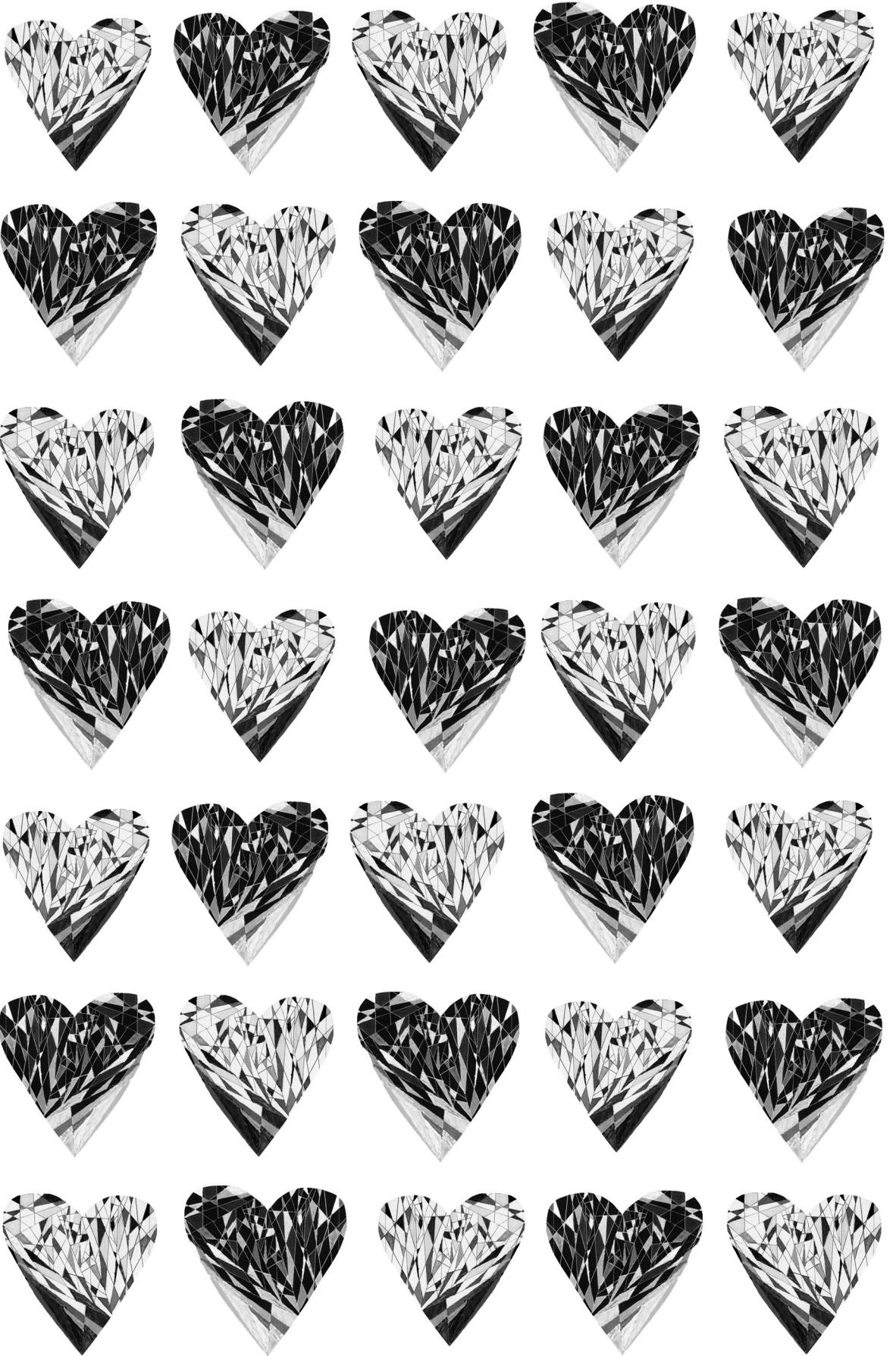


# WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THE HEART?



**2015-2016**

**ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS POETRY ANTHOLOGY**





# **WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THE HEART?**

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**2015-2016 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS  
POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

# **2015–2016 ARKANSAS WITS POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

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from a prompt developed by WITS staff members  
Molly Bess Rector and Caroline Beimford

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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](http://www.arkansaswits.org).

