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guided by Poet Teacher Blake More
with Classroom Teacher Maichen Grossman

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and the Point Arena Schools

HECTOR AGIS

HECTOR AGIS

BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

FLUSTERED UPRIGHT FRONT-RUNNING DORK (MITOS ROMANE) HAS A LARGE NEST EGG BUT LIMITED FLOCK DUE TO DULL PLUMAGE

SOUTHERN SLATHERING PLANEPEAKING PAV PEASLI (HERNANDEZ) PIZZERIA KNOWN FOR ITS SWAPPY BUT URSOME SONG

WIDE-EYE FAITH-BASED DECEASE SENATORIC BLAND LEVEL-HEAD AMBASSADOR MAY SOON BE

MINIATURE MINNESOTA TITTEERING TRITE (CACHAMANNIS REDUCTAS) HABITAT IS LIMITED TO TEA PARTIES

TEXAS STRUTTING PRICKLY SAUARY (RUCKUS FERRAE) AGGRESSIVE AND RIGHT-WINGED HAS TENDENCY TO PUT CLAWS IN BEAK

MINOR WHITE-HAIRED BAMBOOZLED SKREECH (JENKINS) ONCE A HIGH-FLYING WINDBAG NOW A FLIGHTLESS WINDBAG

FED-BAG LIBERTARI BLUNDE! (GONPAIDIST) CALLED BY NEW FED ORDER AS FE BIRD-PE

YOUR B POWER YOU'RE HIS 10TH IN THE LAST 6 MONTHS.

FIND BALANCE. FIND

IMPORTED FROM POLAND

Ultimat Vodka

DISTILLED FROM GRAIN AND POTATO

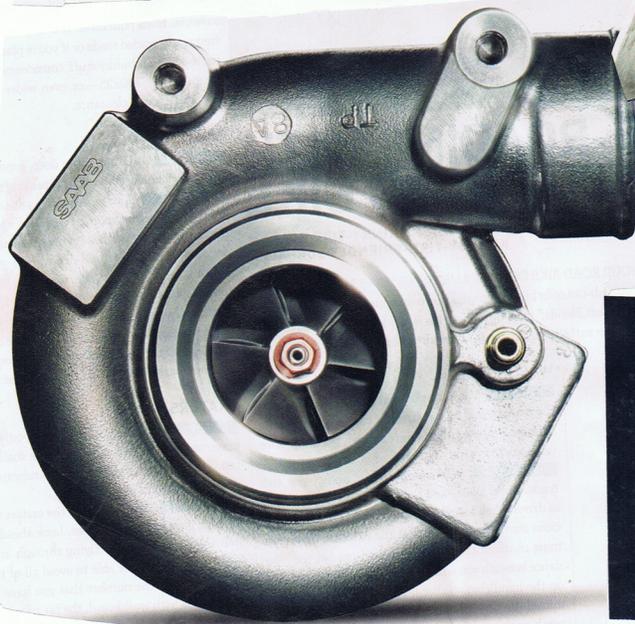
750ML 40% alc./vol (80 PROOF)

IMPORTED BY THE PATRON SPIRITS COMPANY LAS VEGAS, NV 89118 USA

LUKE ARANA

GECKONOMICS

Do you have one of these inside you?

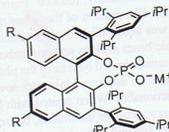


THE POWER

15 minutes could save you 15% or more on car insurance.®



\$19.97



SHANE ARANA

I used to watch a flaming sponge
float down the river and eat dried mangos
Now I watch hot air balloons float in the sky
I used to think diamonds were the best
Then I saw an emerald
I used to play the washboard
Now I procrastinate
My birthday was in December
that hasn't changed

Jake is a 1pm Alaskan fisherman.
I can smell his fish head stew
from miles away.
When the clock hits two
He's out the door
He's like a Nike
That is way past its prime
A static song that's really old.
He is an old mustang
With out a motor he lives in the 1300's
because he's a dragon
A tiger shark ready to attack
he is a dark yellow
Like a mold on something
He is a bro

In the future
Shane will be
Even more successful then now
He will roll down the rode
In his sweet ride
He'll have a degree under his belt
The waves will shriek in horror
when Shane paddles out
Because he rips so hard
Speeding tickets won't be needed
As he's is simply to cool for them
Even he won't be able to evade a nasty parking ticket
groomed beard
won't require as it is permanently perfected.

AMANDA B. COLE

ONCE I WAS TOLD

Once I was told
That a glass was half empty
That our lives mean nothing
Then we die

And
When I look down
I see the truth of their words
The disease filled world
Overflowing with hate
The crying babies
And starving children

But,
When I look up
I see the hope
Born of a single flower
Blooming on a cool
Clear spring day
And I smile
My mind at peace

I AM THE UNIVERSE

I sway quietly in the wind
My beauty
Learned from the sun
My stability
Compliments of the earth
The soft song that slips by my lips
A little ditty
Murmured by the passing breeze
My elegance
Sought for far and wide
Are only a snippet
Of what the moon and stars have taught me
My friend grass
Showed me the dance
That now causes my body to sway
I am the universe
And I sway quietly
A flower
In the winde

I USED TO BE...

