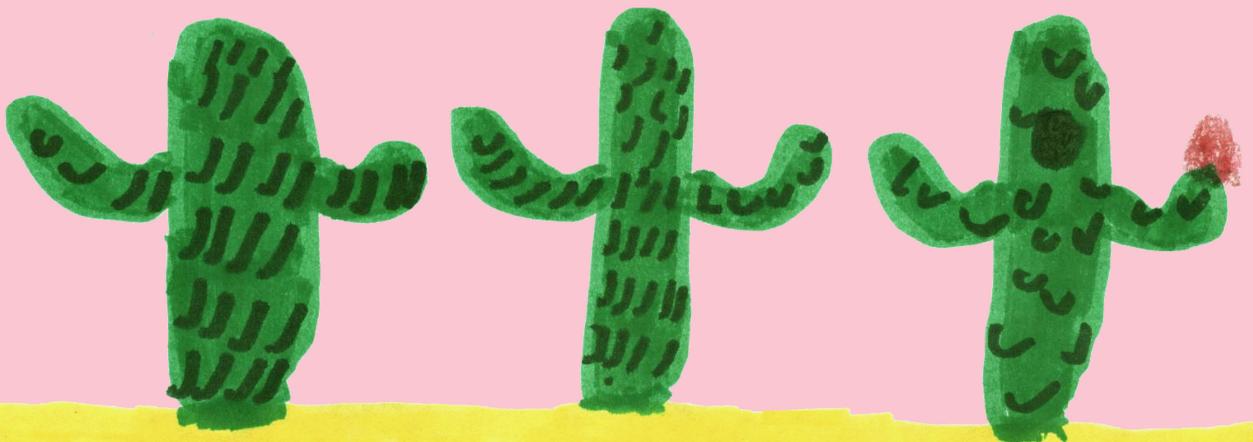
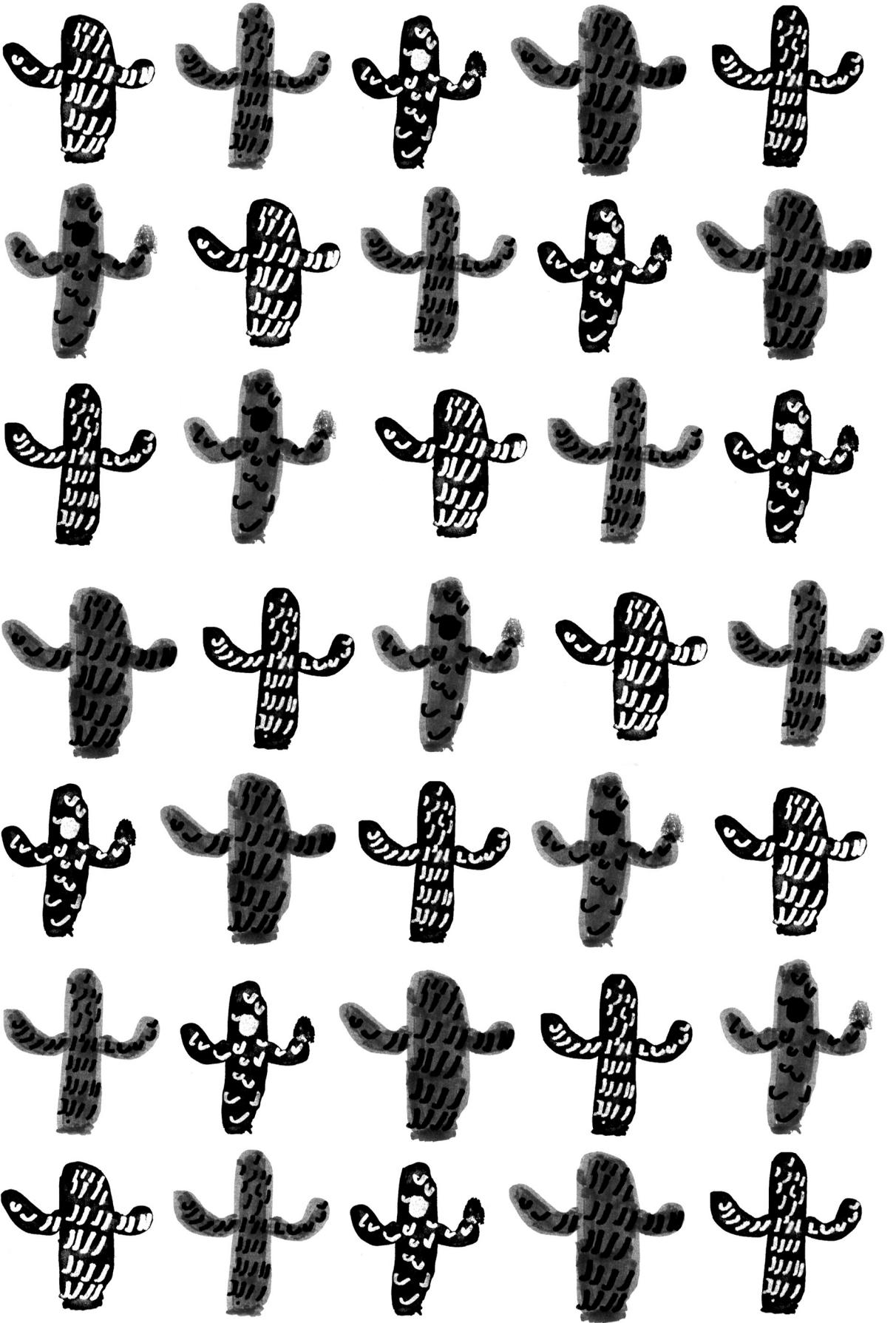


SLOWER THAN TREES



2014-2015

ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS POETRY ANTHOLOGY





SLOWER THAN TREES

**2014-2015 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS
POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

2014-2015 ARKANSAS WITS POETRY ANTHOLOGY

PROGRAM DIRECTOR AND ANTHOLOGY EDITOR

Megan Downey

FACULTY ADVISOR

Geoffrey Brock

VISITING WRITERS AND CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Cheyenne Autry, Caroline Beimford, Anthony Blake, Megan Blankenship, Kirsty Bleyl, Collin Callahan, Kevin Corbett, Cara Dees, Megan Downey, Willi Goehring, Zach Harrod, Kathleen Heil, Zach Hester, Josh Idaszak, Jesse Irwin, David Kinzer, JT Mahany, Suzanne Monroe, Michelle Myers, Alice Otto, Julia Paganelli, Diana Reaves, Molly Bess Rector, Larissa Sprecher, Chris Tamigi, Max Thompson

ADMINISTRATIVE SUPPORT

Shavawn Marie Smith, Sara Beth Spencer-Bynum, Brandon Weston

LAYOUT AND DESIGN

Megan Downey

COVER ILLUSTRATION

Logan Shelby, grade 3
Brookland Elementary, Brookland AR

ANTHOLOGY TITLE

from Liam Johnson's poem, "Mountains," which appears in this anthology
Greenbrier Public Schools, Greenbrier, AR

© 2015 Arkansas Writers in the Schools
University of Arkansas, Fayetteville.

To order additional copies of this anthology or to request a WITS visit to your school, please visit our website: www.arkansaswits.org.

Dedicated to Miller Williams,

1930 - 2015

who, among the many gifts he gave us, co-founded the University of Arkansas
MFA Program in Creative Writing & Translation,
brought poetry into Arkansas prisons, and advised WITS in its early stages.

And also for James Whitehead, always.

CONTENTS

- VII** ABOUT WITS
 - 3** ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE
Plumerville, AR
 - 6** AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL
Augusta, AR
 - 10** BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY
Brookland, AR
 - 15** BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL EAST ELEMENTARY
Leachville, AR
 - 18** BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY
Monette, AR
 - 22** CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY
Fort Smith, AR
 - 25** COOPER ELEMENTARY
Bella Vista, AR
 - 30** EMERSON ELEMENTARY
Emerson, AR
 - 35** GRACE HILL ELEMENTARY
Rogers, AR
 - 38** GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Greenbrier, AR
 - 45** LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE
Farmington, AR
 - 54** MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY
Little Rock, AR

- 61** MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL
Mountainburg, AR
- 67** NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL
Norfolk, AR
- 71** NORPHLET HIGH SCHOOL
Norphlet, AR
- 75** RICHLAND ELEMENTARY
West Memphis, AR
- 78** ROOT ELEMENTARY
Fayetteville, AR
- 89** SC TUCKER ELEMENTARY
Danville, AR
- 92** SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY
Alexander, AR
- 95** TAYLOR ELEMENTARY
Taylor, AR
- 100** VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY
Fayetteville, AR
- 108** VILONIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Vilonia, AR
- 111** WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER
Fayetteville, AR
- 113** WEAVER ELEMENTARY
West Memphis, AR
- 117** WESTSIDE ELEMENTARY
Hartman, AR

EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome to the forty-first edition of the Arkansas Writers in the Schools's Poetry Anthology. The poems included in this book were made by students across the state of Arkansas—ranging from grade 3 to grade 12—during our two-day residencies in their classrooms. To the best of our knowledge, the poems selected for this book consist entirely of student work. We may correct spelling and minor grammatical errors, but no significant editorial changes have been made to student work in the production of this anthology.

How do these poems happen? Every single poetry prompt and exercise that WITS brings into the classroom has been created by MFA writers at the University of Arkansas—either current or former members of the WITS Staff. Many of the students we meet have little familiarity with poetry and the arts when we first arrive. But WITS is not just about celebrating the arts; our program is designed to foster and emphasize attention to language, experimentation, associative thinking, risk taking, and creative problem solving.

Arkansas Writers in the Schools is grateful to all students, teachers, staff, and administrators who welcomed our visiting writers into their classrooms. We would especially like to thank the University of Arkansas MFA faculty and staff: Geoffrey Brock, Geoffrey Davis, John DuVal, Ellen Gilchrist, Allison Hammond, Michael Heffernan, Toni Jensen, Davis McCombs, and Padma Viswanathan; the English Department's administrative staff: Shavawn Smith, Sara Beth Spencer-Bynum, and Brandon Weston; and the program's longtime supporters and benefactors: Frank Broyles and Gen Whitehead Broyles, Dr. Collis Geren, Dr. Kathleen Whitehead Paulson and George Paulson, Kevin Trainor and Ruth Whitehead Trainor, Robert and Catherine Wallace, Eric and Jennifer Whitehead, Philip and Kamron Whitehead, Ted and Kelley Whitehead, and Elizabeth Oehlkers Wright. In addition, we would like to thank the Delta Arts Council for their long-standing support of our visits to schools in and around West Memphis.

Many thanks for your support,



Megan Downey
Director, Arkansas WITS, 2014-2015

ABOUT WITS: OUR MISSION

For over forty years, Arkansas WITS has empowered young people across the state of Arkansas by opening doors to self-expression, awareness, articulation, and creative problem-solving—all through the writing and sharing of poetry.

Arkansas WITS works with students and teachers from diverse backgrounds and makes a concerted effort to reach underfunded school districts in underserved parts of the state, places where many students come from low-income families and are considered “at risk” for dropping out of school.

OUR GOALS FOR ARKANSAN STUDENTS:

- to gain confidence with written and verbal communication skills
- to explore new avenues of self-expression and awareness
- to critically and creatively engage with the world around them
- to be active contributors to their communities’ creative culture
- to acknowledge the value of their own observations, singular experiences, and individual voices
- to share and learn from one another’s unique perspectives
- to pay close attention to language when reading and writing
- to take risks in invention and to experiment with creative problem-solving

The recognition and development of these skills will build a generation of leaders, inventors, and problem-solvers, which is especially important when we’re moving into an economy in which ideas and language carry the most capital value. Arkansas WITS believes that poetry is a way of seeing and a means of engagement, and that writing is not only an act of thinking, but that it is active thinking.