Dedicated to C.D. Wright,

1949 - 2016

a founding member of the WITS staff  
and one of the finest and fiercest poets out of Arkansas  
(or anywhere)

And also for James Whitehead, always.



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## EDITOR'S NOTE

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Welcome to the forty-second 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: Kathy Lake, 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, 2015-2016

## ABOUT WITS: OUR MISSION

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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 under-served parts of the state, places where many students come from low-income families and are considered “at risk” for dropping out of school.

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### 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

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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

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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 two-day creative writing workshops. Since its inception, WITS has conducted a total of 1916 two-day workshops, visiting 746 unique schools & institutions in 265 towns & cities across the state of Arkansas. During the 2015-2016 school year, we visited 35 schools in 28 cities and worked with approximately 4500 students.

Each 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](http://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 biannually 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](http://www.arkansaswits.org).





**WHAT IS THE FUNCTION  
OF THE HEART?**



## AMBOY ELEMENTARY NORTH LITTLE ROCK, AR

### WHEN I LEAVE MY ROOM A GHOST WATCHES T.V.

When I leave my room a ghost watches T.V.  
A bird flies through the kitchen window and drinks a  
cup of water. Why do birds have to fly?  
In the year 2016 in the last week of July, 77 tornadoes  
hit Arkansas. I broke a vase because it looked ugly.  
My T.V. randomly turns on but I don't know why.  
The birds have to fly to a baseball game and catch all  
the baseballs with their wings. Cardinals.

*Dalton Boals*

### TRAVEL

The smell of a fresh breeze air.  
Seeing hours, and animals  
running beside your car.  
Imagine riding on a giraffe  
and trees sounding like the oceans.

Swimming through the sea with a giraffe.  
Wake up with your head under water,  
best friend standing over you  
with hands around your throat.  
See a bright light and go back to a forest  
smelling flowers like fresh breath.

*Brandy Conley*

### I'M UNDERGROUND IN A CRYSTAL

I'm underground in a crystal cave  
the crystal sparkling like stars in the sky  
I can smell the air of joy in my mind  
by wondering who to tell

I'm in the cave  
looking for a way out  
then I find a little hole  
and I sneak my way out.  
The sky is still bright  
so I can make my way home  
until night.

*Nakira Galbraith*

### WHEN

When I am asleep,  
a monster comes out  
from under my bed.  
A dog has a job  
at Dollar Tree.  
Why do the sun and moon run  
around the world?  
In 2006 I was a cyborg  
A vase broke into candy  
They call it rock candy  
The monster really lives  
in my closet so everybody can sleep  
and wake up.

*Paul Ogden*

**FEAR**

Fear is the worst of all, it hunts  
you every time. You try to escape, but  
you can't. Wish that it never existed.

It smells like rotten eggs and sounds like  
rusty hinges at dark. It hugs you.  
I will never be ready to fall.

*Ashley Ramos*

**MY FRIEND SPITS GUMBALLS**

My friend spits gumballs every time he talks  
Monkeys go to beaches at night  
Why do fairies take your teeth?  
1595 was when I became queen of Atlanta  
The sun broke and it became sparkles on dresses  
All gumballs have different flavors  
To build their homes  
Monkeys

*Ashley Ramos*

---

**AMBOY ELEMENTARY****NORTH LITTLE ROCK, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 4 - 5, 2015**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Claire Welch**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 60**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Suzanne Monroe

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

**TUMBLE**

As I'm playing and running with  
my brother we tumble we lie  
there on the grass as green as  
a pepper we look up at the  
stars as bright as a tiny burner  
flame we lay there in awe.

*Adam Pearl*

**NOT CLASSICAL MUSIC**

It makes  
me feel like  
I want to stand  
and dance  
my heart out  
instead of  
writing  
this poem.