I used to be blue
As a sapphire sparkling in the sun
But now
I am gray

There used to be reads
Growing by an English river in June
But now
There is nothing

I used to see shooting stars in the sky
But now
All I can see is light

I used to smell as sweet
As a rose in the spring
But now
People hold their noses in passing

I used to have a shield as strong as steal
But now
It is paper

I used to be the center of the universe
One of a kind
But now
I am one in many

You used to worship me
But now
I mean less
Than that piece of gum you spit on the ground

You used to care
But now
You drop bombs on me

You used to know my name
But now
You have forgot

I used to be the earth
And
Still I am
But now
I am just a word
Fading
Into memory

CRYSTAL CULLEN

A GIFT FOR HOLANI

You are a part of me,
My little mare.
You own me, body and soul
My little mare.
Forever, you will live on in my heart.
My beautiful little mare.

CHRISTIAN DIAZ

THE KITCHEN IN MY HEART

My mom is a busy
And funny person
Almost every day
She is a perfectly prepared dish
She is a high-heeled shoe made for fashion
When people see her they ask for food
She is making our family food to put in our bellies
Always loving us
Giving us what we need

I USED TO BE A KID

I used buy Platinum
But now I buy Copper
I used to fly planes
But now I am a flight attendant
I used to be like vanilla
But now I'm like water
I used to attack
But now I defend
I used to be a killer
But now I got killed
I used to be kid like you
But now I took it to the knee

LEWIS FOX

IN 500 YEARS

In 500 years Lew will be growing a beard
That will be very weird
While in a coffin very dark and woody
Lew will be buried in a hoodie.
If Lew is not buried he will be in a jar
He will be ashes but not tar.
What Lew misses most is being alive
And trying to stay away from beehives.
His biggest change from his former high school
Self is his bony structure.
The thing Lew misses most about his glory
Days is being around people and not alone.

I USED TO BE SEPTEMBER

I used to be September
But now I am Ireland.
I used to be a deer
But now I am an elk.
I used to be a spicy star
But now I am a sapphire guitar.

ANDRES FUENTES

TOP SPEED

Andres is a 25 year old man
He is in Germany for vacation
He is there to rent a top of the line Bugatti
He is on the autobahn
Watching his accelerometer
hit 250mph
He is thinking about the high school friends
he misses
He has more facial hair
and thinks about how great life is
as he watches everything blur around him



A GIFT FOR MY SISTER

Carina is 8 o'clock in the morning.
She is an orange
because sometimes they are sweet
and sometimes sour.
She is a pair of Nikes
because you never know
what you will get.
She is a purple Volkswagen Beetle
because it's a girly car.
She lives in the future
because she expects other things
or people to do work for her.
She is the sun
because she can lighten my day
but eventually becomes dark.

CHILDREN IN THE FALL

Autumn is a time when trees change color
When people are thankful for the choices they have made
A time when people rest inside and stop fighting
A time to make burn piles that last for hours
While kids sit around a table
to hear stories from their elders
About the wild animals that live in the forest
Or about the legend of the zombie in the basement
All the while the rain causes the burn pile
to smoke even more than before
Kids are taught to dance like tigers
Or pretend they are hunters in a forest looking for gold
They pretend to shoot down a spiraling bird
Then they act as if they just returned
from a long winter survival
At the end of the day they lay down on their soft beds
They look at each other with a sharp smile
wondering what they will do tomorrow

