

HARMACY

POETIC

MASKS

FORT ROSS SCHOOL

2010

BRUTAL

ASSUME

Flo Rida "Duga"

LMAFO "La La La"

David Guetta with his Girl "Memories"

Lil Jon "Lil Jon"

Pitbull "Pitbull"

Three 6 Mafia "3"

SNUS



Medical costs

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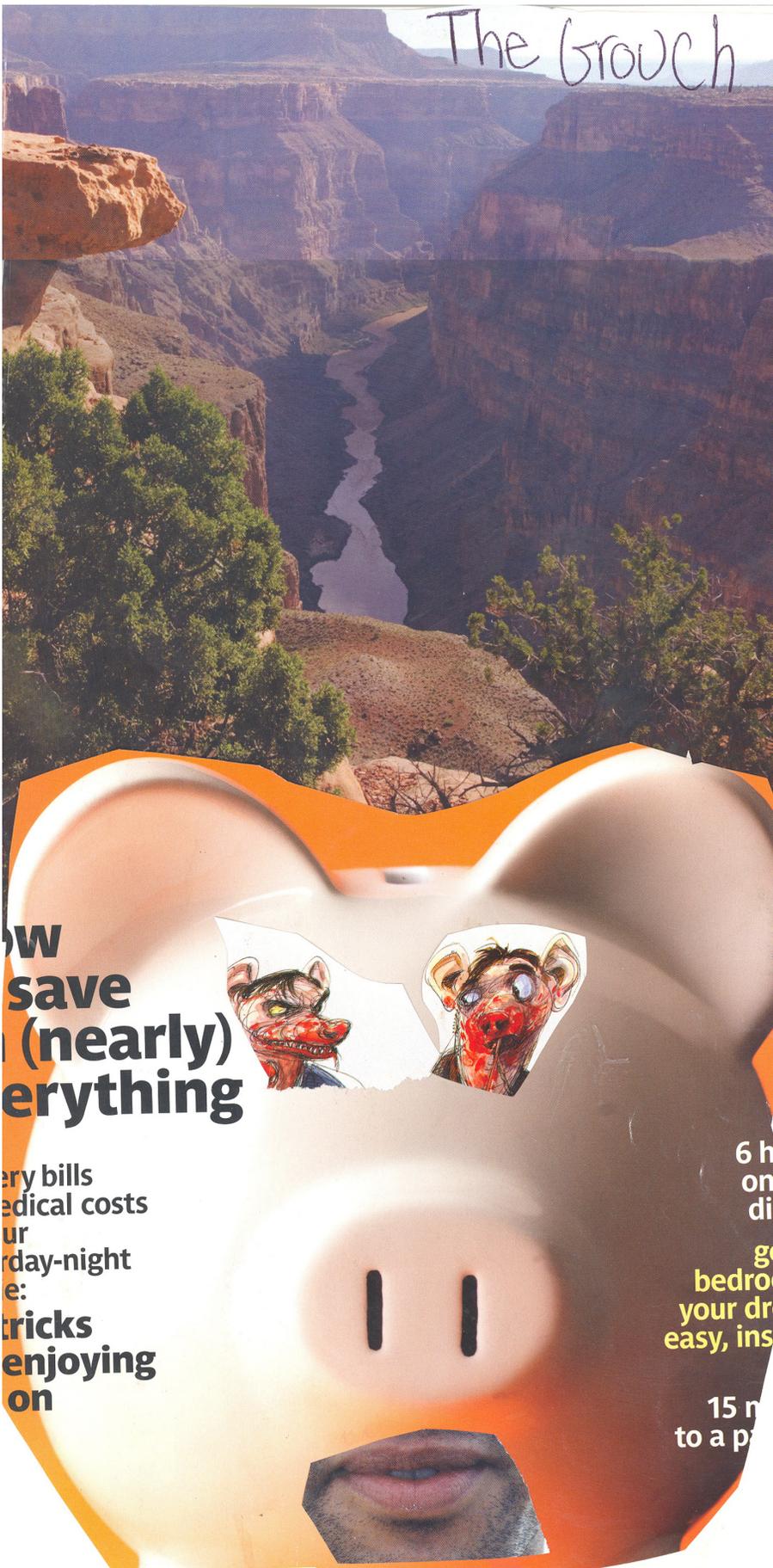
2nd nose



2ND NOSE

Clouds and sun express
the different moods my brain chooses
eyes are the warm coffee
that fill the body
making it warm after a cold time
my heart is rich with love and care
the chest is a lonely soul watching
the beautiful sunset
of the worlds darkest day
ankles are batteries,
soon to be out of charge from running
on the field of a soccer game
toes and feet knots wanting
to be rubbed out of confusion
mouth is a locked up chamber for eternity
ears are hearing the music when silent
head is the ice that melts
when the clouds come over
my stomach and sides are sensitive
to a touch of skin
my right arm is a boat
being pushed away on the river of words
my pencil traveling
on the never ending lined paper
left hand the nose
that's not on my face

