

A CREATIVE COLLECTION

POETRY ISLAND

by ENGL 251 Class of 2018

IN GOOD SHAPE WHILE IN GOOD MOOD

Poetry Island Isla de la Poesía

**COPYRIGHT © 2018 BY ENGLISH/ENGL 251 CLASS FALL TERM
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

This collection of poems designed by Hart E. Bullock is for learning usage only and is not permitted for publication for any purpose without permission. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from those authors. If the author has any objections to this collection, please email hartbullock@pm.me or call (+1) 864-389-2288.

**COPYRIGHT © 2018 POR INGLÉS / ENGL 251 CLASE OTOÑO
TODOS LOS DERECHOS RESERVADOS**

Esta colección de poemas diseñada por Hart E. Bullock es para uso exclusivo de aprendizaje y no está permitida su publicación para ningún propósito sin permiso. Ninguna parte de este libro puede reproducirse o utilizarse de ninguna forma ni por ningún medio, ya sea electrónico o mecánico, incluidas fotocopias y grabaciones, o mediante cualquier sistema de almacenamiento y recuperación de información, sin el permiso por escrito de dichos autores. Si el autor tiene alguna objeción a esta colección, envíe un correo electrónico a hartbullock@pm.me o llame al (+1) 864-389-2288.



ABOUT

The purpose of organizing and producing this collection is to record the creative works of class ENGL 251 and to facilitate their memory wrap in the future. This collection of poems contains 51 poems from 15 creative poets. All poets are listed in alphabetical order as follows.

*

Andrew Jameson
Hana Dorman
Hart Bullock
James Holbert
Jami Berkebile
Jarron Gravley
Jocelyn Knoitzer
Kalysta Addision
Kaylee Burdette
Landon Chapman
Margaret Gustafson
Robert Wohlfarth
Sophie Oder
Tyesha Elder
Waylon Ertle

**

*To all creative poets and beautiful minds
who highlighted this fall*



CONTENTS

Andrew Jameson

07 AN EXQUISITE CORPSE EXERCISE

Hana Dorman

08 TO BE MYSELF

09 SOLDIER ONE

09 BEACH DAYS

10 CHURCH BELLS IN CATHOLIC SCHOOL

11 BAD NIGHT FOR AN ALCOHOLIC

12 DEAR BABY

13 MY GREAT UNCLE'S FARM

14 COFFEE

15 BROTHERS DYNAMIC

Hart Bullock

16 MOONLIGHT SHADOW

17 PUMPKIN SPICE DRILL

18 HOW CAN WE FORGET THIS DATE

19 IN MEMORY OF CLAUDIA HAYNES

20 MASTER OF CEREMONY

James Holbert

- 21 I'M NOT THAT PRETTY**
- 22 LIFE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN**
- 23 FROSTBITE ITCHES MY TOES**

Jami Berkebile

- 24 A HUMAN'S DESIRE**
- 25 ALTANTIS**
- 26 SORRY**

Jarron Gravley

- 27 THOUGHTS THAT ENTER ONE'S MIND WHEN THEY CONSIDER LOST LOVE**
- 28 NIGHT TIDE**
- 29 FOR MY CREW**
- 30 FOR MY FATHER**
- 31 FOR MY MOTHER**
- 32 A MUSING ON NATURE**
- 33 A MUSING ON THE FAITH IN YESHUA**
- 34 GAZING INTO MY OWN STUPID MIND**
- 35 WASHING TO MEET MY BEST FRIEND MILES AWAY**

Jocelyn Knoitzer

- 36 DECEPTION**
- 37 BROKEN**

- 38** DARKNESS
- 39** THE ARRIVAL
- 40** THE BOY
- 41** THE DEEP ABBYSS

Kalysta Addision

- 42** IT IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS
- 43** EMULATE
- 44** HAZEY

