

MI CIELO*

The Cloud 9 Anthology

*My sky, my heaven, my darling

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Foreword

Mi Cielo: my sky, my heaven, my beloved. Which is it? Or is it three titles in one? And then there's the question of who or what is being referred to. Are we pointing up into the air--to the blue or to the heavens beyond? Maybe the heaven is the class we were in for a year--our laughter and discussions and then silence of poems and stories being written. Or maybe the beloved is art and literature and poetry itself.

As is often the case, the questions here may be more valuable than any single answer. For now we can say let the answer be that famous fourth multiple-choice response:

D. All of the above.

There is an upward motion to writing or creating art, a rising, a transcendence--to use the name we almost went with for our book title. That's what this book is about, that's what these pages demonstrate.

The class was Cloud 9. We drifted here and there, blowing one day east and another north-west. The culmination of our collaboration is this: a book, a volume, a testament to our efforts, our insights, our revelations.

We hope it lifts you.

MR
4/17

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Smile For The Camera

I had never noticed that she never smiled, not until the day she showed up on my doorstep, grinning from ear to ear. I had never thought to look past the quick tilt of her lips she always gave or how her eyes could never seem to meet mine. All the little signs of her facade had slid over my head like water. I didn't want to believe that she wasn't happy, that all of her jumping around and crazy words were just there to distract us all from the true problems. To take the spotlight off of what was underneath.

I had pretended for so long. Pretended that the one time I saw her cry was on one of her birthdays, surrounded by the shards of multiple glass objects, was because her mom simply forgot. I had pretended to be her friend. That I wasn't keeping her at arm's length because I didn't want to know. I didn't want to know what was behind that smile she pulled off so well.

More than anything I pretended that everything was alright. But when she stood there smiling-*really* smiling-I knew all my pretending had to stop.

Twelve Years

She was only five, still new to the world, but so old. She had yet to face up to the big kids that pushed her down, had yet to fill her own childhood with the correct amount of cruelty it seemed to demand, had yet to taste the words adults told her to never repeat on her own lips. She knew many things however. Like how to laugh, how to play...how to stay away.

She was only eight. Too many people had left, all without a goodbye. She saw red in the eyes of her father and tears in her mother's. She knew how to tell mocking laughter from the real kind and when to hide. She knew how to pray and how to expect nothing.

She was only eleven. Crimson coated the snow. A ball laid nearby, forgotten by the frightened children. Blood dripped from her nose and swelled up like a plum. She tasted it. She now knew why red was a lovely color in her house.

She was only fourteen. The boys clustered together and hissed like snakes. Their mean jokes and tear bringing remarks made her bleed like that snow covered day long before. They claimed to be joking, she claimed to be laughing. People could be so cruel.

She was only seventeen. She watched the only boy she loved be buried and held tight to her dying mother's hand. Soon, her mother would be gone too. Than her father. She couldn't wait.

Lives of Many

I've been a wide-eyed, rebellious child. A child who lifted rocks and pushed back seas in search for their next adventure.

I've been a monster, a deep sea creature that lurked under the ocean floor and waited. Sometimes, I waited forever. Sometimes, I didn't have to wait very long.

I've been a story with millions of other stories hidden deep within my pages. Pages with their own passage ways and dark tunnels that would take a lifetime to find the end of.

I've been wise, so wise that the world was so utterly dull in my eyes. So wise that the only time I could pass for living was when my eyelids were closed, and I was with my wild imagination, an imagination that could beat my strong realities any day.

I've been a star, so far up in the sky that I was dead by the time my light reached the eyes of some praying child.

I've been who I am now, a stranger in a sea of familiar faces, wandering the Earth until it is my time to be something else. Something greater. Something *worthy* of this world.

2am

Inspired by L.S.

It's 2:36am and I'm still awake because 2am isn't anything like in the movies. 2am isn't for those star-crossed lovers who lie under the starry night sky, dreaming for better days and warm embraces, all hoping for a better tomorrow that will never come. It's for the poets, the writers, and dreamers who can't sleep because their minds are alive with marvelous words and declarations for someone who's not there, who's never going to be there and probably was never there in the first place. It's for the alcoholics drinking themselves into oblivion and the smokers who try to hide it all behind some false glaze and a high laugh, all just to forget someone who left without even a first thought to begin with. 2am is for the lonely, the ones who are in love with the loved but are not loved in return. It is a time for us, the damaged souls, so we can trick ourselves into believing we can just get right back up and start anew.

But that's exactly what it is my friend, a trick. One that starts to wear off in the early hours of our dreaded mornings. It's then we wait for our next 2am, our next fix. Like clockwork. We go 'round and 'round until the batteries run out and we can't find it in ourselves to get out of bed in the morning.

Because what would be the point? We've given up by then, we always do in the end. We're cowards, every single one of us and although most won't admit it, the truth still lurks in the shadows. It sits on our shoulders, whispering out our little fears into our hearts all day long. There it checks in, it sits and waits for the right moment.

For an opportunity to cut deeper inside of us.

But then again, it's our own thoughts and insecurities that cut deeper than any blade ever could, than any deadly whisper. Our thoughts do the most damage. They rip us apart from the inside out, evil little smile on their nonexistent faces as they watch us put on a show for others. It's like a circus show for them, one they know the ending of and somehow that makes it all the more better. Our thoughts are our demons.

And frankly, there's nothing we can do to stop it. Some don't even want it to stop, minds set on believing they deserve the torture, the pain. I admit to being one of many who are convinced they deserve to be buried in the dark, trapped in a water filled tank with all my secrets, to slowly starve off of them.

After all, monsters don't get second chances, right?

Loving More

I'm a girl who loved a boy who didn't love himself.

Perhaps that was my first mistake. I had believed that I could love hard enough for the both of us. I loved him more than myself and in doing so I had broken my deepest promise, the promise to never love anyone more.

I had seen what loving more did to my mother. I had watched as she loved my father more, so much in fact that she let him leave bruises on her skin as if they were butterfly kisses. So much that when her skin turned into screaming, angry, purple marks she brought out the make-up he bought for her, just the sole purpose of covering his "love taps." So much that when he left her crying on the kitchen floor, her fingers desperately wrapping around herself in a pathetic attempt to hold her body together, as if she could slowly piece herself together again like Humpty Dumpty, she made excuses for him. Loving more had destroyed my mother and, in the end, me too.

Because god, yes, I loved him more, but when the time came to prove the promise I had made to him about staying was real, I ran. It's what our kind does. As humans we make stupid, empty promises only to break them in the end. We live for the destruction we cause, we strive for beauty where there should be none at all.

From a young age we've been learning about the joys of knocking things down. To building a line of dominoes and watching them fall like bodies on a battlefield, all the way to building a tower and kicking it down all around you like tiny shards of glass spilling across the linoleum floor. We love to knock the people surrounding us down to add. That's what love is in my eyes at least, just a wall of dominoes waiting to be kicked down by an unsuspecting foot.

Love is great, that fuzzy feeling you get in your stomach is the best thing in the world.

But sometimes, loving someone just isn't enough.

Monster

He lit up my world.

Not in the way where the stars aligned in the sky and suddenly all the darkness went away or even where there was a sudden bright light in my world whenever he appeared.

The darkness was still there, the hole in my head that told me beautiful lies in the form of truths stayed whether he was around or not.

But the difference was, the difference was...

I could deal with that sticky black mess that passed for an organ in my body, for the monster that sat on my shoulder was no longer just a monster anymore.

The monster was my savior, my heroin in a crack addict world you could say.

Because *he* was my monster.

He was that little white fleck I placed on the tip of my tongue, all just so I could stay a dreamer in a world of realist for a little while longer.

Fallen Kings

Once, we were heros.

Once, we were kings.

But everything has changed since then.

First Day of a Zombie Apocalypse

I have never been a believer in the supernatural. My sisters call me a realists, I say I just see what's there. Which is basically the same thing I know, but I have never liked the word "realists." It reminds me of a self-centered prick. I like to think I'm not one of those. My sisters, on the other hand, can be argued upon.

I'm also not the type to write diaries or journals. Really, it's whatever you want to call it. However, Mom is acting weird. Now, usually this isn't a concern. My mother, Abilene Scott, has dived a little too far into her delusions with the aid of Vicodin and alcohol, so as the oldest and only boy I have accepted the responsibility of taking care of her and my three sisters.

Terilynn, my youngest sister, is gone. Nailah and Elin are in hysterics, and Mom has not moved from her spot by the window in quite some time. She continues to stare at the...*thing* that had grabbed Teri from us only hours ago. If I crane my head, I can see my little sister's body twitching on the ground, arms up in the air, jaw moving. I wish Mom would stop looking.

"Urien," she speaks now, my name a stranger on her tongue. I ignore her. "Nailah, Elin, *Terilynn*." She's going through the list. Nailah pulls a sobbing Elin close to her chest and glares at Mom.

She's always been a quiet girl, one that has loved books more than boys or popularity. For a fifteen-year-old, popularity seems to be big, too. So, I am surprised by the sudden bout of aggression she shows.

"Why? Why? *Why?*" Mom's whispering again. She places a hand on the window which draws the attention of the thing outside of the house. I don't think she sees this...person[?], but Teri laying, forgotten, on the ground. I want to get up, but I cannot find it within myself to move from my own position. All I can do is write about our fate and hope it's all a dream.

Zombies are such a weird idea. There's so many flaws to them, so many theories that cannot be true. Nailah insists there's no other explanation though, and I don't have any good replies to her superstitions. The man outside is a good copy of the beasts we have grown up watching through a screen. He doesn't have an arm and the skin that clings to him is held on by scraps. He is, literally, made out of skin and bones. I cannot help but think that Teri will end up like that if we leave her body out there with the man.

No, I do not believe in the supernatural.

But, maybe, I should if we're starting to eat one another like monsters.

Ellora Green

The story of her leg does not bother her as it should. Neither does the story of her eye albeit that one is told far less. No, it's not the *stories* that are tragic, it's the memories. The still gut wrenching feeling of blood drying under her nails, the tell tale screams of her dying friends trapped under the rubble. It's war itself that gets to her.

And that's all her stories consist of. A three letter word. That's all that's ever needed, nonetheless. Humans love destruction. Why else would Game of Thrones still be running?

They tear each other down to get to the top and once they're there, they want more. Always more. So, they start again, more claws ripping into the chest of their enemies, more blood splatters against the walls. With this evidence, it's safe to say that humans can handle the blood and undoing of reality, but war is a whole 'nother thing. A simple word capable of quieting a room faster than putting out a light.

It's raped woman and kidnapped children, it's starved people and lopped legs, cut out eyes and blood that stains your hands forever. It's all Ellora sees at night. So, yes, while her missing body parts can be considered a tragedy in itself, she does not care. In fact, they're a blessing. The leg a sign, a way out of the life she had been leading. The eye? The eye a warning, a more get out, get out now message.

She got it that time and that's saying something for a lot of unfortunate souls. It might've cost her a stump and glass eye, but *she got out*. She's never been happier for that. The ghost of her friends do still haunt her, their faces, waiting behind her eyelids each time they close. Still, it's better than being out there again. She's convinced anything is better than being out there, concerning the crap that she's seen, not to mention the things she can think up.

Anyone in her position will agree.

Jordan does not ask though. Perhaps Cleora, her sister, has already filled him in or warned him to keep his mouth shut. Nevertheless, she is thankful for it. The stares, the hushed whispers, and the loud, obnoxious thoughts screaming at her she can deal with. It's the questioners you gotta look out for.

The ones that look at you as if they can see every little lie you're pouring out. They're the ones that ask. The ones she hates because they never accept her simple answer of, "war." You have to watch your back with these types. Backtrack, make it long and impossible. Save a kid. Kill a mother in cold blood.

Give the audience what it wants. That's what her mother used to tell her. *They're always gonna want more, Ella, so give them what they want. Put on a show.* She puts on a show alright.

She tells these kinds of people modified versions of the truth. More drawn out. More dramatic. If you're gonna lie might as well make it interesting, right? Another line stolen from Andrea Green.

Who wants the truth anyways? Her versions are better. Everyone loves a sob story. The whole best friend dying in your arms and telling you to live on thing gets them everytime. Finding her friend's body parts piled atop her is far less romantic.

A frozen scream.

A runaway foot.

A cold hand.

It's best to leave those parts out. They ask because they want a story, something remembering and just as dramatic.

At least she delivers. They can't complain about that.

Amanda Bednar

Between the Stars.

Come with me,
we can live among the stars.
We'll bring our firesuits to Mercury
and explore the craters on Venus.
As we pass by the Earth,
we'll raise our middle fingers high
and hope that people can see us
through the dark and polluted sky.
We'll build a house on Mars,
take a nap on Jupiter,
wake up on Saturn
and watch the rain on Neptune.
Our spaceship will pass
the unnamed planets by,
in a hurry to exit the Milky Way.
The aliens we find along the way,
will become good friends of ours.
They'll welcome us to our new home
with wide open arms,
and everything will be okay.
No more people,
no more earth,
just you, me, and the stars.

Freedom.

Even the best of friends come and go
and I am afraid that now is our time.

If that really is the case,

I've written you a poem.

I should probably begin by saying sorry
or reflecting on some stupid, cheesy memory,
but I won't put myself through that.

Instead, this poem is about freedom.

Freedom. A noun composed of two syllables,
meaning the power to act, speak,
or think as one pleases without restraint.

Freedom. The feeling of wind blowing through your hair
as you drive down some forgotten back road
with the radio up loud.

Freedom. A small child's mother finally letting them
play on the big kid playground while she
sits off to the side, not paying an ounce of attention.

Freedom. Midnight walks as it's pouring down rain,
wearing nothing but wrinkled pajama pants and
a sweatshirt advertising for some unknown band
that is riddled with holes. No shoes, no flashlight.

Freedom. Telling mom and dad goodbye for now
as you walk outside, get into the car,
and drive off to your own apartment for the first time.

Freedom. The incredible feeling I felt as your
calls, texts, and attempted visits
finally ended, leaving me alone
in this big, big world.

Leaving me to my own devices.

Leaving me to find out who I really am
instead of watching from the sidelines
as you find out who you really are.

Freedom. The greatest gift I have ever received
from you throughout our last five years of friendship.

For A Lost Friend.

Why do I even continue to bother?
No matter how hard I try,
you always manage to
push me away.
In the end,
we all know that you're right.
One day, you'll be too broken to fix
and I'll run out of glue
and the effort to keep trying.

Disturbing the Peace.

I hate to see you cry
because your eyes are galaxies
filled to the brim with stars
and every tear is a star
falling out of place,
crashing down,
disturbing the peace
of its neighbors.

Bonfire.

451--

the degree at which paper will burn.
Oh, what an occasion that would be;
destroying all my poetry.
Scribbled out sonnets take to the sky,
meaningless words pretend they can fly.
Dickinson-esque, dash-filled poems
mix with the atmosphere,
along with short rhymes and sonnets;
just a grey, ashy smear.
Charred edges crumble into nothingness
as I sit back and watch.
The papers that are left
will, someday, meet the same fate.
But only after I gather the courage
to pick up a pen
and write once again.

The Sea's Point of View.

Chain a cinderblock to my ankle
and throw me overboard.
I don't mind the water in my lungs
or the pressure against my skull;
I just want to see the sky
from the sea's point of view.
I want to see distorted rays of light
beam down upon untouched coral reefs.
I want to see the waves reach to the sky,
trying to catch a piece of the marvelous
watercolors bleeding from the evening sunset.
I want to see the moon creep over the horizon,
and the stars multiply.
And if I drown,
it would be worth it.
Because I'll have gotten a glance
at the sky
from the sea's point of view.

Lost.

Months after it happened
A shoe washes up on shore.
Miles away, her mother cries.

Famous Last Words.

I'm tired of hovering my thumb
over the keyboard,
internally debating over something stupid.
Should I answer you?
Should I not?
Why must I be so indecisive?
I'm sick of reading that last message
over and over again.
All you bring into my life is pain,
when you should be bringing me happiness.
I don't need any more pain than
absolutely necessary.
I deleted every last trace of you,
just so I wouldn't be tempted to call
and try to make things better.
After all, this was your fault.
You screwed up, not me.
Why am I always the one to apologize?

Reverie.

I love listening to
older people speak
of their past loves.
Their eyes fill with sparkles,
mouths free of hate,
as they reminisce on the
“good old days,”
using beautiful words
to describe even the ugliest
of people.
The kids of my generation;
not so much.
They speak harshly
of the people who
have removed themselves
from their lives,
using adjectives like
‘thot’ and ‘slut’ and ‘whore.’
I wish I could be someone’s muse
instead of just another face
on an extensive list
of past ‘lovers.’

Taylor Bray

Snow

The array of mountains covered by me
I lay peacefully once I have fallen.
On Christmas Day I'm such a sight to see
The children run and jump head first, all in.

So white and so cold that is all I hear
I did not mean to make your toes go numb.
Frostbite will come if they don't have the gear
When they go inside I become lonesome.

But summer will show and I will be gone
Just simply some liquid and nothing more.
Then the birds will come out and sing their song
Things will emerge like the grassy dirt floor.

The kids will find some other place to play.
Oh, how I hate the sun-filled month of May.

Sister

Caring for my family, friends, and everyone I know.
Caring for my dog, mom, and dad.
Caring mostly for my sister who is the person I aspire to be.
I always have my other half close by
To celebrate or to mourn.
She is there with open arms
Waiting for me to take that leap whenever I need.
She is vibrant and energetic like the rays of sun beaming down on earth,
Always full of light.
She has lots of friends and people who care
And I'm glad I get to share my existence with her.
She will always be the steady rock I lean upon
And I to her as well.
Thankful for family, friends, and everyone I know.
Thankful for my dog, mom, and dad.
Thankful for all who have cared for me and all who have cared for her.

Fighting

I've been to a place of misery that makes things seem hopeless.

Where the silence is so thick you can't even hear the thoughts in your head.

Where the tears roll from your cheeks down to the floor.

Where you want to cry out but nothing can be spoken.

Where things seem to be ok but their real feelings are hiding behind a mask.

Where people share their feelings to one another but they are never taken into consideration.

Where there's more than one to blame for the scene that was made.

Where you know things can never be the same as they were before.

Where you look into their eyes and they're filled with confusion and anger.

Where there is nothing you can say to make them feel even the slightest bit better.

Where you wonder if they're ever going to be alright.

Where all you want to do is make them happy but they just don't seem to care.

Where you realize that everything you do is hopeless and you sink further down into that pool of despair with no chance of resurfacing.

Lost Soul

I am a lost soul
Drifting among the roads like a plastic bag,
Trying to find a place where I belong
Like the ugly duckling looking for it's home.

I am an old soul
Roaming from decade to decade
Just trying to find what were once the good ole days.

I am a gentle soul
Whose glass heart was shattered
While looking for that special someone,
So now I am left holding the pieces in a dust pan.

I am a lost soul
Searching for the place I fit into.
The place where the fear of not being accepted
Won't ever come across my mind.
The place where I am no longer lost.

Inside Voice

Who am I to say what you can and can't do?

I'm only a single influence.

Why would you even listen to me?

Oh, yes, that's right,

Because I'm your voice.

I'm that nagging voice your hear when you're about to do something
stupid.

I'm the voice that can never be quiet and always has something to say.

I sway you to make the important decisions in your life.

I guide you and I reason with you.

Most of the time you take my advice

But I know ever so often you don't.

I can see why

You want to be able to live your life

With no feelings of regret

But you have to admit

Without me you could've been dead already,

So you don't have to thank me now

But one day you will

Because if it wasn't for me you wouldn't be the person you are now

And THAT would be a damn shame.

Time

You either have it all it or you've run out.
Time in this case is something we don't have.
We may not have countless hours to spend but at least we have a few.
In that case we need to make the most of what we have
Because when the time runs out we know
It won't be pleasant
To separate ourselves from one another
And travel along our own paths.
But in the end
Wouldn't we rather have the memories
of the times we spent with each other
Than the ones that don't exist at all.

Rain Boots

Those rain boots you wear I know so well,
Splishing and splashing in all the puddles
You can find,
Jumping in and out from time to time.

You jump into puddles like you do my life.
Jumping in just to cause a ripple
Because I know once you jump in,
You'll jump right out,
And that is when everything alters.

You'll splash any bystanders that comes near the puddle
Because you don't care if they get wet
As long as you receive the joy from jumping in the puddle.
Well, this is the last time you jump in my puddle.

There will be no splishing and splashing of the water that still remains
in my puddle.
There will be no prancing around and making us look like the foolish ones,
And most importantly there will be no more looking at the rain boots
That you would wear that I knew so well.
It's only sunshine from here on out.

Allen & William

So many questions that all need answers.
Like, who will I be when I am older?
Like, will my future kids be freelancers?
Like, will I die because of a boulder?

Like, what would I look like with some short hair?
Like, what is the definition again?
Like, what if I came to school fully bare?
Like, why can't these senior boys act like men?

All these questions have ran through my mind.
All have been thoughts that I then soon forgot.
But they are something that I will one day find.
But it will take long because there's a lot.

So for now I will look and will not cry.
So I will look until the day I die.

Into the wild I go
To seek
The silence of my mind.

*

Electric wires
Spark and jump
But then starts to tarnish
As it realizes what it's done.

If I were to walk into the darkness,
Would there be a lighted path
From which I came from
To tug the rope
And bring me back?

*

Mystic blue paint
Has been poured over my heart
Just when it thought
It would have no constraint.

Seth Frenier-Butow

Nothing

You see blue eyes

I see the never ending blue as the ocean tempts the sky along its fingertips

You hear a broken laugh

I hear the record that you always leave on repeat because you can't hear it
enough

You see flaws

I see the subtle pieces of perfection that you seem to miss

but I can never draw my attention away from

But until you notice these things

I'm okay with noticing

Nothing

[Untitled]

My loom of emotions is unwinding
My mind spinning
Stomach twisting
Eyes turning
You unravel me
But with every single word
You mend me back together

But how is it that the women
That puts me back together
Is also the one who cuts every single string
in my life
And leads me to descend down the stairway to madness

Bucket

*To Trevor Jay "Bucket" Bartley
8/17/00 - 7/13/11*

Not even a single goodbye
A soul taken away in the wind with no explanation
From moments of pure happiness
To not knowing if you believe in what happens
After this strange and off putting event we call life

I wonder every single day what my life would be like with you still here
I can't think of a day where you don't cross my mind more than a mistake in
a math problem
I just want my bubba to come home
Please just come home

[Untitled]

If I ever read it
I'd know we were lost
Lost forever like a speck of snow
Lost into the midnight blizzard

Broken Memories

The door slams
The sound of shoes on a old mahogany staircase
Emotions torn
Promises broken
Love forever lost
All I have left is
This pen
And our sweet broken memories

All Black

Specks of black
Pushed into direction
By the slightest movement of the wrist
Anger filled minds
Overcame by the real generosity of man
Point made by the small gathering of Earth
Because it's message is more colossal
Than any object on this green Earth

[Untitled]

Drops of depression
Raining down upon my shoulder blades
As I stride down the highway of isolation
All while the snakes in the grass draw every ounce of happiness
out of my being
Then I notice the distorted colors being poured from the sky
Even though times seem bad
It always rains before the rainbow

Jonathan Carey

I Want

I want to change the world a little bit or find a key of life because every single day it seems that the morning glow quietly envelopes the earth with the same dawn. A dawn that is mysterious, silent and still. I want to pray over the abound stars straight to God and ask a question on how this world came to be but the irony is there's no correct answer.

All About Moi

Jonathan Carey, a man child, a Genius, a ladies man at least I think and a complete nerd. Who is a son of a runner, Who is a brother of a guy that works at Taco Bell who is most likely going to quit, and Who is a owner of a Pomeranian that can easily replace the alarm clock. But even though I have all these sweet little bits that I take full advantage of, I have flaws, for instance I mumble in conversation, speak in silent tongue, stutter when I talk to a girl, I can not remember names of friends and family members “True Story.” I mean you can see how much I am broken. I mean I am much broken as a scratched CD or record, an old man with a hip problem and the year 2016 for it was a shitty year in an orgy of hell fire and heck if you want to go farther. I could be one of the worst and most stupidest person around. But at least I have a good sense of humor.