Ashley
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher



The Grouch

THE GROUCH

I am the heart of the Grand Canyon
I am the pig of the universe
My eyes are devilish
when my stomach growls
it means I need more meat
My mouth means the world to me
if I didn't have it
I would die

Ali
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher

How to save (nearly) everything

every bills
medical costs
our
day-night
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tricks
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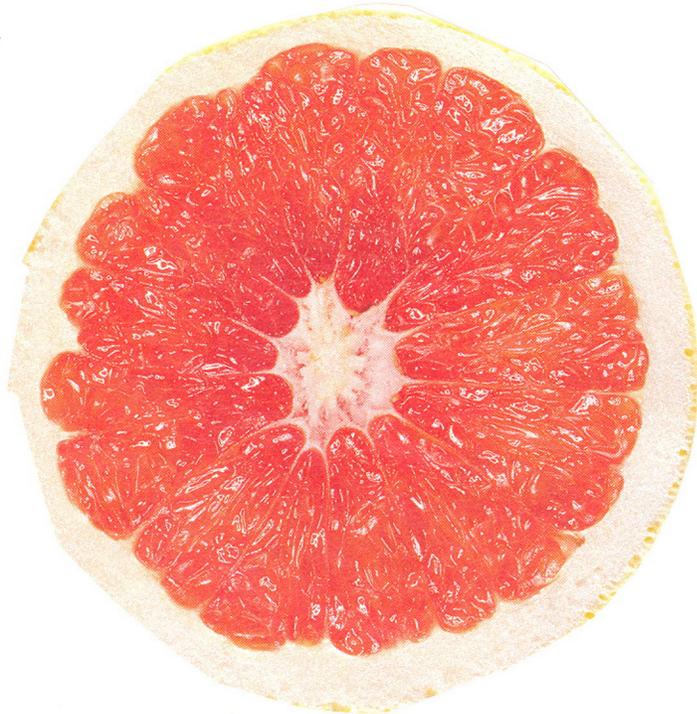
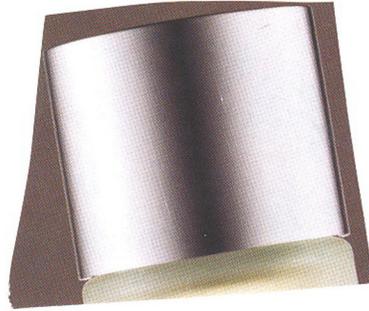
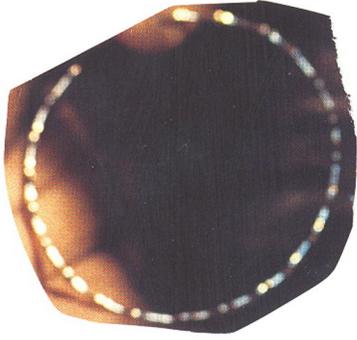


SECRETS

My face is full of secrets
my smile is like gold
but most of the time the gold is fake
my hair is long like vines
my face has many discoveries
like a forest of flowers