Kaylee Burdette

- 45** PSYCHE
- 46** CHANGING SHAPE
- 47** AUTUMN
- 48** SILENCE

Landon Chapman

- 49** TRIALFICATIONS N' TRIBBYLATIONS
- 50** SACRAMENTS
- 51** STAINS

Margraret Gustafson

- 52** ALL IN A DAY'S WORK
- 53** SUNSET

54 UNSOLVED

55 FLEDGING UNFLEDGED

Robert Wohlfarth

56 PSYCHE

57 PARANOIA

58 GOOD MORNING

Sophie Oder

59 STATE LINE IN SEVEN HOURS

60 COURT JESTERS

61 BAKER'S DOZEN

Tyesha Elder

62 OVERCOMING THE PAIN

63 A GIRL'S POWER

64 LET YOUR FLAGS FLY

65 AN ANIMAL'S LIFE

66 AN ARTIST'S PAINTING

Waylon Ergle

67 STATE LINE IN SEVEN HOURS

68 THE NOBODY

An Exquisite Corpse Exercise

A lone version rifles robustly
As opaque crayfish move like a mandatory cavalcade.
Farouche falsettos gambol in glitz.

To Be Myself

To be myself
my crunch, earthy self
my kale-loving, jam band listening self

To be myself
my nature loving, mountain craving self my religionless, beer drinking self

To be myself
my liberal agenda pushing, tattoo having self my nail-biting, anxiety ridden self

To be myself
my six year relationship self, high school sweet heart labeled self
my shy, introverted, wander-lusting self

To be myself
and not to be accepted by my parents the ones I care about the most
the ones I never want to disappoint

To be myself
the hardest thing to do the easiest thing to do to be myself

Nonsense Poem #1: Soldier One

Along the lugubrious girth
I start to feel the twitch
Below my feet the rumble of Earth T'was I the honeyed snitch?

As I soldier on into the muck
my stomach and heart start to conjoin
For my soul is now eternally stuck
in my head is a sirens call, shiny as a gold coin.

Soldier One

Along the lugubrious girth
I start to feel the twitch
Below my feet the rumble of Earth
T'was I the honeyed snitch?

As I soldier on into the muck
my stomach and heart start to conjoin
For my soul is now eternally stuck
in my head is a sirens call, shiny as a gold coin.

Beach Days

The waves crash down
over the big lazy shore
the sea welcomes all

Church Bells in Catholic School

The constant, haunting bell
that dings on the hour
my hears sinks good and well
the scripture, to me, rotten and sour
Walking in a line with peers
looking like clones in plaid

holding a tight grasp on my fears
every homily strikes me hot and mad
For here I do not feel safe
I cannot speak my thoughts at all
I know deep down I have no faith
in this so called welcoming space

Bad Night for an Alcoholic

I try to escape the monster
A night of smoke filled rooms
and slurred words
lust and self-imposed confidence
I realize I have lost again
Lost the months of debilitating urges and thoughts
Last night I got it all back
Aren't I happy? Aren't I proud?
Just ecstatic about the nauseating
whiskey on my breath, the pounding
headache that rules my body's movements
the stained clothes on the floor
that reek of bitter poison
The people, the leather stools, the way the neon lights flicker
like a welcoming wave to come in
The terrific, over-played rock music
My mistakes have no excuse
all my work down the toilet with the
drinks from last night that my stomach couldn't handle
How to do tell my loved ones I've failed again?
and again
and again
Hide it? Doesn't work
Fix it? Doesn't work
Right now it seems I need somebody
to put me in a new direction, to distract me from myself
to tell me I am a worthy human who can come back from all this
all this pain, and false happiness
Right now it seems I need a drink

Dear Baby

The valley of the infant's sound
the tiny gump that wears the crown
Ferrous as I am irrelevant now
how helpless he is, now take bow
Feed, sleep, and defecate
For my parent's love to him is bait
unknowing how turgid he is to me
resentment builds, my dear baby

My Great Uncle's Farm

As I'm walking through the farm
that I've always imagined as a child
I see an old house built in the 1930's
a barn with two rooms,
green rolling hills
empty crop fields
and a rusty tractor
I see an old retired race horse
that I have heard lots about
Now he is a work horse, skinny and frail
My uncle asked if I wanted to ride him
around the farm
Respectfully I said no out of fear
of hurting the poor animal
When evening comes, dust rolls over the hills
I see fireflies for acres and acres
Outside, I go to catch as many as I can
insects so foreign to me
like mythical fairies that only exist in made up stories
I catch some in an old mason jar
I put the jar by my bed like a trophy
I awake the next morning
excited to see my magical jar
They have all died
I lay there in my bed
and find myself thinking about the horse
What a hard life he has
Once a glorious, purposeful life
now quickly aging into a tired old useless creature
A part of me wishes he was the one I caught in the jar,
forgetting to poke the holes in the lid
releasing him from his uneventful existence
I have always longed to be wild and free
as he never was
Running barefoot like Huckleberry Finn
sucking the authenticity out of this life
I have dreamed of this farm
and all the adventures I would encounter
all the stories I would file away and share with my friends
back home in the city
All I have gained is a false sense of wonder
a longing for a world and reality that does exist
Deep down I know I will never stop looking
for exciting moments to put into my mason jar
what a summer for a twelve year old girl