The Apartment

March 23, 1997: Haiku 7:30 am

The apartment was called Central Atlas. The room number 76. I was staying with my mother and my sister. It was sunny day outside I was coming home from school, a bottle kool aid and a gameboy at hand. As I was going up the stairs to my apartment the door was unlocked, So like what anyone would do just open it. As I go in there is no one, No sister, No mother.

“Sweet I’m alone,” I said to myself, “Now I need to pee”, So I head to the bathroom. After a long good minute of pissing and washing my hands I decide to go into my room to take a nap, As I go in, there is a man with a boomstick. “The Fuck”. The man opened fire, I tried to bail outside but he got me in my leg then fired at the other. As I was screaming in pain and for mercy the man grabbed my head and lifted me ready to delete, But then everything turned to white the man I could not see any more and then.... I awake

“The hell, am I dead, am I in heaven if I am then why am I staring at the ceiling and why is there a nice lady next to me asleep. And why am I.. Oh hell no”. I quickly get out of the mysterious bed that I was put into. I frantically go into drawers and try to find clothes for then I see a batman shirt, blue jeans, undies, and some sweet jordans. I quickly grab them and head into the bathroom. I then take a quick shower, Put the clothes on and head out. But before I could leave there is a strange man looking at me. I go to look at him, he looks confused as I am. But then it hit me I’m just looking at myself.

I’m just looking at myself..

“Holy shit I lost weight and I’m puny”. In one of my pockets of the these blue jeans there is a strange device that has no buttons but a tiny screen. iPhone, “What the hell is an iPhone is it a phone with an eye or is just a phone that has I in the front its name”. I put it to the side and feel my other pocket and the item I feel is a bit heavy and there is a trigger. I pull it out to see a semi-automatic handgun, There seems to be a note at the end of the barrel. *“Dear Me Defend yourself. From You”*, Defend myself from me what the hell does that mean. I take the gun and put it back in the right pocket of my pants, For then the iPhone begins to ring I believe. I pick it up and answer “Hello” I say. “Whatever you do not leave this bathroom, She cannot be trusted it’s all an illusion this...not...re”. “Hello” I try asking through the device, No answer. “Dame”, I put the phone in the left pocket and head out of the bathroom. “Hey, Babe” As Scared as I always get I tend to defend myself so the gun is pulled out if you know what I mean. Without any questions asked I open fire, BANG BANG, BANG.... She collapses to her death onto the well carpeted floor. As I go to inspect this

strange woman I notice that there are sparks flying out of her head. “What the Hell is this, The Terminator” I said to myself. At the small corner of my eye I see a door but next to it is a hand scan, “Well if this is like Terminator then...” I pull out the gun again and shoot the hand scan, “There’s No Time to say open sesame, I think that’s a line from the movie meh.”

As the door is opened I walk out to only see that this room is in the middle of hallway in which there are multiple doors. I go towards the one in front of me but before I could walk in I hear a voice say, “THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING PERFECT FUTURE COME AGAIN.” It was as if I heard it from a intercom or speaker. I would then walk into the door in front of me but before I could open it I hear that dame voice again “NOW ENTERING EXOTIC BUTTERS”. “What? I got to see this”. As I now enter there is a Basket of Butter Sticks on a table with a Note next I read.

“Slip yourself out of this, From Your only friend” “My only friend? Who is my only friend, This is a strange mystery”. As I walk out of the room guess what happens “NOW EXITING EXOTIC BUTTERS”. After hearing that broken voice again I would leave and go down the hallway to see a door that read “How You were Born” “Ok that is one door I am not going into and why does this have words while the previous ones I saw did not and why is it that I feel like I get something now figuratively”. But before I could say anything else the answer hit me in the head literally. A rock had hit me and as I picked a little note attached to it read “You are stuck within your head”

My reply to this was that I already know that I’m stuck within my head because it’s on my body. A baseball out of nowhere hits the back of my head making a big THWACK sound. “Ow what the hell” I said. After getting hit by a big mother trucker of a ball another note seemed to be attached on it. I picked it up and read it, “Mind, You are stuck in your own fucking mind how are you not realizing it. Well nevermind just go straight down where your at into my office.” For a split second I thought this was a trick but I went ahead anyway. As I walked down a Snorlax was blocking my path. As I was confused to see a Snorlax in my way there is a door opened that had texts that would make you feel as if you were going into an Arcade. So as I walked in the door that read “Games and Fun” I would see a lot of things from the video games I played such as the hylan shield and master sword from Ocarina of Time, The buster sword from Final Fantasy 7 and The B.F.G from Doom which I still don’t understand why it is called that. But laying on the ground I see the PokeFlute so without any hesitation I pick up the Flute and play it. It was probably a minute or so but as I was playing it The Wild Snorlax awoken for then it approached to the room and as it did I looked for a PokeBall to throw at it and as of my luck I did but it was too late the bastard Snorlax jumped on me and then....

I was back home still on the ground and as I slowly got up I saw the gunman taking our stuff but the thing was he does’nt know whose house he is robbing. I pick up a folding chair that was lying around and hit him in the back of the head. Before the guy got back up I kicked the gun away and

grabbed him by the neck and slammed him through our dinner table. After awhile I tried to figure out why I had a weird dream and how in the hell I performed a perfect wrestling move. But before I could think any further I heard a knock on the door and it was my mother. But something seemed off for which she was speaking a language of gibberish that's when I knew that I have never escaped. I walked into my room and there was a cricket with what looked to be dressed in Mobster type clothing "Hey kid what's shakin" had said the cricket "nothing much.. Why ask?" I said to him.

"You see ever since you got shot in the head you have been put into a long type rest" "You mean coma" I replied. "Yeah a coma so since you're in this state right now I have to say that it is time." "Time for what" I asked. "It's time to let you go... you know die" "Die, Die, You want me to die the hell I'm going to die" I had said in a raging voice. "Kid look at me you're not a god okay... you got shot correct so since you have been shot your chances of living again ar at a 15% which means you can't move on so just accept that you're a failure."

I pull out the gun from my pocket and aimed it at the cricket's head "Kid what are you doing?" "What's it look like" I respond. "You're making a big mistake kid you know that I am your conscious if you get rid of me you won't remember who you are anymore." "Actually I do" I replied but suddenly my gun turned into the B.F.G.

"Who...or what are you" he asked. I said with the B.F.G. cocked, locked, and ready to destroy "My name is William Cable mother fucker and this is my own mind not yours". I pulled the trigger to this enormous gun and After that it was just a blazing sight. For then I see another flash of light hit me...

Haiku 6:00 am

"Am I....Am I home this time...Why do I feel so comfortable it's as if I am on a bed." I said while I was still confused. But after a few minutes of looking through the dark for a bit I see a woman come I see a woman come through what it looked like a curtain and as she did it was as if she noticed something because she would then quickly leave the room. I of course was still confused but the darkness would become light and all I saw then was me on a bed covered on one eye with a bandage and then I realised where I was now at.... The Hospital.

A Roast to My Sensei

To be honest with you I never adored your writing even if it was hilarious or serious.
You see my style is more superior than yours,
It's more boss than yours,
And it has benefits.
Which yours are just garbage.

A Toast to a Friend of my Sibling That Became My Friend

I know you as the dungeon master,
I know you as a friend,
I know you as the "I-Man"
I know you as the "Cobra Commander"
But what I can't get out of my head is how you let a madman burn down a forest.

Listening to you Snore/I Don't Want to Repeat
(A poem based on the style of a "Dank Lord")

For all people to hear
For what I can hear
Please stop
Please drop
The sound of a sleeping pig
That I refuse to here forever
So kindly
I ask
Please stop your tasteless instrument
Please stop your reckless horn
I need
I want
To be in a state of sleep
To be in a relaxing rest
All I Want
Is for you
To be silent
I don't want to repeat.

My First Time

I remember it like it was yesterday: the first time I fell in love, the first time I was rejected, the first time I kissed, the first time I felt sad, the first time I felt mad, the first time I felt an urge to kill and destroy those who were in my way. And I remember the first time I did my time. Those were the good old days.

Before I Leave

For the last few minutes I want to get something off my chest.
I want to say that I am a fool for which it was me that had never said anything about this outcome.
I regret any possible defeats that have been on my behalf.
I apologize for any crudeness that have been towards any race, age or gender identities.
So before I leave I want to say I am sorry for not being there for anyone.
Or even my own kid if I had one.

Bailey Caudillo

Forest Fire

You're a forest fire and I'm nature
Started as a spark in the deep of the night
And light up my entire universe
The fire did not hurt at first
Too busy to admire your light
I didn't feel the burn
But the burn,
Oh, the burn,
Is so painful, so hard to escape
You're lighting me on fire
And turning me to black and ashes
When all I wanted was a little warmth
A little light
But you're turning me to black and ashes

Hunted Endlessly

Snapping twigs like snapping bones
A silent silence that silences all
Almost unreal, almost too still
A different planet, maybe.
But as she drew nearer
Wide-eyed and weary
Early on this bitter morn
She was alone once more.
Fawn-less now, unattended
Even stag, if you will
Yearning for her child still
But hey, a wolf's gotta eat.
Another meal for another beast
She walks along, breaking bones
Scenery just as grey as the sky
A shiny lense catches her wide eye.
It witnessed every last detail
Every gruesome cry and wail
Will they enjoy this tragedy?
She doubts it.
As of late, the hunting ended
But she hopes they will learn
That after she's hunted by guns
She's hunted by fangs.

Moon and Sun

I am a moth, and you are the moon,
I find my way by you.
But, if I mistake a light other
Than you,
For you,
It is fatal.
I am a sailor,
And you are the sun.
I find my way by you by day,
And by night,
The stars,
The light of the moon
Which is, of course,
Your light.

Band of Brothers

I spent Christmas in a foxhole,
Listening to Silent Night across the way,
The tree line sang,
And it was dark, deep and snowing,
But the white ground reflected just fine against the moon,
Now I can't eat cherry snow cones,
Because of the way the tracks dragged along and then stopped,
You could still make out a body if you tried,
Well we were taught never to leave a good man behind,
But sometimes there wasn't much man left,
And sometimes there was just too much man to take,
In a land where over twenty-five was old,
Me, Don and George we were just kids,
And my Ma kept trying to send me birthday
cake for finally becoming a man,
She kept asking "Was I keeping warm?"
Was I keeping warm?

Angry didn't begin to cover the way no one mentioned him again,
After he fell,
I was keeper of dog tags, locked in my fist,
Fear like a sneeze,
Always at the back of my throat but I didn't let it go,
So I cried alone,
And we tried to get by together,
And I wish I could say he was always with us,
The forgotten shadow in the foxhole,
But the truth is, he was taken with little resistance,
And I never saw him again,
Third grade captain of the baseball team,
Kissed a girl before I did,
I was afraid to wash the filthy clothes he left behind,
For fear of wiping him from existence,
They let me keep a shirt without bloodstains,
And it felt like home for months,
Until the smell of my friend began to fade.

I had to stand up,
To be the best man I could be,
Because German was in my tongue and so far away for everyone else,
I saw the dead walking towards me in striped pajamas,

Shook my head and said: "I don't wanna",
Well my boys picked me up and said: "joey, you just gotta,"
So I saw the worst of what humans can do,
Looked apathetic, like a soldier,
Didn't cry,
But when he told me: "I am a Jew",
I answered: "So am I",
And the star of David he wore on his arm,
Mine was tattooed on my heart,
Once we'd calmed them down,
Denied them my box of rations,
I fell to my knees and sobbed,
Humans punishing humans punishing humans,
And no amount of screaming would stop the
film behind my eyes,
They told me I did well today,
"Joey, you did good for your people."

It's been a tough war,
It's been a long war,
And my girl back home,
I married her straight away,
Even though she wasn't a Jew,
But I could have lived and died in her beautiful blonde hair,
So my Ma loved her anyway,
I wanted several daughters,
And I wanted several sons,
So they could have brothers like I did,
My girl called me a hero,
But I ain't no hero,
I ain't no saint,
I ain't no warrior,
I ain't no order,
I ain't no weapon,
No blood,
No war,
I am the cry for a medic in the dead of night,
I am the line of defence that would not move,
I am no surrender,
I am a survivor,
I am surviving still,
I am a husband,
A father,
A friend,
But most of all,
I am a brother.

The Draw

The ocean waves are pulling me back.
For the first time I let their salty arms
Embrace my pale skin,
Cut deep by unutterable words
Smothered in pity.

I thought I was safe in the rhythmic waves,
It's rocking hold,
But I tumbled through the waves,
Salt burning away my prideful lungs.
The rocks skinned my knuckles
And broke my sturdy spine.

I washed ashore, foam bubbling around my
Swollen mouth.
I breathed the life giving oxygen,
Gasping passionately the rusty atmosphere.

But my mind wandered back to the watery
Battle
And like clockwork my heart yearned for the sea again.

Ravenous

Frigid wind howls through tall standing pines
A sudden break in pressure and silence
The lone keening of a wolf echos through the trees
Full moon blazing silver ghost light down
Glittered forests full of snow reflect
I can hear the whispered siren song among the gusts
Wendigo
Insatiable and wild bidding me to run
Unable to resist I charge into the wilderness
Frozen acres pass beneath numb feet
Faster. Run. Faster.
Suddenly lifted by great hulking shadow
Faster. Faster. Too fast.
O my feet. My burning feet of fire!
Then footprints vanished
Moaning can be heard way up above the tree
Line
No one would find my bones or flesh
Consumed.
Nothing left but ash

Bane

Musclebound masked man
maniac mangling most everything he touches,
Suicide Squad serving the League of
Shadows,
Venom infuses his insane frame,
Villainous tactical masterminds
should never be able to snap spines
and smash skulls,
A faceless hulk
surgical tubing and tanks
delivery systems for his calcium crunching
extremities,
Every Dark Knight has their Bane
brash brutal backbreaker,
Such a sordid past
a disaster,
You're a slave to the Venom now,
How do you live with yourself?
Scarecrow knows
the solace found in affecting fear in others,
Poor Bane
insane and in chains,
How weak you will become
when they take away your drug.

Civil War

The Thorndike-Barnhart
Student Dictionary defines a
Civil war as a war between
Opposing groups
Of one nation

My mother raises her hand
Jingling and tinkling with bangles
Touches the brim of her nose
And says
A civil war
Is a war between
One group
A war against yourself

But if the whole world
Was one
Every war would be a civil war
If the whole Earth
Was shared not divided
Every dispute
Would be civil
We all live on the same planet
So then why isn't every war
A civil war?

Alejandro Corona

The Day the Soil Wept Blue

The day the soil wept blue--
Is the day that all men alive knew,
What was really at stake.

Somewhere from the pit, you could hear--
I could hear the sounds of men crying,
I had the same fear as when the locusts were flying.

“To fight,” they said, “you’d hafta dig up a trench--”
“It’s the only route to victory”, but we--
The only things we dug that day, were our graves.

Too bad Johnny wasn’t around to see us then.
During wartimes, crimes were above the law.
He’d never have marched home for this.

We didn’t know what they were, they attacked like smoke.
The ghosts of men, maybe, or maybe a chemical in a cannister.
Our ol’ guillotine suffered as much as the iron maiden.

Truth is, there were no winners then, we all lost.
Some lost their innocence, and others, their humanity.
I lost something I’ll never get back- faith in morality.

Some of us try to forget it’s true.
Others drink it away,
But all of us still remember that day.

The day the soil wept blue.

Royal Guard

Stomping through the packed stone streets tonight, again.
Heeding to the call of war, tonight, once more!
And the ants go marching down the road.
Leaving no leaf, no stone unturned,
The spurned have churned
Spun the herd until--
'cause tonight they're coming.
And they've come to kill the queen.

There, not too far beyond the palisade gates.
Bastilles and empty courts await.
They know they come, and that they've sealed their fate!
But still they're coming!
They've come to take the king!

Courtroom balls and barren halls await!
Lock them out, don't let them stay!
The peasants are marching one by one, they've come to win the day.
Stormbirds buzzing through the air--
And good ol' humpty dumpty's stare.
But still the ants go marching on, opposed to no avail!

They see, they've got the key, lies in wait the door to liberty.
Clad in uniform and gun, they're armed for a war--
A war that has yet to have begun.
They say that they've come to reap their rights.
Warning about how the birds'll be made of lead tonight.
The streets will bathe with blood tonight.

Deep below, wine cellars stir.
The bread you see, the cost, it hurts--
Cleanly shaven, starved of blood, the soldiers go marching on--
Tonight they're coming to kill the royalty.

Messiah

Only such fools could have sought the ineffable.
Apostles come and go, the pontiffs never know--
The true meaning of salvation, is mere interpretation.
Each searched for purpose in one way or another.
All saw his presence, but his name, they shan't utter.

There was a man, from far away, a place called Nazareth.
He spoke with devilish words, with pompous verbs.
His words spread far, you might know them too.
But in the end, he was pinned--
Pinned by the bolts of the same god that had forsaken him.

Cast by a foolish man, or perhaps a foolish god--
Arrogance, the common sin, has enveloped everybody.
And now, the plague has come to reap our souls!

It matters not to me, whether it be, a serpent or a sun--
Our fates had been set in stone, when we made each other.
And with us, the blood of old sinners weeps through or skin.
The mere scent of it, it's more than enough to intoxicate a man.
One would almost ravage the thought, almost.

I'm no sinner, but no saint is he who'd chase with ease.
I feel it too, the call to be a martyr.
I wonder what i'd look like on a mosaic.
I wonder, what would it take to be messiah?

In the Face of Evil

The other day, I swear I saw an angel.
But I only felt the greater danger.
In the midst of the battle, I swear I heard a woman crying.
But it was obscured by the sounds of our first children dying

There from the deepest pits of Gehenna-
I saw a swarm of locusts gather together,
To curse the foul, bloodied ground--
With the miasma that is Abaddon.

And from the dung heaps, the discarded dregs of despair--
The fetid, foul stench gave birth to a cesspool of flies,
And when the flies met with one another,
They created the abhorrent famine that is Beelzebub.

Then from the lamb's spilt blood, the shepherds of war--
They spread the good word of Mors, with the promise of peace.
And I swear to you once more, I saw a dozen arrows that day.
I saw the sun's lord rain beams down to heal our sorrows.

When the valley accumulated melancholy, a stench of decay--
I knew that day, that I walked under the shadow of Death.
I knew no fear; however, I held no rod and no staff--
Only the mere crumbling vertebrae of a spine I can call mine.

My viscera ached and longed to be safe, as I too wished for it--
But only the darkest times lay in wait.
And with the constant threat of my own mortality--
The constant threat of my own heart beating.

I am reminded of the frailty of this time--
I would only wish to enjoy this journey,
Fully knowing what I wait for.
I know--

I know what I'm waiting for.

Übermenschen

Not too far from here, there are those who have abandoned--
All hope, all dread, and all which one would use to cope.
Some have left this world with nary a word of earthly possession.
I wonder, what would it take for those to do such things?

And to those who have abandoned the sea scrolls and tomes--
To find a sense of purpose and morality,
I'm not one of those, I have no sense of wrong or right--
Because i'm not worthy to decide.

Some men would spend their lives for love, or for purpose--
Others would choose to wander through life for a promise.
Some men would think of the future of the rest--
But to pry at the cold, dead hands of others.

I am but a boy, I am but a son--
I'm no saviour, and i'm no prophet.
But I know one thing, I want something--
Whether it is unholy or righteous you can decide.

I want to live in a world, not one of hedonism--
But one where we can enjoy ourselves nonetheless.
A perfect world, in which we can speak without caution--
As long as we think without action.

I, as a man, have a loose sense of scales--
No justice for me, or for my ideals.
I do not care about the feelings of others--
But their well-being is all to me.

As long as, after all, it benefits me in one way--
Or another.
I am as selfish as the sea, constantly nearing more and more--
To our cities and to our hearts, warmed by our cars.

Maybe someday we'd ascend to a new way of life--
But with the help of machines and medicine--
We can survive, but we cannot hope to strive.
Keep in mind, I only want the best for you and everyone.
You need that machine to live, but you cannot think--
You live in misery and wish for death in every day.
I am sad to say, that while I do want you stay,
I should pull the plug.

El Conquistador

Cuando viene el tiempo de presa para el cazador.
Es cuando va a nacer la leyenda, el conquistador.
Cast aside your foolish ambitions, they're nothing to mine.
Only I have met the conditions, of what it is to be human.

When a lover dies, you'd leave a rose on their casket--
But when a conqueror dies, you must leave his body to the earth.
Cuando me muero, yo solo quiero tener el mundo en mis manos.
Quiero la corona de calaveras solo en mis manos.

Pero para mi, la muerte no me desilusiona.
La única cosa que espanta mi sueño es el miedo de--
It is the fear of dying without a purpose to look back on.
But I, unlike all of those fools, will have the greatest calling!

The calling of a conqueror--
I am the conquistador, I alone will bring salvation unto my people.
I promise to all of those who would join me--
I do this only for the future of our kind.

I've sailed all across the seas of memories, drifting through my mind--
No desert winds sway me, they can only say the
same thing to me.
I've seen the hounds chained to posts, aching to
kill--
I have seen the Amygdala, and he spoke to me.

In this life, it matters not if you're good or bad--
It only matters if you act for the lesser evil.
And that is what I will do.

My first duty as conqueror--
Start the world anew.

Blitzkrieg

See salvation racing, raining from the sky.
Swift artillery fire,
Luftwaffe seems--
To have shells of ire.

Panzer storms through the town halls,
Like panthers running through the woods--
If I could stand to stop them,
I don't think I should.

Then the rats come marching in--
Spreading about them plague and famine.
If only I could have stopped them,
I don't think I would.

To knock down the temple walls.
With one fell strike-
To a thunder call.
Could I stop them?

I doubt I could.

To stop the flow of time,
To change the tides of history--
Something only a time-bomb could do.
Something of a god.

Kamikaze

Whirring through the air, cutting through the
sound--
A group of stormbirds spin and fly around.
They've left their sweethearts as they die--
Migrating to that of the pacified skies.

On the great fish of war, swam by the crew of
gulls.
The once doughboys had rushed from the hull.
They kissed their last goodbyes--
And they never really knew why.

From the east, and from the pacific--
They ran through their drill.
Ran past mount Fuji, the hills, and stormed with
their quills.
No cloak and dagger love story--
Would do justice to explain,
How all those pilots,
Made the sky rain.

But the big fish, scarred from torment at sea--
Would not sink without a fight.
Though the stormbirds were fast,
They're reign didn't last.

As the red rising sun of Imperialism,
Had lost its glimmer of hope--
At the battle of Okinawa.

And a cold night arose,
To shadow over the fields
Of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Forked Tongue

In his words, like those of an arrogant knight--
The pompous, horned serpent speaks to the
children.

“With one bite,” he says, you’ll have the same
as him.

There was a man named Oppenheimer--
And if I recall correctly, he compared his
creations
To that of a god.

And when one would hold such a plague--
Tucked away in their pockets,
The ace seems to wear its own sleeves.

In more ways than one, the power to decide
mass destruction--
Is the power of life and death,
The strength of Lords.

Down the barren streets where the darkness
claims--
Where the shadows don’t exist,
That is where the plague would feel at home.

And maybe you too, could feel that too.
Maybe you could have that power--
The knowledge of good and evil.

The sight of life and death--
Maybe, you’ll feel at home, Adam.

We were born from an atom,
And we will be undone by an atom.

Amygdala

Shh, can you hear the leaves whispering?
I can hear the frigid sounds of the deepest
water--
A haunting and charming reminder of the calm
absence of light.

The other day, I sat in silence, and I listened to
the sounds--
I listened to the sounds of the night.
I heard nothing, but my mind kept talking.

I heard an owl, maybe?
It seemed to be crying in agony, that of an exiled
man--
Or perhaps it was more like a vulture.

I heard the sounds of rain then,
And from them the sounds, the sounds of men
dying--
And frogs croaking.

The night so cold, so dark and quiet.
Like one of those nights you hear about--
The ones before a storm.

I then heard the crickets outside, they seemed to
talk to me--
They pleaded that I let them in, so as for them to
not freeze.
I ignored them and tried to sleep,
I knew they were only the sounds of my fear.

I saw a goblin on my window, a microcosm of
the brain--
He called himself Amygdala--
And he spoke to me of an eldritch ideal.