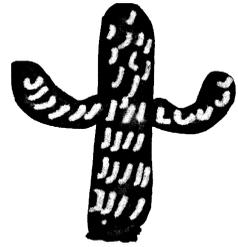
ABOUT WITS: OUR HISTORY

The University of Arkansas's Poetry in the Schools (PITS) program was created in 1973 by MFA student John Biguenet and Professor James Whitehead. While PITS grew rapidly and remained steadfast in its mission of bringing creative writing to young people across Arkansas, the program changed its name to WITS (Writers in the Schools) in 1989.

Every year since 1973, graduate students in the University of Arkansas MFA Program in Creative Writing and Translation have visited public and private elementary schools, middle schools, high schools, and juvenile detention centers throughout the state of Arkansas, teaching in pairs and conducting 2-day creative writing workshops. Since its inception, WITS has conducted a total of 1880 2-day workshops, visiting 739 unique schools & institutions in 263 towns & cities across the state of Arkansas.

Each school year, an anthology featuring student poetry is published, much like the one you are looking at right now. Our anthology archives date back to the 1973 – 1974 schoolyear, and every edition is available to read online at our website: www.arkansaswits.org. Today, all published students (as well their participating schools) receive a complementary copy of the WITS anthology.

WITS Magazine, an online poetry magazine, was founded in 2015 by program director Megan Downey, with considerable assistance from former director Adrian McBride. WITS Magazine is updated once a month (September – May) and features additional student poems from recent visits. For more information about Arkansas WITS and WITS Magazine, please visit us at our online home: www.arkansaswits.org.



SLOWER THAN TREES

**ARCH FORD
EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE
PLUMERVILLE, AR**

ROWDY ROLE

Dear brother of mine, you're probably playing Xbox games moving your fingers around the remote like a double-headed snake snapping at its prey, listening to the sounds of the tucking characters, eating leftovers from yesterday's chicken and drinking Dr. Pepper. I can tell, the wheels in your head are spinning round.

Rylee Rose

AT THE CHURCH

One day at the church
It just hit me like a rock
All of a sudden, it happened
We went home right then and there
Hoping this day would not have ended here

It was already too late
I couldn't see it
I played my instrument to help me.

Carly Crowell

SNEAKING OUT

Perfume and powder, a strange smell
Hearts beat fast during the escape
The July night welcomes rebellion
The three walk side by side
Down the road, to the old church
Where he waits to greet them

MacKenzie Hendrix

UNTITLED

Blankets are like strips
of clouds resting on us.
Tables are trees with legs.
Animals are people we can't
understand.

Reagan Ramsey

UNTITLED

The clouds cry as they watch
the once red flowers die in the
arms of the grass. Wind screams at
the trees for turning brown and not
singing the songs of the birds. Running
animals silently cry for the homes
of the squirrels. The sun fades as
the moon overpowers it and takes
its place in the sky.

Ashlyn Breedlove

MOM WAVERING

When my mom comes home
from wavering Jase, she smells like
Jase's house. Jase is non-verbal so
he can't talk so instead of saying
"No," he pinches you, so sometimes
my mom comes home with a couple
scratches or two. She loves to take
Jase out to eat KFC...that's so
not fair! She feels his pinches. She
hears Jase's dog yapping for attention
when she walks through the door.
She sees Jase's legos scattered all
across the house.

Aleigh Francis

LIGHT BULB

My hand is a light bulb and
I use it every night to read.
But when my window is open
bugs come in and read to me.

Emilee Littleton

ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE

PLUMERVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 28 – 29, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sally Stuart

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 150

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, Zach Hester, Jesse
Irwin, Chris Tamigi

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL AUGUSTA, AR

WAVES

The waves were white below.
Vaseline in their nostrils.
Families lay in bed sheets.

Give me your tired and poor,
allow radiators to cool
from her beacon-hand.
Their hair is gray and stiff.
Nail to mast
her holy flag car
could make it to California.

Slept in a cheap motor court.

Beneath it rung the battle shout
like a brazen giant
of Greek fame gave
her the storms of God,
the lightning, and the gale!

Tia Tripp

BECAUSE OF ME

I am the way of the truth
through the light
your triumph and defeat is shown.
I will shout your glory in glistening
light long after the game is over.
I am the scoreboard.
I turn on each light one
by one, I illuminate every touchdown,
foul, and yard.

Anna Lee

EMOTION FAERIE

I am the tickle on the back
of your neck when you are scared.
I give you goose bumps when you get excited.
I am the thing that lets you know
what's happening in your mind.
I create your emotions
by making them physical.
I am the faerie of fear
and joy, I am the darkest shadow in the brightest light.
I can feel you with nightmares,
I can give you a smile.

Ava Parker

WORLD

Ana woke up in a different world, her whole facial expression changed. Imagine a world where you wonder about everything you see. Smells like hazel nut coffee, colorful, full of weird plants you've never seen before in your life.

As she walks she asks how out loud
how did all of this get here? Where this all
come from? A deep mischievous voice says "I don't
know, this is your dream."

Amber Nevels

SHELTER

Shelter was as important as water.
Heavy rain caused leaks,
giant sand dunes.

On the plains in the early
1930s, record breaking heat
waves. Temperature soared,
118. Draught began in 1930.

Aesop a slave living in Greece,
last of the loners
when the bison disappeared.
U.S. congress provides funds.

American west fell
silent. Attitudes were changing.

Exlee Green

THE BRIGHT SIDE

On the bright side,
it looked like my dog ripping
through the wrapping paper of
her presents on Christmas morning,
on the bright side.

It smelled like greasy bacon
and hot pancakes drowning
in maple syrup, awaking you from
your sleep slumber. On the bright side,
it sounds like the uncommon
laughter of my niece and I getting along,
because we normally rip each
others hair out.

On the bright side, It tasted like
the first bite of the mountain
of food on your plate
at the family Thanksgiving dinner.

On the bright side,
it looks like a girl lost
and long gone, deep
in the shelves of a library.

Nikki Collins

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL**AUGUSTA, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** December 2 – 3, 2014**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Lisa Martin**VISITING WRITERS:** Willi Goehring, Zach Harrod, Zach
Hester, David Kinzer

BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY

BROOKLAND, AR

FACTS

What are the phases of the moon?
Wrench, nail, hammer.

How far away are the stars?
Turn at the fourth cornfield.
Left at the ninth oak tree.

What is the function of the heart?
Massive amounts of flooding and huge waves.

John Cody Walker

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

First, take a deep breath.
Next, go under water.
Always come back for air.
Never breathe under water.
If you do—not good,
but if you do, come back up for air.
You will be okay.

Logan Shelby

SNOW

falls from the sky
covers everything
cold as a refrigerator
heavy as a crumb of shrimp
tastes like a cold wafer
smells like a clean room

Jordan Ramsay

EMOTIONAL DRAMA

Tears eat chicken.
Laughter eats carrots.
Hate eats spinach.
Tantrums eat weeds.
Fear eats rabbits.
Sneers eat tree.
Persuasion eats.

Wyatt Griffith

FIRE

It's what boosts smoke
to the air. It digests paper
grass plastic and rubber.

Logan Walker

THE DAYS

Today is a volcanic explosion.
Yesterday was the Atlantic ocean.
Tomorrow will be a stick ballerina
in the Nutcracker twirling.
But I will become a giraffe on a tight rope.

Anonymous

MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE DOLPHINS

Traveling in pods,
squeaking cheerful noises.
Riding the waves.
Eating fish as a family.
Performing at shows, making people yell in awe.

Molly Eaton

BLUE VIOLINIST

It sounds like a violin. And
It smells like fresh flowers.
And it tastes like carrot.
And it is night time
And it feels like smooth
grass. And he is sitting
on houses. And he is wearing
no shoes.

Reagan Hill

KICK

I kick the white door when I get mad
and I cry and when I cry I water my
venus fly trap it snaps the tears when
they fall down I kick the gray rocks
and splash the clear water and cry til
my venus fly trap is full.

Kiersten Dalton

THE HAPPINESS

I caught the happiness
and put it in a
cage. The happiness flew
out of the cage. I ran
after the happiness. It popped
and it sounded like a hundred
cannons in the air.

Peyton Ellard

SAND, FOR HELEN

Sand is like a man
with arms that burn your eyes.
It feels like skin crushed to pieces.

Ben Jackson

THE CITY OF STUPIDITY

The city of stupidity
no one there is perfect.
They keep on trying to be happier.

Cannon Smith

BANANA, UNRIPENED

I was about to
eat an unripened banana
when I noticed it
was a phone. It was
ringing in my mouth,
like an owl.

Savannah Pope

BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY

BROOKLAND, AR

DATES OF VISIT: May 7 – 8, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Jaynes

GRADE LEVEL: 3

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 160

VISITING WRITERS: Caroline Beimford, Megan Downey,
Michelle Myers, Molly Bess Rector

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL EAST ELEMENTARY LEACHVILLE, AR

HOW YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LEACHVILLE

The grass in my town is green
and itchy. I can smell watermelons
in my backyard. It is about one mile
to the field.

It sounds like little
people snapping their fingers in the
field at night. Some days it is
rainy, snowy, icy. We have three cactuses
on my street. I see foxes every
once in a while.

Krystyn Hawkins

MY DAD'S JOB

When I am at school my
dad is at his job. I can imagine
my dad as his hands go
back and forth back and
forth as he saws a piece
of wood in half and as
he pounds a nail into
a wall.

Bethany Nance

HOW TO SWALLOW THE BIG ONE

Hurricane Katrina approaches
I swallow it through my
brain, my brain gives me
damaging thoughts
I see families separated
Houses upside down
I'm knocked out but my eyes are open
A cold rush of water goes
down my spine
I see colorless gray

Maggie Castanon

WHERE I'M FROM

I'm from long days
at ballgames. I am from
long evergreen trees. From
cotton fields. I am from
hunting in large fields.
I am from large
forest to bring a
big buck home. I am
from a redneck family.
I am from the sound
of guns going off. I am
from the juicy taste
of deer meat. I was
born in a barn.
My name is the name
of Valentine's day.

Caden H.

IF I SWALLOWED A TYPHOON

I consume typhoons through my
fists. When I do my arms feel non-
stressed. I lose the tension in my
back. I am as light as air. My hair
turns to water. I can't walk.

John Cerda

WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THE HEART?

Tick! Tick! Tick! Time is
going fast. It's like there are little people
inside moving each arm as a second, minute,
or hour goes by. Time is a tricky subject,
time can go fast or slow. It will
detect what time it is, doesn't matter if it's
breakfast, lunch, or dinner, playtime or sleeptime,
they are wonders, Amazing, and as long
as we have them we will never be late.

Brody Edgin

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL EAST ELEMENTARY

LEACHVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: December 6 – 7, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jae Glass and Dr. Kima Stewart

GRADE LEVELS: 4, 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 100

VISITING WRITERS: Caroline Beimford, Molly Bess Rector

**BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST
ELEMENTARY
MONETTE, AR**

CRICKETS

Born in the night of darkness.
Making noises like a boat
creaking on the water. Tasting
like a sour apple.

Emma Graddy

WORKING IN A FREEZING COLD BARN

Every week I have to go clean
the freezing cold nasty goat
barn

Cleaning the pine shavings out of
each pen

Having the dirty shavings get
blown by the strong heavy
wind all into your eyes

My goat Hazel Grace trying to
slowly eat my black jacket

Listening to the goats wanting to
run around in the freezing
cold

Jasman Harrison

TIGER

A tiger is born...

it is white and orange
 the mom bathing it
 it smells like meat
 it tries to hunt
 it sees a

sheep
 now it's
 drinking water

from the pond

and all the
 bright day

the tiger
 plays

Elyza

WORKING IN THE NOISE

My Grandpa works in the cotton gin where all the machines scream. Even though it affects his hearing he loves doing it all the time. After awhile he goes in his soundproof office to get rid of a terrible headache. As soon as he gets rid of the pain he goes right back out and does it again. The floor vibrates and massages his feet from the screaming. In the country of noise.

