tyler: he mite come up and shoot his gun again and stay the nite
Nestor: falk!! I have 2 take me senior pics 2maro so I cant come up yo
Tyler: well that sux!
Nestor: yeah trur but ur comin ovr 2maro 2 hang out rite?
Tyler: ya 4 sure
Nestor: k tite
Tyler: k well I g2g lol
Nestor: alrite c u next per
Tyler:k

There we are
Wandering through
Room after room
Lost in our train of thoughts
Going through Marie Antoinette
Music rooms
Restoration salons
The feeling that we are being watched
Ghostly people lingering around
From the party before
Waiting to see
What we will do next.



I am crispy
Warm and crunchy
Nice and fattening
I am your guilty pleasure.
You know you want me
And I want you too
I am bacon
All oily and sweet.

This is
Why money
Is good
It helps
You through
Life it
Gets you
Through the
Rough times
You can
Never have
Enough and
You always
Want more
It gets
You whatever
You want
It makes
People happy
Well, some
Of us.



Eric Lee

The Ocean

A Blue Expanse of water
 without end to its vastness
 Your sight of it
 obscured by the saltwater fog
 the moon and the sun
 push and pull it
 like a game of tug of war
 an expanse
 of blue water

An Unknown World

As if discovering another planet
 adding a new spice of knowledge
 to your map
 a foreigner walking on a world
 with unfamiliar faces
 as if a newborn
 bright signs that light up at night
 like a firefly
 showing its true stunning form

A New Lingo

"0101100110001010011100001010"

Lol
 gtg
 brb

What do
 these all
 mean texting me
 with all this gibberish
 I understand what
 Your trying to say
 But.....
 I like words
 Better...

Home Cooking

Wash, cut, strain
 the ingredients come together
 oil and heat
 then wait for it to crackle
 the ingredients fall in
 and dance and jump in the blister
 push, pull, swirl and hurl
 the flames grow higher
 salt and pepper, spicing it up
 the aroma begins to waft
 push and pull again
 the dish is now complete

A Distant Love

Far Far away you are
 you are like the sun
 vibrant in the sky
 yet at night
 you are the brightness reflecting off the
 moon
 so no matter how far apart we are
 we shall never be apart

Over-Alls

you unbuckle my heart
and make it feel
like putting on jeans after shaving
your love is like a trend
always changing
your pockets of excitement
thrill me to death
all one piece
and you are all mine

Marlee Little

I GOT A VALENTINE!
oh wait.
it's from my dad.
all excited for nothing.
Valentine's Day is for squares.

Time

this is why
a train whistles by
at 3:09 a.m.
why an airplane soars
high in the sky
every hour
why people hurry
along the streets
checking their phones
rushing
to get to the board meeting
we never think
about the leaves
spiraling quietly
to rest
on a still pond
or the young butterfly
breaking from it's cocoon
time is a constant warp
tick
tick
tick



A Weak Flame

The moon shines into the room
from a great window
The cold feeling
evaporates
as the dying fire
illuminates the dark living room
The stove is boiling
with excitement
as little mouths
chug down the warm
hot chocolate
Drowsy thoughts
envelope the fading children
as the night
continues to howl

Troy Nichols

A Trail to Somewhere

The motor-road into town
It shrinks away
Ridges, hills, gardens
Desolate areas go away
Everything becomes immediately grey
Occasionally a hill or ridge
But mostly everything grey
The smell of smoke
Running cars
You know you're on the road to town
Then finally town is visible
You are there
Grey is around
Everything else invisible to the town