The power to decide who dies and who lives
another day--
A thought I avoid more than the pox that has left
us bedridden.
But like all, I have this thought, a desire for
sacrifice.

He spoke to me of my greatest fear--
Having to have those I know die.

Dylan DeGuzman

Blackberry

She was a blackberry
Melting on the pores lathered
On the back of your tongue
The cold nectar
Sliding down your throat
She melts into mouth of her consumer
Like gas to a lonely prison chamber
She implodes
At the tension at one's teeth
Oil stained lips
A drop of dried blood
Leaving its trail
Down the middle crease
Of her lower lip
Pooling at the chin
Making her absence subtle
She was a sin
Only for them to want her more

Theatrics

The gentle dance of fingers on hipbones
Too prominent to be called beautiful
Eyes too sunken to glow
Fingers too tinged to hold some other
She brought death to the ballroom
Dressed in a charcoal deep tie
And his suit soaked in pitch
His breath of rum and
Dead roses
Shadows cast by the couple
Fall harder than feet stamping their names
On the marble glazed chess board
Making their move ever so slowly
To the chandelier governed
Center piece
Soft linen so white
They explode
As if they were a thin sheet of ice
Balanced across a sullen pond
Web infested skin
Shatters their pale hands
Splintered into
Oil stained prisms

Paucity

She has art in the middle crease of her lips
It's the way her feet slip down into
the duvet
Money can't buy this kind of love
But I left the cash on the nightstand
Just in case
Customer -- Supplier -- Lover --
All of which her name is tied to
The walls were heavy with flaking paint
One could perceive as residue ash
She kept a dictionary under her mattress
Just so she can read between
The lines of what makes her beautiful
She posed for cameras
Stripped down naked
Revealing her rawest form
To those who never truly deserved to witness
Her eyes were timid
You could see the knowledge of nothing better
Etched between the whites of her eyes
Like the blood crimson spiders
Her mind was a loft in the clouds
Floating about in literature and poetry
All of which she couldn't bury herself in
Because she didn't know the very words that made them
She was just a pretty face in the sullen mirror
Nothing more nothing less
She kept her addiction in a 6 x 8 inch
Year old jellybean ziplock
She dusts her lips with man-made star dust
Looking for new constellations she will never find

For the Girl Who Danced in the Rain

You are the translucent tinge on the night stained harbor
You cast your body across the ocean
Hovering over the horizon
You wrap us in storm clouds
Mist fills your lungs
It knocks against your tightly wound ribs
Reasonating like xylophone notes
The octaves pierce a ripple on the silent ocean swells
Attaching your strings like fingers to pastel blues
My watercolor hands can't reach you
I try to engulf the face of the moon
But my hands aren't high enough to reach you yet
So you hum the misty harmonies manifesting in your throat
They call it the moon's lullaby
But it makes me grow restless under the dim lit stars
I reach my hands farther up into the night
And brush the tip of your finger
It rings like a chinese gong pulling
Vibrations out of the universe
Causing the swells to relapse
Its high tide
You hold me by the hipbones
Pulling me close to your moon-lit lips
We lie suspended in the bed of the milky way
Falling through the very fabric of our imagination
Witnessing past lives that we shared
We realize that this wasn't our first encounter
Maybe there is such a thing as fate
No matter
Soon the tides will fall
Soon the gravity will change
And I'll be just another wave lapping on the harbor
And you
Will be just a fragment of dawn
Till you wash down like the remnants
Of someones yesterday below the tide line
I promise this won't be goodbye
So until high tide my darling
Until high tide

Allen Ginsberg's america

Dear Mr Ginsburg
You have shown america their true form
You bombard the greed ridden fingers
Sprouting up from Wall Street
You feed them fire
You feed them the bullets they spit out at
Afghanistan and Vietnam
You shove atom bombs down their stout throats
Which reek of gluttony
When will america dust off their expensive clothes
And embrace their nakedness
When will america break the chains of obesity
Wake up to the cries of your children
Don't act as if your deaf to the suffering
america don't hide your weakness in
The broken society and mass media
That is not what you were built on

Gaea

She wrote letters with her left hand
She held mine with the other
She told me she had to touch something living
To breath her words the same
So I let her write the “I love you’s” on the musty french paper
She hoped to find nothing more than death
After living
She told me in the rhythm of the world
There was a single string out of tune
And it would make its own melody in a sound
Never heard by its makers
Because
They were the artists
They were the poets
They were the broken minded people
Too busy being beautiful
They never stopped to ask why
She put my fingers on her chest
And I felt the convex of her collar bone
She told me that this was a mistake
That she was a flaw
Because we were supposed to be
The product of perfection
But the heart beats slowly
Until the people like you are created
then hearts beat faster than music
And your bones begin to shift
And your lungs begin to beat
On the walls of your ribcage
Forcing them outward towards the world
Just because you took a too big of breath
She gave me a look
That could out live lucid dreams
She was more than an out of body experience
She was goddess
Stuck in a world without love

Inauguration Poem

We are the children of Eden
Sprouted up from the cherry blossoms
We are the children of Eden
Rooting in the undergrowth of this culture
We are all beautiful
We are all a hopeful generation
america are you listening
The children of Eden are crying for change
But not like this
Our faith was in equality
Our hope was in kindness
Our generosity was all meant for you
We are the children of Eden
Dying for justice for all
We are the children of Eden
Under on nation we might fall
Give us your eyes america
And we will show you our dying mother
We will show you our crucified brothers
Who lie with their bellies to the sky
Because you cut them down for the
Sake of progress
We are all the children of Eden
And our hope is in you america

Alms to the Poor

Alms to the poor
He wrote on his cheap cardboard propaganda
Alms to the poor
He held out his hand shameless and free he said
Alms to the poor
His all too worn fingers wreaked of hopelessness and incense
Alms to the poor
The rhythmic chant prevailed through his lips
Alms to the poor
Alms to the poor
Alms to the poor
He looked up from his matted grey mask
Meeting me with a sapphire blue fixation
Too vibrant to look down on
Alms to the poor
He whispered his rhythmic chant with only a low
Grumble like the sea parting his lips
Nothing was too little to ask
He waved his fingers in the sky outlining a picture only
He knew how to paint
Alms to the poor
He lifted his fingers from the dirt and stitched
His forefinger on his temple
Alms to the wise
I could see it in his ocean eyes
He was encompassed by no other means but to survive
Alms to the wise
He spoke in a rumble as thick as fog
Alms to the mind
His eyelids shut absently transcending
Alms to the mind
His eyes rolled like glass marbles sinking farther into their sockets
Alms to the mind
His hands searching for serenity until they found mine
Alms to the poor
I reached for my wallet he winced
Alms to the poor
He reached for my pocket book of poems
Alms for the mind

the “i am fine’s”

smile darling
it works wonders like the gypsies
hold your head high
don't let your back melt into the crest of the december solstice
don't let your lips tremble like the coastlines of tokyo
breath heavy like the storm clouds
breath deep like the mid-ocean waves
heave the mist exhale fog
let your tongue wrap around the
chilly cyclones don't let
cold words bite your throat
say it all to me
let your pores shiver with dissatisfaction
don't tell me the lie of “i am fine”
bring to me a hurricane
lose yourself in the explanation
and i will clean up the destruction
let your voice shake
let your fingers tap the table
as fast as iambic pentameter in
a well constructed sonnet
just tell it all to me
don't bite your
tongue

[Untitled]

Guitar strings dance slowly
On the moonlit fretboard
Sand rustles beneath toes
Tongues bicker behind rock walls
Made of asphalt and the echo of the sea
Lonely he sits with his vocal cords free
Unraveling like clock towers under a tremor
Shakey he begins
But the tides turns his voice into a force of nature
Key changes to couples holding hands on the pier
Anchored to commitment
Stringed to dawn because they will see the morning
But he lost himself in the stars
He found constellations being born
Again for the millionth time
He sung for the sake of being human
For the sake of being alive
Reckless and a hopeless romantic
Lyrics don't matter if you can't understand it
He spoke in whispers
And he spoke about god's
Driftwood endless forest forgotten
By the sea
They scraped their bodies on the shore
Hoping they would bleed
Leaving scars draped to their neck
They can't patch it with smoke
So they try LSD
Guitar strings dance slowly on the moonlit fretboard
Vibrations wake the giant
Vibrations wake the sea
Give her time give her time
Lust is no deity

Samuel Duval

Senseless Questioning

Where does the mind of a mad dog go?
For it is not here nor there, and as
Science states matter does not just disappear into thin air,
It makes no sense for it to have vanished,
That must mean if it isn't gone, it is Nowhere
That begs questioning of what exactly is Nowhere?
Is it the place all my lost dreams and possessions end up,
Taken by nefarious sock goblins and trinket trolls?
Is it the place teens mention when they
Are caught sneaking out of the house with
Every intention of going somewhere?
How do you get to Nowhere?
Surely no one gets there with intention.
Maybe it is right between somewhere and lost,
Or maybe it is simply oblivion.

The Wind's Secrets

the wind whispers
through the red leafed trees
causing them to tremble and quake
leaves falling away like scattered thoughts
squirrels spastically climb the trees
blissfully unaware of the secrets the wind tells
too busy finding food for the oncoming winter
and barking threats at their neighbors
Grandma barks her own threats from
just behind the screen door at us
for messing with already wilted flowers
her eyes blaze with anger behind her
thick rimmed glasses
and we knew if she wasn't confined to her wheelchair
she'd woop our asses

I Am

I am a caterpillar;

A solitary little creature inching feebly through
A group of larvae of the same color.
I look the same therefore I must be the same
As they.

I am a pupa;

My transformation triggered by knowledge consumed
Through years of aimless, ceaseless wandering.
A small pod hanging from a branch,
Unmoving but with the wind at first glance,
A complete whirlwind of change on the inside.
Thoughts liquefied and sloshed around, reforming
Me into me renewed.

I am a butterfly;

Fluttering upon a gentle breeze with others so alike me,
But still completely unique.
My wings are grand and brilliant,
Carrying me wherever I wish to be.
I am a butterfly, and I am free.

Predator and Prey

A melancholy mouse cowers
 before a slender snake with muscles that power
 its gentle glide across the forest floor.
Beady black eyes implore it to look away for just this once
 and let it slip away into the night,
 but it knows not the language of the eye
 and so strikes to deliver a fatal bite.
Before it can deliver death a far flying falcon
 snatches it from above and the mouse,
 lets out a long held breath and scurries away,
 not too eager to tempt fate.

A Nuclear Meltdown of the Mind

A nuke has been dropped
Upon my mind, all my thoughts have stopped
Blown away by waves of radioactivity
The rest of me is on high alert buzzing with activity
My nerves are tingling, my heart is pounding a strange beat
An alarm, to warn of a danger that is not there
I'm sweating poison, my lungs are rising and falling rapidly
Desperately searching for clean air that hasn't
Been tainted from the blast
A mushroom cloud has sprouted
Left behind by a war between me and my emotions.
I lost.

Exhaustion

makes ones limbs feel like lead weights
their bed is a sea of sleep
and they sink all the way down
until they bit the bottom
murking the water with dreams
though sometimes murk is better than clarity
for the truth stings and
causes great discourse
it hurts to think that someone who
spews words without thought into weapons
just for the use of discrimination
leads a country full of moldable minds,
susceptible to dirty lies disguised as
answers to problems that don't exist
and never have
it feels almost like a crisis because
the ones who spent so long climbing
to the top are about to be dropped into
darkness yet again

If Only I Was a Feline

I envy the common house cat.
They spend their life worry free.
Sleeping away the day, only waking to eat,
 and to grace us with their presence
They haven't the time to stress over wars
 in far off lands.
Nor tension ridden countries about
 to snap and collapse like a rope giving way.
All of its carried burdens crashing down into chaos.
Their lives are too short for the tedious affairs of humans.
Their time is too precious to care about mankind's mess.
They don't cry, not one tear, over who the president is,
 and what that could mean for the future.
They are creatures of the present, preoccupied
 with this very second.
The here and the now.
I envy the house cat, because their biggest dilemma in life
 is simply where they can find a warm spot to curl up and nap.

Surprise Attack

A predator, sleek and graceful, prowled after its prey. A boy, crouched down, unaware. With narrowed eyes and tensed muscles the beast prepared to pounce upon its victim. It bounded over, going in for the kill. The boy turned, eyes wide. The furball bit at his shoelaces, paws swatting. He smiled in delight, yelling out,
“Kitty!”

Clock Heart

Tic. Tom was born with a clock for a heart.

Toc. Keeping beat with every second and minute of everyday.

Tic. He was very good at keeping time. When he was young all of his friends would ask him first without daring to glance at a watch and he could answer on the drop of a dime.

Toc. Tom was the most punctual man alive, always arriving on the dot with a second to spare. When he was a teen, all his teachers loved him for his perfect attendance. He had not one tardy on his record.

Tic. As he grew older, hair greying, he could feel his life passing. Slipping through his fingers with each day. Time no longer seemed like his constant companion, but instead a constant reminder that loomed over him.

Toc....

Graceful Beast

Poetry is a powerful animal,

- A wild and free roaming beast.

I can watch and observe from afar,

- But never am I able to tame it.

I attempt to approach,

- And it becomes watchful.

I try to pet it and it gets angry and hostile,

- Biting with dagger like fangs.

Some people have a way with poetry,

- To where it curls up contentedly at their feet and purrs,

- Or sits and howls a sweet song.

They are the masters,

- And poetry their dedicated pets.

Time Flies

But how does time fly?
With wings?
Or with its two hands,
Spinning like helicopter blades?
At what speed does it fly?
Painfully slow?
Or with a rapidness that would challenge,
Even light?
Does it circle directionally?
Or does it glide away from us,
Silently?

Mateo Flores

Sonnet Without Meter I:

Riedell is a nerd, that is a fun fact.
It is a simple fact, really, known by
Everybody. That dude can really act
Dumb; more so that he does out of the blue.
Every-when is when that man steps out of
Line; because Mister Riedell is a real
Lion and always lying. He's no dove.
I will earnestly try now to reveal
Some peculiar and untrue "fact" of that
Aesop-like figure over yonder. He's
Never in-ever for-ever been fat.
Ever seen "teacher" Riedell? He's the bee's knees.
Riedell is a nerd, let the word be known.
Dumb Riedell, fun Riedell, either has grown.

Sonnet Without Meter III:

I will tell you a tell of a cat with
A matter of fact. This cat would not eat
Mince-pies or whatever lies with the withe.
A sad truth it is that he prefers feet,
Poultry, or other assorted items.
“O say, what do you say to a bowl of
“Toothpaste?” quoth the loopy loom of lye-lums.
“A dash of dippy, too!” added a dove.
“Turf, birth. Morph off!” demanded the lousey
O-af of a owe-sy cat. He stood like that--
Exaggerated-like! With much prowess he
Ticked and kicked, so he did, much like a cat.
Out with the dove he sent her with no pie;
Out with the loopy loom--wondering why.

Papaphobia

Paint the couches bland
 And allow me to note the grand
 Bounce of the universe
Using its stars black holes comets
Planets & other synonyms
To hold up a mirror
To millions if not billions
Of parallel parcels of existence
Each with its own
 High or low stature
 Each marking
 Its own set
 Of paint
Each creating its own
Altogether
More exquisite
Dream of couches....

Oddball Sentiment

Trumpets blaring,
The neon lights of existence
Shine/echo through the halls of existence.
It's all really something!
There are the fluttering, flattering pages of single page stories
And unnamed feelings...
Ah, everything is living in such wooden smells
And such poignant thoughts,
Processing incomprehensible theorems and all sorts of hypotheses;
The sorts that drum through the ash covered aisles of life;
The axioms and aphorisms that are long forgotten...
That's what's out and about.

Ode to Loving Art

To fall in love, with expressive swirls
And poignant colours;
The depictions of what's more than life.
The allowance of such colour
To flow and show
That, which only a suicidal genius can imagine.
 The starry night
 A vivid failure
To the eyes of past generations
 Yet hold fast
 To
 The visionaries
 Of the now..

Shaky hands,
 Glowing brands,
 A boy,
 Is what he is.

What's Beyond & Above Imagination

There is a land unlike many others
It's a land made of tile beams and all sorts of unknown materials
The metaphysical sort of resources
So much effort was put into this intangible far off land...
All sorts of babbling noses sprouting from uncertain aphorisms
 and uncanny word banks
Which in turn bends away from many a foot's premise
And though many swirlings combinations of ink can occupy all
 sorts of unknowns-- with the poetic prose of a jazz minded speaker
The world still is
And will forever remain
A lovely place of daunting wonders
The sort of lined thoughts that rule mostly any sort of paper.
The world is superb
Yes
Indeed
This world is superb-- and therefore should and must be shared with
 a beauty quite unlike it
A beautiful Beauty detached from the entirety of its nature
A significant lovely that helps one see that the world is in fact
Not too much us
But rather not enough with us...
With us--
 You and me
 My lovely beauty.

My Dear McClanahan

Blue shoes. They have haunted the world for over a year now. From their rough beginning on that cold winter morning, they are now immortalized. The touch, the smell, the very colour! Blue shoes. They embody all that I despise. The blue shoes represent what the world opposes. Blue shoes are the utmost horrible representation of all that's unholy.

Though those who saw them feasted upon their magnificence, their beauty, the underlying thing is: they're blue. That takes away all wonder from what the shoes shoes could be. And the owner of them with his fro and funky name was only so marvelous in his nature. Blue shoes getting bluer. He who had feet like the ocean (in a prancing manner, really) and socks like the sky. Yet most importantly he had blue shoes.

Those who were colorblind and couldn't see the shoes for what they really are rather argued otherwise. Those shoes placed on a pedestal. Idolizing the blue shoes as if they were god. The blue shoes. The unfit bit of 21st century life. While we may wear masks, he wears blue shoes. The shoes we all despise in luminous insults and horrible compliments.

Blue shoes the phrase that follows its owner around. And will forever follow their owner around. From now and for the rest of eternity. Blue shoes are what they are. Blue shoes is what they are.

Haikus:

Turning pages,
The clutter typing.
A classroom.

Scribbling smoke into
Your shirt
It's not so grey.

Brown eyes
They're darker than
Mine.

Snoring sounds
Bounce around the room
He's just breathing

Quando me habla
En espanol esta bien
Horrible.

Scribble, scrabble
Scribble, scrabble, eraser
Shavings

Wishing on the Time

I.

Once upon a time,
 There was a funny little poem
And he was a nefarious
 Little dude.
 He was a fun guy
 Who played hide-and-seek with the clouds
 And projected messages.
Well this little sprawl had it all,
 A wide array of friends
 Other
 Sorts
 Of
 Purposeful
 Possessions.
He even owned a deck of dodecahedrons,
 Which he
 Used
 For a
Variety
 Of
Things.
 Yet, the most important of his possessions was
That he had a writer.
And his writer's name was Jack.
 This petit poem
Held Jack in his highest regard,
For he was his creator.

Jack
 Named
 The
 Poem
 Mathias.

 And
 Matthias
 Was
 Exactly
 That
 A
 Gift.
 All
 In
 All;
 It's
 An
 Odd
 Name
 For
 An
 Odd
 Poem.

But for Jack's sake half of infinity is odd.

II.

There is that hardly known
 Quark of an existence
 The point at which the subatomic universe
 Merges with an altogether
 Snowlike
 This tiny creation brings about more colour than any-
 Thing...

III.

This creation comes to be
 And comes to be loved
 And named Nollis Lear.
 With this here name he
 Lived out his dreams.
 Abroad as a odd little thing
 He did. So he did.
 And as he did he concluded...
 "The end."

Jessica M. Hernandez

Poetry

ink flows out of her fingers
like blood from a wounded body
the words fall from her mouth
unknowingly
letting them flow like fringe in cold wind

she steps leaving a flower behind
with every footprint
never wishing for a payment back
she breathes in thoughts
and exhales words
she keeps diamonds interlaced
in her fingers and
planets underneath her nail beds

she keeps you far in the back of her mind
only bringing memories of you back
when she wants to
her heels clicking sounded more like
music than anything you've ever heard
she is divine
and her twisted tongue tells stories
ones that you will remember forever
trapped in your mind
she will stay
grasping onto everything you know
everything you are
she is poetry
divine poetry
and you can never forget her

In His Eyes

in his eyes I am worthless
i am wilted flowers
not the kind that are still beautiful after all
but the kind you toss into the trash without thinking twice
in his eyes i am sad stories breathing hopeful vibrations
and a porcelain doll with a ziplock bag over its head
being thrown to the broken pavement
he whispers sweet winds
and tugs as my heart is shaking the ground
sweet nothings
in his eyes I am a reflection of everything he hates in himself
i wear a black veil over my face
but the razors he used to cut deeper and deeper into my soft skin
did not cause burning salt tears but calmed my loud mind
in his eyes i was the typewriter next to the computer
old and forgotten
in my eyes we were false love
full of agony
and no matter how many times
i saw the ice in his irises I could not get enough
of frail hands and green freckles
we were going around and around
a never ending carousel that always moved a little too fast
when suede rain falls you'd expect it to be soft and gentle
but it's more like heavy cloth falling over you
when you're least expect it
in his eyes I am a forest fire
burning every ounce of nature that he ever loved
but in my eyes you're lighting me on fire
and sometimes your touch feels like soft broken glass against me
you have lit me on fire and the itching behind my eyelids won't stop
it seems
i have lost myself you

confessions to the ocean

he told me he no longer loved me
so i ran to the ocean
to share my secrets with the tide
and have them washed away
i confessed my love to the ocean
because i knew it would never leave
i screamed his name until i choked on salty air
then laid beside the soft shells
its reefs kept my words
tucked underneath their ridged edges
and the starfish thrived off of them
their tentacles clinging to each syllable
i let the cold sand fall between my trembling hands
and when i touch my cheeks to wipe away
my tears the sand sticks to me
the ocean had gave me a kiss
it nipped at my toes
telling me things would be okay
so i threw my string of pearls
back to where they belong
the ones he had gave me that december night
it was a thank you
somewhat of a payment
to everything the ocean offered
a thank you for my confessions

Random Little Things

my eyes tend to turn
green when i'm happy
with you they were
always grey

*

golden brown hair
dances it twirls
in the afternoon sunshine

*

i'm not sure where things
went wrong but i am glad they did
because look at me
thriving

*

the sun is
a sublime
t-shirt

[Untitled]

I remember the days
when I would brush my hair
only for you
you always loved to run
your fingers through its silk
the days when I would wake up
and hope my eyes were more green
than brown that day
because I knew you liked
them more that way
when I would paint my nails
firetruck red
because you would
only hold my hand
if they were that way

but I have grown and
I am no longer weak
rose petals fall from
my unbrushed hair
and lay flat on my lilac sheets
my eyes are beautiful even
if they are more brown than green
and my hands are strong
and untouched
a reflection of me
once I had lost myself in you
now I am blooming
with myself

Into The Dark

She walked along the dirt road
 pebble turning underfoot
snapping fingers
 and lonely shadow

Freckled face
 sings a low melody
sun beats down onto
 bronzed skin

The mountains in the distance
 curved with her hips
soft dirt presses into earth
 dence into the ground
underneath her tough feet

Her hair falls over
 her unpierced ears
dancing in the wind

The sun falls
 and the moon
takes its place
 as the girl disappears
into the dark

Kiley Holmes

Untouchable and Defeated

I've written countless times about my inability to write beautiful poems.
Where poetry is a distant star that feels so close.
Where poetry is a wild animal nipping at my fingers but never taking a bite.
Where poetry is a fish swimming idly near my hook and bait.
Where poetry is my enemy that I must defeat, or it must defeat me.
Where poetry sings me into a nightmare of my own awful metaphors.
Where I wait for poetry to come to me,
But it remains untouchable and I remain defeated.

Hot Wheels and Hammers

My brother used to smash
Hot Wheels with a hammer.
He pictured disaster,
Destruction, car wrecks, and death
As his red handled hammer
Soared down toward the ground
And pieces of red and blue
Plastic danced all around.