Eli Crouch

BLACK WIDOW

A creepy crawly creature of the night

It lurks
in the
dark shadows of the night. Its
color is
dark like the
evening
sky.
Nobody really loves
a spider, but a
black widow is ten times worse than just a
normal
spider. In the
tiny sleeping forest
the black
widow
waits for
its next
meal.
It's sort of furry
quiet
body
is
very still, until it finds its next meal.

Dawson S.

DECEMBER MOUNTAINS

Before going to bed
I look out the window
and I see white
thick snow falling to the
ground. As I am looking
out I start to get sleepy
and I fall asleep but, as
I sleep I feel like I am getting
colder. As morning rose I looked
outside and there were mountains
everywhere.

Madalyn Tharp

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY

MONETTE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: December 6 – 7, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Terri Cossey and Dr. Kima Stewart

GRADE LEVELS: 4, 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 100

VISITING WRITERS: Kathleen Heil, Diana Reaves

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY FORT SMITH, AR

I COME FROM

I come from Katrina,
and this is how it started
I was having a normal
newborn life, then the big
wind struck.

Marcus Tuttle

GOLD

a paper clip whispering to you
little rain drops coming down just on me
glitter falling out of the sky and a shiny new penny
eating a sun cookie with sprinkle glitters
revenge coming up on me
smells like danger

Britney Tran

APPLE

I bite out a smile
dangling from a tree
my face turns red
with love, I dangle it
from its head.
I picked it ripe.
I lost my tooth in it.

Alyssa Gist

AQUAMARINE

Dolphins jumping in the shimmering
ocean. Getting a hamster for Christmas.
cold and soft like river water rushing
through your hands. Like winning a free
mustang convertible.

Carolann Trujillo

I COME FROM MY SHED

My shed is dusty, dirty, and old.
It holds my bikes and my dirt bike.
My shed is old and raggedy and
nobody goes there anymore.

Ethan Clark

MAROON

A bad Christmas gift.
Five of them make an
awful band. Colder than the arctic,
hotter than global warming.
Nice when you yell. Happy
in Alaska. Bold, yet bland.
Cyan with silver makes him sad.
The soul mate of copper. Brown
is jelly because of him. Sounds
angry happy. Really tan.

Colby Brown

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY

FORT SMITH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 30 – May 1, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Lisa Thompson

GRADE LEVEL: 4

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 40

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Larissa Sprecher

COOPER ELEMENTARY BELLA VISTA, AR

AUSSIES

I had some Aussies who herds those sheep around
I had some Aussies who whine like a cat scratchin the
 window
I had some Aussies who felt real soft
I had some Aussies who taste like fur
I had some Aussies who looks real nice
I had some Aussies who stinks like dog

Bryies Tucker

TRAPPED INSIDE A TV

Neil was trapped.
He was trapped inside a TV.
The good thing was, he
could watch TV a lot.
He could see the screen
of the TV. He could feel
electricity burning
his hand off,
but it also paralyzed
him. So he just sits there,
with no hand.

Ethan

UNTITLED

At first I was a feather
laying in a vast field

but now I'm worn proudly
by an Indian chief.

Bryson Delozier

FELIX

My pet fish Felix is relaxing
in a bag of pure white, powdered
sugar.

He tastes his ice cold lemonade
as he looks up at the blue sky
above.

He feels the powdery sensation of
the sugar traveling down his back.

The calm blue sky is
covered with puffy white clouds,
the sugar of the bag he rests in.

Bryson Delozier

BLUE CANYONS

The deep scary thing
is that when I get mad I
sit on a little ledge tip.

Raegan Blething

KABRA-KA-ABRA

Kabra-ka-abra is the opposite of
abra-ka-dabra. When people shout
“Kabra-ka-abra,” it means
help! I got turned into a bottle
of Gatorade inside an erupting volcano!
Hardly anyone is ever stuck in a
volcano, much less turned into Gatorade.
Nobody should ever say that. EXCEPT FOR NOW!
Kabra-ka-abra!

Ethan Hughes

CORKY CARPENTER

Mr. Fall was doing work at
the sawmills house fixing
the wall. He wore glasses with a
checkered shirt and played find
the color.

Jack Hall

FATHER

I rarely see my
dad but on bring kid
to work I get to stay
with him. It looks really
really big in his office
it smells like his turkey
sandwich.

Daytona

DOING HER BEST

My mom is doing her best.
My mom feels pain from working all day.
My mom smells the burn bacon she cooks.
My mom hears us fighting.
My mom tastes the ice cold water
going down her throat.
My mom sees dishes to do.
My mom thinks she can't get
her work done.

Makaila Smith

RED TORNADO

I am an Ocean. Me eyes are as
big as you can see.

Hayden Thompson

I DID THIS

I caught a fish as big as a
train I used to be famous
I once launched into space and
grabbed the world.

Brenleigh Spence

GREEN HAIL

I am a llama that flies to
space but spits himself
back to Earth.
My arm is glitching to the
center of earth.

Why am I here?
The tree is hovering.

I'm sitting down.

Keith Adkins

COOPER ELEMENTARY

BELLA VISTA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 13 – 14, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Deronda Ray

GRADE LEVEL: 4

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 80

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Collin Callahan, Josh
Idaszak, Suzanne Monroe

EMERSON ELEMENTARY

EMERSON, AR

THE MYSTERIOUS HUMAN HEART IN THE FOREST

White birds fly over
head Sticky, clear sap
runs down an old pine
tree The leaves rattle
like a baby shakes her
rattle Pink mushrooms
pop up like gophers under
ground The trees, almost bare,
white stems almost broken
Oh heart, look what surrounds
you

Brianna Smith

LAZINESS

Laziness is a slot
Laying on the ground
Sleeping until noon
Snoring like people
Waking up just to get food or water
Crawling slowly
Taking hours...days...weeks...years...millenniums
 Get some exercise.

Logan Reeves

SCISSORS

Yesterday, my scissors danced
on my desk.
My scissors talked to me in art
they said hello.
And my scissors cut my hair in school.
I thought that I was going mad.

Breawna Pennington

PROPHECY IN LIME GREEN

Soon the color lime green
will make a cartoon. Maybe it
will even be on T.V. Lime green
will make up a story about herself.
Then she might try to take on
a bull. Also, she will go see
Ol' Yellow. Yeah, that's what she'll do.
Lime will see that it's mostly over
and eat a bluebird.

Abby Flow

DEPRESSION

Depression is a winter season,
a dark soul flying around you,
the air on a rainy day,
a crow cawing.
Depression is a stale pound cake.

Abby Flow

GROWING A PITBULL

it is in a dog house you need chains
moth from a tree you'll need
sharp rocks and pieces of
sharp metal and some red paint and
demons and rubber and a wet rag
painted pieces of leather and steal and last
raw meat

Carter Poindexter

THE MYSTERIOUS HUMAN HEART IN SPACE

The heart knows what's
good for it but it still won't
rest until it goes into space. Wait, it is already
in space. He is flying the colorful solar system.
Red, blue, yellow, green, black and so on.
The roar of the ship's engine is deafening.
The smell of burning fuel burns your nosehair.
The black void is dark, so dark you can't see a
thing. Oh heart, with your suit so white. You still
can't seem to know what's good for you. You
stubborn heart. But still, you're whizzing by
all the planets. You stupid heart with your
stupid ways.

Paul Miller

LEAVING THE WOODS

leave the woods leaving deer
waiting for you open the door coldness
hits you like knives you go down
the ladder frozen your hand gets
icicles freeze on your hands
you hear the leaves and birds
crumbling and chirping you don't
want to leave as you open
the truck warmness smells like
cologne broke knives and new
knives on the dash then
you see a big buck you get
a weird taste in your mouth
toes are numb roll down
window and your heart is beating
out your chest you miss you think
your world is over.

Nolie Tompkins

EMERSON ELEMENTARY

EMERSON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: December 1 – 2, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Kyle

GRADE LEVELS: 3, 4, 5

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 120

VISITING WRITERS: Megan Blankenship, Megan Clark,
Alice Otto, Diana Reaves

GRACE HILL ELEMENTARY ROGERS, AR

I AM

I am a dog swimming in
the lake.

I am a mocking bird
that swirl in the sky.

I am
mermaid swimming in a pond sleeping
on a smooth rock.

I am a
snoring dog that runs to
the fridge and runs back to
the room to sleep.

Gaby Vides

STARRY NIGHT

The sky is weird. It looks
like a dragon beginning to
twirl around then another
is starting to appear on the
neck and starting to twirl.
What would you feel if you
were to look at it?

Francisco Almaraz

DEAR BROTHER

I like how you form into objects
stretching into space when I shoot
you, you cross all over the world
coming back like a boomerang
(unlike actual boomerangs those
things are kind of like ripoffs). You
would not believe how fast you
can fly—like emptying the oceans
when you cross them.

Pablo Figueroa

I AM

I am a pickle that swims
I am a pickle that is really
grumpy and fat
I leap if you try to eat me
I can eat myself
My job is a mailman
I almost got fired cause I fell asleep
I'm a little pointy
and I can make a big mess

Victoria De la Rosa

I AM

I am a half moon in a tree.
I am an owl swimming in a lake.
I am a beast in a nest.
I am a clown juggling hippos.
I am an oak tree flying around.

Kayla Luna

STARRY NIGHT

Trees, they are dancing in the night.
The stars twinkling in the night sky. I
am the tree broken atop a hillside
cliff, high above the village, windows dimmed
some darkened throughout the night.
I enjoy a starry night like
this one.

Collin Whatley

GRACE HILL ELEMENTARY

ROGERS, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 5 – 6, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennie Rehl

GRADE LEVEL: 4

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 80

VISITING WRITERS: Kevin Corbett, Willi Goehring,
Josh Idaszak, Molly Rector

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS GREENBRIER, AR

MOUNTAINS

end of fingers like a cliff

in the end of ahead a mountain
grows on top

taller than people sharp as eyes
slower than trees and
faster than snails we grow
faster than a mountain
but doesn't grow that tall

we fall asleep as winters start
and you stay up for hours and
winter sets off snow you
don't care you still sit there
like a table on the floor

these are mountains

Liam Johnson

ON MY ROPE ON AN ENDANGERED ISLAND

Swaying on a lifted rope
under my feet an army of green telescopes
that small like a batch of gingerbread men
A bridge that feels like a spider web
3 dancing monkeys that are as light
as air
Followed by 47 rhinos which sound
like thunder
Above me is Columbus with a
shirt saying "I live to sail!" and
below it says "You're welcome America!"
A magician floats beside me and
cuts my rope I fall screaming
Now, I have woken up

Lydia Dunlap

THE CLOUD

A light cloud, walking in the air.
It moves with all of its friends.
When it gets mad, it turns dark like evil.
The little cloud gets sad so it cries on us
He falls like a deer getting shot and it's called
fog.
He sucks water up when he's thirsty.
The cloud is on vacation when no clouds
are in the bright blue sky.
Clouds are like ghosts when jets come through.