Coffee

The smell of morning
a warm mug around my hands
wakes me up so well

Brothers Dynamic

A young brother sneaking around
letting his older brother in
drunk from the early evening
throughout the whole night
with a slurred speech
he calls his younger brother
asking him to let him in
the younger boy of course agrees
He wants the approval, the love
The younger boy checks
if his parents are sound asleep
there are so he calls his older brother back
tells him he has unlocked the door
The older brother comes stumbling in
thanks the younger for his help
trips up the stairs to his room
and falls quickly asleep
The younger brother stays awake for hours
wondering if the older is thankful
if he did enough for him
if he is a worthy sibling
He lays awake an accomplice
to the older one
hoping his parents will never know
he feels guilty and sick
unlike the older brother
who has no conscience at all
the younger brother holds
a lot of weight on his shoulders
nervous and scared the next morning
The older brother never speaks of this again
until the next weekend of fun

Moonlight Shadow

Sweet as it shows up
Out there in the dark
Lights up my world
At every midnight

No such a scene has come to my mind
Or set a clock to knock upon my head

Where stars of luck
Spring their dust
And blind my sight
Out of a mask

Pumpkin Spice Drill

Climbing the hill of my will that can fail
With my tail caught by the ill
Dropping the pill at my heel that may kill
Against my bill ground by the nail
Checking the mail of my feel that does yell
Beyond the mill cursed by the hell
Telling the veil of my sale that smells of oil
Upon the dial spoiled by the deal
Stealing the bell of my seal that pulls chill
Over the shell covered by the refill
Keeping the bail of my girl that won't heal
Through the aisle posed by the trial
Lifting the pearl of my gill that shall detail
Until the wheel cooked by the real

How Can We Forget This Date

We cannot let this date peel our heart
We cannot let this mood boil our mind
We cannot let this shock spoil our talk
We cannot let this bark ruin our park
How can we forget this date
We cannot

In Memory of Claudia Haynes

Age of sweetness sours the devious
Landing between lips
Then disappears.

Page of silence clamors the violence
Swimming across fingers
Then escapes.

Edge of Florence kisses the glorious
Dumping beyond accidents
Then expires.

Judge of righteousness ignores the obvious
Mixing up juices
Then retires.

Cage of breath impounds the curious
Spilling over legends
Then croaks.

To Claudia Haynes, an angel called to heaven
Where's no more forgiven

Master of Ceremony

Velocity comes and go, deer's shadow on the roll
Incoming Waltz dyeing beasts
Colors night and coaches light

Tears of joy throw me a show
O
Relax

In the crowd, there's pride
Applause, my dear friend

I'm Not That Pretty

Hot neon colors burn my skin
Waiting in line, doors should have opened at Ten

Cool wind shivers exposed legs
Old men stare at me, their sag bag begs

The line moves forward
I know what I must do
I am so sorry baby girl
This one is all for you.

Life in the Garden of Eden

I arise as Greene dust
The wind blows me
The rain showers me
The sun guides me

By the grace of God, I'll be beautiful
Having bright florescent petals
Everyone will lust over me

I'll be so beautiful someone will free me from this stem
They will treasure me
Perhaps I'll be something worthy of value

For the time being I have teeny rose buds
My vessel concrete, this journey of mine continues
All the other beauties have already bloomed,
Leaving me with ferocious ill will,
My buds started late in the March
You want to be beautiful in this garden,
You have to fight.

I branch myself with strength and dignity
Though I be little, I am fierce
Now, I rise.

Frostbite Itches My Toes

My heart beats clement
Nervous sweats or cozy content
I can't decipher

I lie in striped chains wrapped in silk
His body snores next to mine
I don't feel invited, but I continue to stay
Either way,

I sleep cemented in cross country dreams
I wake up every day
Reminded of this mans artwork.
Keeping my hair down
I continue to beat my face with more makeup.