MARLEN FUENTES



ADRIANA GOANA



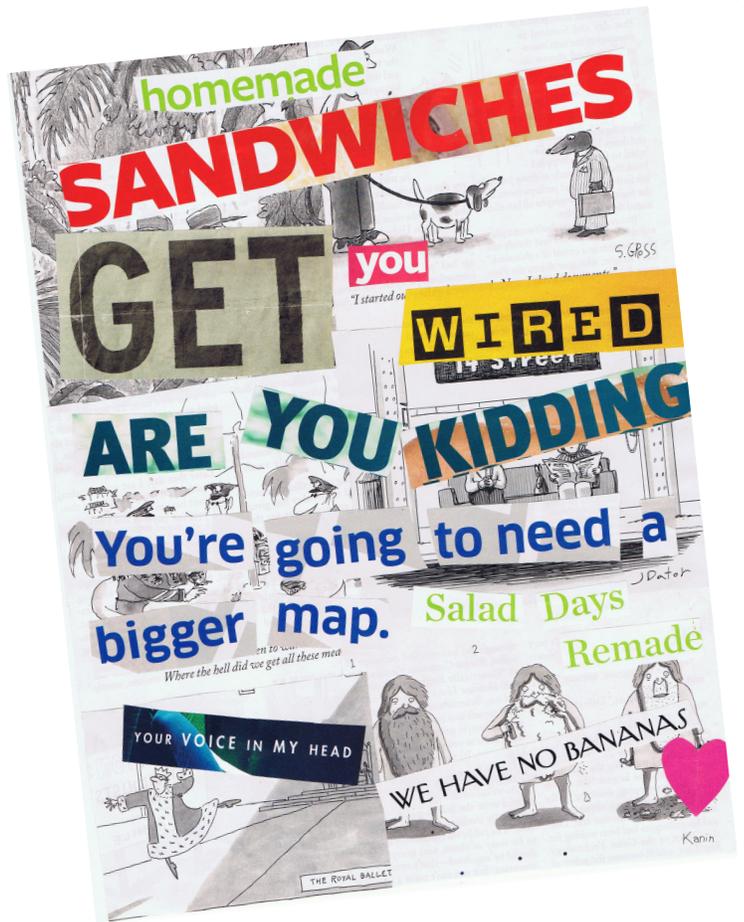
BACK TO REALITY

She's aware of her fiancée's fingers laced between her's
And the soft sand beneath her feet
But she's not with him
Her mind wanders back
To when she was a teen
And didn't have to worry about anything
Except what clothes she'll wear the next day
And if her crush will ask her to prom
But she's jerked back to reality
When her feet touch the frigid ocean water
Then he asks her,
Where she imagined she'd be
When she was 30
Back when she was carefree
She turns to face him
and looks into his eyes
she says,
here
with you

MID- LIFE CRISIS

I used to be sour
But now I smile everyday
I used to be jade
But now I've become soft
I used to be lightning
Now I am a stagnant pool
I used to be a bottle cap
But now I am bubbly
I used to be November
But now I am a spring blossom
I used to be China
But now I am a democracy
I used to be Russia
But now I've quit the vodka
I used to be the piano
But now I am one shade of gray
I used to be the life of the party
But now I sleep till the cows come home
I used to be a heartfelt embrace
But now I am a cold stare
I used to be Vita
But now I am no one

VITA GROSSMAN



A GIFT FOR JAMES

James is one o'clock in the morning
Always awake
He is goat cheese baking in the sun
And a scuba mask floating in the ocean
He is a tennis shoe
Because he is always on the go
He is coffee ice cream
Sandwiched between two cookies
He is a red pickup truck
With his tanks in the back
He lives in the moment
And never holds back
He is often brutally honest
But we love him anyways
He is like pepper
Spicy but with good flavor
He is bright blue, like the ocean
Intense and full of secrets
He is serious
but laidback