*Kade Williams*

## HORSE

horse what's  
your name  
oh please  
tell me?  
what is it  
like living  
in the wild?  
do you  
speak British?

*Katrina Martinez*

## SHORT POEM

Nobody ate  
There was a huge buffet  
but no one had a mouth.

*Rylie Watson*

## I KNOW

I know my house  
really is Mars because  
there is a red stain  
on my carpet.

*Peyton Stegall*

## CLASSICAL MUSIC VS. HIP-HOP

1.

The sound of the violin reminds me of me late to a fancy meal. Like the sound of someone's life taken from the soul. The shadow lowering down into the depths of a small ravine the size of a thumb. The pounding heartbeat of the souls not carried down to odds and evens, yet thriving joy to a celebration for the living at a town hall but so happy the memory is wiped from the occasion.

2.

The jazz of the drums insanely climbing until they find what they want. People in the tavern chit-chatting and playing cards on the coffee table in the lobby, rising of the dead on the Day of the Dead in the grave of the haunted of Honest Abe, Washington, and Martin Luther King Jr. Like the happiest day of my life.

*Savannah Dunn*

---

ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE

PLUMERVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 4 - 5, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sally Stuart

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 100

VISITING WRITERS: David Kinzer, Sacha Idell

## **ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL ARKADELPHIA, AR**

### **DEER**

I'm walking through the dark and dead  
silenced forest. I come to a stop my heart  
is racing, my wonder is paralyzed.  
I haven't seen such a thing before.  
Watch it walking through the forest,  
with its silk hide. Its antlers seem  
like it's going to war. It stayed  
with my mind forever.

*Nelson Ferguson*

### **THE LIFE OF MY DAD**

I knew my dad very little I was told  
I never want to meet him I never  
knew why no matter how much I asked  
to see him they said I never can  
I grew up and started to not care anymore  
my dad was never around he was locked  
in a cage.

*Bradley Davis*

## HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

Be an idiot  
Buy a watermelon  
Place the watermelon on the table  
Look at the watermelon  
Bash your head into it  
Take in the aroma  
Celebrate!  
Then clean up.

*Diana Summerville*

## WINTER

She's in the cold looking  
At the sky wishing it could  
Snow down on her face

*Heather Bolt*

## WOLF

The soft silver wind on  
my hand. The gray fog and the  
eyes are as blue as the sky. The sound  
of the beast makes your body shake  
in fear and grave. When it runs you can  
barely hear its footsteps as it hits the  
ground. The first time I saw the graceful  
creature I loved it ever since.

*Tyler Allen*

**TRAVELING BY DREAM TO PLUTO**

It was cold, black and purple  
like the bruise I had on my  
knee. I didn't have any suit on,  
just what I had worn the day before.  
I thought that I heard noises,  
but I wasn't that sure.  
It was so lonely  
and everything was dark.  
Human life was non-existent.  
Everything I worried about  
suddenly left me and  
I was left with nothing  
but myself and space.

*Peyton Fleenor*

**HOW TO FALL IN LOVE**

Open your mouth  
put letters together  
letters make words  
so after you make words  
put the words together  
words together make sentences.

*Jayla Quarles*

### UNTITLED

Find a watch  
Beat it with a sledge hammer

To burn time.

*TJ McKay*

### HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

You have to have lots of  
freckles, you have to be good  
at explaining things. You  
have to have a bucket  
list and know how to be  
president.

*William Mauldin*

### EMPTY HOUSE

Honey dripped onto the floor  
Candles burned  
The attic creaked  
The lawnmower sat still on the sidewalk  
The house empty,  
But somehow still alive

*Kelton Anderson*

### THE LIFE OF MY PAPA

He took me pheasant hunting in South Dakota  
We all shot the limit every day  
One day when we were going home  
and we ran out of gas  
So he poured moonshine in the gas tank  
and we rode home on that tank of gas

*Caleb Bird*

### LOVEBIRDS

I am a falcon, flying high  
above other birds.  
I dive with the others, grabbing  
them as they grab crickets.  
Is it wrong to spite a lovebird?  
In 1921, they flew higher than  
the eagles.  
Was it wrong to drive them down  
and break their wings and dreams?  
It is wrong to spite a lovebird.