Running into the kitchen, I mustn't be late
Eggs are made scrambled
Topped with cheese that's shredded
The toast is sliced twice

I did a good job this morning,
This might not happen tomorrow.

I decide to congratulate myself with a bath.
I have my feet in a foot of water,
All it takes is a teaspoon from what I hear..

I decide to thank myself with Freedom
I put on lipstick,
(He hated when I tried to look pretty)
I put on jewelry,
(He never bought me any, so mine will erode.)

I put on joyful music,
(He rarely listened, so neither did I.)
I make a glass of wine
Cheers to putting him in my past,
Cheers for finally leaving him,
Cheers to a happy ending.

I drink until my sweet tongue taste bitter
I float for a minute,
then I submerge in the coziest comfort

My last thoughts are silent but that's okay,
My voice remained silent as well.

A Human's Desire

A faerie lad stares,
at a ferrous mist,
that shrouds a tale of prayers.

In a cordate lake,
filled with waters of acid,
lays a truth left in a pirate's wake.

Writhing in wait,
the clear water stirs,
for those who will take the bait.

A treasure so fond,
a hearts deepest desire,
nestled in this deathtrap pond.

The Fountain of Youth,
bound for souls of the greedy,
both tainted and uncouth.

Or the River of Styx,
bounds for souls that do not wish,
for a temporary fix.

Atlantis

At the place beneath the waves,
lies a city turned into myth.
A city many believe is false,
And only a few believe true.

Aquatic life thrives in the shelters,
protected from the ocean's fury.
Streets lined with ancient buildings,
housing the most unlikely of guest.

Mermaids stay to the east of the city,
where the sun shines off the glittering shells.
Joyful sounds play all throughout the day,
leaving the city open to trade.

To the darkness of the west,
holds the sirens of lore.
At night the haunting singing begins,
pulling unwitting stranger to their deaths.

The once grand city,
now hidden ruins.
The sought-after utopia,
Atlantis.

Sorry

I dislike most plays.

Write a play, I wish to not.

Plays are not for me.

Thoughts That Enter One's Mind When They Consider Lost Love

I guess you were on my mind today.
I wondered if you were happy. I prayed you were.
In these years, I guess I tried to move forward.
Yeah, maybe that's all I could do. Being stuck here, loving you.
It's dumb.
Really is.
I kinda hate it,
You know.
Shoulda moved on when I could.
But
You're too perfect.
You know that,
Right?
Right!?
Why am I writing this, then!?
This isn't even a real form or poem.
No.
But it's my feelings.
Like word vomit.
It's not pretty.
Built up for six long years, over half a decade, 16 became 22 awfully fast.
You were there. I saw you. You saw me.
You were made of the light. I didn't mind being blinded. Because it was you.
The sky of night needs to be lit once in a while. The sun hasn't risen because I don't want to tell you.
I'm scared.
Scared to tell you.
I miss you.
I.
Miss.
You.
You already did what I needed:
To move forward.
Who would I be if I didn't know you.
I certainly wouldn't be writing this crap.
Why do I even start.
You popped into my head.
I thought I was doing okay.
But I can't let you out.

Night Tide

As I gaze upon the void of a night sky, I see the path ahead.
As I walk towards it,
The thoughts that swirled

Were the endless grains of sand,
And I was the turbulent waves.
Sitting down and feeling the breeze brought mild comfort,
Though I knew it was not to last.
Neither did she.
The stacks of sea foam came

And went as I set foot towards them. The smell of salt,
I inhaled and exhaled,
And passes through me.

I was the waves.
I have finally let go.

For My Crew

They often remind me

I am never alone.

My friends always guide me

Even when far from home.

For My Father

Strong and wise,
But not afraid to hurt or feel.
A rock; a tower who defends
And keeps grounded and real.

For My Mother

One who works until the end.
Teacher, healer, friend to all.
Never giving up even if you fall.
For all my days I'll stand by you,
And never let you fail.

A Musing on Nature

Trees
Shed their leaves,
But yet,
They still stand,
And eventually the leaves grow back.

A Musing on the Faith in Yeshua

Everything
Dies, but the Word,
Lives on.
We all fade,
Though we have been made new,
Everything we are,
Born again,
From all the love from you.