Summer Before Despair

My friends and I hate this time of year.
In the mornings our windshields are covered with cold
Along with our bodies, our arms, our faces, our hearts.
In the afternoon the sun rains down onto our bodies
Which we covered with clothing for the morning chill.
We trip over fallen leaves and a wasted summer.
We are slapped by the cold wind and the harsh awakening that our summer
freedom has faded.
We sit in classrooms as the days grow short, leaving us with no time to live.
The days begin to stay as cool as the mornings.
Our fingers begin to stay as numb as our minds.
It was summer-- the bright yellow colors of grass surrounded our lives.
Now it's fall and the brown colors of dead leaves, like dead plans, invade
our every breath.

Fibonacci's Paradox

I
Know
Clearly
That the name
Fibonacci has
Exactly four syllables. He
Could never have a
Line of his
Own, nor
Could
You.

That Rainy Day

Translucent rain fell softly
The audacity that these streets obtain
The trees snatch up the newly fallen rain
It will disappear into oblivion
The trunks whisper to the crisp leaves
Oil bubbles appear to have ears
The boy's bouncy hair is silky smooth
The inverse of disinterest is infatuation

Hungry Fish

The water
Was sparkling.
He wanted to catch
A fish.

Forgive him.
He knew
What he did.
He murdered
A worm

For the sole
Purpose of
Murdering a
Hungry fish.

But he was
A hungry man,
Only craving

One hungry
Fish.

Chew

I chew on my options like gum, until they're disfigured and have lost the flavor. My friends often chew on insults, but they chew them like they're sour candy, sticky in their mouth and leaving them wanting more. Every insult they come across they share, wanting others to have a taste too because they can't fathom the fact that they've already eaten the candy and now they're spitting it at your feet. I hope to find a friend one day who can chew on something sweet and spit it out soft. Someday I'll learn to taste my options rather than destroy them, and teach the people that all this chewing is ruining our teeth.

Nuclear Fusion

Meeting you was like committing suicide via nuclear fusion.
We were moving so fast separately that when we met we crashed and we
fused together,
But when two things become one, other things have to let go.
So with the force of the kinetic energy from the collision
Your friends were thrown to the side and my responsibilities were cast away.
Maybe it was for the best because nuclear fusion is what makes the stars shine.

Magic

I remember magic.

I didn't know it was magic when I jumped from couch to couch

But I know now that the lava was certainly magic.

I didn't know it was magic when my swing set became a stage

And I imagined myself as an acrobat swinging from the ceiling in the circus.

I didn't know it was magic because I thought magic was turning a frog into
a prince

Or a pumpkin into a carriage.

But looking back now, I can say with conviction that there is a special type
of magic that comes with childhood.

Black Hole

In the moment she jumped off of the couch she wondered if she'd die. The floor could disappear. Nothing but a deep light-swallowing girl-eating black hole would remain. Knowing little about black holes she'd figured she'd live forever, falling for eternity. In the moment before she hit the ground she wished it would become a black hole.

The Leaf

A leaf lands on the air a thousand times at once
The sun extends its rays to catch it
The ground rises to steal it from the sun
The wind whispers that neither will win
The water watches passively
Worms gather to watch the affair
Birds scream as the leaf ceases to be
Branches cry for a fallen hero
The water sends the fish far away

Vanessa Ilar

[Untitled]

If you were a book
you'd be the kind that's taken everywhere.
Read a million times
and yet you'd still sit humbly wherever you're placed.
I'd smell your pages and memorize your every word.
Somedays I'd tear you off the shelf
and hungrily devour each paragraph
wiping commas off my lips.
Other days I'd simply marvel at how painfully lovely you are.
Smooth with a hard binding
there's something about you
that makes falling in love seem silly.
Why fall if I could throw myself into you?
The world we live in is twisted
and I'd rather tangle myself in the fortress of your arms
unashamed to overflow with affection.
I believe that you deserve every good thing this universe has to offer
and I can't say that there's anything I would enjoy more
than ensuring that happiness is something that never leaves you.
I'd tear the clouds from the sky to stuff in your pillow at night
in hopes that you'd dream better than ever before.
I'd rearrange my atoms to form myself into all you could ever need
because my favorite part of being me
is knowing you.

I gave you a little book in crumpled paper
 That contained the secret to my mini universe.
 I told you in **13** days you could open it.
 My mind split in two.
 Body full of fear and wonder.
 Dying for the moment you'd know
 Living for the dream that I could take it back.

12

I wore sunflowers on my thighs
 And stuck lovenotes in my hair
 Hoping that today I would look beautiful to you.
 Everything in me tangled like
 The ivy that crawls up the fence in my backyard.
 I asked for it, the paper and book back.
 Ashamed to go on any further.
 My stomach a sea of uncertainty.
 I'd rather let my sweet secret rot in my bones
 Before I'd risk our friendship.

11

I'm not the only one counting down the days.
 I stare out the window in my math class
 And think of all the adventures you'll go on.
 The different planets that you'll own
 And how throughout all of time,
 You always be my favorite little prince.
 Your vivid imagination inspires me.
 And I adore the way you read;
 The sound of your voice
 The movements of your mouth
 The furrowing of your eyebrows
 And the occasional eye contact.

10

You said the suspense is killing you.
 If only you knew what it is doing to me.
 I can hardly look at you
 And breathe at the same time.
 I want to give you a perfect world.
 One where you could nap on the clouds
 and write poetry on the moon.
 Where you and Dr. Seuss could eat pumpkin pie
 And talk about the Jabberwock
 And all the silly adventures Carroll made Alice go through.

9

Staring at the endless universe of black above the stadium
I found one star and a blinking satellite.
I couldn't help but think of the star as you
And I the blinking nuisance.
Wondering if at any point in time
The worthless floating metal
Would make its way to the only source
Of light in the condemned sky.

8

When I look at you
My body does the equivalent
Of what it does when I eat spicy food.
My face and every other part of myself
Floods with heat
And I have to try my hardest to look like I'm okay
Because I'm not brave enough to admit
That you make me feel weak.

7

You're so abstract and extraordinary.
I'm so mediocre and dull.
You're Ginsberg in a world full of
Creeps like Lucian Carr or Burroughs.
A rainbow sunflower amongst tumbleweeds.
You're alliteration out of the mouth of a boring professor
At a 3 hour lecture on a Monday morning.
I value you
More than hippies valued LSD during the 60's.
You're everything I want to be
And I wish I was talented enough
To make something that could begin to
Explain how much your existence means to me.

6

You gave me a drawing of an owl and a hobbit hole
One out of 8 drawings you've blessed me with.
I'd idolize every one of them
And pray to you everynight
I'd place you above God even if it meant
That I'd have to burn for eternity
Because
I crave you like sour gummy worms and black coffee
The night before an essay is due.
Because
Your name feels like
Dove milk chocolate melting on my tongue.
Because
Your eyes remind me of the shadows on the crevices

Of the Grand Canyon at sunset.
Because you are who you are
And I can't begin to fathom the magnificence and perfection
That exists on point of your fingertip.

5

Today you hugged me
Because you remembered that I could have died 7 days ago
And I can't think of a time that I've ever been more happy
To be alive.

The days keep ticking down
And when I think about the moment you open that book
And see how I feel
My heartbeat becomes audible in my ears
And I try to think of places to hide.
Caught between wanting you to never know
But wishing that you feel the same way.
Frustrated that you're one of the best things
To ever come into my life
But one of the worst for my poetry
Because when I try to put my pen on paper
All the ideas are sappy and cliché.

4

I want to dip your hands in
Galaxies that exist far away
And finger paint your face with the dripping stars left behind.
Place beads of morning dew on each strand of your hair
And watch you light up this little valley we live in
So everyone will know how significant you are.
And how much taller you are than the bold redwoods.
And sweeter than the honeysuckles.
And more comforting than the mountains that curve themselves to hug us.

3

You talk of aliens
And their relation to Steve Howe.
But when I think of aliens
I think of you
Because you remind me of something not human.
Maybe it's the way my thoughts of you trickle down like rain
Or the colored soap at a drive in car wash.
Maybe it's because your eyes are darker than mahogany
And as endless as the universe but not as lonely.
Whatever it could be
I still wouldn't mind being abducted by you.

2

I don't know what to say to you.
The day is so close
And I had difficulty sleeping last night

Not knowing if sweet things were on your mind.
If I could
I'd wrap you in tulips petals to keep you safe.
I'd make sure that you'd be filled with knowledge but
Spared the inevitable fate of becoming jaded.
For the sake of not wanting to waste time
I'll leave it at this.
I want you to be happy.
My intentions are not to force you into anything.
I needed to create something to let this secret be known
Because it began to eat at me
Like sugar in soda eats away at teeth.
I guess I'm just afraid there isn't enough to me
To be able to risk losing.

1

Me loving you
Isn't a secret anymore.
It's a jumbled paradox within my head
But I've always been fond of conundrums and dilemmas.
This poem might come to an end
But it'll exist forever as an inexhaustible epic
in my conscious and subconscious.

[Untitled]

I've always loved broken things.
My mom once told me
A story about a girl who found an injured snake
And after restoring the snake to a better form
It bit her
Not out of spite
But because it was in his nature to do so
I have placed myself in spiderwebs
Hoping my body would satisfy a hungry mouth
I've broken my legs to prove to insecure men that I would never leave
I've covered their bruises with cheap coverup
I've plucked every hidden feather from my body
And glued them to their backs with my love
Hoping that they'd remember my name before flying away
I've dedicated my soul to people
Who made the Devil look like a saint
I've forced myself to find pleasure in the pain they gave me
I've spent years looking in the mirror
Seeing their demons clinging to my skin
I've invested all I have
And had it still not be enough
I've let people use me
And trash my soul beyond repair
So darling
When you say you're afraid of loving people
I completely understand
I only hope that someday you'll give me a chance
To show you that letting somebody love you
Can be the best the the best thing to ever happen

[Untitled]

I want to stay up all night writing poetry
Drinking whiskey, and thinking about kissing a pretty boy
Because if Hemingway taught me anything it would be to never hesitate.
I want to look into his brown eyes
And see the oceans of love he might or might not have for me.
I want to touch his hand and see the color flood to his face.
I want long walks on shorelines.
I want to see his wide smile in front of sunrises
Because he is far brighter and lovelier than anything this planet could create.
The moon is his fingertips that trail across my shoulders
During hot summer nights in my dreams.
I beat my face with makeup brushes
Eager to catch his attention.
I want my creativity to envelop his heart
And watch him stay young as he grows old.
I want to coat myself in fresh figs and vanilla
Hoping to awaken a hunger for me.
I want to hide him in the folds of tulip petals.
I want to hold hands and listen to the playful madness that trickles from his brain
And tumbles off his tongue.
He's on my mind more often than politicians think of corruption and greed.
I want my small arms to feel like home, not a cage.
I want to be brave enough to put the pen down,
And tell him that I want to spend a good portion of my life
Laughing and exchanging knowledge.

Unwanted Repetition

As each breath drags on forced in and out
Of my fatigued body.
The weak yet present primal instinct to live pumps on its own.
I stare out of the foggy and smeared windows
Of my corrupted eyes
Praying that the people who pass me by
Can't see the death that already radiates off my skin
Like the glistening pearls that so tenderly cling to your lips
After a hot midnight shower.
My fingers twitch and tear at themselves involuntarily
Unable to not notice how unlovely they have become
From all the years that thrive off of haunting me.
I witness the drooping of skin under my eyes
Thinking about how cruel the world is to people.
Thinking of the faded painful memories of the bruises on my body.
Thinking of all the times I couldn't make myself good enough.
Thinking of tears that come after each hallucination.
Thinking of the monstrosity that is me.
I keep on breathing
Dreaming for the day that my breaths will stop
And my heartbeat will stop trying to beat along to the happy tune of life.
The moment I have my very last thought
My last words that will come softly out my mouth
like a prayer from one lover to the next.
Finally then, I can rest.

Self-Annihilation Note

Most nights are songs
Of shifting, and screaming.
The people we love don't love us back
And by people and us
I mean me.
I repulse myself.
I disgust myself.
Often I lay curled in my yellowing bathtub
And dream of
Tying the weight of my shame and embarrassment around my ankles
Before diving into the ocean
Watching my hands uselessly struggle to pull myself back to the surface
Overcome with the feeling of rushing panic
From cold salty water that will fill my lungs.
Sometimes I dream of
Skipping through the hills
To find a beautiful redwood tree
One with a perfect view of Ukiah
Because as I kick my legs and pull at the rope around my neck
I want to watch the city live on
While it's forced witnesses the end of my existence.
Other times I long to
Drink the poisons that inspired men like
Poe, Kerouac, Bukowski, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway.
Maybe in drowning in the same liquor
My body will burn poems into my insides
So I can end all of this internal suffering with the comfort
Of our grand english vocabulary
That I adore so much, and will miss.
Sometimes I wake from these dreams at around 3 in the morning
Filled with an emptiness that love nor chocolate can fill.
Sometimes I'm already awake while I dream
Stuck at a small desk around 29 other kids
Full of anger and self hate.
I just hope that those who I leave behind
Will have big enough hearts to forgive me.
Especially those who I've only recently come to love.
I scream and twist deeper into the night
Trying to figure if I'll ever let myself truly live
Or if I'll ever let myself go.

Dax LeBlanc

A Too Hot Summer Day

I looked into her eyes, and I remembered the day we first met. It was the first day of kindergarten, and she was the undisputed queen of jumping from the swings. Not even the boys could match the distance she got, let alone have the grace she did as she flew through the air. But then I stepped up and, after just one attempt, I beat her distance. I was the king, but she didn't let me keep that title. For hours we flew from the swings, like fledgling birds falling from the nest. But neither of us cared about our distance after a while, instead we were focused on each other. And now to this day I still love her, and I know there is no one else for me. I just wish I hadn't given her that jellybean she choked on, and that her funeral wasn't in the middle of summer. And I really wish you didn't have to wear black to funerals.

My Temptress

She tempts me with her eyes, her red cocktail dress the same sunset shade as her lips. Around and around her finger goes on the rim of her glass, enticing me to take another sip, to drink just a little deeper and to go a little more mad. She leans in and I can smell the sickly sweet perfume she always wears, so sweet it can catch even the most stubborn of flies. Her hair brushes my neck and I shiver, my hands itch to move and embrace her, to hold her like she loves me. Her hand creeps into mine, and I feel the sharp prick in my heart that I know all too well. Her lips touch my ear and I hear her breathe, "Come on, Baby, just one more line, just one more stanza." My breath catches and I look at the pen in my hands, the pen she must have placed in my hands. I feel my humanity bleed into it, becoming the ink. Slowly the ink begins to flow onto the page, writing feelings I never knew I had. Finally she kisses me, and I can breathe again, but not for long. She pulls away, eyes gleaming with desire, waiting to condemn my masterpiece. My darling, ohh my darling Poetry, you are my succubus.

Yoga In the Woods

The bass got out of the river, to do some yoga.
And the trees heard him, more than saw him, do it.
But they did not move,
Did not respond to his quiet cries of pain.
They merely continued their gossip,
About whether or not they would die,
and who would be the first.

But the fox,
He was watching carefully,
His eyes intent on the unsuspecting bass,
Matching his every movement,
To see if he too could be enlightened,
Like the bass.

What is Left

You used me like I was cash,
just a commodity traded for what you really wanted.
You stomped on me like I was a doormat,
where you scuffed the day off of your feet,
leaving me with the grime, forgotten.
You walled me off from yourself,
like I'm some freak,
some virus you didn't want to contaminate you.
You threw me out like I was an earwax jelly bean in your otherwise
perfect bag,
like our love left a sick taste in your mouth,
like all our kisses were venomous to you.

And so I'm left with my dictionary of emotions,
all the pages torn out or in another language,
they are left scattered in the floor like the aftermath of a child's play date.
And I am stuck here, cleaning up the mess.
And I can't remember if you looked at me,
with love in your eyes,
or with intrigued eyes, like a scientist looking at a caged monkey
through the lens of her CCTV camera.

Painting On a Cave Wall

The crude colors stain the wall
black, red, and every shade of the two
it is a beast long since perished
its lineage long since gone
it seems to be a self portrait
but this beast does not hold
 the true beauty of this art.

For beasts can not paint
their hooves will not allow it
they cannot look to stain a wall
for their eyes reach not for the stars
they cannot record that which they see
 into the earth
for their souls have not the capacity.

It is only when one looks behind the paint
to the hand that must have placed it there
to the meticulous mind that sculpted a memory
 from the mind to the wall
there lies the true beauty in this art.

For in this art there is a soul
and it cries out into the eons
to a time where its body will be gone
it cries out
Do. Not. Forget. Me.

My Grandma's House

I have once seen the lights of a city
From the front door of my grandma's house
When the city was beyond the horizon
And the glow was just above it

The city had fallen off the edge of the world
But still it defiantly glowed
Throwing itself into the void
Just far enough that my eyes could catch it

There I sat, on my grandma's porch
The porch that extended from the front door
Which was in the back of the house
It is as if the builders wanted the house backwards
So that it always faced towards the city
The way a devoted Muslim faces Mecca in prayer

I sat there, and wondered if the city's glow was not truly the sun
That mysterious glow in the horizon in the middle of the night
Maybe it was the sun recharging its batteries
Getting ready for its next race across the sky
A race it never won, only raced in

But I was too young, then and now
To see what my grandma had meant to show me
Too young to see that her country eyes, which saw God
And my urban eyes, that could not see Him
Could still meet on one point, that glow in the distance

Now each night that I pass by that backwards front door
I look out and expect the city's glow
But I find only the darkness of a starlit night

I Love You

I love you
but not in the way
old people like long walks
or smelly French cheese
that they can't quite smell.

I love you in the way
that the moon turns blood red
as it sets and is flushed with emotion
to see its lover rise to take its place
I love you in the way that your bedhead
has become your own personal masterpiece
it's own trend setting style
you being the first to command it.

I love the way
you hum the same tune when you're bored
a sweet lullaby that you deny
even though your voice is that of angels.

I love you in the way
vampires hate seeing a white powdered face
knowing they'll have to clean their teeth
after the first bite.

I love you in the way
a PB&J sandwich loves to be eaten,
but not by the child it was meant for
and instead by the dog
who snatched it from the table.

A Collection of Haiku

A blank page
is a curse, why ohh why
can't I give you a purpose

Atop a hill,
we have made ourselves a swing,
so that we may go back down the hill.

Over a flowing river
the bridge creaks under me
it begs to go swimming

Patterned shirt
Clashes with a patterned tie
Nature does not approve

A duck in the river
He swims against the current
What enlightenment do you seek?

A Crying Mother

The sky,
is a painting of a thousand pages,
it fills my mind,
like cool water,
lapping at my socked toes.

If you look close enough,
you can see it explode,
it's an explosion of nothing,
the sun and the stars,
are just wax dripping from the candles,
of a jagged and naive sky.

And the sky,
it cries when it sees you,
driving your car full of dinosaurs,
it cries because you unravel it,
like an old sweater with a loose thread,
it cries as you drown yourself in liquor,
because it can't bear to see how you look at it,
with eyes full of pain.

“They don't deserve the torture,”
it weeps, like a mother,
who looks over her cancer ridden babies.

God? Are You There?

I grasp for God,
in the most unruly places.
At the grocery store, as I try to find,
that one perfect watermelon.

In the alley behind a restaurant,
where you could swear people were just filth.
Filth that made more filth as they went along,
until they finally meet their filthy end.

In the way her eyes,
shine like black holes as they suck me in.
The way her skin is the color,
of my morning coffee.
Or the way she traps my love,
deep in her bosom and refuses to let it go.

And when I grasp for God,
it is rare that He grasps back.
But sometimes, if I pay close enough attention,
I swear I can feel him,
tugging on my sleeve.

Bee Traps

We put up the bee traps
For we had a terrible problem with bees
They stung, and they bit
They buzzed, and they flew
They scared the women and grown men too.

So we put up the bee traps
In all of our trees
These bright yellow canisters
So easy to spot as unnatural in the trees
But the bees were drawn to them
Like flies to decaying meat.

So we put up more bee traps
And soon the wasps followed the bees
I know not what we put in those canisters
 what it was that attracted the bees so
But I know that it excited them
For they flocked together in droves
Flocked together right to their deaths.

And so we put up more bee traps
Until all the bees were gone
We finally enjoyed our first night bee free
Took one big breath of air
And we were happy, even though it was our last
For we were happy that we had killed all the bees.

Odalys Mendoza

What is Love?

Love is not all ; it's not a kiss or diss
Nor tear nor yell in the rain
Nor yet a warm hug that you will miss
And say 'I LOVE YOU' all over again and again
Love can not fill my stiffen lungs with breathe
Nor fulfill what's empty, nor set the fractured bone
Yet me and this love are thinking on death
But when I speak, I'll rather be alone
It all happened in just one difficult hour
Clipped down by pain and no breathe release
Or not the good amount of power
I might just find love that will be in peace
Or find or replace it for good
I well may be, only if I could

I Am

I am the everlasting soul
The soul who doesn't know the real meaning of love
The soul who questions herself day after day saying " what is love"
The soul who thinks love is not yet made for her
The soul who thinks love hasn't come her way.

I am the human
The human who loves to seek for adventure
The human who is self-independent
The human who thinks to herself
And thinks that everything is reachable and possible to be done.

Nature

The falling of green leaves coming down
Making a blanket of green on the ground
Autumn with red and gold- leaves,
Falling to the ground, in a cool breeze.
The rising of the sun of crimson
A buzzing of the Bees,
As they go on their mission
A cool-breeze blowing in the trees

The beautiful-flowers of red, yellow, and blue.
The sparkling of grass, with morning dew
The ocean is beautiful, with white clouds above
The flying of white sea gulls and of doves
The birds chirping up in the trees
As a gentle wind blows the green leaves
Colorful butterflies going their way
The beauty of nature ,really make my day

Perdoname

Perdoname mi amor,
Se que a veces miento sin razon, y dogo cosas
Que no bedo
Perdoname mi amor,
Admito que soy debil y peco muchas vecez.
Perdoname mi amor,
Aunque muchas vecez ya me has perdonado.
Prometo de corazon,
Que jamas te he traicionado.
Y si esto paso, esque de ma miedo de un dia,
No estar a tu lado.

Trust

Trust is a shiny crystal sheet of glass. Not something to take advantage of. It can easily be replaced. When you break someone's trust. It is limited to one person be drank in not so many gults. Once it's done is thrown away in a busy and empty road. And it disappears down the road of no return. Never trust no one, fear no one. Life is made to the expectancy to fight for own self. Life is full of healthy environment, nature, energy and many other resources.

Blackberries

I met her down a road where trees were covered in blackberries. Blackberries that were all juicy and ready to eat. She was covered in purple juicy pieces of kennel. She was shiny and juicy. Just as her tip touched my lips I feel in love and ate her to kisses. The sunlight reflected her just so well she caught my attention and with big tensions I wanted to have that juicy purple cloud in my hands. My mouth was so watery that I couldn't hold my tension anymore.

The Game

They play, they shoot, they shuffle and they tackle. One final kick and her team would win the game! She ran, ball moving between her feet as if there was a magnetic force. The crowd cheered screaming "Ole!" She ran faster and faster, she whacked the ball in between the white painted goalie posts and screamed "GOOOOOOAAAAAL!"

The Best of DREAMS

The best of dreams of innocence is the burning and crackling of solitaires the class cutting against our skin and you being my light of my night.

Life

I sometimes sit and wonder.
What life would be without your parents help
Will life be worthless?
Will life be relentless?
Will life be wasted?
Or will life will make no sense anymore

What does it feel not to be helped
Help is something you profoundly need in this world
No help there will be no good things coming your way
Without help you will see many beautiful things in this world.

You'll see that you will grow stronger
You won't be ashamed of who you will be
And when company approaches your way
You will notice what a person you will be.

Feelings

I don't know how to tell you I'm broken
Without feeling needy

I don't know how to open up
Without feeling judged

I don't know who to talk to when I cry
Cause my tears feel like drops of wine

I just want you to see how much I'm hurt
Without me telling you
Because I'm dying inside
Waiting for you to put me together and make me feel fine
Although it is not your job

I just need you one last time

The Beach

There is no better place to be than the beach
Sand is everywhere
Between toes
In your ears
In your navel

The water is cool
Waves lap around you
Over you
Caressing you with their energy

The sun is hot, It blazes you
Warms you inside and out

No better place to be, than the beach.