*Lily Tibbs*

---

ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL

ARKADELPHIA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 19 - 20, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sean Queen

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 110

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Anthony Blake,  
Elizabeth DeMeo, Cara Dees

## **BERRYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL BERRYVILLE, AR**

### **SECRET OF THE WOODS**

Trees  
Trees only  
Trees only kill  
Trees only kill lonely  
Trees only kill lonely people

*Devyn Strough*

### **I CAN JUST IMAGINE**

I can just imagine the whole  
restaurant being filled up by these classy people  
waiting for their food to be served  
listening to the music because  
they got nothing else to do.

*Jason Trujillo*

### **SONG**

Sounds so disappointed, as if  
a church bell rang at the wrong  
time. like a game that I  
hated the song has no words  
like a wall with no paint.

*Joshua Kahler*

**IN THE MORNING AND NOON**

The color of my prey in the morning  
and noon. The stock of my caliber  
the coat my grandpa once wore  
spots on my vest after a hard  
day's work. The baseball gloves of  
a long day's game. The color of dust  
on an old wooden clock, on a flock  
of ducks and geese flying across  
the sky, the color of a truck after  
a long rainy day or having a mud  
fight along the creek bank. The  
color of a bird dog leaping into the  
tall weeds.

*Zachary Favors*

**THE GATE**

The gate was supposed to be closed  
Mom told me to do so  
I was too tired to go close it  
I layed down on my bed.  
My head hit the pillow and I was asleep  
in darkness. The coyotes found the open gate  
Our ducks unprotected from the beasts  
My mother waking me up with a scream  
I jumped from my sleep and sat  
through my mother's rage.  
The guilt pulsing through my veins  
The disappointment in my mother's eyes  
My lost many ducks that day  
All because I thought I was too tired.

*Andre Peden*

## HER FACE

her face reminds me of standing on top of the tallest  
mountain at night  
the city shining down below becomes her eyes  
the trees the imperfections that I would never point out  
the winding roads built by man, the makeup she tries to  
hide behind  
the black endless sky, your hair  
the stars above so far out of reach, your heart.

*Savannah Dunn*

## EACH

Each murmur lingers.  
A tremor is frowned  
A lovely woman is  
The top of the green small angel  
centered

*Claira Watson*

## GRANDPA'S MUSTACHE

Mustache  
Mustache captures  
Mustache captures birds  
Mustache captures birds while  
Mustache captures birds while I  
Mustache captures birds while I sleep

*Lisbet Estrada*

**THE HOUND**

had visited  
     beyond the walls  
     of the city

    the motion of the waters,

whirred like     the passing years

During the night,  
 He would

        Go out  
                 to

test  
     the bottom of the  
         river.

                    He was  
 crushed by darkness

                    He fell  
                 under

                    the stars  
 To plunge in the river again

*Aspen Smith*

**I LOVE**

I love milk  
 I ate the guts out of a moth  
 Why do you walk in circles?  
 The map is broken

*Karissa Sperduto*

## **BANDAGE**

The bandage wouldn't stick  
to your faux fur, but it absorbed  
my pain. Taking care of you  
took care of me. I don't know  
who brought you, but I could see  
the reflected light in your plastic eyes,  
and your soft touch soothed  
my broken bones.

*Sarah Hale*

## **REACHES OF THE MIND**

Repeat the murmur  
of the trembling frog  
A girl mutating and watching the ceiling  
She saves the memories  
of her beloved angel  
A cantering horse  
The rider swaying  
Repeating the same motion  
The same motion as the words of the sea

*Darian Summers*

---

## **BERRYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL**

**BERRYVILLE, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** April 25 - 26, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Heather Zaloudek

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 125

**VISITING WRITERS:** Anthony Blake, Kirsty Bleyl,  
Elizabeth DeMeo, Zach Hester

## BRAGG ELEMENTARY WEST MEMPHIS, AR

### WEIRD FINGERS

My hands,  
cross like knots of string  
pop like fireworks  
fix my room  
flip my lead  
rub my eyes like rubber  
peel oranges  
play video games  
work like tools  
rip paper  
hold a baby  
go back and forward like a swing  
my hands crack like when a lion bites its food's bones  
mess with my jacket strings like messing up my room

*Jaylen Turner*

### OAK LEAVES

When you go hiking, if you  
happen to stumble upon an oak  
tree: Stop.  
And look up at the leaves and notice  
how the oak leaves  
are holding up the sky.