Irene
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher

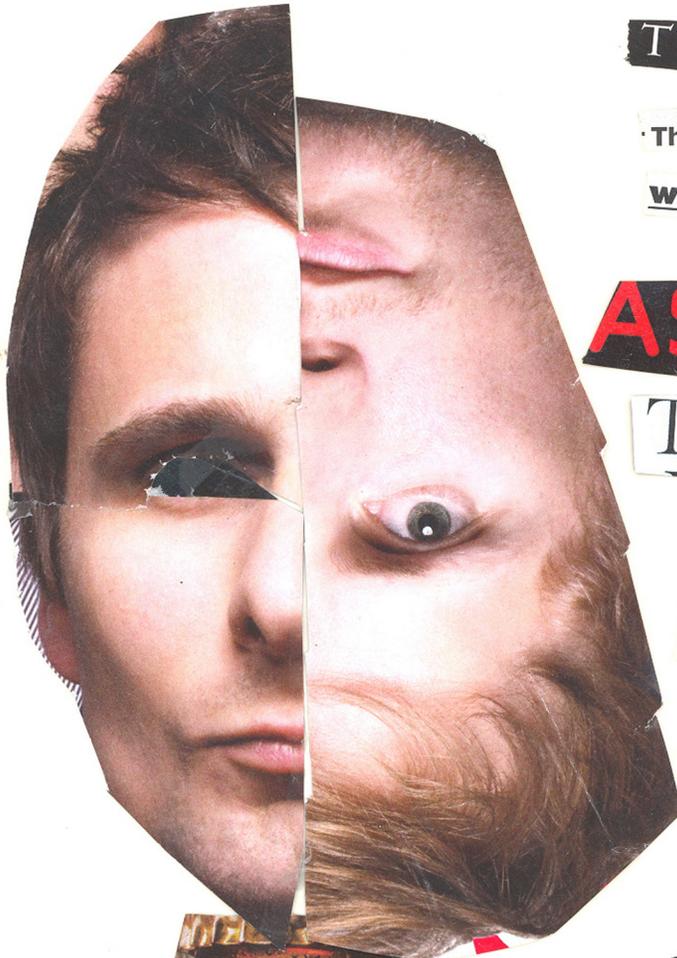
My weird
face of not me



MY WEIRD FACE OF NOT ME

My smile is a colorful shoe
my nose is a huge grapefruit
my eyes are different shapes
that is my face

Julia
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher



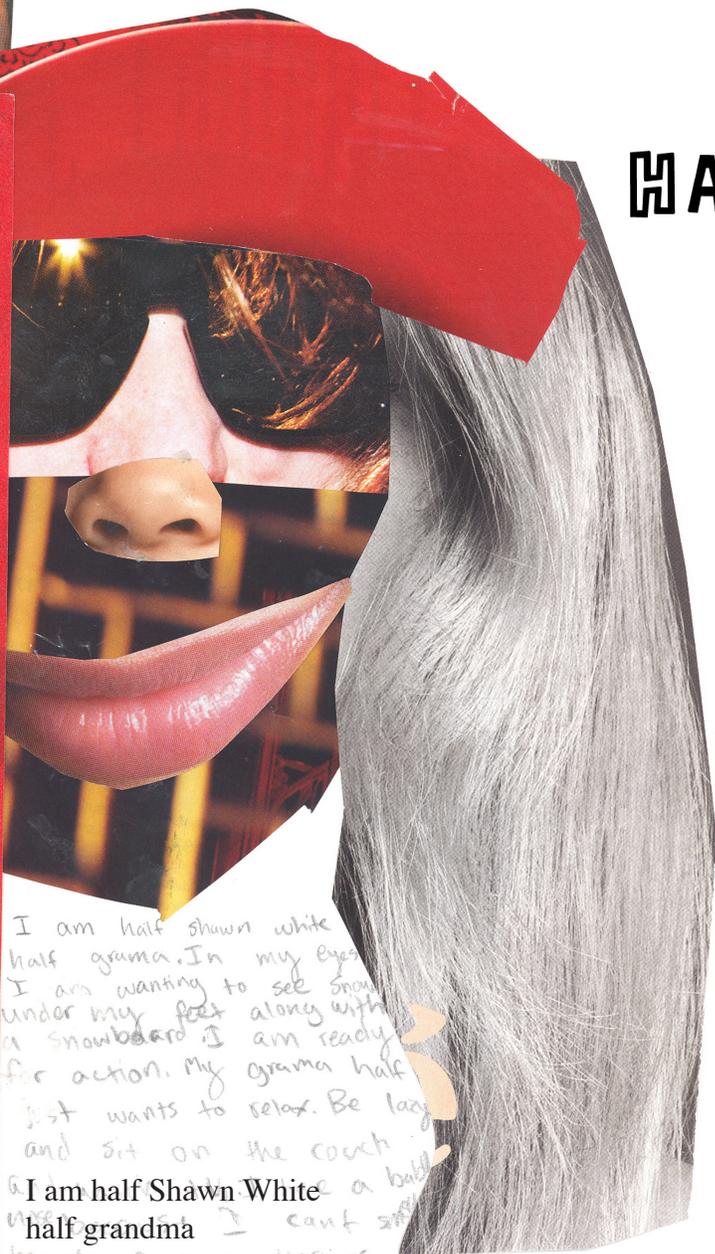
WE HATE
THE PURPOSE
That corporate
washington IS
ASSUME ing
THAT WE
ARE
TOO BRO
like TC
PAY. the banks

Thomas Gregson
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher



half 3/4 half

HALF & HALF



I am half Shawn White
half grama. In my eyes
I am wanting to see snow
under my feet along with
a snowboard I am ready
for action. My grama half
just wants to relax. Be lazy
and sit on the couch

I am half Shawn White a bald
half grandma I can't smell
much from my allergies.