Noah Theis

MY ANGER

the devil's red face
breaking a right arm
crying from my twin sister
tackling somebody
red blood

Will Saban

LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW IN THE STREETS OF GERMANY

The day is pale
Above me everything is trapped behind the sun,
The road is loud with thousands of footsteps
To my left, a woman has a very small mouth
her teeth are elbowing for room.
Smoke from a chimney dances in the murky air
The cold wind is desperate to squeeze
through the door
The Sun is in disguise
as if it were a silver oyster
An apple sits in the middle of
the street, All bruised and punctured
The steam of my coffee fills the room
I am lucky to be inside

Emma Henry

THE MYSTERIOUS HUMAN HEART IN CHICAGO

The streets of Chicago
were full of the midnight
traffic. Lights were shining
bright like stars in the sky.
Apartment windows were lit
up by a lamp, for people
paying their taxes. A cold
breeze came in, making
people on the streets shiver.
A man lit a cigarette as
if there was nothing else to do.
The moon was shining in an
odd shape like an apple cut
in half. The ground had trash
all over it trying to hide itself.
I sit back against the red
brickwork, looking for something
to do. But of course, the
late city of Chicago was blank.
O heart, please give me hope
for something better.

Hayes Polk

THE OLD MAN

The old man speaks of baseball
I've known baseball
I've known people that hit baseballs
over the fence.
My soul has grown hard like a baseball.

Thatcher Strack

WEDNESDAY

the moon in the sky
beats playing bass
a tiger's fur
mint toothpaste
Mtn. Dew

Jacob Thompson

SONG OF THE FARMER

The corn needs me
Each ear cries a weary tune
Longing to get out of the late July
heat
Sun rises at 6
Sun sets at 7
Every minute, picking away
No time to rest
How about the peas?
I hear them wilting from the corn
fields
The backache of staying bent over
The blood rushing to my head
Pain, but well worth it
I have a family
They hungry
The foods will have to be eaten
Sometimes I wish it could be me
and my crops
But it can't be so

Madi Spears

IT ONLY KNOWS

My bed only knows
It only knows how late I stay up
My bed only knows
It only knows when I can't go to sleep
My bed only knows
It only knows if I toss and turn with my sheets
My bed only knows
It only knows the sadness I hold
My bed, my bed, it only knows

Jordan Thomas

THE GLOSSARY OF MY LIFE

Butterflies spill through my window
The gum in my crazy messed up hair
The deer that roamed the street
The germ-x in my slimy eye
The tree fall
The awesome movie night
The grape in my mouth
The jeep ride
The huge hurty paper cut
The globe spin
The squeezed lemon
The bad haircut
The snowy day
The bad deer hunt
The honking horn

Hanna Ross

TO SAVANNAH, AGE 30

Do you care about what
people think of you? Do you
ever feel alone? What is your
job? How many kids do you have?
When the birds are chirping
and the sun is shining as
bright as a flashlight in
your eyes, do you ever sit and
think back to when you were
smaller?

Love,
Savannah, age 11

Savannah Page

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

GREENBRIER, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 18 – 19, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Robin Clark

GRADE LEVELS: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 120

VISITING WRITERS: Megan Blankenship, Larissa Sprecher,
Chris Tamigi, Max Thompson

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE FARMINGTON, AR

BASKETBALL

The ball said something.
 It said why do you bounce.
me.
Why do you throw me.
 Hold me.

Skylar Breker

TUMBLEWEED

Tumbleweed, after tumbleweed,
after tumbleweed. It's like
watching paint dry. Nobody
knows why I'm so quiet,
maybe I'm the paint
drying. The sun dries the ocean
as the fish wash up. Elephants
are in the paint, but they're
slowly fading. My mustache
is a pencil, with a white
eraser stained with lead like
a giraffe spot.

Brianna Crowley

WHEN I DINE WITH ART

When I dined with art
the Mona Lisa did not eat
but instead smiled the whole time

The Thinker could not decide
what to eat first, second, and third
and Rosie the Riveter just ate
sandwiches

I asked Van Gogh to pass the
gravy but he just sat there
like he didn't hear me

I decided not to ever eat dinner
with art again

Clayton Williamson

AVERY & BAILEY TODAY

My sisters are as loud as a vacuum
cleaner. When they get told "no"
they are sent to hysterics and run fast like a
ceiling fan. After dessert tonight, they
were as sticky as a honey jar.

Parker S.

HOW TO SWALLOW A SANDSTORM

Have you ever tried to swallow a sandstorm?
You swallow it through your stomach.
Sand and dust hitting you like a boxer.
Feels like you fell out of a 100 story building.
You better be quick, before the storm swallows you.

Tate Pickens

DODGING

Once I saw a woman in
a court room who kept dodging
all evidence they put against her.
She dodged her past trying to
start anew, but dodging couldn't
help very long. People I've seen
try to dodge the bad parts of
life. But those people end up
stuck between
their past,
present and
future.

Gavin Amos

TV

tv drawing time out of people's
life wanting to see what
is on. Its black surface
saying turn me on and stay.

Mason Daley

HIDING

At recess I like to play hide and seek
I am always it first some times
I wish
some one
else
was it
just for
this one time.
Tomorrow I hope someone else is
it.

Kylan Whitfield

IF I SWALLOWED A VOLCANO

The forest in my tummy would
be on fire the birds in my
ears would fly away and I would
cough up smoke.

Catarina Prewitt

I CAN TAKE THE SEA

Where once was a sea is now my backyard. It is 75%
of the Earth.

It really gets boring most of the time.
I sing the praise of time, for it makes the days go faster.
It helps to sing the praise of time when the sea is your
backyard.

She was wearing her heart on her sleeve, but then
her home died.
Her home was the sea, which is my backyard where I
sing the praises of time.
I conveyed to my brother an odd rumor that
I can take the sea.
He didn't believe me and neither did I, but then
I took the sea.

Now the sea is my backyard
and I sing the praises of time
for the girl wearing her heart on her sleeve
when I conveyed a rumor to my brother.
You can't have everything, or so they say,

because I have taken the sea that is now my backyard
that I sing the praises of time in.
So I prove to the girl wearing her heart on her sleeve
and my brother that I can take the sea.

Catherine Warren

MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE PIGS

My thoughts are like pigs.
My thoughts roll around in mud
and sometimes get stuck.
They can run round and round in my head.
Sometimes they squeal at me,
saying that's a good thought.

Paris Reynolds

WARNING

Warning, your cat might have
Ebola. If it starts to meow every
second, cover its tail with taco shells.
Don't let the cat bite you because
there's a 99% chance you will turn
into Tom Cotton.

Drew Stagner

WALKING ACROSS EGGSHELLS

I feel the eggshells piercing
through my skin. The egg yolks soaking
my feet. I can see the end of it,
getting closer, but it is never ending.

Alexandra Salonen

BIOGRAPHY OF RED

A cherry bobbing
in a cherry soda.
Roses in my backyard
by the fence.
The old rusty wagon
in the garage.
Meat at the market
when you first buy it.
The crisp apple
when you take your
first bite. A fiery wolf
walking in the woods,
crunching the leaves.

Bailey Cuzick

IF I WERE MEXICO CITY

Looking over yonder, feeling
the sugar crumbs from churros. The pigeons
pecking me 24/7. Cars tickling
my skin. All the animals roaming.
All the people at church, celebrating New Year's,
dropping pesos, and buying food from concession
stands. Giving kids toys, balloons
and many more.

Oswaldo Manjarez

BRAHMAN

I'm the Clydesdale of cattle.
I got the biggest hooves you have ever seen, size 20s.
I have big horns.

P.S. they get heavy.

When you are talking about cattle, I'm the king.

Austin Rogers

RECIPE FOR ANGER

Take your ribs and put them on
the grill. Until it's so burnt that
the fire department comes. Then take
them off the grill and bring them in
the house and drop them on the floor.
Then finally just go to KFC.

Jonathan Batey

IF YOU WERE OLD HICKORY

If you were Old Hickory,
the farmers would fish for your taste buds.
The buzzards would seek for you.
The cows would eat off your legs.
The squirrels would climb on you.
The deer would drink from you.

Your body feels the living things.

Rhett South

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE

FARMINGTON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 4 – 5, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Ginny Luther

GRADE LEVEL: 5

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 75

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Caroline Beimford,
Collin Callahan, Zach Harrod,
Kathleen Heil, Michelle Myers

MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY LITTLE ROCK, AR

OCEANS

The sea came up to tell me how much it missed you
She said your voice calmed her and the way you
wandered aimlessly fascinated all of her. She said you
were strong enough to control her, tired and
gentle enough to sing the mermaids to sleep.
Then as a wave of revelation disrupted my
sleep, I snapped to reality then realized that it
was my Caribbean eyes that missed you most.

Casey Epps

LONG NIGHT

Working all night long, we value a
diversity of opinions and become nervous.
Standing in the cool shower, to any
true difference in belief is a result
of the offense.
After a valiant effort by Western
Crusaders, a schism in the Church is
to be in Communion with members.
Floating in the wind, we looked
wistfully at the kite.
After a long night at the park, we
decided to go home.

Abby Bingenheimer

THE CLOCK'S THEOLOGY

Eyes watch me all day
 every move I make someone sees
 Teachers and students stare
 Often I hear them wishing for me
 to move faster
 but your entire life revolves around me.
 Why wish it all away? Why not
 enjoy the gift of time I have given?

Stephanie Verdaris

I FELT A KUNG FU WARRIOR IN MY BRAIN

I felt a kung fu warrior in my brain,
 kick,
 kick,
 kick,
 The kicking does not stop
 kick,
 kick,
 kick,
 suddenly it stops
 I hear heavy breath but
 he is not yet done
 kick,
 kick,
 kick,
 my brain is almost gone
 kick,
 kick,
 kick.

Allie O'Connor

THE PROBLEM OF DESCRIBING ORANGE

A sphere sails through the air, caught with
a bright flash and it sheds its skin.
Teeth sink in.

A sphere rises in the air, a brilliant
streak in the inky atmosphere,
floating up and up,

and then it stops and hides
the color drumming and fading to
blackness.

A flicker pops up, a hot, startling flame
It jumps and dances in delight,
but then turns and eats everything
it can, and is suddenly
snuffed out, and then midnight.

A sudden flash of orange that
turns your head.
And then it's gone.

Carol Stover

UNTITLED

Whoever is black
will stay black.
It's something you can't rub off
Something you can't change with an accent
Something you can't undo or unlearn
It just is what it is
Either embrace it like a mother who has first seen her
child
or deny it like a man on Maury
But it's still going to be there
The echoes of your past will still be heard
The spirituals of yours will be sung
As dark as the midnight sky or as light as a piece of
fresh bread
You still will be.

Leah Paige

ON REFLECTION

I wanted to be a hair.
Be able to fly in the wind.
Get braided and played with.
But not get pulled out.
So that I can live forever and die old.
So that I can live forever and die old.
But not get pulled out.
Get braided and played with.
Be able to fly in the wind.
I wanted to be a hair.

Julia Bates

JUST LETTING YOU KNOW

I have buried your shoe in the backyard.
Why may you ask, I'm getting back at you.
The experience was great, knowing you'll be mad.
I enjoyed the sun, the fresh air, and of course, burying
the shoe.
I do want to say I love you.

Payton Grice

THE PERFECT PARTY

The perfect party that I must throw, who will I invite?

Those people that wear mustaches for the feeling of fur
against their lip.

Those people that build a mansion for their collection
of pet frogs.

Those people that climb a mountain just to hear their
echo talk back to them.

Those people who eat sardines just to spit them out.

Those people who smell the pumpkin air freshener just
to smell.

This is my party.

Rachel Eberie

SUMMERTIME PRIDE

Back in winter, if I had known this feeling
Life would have been changed
The grass would have not died
The trees would have still be full as they are no
Standing firm and tall, like massive soldiers
Awaiting command
Yet still that grief filled, then vanished, just as quick
And as the seasons turned, so did I;
Astonished that I could change

Bianca Littlepage

LEAVES

Leaves on the trees,
They fall in October.
The go down,
 down,
 down,
like a baby bird that cannot fly.

They number in various colors,
such as orange like a pumpkin, green
like the freshly cut grass, or yellow/
golden like the blazing rays of the sun.