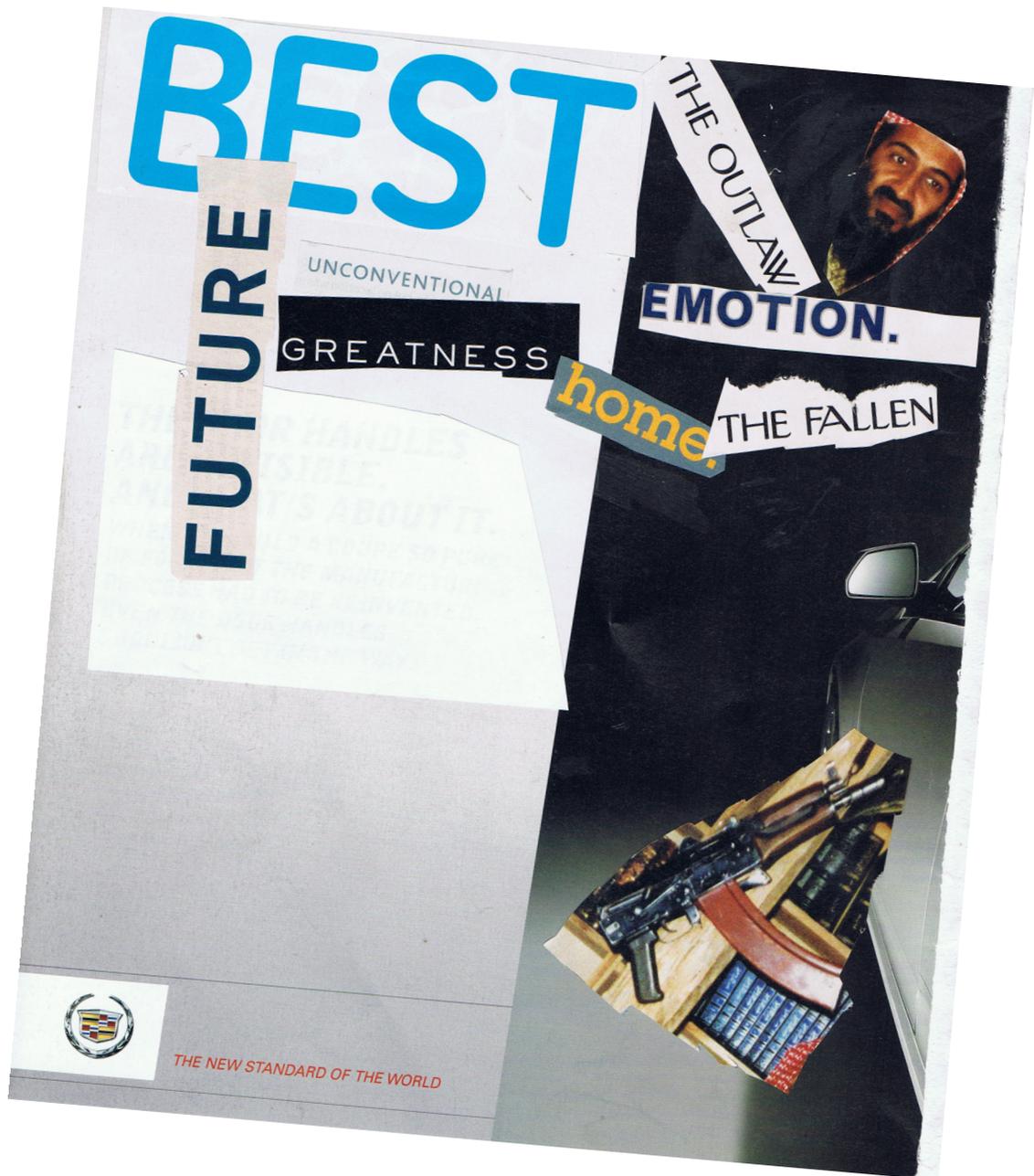
PATTI GUTIERREZ



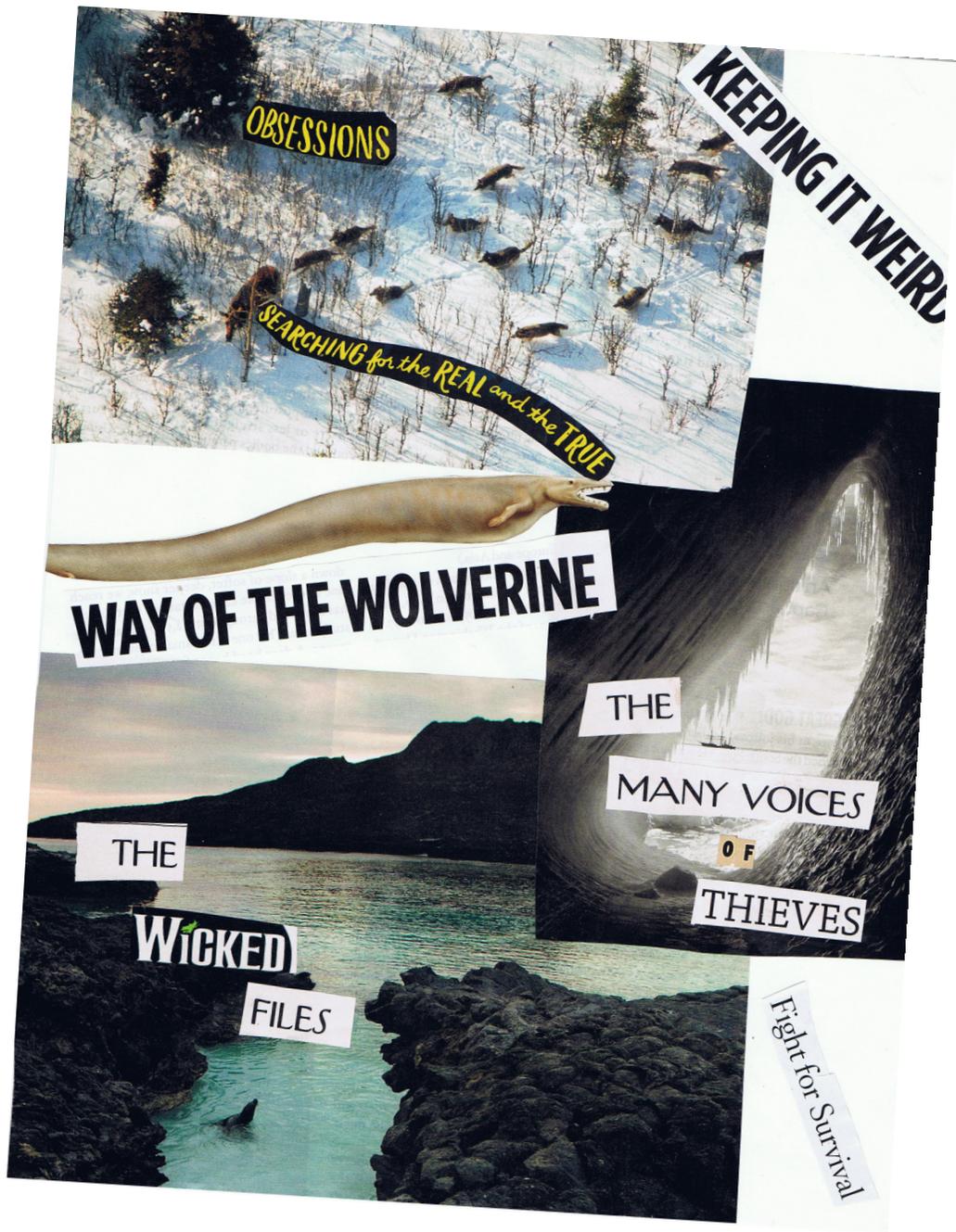
PARIS LIFE

Patti will be 26 in 10years
She will be the best chef
In the world
She will be in Paris
Making pasta and
Eating different food
She stopped shopping
At Aeropostal
Now shopping
At expensive stores
She is happy
About her new life
In Paris
She misses her
Family back home