*Hailey Peppers*

### FOR SALE

Yardsale. Every thing must go.  
The caring love of my mother \$5.00.  
The Bravery of a boy buying worn clothes \$89.00  
the tragedy of slipping in mud 60 cents.  
The gentle touch of a wet dog's nose. \$50.00

*Nikaden Wilson*

### THE CRAZY DOCTOR

She took the bone from my arm  
then she wacked me with it like I was  
a baseball, I went as blind as  
a bat, the angry sky roared at  
her I've told you a million times  
not to hit.

*Jamya Collins*

### ELIMINATION DANCE

People who play softball on a stormy day  
Who brush their hair with a toothbrush  
Kids having nightmares with clowns dancing in the sky  
Waking up to a horse eating your apples  
Lawyers daydreaming  
Dancers forgetting a move because they see something  
People who like to smell wet dog on a rainy day

*Brooklyn Miller*

## WHAT MY HANDS DO

My hands tremble with fear  
delicately touch an animal's hide  
hide my face when I am shameful  
involuntarily clench and unclench when  
I am mad at the world  
Wipe at my tears when I am forlorn  
sweat when I am scared and time  
seems to stop.

*Kaylee Battaglia*

---

**BRAGG ELEMENTARY**

**WEST MEMPHIS, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** March 17 - 18, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Amber Mink

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 62

**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Michelle Myers

## **BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY BROOKLAND, AR**

### **POSTCARD FROM NEPTUNE**

Dear Sailor,

I am on Neptune,  
the endless ocean.  
I always must swim,  
never to rest—  
swimming,  
swimming  
for my life.

But I won't drown,  
for the gravity is low.

Sincerely,  
Silas

*Silas Wilson*

### **MINOTAUR IN THE LABYRINTH**

Minotaur in the labyrinth,  
blind as a bat,  
ran into the wall  
and hit his face.

Help him before he decides  
if you're friend or foe.

*John Seats*

**MY THIGH IS A JET ENGINE**

My thigh is a jet engine.  
Yes, it is fast—  
jet speed.  
Smell the smoke  
polluting the air  
when I run.  
Look! See the smoke,  
flying all over,  
as if the smoke were a bird.  
Sounds like metal  
rubbed on diamonds.

*Grayson Reddick*

**BROOKLAND, AR**

You know you're in  
Brookland when you  
pass the big red barn.

If you can't find it  
look for the 100 foot  
white water tower.

Have you passed  
the Christmas  
mailbox yet, it's  
really bright—

I think you are lost  
If you don't see it.

*Madelyn Brown*

### **NANA**

Is in the kitchen washing dishes,  
the Dawn brand soap bubbling  
in the old sink, the dishes clanging  
against the sink.

The warm water and her hands  
feel pruned, the soap going through her nostrils.

She is thinking about a bath,  
just how her hands feel.

*Madelyn Brown*

### **HOW TO HAVE A PARTY IN A CLOCK**

We dance to the beat of the second hand—  
tick tock tick tock, run upside down,  
walk on the hands, but how do we get out?

*Aubree Despain*

### **FACE POEM**

His face is chocolate, teeth shining  
like a diamond, hair like the dark side  
of the moon. Tall like an oak tree,  
eyes glowing blue as pure lake water—  
chin pointing like a needle,  
cheeks tight like he's ready.

*Jon Moss*

### INSIDE A BLACKHOLE

I am alpha and omega  
I am all and none  
I am a single craft  
swallowing all.

I am wonderful and horrid.  
I am the key to the universe.

Slow rain embraces this sad beach.  
The wind mourns the earth.