In my eyes, I am wanting
to see snow under my feet
along with a snowboard
I am ready for action
my grandma half just wants to relax
be lazy and sit on the couch and watch tv
I have a bald nose
because I can't smell much
from my allergies

Sage
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher

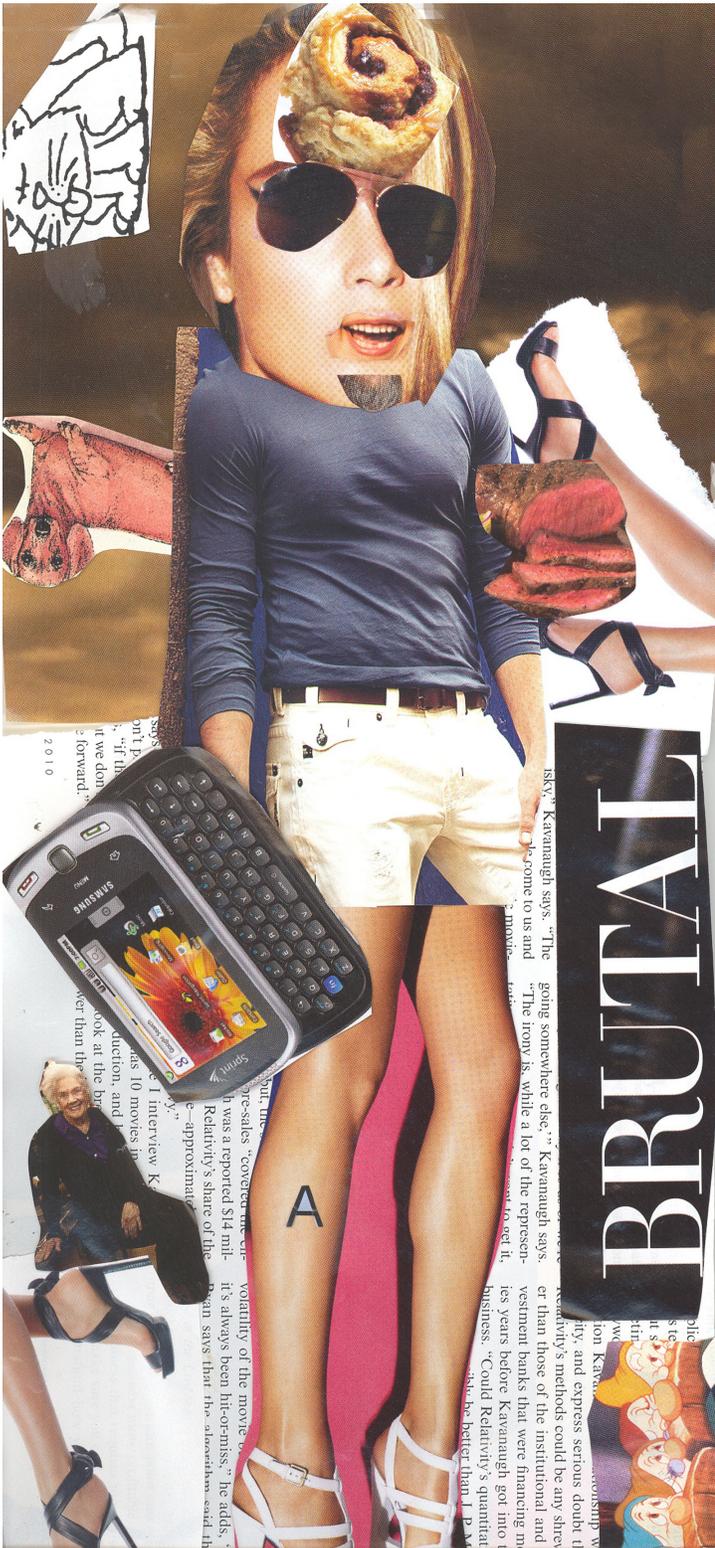
THE WEIRDO

Money is in its eyes
It sees fame and glory
painting is in its heart
it feels the brush
stroking up and down on the paper
it wants to go to a doors concert
it looks proud
its message is that people should go green

Cesar
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher



GIRL OF THE SILVER SUNRISE



the aching of my heels
turns my brain into a cinnabun
I can't take the pain
of close friends walking all over me
I hide my emotions with dark glasses
the old lady beneath me sings with the dwarfs
my cell phone is useless when I have a shell
I'm more brutal than fried legs of the dessert
my dog is close, ain't no cats up in here
my coat keeps me warm
the story of life is under my facial hair
I must use a piggy tail
my mouth will grow as I become older
my heels are as sharp as the pin through my heart
I'm not emo
I just have sinus issues
my hair is like the best blizzard in Egypt
the road to the free is full of little mustaches
filled with spitty kitty kats
I hope my abs even out with my breast area
pigs with one eye make me feel secure
the grinding song of my life
is Satisfaction
because that's what I'm searching for
I'm in LOVE
I can't tell
it's a secret
Barak Obama
he's so forceful
come with me to the land of Oz
and you can have golden mustache areas

love the girl of the silver sunrise

Kelsi
Fort Ross School
Blake More, Poet Teacher