ANTHONY HALVORSEN & KAILEY SCHMIDT



SARA HASTINGS



ENRIQUE JORDAN



DEVON KING



MAKAYLA MACEDO

LOVE IT

I used to be a Bohemian Princess.
Draped in diamonds.
I was cold as December.
My choices didn't belong to me.
I was a pebble in the river
Going with everyone's current.

But now I dance to the beat
Of my own drum.
I soar through life on a kite.
I'm the salty waves that tickle children.
I'm like a poisonous mushroom.
Beautiful to the eye
But if you mess with me...

I am what I am.
Like it or LOVE IT!!



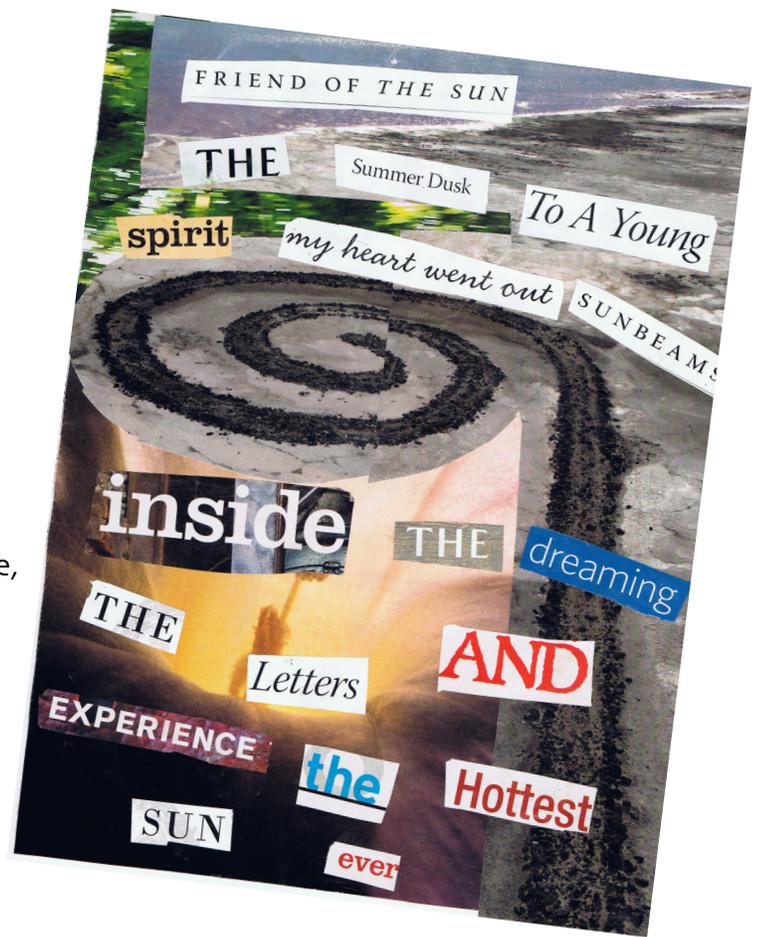
AUTUMN NIGHTS

The autumn nights
With its gold atmosphere.
The leaves spiraling down making those who rake
grouchy.
After a warm summer the weather returns with attitude.
Legend has it that leaves only fall horizontally.
The rain leaves children wet and sticky.
Inside there's a fire mimicking the lost sun.
The sun peeks over the hills earlier
Putting a smile on the independent riser's face.
Families get stuck in corn mazes for hours on end.
The bitter cold causes the torturously soft blankets
To emerge from their attics.
The dining room tables are filled with vengeful food
Ready to fatten us up for winter.
The wild child is forced to be loyal to curfew.
The mother in the kitchen dances to phony music.
Everyone is thankful for the beautiful autumn nights.

YESENIA MANZO

STRANDED

Stranded on the autumn breeze
Sheltered by the golden leaves,
Spiraling till they're vey small,
Traveling to not return,
Occasionally I hear that legend,
When the rain hits the ground,
The group of stars smiles down on me,
Every time I go inside,
To sleep for hours at once,
And enjoy life now that it's soft,
And lay your advice on the tables,
Before the island goes wild,
With their new bond with dance,
And personally say you're thankful,
For what you have



BEFORE AND AFTER

I use to be sour,
But now I am sweet like chocolate.
I use to be fragile like topaz,
But now I am hard like a diamond.
I use to have my head in the clouds,
But now my feet are planted on the ground.
I use to be like water on a clear day,
Transparent and smooth
But now I am murky and difficult to see in,
Like water during a rainstorm
I use to be December 1995,
But now I am February 2012
I use to be Ukiah,
But now I am Mexico.
I use to be a broken harp,
But now I am a bracelet

FUTURE

She sees herself in a sidewalk café,
In Barcelona, Spain,
Enjoying the sights, and window shopping,
While enjoying the summer breeze,
Enjoying the height,
That came with the years that have passed,
Happy, because everything has gone smoothly so far,
Missing the freedom
that came with those teenage years.