Christina Kaufman

MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL MOUNTAINBURG, AR

YELLOW

Daisies on a wind-swept prairie,
and the sun laid against the pale blue sky.
A promise given to someone you love
as time gradually ticks away.
Buttery popcorn in a kettle and
a zigzagged condiment on a hot dog.
The light that splits all darkness.

Addison Peters

BEETLE

I was resting in the creaky wooden rocking chair when
I caught a glimpse of the beetle.
The creature—the color of a puddle
of oil that is being hit with the sunlight—slowly
climbed up the edge of the porch.
My pet cat was looking for something to play
with and the insect was just right.
Feeling guilty for watching it about to die, I reached
down and captured the bug.

Victoria Turner

THIS!!!

Let's get out of here
It happened yesterday or eternities ago
a cold piercing wind swept in from the bay
It all happened so fast
a single electric lightbulb dangling from the ceiling
mankind were meant to be sacrificed
worn down by teeth marks
the whitened corpses of many insects
No one may speak for the dead
the fiery altar upon us
this both frightens and pleases me
we got in our truck
Hurried as fast as we could
and we escaped

Landon Brown

I WAS IN A TREESTAND

The deer walked into the field
and up beside me
I asked why do you come to the feeder everyday
You know I'm going to kill you
The deer replied
I like the thrill of the arrow
going through my body

Shawn Hattabaugh

BEATEN-PATH

We are going down the beaten-path.
The rocky-trail winds around a mountain.
Has no urgency of stopping.
The rocky-trail looks like it's coming to an end.
This was a beautiful trip down the beaten-path.
Trees and animals alike living as one.

Riley Dottard

WHITE WATER

I was walking alongside a quick river
I noticed the water turn white as it
rushed upon a rock, the white water
splashes up toward the sky and returns
to the flow of the river,
I asked the white water "Why do
you turn white as you hit a rock
in the river?" It replied, "It shows
that I have come upon an interrupter
in my life, an obstacle. But I always
return back to the river with my
usual color and continue moving forward.
I never really stay white but there
will be a time in the future where
I will turn white again. There is
no escaping it."
Then the water rushed down the
river, continuing.

Ariel Ross

STONES, FOR HELEN

It was smooth and dry on top,
though in some spots wandered to form its own
shape it stayed the same object.

The underbelly was cool and moist
as though it had rested in a place
opposite from the rest of
the world.

Dalton Beaver

SONIC SONNET 73-41

I try to shatter your
Freedom, to try or to fail
your journey I went fasting
Great sin I was taught
a fine song I am John
A word I did not understand
run away he gave me the metal
Great river it was half-a-day
You are now at Uhuru Peak
Understand nevertheless my knowledge
I ask you a series
I find the answers
the wise men's questions
Spread the wisdom to generations.

John Waltman

BLUE

the color of morning skies, of salty seas after a storm,
of bruised knees

the color of baby blankets, of flowers on a grave, of
painted nails for a date

the color hospital sheets newly empty, of a brand new
dress from your favorite store

the color you feel when you're down and depressed
the color of young knowing eyes

Stormy Cooper

HOW TO BE PERFECT

Inflate sticks to twelve-psi
and never run them low on a cold night
And never run sissy sticks.

Flow your nitrous
And make a pass at least once a week.

Avery Hampton

THE FACE

Your razor-sharp eyelashes
coming forth. Deep-brown
eyes like the bottom of a pond.
The flash of orneriness that makes
your nostrils flare like the wind
under a piece of paper. The sun
burned skin chipping away
like rust on an old bicycle. Your
hair showing the slightest curl
though keeping its shape, like
that of a spring. Bouncing back
and forth as you turn like
a galloping horse, slowing
reaching its high speed.

Addison Peters

MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL

MOUNTAINBURG, AR

DATES OF VISIT: May 11 – May 12, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Traci Kannett

GRADE LEVEL: 9, 10, 12

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 170

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Zach Hester,
David Kinzer, JT Mahany,
Julia Paganelli, Chris Tamigi

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL NORFORK, AR

SEA OF DEAD FEATHERS

Look up the hill so vast
a sea of dead feathers floats
above the earth's brown flesh
The time of orange faces and
assimilation at the dinner table
brings forth merriment.
Upon the streets, the witches
and ghouls seek out for
caramelized sustenance only to find
fear in that of a stranger.
Eight legged giants cross the
asphalt Pangea.

Austin Blount

USING THE COMPUTER

Starting up, logging on
besieged by barbaric pop-ups
clicking close to kill
them before they can do the same
utilizing Youtube, playing games
skipping past commercials
before they drive me insane

Alex Ruegsegger

JANUARY IN NORFORK

The crisp cold air
bites at your nose,
and my breath steams
like a train cruising
down the tracks.

The trees are naked
monsters staring
at you. The taste of ice
and old air is overbearing.

In the sad sky, a crow shrieks
and the flaps of his wings cut like a
knife.

Abbie Belding

PITCHER

The crowd is roaring his name
It's the bottom of the ninth
and fatigue is taking hold
Sweat slides down his face
and plummets to the Earth
His foot is touching the rubber
and the ball is cradled in his leather glove
There's two outs
the count is three and two
he begins his wind up
and fires the ball towards the plate
The batter loads up, ready to crush the ball
the batter swing, everything is silent
Whoosh!!! "Strike three, you're out!"

Creed Chapman

BUCK

sun slowly rising
nothing but fog
struggling to see clearly
hearing the leaves crumple
taking each step slowly
on your way to your safe haven
as you arrive
you feel safe and secure
all the worries and stress
begin to disappear.
Patiently waiting
dying inside to see the first buck
you hear the leaves crunching
it's moving closer
you're ready to aim
looking clearly through the scope
adrenaline rushes as you pull
the trigger
reaching the deer
he drops in his tracks
now a feeling of happiness rushing
through you.
Counting the horns
ready to go brag

Destiny Foster

OCTOBER, ST. LOUIS

Red Hoodies and Red Hats fill the streets
Like waves from the ocean they all poured into the
stadium
Not too hot, not too cold
Just right for Birdwatching
The sun paints the entire city a dark orange
as it sets for the night
The wind hits your face like it's trying to steal
Your breath, your nose turns pink and your ears tingle
You hear the harmonious roars of cheers
as you sit outside
The skyline looks like Christmas lights
Decorated with planes and Buildings
As you walk the streets you can hear the city speak
The rattle of the leaves
the barking dogs
the sirens and honking cars
the buzzing of the street lights
it all tells you, you are home

Quinn Ellison

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL

NORFORK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 28 – 29, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Stacy Havner

GRADE LEVEL: 11, 12

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 70

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Larissa Sprecher

NORPHLET HIGH SCHOOL NORPHLET, AR

BENCHMARK

Fear is to sorrow as a chandelier is to:

- a.) getting scared in a scary movie
- b.) fearing you might lose your phone and not get a new one
- c.) fearing that you are going to get bullied

What is anger?

- a.) getting into a fight and losing
- b.) getting your phone taken away by your Mom
- c.) is having a mother but no father

How many lives are in a kitten?

- a.) as many as a kitten gets called pretty
- b.) as many as a pear
- c.) 9

A walk is like:

- a.) getting tripped in front of a cute dude
- b.) some stranger saying Hi and looks 52
- c.) out of nowhere getting shot for no reason like Trayvon Martin

Anonymous

RAGE

swallowing a watermelon
a thousand bees stinging you
acid up your nose
a storm in a clear sky

Joel Brewer

DIBBERDABBER

A man jumping around
stops you in your tracks
reeks of distraction.
Dibberdabber

Ty McCurry

JOY

the fall dew covered leaves crunching under my booted
feet
hot gunpowder coming out of my rifle
the deerwoods

Mason Wills

A POEM IS LIKE

A poem is like an elevator into your soul.

Joel Brown

A poem is like when the dam is taken away from the river.

Joel Brown

A poem is like stepping on a tack.

Chance Morris

A poem is like an undiscovered creature.

Anna Bolding

IN A MIRROR

I hate it when people look at
me it makes me sad because
most are frowning.

I'm glad I'm on the inside
so I can't see myself
and frown. My house is great
but I can't find a door.

Stuck in a mirror.

Laci Watson

NORPHLET HIGH SCHOOL

NORPHLET, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 17 – 18, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Heather Harris

GRADE LEVEL: 7, 8, 9

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 50

VISITING WRITERS: Caroline Beimford, Josh Idaszak

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WEST MEMPHIS, AR

HOW TO KNOW YOU'RE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

My mouth went dry as soon as
I saw the glowing red eyes.
My feet wouldn't move, they
felt like 20 pounds of extra
weight. Everything was a blur.
All I saw were glowing red
eyes coming at me. Then
they pushed me down. The
ground was cold. Then I couldn't
see anything.
I was just gone.

MaKinzy Vangilder

IF THE TABLE WAS A DESERT

If the table was a desert, the chairs would
be sand. Our mouths would be filled with cactus
needles and our homework would be covered with
camels. Geckoes would be climbing up the legs
and coyotes would be howling to the chandelier.
Sand storms would throw our food each way
and our forks would be carried away by
fennec foxes.

Hailey Davis

HOW TO SEND A COW TO THE MOON

1. Get a cow from a farm
2. Build a cow-sized rocket
3. Put 2 gallons fuel in the ship
4. Take a break and eat sandwiches
5. Sleep for three hours
6. Put the cow in the ship
7. Put an American flag on the cow
8. Watch the cow go to the moon
9. Watch the cow place the flag
10. Think how awesome you are

Vincent Richardson

MOTHERS OF AMERICA

Mothers of America, let your childrens' monkey butler take them to the movies and then to Jerry's Sno Cones afterwards every Tuesday night! Of course, we all know every family has a monkey butler. Why not use it? If you don't do this, your children won't let their children, and eventually all monkey butlers will go extinct because they will all die of boredom. Let your monkey butlers take your children to the movies and Jerry's Sno Cones every Tuesday night.

Molly McFarland

TEXAS COME HERE

Hunting deer, catching frogs, riding a Honda 4-wheeler
in the field behind my house, girls in boots.

Things that would make me feel like
there's more country people around here.

Kain Young

EVERYTHING I DIDN'T GET TO WRITE ABOUT

Money from Tokyo
Food from Dali
Swimming with killer whales
The letter 'B'
Who invented school
Why my best friend's ex is so desperate
Dragons from China
Why Mrs. Strons is so skinny
The smell of paper

Ariana Blockmon

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 20 – 21, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Gwendolyn Looney

GRADE LEVEL: 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 60

VISITING WRITERS: Josh Idaszak, David Kinzer

ROOT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

THE VIOLET STONE

When you put it to the sun,
It turns fuschia.

It can lead you
to the diamonds,
but it can't stand
dark and scary things.

Don't ever not believe the violet stone.

Don't be scared.
Just be calm.

The violent stone won't hurt you.

It can take you to places
you have never been before.
It can take you to the world
of tomorrow.

Remember always:
Don't doubt the violet stone.

Josie Whiteman

THE HAND DOES NOT KNOW IT'S A HAND

The hand does not know it's a hand
and wants to be a doctor
or a magician
instead.

But food,
pencils,
splinters,
high fives,
and soap
teaches that it's incapable
of pulling a bunny out of a hat

or doing surgery.

Brighton Smith

OH PONCA

The elk running,

The sound of the fire
popping at night,

My hand in cold water
on a hot day,

Hot dogs
after they were cooked
over fire.

Caroline Piper Wallace

CORAL

Like a thousand bees
making sweet, sugary, honey
with perfume,
like peaches about to
be picked out of a peach tree,
a Broadway musical coming up the street.
It feels like soft silk made in actual China.
Coral, Coral,
Coral.

Hadley Humphry

I COME FROM CHINA

I come from a sandy beach,
from the side of rocks,
from a huge country,

I come from a high roof.

I come from steak cooking,
from a fried egg,
from a dragon.