Love

Red
Love
Sorrowful
Tears
Roll down my face
Feeling heartbroken from inside
Grasping air in my painful chest carrying a broken, irreplaceable heart.
Defining between realities-
A dead love
A heart
You should
Of have
Stolen.

Just before

Just before I died, I'd prayed for you
The squinting sound of my voice
Was like the cool breeze of wind blowing
Between my window and my door

My eyes wandered back and forth
And my breathe was ready and firm
I was waiting on the last signal
I was ready to die in my room.

Alone

I just feel so alone,
And it's not that I need someone
Well I do,
But not someone certain
Just someone that will
Give me the love,
That I crave,
Anyone.
But I haven't been loved
For a long time,
And I realize that now.
I have shut everybody out
Until there were nobody left
Just me, myself, and I.

Beautiful Day

There are no clouds today
Just a sky of blue
The sun shining in our faces
It feels really good.

As you walk down the street
You can see smiles all around
It looks like everyone's happy
It looks like everybody came to town

To enjoy the summer day
And let time stand still
Like these beautiful day

Mom

Mom, for every time I had let you down
For every time I made you frown
I know it is too late for an apology
But still, I want to say sorry
Like a fool I never realized the value
Of having a lovely mother like you
I know you wanted me to be the best
I realized that you wanted me to outshine the rest
But I assure you that I will try my best
I won't take it in vain, but you will be watching me from the sky
once you are gone.

Respect

Respect yourself enough to walk away from anything that no longer corresponds you, grows you, or makes you happy. If you aren't treated with love and respect, check your price tag. Maybe you marked yourself down, It's you who tells people what your worth is. Get off the clearance rack and get behind the glass where they keep the values.

What I Want

I just want someone who will kiss me
When I'm mad and let's me cry in
Front of them and buys me pizza and watches scary movies with me and
holds my hand real tight even if it's sweaty and thinks I'm beautiful no
matter what I look like and lets me steal their sweaters so I can sleep with
their smell on my skin and who laughs at the same things I do and just
never lets me go, no matter how hard I try to push them away.

Our Generation

I think it's really fucked up how so many teenagers are alone and sad, and having panic attacks in their room while their parents are watching TV, and how a lot of those teenagers have had a relatively normal childhoods yet there's this huge boom of depression and ED's and mental disorders and it's dumb how we've turned into a generation labeled as "RECKLESS" but really we're only reckless with ourselves.

Suicide

If you haven't noticed
The scars on my hips
Or the fake smile on my lips
Or the forced laugh that i've adopted
Or the way I don't care
About the things I used to love,
Then don't dare stand
In my grave and cry
How can you cry for someone you don't even know?

Reality

I seem happy right??
You seen my cuts on my wrist
Only the smile on my hips
You hear me laugh, you see me smile

But did you take the time to look into my eyes?
Did you see the emptiness, the darkness??
Did you check my hips?
Boii, if you only opened your eyes, you could see that I was dying inside.

Nunca es tarde

Nunca es tarde
Para pedir perdon.
Nunca es tarde
Para comenzar
Otra vez. Nunca es tarde para decir
Me equivoque.

Malayah Meredith

[untitled]

Muggy green water
Ducks from all over
Music and sunlight exposure

[untitled]

In the light of day
I see your smile
Until the light fades
And darkness comes
Out to play
That's when
when your smile
Turns into a frown

[untitled]

Contorted colors
Dying to speak
Through a thin sheet
They want you to think
To understand to know
What they mean
What they represent
Oil paintings to sketches
Canvases to scraps of paper
Paint brushes to crayons
Spray paint to sharpies
Forms of art we all see
Yet so many creations we have not
Had the luxury to see
Stuck in the minds of
Infants and tweens
Art can be anything
You want it to be
An apple to a truck
Two art forms we see
But we do not consider art
Because neither are in a
Gallery people don't travel
Galaxies to see to take
Pictures and they don't boast
About seeing mona lisa to a leaf

[untitled]

Sand on my toes
Sends shivers through my bones
I walk on the beach alone
Don't touch the water cause its
Too cold

Would You

Would you rather be here
With me or there alone
That's not even a question
We're breaking stones
We both know it's not gonna
Be forever so i told you
It's now or never

[untitled]

Can't you see how much you are
Hurting her ?the girl you claim
To love can't you see how her
Body weeps how her eyes are
Always glistening with tears
That want to break free
How the words stand
On the tip of her tongue
You know she wants
To say something
But she never does
How when you both lay down
To sleep she turns back to back
Not chest to chest
Your words alter her emotions
She can't focus she's drowning

Everything

Screaming at the top of my lungs
Yet no one can hear me drowned out the sounds
With my tears hitting the concrete gasp for
Air but my lungs are weak can't think
Can't speak all i wanna do is run
From what, everything
If this little world tonight
All of a sudden
Ended would it be a surprise
Or would it be a blessing
In disguise so much
Depression floats
Through the air
There's no room for happiness
Nothingness doesn't like to share

[untitled]

As the smoke fills the room
I decide not to hold my breath
As i'm breathing in the toxic fumes
I began to think about all the lies
You told and all my tears that i shed

[untitled]

Life is like a rose starts off
Just a simple bud and then it blooms
Into a beautiful rose full of color
and beauty but eventually it dies
Just like everything else alive

Bombay

So beautiful yet so hideous
Where is the justice today
Life such a sophisticated word
But what does it mean
Are you living if you're alive
And i quote "i only feel alive when i'm dying"
What does it mean to live to be alive
My life of living awaits

[untitled]

What are you suppose to write
When no ideas are in your mind
No imagination
No creativity
No motivation
You just write
Whatever comes to mind

Been that way

Every morning the sun comes up
The day passes by
Sometimes fast
Sometimes slow
Night time arrives
The sun sets
Then the wait
For the next day to arrive

[untitled]

So beautiful his big brown eyes
White straight teeth when he smiles
Short Jet black hair
Let me dedicate this poem to you
My lover and bestfriend

[untitled]

The rain falls fast
Onto my front yard grass
The dirt is now mud
The streets are about to
Flood
I miss the sun

[untitled]

All of a sudden
I hear tires screeching
The brakes failed
Crash it all happened
So fast
I did not have my seat belt on
Of course
My face slammed into the driver's seat

Low Gap

Brown bridge
Tiny daisies
Rocks
Rushing water
Dogs and owners
Stage for plays ?
Disc Golf games
Trails
That lead to the U
Families and friends
Enjoying the views
Hot weather
And happiness consist
All at lowgap
Even under the bridge

[untitled]

Remember when
We would smile and laugh
Whenever we seen each other
Now we don't make eye contact
And avoid paths
Sleep
When you fade away
Into your dreams
Their not always that sweet
Sometimes nightmares
Creep

Trust me

When i tell you
I love you
when i say you're
The only one
Trust me
When i see you
I see my future
My husband
My everything
Trust me
And i'll trust you

[Untitled]

Right now
Lets live for now
In the moment
That's all we have
Tomorrow's not promised
But here we are today
Let's live be alive
For the time that's left
Time never ends
But our lives do

[untitled]

Mine
Be mine completely
So your heart
Beats for me
You smile for me
You laugh for me
You cry for me
And you'll die as mine

[untitled]

it's a forever thing
I'm not going anywhere
Neither is he
We're gonna get married
And start a family tree

[untitled]

Broken hearts
Lost trust
Memories turn to dust
Who are you
Suppose to run to
When you don't know
Who to trust
Where the light is
How can you know
If you live in the dark
Kick me
When i'm down
How could you
Punch me with
Your words
How could you
Choke me with
Your lies
How could you
Hit me with
Your hurt
How could you
You broke me
Physically
And
Mentally
Because you're
Broken and bruised

Presley Nelsen

Sincerity...

When His last breath escapes
And our tinted world withers.
When our universe goes quiet
And our last heavenly touch evanesces.
When even we grow silent and the
Colorless words of the prominences
Fools fade away,
Can we grasp the sincerity of Peace.

Colorado Hills

the sweet winds rose and fell along
with the rolling hills
making the colors dance.
their honeyed smells buried
into our lungs
and we laughed.
the harmonious breezes lifted our
arms, guiding us
in its praised dance.
we sang out with the winds and the flowers
feeling our bodies
cascade through the
rich ocean waved hills.
we danced until our
eyes grew heavy
with the bricks of sleep,
and the dreams of innocence
banged on the doors of our minds
until we had no choice, but to let them in.

Love...

Forgive me for I
Have done a
Sinful thing.

I have fallen for you.
Not in the way a
Man falls for a woman.

But in the way the Sun falls for the Earth
Or the Earth falls for the Flowers.

The Psychologist

She protected the people that hurt her
Because she understood them in the way no one else did.
She floated around trying to sew mad minds
Into perfect paintings.
She drifts from cracked bones to chapped lips,
Never truly finding something she deserved
Because to her the jagged cracks in old cement,
Is where flowers grew best.

Haiku:

Old converse
Among fresh
Daisies

....

Little red rainboot
Safe beneath
The leaves

....

Old bones
Beneath
The lillies

November

The
Soft spoken words of the forgotten
Glisten off the fallen leaves like embers,
Glowing bright in a fire.
And as the faded leaves of morality
Cascade through our dreams,
We find ourselves
With broken sunlight
Upon peaceful
Hills.

Gifted Abnormality

Ink stained lips try to spell out the words of my soul
My demented ramblings of everything and nothing are a collectiveness
Of a mad mind worn down to normalcy
I will not let myself sink into the grey walls of your conviction
But instead into a supernova of serenity
Until every heart beats with the vastness of our euphony

Mi Cielo

my sweet heavenly darling,
you reside in a painting of transcendence.
your wild nature unleashed into the blues
blending our minds into an unbounded togetherness.
you move me with the
entirety of your being,
so delicately brushed against the canvas
of our immeasurable sky.

Emily Moroney

Rebirth of the Tree

It twisted and cracked
The bark fell off in pieces
For a new branch came

2nd Chances

People give others one chance
Before they give up
But no one thinks
Whether or not they made
The right chose

Some give 2 chances
Others give many
But why try over and over
When you already know

It's going to fail

Deadly Silent

It was silence that stained the apple core.
Yet you ate it anyway.
Was it out of pity,
Or persuasion?
You knew something bad was inside.
You knew it would make you sick.
You knew the second you bit into it,
That this was a bad idea.
Yet you ate it anyway.
Was it out of peer pressure,
Or ignorance?
It couldn't be that.
That would be redundant.
You knew what would happen.
You knew the reason behind it.
You knew you would die.
You knew ALL the consequences.
Yet you ate it anyway.
What a fool.

Just a Hair Away

My mind was set,
On a distance in my future.
I thought I would make it,
But just a hair away
It slipped through my brush
And its teeth.

Alone

The days I am alone.
The days I wish I wasn't.
It's times like these,
When I wish it was my birthday.
Then I would have,
Something to celebrate.
An excuse to invite people over.
A way to say,
" Hello!"
But it is not that day.
Even if it was,
I would have nothing to say.
I have no friends
To invite my way.
I would celebrate alone.
Nowhere to go,
I'm on my own.
Man oh man,
It's days like these,
When I wish,
Oh how I'd wish,
My mind was at ease.

World War 2

Back in the early 50's
A war recently ended
A side won
Some could sleep
While others slept forever
Time has changed
Changed like the picture
The picture that hung on the wall
The wall that was crumbling
Crumbling like a cookie
A cookie that was fought over
Fought over by animals
Animals wanting a steak
The steak symbolizing victory
Just like in the war.
Time certainly has changed
It 's now 2017
Going on till 2018
And now
When there is a cookie
It stays there
At least I hope it will.

Tempest

Her eyes were crisp with hate
They reflect the storm outside
A cat ran across her eyelid
Thunder roared in her pupil
For a storm has come
To tears

10 Crows

All the walls were splattered with people
The town smelled like rotting flesh
The blood oozed out of the burnt wood
Of the door that was barely standing
Everything flame danced like ballerinas
Their skirts of flame twirling in unison
The wax of the candles
Dripping down the sides of the table
Holding onto whatever it could
The embers were red with anger
The chimney was still warm
This fire wasn't that long ago
Outside there were trees,
Dirt, broken fences, and a couple of crows
However these crows
Were not ordinary crows
Sure they were digging in trash cans
Or talking back and forth to one another
But they carried with them
In their name
A word so cruel
And so dastardly
It should not even be said
But I come before you today
To tell you
That a murderous rampage
Was brought to this town
In the form
Of 10 black crows.

I Hate You Now

It was you who cut me,
With your harsh yet beautiful words.
It was you who made me this way.
No one else was involved.
Only you.
You cursed me,
And now you claim you didn't.
Why ?
Are you ashamed of me ?
You decided to created me.
You knew me at birth,
You knew what I was,
Yet you left me there.
I did not know how to do anything.
You left me with strangers to trust.
All I wanted,
Was to meet you,
But now that I know the truth about you,
I think I hate you.
Yeah, I do.
I do hate you.
I will always hate you from now on.
So I ask you one final question,
Are you proud of what I've become ?

Confusion

You smell tired
You look sweet
But you're so not,
What I expected
I hear your hair
And feel your voice
But you are bigger than me
And I'm a fish.

Storm Of Heartbreak

He has been screaming for an hour.
His lungs are parched,
I can't tell if tears,
Or drops of rain,
Are falling towards the floor anymore.
Somehow this was pointless,
According to him.
Somehow my argument is invalid.
He says that I mean,
Nothing to him.
But I,
I felt nothing towards him.
To be completely honest,
I never felt anything towards him.
I knew he was just using me,
So I guess I gave up on him awhile ago.
He is just causing,
A storm of emotion all around us.
Every time I hear,
A raindrop shatter,
It makes my heart drop.
Listen to me.
I feel something for a drop of water,
Than I do for a human being.
That's hysterical.
He walks away from me,
Stomping in every puddle
Of his own tears.
He turns back and screams,
" You will never find love again ! ”
Then he turns and walks away.
I stand there for a couple minutes,
Thinking about what just happen.
I guess we broke up.
I guess I have
No one to "love" anymore.
But I soon realized,
Yet again,
I still feel,
Nothing.

Crying Tears of Explanation

Tears of exploration
Tears of exposition
Water works,
Howl,
Sob,
Mourning,
Sorrow,
Whimpering,
These are all names
Of something we see
Of something we say
Of something we smell
Of something we feel
Of something we do
Of something we hear
But most importantly
When you do sense
Any kind of tear
That will soon come
Whether it's sadness
Or joy
Hug that person
Because they need
Something to remind themselves
That what they are feeling
Is normal.

Trust

You said you would protect us.
You said you would help us.
You said we would be safe.
We trusted you.
And what did you do?
You stood there and watched.
You watched my parents.
You watched as they were murdered
As each of their limbs were torn.
Torn from their bodies like paper.
Paper going through a shredder.
A shredder that is broken and beaten.
Beaten with a hammer.
A hammer that was shiny and new.
You stood and watched
You didn't help at least me escape.
Escape from that man's filthy arms.
Those filthy arms that were stronger than me.
Me who was crying and yelling.
Yelling at you to do something.
To do something anything.
And what did you do?
You stood there and watched.
You watch my parents die.
They died like a flower.
A flower that was sprayed with poison.
Poisoned by the gardeners.
We wouldn't be dead
But unfortunately
you,
Just,
Watched.

A Life of Suffering

The moose doesn't care
About your cancer.
The clock will tick
Despite your anxiety.
The line lengthens
Whether or not you have other plans.
The rain will come
During the summer.
There will be light
During the winter.
Your teeth will rot
No matter how many times
You brushed your teeth.
The door will open
Even though you locked it.
Your pants will rip
Every time you sit down
Because you ate too many hamburgers.
The picture will fall
Even though you used
Three tubes of superglue
The glass will shatter
By a feather.
The rope will break
Then you will fall 150 ft.
Your teacher does not care
Whether your dog ate your homework
Because that was on you.
The eraser will not erase
Because you should embrace
Your false.
Your heart will stop
No matter how many hours
You spend exercising.
Your lips will crack
Even if you just applied chapstick.
Your stomach will growl out of hunger
Even though you just won a food eating competition.
This is what it's like to suffer
And it's sad that this is someone's life.

Joseph Munguia

[untitled]

Hold fast to dreams
For they are more rare
Than everlasting snow

Caught in a Bottle

Caught in the
Defiance of time
A repellent
Of Earth's seduction
Refusing to rot
As if in doing so
Those who made it
Would be forgotten
Trafficked around the world
An everyday commodity
We live ignoring
Its lifeless clutch

Van Gogh

Black ink irises
Boring into wheat fields
Aflame
Aflame with fame
So furious
It's hard to look plain
Every stroke of wind
Burning into history
Placing you on the precipice
Of fame and shame
Where only wondering
Eyes may wander

Blood

Blood on the walls
in the rain
always in places barely contained
within each one of our human veins
despite its need for freedom
and one day it will surely leave
and be one
with the
Rain

[untitled]

People say “reach for the stars”
But why reach
For what’s already dead and gone

Black Ink

Black ink swells
Beneath my skin
Itching to get out
But always held within
Thicker and thicker
It builds from ink
To paste from paste
To skin
Please tell me again
What it is I held within
Because all I know is
That this morning
I awoke with
Black ink for skin

Empty Handed

Have you ever felt, as the world just slips through your hands as though it were
sand never thinking twice about the microscopic particles that desperately try
to procreate in order to generate enough heat to form a tangible piece of
glass falling from their world while you reach for nothing
just so you can have something to hold on to
just so you can hold its incomprehensible emotions
to your blind left eye and say you see the universe
taking this tiny speck of glass
and shaping it into the world may know someday
yet no one seems to look at glass unless
it's at the bottom of a bottle.

Sunlight Plays

Sunlight cascades down the ocean
Green rolling rampant with joy
Twisting and turning
Through the sea igniting life
With each ray
Never will I forget the day
I saw the sun play

[untitled]

I don't write in the swirly satisfaction of
Van Gogh
Nor do I speak in broken up
Picasso
I live the only way I
Know
That's the only way I'll
Go

Brawley Parker

blades pierce the tree
it gazes at the sunset
one last time

*

plastic hits the ground
I catch the view
before its polluted

Unplugged

an escape from reality
the feeling of 2D
it holds any color you can imagine
the fuel of poetry
it feels so good
just when you realize you want it forever
it gets ripped from your grasp
leaving you with the insatiable need for more

Bullets Collide

my mind races,
races to beat yesterday,
going tick-tick-tock like a half broken clock,
it's like cautiously wading through a minefield
hoping it doesn't blow as if it were a uranium bomb
thinking about its suicide plunge,
going drip-drip-drop like the unheard water in the sewer,
being sucked into a black hole with the land of worries on the other side,
asking yourself questions as fast as machine gun bullets,
wishing there was a way to escape the impenetrable room,
letting the darkness make you insane,
singing children songs and reverting your intelligence,
all until the stage light comes on and shines in your face,
asking you,
“are you ready?”
with no consideration,
sitting there forced to wing it like a one winged bird,
walking towards the light as if it were gravity pulling,
waiting for the peace and calm of the afterlife,
he takes your soul and sets it on fire,
putting you through another loop of hell,
LIFE!

Descent into the Whole of Madness

each new day drains me, takes my energy
my alternate personalities fight
as I walk through hell during day's first light
Hades laughs while I walk through anarchy
each experience leaving injury
slowly oozing through the ground, losing height
the plants I now see suffer utter blight
wishing my shoulders held more synergy

why do I keep sinking? Why won't it stop?!

I keep losing myself to the hatred
it's calmly making its way to the top
as I become more and more belated
I now pass below bubbling blacktop
realizing I am completely faded

Seeping into Insanity

I stare,

into the gaping hole of madness
my mind collapsing
do I want to let go?
it looks so fantastic
no more worries
only uncontrollable sadistic fun
and I can't think twice about what I've done

I descend,

realization comes upon me
I lunge and scream
what have I done?
let me go back!
free me of these painstaking chains
the chains that staple me to the flames
the crescendo of evil surrounding me

I scream,

I chose the bane of my existence
it happened in my time of need
I was unstable
ready to be freed
but before I knew it
I fell into his blood-stained hands
why did I let the darkness control me?
I knew there was no return
and yet I chose insanity

Colorful Blackberry

she stains me
tints me with her soul
it seems black
but if you look deep enough
she's a beautiful combination
of all colors

Mad With Power

we ask for progress,
whether or not it hurts anything else,
why are we all so selfish?
“why does every move we make bring us closer to the end?”
the child with the sobbing eyes asks,
I look at him,
he looks at me and seems to understand,
all the trees are falling,
the air is polluted,
oil spills ruin the sea’s beauty,
plastic kills everything it touches,
the processed food we eat creates cancer,
feeds it,
we wouldn’t have to solve an issue if we didn’t bring it upon ourselves,
he walks away and I see that child many times more in my life,
not through contact,
but through pictures,
always making a change

Roses

roses
they are beautiful
very intriguing
interesting to think
that they have corrupting blades
down their smooth spine
that lead to the purest of all
earth

Painted

blue streaks
water marks
smooth strokes
making a grid
creating life
creating perfectly flawed imagery
that entrances the human soul
each and every time

Cloud 9

the boy with the red balloon
he walks down the sidewalk
taking time for each step
enjoying the unreal view
he suddenly leaps up
holding tight to that balloon
and drifts through the sky
looking me in the eye
he smiles
peacefully vanishing into the clouds
achieving ultimate tranquility

Hailey Porterfield

April Fools

when I got home
there was purple in my hair
and treasure in my pocket
but my mother's smile hid from her eyes
and her voice was too gentle

my grandmother was gone.

Accusations

They say she's a liar.

They say she deserved it.

They say she just wants attention.

They say it never happened.

They say her skirt was too short.

They say she should have known.

They say she was wearing too much makeup.

They say she shouldn't have drank so much.

They say her shirt was too tight.

They say she enjoyed it.

They say she's a slut.

They say she should have protected herself.

They say she was asking for it.

They say she shouldn't have been out so late alone.

They never say rape.

Our Place

When I was younger, my grandmother and I would walk the beach, searching for seashells. I always remember it as evening, the sun setting in the orange sky and the waves seeming to fall quiet. I would run along the shore, the sand soft between my toes and the salty wind blowing my hair. My grandmother would watch from a distance, with a look on her face that I can only describe as serene. Now I walk the beach alone, finding pieces of her as I go. The sun's warmth on my face, feeling like the fires she used to make on Christmas. The cool water lapping at my toes, forever bringing me back to our late night conversations on the freezing deck when neither one of us could sleep. This is forever our place.

hide-and-go-seeK

as a child,
the monsters were under the bed
or hiding in the closet.
now I find them everywhere.

some abuse their power,
cowering behind law enforcement,
racism their religion.

some preach,
using their beliefs
to justify murder.

honestly,
I preferred the boogeyman.

sorry

I no longer wait for apologies,
I'd rather spend my time floating in the ocean
than drowning in a swamp.

self-acceptance

you don't need them to praise your beauty
there's much more to be proud of

Ode to My Sister #1

I stole your new shirt
that was hanging in the closet.

You were planning on wearing it today,
but so was I.

Ode to My Sister #2

I got in the shower
even though you had said that you were going to.

Forgive me,
I didn't want you to use the last towel.

whoops

your biggest mistake was thinking that I needed you in order to love myself

your acceptance is not needed or wanted

storm

the strength I get from being a woman

it's like standing in the rough waves of the ocean and feeling the sand beneath you

Winter Morning

suede rain
softly cascaded down,
translucent against the sky

it caressed her crimson coat,
clinging to her naive heart

the air was crisp
and the ground luminous

Caramia Putman

Te Quiero

The sun between
The planets between
The space between
Our faces

The sun on
Your glass on
Your lap on
The sand

The sun hitting
Your body hitting
The waves hitting
Imaginary skipped beats

The sun glaring in
Your eyes glaring in
Me daring to glare
At the very idea

The sun hidden
In your hair you've hidden
Knots in my stomach have hidden
A pit of sun

Gracie

Yesterday my teacher told me
If you take one and another you get two.
Well, I know that's just not true.
She might know phonetic tricks,
But nothing about arithmetic.
Because two ice cream cones make one bellyache start,
And two kisses equal one thudding heart.
One sister equals zero quiet,
And zero dessert equals one riot.
Five stormy clouds make a gazillion rain drops,
And a gazillion tears don't even make one world stop.
Two dinosaur roars equal a billion deaf ears,
And one dinosaur probably equals two ears.
Infinite souls make one you;
So today I told my teacher she can't be telling the truth.