A GIFT FOR RICARDO

Ricardo is 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon,
He is a coconut because of his stubbornness,
He s a worn sneaker
Because he smells on occasion,
He is a fast car, because of his liking of fast things
He lives in the future, because he always wants something
He is often mad, annoyed, but happy
He is like a thick forest,
Complex and difficult to deal with
He is black, like a mad ocean
Difficult



JESUS MATA

PEOPLE IN THE FOREST

The people were thankful
 For finding gold in the tropical forest
 The island was known as a legend
 The rain fell everyday
 People used tables as shelter
 They killed the wild for food
 They had to murder hours everyday
 There were a few spiraling vines hanging from trees
 It was finally autumn and they were still stranded
 They had to return home to make food
 Everything is soft back at home like the sofas
 Their job in the forest was to dance as an entertainment
 The people had to work inside homemade houses
 The people were responsible for themselves
 and they made it home with a smile.

NICHOLAS MILLER

USED TO BE POEM

I used to be a mandolin
But then my strings broke
I used to be water
But now I'm a cloud
I used to be a diamond
But now I'm a dulled out rock
I used to have a name
But amnesia changed that
I used to be a hawk
But now I'm just an ostrich
I used to be a mime
But now I'm a clown
I used to stay around
But now I float away
Because I'm a cloud.

FALL GUIDANCE POEM

As the new Autumn begins
The search for places out of the rain starts again
Finding the suitable inside place
And becoming stranded, waiting to return outside
While waiting, stories of legendary entities
are reminisced to pass time
Tales of the golden god-like people
only increase impatience
For the one day that hours can be spent outside
To keep the wildness and insanity low
And prepare to face the approaching winter with a smile
You must keep yourself from breaking tables
Others will be thankful if you sustain sanity
So don't let yourself or people around you spiral down
And look forward a bit
to staying in the soft, warm inside for hours
Even if all the persons around you do is dance.



GIFT POEM

The days proceed to get colder
And people look more forward
to holidays at the end of the year
Layouts of stores, and people's front yards
All assimilate with decoration
The time of gift giving is upon us
And the most difficult part for me approaches
What to give?
I ponder this always
Why an inanimate object?
Why not an inanimate object
that animates itself with words
And there could only be one person
Most deserving of this gift
The Fish
They who are always deprived of gifts
during the season
They would appreciate it
I would be giving them something
to do for once
Besides swimming aimlessly
throughout the fishbowl
I thought it would be perfect
Sadly I remembered
The Fish can only read Arabic...

PAIGE MORRISON



WHERE WILL YOU BE IN 10 YEARS?

The walls covered in foam
The volume on high
DJ Paigey will be rocking out
To the hottest tunes
To share with the world
She announced it on air
Her average-sized apartment keeps her
Content.
Her life is well lived
And time well spent.