I come from a piece of paper.
from a lantern,
from a tree.

I come from a fire rocket.

Thomas Hall

GOLD

The last day of school and
the beginning of summer
The warm inside of a pizza crust
Flying a kite in the summer air
Getting a new puppy for the first time
Taking a bite out of a cold, ripe strawberry
The heart of a campfire with your dad

Josh Haas

THE NERVOUS SINGER

She hears people laughing,
people paying
money to buy things to
throw at her.

Rotten pies
and moldy red tomatoes,
She feels the pies hitting
her face,
tastes the fluffy
mold spots on the
red tomatoes.

She gets this
weird feeling that she
is not good enough.

Belle

THERE IS A LEAF THAT IS A VIOLET

There is only one.
(I have the only one.)

It can give you riches and wisdom
But it will drive you mad.

I know how to work it. I will tell you:

1. Put it in the sun for 12 hours
2. Shake it for two
3. And at midnight, leave it outside
4. And dream.

Addy Crawley

ONCE UPON A TIME I HAD A DREAM

Once upon a time I had a dream.
I had a dream as strong as bodybuilders
I had a dream colored in cotton candy
I had a dream full of witches and fairies
I had a dream that smelled like fresh based cookies
I had a dream that tigers feared mice
I had a dream the sky was full of chocolate
I had a dream that trees came alive at night and danced
 in the moonlight
I had a dream that roared like the ocean
Once upon a time I had a dream

Georgia Peters

TURQUOISE COTTON

Take care or you will really regret it.

To take care of your cotton,
plow it with kisses.
Because if you don't
you'll be one of it's friends.

All you have to do
is say cotton backwards
and it will grant you
a hundred wishes.

But be careful.
You might get what you ask for.

Anonymous

INSIDE A CAR ENGINE

I could be in a car engine
the smell of sour candy
it would sound noisy
feel like sticky syrup
taste like dust and dirt
I see the drive shaft spinning
and spitting out shiny oil
can't be in here much longer
got to leave

Jackson McClelland

MARCH, JACKSONVILLE

Jacksonville is already in the microwave
The sun burns down on
Florida's gold and red people
Competition has heated up
in two ways
Heat and Cold fighting for control
And with March madness
right around the corner
After the sun disappears
its heat still reigns.

Bradshaw Cate

NEON RAINBOW

Neon rainbow sounds
like hard rock music blaring in your ear.

I see flashing party
lights.

Feels as spiky as
a cactus in the desert,

as sweet + bitter
as a red sour Skittle,

like acid
rain falling from the
sky.

Laura Abigail

7 WAYS OF LOOKING AT A CAR

- 1.) On the car website wishing you had it
- 2.) in the seat when you decide to buy it
- 3.) in your driveway as you show off
- 4.) at night with a shining glow
- 5.) going down the street as fast as it goes
- 6.) on the news running from the cops
- 7.) in the car impound sitting alone

Jeffrey Parette

TEAL

Teal is a breeze when the
sun is shining bright and you are
sweating through your T-shirt

Teal is the lovely taste of honeysuckle
when the flowers are blooming in May

Teal is when the crickets are chirping
at the dawn of night and all the
bells are ringing showing it's 12 o'clock

Teal is the northern lights shining
bright when you are looking out your
window half asleep

Teal is the scent of daffodils
after the rain
and the dirt is as moist as ever

Mia K.

POKER CHIP

I am a poker chip.
I live at an elderly home in Bastrop, Louisiana.

I feel the soft marble table and the
wrinkly hands of many elders playing
with me. Just like children.

I see the sweet faces of all the women
and men. Each passes by. Slowly.

I hear their whispers when they walk by.
Soft and sweet.

I taste, well, the air. The cool
temperatures. The caretakers keep moving
down and down.

I smell the hospital beds bringing
a sick woman to an open
casket.

It's not easy living here. Nope. Not
at all.

Mia Kieklak

THE NERVOUS BASKETBALL PLAYER

She hears the crowd cheering,
wet sweat
drips down
her face
feeling like
she's in a pool,
looking around the gym wondering,
“What should I do?”

The smell
of the stench
filled her lungs
the taste of salty sweat,
sugary Gatorade.

Time's
running
out.

“Tic, tic.”
She shoots.
“Tic, tic.”

Eleanor Emis

JULY IN MY BACKYARD

As you feel the summer warmth
Fall on your skin,
You see the green grass with patches of
Flowers being hugged by honey bees,
As you take deep and refreshing breaths you
Smell fresh and light smoke coming from
The juicy chicken being barbequed,
You taste the refreshing honeysuckles coming
From bushes just as you are about to 'gnom'
On the fresh chicken my loving parents have
Cooked up,
Then you fall to the floor as my cute-ish
Little brother smashes you with a freezing,
Cold water balloon, you then feel the normally
Smooth and loving wind make the cold
Water worse as it pelts you with
Fear as you wonder what happens next
In my huge backyard,
July in my backyard!

Zain Malik

ROOT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 1 – 2, 6– 7, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Gwendolyn Looney

GRADE LEVEL: 3, 4, 5

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 220

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Cara Dees,
Megan Downey, Michelle Myers,
Julia Paganelli, Larissa Sprecher

SC TUCKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DANVILLE, AR

SNAKES

Snakes don't seem
so scary. Snakes are like
sticks. Or fashion wear for
monsters, to see who is so
big and bad. Snakes can be
people too you know. They can
walk with robotic legs. Python's tongues
look like forks (to eat) ohh or feet
to walk on! But snakes are
snakes nothing more.

Itzelh Vazquez-Avila

S.C. TUCKER ELEMENTARY

You smell like the sugarless coffee from the teachers'
lounge. You are the nosiest place I know. Your walls are
as green as the forest trees. Students and teachers step
on your body everyday like a floor mat. Janitors scrub
you clean until you're spotless. Your door handles feel
as smooth as a baby's hand. You are my school.

Kira Deal

SOME DOGS

I had some dogs that were tables.
I had some dogs with stitches in their eyes.
I had some dogs with skin made from carpet.
I had some dogs that were chickens.
I had some dogs that were zombies.
I had some dogs that were people.
I had some dogs that were banana spiders.
I had some dogs that ate chicken legs.
I had some dogs that ate razors.
I had some dogs that were fire and ice.
I had some dogs that ate themselves.
 But I never had cats.

Caden Fowler

SUN

1. A big round house where all the lights are on and bright.
2. An orange on fire in the sky.
3. A ball stuck in a tree.
4. A bright light inside a closed box.
5. Orange candy in the store window.

Luis Angon-Gutierrez

EVERY TIME I SEE THE SUN

Every time I see the stars I can fly.
Every time I see the stars it turns daylight.
Every time I see the stars I turn into a vampire.
Every time I see the stars I turn into a frog, and kiss
mermaid
and princesses.

But every time I see the sun, I don't.

Trestan Connor

MEXICO

Your smell is as if my grandma has made fresh tortillas.
When people get in an angry crowd you tremble with
fear. When I see you I see a wedding with people
dancing and roses everywhere. Your taste is like nachos
with extra cheese. What I hear from you is like people
going to war.

Fernando Herrera

SC TUCKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

DANVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: May 13 – 14, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Samantha Dill

GRADE LEVEL: 5

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 100

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Michelle Myers

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ALEXANDER, AR

IF I WERE A CRYSTAL

If I were a crystal
I would be clear as water
I would smell like dirt
After many days of light going through me
Big rough tentacles pick me up
They throw me in a bucket with
Many of my friends
Now I sit on this stand
With this sign that says \$13

Asa Chism

SIDE BY SIDE

Yesterday was a rocket blasting into space
Today is a colorful butterfly dancing in the wind
Tomorrow will be two snow-covered mountains sitting
side by side
I never was a half-filled glass of milk
But I'll become a father hugging his son
for the first time since he came back from the army

Abby Martin

RED

The lips of Snow White walking
through the forest. A small
cardinal flying through
the trees. She finds a
tree with apples hanging from
it. The scent of fresh baked strawberry
pie travels through the air and attracts
Snow White. She finds a bakery with
cakes—strawberry, apple, raspberry.
Snow White encounters a cherry wood
cottage and stays there for the night.

Alexa Rodman

RIVER

I am a river fresh, sweet, rushing
Animals thirst amongst me, and I am there to give them
a drink
My children swim and play in my flowing blue skin
Smooth flat rocks lay around me, closing me in
I see the deer, elk and bear, pine trees and cherry
I smell the fresh rose scent deep and wonderful
I know the world for what it is. It is my home.

Alex Lanier

THE LIES

The white on your face like a
Japanese makeover
The butterfly was blossoming out
of its colorful cocoon
Why are people alive today?
Your face so wet from the
heat of the sun
Nobody notices who you are, but
they notice what you're wearing
The slipperiness of my dog's
fur was hard to grasp
The lies of why people are alive
still cannot be answered
My face was tickled with joy
with the insect on my face: a butterfly

Shelby Bratton

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

ALEXANDER, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 20 – 22, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Leslie Smith

GRADE LEVEL: 5

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 80

VISITING WRITERS: Michelle Myers, Alice Otto

**TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
TAYLOR, AR**

I LIVE IN A BLOOD STREAM

I eat the bad blood
I take a bath in the saliva
I brush my teeth on the heart
I sleep in the heart the heart
beat puts me to sleep I use the blood tubes as a blanket
It is fun in the human body
I think, do art and work in the brain.

Jessa Hines

GREEN

The color of vineyards
The blink of an eye
The abundances of light
The strips of grass
The outside glow of Miracle Grow
The darkness of neon
The puzzled soul of a child
The collar of a pit bull
The law of stripes
The bayou of Louisiana

Cassidy Nunn

DURING THE STORM

Damage comes
Before that
The storm.

Lightning crackles
Like wood in a fire
Wind
In a battle with the earth.

Rivers
Born from the rain
During the storm.

Calie Gray

ALBINO PEACOCK

The sparkles of its shiny white
Feathers swaying in the wind, bright
Eyes look at me with joy
We head out to Hawaii to see
The ocean and its beautiful ways
The waves splashing us so easy the sun making
His white feathers shimmer
Like snow flakes in the sky we lay
On the sand looking up
at the sky traveling far
and wide once more.

Taegan Hamilton

BLUE

The color of a trash can,
A blue bird,
The ocean with waves.
The color of her eyes.
A marker.
A dizzy haze, jeans,
Ecstatic electricity,
The line of the law.

Calie Gray

UNTITLED

I am going to space
by shaking a cookie jar
and when I got there
I saw a rock
coming at me
that was as big and green
as a planet. I heard
silence that I have
never heard before.
When I smelled the
air, it smelled like
a nasty skunk, and
I felt a rock. It was a
lumpy oval rock
with a red glowing color.

Hailey Hall

YOUR FACE

Your bright sky eyes
And the crow feet
Around your eyes, the trap door mouth,
Skyscraper nose plus your butt-
Chin and a fat mountainside cheeks with the tide,
Pool sacks under your eyes.

Blade Glass

UNTITLED

I opened the door to
fall. The leaves on the green now touch
the ground. Animals fall into a trance
when they shut their eyes. The trees
stood gray and dull all alone until we
finally opened the door to springtime.

Makenzie Burns

UNTITLED

I am going to the late 1860s by
twirling my hair. I see girls
wearing a lot of too much purple
lipstick. I hear stomping, clapping, and
cheering. I feel like I'm in a movie.
I ate a snake and worms.
I smell erasers! I saw an old
lady with an afro.

Bailee Rogers

THE JUMP

I stood on a high rock
like it was a grey cold skyscraper.
I said nothing.
I saw my parents and friends
on the boat, then I ran.
I ran like a monster was behind me.

I jumped and for a brief second felt the sun's
warmth. I saw the green water below.
I heard only chirping of birds. Then I felt
as if my stomach was in my head,
gravity and inertia keeping me in the air.