Me Encanta

Sparkling lemonade, climbing on roofs, haunted houses, soft hair, freckles, soft cheeks, being so excited you can't eat, jumping in cold dead creeks, fishnet stockings, velvet velvet velvet, fairies, sprites, duende, whispers, mumbles, awful dancing, annoying laughter, annoying puns, when you're holding someone's hand and they circle their thumb around your fist, smooth fingernails, picnics, trampolines, abandoned porches, abandoned buildings, searching for blocked-off balconies, the feeling of people drawing on your skin, swirling your finger on someone's back and them guessing the shape, sharing a baguette for no reason, making pointless movies, making petty stories, singing awfully together, walking barefoot, getting poison oak and knowing you did something, cloud 9, knowing what love feels like, being so happy you can't sleep, being so surprised you can't stop smiling, the museum of modern art, san francisco, photos, photos, photos, witches, witches, witches, sarcasm, telling people you hate them and not meaning it, when people talk to their pets, carrot cake, skinny-dipping, lighters, when your friends embarrass you, sour lemon drops, mazapan, flowers in hair, playing with hair, having hair played with, trying on glasses that aren't meant for you, trying on clothes that aren't meant for you, writing under a bridge, lavender, rich yellow, rich forest green, every rich color, annoying patterns, loud socks, going to the beach and causing erosion, swimming in warm oceans alone, when recently-wet dried sand cracks on the surface under your feet, walking through street after street of art galleries, taking walks to nowhere in specific just to see how many flowers you can pick, hoping someone is reading this, standing out of sunroofs, sitting on car roofs, climbing over dugouts, the notch in someone's shoulder meant for a head, laying in a field for hours, skipping sports practice, skipping, contradance, bare skin scraping bark, 10 page-long love poems, walking pointlessly, walking pointlessly, getting so lost you can't stop laughing, walking pointlessly, touching knees, walking pointlessly, walking pointlessly, pretending, shy people, crying people, juvenile people, loud people, telling someone you hate them and really meaning it, remembering pointless details, 5:25, knowing you've never lied to yourself, being so afraid to read a response you immediately close it the moment it's opened, awful little boys who give you quarters in grocery store lines when you need them, sweet almond oil, turmeric, talentless duets, letters, wrestling fights, hot tubs, the pretty-tentious, dork-cuties, messy dears, almond rocas, the strong and healthy, almond croissants, jewish people, curly hair, people who love their parents, white priuses, scrambling to pick someone up before school, running to not be late to class, walking in the rain without caring, pretending to go to sports practice, running in the rain, cherries, transparency, mesh cloth, kids, Kids, weird canadian magazines, calling people "commie/capitalist swine,"

being a wet noodle, jumping, solo dance parties, seeing someone smile no matter what you say, seeing someone cry out of love, racing in the streets at night with no shoes, running voluntarily, throwing flip phones so they break apart at the back, the phrase “what’s up buttercup,” winking, understanding irrationality, jumping on hotel beds, playing “never have I ever,” truth or dare, holding pillows to your stomach on someone else’s bed, being a cockblock that both people love, driving people home, donating blood, pretending to get unknown references, good oranges, being tickled, chocolate-covered coffee beans, broken car radios, even the weirdos going to the homecoming game, lisps, “dream a little dream of me,” walking pointlessly, people whispering and asking for secrets, travelling alone, people who can never quite become strangers again, lofts, tiny dogs named henry, graffiti, drawings on churches, skipping rocks for the first time, watching live duets, faces that blush too quick, writing fake doctor’s notes, smiling at security guards who glare because you know they’re just doing their job, sitting in a car with no radio, blueberries, blackberry ice cream, when people sneak into the wrong class just for fun, when people forget to plug their headphones in, decorated mailboxes, having a personal tab at a local store, riding your bike to the liquor store and not having enough for bubblegum and getting it for free, april fools, matching costumes, having grape fights in vineyards, having slap-fights in cars, teachers who give you fist-bumps, kissing people on the cheek, love advice you know is awful, when people deliver notes to class, passing notes in class, people who paint in the street, garden-tenders who smile, people who don’t look up when they walk, skipping over lines in sidewalks, trying to walk only on certain-colored tiles in grocery stores, leaving pennies on the ground for other people, holding the door open, being too jittery, bible-dipping, laying in the middle of a street, mismatching patterns, people who eat pizza by ripping off pieces of it instead of biting in, eating the chocolate around the outside of a candy bar first, finishing an in-class essay, awful garage bands, homey music videos, lip gloss, boys wearing wigs, shoes with giant platforms, scrunchies, when people read their poetry out loud, playing truth or dare minus the dares, playing truth or dare minus the truths, rainbows, quilts, climbing on boulders, hunting for caves, when people repair the buttons on your clothes without asking, hiking to city view, trying to walk with another people while tethered together by headphones, getting wrapped in a blanket like a burrito, laying on the table and pretending to be a pizza(read “pete’s a pizza” if you don’t know what I mean), being part of a protest, dancing in the kitchen, making pancakes for no reason, dancing while cooking and listening to smooth jazz, going to musicals, dancing in the movie theater, putting lipstick on cheeks, the feeling of people doing your makeup, cherry blossoms only existing for two days, brujas, making up conspiracy theories (especially ones your english teacher doesn’t like), running up an escalator backwards, jumping up inside an elevator going down so you fly for a moment, stickers, stickers on water bottles, scented erasers, dressing up for valentine’s day, not having a valentine on valentine’s day, crookedly-hung

pictures, deciding to write this to avoid sharing my poems, the fact that hearing any bad poem sounds good if the writer recites it, tea bags sitting in your backpack, walking on the tarps that cover a pool, pretending pool noodles are swings in the water, saunas, eating ice cream, the smell of freshly cut grass and sunscreen, high-waisted shorts, when kids get marinara stains on their cheeks (and especially when they smile), green dresses, long skirts, layers, layers, layers, layers, glitter, sprinkles, when people put rhinestones on their faces, when people write the word “love” with a heart for the “o,” reading ridiculous stories, napoleon dynamite, watching people at the skate park, when people tell you to have a nice day without selling anything, balloon dogs, ivy, growing ivy, growing ivy, growing, blowing dandelions, stories where animals act and dress like people, when you lose an eyelash and people tell you to make a wish, the “star light star bright” rhyme, hot cheeto eating competitions in third grade, trying to eat an entire lime, when a lemon tastes sweet after eating a lime, mermaids, long hair, curly pixie cuts, people who love baby animals, cinnamon chewing gum, cherry flavor, cheesecake icing, real cannolis, sweet ricotta, when people call it “harry potter and the philosopher’s stone” instead of “the sorcerer’s stone,” people who know their hogwarts house, everything tacky, daphne flowers, tzatziki, pita bread, outfit recommendations, shopping online and never buying anything, patches, hand-made buttons, revolving doors, roly-polys, watching one worm turn into two, lime popsicles, driving on curvy roads, walking to someone’s house, singing at inappropriate times, corduroy, sticking your hand out a car window and riding the air like waves, green nail polish, people with shaky hands, tiny hands, warm hands, sticking cold hands in someone else’s sleeves to warm up, when people offer you their jackets, jumping over rocks across creeks, swimming to sand bars, cutting your own hair, sitting on top of monkey bars, spinning until someone falls down, hugs, scraping knees and not feeling it, picnics everywhere, when boys look at cherry blossoms and call them beautiful, hugging when you don’t know what to say, catharsis, listening to songs in languages you don’t know, when the substitute plays a song for the class, when people look like their writing, pigtails, sneaking into pools, bonfires, roasting s’mores, piggy-back rides, how “crescendo” sounds like a crescendo in your mouth, listening to people play awful songs on the kazoo or recorder or ukulele just to make it fun, watching children’s movies with your friends, hearing someone else play the piano, tapping your fingers in succession on your hip, using cookie-cutters, playing with marzipan, baking with friends and getting flour everywhere, water-balloon fights, prank calls (giving and receiving), letting someone else drive your car when you’re not supposed to, popping your back, ceiling stars that glow in the dark, when people have canopies over their beds, indoor forts, writing letters to past and future-selves, time capsules, the word “ekphrasis,” “Mi Cielo” as a title for this book, fighting with someone you love, making a shower slightly too hot, taking out a “de la rosa” without a single crack, parents that love their children, how extreme breathing feels after running hard, smelling salt on skin after going in the ocean, jumping in the lake after running with all your friends, temporary tattoos, long shirts you

tie in the front to make them short, when people wear shirts as dresses, staying up all night for no reason, drinking coffee until you can't stop bouncing your leg, when people finally understand math and their face makes an "o," christian rhodes' smile, covered walls, messy shelves, thick lips, butterfly kisses, eskimo kisses, watching ballerinas, dance recitals, farmer's markets, when little kids ask you to marry them, picking blackberries on your birthday, cake fights on birthdays, cake fights in general, picking figs, picking grapes, tying vines into crowns, peeling glue off your hands, feeling energy in the space between your hands, meditating, yoga, going out to breakfast before school, not being near a clock, making a wish at 11:11, racing carts at grocery stores, doing nothing wrong and knowing it, locking eyes with a stranger, smiling in the hall, seeing someone smile when you're not supposed to, when shy people get a compliment and shrug their whole bodies in, people who don't make you drink waterfall out of their water bottles, people who wash your clothes before returning them even if you just left them at their house, coming up with awful pickup lines, picking someone to be on your team so they aren't picked last, being that person who would've gotten picked last and knowing you have a friend, getting put in the outfield during pe baseball, walking in circles on the gravel track just to talk, walking circles around the school during lunch because you only need each other, sitting on the library floor, selling a lemonade stand, needing a password to go through as a little kid (especially when you came up with the password), pretending a banana is a phone, having practice conversations with your friends before the real one, when your friends force you into uncomfortable situations, when you know someone's in love before they do (and when it's the other way around), pieces of art and movies and books and lines that make your heart drop, family members who tease each other, eating grandma's oatmeal, blueberry-pancake sundays, arcade dance games, skeeball, bowling together, people who dye their hair unnatural colors, tongues stained from sweets, playing soccer at night, yellow houses, residential streets with so many lampposts you can't tell if your car lights are on, walking to liquor stores late at night, platonic love, getting watermelon juice on your face and not caring, riding in the bed of a pickup truck, being able to love and hate someone at once, sitting in 24/7 diners until the sun comes up, when people they tell you they love you and won't say why, having a juicy secret, cheering people on at city-league basketball games, even the phonies, crystal water, puffy jackets, sitting in soft blankets on buses too early in the morning with your friends, concerts, even the festivals for little kids, jungle gyms, jumping into foam pits, the change in air right after a train passes, loud tights, braces, cashmere sweaters, hoops, hula hoops, the smell of coconut lotion, walking in puddles with rain boots, walking in puddles barefoot, the kids who take scooters to the skate park, when you have gum and everyone asks for a piece, moms who pack their kids' lunches even in high school, giant piles of leaves, cubism, picking miner's lettuce, homemade whipped cream, blueberry pie, staying away from home all day, closing your eyes and

walking through a field to see where your feet take you, seeing if you can walk around your house with eyes closed, pretending the floor is lava, comic books, riding in wagons, coming home to find no one there, coming home to find someone there, rolling down hills for fun, sitting on the back of a quad, when cars stop to let you cross the street, eating raw oysters, driving windy smooth roads, when someone puts their legs on yours, picking flowers on your way to someone's house as a gift, writing anonymous love letters as a joke, making art with your friends, reading old journal entries, twisting swings and then letting go so you spin, being a little spoon, being a big spoon, spooning, making banana pancakes, when people love cheesy songs so much they start to mean something even to you, little klutzes, nickelodeon show theme songs, holding your breath in a tunnel, folding your legs and resting them on the bus seat in front of you, laying back in a car, buying someone their favorite snacks, skipping and running and singing across a bridge, throwing pennies into water and making a wish, cliff diving, pretending to be in a wedding to try on dresses, leaning over railing so your feet come off the ground, running down stairs, sliding down railings, scavenger hunts, when you rest your head on someone's shoulder and they rest theirs on top of yours, trying new foods, giving big tips when you can, loaning books, swapping clothes, going on fake dates with your friends, roller skating, remembering the song playing during a kiss, overalls, rubbing your hands over the tops of paint brushes, pretending to be tourists in a familiar place, making care packages for people, giving strangers Valentines, walking on sand, laying on the museum bench, watching home movies, looking at people's baby photos, having fake photoshoots, when people apologize for not kissing you, when people hold your hand in unexpected places, waving to cars as they pass, when the people in cars wave back, class clowns, reading interviews, locking eyes with someone you share a secret with, putting your feet up on tables and cars and chairs and people's shoulders, seeing formal people in casual clothing, typing on a flip phone, having songs you're used to singing only with specific people, going out to eat soup in the rain, sitting on your own front steps alone, daring to walk up the steps to a stranger's beautiful home, when people leave free stuff on the side of the road, garage sales, street performers, restaurants on the water, knowing how disgusting a place is and loving it anyway, letting your phone die and doing absolutely nothing about it, taking silly photos, running up stairs so fast you can feel blood pounding at the tip of your nose, rope swings, seeing everyone posting photos from the same trip, the word "clandestine," the fact that everything happens for a reason, a lack of ending or beginning, sliding in socks, going outside just to see people's outfits, overgrown ivy and vines, people who just look at the trees in the city, tide pools, sea anemones grabbing onto your fingers, when people try to guess your secrets, sitting around in a towel after a nice shower, writing in the bath, when people congratulate themselves and deserve it, footbaths, chocolate with raspberries, "learning to love you more," postcards, eucalyptus chapstick, people who collect silly little things like bottle caps or rocks, sundresses, patterned slacks, trying to blow the biggest bubble possible(with

soap or bubble gum), good bagels, cloud gazing, when you take turns bouncing each other high on the trampoline, sharks and minnows, running in fire hydrants, eating pure honey, buying day-old bread from the bakery because that's all you have money for(just fyi Schat's has day-old bags of cookies for a dollar if you didn't know), when groups make phone calls to sing happy birthday, writing down words you like so you can remember them, people who write all over books, people who keep books in perfect condition, people who burn books as a political statement, people who burn books because they need to keep warm, the fact that napoleon's "hundred days" exists, people who know how you feel, people who don't try to pretend they know how you feel, finding every excuse to see someone, adopted pets, being left-handed, multilingualism, finally getting an opportunity to use those bags you save from the grocery store, visualization, seeing teachers in the real world, the two people that ride homemade motorized scooters down dora street, when someone you know just so happens to be driving in front of you, when friends surprise you from behind, odd tan lines, being close enough with someone you lend/borrow deodorant, inside jokes, forgetting where an inside joke came from, stories behind outfits, saved tickets from special places, decorated and colorful journals, art, art, art, rainbows, coloring with chalk, getting the paper just for comics, writing fake doctor's notes, peeling off biore strips(even if they don't work), calling up your family for a recipe, drawing on freckles, people who cry easily during movies, walking through the streets of a city with no purpose, partner songs on the piano, the fact that giving births is giving light in spanish, school pajama days, debating, yellow sweaters, talking in a different language, being outside when you're supposed to be in school, reading, april fools, seeing people wearing a jacket that isn't theirs, wearing clothes that aren't yours, sticking your feet out the window, hearing people recite poems, jumping rope, roses, playing footsie, when people pop your fingers, popping your back in a chair, people who write in cursive, homemade pasta, danny devito, picture books, vending machines, getting roasted, letting snails touch your skin as a little kid, looking in fish tanks, playing with beach balls, unconventional weddings, karaoke, dripping fruit juice, when they text you first, letting people copy homework, those people who skip a class just to avoid a test, homemade gifts, cheesy mixed cds, awful photos, pretending to be statues, playing charades, clear umbrellas, platonic kisses, fresh sheets, surprise parties, getting free food on your birthday, blowing air kisses, appreciation notes, cootie catchers, magic eight balls, trying to shoot things into trash cans like a basketball, when people make mistakes presenting and everyone laughs like it's okay, unnecessary compliments, the ability to be silent and comfortable around others, touching foreheads with someone else, sleeping, closing your eyes while listening to someone perform, watching others grimace and feel a performance, long bus rides next to someone you love, going on a trip alone for the first time, taking a bus alone for the first time, standing up on the bus just to feel your body sway, people who give up their seats for others(especially children),

scraping your knees and not feeling it because you're too excited, people so concentrated they chew their pencil or stick out their tongue, when people know how to receive and end unrequited love, straightforwardness, making up ridiculous excuses for others for fun, jumping down stairs, teaching people hand rhymes, playing lemonade, talent shows, biting earlobes, people who let you put your hands up their shirt for warmth, hands in hair, tiny pinches on st patrick's day, breaking windows, jumping over fences, walking through tall grass, drawing on rocks, making knapsacks and pretending to run away, camping, doing cartwheels and bridges, people who try jumping over hurdles for fun, making posters for your friend's games and matches and meets(even if it is tacky), jumping and clicking heels, crawling through tiny tunnels, making echoes, secret waterslides in rivers, sitting in rapids, trying to eat a sandwich on a floaty, grocery store stickers, stifling laughter, trying to scooter, playing "don't let the balloon touch the floor," getting la michoacana popsicles, driving back from long trips, snapping, secret handshakes, the sonic run, walking on railings or tops of fences or sidewalk edges(especially being a little kid and needing someone to hold your hand), short boys, hiding inside and climbing on top of the fallen tree at todd grove park, people with strong opinions, people who play annoying songs on purpose, people with indifferent opinions, tire swings, climbing through tires, rolling in tires, slashing tires, being tired with someone you love, dunking a basketball(even the plastic little kid ones), sitting on steps with your friends, climbing trees, reading in trees, tree houses, when people read their love poems out loud, promposals, the phrase "brail of my uneven smile" (that's a line from a poem by john gonzalez go bother him about it), the fact that being in this class has made me fall in love with cheesy love poems, cheesy love poems, cheesy writing in general, offices with softball teams, people who write in caps lock, slow dancing, when couples have their own song, horoscopes, crystal water, russian crystal boyfriends, improv, going to playgrounds at night, skipping competitions, hopscotch, teachers who hug their students, people who don't say "good, and you?" when you ask about their day unless they really mean it, old ladies who make too much conversation in store lines, people who defend kids who are too scared to correct people that say their name wrong, people who make up songs about your name, doing the twist, whipping your hair, jumping in puddles, shadow puppets, sock puppet plays, pretending a cardboard box is a tv and acting something out, making up a play for no reason, "I can't help falling in love with you," cute pet videos, late bloomers, early bloomers, drinking coffee in the middle of the night, seeing people hold hands and feeling less alone, pretending to whisper a secret and surprising someone with a kiss or tickle instead, making breakfast together, hammocks, patios in brisk mornings, house nooks, spaces under staircases, attics, wood floors, mothers, carrying rose quartz in your pockets, dancing with your pets, using physical maps, strawberries and cream, street art, natural history museums, breaking geodes, stick sword fights, lights in trees, hide and go seek, tag, stuffed animals, real tutus, fuzzy blankets, people who curse a lot, people who say silly words instead of curses, soft bodies, abs, cold pizza, boxers, watching 80s movies,

watching awful movies and knowing it, cookies and milk, messing people's hair up, riding bikes around town with friends, watching boys try to impress girls, studio ghibli films, music videos, sharing a lunch, sidekicks, ghosts, crossing fingers, pinky promises, kisses in front of window sills behind pink camellias, and everything else (especially you).

Jazmin Ramirez

Au you suck

Written for Abigail Au: the ultimate flake.

we messaged Abbie at 2:20 she said she'd
be here in 15
left us sitting in the rain because she never
fucking came
sorry if I'm too blunt but frankly she's a

she left us sitting in the rain
made us feel insane

now we're sitting in front of the boy scout
who's pulling kids into
the air next time I see Abbie I'm pulling her
knotty hair
it's pretty rare to hear me talking crap about
my friends
but Abbie is so shabby
this friendship has to end

Flor de Arándano

the thorned blueberry leaf left a trail of
red when I reached for the berries
a warning that the fruit of that tree
belonged only to her
and that the hands of greedy boys were not ever
welcomed

Granada

pomegranate
stained
lips
kissed
my
neck
attracting
penny
sized
ladybugs
to
trace
the
imprint
you
left
behind

Madrugada

2 am isn't for star-crossed lovers
2 am is for the girls
who hang feathers on their fingertips
taunting the cat with one small movement
it's for the ones who stitch their love into words
just to mend his broken soul
it's for the ones who catch caterpillars in their
eyes
only to release them as butterflies
2 am is for the girls
who carry the sun in their lungs
and use their tongue as a gun
2 am is for girls like us

Mariposa

you pulled my heart from my chest
and dumped it on the liquor and oil stained
gravel by the convenience store half a block
from my house
laughing you stomped on it
the hollow red almost black
shell crunching beneath your feet
like the skin of a cicada
two years of bottled up anger
flew from your mouth like
a plague of blood thirsty
butterflies

Ekphrasis

madness ran through his veins
polluting his blood
eventually reaching his
bones
everyday his spine itched
and although he scratched
and scratched nothing
ever relieved him of the
burden
slowly over time the disease that
started in one tiny cell
expanded to his brain
leaving him wandering and lost
bright yellow flyers bearing
his face were stapled to redwoods
asking for help
asking to release him from himself

Haiku

melting popsicle
stuck to her arm
a sweet memory

Dar Luz

wispy eyelashes
struggled with the light
seeing for the first time

777

the redwood tree
clung to the ground
the chainsaw echoed

Broken English

my mom has too many piano keys between
her teeth so that when she decides to speak
English all you hear are sounds pushed
 together to form a melody
mariachi and rancheras woven into our skin
trying to break free
 past our throat
pulling like a compass pointing south
the two languages and pronunciations
pushing against each other making remixes
we didn't know we needed until now
and when you can't understand her she
moves her hands like a conductor forming
the song she couldn't sing
yet you tell her that her English is broken
that she needs to tune her
 vocal chords
but English is too neat for my mom her
tongue can't lie at the bottom of her mouth
when it comes to pronunciation
she will roll her r's she sucks the flavor out
and savors words like *tierra* because she
will always remember her land

Savana Robinson

The Floor is Lava

Imagine the floor melting
Right under your feet,
Everything is lava!
From the carpet to the street.
Jump on a stool,
Ottoman or a couch.
Grip the monkey bars,
Get on a table and crouch.
And don't fall in the lava,
You'll surely melt
From your head, to your toes,
Even your belt!
But don't worry,
Houses won't go up in flame,
And you'll be fine,
For it's only a game.

Flower Field Sonnet

Velvety plush, yellow daisy petals
Touched by fingertips, leaving a soft print
Crushed under two tires, turned by paired pedals
Carving a trail, giving only a hint

Turn it to the right, handles, wheels, and all
Weave through the breeze, butterflies, and the bees
The still swaying flowers have you enthralled
And the bicycle glides through them with ease

Curve crop circles in the pinks, blues, & red
Condense the lilacs, daffodils, & weeds
Ride in circles until they all are dead
And prevent bees from fulfilling their needs

Look now, with the mobility you wield
Look what you've done; you've flattened the whole field

Colorado House

My grandfather bought the house next to my great grandmother's home
in a tiny town, in tremendous Colorado
Near the Rocky Mountains, in the smooth valley

The garage was a shop in the seventies, selling soda pop, and bubblegum to
kids strolling down the street, coins jangling in the pockets of their Levi's

I wonder where you and I were at that time in history
I wonder how we found each other in that life

I spent each summer in that tiny town
I walked in each time, tired from traveling, always yearning to crawl into that
same bed that held me with so much care that I slept like a child as soon as
the mattress gave way to the weight of my back and the thick quilt grazed my
cheeks

I waited patiently all through the other seasons just for that smell of dust and
memories as soon as I stepped through the rusted doorway

The instant flood of recollection and peace gave me the feeling of belonging
and it feels like home
and it feels like you

Flower Poem

Flowers dance
Watch flowers dance
Lilies, roses & daisies prance
Trees would, too if they had a chance
Petunias sway
And sing with ants
In a trance
Watch flowers dance

Fungus?