Gazing into My Own Stupid Mind

Am I really
What my mind
Tells myself I
Am?

I would hope not,
Because
I despise him.
Me.

Why do I think
How I do?
Time to move on.
Live.

Wishing to Meet My Best Friend Miles Away

Someday
Maybe
The both of us will be
In the same place.

Perhaps
Truly
Our eyes could meet, our hearts
In an embrace.

I pray.
Someday.
Fervently.

Your health.
Your happiness.
All insecurity.
Will fade.

I would give anything
To see our someday.

Deception

Today the sun
was up so high
That I thought
maybe I could fly
But then I realized
I was just an alibi

Broken

Remember the days when
We laughed
We cried
We sang
We danced
We loved
Those were the days
Then they were gone
In a blink of an eye
You had left me
Making me
Lost
Sad
Broken
While you were happy
But now I know
I must let go
Goodbye best friend

Darkness

The darkness
It lurks
It lives through you
Taking the happiness
Making the good days turn bad
It lives on your pain
Pain that never leaves
You let it take over
It's not worth the fight
Nothings worth the fight
Silently it lives within you
Waiting for you to break
The darkness
That hides inside

The Arrival

Summer turns to dust
As the sky goes dusk
Crimson leaves fall

The wind blows and trees rustle
Melancholy sweaters return
Time seems to slow

The warmth of coffee
runs through my cold veins
providing me with a warm hug

Hello autumn
I have awaited
your great arrival

The Boy

Christmas lights glisten
The silence listens
Shhhh....
The snow falls in slow motion
All around the town moves like an ocean
It's time
The bells chime
Children beam with joy
Except for the poor boy
Who sits alone
Cold as a stone
There he cries
Not a surprise

The Deep Abyss

The night is here
The stars so clear
The moon shines bright
Such a quiet night
Tossing and turning
My mind is whirling
The time is near
To jump off that pier
Now I must go
Deep into the shallows

It Is Not What It Seems

Walking.
To the uninviting door
I lose my, breath
Trying to take it all in.
I feel a reoccurring tragedy
Underneath my feet,
One before the other.
Stepping over the
Broken.
Cracks of the walk way,
aligned with a garden
Of flowers
Manifested.
With weeds taking over the
Beautiful imagery.
As the leading walk way
Draws me to the
Uninviting, door
Trapped behind the
Broken.
Stairway imbedded with
cracked cement,
carefully creeping
up the steps I
stop.
without hesitation
my breath
becomes short as
I am attacked by an
Eerie
Feeling from inside
I enter the beautiful
Threshold.
That's not so beautiful
My body reacts with
Confusion.
Of the deceiving looks,
The door portrays.
By entering a warm filled house
That's always,
Cold.
Craving.
The satisfaction of being
Suffocated.
My whole life
By one,
Single.
Threshold.

Emulate

The blacking muck,
In the mug.
Steams of lukewarm
Caffeine waiting,

To be devoured,
for someone to chug.
Until empty.
Patiently craving,

To feel the warmth
Of a tight snug.
Around the cup with cold hands
Savoring,

The coffee inside
That's an addictive drug.
Its impossible to let go
With the saving,

Pleasure of there always being more.

Hazy

The empty room
Is jolted by a pleasant surprise,
Of a dashing cat
Across the floor.

The excitement of
Her owner being home,
Gives her energy
Of wanting more.

Affection she gets
With a cuddling,
Hug she's been waiting
All day for.

Psyche

Scales of iridescent pearl
And eyes blue as the ocean
Soft pink, baby girl
Constantly in motion

Red tipped crowns
Make up your tail
Erasing my frowns
In this, you never fail

You patrol your palace
Rocks smooth and plants spiky
Despite your species, you hold no malice
My Crowntail Betta, Psyche

Changing Shape

Often, when I was younger
I was lost in the imaginary world
Always changing in perspective
And changing my points of view

A pillow on my back
Scurrying through the hall
Swiftly going from place to place
I took on the mantle of the armadillo

Swimming in a pool
Jumping from the water
And diving back in an arch
Chattering, as if I truly were a dolphin

I often ponder those olden days
Where we had the freedom to play
I wonder why it was so much easier
For us to change our shape

Autumn

Leaves fall to the ground

Cooling winds flow through the air

The best time of year

Silence

Silence is broken by the toll of bells;
A midnight raven circles above
From chocolate eyes moisture wells
Upon the sight of a motionless dove.