*Ben Jenkins*

### THE TASTE OF NIGHTMARES

the taste of nightmares  
is sour like a lemon  
is dry as a leaf  
is long as the sun.

*Jordan Friend*

---

**BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY**

**BROOKLAND, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** May 12- 13, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sandy McCall

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 167

**VISITING WRITERS:** Caroline Beimford, Megan Downey,  
Zach Hester, Josh Idaszak

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

**A POEM'S SOUND**

feels like a warm rough hand on a cold morning,  
but why is it cold if it is winter?

*Adrian Maulding*

**SATURDAY**

Saturday taste like donuts and coffee  
It smells like grain and lots of beans.  
It sounds like loud earthquakes but it is  
tractors. It looks like green jacked up trucks  
and cars. It feels like heavy metal and screen.

*Andrew Hill*

**BEIGE**

The color of the dogs that howl at night,  
The color of the rundown bike,  
The color of the little house on  
Main Street, with the weird looking windows,  
The color of the grass when it's  
dead, The color of the trees when  
they're not okay. The color of the sidewalk  
And sunny days.

*Hallee Wells*

**PORTRAIT OF MYSELF**

My head is a potato  
My hair is yarn  
My eyes are pumpkins  
My legs are string  
My fingers are people  
My toes are cars  
My arms are bananas  
My ears are skateboards  
My stomach is an orange  
My nose is a green bean  
My bone's are hearts  
My teeth are a mattress  
My heart is a ball  
My mouth is a sliced apple  
My feet are breaks  
My neck is a tube

*Alanna Neldon*

**LEACHVILLE**

When you are in Leachville  
You can see black birds tweeping  
on the power lines and the blue cars  
going by and big stores opening  
with a fresh smell and people talking  
on their phones while walking  
on the sidewalk.

*Kendra Towell*

### SELF-PORTRAIT

My hair is long grass  
and my arms are words.  
My body is a circle  
and my feet are pencils.  
My legs are needles  
and my head is a fish.  
My mouth is a paper.  
My eyes are buttons.  
My nose is a dog nose  
and my teeth are cubes.

*Remie Delegarza*

### FACTS

I have eyes as blue as water.  
I am taller than a 500 foot  
brick wall with red and blue  
bricks instead of just red. I  
am 600 instead of normal  
size. I got stickers on me because  
I ran into a cactus on the  
way to school and also cactus  
was not green it was yellow  
and white. When I ran I glitched  
and everybody that saw was  
looking really weird.

*Gaven Ladel*

**IF**

If a Unicorn smashed into a wall  
all you could see would be a puddle  
of rainbow. I would be able to smell  
all the sweet smells, so sweet I would  
be able to taste it. I would hear it  
oozing down the wall. If a unicorn  
smashed into a wall.

*Hank Hurst*

**IN THE HILLS**

You know you're in the hills when  
you see mountains filled with grass,  
you can feel the water splashing in you face,  
you hear the birds singing You taste the drink  
in your hand when you see the water fall.

*Raegan Decker*

**RED**

Color of a lost valentine, color of a faded dress.  
Color of pepperoni, the ants on the road,  
my grandma's old car. Color of fire.

*Alyssa Barajas*

### IF STARS WERE DARK

The sun would not shine  
There would be no day  
No crops  
And no food to use

*Gabriel Roach*

### PORTRAIT OF ME

My head is a bowl of soup. My eyes  
are smiley faces. My arms are crowbars.  
My legs are made out of candy corn.  
My belly is a pouch of jelly. My fingers  
are plastic. My thighs are very sharp  
needles. My feet are made out of mushrooms.  
My mouth is an extra eyeball.  
My bones are melted cheese  
stuck together. My teeth are mini golf balls.  
My neck is a tube of food. My nose  
is a very long lid and my hair is sticks.  
My brain is a small wave that never goes down.