Swirls and dried up tidal pools

Porous, but not a sponge

Possibly poisonous

or

Highly hallucinogenic

Filled with the colors of the planets

Outer rings of Jupiter

Next is neptune

Earth on the inside

Poem Beginning with a Line by Charles Malam

The dinosaurs are not all dead-
I drive with them in my tank
and wonder
if someday
I will be fuel, too

Ocean Exploration

I'd like to explore the depths of the ocean waters where civilizations have been lost
Where the fish are too ugly to name, but they swim nonetheless
Where there are no comfy, cozy, and not to mention dry beds to sleep in
Where there is no soft sand to squish between your toes; only abyss
Where it's so close to the Earth's core that the water boils & bubbles
Where light doesn't penetrate, so it doesn't matter how you look
Where the awe-striking, Australia-sized squid lives, controlling it all from the bottom,
pushing the waves with his mile-long tentacles that flow like a dream
Where volcanoes create masses of rock, safe from human hands below miles of water
Where the cliffs of crevices collide to create mountain tops
that anyone existing at this time will never ascend, let alone descend
Where there are massive hoards of engagement rings, wedding rings, betrothal necklaces, even virgin pins and purity rings, all cast down as a symptom of the ever-repeating, classic loss of love
Where you can find those who gave up trying to float, stopped swimming, and sank to the bottom
But now that I think about it, the bottom of the ocean may only be a state of mind

Bike Ride

Ana Banana rode on the back
of her dad's bike
in a little seat,
made secure for a tike

Her daddy pedalled with his feet
and she looked with her eyes
waving at who they meet,
having fun as time flies

The wind whooshed through
the holes of her helmet
and into her hair
and her face got kinda cold
but she didn't care

The tires turned
and bees buzzed by
as ladybugs laughed
at the baby blue sky

They bumped along the sidewalk
and zoomed down the hill
with the air too loud to talk,
and cheeks warming with thrill

But soon the wheels wound down
and the road turned right
Ana realized that now
was the end of their flight

She was sad that the ride was over
but her dad said she could pedal
for herself when she was older

She said it wouldn't be the same
unless with her he came
He said he would
as long as he could
until he had a cane

She asked what he'll do when he can't walk
He said "I'll sit with you & we can talk
about the days when you were a tike.
When we bathed in sun rays,
and rode my bike."

The Year the Tulips Died

It's already late March
And the grass is now wet
The trees have begun to arch
And the tulips haven't bloomed yet
I tell myself that if I wait I will see them soon
But there is nothing for me to do in my cocoon

Rain can't put out the fire
And the bees dance in other flowers
As the stacks pile ever higher
And the ash comes down like showers
But I am just sitting in my car
Wondering where the tulips are

Crows tell their children a story
And the crickets chirp for one another
I know nobody will sing for me
And the loneliness is now my brother
I talk to him as I lay in bed
Knowing that the tulips are dead

John Badass and the Berry Bandit

John Badass sat on his roof polishing the barrel of his shotgun as the sun began to set on the quiet town. He knew his town needed him. He has to do his best to protect them because no one was safe.

He jumped up from his seat as he heard a twig snap and leaves rustle. “Who’s there?” he boomed in the direction that the noise came from. He frowned as he saw the culprit; a squirrel.

He sat back down in his lawn chair that he had positioned to sit straight up. He knew he had a long night ahead of him, but he knew it was worth it. Berries had been going missing in the middle of the night for about a week now. He could take no more of this madness. There were no fresh pies, no jams, and no cobblers. It was chaos. There were riots in the streets, vandalism, and police cars were flipped night after night. The citizens of Berryville had lost their minds.

John counted his bullets one last time. He wanted to be prepared when the Berry Bandit struck again.

After waiting for nearly an hour the moon began to rise, casting its light across his face. Off in the distance, somewhere near the market he heard a cry for help.

Knimya Shaw

Twisted.

quickly we became tangled up
tied and twisted.
lost in translation
i understand your complexities
we get each other
we know exactly
needs.

The Best of Sins

Wild and free roaming
is the world around us.
Sparking in the wind, the
sin that is about to commence.
Too in a trance to understand.
It will catch even the
purest and most divine souls.
Keep your mind on the road
ahead, they tell you.
mocking hypocrites.
Hell, the devil can have them.
I have some sinning to do.

Desires

stupid boys
with their stupid face
why do i crave them so much

Gone

absence makes the heart grow fonder they say,
they are wrong.
i learned how to live without you,
time away taught me
there is peace in being alone.

UNEASY

you waited for me
brave and naive
you were easy for me to fall in love with
we never quite made it there
you were whom i opened up to
live, love, and loss. my everlasting disappoint to my family
you reminded me there is room in your heart for beautiful things
and the next thing to happen didn't have to be so terrible.
at the end of the day
part of me loves you, but part of me never did.

Spring Flowers

My love is beautiful
carefully arranged near a window
where I watch the work of the sun
the power of the rain,
an aroma so sweet.
This isn't the only something,
Blooming,
there are others
but none fill your lungs
like spring.

Who?

I want to be everything
that I am not
all at once
in some massive burst of willpower
magic to reach my ideal
feels next to impossible

Magic

she pours neon from a bucket
it's filled with ways to elevate and vibrate
fucking unreal
drunk with intellectual vision
her mind is a electric skyline
i always have to remind her to come back home.
the red queen she remains.

thorns

You are a prick
Like a thorn that won't let go
You are the ugly part of the beautiful rose that is I
The part that gets picked off before giving away
You are the ugly dirt that the rose grows in
And becomes something more
You are the worst part of all things beautiful
You are a prick
While I am a rose.

The Best of Myself

I myself am soul searching
I myself have to accept that
You are who you are
There is no changing that
I thought I lost myself
Lost myself in you
Blissfully unaware of my
Surroundings, unaware of
What I was doing
Collecting my thoughts
I found...
I found my soul.
I found the best of myself,
In which that is a blessing.

[Untitled]

The moon drops one or two feathers into the field.

The sky dispersed a handful of seeds to grow into the wet soil.

The dark, dark wheat listens to the purple wind.

The red poppy bursts into laughter.

Fibonacci

Crisp
Apples
Red leaves
In the orchard
Falling ever-so gracefully today
Autumn, falls it's the perfect day
To play
Come on
Lets waste our day away
I will follow you.

Slam

Strong words from passionate people,
Speaking with meaning and slur,
Loud and true they preach,
The poems they dare to share,
With the final outcome, good or bad,
Who's to say, take of it what you would like,
Everyone with a different story to tell,
Not our place to judge, but deep down,
We all know that we do, my dear,
Comments to yourself, my thoughts,
Already written on paper,
They can't be changed,
How dare you try.

Lexi

In the small town of Ukiah it never stops raining.
Everyone loves it except for Lexi.
She misses the sun even though it burns her skin.

One average day, the sun came out.
Lexi was so happy she jumped for joy.

Just as shen was jumping into the pool,
Her mother declared her grounded.
The rain clouds were back.
No more parties for seven.

Generations to Come

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by the internet,
refreshing their twitter feed every breathing moment,
with content eyes locked into the glowing screen scrolling.

Who devoted themselves with bubble letters, friendly faces
and selfie sticks, staying up late to the hysterical light of the screen.

Not only lost their independence but lost the power to live freely
with no restraints.

Those who are addicted to fast intermotion
and no not stop to smell the roses or appreciate their surroundings,
members by the infinite flow of importance.

Who never take in their surroundings,
shooting stars blaze in the night sky while all are working
with their heads down, glued to the emotionless screens.

Indigo Stewart

Worldly

Sasha owned the flowers. Nell owned the sky. Violet owned the concepts, and Taylor owned the words. Mary painted clouds to match the shade of the falling sun, and Donnie writes the life, of our planet.

“When will our canvas be no more?” asked Sasha, to Donnie the creator.

“We will always be,” he signed. “Until you lose interest in nurturing our flowers, until Nell forgets to make the sun and stars smile, until Violet thinks in only one perspective, instead of through every conceptual view, until Taylor’s words are no longer kind... and last, until Mary loses her thrill in matching our sad clouds, to the shade of sunset.”

Sasha laid her head. “What a strange world.”

Donnie smiled, “A beautiful world. Let us not destroy it.”

Decisive

“I’m afraid,” he said, nearing the edge, and staring into the deep blue.

“What a shame,” she looked down. “It doesn’t have to end like this.”

“All stories end somewhere.” His pen lost its friction, spilling its deep blue ink over, even past, the edge of his paper.

He sighed, “The novel will have to go on.”

Questioner

Am I breathing, or is air choking my lungs with life...
Will I die? Or will the choking air stop choking me...
Are these stale unsaid promises, untold because they are lies...
Or are lies destroying your mood for promise-telling with the bitter idea
that they are so empty and untrue...
I always wondered as a child... Why crying hurt my face...
Or how the bitter remorse of yelling voices could change the taste of sugar...
Or how frostbite could eat away at the pours of my little pale hands when
I was too small to understand that I should put on gloves...and no one said it...
And why did people cry like they did...
Why do small innocent creatures have to die off like ice during summer,
in the winter...
And why did my lips become purple and feelingless when I was
young and playing in the pretty snow.
Why did you do what you did to that organ that pumps red beneath
those cages in my chest...
Why did you... you with your eyes like jasper and skin like silky
september, tear me limb from limb how you did...
I never thought I could feel so damn cold in summer wind.
I never knew why dolls couldn't talk or cry when they were dropped...
Cheek first, their alabaster faces cracking at the joining of
porcelain and pavement...
And no one told me why people disappeared like the sun in november,
Why your heart was colder than the ice that separated puddles from the
pale sky in december,
Why your feelings resembled unfound needles in summer hay stacks,
My heart, written in complex cursive, and why my brain operates like the
seasons change...
Why warm cocoa is heaven laced, and slides through my body on a
winter day the way stimulation does, through the veins of an addict...
All just a slurry of senseless questions without answers, asked in a world where
I am told not to be curious.

Lover of

I fell in love... not with someone or something... But with the word...
I fell in love with love itself, the way it spins minds madly with craze,
In love with the way sadness can penetrate a song into a nostalgic memory...
How the piano chords thrum in a tune so light and bubbly,
Or how fear and adrenaline tend to course through veins like lies
through a politician...
I am in love, with the smell of toxins and smoke, the scents that make
you choke with their audacity to exist...
With the scent of perfume, and flowers and cookies, cinnamon and smiles...
In utter love with the cold, icy and edged, with heat, burning and melting,
and with sweet sweet wind.
In love with the sight of light hitting drops of dew, or wet pavement,
after the first rain,
Pumpkin spice, or evergreens coated with crystalline white in
winter, travel, and pain...
Falling, in love... dying from the heartbreak, knowing someone made
you feel so very special...
Releasing the mind, and letting go, of something that caused
you strife and trouble...
And i have grown to love sad, sad stories, that generate from
twisted minds of agony and realism...
I appreciate the sad pale faces with nothing to say... Or convivial
people breathing hopeful vibrations of confidence and open minded aspiration...
I believe in staying awake with twitching nerves until 5 am discussing
politics and life and death and religion,
And the simple things, like smiles and hand holding, the feeling of
being loved, even alongside the strain...
I still love... through everything, regardless of consequence... I breathe
and take every measurement in.

Viewer's Guide

Remember me.

Remember me on terms of depth, however your brain's
temporal lobe sees fit.

See me not, as a prettier face in a crowd,

See me less with eyes of judgment that know not of my motive,
With a perspective that eyes not, my indignant audacity.

Invision me through melodic memory, a simple symphony of
reminiscent matrimony,

A soul unlike to my broken, and torn.

A soul mimicking the bravery of conceptual theory,

A soul, unlike to my own.

Remember me less through a vision of anger,

Even less of my standing desire to impulsively realize intention.

Please remember me with an open mind,

Forget me, with the more introspective side,

Release the me whose eyes bled at the sight of
something frightening,

Take in the woman who smiled at the vomiting sun,

The hopeless romantic with aspirations and the desire to
reach Everest's peak,

The strongest, convivial child in me who dares to die through love,

Paint my picture with every limitless shade that suits your
temporal globe.

Believe that my lavender loving is a symbol of deep, daring promise to love.

That my smile is less electric but an ocean of simple, satanic sorrow,
emanating from a broken industrial illusion,

Please, believe that your picture of me, is not a lie, but may, be untrue, my god,
Have faith in another perspective,

Cause it reflective,

Die the strands of your brush to match the tent of my indifference.

Clench your fists and try, oh please try to picture a less complicated version,

I can be throwing dead flowers in the wind, please God, keep it creative,

If not for me, do it for the very aspect of reminiscing.

Demands of Something More

What is fate?

Does it include flying into oblivion, dying off of thrill,

Damaging your nerves with left handed madness?

Or is the scare of fate an illusion?

Will my future crawl with unexpected summer sin?

Burning teeth and ashy blond hair,

A whirlpool of kinetic records, bleeding musical tears,

Or am I born to be grayly reckless and cry when true love swallows
my damage.

My mother will cut my existence into our ocean of life love and glory,

And I will write the will.

I'll desire lust, dark diamonds, as well as the scent of cracked hands on a
molding piano.

The taste of silk and the unseen colors that bend the laws of chemistry,

The backwards dimensions that obliterate physics,

Or the pearl red irises that should kill me with their cancer but don't, who
burn conceptual biology,

Maybe my woven existence, is dangerous.

Maybe living will prove a sin.

I'll be convicted on my woven story of difference, scars and terror.

I will be arrested by a jury of my forgotten peers,

And I will be taken in, for living how my mind wants.

I'll watch from a distant level, our world set fire,

I'll taste hennessy and cry about romance.

And I'll set my feet to be massaged by satan, while the
lord rubs my shoulders.

There will no longer be blood in the circuits,

but the type of Mercury in aged hats...

The type that caused the Hatter to truly go mad.

Alice will tear away my lips,

The rabbit will replace my voice with the stop watch,

The twins will write my arms in calligraphy,

The jabberwocky will kiss away my opinions,

The queen of hearts will sew my poors shut and replace my
disposition with equations.

At the end of the dred, I will be antique.

My bones will be marrow no longer, but iron and silver...

My sadness and memory will be hollowed away with a mechanical spoon.

And for me to admit fate is nothing I just mentioned, all you'll have to do,
is press a button.

Electoral

Whether or not you voted in red,
Or truth from dialect was said,
If education, was within your head,
You will witness our surroundings burn.
There are broken hands, and scorching feet,
Praying hearts and gladness with grief,
And whether or not you cried or smiled,
You will see your country burn.
The corpses of intelligence breath by your sides,
Full of empty hearts and crying eyes,
And whether or not you're an innocent child,
You will breath, and we will burn.
No room for hate, no space for crime,
Only peaceful accepting to pass our time,
And if you or not, see the sublime,
You will, like me, burn.
Now we are laying awake in bed,
Afraid of the fabric, blue white, and red.
But while, we'll live and breath and be dead,
I, next to you, will burn.
I'm threatened by borders, afraid now of walls,
I'm scared to watch the different ones fall.
I will cry, while others do not care at all,
But none the less, we will burn.

Yellow Lovin' Addict

It's the kind of love to be questioned by fate.
The type that asks violently of who you are as a mortal.
It's the kind of love that destroys your will to love another,
Both because it captures interest in its prisoners,
But also breaks their will to truly love a second time,
once it is over.
When it has begun, you'll cry at its slightest quiver...
The happiness and encompassing will it possesses will bring out your
best and worst.
You'll ask heaven, for a more clear answer,
As to why someone like that dropped so hard, for someone like you.
You'll pray in the shadows to a love god that is silent because this is
so very typical.
If she listened, just the smallest bit, she'd realize you're seeking answers to
why he only loves you in the night,
Why his words make you shudder as butterflies mend and destroys flowers...
And why you yourself have broken limbs in the process of falling
this hard in love.
You will fight day in and out in an obstacle that pleads your darkest secrets.
You will fight your will to love,
And by your own terms and your will to thrive...
You'll be so deep in a tunnel that appears to lead in no direction, and to no
destination.
Your heart, will belong to a twisted, and devious game,
That only the most tormented of clever devils dares to play.
Your soul will be screaming at you to run for your life,
She is bruised enough and will cry your name...
Asking you, to please, save whatever you have lingering that this
love hasn't stolen.
Your mind will have gone rancid,
It is a breaking clock that gnaws at the gate of insanity more and more
every day,
Sending you mixed messages of confusion and torment,
And your body will cry,
The love, has bitten you, swallowed you, and digested you.
Your being absorbed, choked, and spit through by the acids of answerless
questions,
And you are sore, from this evil, vile truth...
The truth that this painful love, mean, cruel, and villainous too,
Is eating you from the inside out.
The hardest reality to consume, however, the reality,
that you cannot survive without it, anymore.

In Love with a Simpleton

I hope you find a woman who makes you question your soul.
A woman who looks at you with gray eyes, and causes tears to run
 away from yours.
I hope she's brilliant, with scars that mark learned lessons...
A mortal with the kindest uniqueness,
I hope her brilliant difference makes you wonder why you are human,
Or what happens when life is no more.
I hope she humbles your ego, with honey, and murmurs of poetry over coffee
 grindings and pencil shavings.
I hope that you cry, when you realize how attached you seem, how stolen
 your soul has become...
How brutally enthralled in her crashing thrill that you are.
I hope that she damages your veins through butterflies and wisps of
 her ash brown hair.
And I hope that you find grace,
Through learning the most luxurious of pleasures,
The art of being in love.

Future Venture

The scum of our world,
The rebels of our lines,
The burn outs and the sinners,
The committers of our crimes,
The younger souls,
The screamers and the flamed,
The pinned, and deep,
The beautiful and the blamed,
To you, the holders, we are your future.

Youth and young

A small world,
An open mind,
A bottle of faith,
Tearful hearts pumping,
And a hopeless romantic to help us with realism.
Death to your youth,
Beginning to something good.

Fine Art

She is flawed in a frenzy of perfection,
Limitless poetry tied into one simply complicated face,
Every mismatched feature serves an ugly beauty,
Every wrong color, was correctly planned by the sinful heaven that created her...
She is deep, with daring diversity, unreadable, and yet so transparent.
Those who try to end her will fail, because any mark placed upon her presence,
Will simply blend perfectly, somehow.
She is nameless, brave scared, sad and brimming with love and happiness...
Faster than the fading of love; careful and slow like the exit of heartbreak.
The galaxies combined, are in her eyes, she doesn't think, but paints life with her mind...
You'll never reach the real meaning of what she is, and you won't have to,
Because all you really end up doing, is admiring her beauty.

brandy, teeth, ice.
dirty stopwatch, little time.
anxious sweat.

*

ripping jeans,
spilling wine,
itchy grass scratches.

*

robin meets sky,
oaks sway,
a peasant's hands at work.

*

lone streets,
running dog,
air blows smells of fast food.

*

moving people,
traffic hustle,
homeless man watching.

*

garden of cherries,
no people,
smell of rot and abandonment.

sasha wilkins

even the sky could not leave

truth or dare
you pick truth
have your lungs ever burned from smoking cigarettes nonstop
have you ever rolled out of the road
after spending the night on the double yellow line
have you ever made shadows on walls
danced there for hours just to see some smiles
now it is my turn
afraid of confrontation i pick dare
i dare you to go outside and find a cat
don't come back until you do
i dare you to lick its paws and tell it the horrors of being human
she will then sing you her peach pit freedom

truth or dare
he picks neither
love that is not an option
love in this world you will do as you are told
and if that means conforming
then take off your braces love
and smile
you are worth the same as an old headband
you are outdated and imperfect
love you smell of hair grease and stale eyelash wings
love i will ask you again truth or dare
my love chose truth

sitting in a circle at the base of father's den
we looked him in both eyes
and said love
does magic exist
of course not he said but i knew
i see it everyday
it must take a spell to love someone so damn much
that you would rather turn your face eggplant purple
than sit by yourself drinking water on the curb
love have you not seen them
with strawberry red eyes not knowing which way is up

and which is down
just because making synonyms is too much of a journey
love go tell her that magic doesn't exist
love you are magic
love
you
are my afternoon poetry

truth or dare
think of one quick before it is your turn
then an excuse of why you cannot do it
i dare you to step onto that cloud and take a nap
we will take a bite of a flower for you
so we will have the insurance that your top hat is safe
once you get up i dare you to paint your face with mustard paint
you are worth no more than mustard paint
you my friend are the sky
you drink the oceans for breakfast
eat the children for lunch
and you breath in galaxies for dinner
friend
you
are the sky
i dare you to leave and never come back
because you cannot fit in this universe
you
are magic

one day the sky told me they would never leave
they told me they would never leave
the next day i was eating a peach
she said to me even though your petals have been plucked
you are still my brightest sunflower
i continued to devour her pleasantries
a minute later i grabbed a glass of orange juice
i called it ugly
i don't regret it
how dare this cup pretend to be something it's not
my teeth crunched so hard on the glass
expecting
some flesh
expecting
some paint
did you expect paint when you licked my nails
and felt my thumbprint

some time ago i saw a pen disguised and a flower

i looked in the mirror and there it was
my face was perfectly pink my clothes green
and my organs were gray
what color are yours
and can you tell me how to change my lemon verbena irises
in a year i expect the world to be black and white
these pupils are not worthy of such powerful sensations
these pupils are not worthy of you

truth or dare
she picked truth
but she does not deserve our questions

eleven pm

your words are pages of my favorite book
they're so abundant and damn, they tell a story
what is it like
to be able to have conversations
with the frosted furrowed brows in the sky
what is it like to have poppy seeds for freckles
and lettuce for nose hairs
what is it like to be so colorful that the rainbows envy you
do your seeing glasses ever get tired of looking at such
clear
watercolored
features
please don't pretend that you can paint your face with acrylic hues
so you can hide your mother's eleven pm insecurities

your shoes are are like day old toast
probably too stale to walk in but they sure look good now don't they
if you were to eat oil pastels i would lick your tongue
if you were to eat oil pastels i would lick your tongue
if you were to eat oil pastels i would lick your tongue
because if i could live with anyone forever i would want it to be you

can you feel the bark on the tree yet
or how about the circular stripes on my carpet
open your eyes
and dive in head first
once you do tell your brother to call me
so i can come watch you climb out of your own mind
when you are all dried off can we talk once more
your voice is like neon green trees

dampen my hair with your eyes
let me get lost in the depths of your stomach

his fingernails look like sunshine
and his glance is a monsoon of water lilies

and after it was all over i cared about your memory so much
that i used your first name in a poem

a song for him

i wish
that i was born with the ability to count in centimeters.
i wish
that if i listened to a voice for long enough
then i will finally understand the language that they come from.
i am afraid that i am not myself anymore
one two three i cannot feel my pinkie anymore.

when i was born not only was i smacked on the ear by the earth's cruel lies
but i was kissed on the lips by my friend who exists only to distract me
it doesn't feel good
it doesn't feel good when no one believes in you
it doesn't feel good when you look behind you and nobody's there
the fingers on my back just don't feel good anymore
his name is imagination, and his words
mother says it's just my conscience

i am not afraid of what he tells me
because most of the time it is just to drink water until i am sick
but sometimes
it is worse
it is the late nights all alone
it is the dark room loud music seven cups of coffee days
it is my computer not more dead than i
it is jezebel sitting with her mouth
gaping
waiting
for her organs to come back at her

i wish
that i was born with the ability to speak politically

never before have i heard in so many tones trust me

no longer i will see little kids crying on the corner
the fog in my brain leaves no trace
of what mother said on april of my seventh birthday

on my tenth trip around the sun i decided to become best friends with my teacher
then i thought then she will not tell those bad men what he has done
at least now i have an excuse for being on the brink of failure and boredom

step on a crack and break your mother's back
tell me now why i have avoided them my whole life
tell me now is there a saying to break my own

i wish i had colored paper
but the potholes prevent me from touching your hip
my heart should not have very physical pain for you
my whole being lives in about three pounds
but i promise someone that weighs not even a gram lives here too

one time i told one person about him
and you are the second
someday i will tell a third
but then they might shove blue pills down my throat
and i will be too nocturnal to say no

my stomach is in knots while i am writing this,
and my eyes are watering while i am reading it to you.