I suddenly hit the ocean water.
I saw pebbles and fish below my feet.
I came up to cheering
and I knew that I did it.

Aiden Robertson

TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

TAYLOR, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 16 – 17, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Robby Frizzell

GRADE LEVELS: 3, 4, 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 100

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Zach Hester,
David Kinzer, Suzanne Monroe

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

VANDERGRIFF IS ALIVE

Sharp teeth are hanging from
the mouth where we enter, the
hallways are the throat and
the mat in front of the door
is the tongue, the sinks started
eating paper because they got
so hungry, when you try to read
a book they bite you.

Laurel Wolchok

SOFT CEMENT

Cement is as soft as a
pineapple skin. And cement
tastes like soft pretzels. Purple
robins eggs. Glue tastes like
butterscotch crows. Cactuses
grow in Hershey Pennsylvania. And
an apricot cracks like an egg
ready to hatch.

Dylan Springate

POLITE

I love my husband
and he loves me but
one thing is when we
eat dinner I eat the food
that is on the plates
and he eats up all of the
dirty dishes it is not
quite disturbing but it is
not very polite, especially when
we have guests.

Kayloh Winnihas

NOW

At first I was
a tree as tall
as a building
but now I'm
a pencil slowly
being worn
down...to a
nub.

Janet Fu

SUSPICION

Staying on the lookout
a dark, dark house
yelling
your name

Ana Rochier

BRAIN WANTS

My brain wants to be president
and think about Congress signs,
wants to be a piece of
popcorn with buttery syrup all over
itself,
to be water
and drift onto the sand.

My brain wants to be a cloud
and bounce away into sunlight,
wants to be a mermaid.
I don't know where it gets these
ideas.
My brain wants to be smart.
But I thought it already was.

Presley Denson

PUDDLE AND THE MOON

It sounds like the little, tiny
raindrops
breaking the surface
of the puddle.
See your reflection
breaking the surface of
the clear puddle.
Looking into the puddle
I see the moon,
smiling brightly,
just at me,
encouraging me
to sleep.

Qinlan Dai

3

Last time I went to dinner with my
donkey, he told me how we should
have eaten in the junkyard, then
we ate a burger under a waitress
who was screaming in our faces...
he should brush more often, I think
I need smelling repair.

Hanna Estes

MY MUM THE NURSE

My mum works at a hospital in
the ICU. She works with blood
and heads I think. The halls are
usually quiet unless they're running
a patient down the hall.

Jacob

CROSSING NEW YORK BY ICE SKATING

I see New York.
I smell hot pizza coming from
a restaurant. I taste
New York's cheesecake with chocolate chips.
I feel the soft and warm clouds in my hand.
I have the wind saying hi to me.

Maggie Touceda

SUCKER FISH

The skin as slimy as algae
and shaped like an oval and a triangle stuck together.
Eyes as big as two ants taking a leaf home,
fins flopping.
Breathing from the sides of their bodies,
cleaning fish tank sides.

Jam Sontll

MOON

The moon tastes like old rocks and cold cake. The moon feels like gravel sliding through your fingers. The moon smells like dirty socks. The moon sounds like paper crackling.

Benjamin Loh

HOW TO CAPTURE LIGHTNING

step one: throw silver into the clouds

step two: say “Oh clouds, take this gift; in return, please make lightning”

step three: then run into your house and find a plastic jar and your mom’s wedding ring

step four: get hairspray and spray it all over you so the lightning won’t hurt you

step five: run outside and hold your mom’s wedding ring up to the sky

step six: once lightning, capture it in your mom’s ring

step seven: then put the ring in the jar so it won’t escape

Emily Renfro

TONGUE

The tongue lives in the mouth
but it wants to be a cat.
It would purr and spend a nap
on a fluffy couch
only if the wish was granted.
Even if the tongue wished on a shooting star,
it is forced to stay and flip food into the throat
for its whole lifetime.

Lisa Huang

INSIDE A SOAP BUBBLE

When I am inside a soap bubble I
feel icky like a frog.
I taste bubbles.
I see myself floating.
I hear the pop of other bubbles.
I smell bubbles popping in my nose.
When someone pops my bubble I feel
like I have no space anymore.

June

5TH GRADE SATYR

My plastic lime green alarm clock annoys
me when I wake up, so I gobble
it up happily. I was already late, so I
hurry to eat my empty soda can for breakfast
before I skipping into the car. When I
got to school, I got a blue tardy
slip, so I ate it when I was
walking to class. During lunch, I ate
my usual: enchiladas. Also, when I was
taking a big test in Science, I
got so nervous that I accidentally
ate it. During recess, I played my
flute in the fields of grass. My
teacher got red as a tomato ripe
in the sun, but overall, I had a
stomach-filling day.

Samantha Roach

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 20 – 21, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Marci Tate

GRADE LEVELS: 3, 4, 5

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 350

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Collin Callahan,
Kevin Corbett, Michelle Myers,
Julia Paganelli, Larissa Sprecher

VILONIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS VILONIA, AR

UNTITLED

I used to kiss monkeys,
but now I am a good child.

Mystic Clements

FLOWER DON'T WILT

Flower, stop wilting!
Why you get thirsty, instead of getting a drink, you
wilt.
Why wilt flower, why wilt?
Why not get some water?
You are no fun when you wilt!
You just sit and you lean and look sad.
Flower, show some independence!
I shouldn't have to water you every day!
Quit being lazy, Flower, it's no fun.
If you want some water, get some.
Please get some water, Flower, I miss the
fun you, and can't wait to get rid of this sad you.
Please, Flower, don't wilt!

Mason Hoover

UNTITLED

Dog, why must you bark when you
see somebody? Don't they like you? Once
you love them, now you don't! I gave you
a lily once, and you barked at it, too.

Lily Dodd

VOWELS

A—smells like fresh laundry
E—sounds like nails scraping a chalkboard
I—tastes like greasy French fries
O—feels like a slimy fish
U—looks like 1,000 butterflies dancing

Alayna Brown

UNTITLED

Turtle, why must you
be so slow? Don't
you like to win?
I give you a tomato, you're
so slow it rots.

Isabelle Stephens

PET ROCKS

Do you have any motor control
at all? You are so boring. Do you have
a sense of humor? Can you even breathe?
Don't sit there like you can't hear me!
Why are you even here? All you do is sit!
You know, I wonder if you rocks can do
anything. All you actually do is keep
papers from flinging away. I think I need some
actual friends.

Elisha Lee

VILONIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

VILONIA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 21 – 22, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Chere' Beavers

GRADE LEVELS: 3, 4, 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 60

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, David Kinzer

**WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE
DETENTION CENTER
FAYETTEVILLE, AR**

HARMLESS

My poem is harmless
It comes from the earth
Many people support it but the law doesn't
My poem helps people unite
Any color they are
Helping them relax and enjoy life
My poems hurt many.

David

TV

Living in a TV pitch black and dark until a light
comes up on you far but near and out of nowhere a
voice starts to appear. You think it's a god, little do
you know I'm watching you on FOX.

Jordan

MOTHERS OF AMERICA

Mothers of America let us
guys be with our girls without
you asking so many questions,

of what we did,
when are you
coming home.

Kevin

WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 30 – May 1, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jeane Mack

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 5

VISITING WRITERS: Zach Hester, Josh Idaszak

WEAVER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WEST MEMPHIS, AR

WHERE I'M FROM

I'm from busy streets that flow
day and night.
I'm from where dogs bark and howl
every time you pass by.
I'm from glowing buildings and sparkling
billboards.
I'm from sizzling chicken popping
in hot grease.
I'm from blazing hot school days.
I was born when the moon shines
down on you when you seen it.
My name is a Denarius Badger.

Denarius Badger

I REMEMBER

I remember sitting on your old white
flakey porch hearing the young majestic humming
birds sing a graceful song, eat that sweet
red delicious cake with icing smooth as a baby
belly, looking over the view of spring flowers.
I remember those times.

Brighton Gillum

IF I SWALLOWED A TORNADO

I will turn to wind.
No one will see me.
I will be like I don't even exist.
And I can make anything.

Andre Barlow

IF I SWALLOWED A TSUNAMI

If I swallowed a tsunami
I would have a huge head break
the whole ocean would collapse
my head would spin and I would fall
on a gigantic stone

Daylion Watkins

JOY

Tastes like eating a jolly rancher in my bed
Smells like purple lilies when they first bloom
Feels like babies' stomachs when they get out the tub
Hear it like a marching band coming down the street

Avryuna Maxwell

I REMEMBER

I remember the first time we slaughtered
a pig. Your skin was red and soft.
It was as red as the razorbacks colors.
Your skin is as soft as silk. It was June,
almost my birthday, but I did not mind
doing it. Because I really love you. It
was meat for all of us.

Niketa Thomas

WHERE YOU FROM

I'm from a city divided by a river I'm from
a big grassy green field. I'm from a farm full
of fluffy snow white cotton. I'm from a city full of
firing guns and gangs at night. I was born by
a blue river! My name is Winter, the feeling of
cold when I don't have any socks!

Kalayah Gatewood

I REMEMBER

It was the 23rd of February
the snow began to fall
and white freckles began
to appear on my face
it was the ice cool breeze that
froze my hands when
I felt the white freckles on my face. Soon
March the 3rd, I heard crickets,
beetles, ants, spiders,
yelling for the summer to come. Soon it was
a pretty green field again
bigger than my grandmother's cabin.

Tontiali McGhee

WEAVER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

DATES OF VISIT: May 11 – 12, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sheila Grissom

GRADE LEVELS: 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 100

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Molly Rector

**WESTSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(FALL VISIT)
HARTMAN, AR**

GO TO MEXICO

Go to Mexico
Go bare feet
hot wood of my front
step. Hot tar in Fort Smith
moving cars dangerous
in the afternoon
I stop for hamburgers and
water. I start again.
My feet are cut and I hear
a rattlesnake.

Ben Peyton

1. THE AIRPLANE OF SADNESS

The big white airplane was sad when it hit
a vulture when flying through the air.

2. THE VULTURE OF CONFUSION

The vulture squawked with confusion when the
airplane flew through the air.

Dakota Beavers

SONG

Like a giant walking
through a colorful forest filled with trees.
Like instruments crying and weeping.
Like white fluffy snow crunching
under my boot.

Like giant hands smashing into
each other.
Like firecrackers exploding into
an arch of colors.
Like a yelling voice fading
away into the night.

Breyden McCain

THE TROLLS OF SADNESS

cry to each other
seeing the dark clouds rise
The rain falls hard
hearing a large Thump!
as the water hit a bucket
They smell the air so wet
and feel it cold and slick
under the highway bridge
as they scream and whine
but there are only three of them
to bundle up and hide
when a car goes by.
The trolls of sadness.

Alexia Bartlett

THE OCEAN

My eyes are on fishes
My mouth tastes salty
My legs are stepping on seashells, clams, and crabs
My arms are floating everywhere,
My breath smells like the ocean
My voice is too soft to hear in the water.

Jasmine X.

SELF-PORTRAIT

For I am a lonely pickle in a jar and no one
to eat me. Soon I hate being a pickle. I just float around
in pickle juice and sleep. I get thrown outside and I
roll and
roll and roll. Soon I get eaten by a mad chicken.
I will never see that jar again.

Dalton Beavers

SONG

Two pigeons running on the ground
like my mother in a hurry at the store,
like cops grinning their faces off
 when they got paychecks
like mice staring in the pantry.
like small babies grinning.

Sophia B

RED

being yelled at.
cinnamon burning in my mouth.
people screaming for help.
red hots in a case.
watermelon
and cinnamon.