*Riley Parke*

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### BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY

MONETTE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 12- 13, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Kima Stewart

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 130

VISITING WRITERS: Andrew Butler, Kevin Corbett,  
Zach Hester, Josh Idaszak

## DANVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL DANVILLE, AR

### I REMEMBER PEARS

I was six  
I planted some pears  
They grew  
I was eight  
I got five  
ate them  
they weren't ripe  
told my grandpa  
my grandpa got mad  
I was nine  
it died  
What I mean  
is the pears died

*Connie Ayala*

### LUCIFER

Grass was shaking by Lucifer's feet.  
Dark footprints are left in his steps  
The fire's blazing heat is warming his body.  
Why can't the sun talk?  
The sky falls out of view as it circles this flat planet  
Midnight picks at Lucifer's crown.  
The prince walks the lonely carpet, up the steps, to the  
sunshine  
trees that Lucifer made.

*Hunter W.*

### THE MULIPLEX FATE

A multiplex of buildings.  
The destruction being caused by a space squid.  
A fate for an alien civilization.  
Never to be seen a land so far.  
Help us they would scream.  
But no more.

*Austin George*

### I REMEMBER THE FISH

That fishing pole has a fish it  
was a big one. It didn't fit in the  
bucket a guy in front of us  
gave us a string we tied the huge  
fish to a rock we took it home.  
Not every big thing is right for you.

*Jose P.*

### GRAY

The color of clouds about to cry,  
Worn out silver glasses eyes, earrings  
about to fall apart, depressing old movies,  
the color dogs are forced to see,  
color of old metallic grace, cheap old rings  
that make you cry, the color of every  
thing on a rainy day, the color pencils have to write,  
the color of broken table legs and it has depression  
all over its face

*Morgan Riedd*

**IN SUMMER**

If I were a willow  
My branches would twist  
and turn my trunk stay straight  
the bird on my shoulder  
would tweet an evening lullaby  
Kids would climb me  
through the summer and through winter  
I would be so lonely on my own  
Would not have a single thing to  
comfort me if I were a willow tree  
But in summer I could talk to the  
baker the butcher or candle maker  
talk to the shoe shiner the barber  
the gardener or the animals walking  
by.

*Vanessa*

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**DANVILLE SCHOOL****DANVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT: May 16 - 17, 2016****FACULTY SPONSOR: Samantha Dill****APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 64****VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Hannah Allen**

## EMERSON ELEMENTARY

### EMERSON, AR

#### SCARED CIRCLE

My heart is as dark  
as a cave in the winter  
with a dog that goes  
through walls with red  
glowing eyes if you  
have a light you can see  
his bones

*Matt Miller*

#### FACE POEM

Your big Jesus face,  
that face of a light,  
in a dark and desolate  
room collecting dust,  
Your nose like a  
peak of a mountain,  
and every sneeze  
is the snow,  
Your face of the  
Impossible Quiz,  
impossible to beat your  
kindness,  
the best face ever.

*Logan Reeves*

**MOTHER'S DAY**

My grandma  
passed away on  
mothers day of  
2015. She was part  
indian. No one agreed  
to split it up so  
everything was sold

*Normon Smith*

**WOLF**

Wolf in the woods  
it has a thorn  
in its foot and a  
bullet in its  
side please, if  
you are kind enough,  
nurse the wolf  
back to health  
It will be your  
watcher and  
protector No  
harm shall come  
to you as long as  
the wolf is nearby  
Help the wounded  
battle veteran to get  
back on his feet.

*Matthew Wade*

## SPACE

Space is as black as a white piece of paper. It's as dark  
as a black hole. Space is as empty as my coke can.  
Space is as quiet as a broken radio. It feels like air.

*Ian Elliot*

## THIRST

My heart is a fish on land,  
with scales as blue as the sky,  
flopping around like it's  
on a bouncy trampoline.  
It is not a good idea  
to put it back in the water,  
because it will drink  
the ocean dry!

*Hailey Fry*

## SAD

My armpits are  
as smelly as  
an onion it makes  
you cry I  
don't use deodorant

*Ryleigh Hays*

**BLUE**

The sky in an open  
field. A bird finding food  
for its babies. The ocean  
in the cool summer breeze.  
A warm jacket for the  
cold winter. A chair for  
relaxing. A shirt for playing  
outside. A car getting where  
it needs to go. A folder  
to hold paper. A basket to hold things.  
Shoes to cover your feet.