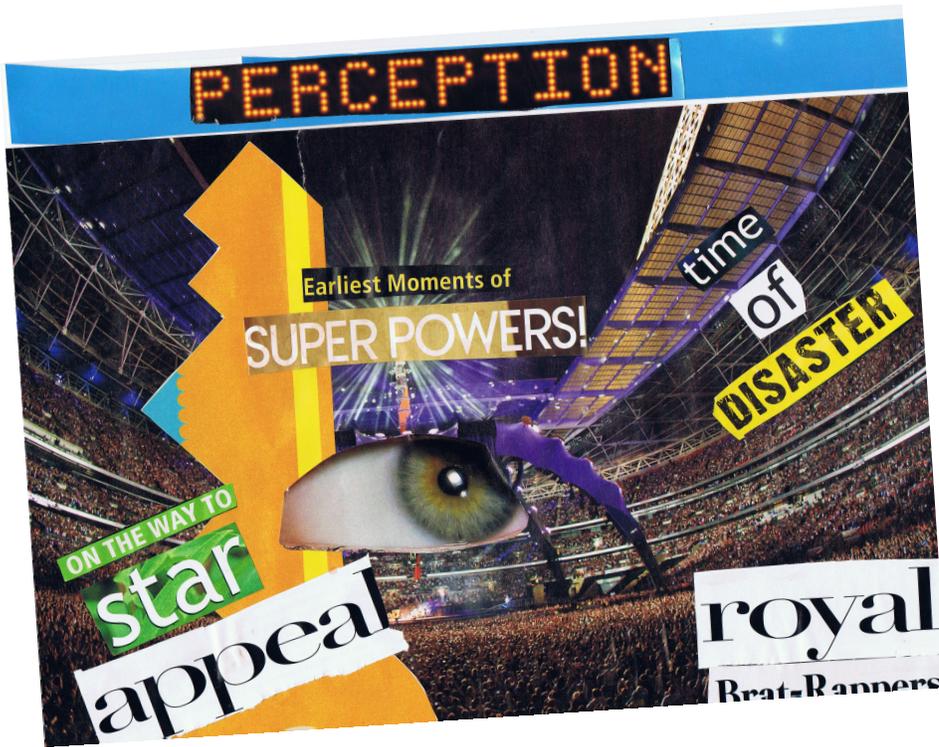
Txting

Say what up?
Say hello :)
They're all the same
It's today's conversation starters
Much more is just too much
All you need to say is
Hello? Or
What up?
And reply with not much more than
Not much!!! Wbu? Or
Sorry can't talk g2g
So today's world can start and
End a conversation with words as short as
G2g or
What up?

The Wind Is like A Lions Roar

On the way to town
The wind roars like a lion
Like a hurricane pummeling on a small town
No one around
Just me
And the steady sound of my car
Faster faster
I go
Until the sound
Of the ocean stops
I am there
I have made it
Town is here
Closer than it appeared

Shanice Phillips



Morning Sunshine

Hues of violets
And reds that collide
With intensity
To create this
Daily wonder or
Gorgeous sight seeker
The world seems to be ending
Same times as
The observant eye awakes
To a miracle
Every second it can see
Ahead
And leave footsteps
Ahead

Texting Vs. Letters

What will happen to our postal offices?
Slowly, jobs cut like others
Relationships lost
Technology has spread and grown like a virus
Without your consent or mine
An old man can no longer mow his lawn
Or take that morning stretch to the mailbox
For a letter from his daughter or friend from nam
What happens to checking up on you in prison or jail
Or across the seas
In Iraq or Afghanistan
Well there is no texting here
Because I like to know more
See more
The love of writing
And sharing
Lovers of art
Yes the smiley faces makes me warm and fuzzy
But I am ashamed to commit
Checking up on you love is
Never more the same