Sapphire skies darken to black
Idyllic scenery long gone
Marching forward with no way back
The ill-gotten fate of the pawn
Deafening blasts fill their ears
But for him it remains clear
As others wrestle with their fears
The bells are all he can hear

Chocolate eyes lose their shine
Overcome by the haze
The bell does ring, moved by twine
For his ancestor's sins he pays

And finally, blessed silence
Brought by the final toll

Trialfications n' Tribbylations

It's hard to live in the city
But then
It's hard to live anyplace.
With all these here opinions and problems

No, it don't seem like platitdudes n' sympathy gunna cut it
Not no more
Not with all them there fake news,

Them there revelations,
All them big bad predators.

Seems like something else might could do though
Seems that thing might could be

Answers

But might could be bullets too.
Perchancin' it might not be so dad-gum hard to live in the city
Or anywhere else for that matter

If the man behind the curtain,
the hare,
and the hatter

Would just come out and say what them sumbitches been up to

Over the last ten
Sumbitchin years.

Maybe if we stopped using these here wooden swords to fight these very real dragons
Maybin' it might not be so sumbitchin' hard

To live in the city
Or anyplace else.
Might could be,
But probably not.
Take us home lord Jesus!
Bring on the fire n' brimstone!

Demolishicate us as Saddam Hussein and Gogomoreuh!
O! Jesuslord!
Whys it gotta be so
goldanged difficult

To live in this here city
N' anyplace else?

Sacraments

Last night,
looking for a higher meaning.

I took to potencies.
I fell into my bed,
with pupils wider than my eyes.

Golgotha rose above me.
The three bleeding monuments stabbed into the air.

I crawled up his naked body.
I tore hair from his beard.
I bit off fingers.
I pushed thumbs through eyes.

Reached in through the spear hole,
ripped out his guts.

Drank all his shit.
Drained him of the blood and water.

Christ, the sweetness of it all.
The crucifix reeled over,
not supporting my vampiric girth.
I had eaten every last piece,
loincloth and all.
Thorns stuck in my teeth.

My stomach rumbled,
"I forgive you my son".
I belched a mighty belch.
"What's done is done".

I woke cold and shivering,
The needle hanging out my arm.
I curled fetal and quivering.

How could I imagine such voracious harm?
To which my stomach rumbled,

"Kill the man,
be a god."

Stains

Last night I threw up
Missed the toilet
Oh well

Nobody here
to worry

About the smell
I tried to walk outback

Ran into the screen door
in the
kitchen

My ears rang
my hands were
twitching

All of the stupid things
I've been
through

Screendoors
Fights
You

Maybe I fucked up.
Maybe I should have
Stayed

Maybe I shoulda tried harder
Maybe your mind might have
changed

Nah

I wipe the blood from my nose
And the vomit off
my mouth

Stained sleeves
Under the Milky Way
somewhere
in the south

All in a Day's Work

In a wander through blood-muck and ferrous spears
a rapacious volley the white wraith hears
and through the flesh-thin ergot of his coat
a puncture of conjoined rot the arrowheads wrote.

The wraith press on, hungry like tides,
while the fallen around in open terrain writhes.
And in a moment, clutched like a handle
there a soldier grabbed the wraith's sandal.

His ribs vibrated in an unhealthy pant
and the wraith looked down, almost building a rant.
The wraith shook his head and grasp crumbled like cordite:
In response a scoff, a grin, a shrug of "You're right".

The soldiers afar fell to the ground,
tired and abject and void of sound,
hearing weak whispers, "Guard not your dead,
or else the wraith too will collect your head."

Sunset

The light died today.
Dusk dips below horizon,
wraith in undertow.

Unsolved

There in the snow lies a man
out where the cold wind blows
and leeches life from freezing flesh.

There in the snow lies a man, dead
and hidden amongst skeletal brush
under the canopy of pale gray sky.

There in the snow lies a man, dead, lacerated
with many gaping mouths wrought
into his opened abdomen.

There in the snow lies a man.
I knew him once before
the fire of moonshine
and flash of steel
ripped our partnership
into a bloodstained memory.

And as it stands,
the cash is mine,
the still is safe,
and the fallen snow cloaks my rage.
Leaving you there,
lying,
just like you used to.