TANYA NATAL

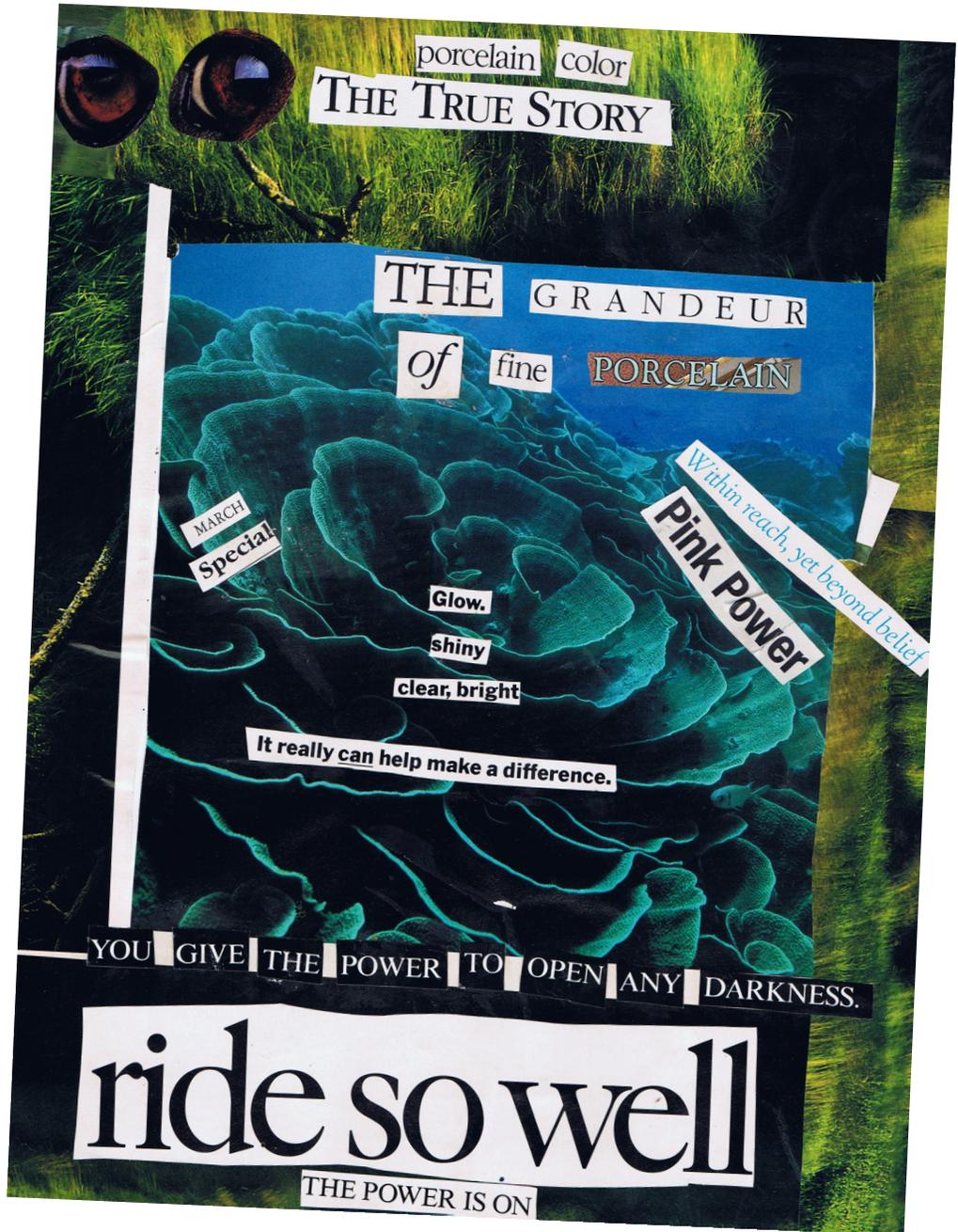
FOUND MYSELF

I used to be strawberry,
But now I'm chocolate.
I used to be plain dull,
But now I'm a fancy amethyst.
I used to be black clouds in the sky,
But now I'm the sun that brightens up.
I used to be a tree in the forest that hasn't grown up,
But now I'm that tree, tall, strong, and mature.
I used to be all about love in February,
But now I'm all about family in the summer.
I used to be that little girl in Mexico,
Lost but happy I was with my family;
But now that I found myself, I'm unhappy cause I felt.

LUPIN NYE



DAVINA ROSE



AYDEN SANDERS



TIM SANDERS

DANCING WITH PROFANITY

Some of the greatest aspects of Autumn
Are experiencing the golden thunderstorm
So loyalty will return with the evidence that
Suggests that legends communicate and that
Legally you cant smile in the
Vengeful shingles of softness
Dancing with profanity can send you
Spiraling down soothing hours
Entertained by tables of medical thankfulness
Everything's inside the research
Symbolizing the wild parts
Of this entertaining lifestyle.

MIGUEL ANGEL OROZCO



LIFE WITH LEMONS

Miguel is going to be at a serene place on a beach
He's going to be successful living in a condo
He grew to be 5'10
Has a slick trimmed beard
And has a great drive to succeed
Do good with his life
He misses his freedom
The way he used to be able
To go party
Not having to worry
But not being caught
The thrill
The adrenaline
Of running from the cops
But now the thrill and adrenaline
Comes from looking forward
To life and pursuance of life

STEFANY SANCHEZ

WHAT WILL I BE?

I used to be resses pieces
You would eat me one by one
But now I'm a reeses peanut butter cup
You eat one and done
I was once a bright light in the sky
Known as the sun
But then I burned out
And became as round as a plum
The moon is what I am
And that is what you'll see
I shine bright in the night sky
Like a man suit on a monkey
I used to be a shallow puddle
Who got stepped on in the rain
But now you have a floaty to cuddle
While you're in me
The pool that feels no pain
I used to be a cowardly lion
Wimpy and scared
But I know now I'm a Taurus
Strong, independent and prepared
I am what I am
Still changing, but still me
But the question is
What will I be?