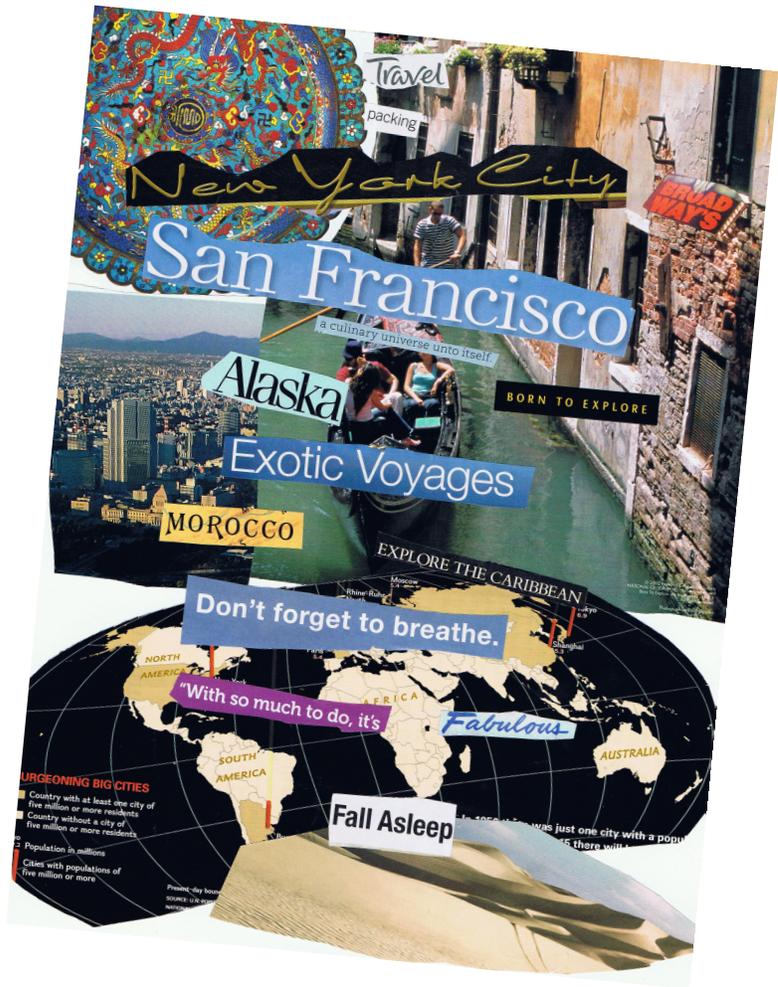
Home Sweet Home

The Air tastes like rice
being milled across the tracks
And the rain like sweet tea
But the world is slow
and the drawl is undecipherable
I climb trees and pick flowers
but find no pleasure or depth
Where can I go to be myself
If only I were home
Where I can stick my toes in clear waters
No sly creatures
Like snakes and alligators
My skin glows in the basking sun
Why soul cries

Gory Platt

Surprise

This toy was
 As pleasing as the last
 What intelligence
 Had been shown
 Disappeared
 Its size and attractive appearance
 Powerfully
 It sat waiting
 Delicately balanced
 On
 My knee
 Set apart
 This trumpet-thing
 I raised my hands
 I released the air
 They broke into applause.



Double Encoded

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01001100 01101111 01101100 00100000 01110101
00100000 01100100 01101111 01110101 01101110
01110100 00100000 01100111 01110100 00100000
01101001 01110100 00100000 01100100 01101111 01101111
00100000 01110101 00001101 00001010
01001001 01101101 00100000 01101010 01110101 01110011
00100000 01110100 01101100 01101011 01101110
01010011 01110100 01101100 01101100 00100000
01100100 01110101 01101110 00100000 01100111 01100101
  
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Venezia

I feel a chill as deep as the ocean
 All around me water lies
 But below me the land is dry
 I cross from island to island
 Each with a countries worth of history
 I glide out onto the water
 On a gondola I see more
 I hear of riches, grandeur
 As well as treachery and deceit
 At the center of it all
 A lion alight on wings.

Lol u doughnt gt it doo u
 Im jus tlkn
 Still dun get it eh?
 U no tahtz haf da foon
 Iz Y ls wud du tis.

-Laughing Out Loud- you do not get it do you
 I'm just talking
 Still don't get it eh?
 You no that's half the fun
 It's why I would do this...



Nick Radtkey

Orange Anomaly

Vibrant orange
 slick
 slim
 Glinting in the pounding sun
 But not a pumpkin
 nor an orange

Hidden within a bejeweled tree
 crisp
 cold
 Whispering, "I'm yours.
 Take me"
 But not an apple
 nor a pear

What could this be?
 This elusive
 unusual
 fruit?

You should know
 the ambrosial
 nectarous
 cinnamon-y
 Persimmon

Antiquity

Grandfather's office
 Smattered with ancient contraptions
 A Remington "portable" typewriter
 An RCA radio
 with glass tubes inside
 A phone with some wheel on the front
 and cords everywhere

Grandfather, I can do so many things
 on my iPhone!
 Why would you keep
 all those stupid machines?