Fledgling Unfledged

A battered puff-ball waits for his dad,
sitting at the foot of a tree.
When help does not immediately come,
he begins to climb.
First a hop, a step, a scramble of wings,
drawn out from newly grown primaries.
Then, another wait and an ignored scream;
he's old enough to hang out on his own.
Finally, the beating of strong wings
reassures the puff-ball that he isn't alone.
After all,
he still has down to shed.

Gaia's Farewell

I hear it now, the land is breathing
The mountains blink against the morning
The sunlight shines upon the prairies
The breeze whispers the final warning

The forests cry, the trees lamenting
Every hill awaits conclusion
For those who stayed, their cities tremble
They witness now their resolution

The valley's maw opens in hunger
The heavens screech with rain and thunder
The rivers weep, they flood in sorrow
Away they wash mankind's tomorrow

The oceans crash against the beaches
Far past the coast the water reaches
The surface cracks with ash and fire
Their marvels burn, their final pyre

And as she tears apart our world
Watching every life ascending
We must depart, so farewell mother
Away we leave to find our ending

Paranoia

I look behind me
My eyes say nobody's there
But I won't trust them

Good Morning

Last night, I could have sworn
I had more hair on my legs
That my skin was not so bruised
And didn't smell quite so strong

I was wearing a different shirt, I think
I don't recall owning this one
Or ever seeing it, for that matter

My breath did not taste like vinegar
And my teeth didn't feel like chalk
There were no long, wiry hairs in the carpet
Interspersed with dead lice and spiders

My trash had not been taken to the curb
In water jugs and propane tanks
With a man I've never seen sleeping among the refuse

Surely my shoes had not been turned inside-out
The fridge was not filled with model submarines
The doorways had not been turned to guillotines
And there was no tree growing from the washing machine

The wallet in my pants was certainly my own
And I can assure you the ID was not German
And that there were no JC Penney coupons that expired in 2003

The garage doors had not been relocated to the roof
There was no dead cow on my porch, leaking battery acid
And I don't recall the sun ever rising in the west
Nor the marvel of three black moons against a technicolor sky

So if anyone could inform me, I'd appreciate it
As I have absolutely recollection
Of what the actual fuck happened last night

State Line in Seven Hours

A risen lump is excised
And the gash folds inwards,
The trees overwhelm me
But the road winds on, before
Plunging into my birth place.

A fortuitous dream of
A bull-headed alignment,
But nothing of sour milk
Or of a vow of sickness
And a young miser's promise.

Your affection could not cross
A bent string, held for an ant,
That bridges the universe.
We share a mind, and a chin,
But still, we are not alike.

Court Jesters

A honeyed hat;

a man of the rich!

Fames of ferrous, ferocious;

not a twitch!

Salacious siren

with a switch!

A patron, and a pant;

too high a pitch!

A who, and which?

Alas a eunuch!

Then, atrocious addition;

an itch!

Baker's Dozen

First flour dusted on granite,
And the whir of a whisk,
And the thump of dough
That springs upwards
Like daffodils in March
Shaking off the cold,
Then, leaves, and leavening,
And chaff and hops, and yeast,
And a sink full of dishes
That won't wash themselves.
And an insistent buzz that calls
For eggs and a brush and
A toothpick and foggy lenses.

And then.

You tiptoe for a big boy chair,
And you bubble the soap,
And you splash it into your hair.
And you smack your damp palms,
And show your small round teeth,
And your big wet grin,
And laugh your sweet laugh.
And you tug my pants,
And suck your thumb
And rub your ringlets
Through the mess I left.
I tap your nose, and kiss your cheek
And I tear you off a piece to eat.

Overcoming The Pain

She is overwhelmed
with the pain
of love and
loss or happiness.

Causing distress
driving her into
a state of madness.

A stake is driven
through the beating
heart of the enemy.

A Girl's Power

A girl is powerful
yet strong and
will not be
stopped.

Girls and women
of all races
can come together
to make a
big difference.

Let Your Flags Fly

Flags mean many things

but the most
important one is,
the one that makes
you feel like who
you really are,
on the inside.

Don't be afraid
to flaunt your
true self to
the world, and
show others its
okay to be free.

An Animal's Life

Animals are a
human's best friend
with four legs
or no legs at all.