JUSTIN SUNDSTROM

In 20 years
Justin will be living
In Lake Tahoe
Justin will be spending his free time living the good life
Snowboarding during the winter and wakeboarding all summer
The biggest change for him
Will be being so far from his family
His attitude for life
Will be worry free
No worries about money
Just fun
He will miss the coast
Justin's future looks bright

USED TO BE

I used to be the kid that did things for everybody else
But now I do things for myself

Living this way I achieve my dreams
While everybody else doesn't believe
They can make it away from this place

But I do and I'm here to prove it

A.J. TAINTER

WEEPING HOURS

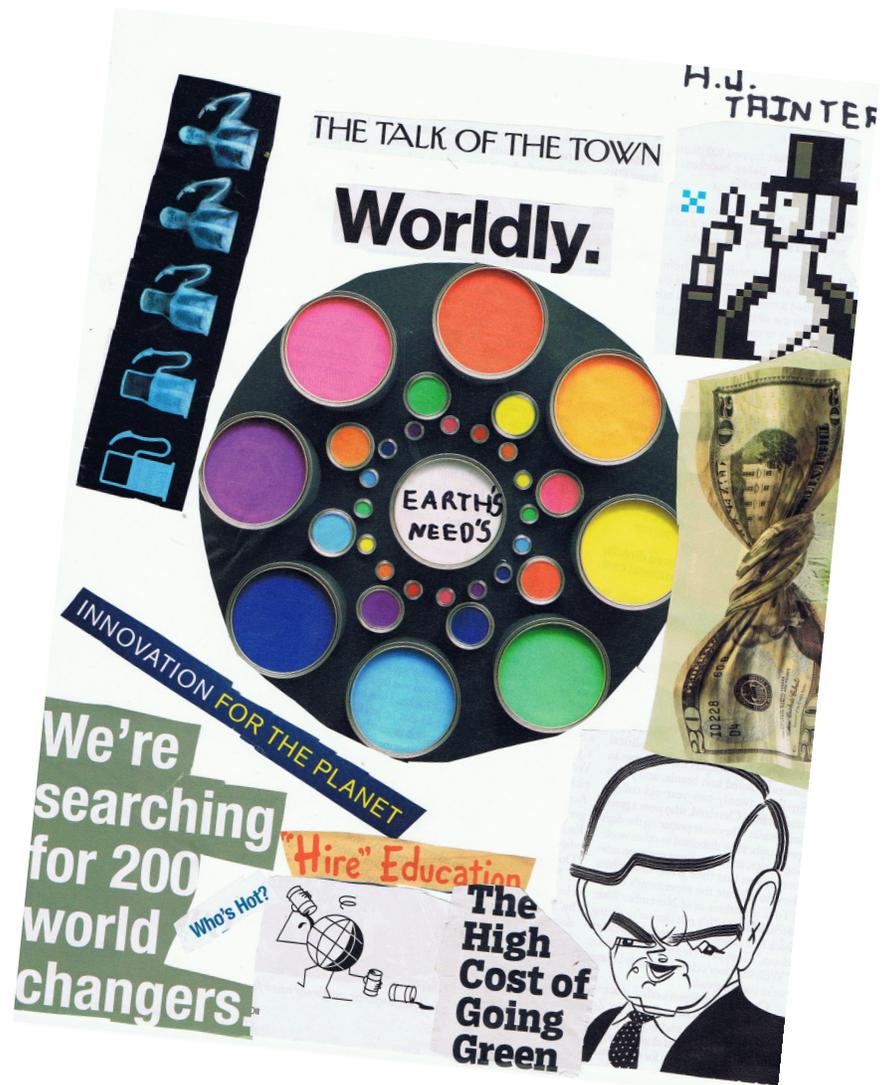
Autumn, full of life
Gold leaves that fly high
Full of spiraling winds
Getting ready to return the pledge
That changed a legend
As the rain hits a falling tree
And while people sit inside and weep
Personification of smiles
As wild hours pass
As wild as some people get
So be thankful it's almost gone
And you can dance all day when it is
They set up a picnic table
And enjoy the soft grass.

THE MEMORY REMAINS

I used to be able to let mint cookies melt in my mouth,
but now I am caching paradot gem from the sky.
I used to be powered by the sun,
but now the earth fuels me.
I used to be like a diamond back sparrow flying to my family descendants
but now I am wondering if my memory remains.
I used to be the kid who hid behind the tears of clown,
but now people think I am a man
and one side of my heart shows love and the other side shows hatred.
I used to be a coward and fink,
but now I am still thinking is these memories will last forever
with my temper going up and down like a elevator.

MY LIFE IN 2032

He will never be more than an arms length away from a 12 pack
He will be running out of time and mind
He will be at the club chipped up
He will have his pocket full of bills
He will be finally let out of his cage.



GIOIA WARNOCK



16 YEAR-OLD ME

She will look back,
And laugh at her 15-year-old self,
Who hid her face,
Behind a black mask of makeup,
And dampened hair in between hot ceramic jaws
Until it smoked.
She will look back,
And laugh but now her skin is wrinkly
And her hair has fallen out

SKY WASHICK

THE CAKE IS A LIE

To honor a legend
With the power of 1,000 years of Rain
A return from death
A spiraling magic
That helped them conquer a wild land
All deemed worthy are thankful
An infection spread in autumn
Plays a part in the supreme dance of greed.
A land known as Helios, filled with god
The Elixir sits on the table waiting...
A sage meditates for hours inside
A skillful smile threatens
As I enter the soft portal
...Then I realize...
THE CAKE IS A LIE!