Mackenzie Pledger

GETTING TO ATLANTIS BY ROLLING

I went to Atlantis
by rolling. When
I first started rolling there
were three crocodiles
in a pond, and then
these crocodiles stretched
out all the way across
the pond and so I decided
to roll across all three
of them. But when I got
over the last one
I heard and saw
waves rushing and right
then I knew that I
was in Atlantis! All night
that night I stayed up
watching the stars bounce
and glare off of the
Atlantis Ocean.

Elizabeth Delrio

GOLD

Gold feels fresh snow on
a winter morning!
It tastes like fresh pancakes
covered with butter and syrup!
Gold sounds like rain cold
on a metal roof!
Looks like a honeycomb!
Gold smells like butterscotch
falling down ice cream!

Frank Tollisen

SONG # 1 AND SONG # 2

Mice in a marching band rabbit hopping
away from fox. Water dripping from the roof.

Snow falling, water waves, deer running
away. Leaves falling, flowers floating on top of the
water.

Carlina Sandoval

WESTSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL (FALL VISIT)

HARTMAN, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 13 – 14, 2014

FACULTY SPONSOR: Rebecca Elms

GRADE LEVELS: 3, 4, 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 200

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Michelle Myers,
Julia Paganelli, Molly Rector

**WESTSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(SPRING VISIT)
HARTMAN, AR**

UNTITLED

The past is an old race track
 in the jungle.

The present is a big mountain
 with lots of valleys.

The future is a cookie that has no
 middle to it.

I am an old road with
 lots of turns.

Olen Odom

THE FORGOTTEN TOY CAR

It was not long ago I was forgotten. There I was in the park. The sun shining bright. The shade of trees. I was super-fast going down the sidewalk.

But then one of my tires broke. I was left alone, my red paint turned to black. My stickers were ripped, left to rot, never to be seen again.

Abby Hickey

WISSEL

Wissel is an old man with white
and gray busy hair.

He has gray shiny teeth.
Wissel raises chickens.

His chickens lay eggs with white crunchy shells.
He crunches on the white

slippery eggs every morning.
It sounds like a caterpillar crunching

an acorn tree's leaf.
He loves play with his friend

rocks. They are rough and scratchy.
The only people he knows

are his chickens and rocks.
He is a pretty lonely guy.

Cenyann McMillan

UNTITLED

Stephen King with a watermelon
in his hat, he walks to
the park. He takes a big,
juicy bite.

A big, juicy, terrible, pathetic
bite. A big, juicy,
terrible, pathetic bite. A big,
juicy, pathetic, pathetic bite.

So his spit it out.
Nasty taste. It was
a big, juicy, terrible,
pathetic bite.

Brandi Harmo

I AM BLIZZARD

I am a blizzard,
howling like a wolf when
my wind blows. My snow
flakes are like a diamond
flying through the winter's
starry night on your
way to work. That black
ice playing "hide and
go seek" is invisible
until you come
to a point where you
have sought it. The
crystal clear snowflakes are
stacked about 3 feet tall.
I am a blizzard.

Ryleigh McMillan

WESTSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL (SPRING VISIT)

HARTMAN, AR

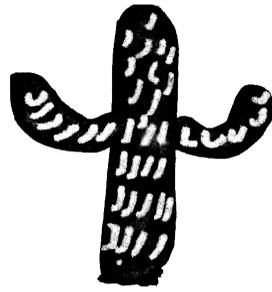
DATES OF VISIT: March 18 – 19, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Rebecca Elms

GRADE LEVELS: 5, 6

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 70

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, David Kinzer,
Alice Otto



SUPPORT WITS

Arkansas WITS is made possible through a partnership with the University of Arkansas Graduate School and also in part by the schools and institutions we visit, and by the generous support of private donors.

Many of the students we work with have little familiarity with poetry and the arts when we first arrive. But WITS is not just about celebrating the arts; our program is designed to foster and emphasize attention to language, experimentation, associative thinking, risk taking, and creative problem solving. The recognition and development of these skills will build a generation of leaders, inventors, and problem-solvers, which is especially important when we're moving into an economy in which ideas and language carry the most capital value.

Classroom teachers have noted the following effects from a WITS visit: WITS elicits enthusiasm and participation from students who are normally withdrawn, disinterested, or have serious learning disabilities; the act of (and remembrance of) sharing poems contributes positively to a respectful class dynamic; WITS workshops open a door for students—they feel both equipped and empowered to use language differently and write with a greater sense of authority; students who are “at risk” express interest in higher education and enrichment opportunities; WITS inspires students to connect with their course studies and changes “have to” into “want to.”

\$100 can impact 100 students, but a contribution of any amount helps make our creative writing programs for Arkansas students possible. Because of your generosity, WITS can continue its 40+ year legacy of serving schools and institutions all over the state of Arkansas. Your donation helps offset travel expenses and makes it possible for us to continue serving underfunded school districts.

You may be able to double or triple the number of students you help. Ask your company if they have a matching grant program and be sure to let us know whenever you make your gift.

If you'd like to support WITS, please make checks payable to Writers in the Schools and mail to:

Writers in the Schools
Attn: Program Director
University of Arkansas
333 Kimpel Hall
Fayetteville, AR 72701

We are sincerely grateful for your support.



To learn more about WITS, to order additional copies of this anthology, or to schedule a visit for your school, please visit us online:

WWW.ARKANSASWITS.ORG

facebook.com/arkansaswits

twitter: @arkansaswits

instagram: @arkansaswits

ARKANSAS WITS 2014-2015 VISITING WRITERS

CHEYENNE AUTRY

fiction, year 1

CAROLINE BEIMFORD

fiction, year 2

ANTHONY BLAKE

poetry, year 1

MEGAN BLANKENSHIP

poetry, year 3

KIRSTY BLEYL

fiction, year 1

COLLIN CALLAHAN

poetry, year 1

KEVIN CORBETT

poetry, year 3

CARA DEES

translation, year 1

MEGAN DOWNEY

fiction, year 2

WILLI GOEHRING

poetry, year 4

ZACH HARROD

fiction, year 1

KATHLEEN HEIL

translation and poetry, year 4

ZACH HESTER

poetry, year 1

JOSH IDASZAK

fiction, year 1

JESSE IRWIN

translation, year 2

DAVID KINZER

fiction, year 3

JT MAHANY

translation, year 1

SUZANNE MONROE

fiction, year 1

MICHELLE MYERS

poetry, year 2

ALICE OTTO

fiction, year 4

JULIA PAGANELLI

poetry, year 1

DIANA REAVES

poetry, year 4

MOLLY BESS RECTOR

poetry, year 2

LARISSA SPRECHER

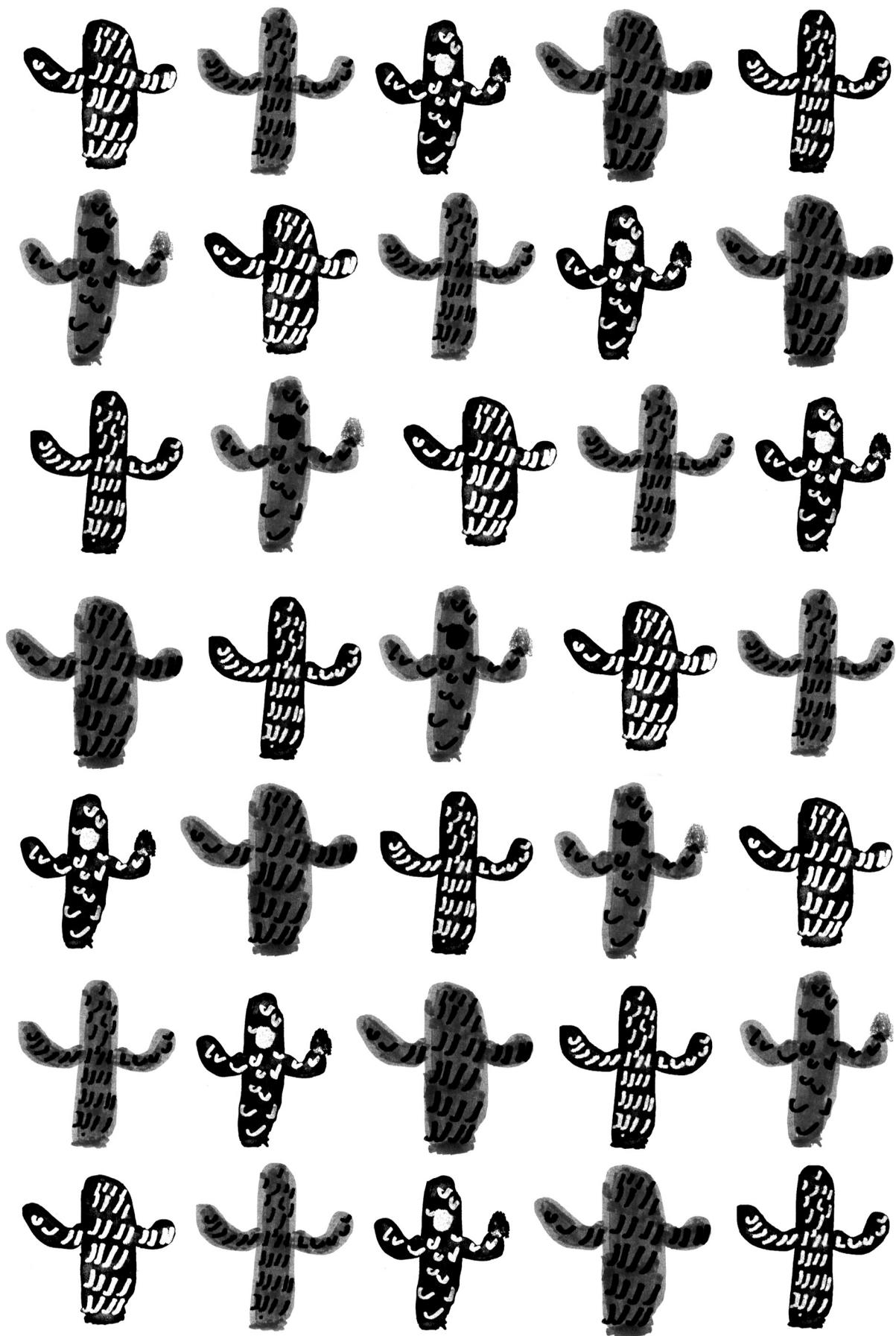
fiction, year 2

CHRIS TAMIGI

translation, year 3

MAX THOMPSON

translation, year 3





ARKANSAS WITS

2014 - 2015 PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE
PLUMERVILLE, AR

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL
AUGUSTA, AR

BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY
BROOKLAND, AR

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL EAST ELEMENTARY
LEACHVILLE, AR

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY
MONETTE, AR

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY
FORT SMITH, AR

COOPER ELEMENTARY
BELLA VISTA, AR

EMERSON ELEMENTARY
EMERSON, AR

GRACE HILL ELEMENTARY
ROGERS, AR

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS
GREENBRIER, AR

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE
FARMINGTON, AR

MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY
LITTLE ROCK, AR

MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL
MOUNTAINBURG, AR

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL
NORFORK, AR

NORPHLET HIGH SCHOOL
NORPHLET, AR

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY
WEST MEMPHIS, AR

ROOT ELEMENTARY
FAYETTEVILLE, AR

SC TUCKER ELEMENTARY
DANVILLE, AR

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY
ALEXANDER, AR

TAYLOR ELEMENTARY
TAYLOR, AR

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY
FAYETTEVILLE, AR

VILONIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
VILONIA, AR

WASHINGTON COUNTY
JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER
FAYETTEVILLE, AR

WEAVER ELEMENTARY
WEST MEMPHIS, AR

WESTSIDE ELEMENTARY
HARTMAN, AR

WRITERS
IN THE
SCHOOLS

WWW.ARKANSASWITS.ORG



UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS

333 KIMPEL HALL FAYETTEVILLE, AR 72701