They become a part
of your heart, that
seems to thrive on
the smiles and tail wags.

When these things
suddenly stop, your
heart will stop
as well.

The anger and
sadness will, keep
you company, for
a while.

But,
one day your
heart will once
again thrive.

On the familiar
sounds that were
once were lost
but now are found,
once again.

An Artist's Painting

An artist is bursting
with emotion. They search day
and night, high and low
for the perfect outlet
for these emotions. The
canvas the artist is using,
is a giant clean white wall.

The paint is an assortment
of colors from the rainbow.

This helps the artist be
able to express the emotions,
they don't have words for.

The artist takes hold of one
Large and one small paint brush.
They dip the brushes in one
Bright color and one dark color.

He flings the brushes
Towards the wall and works
For hours, perfecting and
making
Sure, this piece reflects how
The emotions make them feel.

The artist is finally satisfied
With the artist's painting.

The Day That Lost Its Meaning

Arriving at the field, I was ready to play
We were facing a rival, an exciting gameday
Baseball was my life, my passion, my game
Always good to me, bad days never came

We finished pregame, to the lockers I went
But there my perception, it became very bent
As I looked at my phone, my eyes widened in shock
And then for a moment, everything seemed to stop

There was no more game
There was no more playing
There was no more passion
It seemed incorrect to do any of those things

I didn't want to leave
I didn't want to play
I didn't know what to do
I just sat and cried

Why?
The question rolled through my head
I looked to the sky hoping to see the new angel
Tears blocking my view

The first bad day had come.

The Nobody

There they were
Sitting in the corner
Eyes never wavering from their task
A rather large book this time
For a moment, you thought about asking what they were reading
But you didn't
You kept walking

In the lunchroom
Again, there they were
Sitting alone, eating their meal
A turkey sandwich, with some chips and a soda
You started towards them
Your friends ask what you are doing
You blush and say, "nothing", quickly returning to their side

One day, you don't see them
Not in their usual spot
Not at their usual table in the lunchroom
You learn they won't be coming back
They didn't move, didn't change schools
You didn't know if you could have done anything
You didn't know why

And until today, you didn't know their name

**Now
Comes to An End,
Yet
Not for The End.**

These are all quite nice. They strike me with feeling and association. "Silence" is very Poe-esque (I swear it isn't because of references to ravens or bells) which is a compliment.

---Jarron Gravley

"Life In The Garden Of Eden" was the most beautiful poem. It made you really think about the little things that most people take for granted. To me it also showed me that becoming who you really want to be is a road that is only supposed to be traveled by you and only you.

---Tyesha Elder

My favorite poem was also "Let Your Flags Fly" as it is very personally important to me, and brings LGBT pride flags to mind, without outright stating it and all the while allowing others their own interpretations of it.

---Kaylee Burdette

Atlantis has that fantasy type theme to it, I enjoyed that you did that continuation of it. I want to know more about Atlantis, you could expand and make it a short story. I really enjoyed reading your writing because you seem to share a love of myths and fantasy type things as I do I can't wait to read more!

---Jocelyn Konitzer

I gotta say the mix between older diction and modern slang from your 1st poem is one of the funniest things I've come across in a reading. That being said, it really did make the fatigue and wariness of your narrator that much more prominent. I'd recommend trying different subject matter in the future; you do gore and grossness pretty well, lets see how you fare in other courses.

---Margaret Gustafson

I really liked The Deep Abyss
Loved the line deep in the shallows
Very neat contradiction and metaphor
My biggest critique would be the rhythm of Deception
It was really stilted and jarring
I wasn't sure if it was intentional
If it is I'm a fan.

---Landon Chapman

I really enjoyed how you played with line length in your poems. The varying lengths in "thoughts that enter one's mind..." really relayed the halting and rushed way that feelings occur. My favorite was Night Tide because I think that comparing the serene imagery with mild discomfort was a great move to make. I wonder if the collection of poems on your family should be condensed into one poem? The each have a similar format and message and I think it would be more fluid if they were consolidated. Overall, I really enjoyed your work!

---Sophie Oder

It was a good time
to sit there
and talk as I think

He said yes
She called no
Everybody would take the roll

Piece by piece
line after line
Enjoy our best high

You named cool
I yelled wow
How can we get enough after all?

---Hart Bullock