one time i told him to go away
these were the meanest word i've ever spoken
not because of the content but because i wanted with every fiber of my being
for them to come true

and my bookshelf is a mess

jezebel

goodbye i may be gone for a while
no not because of anything that you said
your words flow out of your mouth in casual clumps of navy blue sunflowers

and your eyes
i see them falling out

goodbye i may be gone for a spell
they tell me that i am okay
that i will be back to my pencil in no time
mother says that i hang my head too often
mother says to get out of her sight
i understand i may be troublesome that is why i am going away for a wink
out of this town out of body out of mind
into a lovely lavender colored room where six seizures have occurred
and four hundred of those six have wept for seventeen apples

i have named
my water bottle jezebel
after that very graceful song with the words of no meaning
please stop while i turn on actual music

i have been told that water is my safe place and that may be true
because i can find a way out of any careful thought
when i have my lips pressed against that liquid sin
the unique idea of their crusted lips slowly moving closer
with nobody around to stop it baffles me
i told you that i would be stepping out of the room for a second
mother said that i am just visiting family

you are the only one that fits my careful criteria
of having a certain amount of lines on your seventeen year old bedsheets
i told you i was not that way
i could not be the same as those people
with their summer smiles on the beach with nowhere to play
do you remember
that insane rush of power every single time we successfully loved one another

mother asked me if i could feel the thickness in the air that night
but i didn't know what that meant
i need your help
i cried and leapt into the broken air

they say that america has matured
but i disagree and i promise you cannot tell me different
he told me that everyone has evolved to learn how to lie
in a very different way
lavender is beautiful but i mustn't tell you that
so i scream into the abyss laying on those mustard colored eyelashes
at three in the morning collecting the vibrations that the bedframe is sending me

don't tell me to laugh at your uninteresting puns
mother i will not listen anymore
mother please forgive me for i have decided to leave for just seven minutes
while you make those bedsheets soggy with salt
i will be three steps to my lovely lavender room

perhaps children write about flowers

white down, black up, b flat, c major

you scream at me for getting hurt,
i beg for that scream again.
white down, black up, b flat, c major
dye your hair,
inject plastic,
boil your fingerprints,
inject poison.
read to me your stories of war and i will tell you mine.
i will explain to you my cornucopia of sadness
i dare not tell you.
you see,
i still have your lips,
i still have your knee cap but, i must say,
i have burned the polish.
tell me now your stories from abroad
and i will laugh, cry, and throw flowers for them.
should i tell the stories from my room?
i made an executive decision not to, because if i did
you dare not speak.

smile bigger,
smile so big that i can see the petunias in your gums
and roses in your teeth.
smile with your eyes,
so that i can pretend for just a moment that
i am seven years old again,

laying in bed during nap time with my eyes wide open
dreaming of worlds
so far away.
but i am not seven anymore
i am twenty three and so are you.

perhaps i don't remember the first time i saw you throw up
but wowie can you recall those vivid blue hues that you wore
just to make me feel at home.
i'm sorry it's gone.
just drink more water and you will be fine, but then again,
what do i know?

i write about love but i am reminded everyday
that i am only a child, and obviously, children know nothing.

i feel the pain of drowning
every time i lay my eyes on your genetically imperfect being.
because when i took my first breath of you
we were laying on ceramic tiles with thirteen feet of water
completely
surrounding us.

you see, i write, so i can trick my mind into thinking if i use words like
chamomile and sunshine then i will start to believe it.
don't be so dense he yells,
put everything out onto the table she screams,
please talk! don't just sit there you are not a child.

please walk towards me with rosy cheeks
and blood on your hands.
i sometimes chip off my own skin so that
i can feel this same sensation.
i wear my hair up
so that you might catch for even a second
that it has never been altered.

white down, black up, b flat, c major,

how often do you think?
i promise your thoughts are less than sufficient.
you strum my heart like blonde wavy hair,

sing to me the music with no words,
your absence has made creativity flow out of my eyes
just as easily as black ink flows out of beautiful calligraphy pens.
but dear, i will go back to being negative twenty seven in an instant
if it means that we will be there.

who am i,
who am i to write about exclamations and emotions
when the past five months i was dreaming
and the two hundred and seventy eight before that
i was deeply asleep.

i promise you are not a child,
but it is okay if i am because this child dreams in paintings,
thinks in poetry,
talks in laughter
and cries in waterfalls.

white down, black up, b flat, c major

wear a hat,
draw some eyes,
take a break,
take a bow.

but you see i am not done,
i am not done with the mural that was our life,
i'm not done hearing your voice so low in my ear,
i am not done feeling safe looking at your wrist,
i am not done feeling confident that you will talk for me
when my voice just won't work.

i am not done.

but you said that i must be, for i am only a child.

white down, black up, b flat, c major.

Lexi Yates

Friends

what a friend,
oh what a friend,
always there to laugh and play,
and always there to save the day,
I am grateful,
and can depend,
what a friend,
oh what a friend.

Time Flies

not enough hours in a day
days in a week
time shows no sympathy
for those who cannot
manage it.

What Is Happiness?

fill in the blank to those that apply to you
but hopefully you'll agree with some of mine too.
happiness is hot tea when its raining outside,
happiness is sleeping in on a Sunday morning,
happiness is laying on the roof and watching the stars,
happiness is late night drives with the best of friends,
happiness is naps on the beach with your toes in the sand,
or the smell of your grandmas cooking,
or bubble baths with your favorite artist on shuffle,
or obtaining a completely clear mind,
or cuddling with your dog on a friday night,
or slobbery kisses from little kids,
but most of all happiness is an attitude.
to find pleasure in little things like these
is to find happiness.

Lonely Feather

the feather lying in a field-
what should we call it?
a lonesome soul in an empty world,
a false sense of soft comfort,
a sliver of imagination,
a timeless wrinkle,
endless strands of nothingness,
ready to be blown away.

The World I See

I see the corrupt society we live in
Where people starve and freeze on the streets
Where nobody stops to help
Where racism still exists
Where equality is still being fought over
Where nobody has the time of day
Where the well being of our environment is no longer considered
Where presidential elections are rigged
Where all anyone cares about is money
Where being selfish and and unloyal is normal
Where nobody stops to smell the flowers
Where all that matters is the number of followers you have
Where how pretty you are defines you
Where people shoot innocent cops
And where cops shoot innocent people.

The Difference

the world sits in the palm of your hands
unaware that you hold the power
taking extra long showers
and drinking out of 32 oz plastic water bottles
the other planets will stare and laugh
because they are thriving
nobody is crushing them between their fingertips
or dumping waste into their crystal clear oceans
you will continue, not knowing you're the difference
the common thought that you can't make an impact,
will run laps in your mind
misleading you down a path of destruction
if only you knew that the world sits,
right in the palm of your hands.

Ring

the silver wedding band on her finger,
what should we call it?
a deadly python wrapping tightly around its prey?
the light at the end of the tunnel?
an endless circle of trust?
a symbol of burning love?
a lense that may give one?
a false sense of clarity?
or simply just a metal fashion statement?

Flowers

swaying swiftly in the long luscious field
for they have an important purpose
in this pitiful world.
why we do not honor nature?
naturally ignoring? not idolizing?
they thrive and remain thoughtful
though we do not mind.

Constant

somehow constants are sought to be consistent
a consistent that's constantly changing
to give us all something to look forward to
and never dare back because that is behind us all
with every breath we strive to be this steady inconsistent constant
that we see in our consistent constant.

Love

my skin longs for his touch
while his smell flows into my
vulnerable nose.

Life Cycle

nature displays it. things will die,
but most seem to grow back.
but what about when they never do?
the Earth. it spins in a perfectly calculated rotation
that all humans cannot doubt,
but what about when it stops?
life works in complicated ways
never knowing what is gone forever
or what will come back.
sometimes God spins the circle of life
a little bit too fast for some to keep up with.

Her

kind blue eyes pierce me
while she whispers I love you
in the fluffy white sheets.

The Sleepover

I pack my bag thoughtfully, including only the necessities. Driving to Heather's house, I think about how the night is going to unfold...

Knock-knock.

"Hey girl, you packed a lot!"

As I empty my bag, I quickly pull out the gun and rapidly turn.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

"I think I'll go home now, bitches."

Pit Stop

I've once been to the fiery depths of hell,
where sin is encouraged,
where all is accepted and nothing is crazy,
where all are cruel, making it seem normal,
where sex is nothing but a hobby,
where vodka was water and Jack was everyone's best friend,
where being high was low,
where every night was a party,
where doing wrong was embraced,
where rules applied to absolutely nobody,
where everyone had lines of coke for breakfast,
where tattoos and piercings were on everyone
in any place possible,
where the devil himself ruled all.

Combinations

eyes filled with fright
spins minds
like a jumbled paradox
aloft in the clouds
filled with bitter remorse
I wait
to release my mind
from the useless struggle
the insignificant subject
of sadness on a perfect day
I wait to be entranced
for dreams of innocence
to fill my mind of happiness.

Crystal Water

the river flows urgently
while the thick green bushes thrive
for just one taste.

Nature

peaceful and still
the leaves of the thick green trees
sway softly in the wind
the fresh smell of pine
and clean air fill the skies
in an untouched land
yet to be disturbed by anything
but nature itself

Robert Yonts

100 Years

A hundred years I slept for a hundred years I couldn't believe my ears as I started to shed tears I had slept for a hundred years.

How Time Flies

How time can fly like the fly that just buzzed by trapped in a web the fly will die oh how time can fly.

The Know

I know about the know I am in the know about the know I know all their is to know that has ever been known about the know so do you know about the know.

Meaningful Words of Inspiration

One day you and everyone you know will die and in just a hundred years or so no one will even remember you unless you do something like writing a book or building a building that lasts through the ages like the greek parthenon, the roman coliseum, or the Great Wall of China so just remember what you do doesn't matter cause when you die in a hundred years or so none will remember you or anything you do happy thoughts bye

Death

The death of death is the death that ends all death for the death of death is death.

ENEMIES

To have slain yourself
Would be to have been slain by your worst enemy...
As you hide in your own shadow.

Cliché

Time was flying but I was not
I wasn't I wasn't crossing
The generation gap and
When time came to sleep
I made no peep

Death

Decay decomposition deterioration
Death by the day
Day by the death.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?

Life has no real meaning to it and it depends on what you make of it the time you waste thinking of the meaning of life is time you waste and in reality it doesn't very much matter because we all have separate interpretations of it
WRITE YOUR INTERPRETATION HERE->(

.)

Ukiah

I live in a small

Valley town

In Ukiah the wind blows through the vineyards

In Ukiah the water rushes through the creek in the wet season

In Ukiah the creeks run dry in the dry season

In Ukiah the main road leads to and from the highway

In Ukiah the people support each other(sometimes)

In Ukiah the people are assholes(most of the time).

Death

Death is like a break

Death is the rest well deserved after a long life

Death comes to you like a dream while you sleep

Death comes silently in the dark

Death is a icy embrace

Death is a sweet kiss that steals your breath

Death is a cruel mistress

Death is Death.

What is Life?

Is it the small moments that make memories
Is it the big moments that you want to forget
Is it the combination of both big and small moments
To me it's the small moments
Like looking up at the night sky and
Seeing thousands upon millions of stars light up the sky
Or looking out over the lake at sunrise or sunset
When the sky is illuminated with brilliant colors
Reds, oranges, yellows, pinks, purples, and blues
Those are the most memorable moments in life

Butterflies and Moths

Butterflies are stupid because they're basically moths except for they look better but I mean seriously think about it butterflies are stuck up (but how) well I'm going to answer that question right now I mean moths eat your shirts sure but butterflies probably think that they're too good for your clothes so yeah

Haiku

Hiding

A frog
Hiding under the water as it
Swims away

Drowning

My head bobs
Under the water like a
Piece of driftwood.

55 Word Short Story

While I slept she came to me she has pale silky skin and long silvery hair her voice a soft whisper her touch as soft as a feather she floated above my bed staring at me with light blue eyes and a slight grin on her lips but then the alarm clock woke me up.

I Hate Taylor Swift

Taylor Swift is stuck up a tree when suddenly a poacher shoots her in the leg. She falls to the ground and is trampled by an elephant. After that, she was rushed to a hospital where they said we can't rebuild her faster, stronger, or better but we can give her a lobotomy. After the lobotomy they rushed her back to the wild when she was attacked by a rabid animal. After the attack she crawled down a narrow path to a native people's village deep in the jungle where they cut off her lower body they cauterized it, so that she wouldn't bleed out and get infected. After the mutilation she lived for two years before she tried to sing a song then one of the kids of the village throat punched her so that she could no longer speak or sing. After that someone decided she was useless alive killed her and used her for fish bait for three years.

Michael Riedell

If I Make of This Plane Flight

“Why does this written doe bound through these written woods?”
--Wisława Szymborska

If I make of this plane flight a sonnet
To give away like a child's plastic model,
Reader, you with glue get to construct it,
Then decide its altitude and throttle.

But before--in some idle whim--you toss
This craft from Phoenix to Sacramento
Like a young boy throws a wild ball across
A field, know this: Poems aren't mementos,

but new truths; new facts, not mere fantasy.
So don't fling this full flight into that news
Smiling anchors call an airline tragedy.
Note the consequence of what you choose:

Picture all these people and their surprise
When they see the news and learn of their demise.

Cloud Nine

The clouds aren't numbered
So you wander
From one to another, saying,
*Are you my heaven? Are
You my heaven?*
Until a voice yells back,
This is seven!
And you move on to the next.

Was there a time
When they were lined up,
When two followed one,
When ten followed nine,
And you could know when you'd gone
Too far,
And the stars beyond
Wouldn't have to stare
Or pretend they weren't staring
At another poor fool
Who'd lost his bearings,
Whole crowds of fools,
Knocking on all the wrong clouds?

No, there's hardly a choice
But to wait for the voice
Saying, *This is cloud twenty-eight.*
And so you walk on,
wondering where you belong
And hoping heaven won't mind
If you're late.

Down Here

For some problems
There's no gaining perspective.

A ladder won't do.

Even climbing the stairs
Of the tallest building in town
And looking out from the roof would fail.

Falling then from there might seem
A quick and logical step,

Though we can see from down here
That really doesn't make sense.

No, for some problems there's no
Gaining perspective.

Then it's all about learning
How to lose.

Marigolds

She sold marigolds.
She sang, *Marigolds,*
Marigolds for sale!
And she meant it,
meant marigolds
with every breath
of her marigold song.

And I bought.
I bought and bought
marigolds, handfuls,
facefulls of marigolds,
and their scent
lingers with me still,
still
though she is gone.

Marigolds! she sang,
Marigolds!
And never a more
lovely word,
never a more
lovely girl,
my marigold,
my marigold girl.

Biographies

Tobi Anderson: Y67delreytui

Amanda Bednar is really bad at writing biographies, especially ones about herself. That is why she is stopping this nightmare right here to avoid further embarrassment.

Jonathan “SUPER FLY” Carey

You may remember the story about two brothers in a world of hell during their lives and you may remember the parts where it kept saying “and my little Brother”. Well that little brother is me but if you don’t know all that jazz then don’t worry because I am not going to tell about that backstory again. But I am going to tell you about myself. For I am a nerd and a Pro Wrestling fan for how that came to be you would learn once my hit movie comes out entitled “My Life and Rebirth.” With hit songs like “Let it die, Let it die, Let it shrivel up and die” by that Midget from the Lorax and don’t forget “Wake me Up Inside” by Evanescence.

I’m just kidding but what is really going to happen is that I’m going to make another book sooner or later so all that I have to say is thank you to all of my peeps and the fans for reading all of these awesome pieces of literature and always remember to stay dank and stay fabulous. Also huge shoutout to Imani Redwing and Jose “Sonny” Pacheco the III, for you guys are my biggest inspiration to my genius. No animals were harmed during the making of this book.

Bailey Caudillo: I’m a senior who wishes that time didn’t fly so fast.

Alejandro Corona is a legend to be, he will be written about in history, he will rewrite the earth’s rotation with his words alone. Throughout his life, he will devote himself to seeking the holy grail, in the hopes that he could use it to immortalize his resolve.

Samuel Duval is a thousand year old dragon stuck in the form of a sixteen year old boy. He is the result of if Anxiety had a lovechild with Social Awkwardness. He has an unbreakable love for squids and cats (the uglier the better). In his downtime he enjoys inventing up creative ways to swear and reading terrible jokes on the internet. He is a professional marathon sleeper but an amateur dreamer and he likes to dream with his eyes open.

Mateo Flores has really hairy teeth and he has to shave them every morning before he puts on his Riedell-esque tie. You know how some

people have a foot fetish? He has that. But with blue shoes. He likes to play instruments he doesn't know and doesn't know how to play with romance. He also likes to do pe exercises during standardized tests. He doesn't know Spanish because he takes French, but he doesn't know French either. He was once in a feature film about Watership Down and he threw up after eating grass and Pepsi. Needless to say he is my hero.

“If Mateo was rhetoric, I'd be his audience ;))))” - Brad McClanahan

“A slender, metrosexual pacifist” -Cousin

“He's alright, I guess” -Mateo's girlfriend

“He's a good 'ol rebel” -Diego Maurer

“Mateo is an annoying hetero” -Cousin

“So what if I'm cliché?” -Mateo

Jessica Hernandez always wore leggings in elementary school because she hated pants. She is 17 years old and although she is half-Mexican she is as white as a mazapan. She has a sincere smile and a cute younger brother named Maison. When she grows up she will be an instagram baddie.

On November 9th, 1999 **Kiley Holmes** was born in Aurora, Missouri. She lived in a small town in Missouri called Butterfield and attended school in Cassville, Missouri until the age of ten when she moved to Ukiah, California. Her mother, Sara, and father, James, are her biggest supporters. She has two younger siblings. Her sister, Jessica, is almost ten years younger than she is and her brother, Leroy, is almost two years younger than she is. Her family has been very influential in her life, including in her writing. In fact, her poem “Hot Wheels and Hammers” is a true story about her brother playing as a little kid. She enjoys reading, writing, and being sarcastic. She thinks short biographies like this are weird because it sounds like she's either dead or making a profile for something.

Vanessa Ilar is a beautiful angel whose poetry inspires. She is an intricate painting of wisdom, love, and absoluteness. She has a heart of gold and floats around gifting people with her love and support. She helps others to stand tall and see their full potential in the wonderful way she sees them. She can be the most stubborn person, but that is what makes her such a good friend, she is always there to stand by you. She reads books faster than she breathes in oxygen, and has a vocabulary of a Harvard english professor. She is a gift from the heavens and anyone would be lucky to have met her, and even luckier to call her a friend.

Dax LeBlanc was a tall giant who tried to hide in the middle of a forest of mushrooms. Normal sized mushrooms mind you, not giant sized ones where he could easily hide. When he walked he chose to tread lightly, so the hounds at his heels could not follow the craters his footsteps left, thus

making him a harder target to find. But soon they caught up to him, for no one can run away forever, and they took him down. The bigger they are the harder they fall after all, and for Dax the fall was hard. His body left a crater that is still there today, in fact it is a famous tourist attraction in the mushroom forest.

Odalys Mendoza: I'm just a self-independent teenage girl who is trying to get done with high school and move on to college and in life.

Malayah Meredith is 16 years old, Native American, Mexican and black. She loves coffee and also to read and write of course. She enjoys listening to music. Two of her favorite artists are Chris Brown and Bryson Tiller.

Emily Moroney is a young and short girl. Even though she is standing at five feet tall she never let's anyone think little of her. She likes to put her voice out there and use all her effort to do what she thinks is right. Emily never gives up, she will always finds a solution. She paints, writes drafts of books, and also plays guitar. Some people think little of her but some expect too much. All she asks for is if or when you meet her don't expect anything so that way you're surprised.

HI, **Joe**

Presley Nelsen is a 17 year old girl with a heart more valuable than gold. She puts everyone before herself and never asks too much of anyone. She's lived the hippy life since birth and is definitely a family girl. Her wide, green, and trusting eyes captivate and inspire people. There are very few things that she cannot do but you can always count on her to give it her all and bring a positive energy to every situation. She's been a peer counselor for 2 years but her wisdom spreads beyond the tools and tips the program has given her. Anyone who knows Presley has a friend and trust in her.

Brawley was a thug stuck inside of a white boy's body. He tried and he tried, as hard as he could, to avoid letting this unruly thug be released for havoc would surely ensue. But his efforts were in vain, for the thug ultimately would pierce through his facade, and wreak his havoc. So thus Brawley was called the Yung Thug Lite.

Hailey Porterfield began writing when she was on the run from the Cuban government. I can't tell you what she did, because then you wouldn't read her section. She currently lives in Wisconsin and makes soap while grieving the loss of her husband who died in a tragic accident. Some think it was her doing, but she asked me to tell you that it certainly

was not. Enjoy!

Caramia Hades Jones is a nasty 16 year old girl. She was made in Tijuana, Mexico but was born in Mission Vallejo, California. Caramia has an extensive collection of funky socks and although that's cool it is not as cool as her grandma. Caramia is part of a band named Hairy Teeth that only releases one song every blue moon. She likes to dance with dogs even though she's really bad at it. When Caramia was 5 years old she almost died. She was choking on a butterscotch candy and it could've ended badly but god saved her. She is the proud mother of a cat named Ally and a dog named Hera. She wants to go to UC Berkeley but isn't sure what she wants to study. She also wants to get married to 3 different guys and inherent billions of dollars. With her billions of dollars she plans to buy a basketball team. All the players will be a lot shorter than her so she can feel better about herself.

Jazmin Ramirez is a single mother of three. She wants to be a single mother of four but axolotls are illegal in California so for now she just has three bitches: two are pitbulls and one is a cat. Her grandfather likes to make anarchist groups in Mexico, and she likes to go to weak protests in Ukiah and fight people on Twitter. Jazmin dreams of being the next Leon Trotsky/Karl Marx/Frida Kahlo and owning a joint tree house with her platonic spouse and a ton of cute puppies. Everything in her life is white culture and Mateo's fault. She's pretty bada\$\$, but also pretty \$mart and nice. She's nice enough to spend the night at someone's house after only a week of knowing them (but be careful, she might summon demons into your house). She watches netflix like a champ and also makes a pretty b0mb soyrizo so hit her up. Marc Smith from Slamnation is her hero (look it up). Needless to say, she is even more of my hero than Mateo.

Michael Riedell has been an English teacher longer than any of his students have been alive. When he's not moping in depression about that, he's sitting at home laughing with his wife or bugging her with his very unexceptional guitar playing. He's the author of two books of poetry and was somehow named the Poet Laureate of Ukiah for 2016-2018. He's still not sure what that means. When he grows up he wants to be a hobo.

Savana Robinson cares enough about the environment to take APES, but not enough to drive a truck from this century. Sometimes she likes to have lunch in the bed of said truck with her crew and they look like cute lil meerkats peeking over the top. She is an angel, but the size of a fairy and has a cute lil smile too. She loves everyone so much she can't help but give them 60 compliments at once. She is currently wearing an endearing yellow raincoat and talking about McDonald's pizza and stoners. She dreams of becoming, or at least marrying, a mcdaddy memester.

Knimya Shaw, a happy girl that will paint smiles on anyone's face, likes to drive with all the windows down and the music loud, xoxo.

Indigo Stewart

I write.

Sasha Wilkins: Sasha is a child of the sun she paints colors with her footsteps and kindness with words. She is made of water and flows like rivers into the sea. She is different, far from generic, her skin seems less human and more written, like a story from a complicated type of love. Her eyes are made of the ocean, and her smile, the earth's deepest secrets. When she blinks, electricity beats along, and her fingers can sing too. She is insignificant yet she sees so much beauty in everything. She loves every person she meets with so much passion that her body hurts. The amount of love that she has for water makes some people uncomfortable.

- Dylan DeGuzman
- Indigo Stewart

Lexi Yates, a young soul always living in the moment. Never waits for what is next to come but rather grasps an opportunity while it's good.
XOXO

Robert Yonts is Satan, Beelzebub, the Beast, and Lord of the Flies. Whatever name you want. He stands at ten feet tall with cloven hooves, a mans upper body, and horns. He has giant bat like wings and razor sharp teeth.