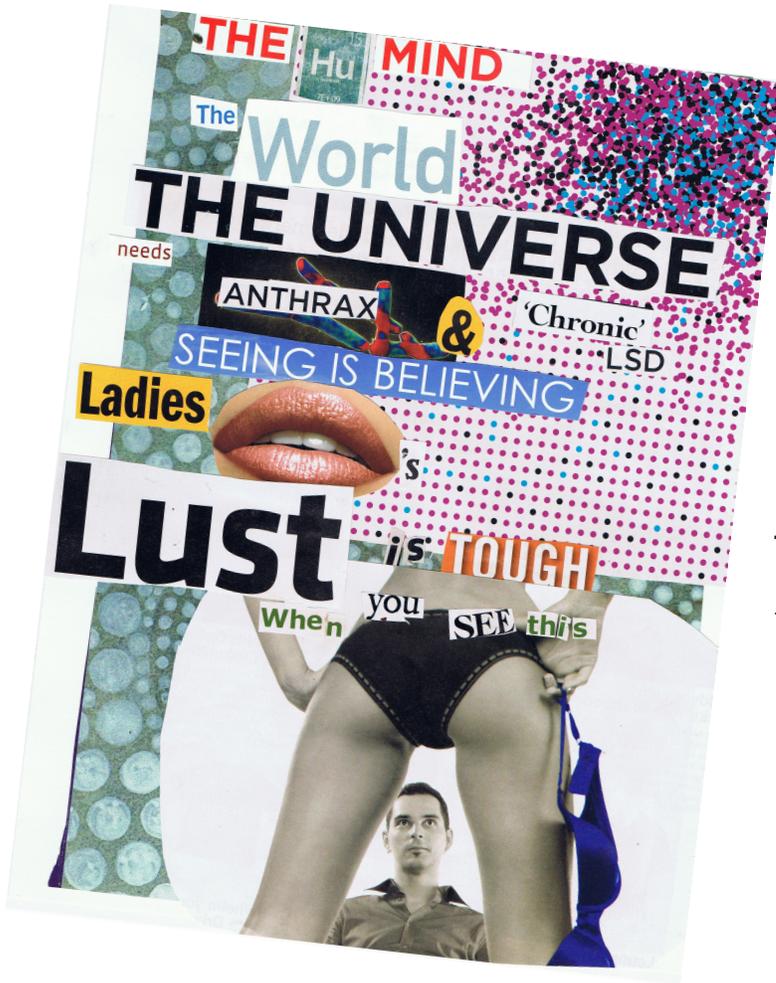
He says they were new once.

Psychobabble

Did you hear what-
 -cough-cough-
 and now for the news report!
 ...well, I picked up the eggs...
 he doesn't do anything
 the new Lady Gaga song
 school is so stupid
 What are you doing this weekend?
 so, anyways, um...
 That's what she said
 I'm so busy these days
 Heeheeheehee
 If you don't knock it off, I'm gonna give you a time out!
 that's so out of style
 I need to fill out my taxes
 the standard liberal progressive socialist agenda

I hate the noise of the city

Nester Santillan



I CAN'T FOR SOME REASON

The more I think
I can't
The more I want to
I can't
I can show it in front of whoever I care for
But for some reason I don't like sharing it
I don't know why either
It just is
I wish I could be able to write it down
But I can't

THE (deadly) CONCH

The rest of the boys
Watch
Encouragingly
Excited
Piggy's punches stop
He picks up the conch
Ralph's face bashes in
Silence approaches
Piggy holds his breath
Blood running down Ralph's face

SOCCER

Running through the short bladed grass
Tired like a zebra after running away from his predator
The black and white moving swiftly through the air
The guardian jumps as if stopping a bullet from killing his family
The crowd roars
The goalie jumping up & down
He blocked the winning goal

ALFREDO PASTA

I am noodles
With the creamiest
Most delicious sauce
The aroma
Ever so lasting
So slippery
In your mouth
Sloppy
Like a baby eating
Creamy sauce
Hiding his mouth