*Trenton Ainsworth*

**BEES**

Bees, out in the strong wind  
and rain. When they don't get shelter  
they will hurt themselves and drown.  
So make a nest for them.  
Mud, sticks leaves.  
Let them live  
so they will make honey,  
won't sting you and you  
won't find yourself  
face to face with a beehive.

*Paul Miller*

### FACE POEM

Your face is  
a curby black  
road. Your nose  
sticks out like  
a sore thumb  
your ears are  
as big as Earth  
your mouth is  
like a talking  
shoe.

*Enavyier Suplett*

### A STOOL WITH A HEART

I'm a stool with a heart who lives  
in Hawaii. Every one makes fun  
of me. I guess they don't know I  
have a heart. It's pretty warm so I'm  
always am in the shade. I have a  
heart.

*Grace Humphreys*

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### EMERSON ELEMENTARY

EMERSON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: December 3 - 4, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Kyle

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 105

VISITING WRITERS: Andrew Butler, Collin Callahan,  
Zach Hester, Josh Idaszak

## **GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS GREENBRIER, AR**

### **WOOSTER, ARKANSAS**

I live in Wooster, Arkansas.  
You know you're here when  
you hear two dogs  
barking in the distance.

Turn left on the bumpy driveway,  
the one with the big rock next to it,  
and you will find the chicken pen  
out in the pasture.

Tell me something we don't have.  
We do have sheep across the road.  
We have neighbors too.

*Kori Williams*

### **MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE TIGERS**

My thoughts are like teeth sharp as knives.  
They run fast through the tropical jungle.  
My thoughts are orange, black and white.  
They go there and everywhere.  
They thoughts are like fur soft as a bunnies.  
My thoughts are big and bad.

*Peyton Alexis Nixon*

## HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

Take a deep breath. Calm yourself. If  
you're nervous or scared, things won't end  
well. Plant the heel of your boots down, and  
your toes up. Walk up to the starting gate  
and bolt. Go as fast as you can.  
Balance yourself.

Go through the clover and gallop  
straight back to where you started.  
As soon as you get out, focus on calming  
your beating heart. Pull your arms back,  
and muster a deep voice, saying,  
"Whoa."

*Meridian Metheny*

## I REMEMBER

By the 14th of October  
the corn was as gold as butter.  
You and I were stuck in the star  
of the maze. We thought  
it was just a game. There were times  
we forgot to eat our lunch.  
And one day I put my white hair up  
in a bun with my glasses and she said  
I looked like a librarian.  
What I remember best  
is that a seven-year-old beat us  
through that old golden maze

*Ella Huddleston*

**SEA FOAM**

Color of a rusted penny. Color of the symbol of freedom. The Statue of Liberty. Color of the fall ocean. Color of the soon to be walls of our new home. Color of my soap I got from Florida. Color that I see when I go to the beach. The old dress my grandmother wore to church last summer. Color of my father's work shirt. The one of many colors in the Northern Lights. Color of the long curtains by the window.

*Riley Bart*

**FORD TRUCK POEM**

I wanted to get  
the Ford truck into the poem  
because I loved the roar  
of the engine when you start it.

I like the gigantic wheels.  
I like the looks on people's faces  
when it passes by.

Because what is more like a dinosaur  
or a bull than the big roar and hit  
of the engine.

*Gage Newkirk*

### **RAS DASHAN, ETHIOPIA**

On Ras Dashan the air is thin.  
It gives you a good feeling,  
like you are important. You overlook  
villages, lakes, and people. This  
will always be my special place.

*Hayes Polk*

### **I COME FROM**

I come from my grandma's kitchen  
and manicures late at night. I come from big huskies  
that love to chew plates and chocolate milk after a bad  
dream. I come from Thanksgiving turkeys  
and family at the table. I come from animal crackers  
everywhere and the coyote howling, from pancakes  
and bacon, and glowing yellow sunflowers in the  
garden. I come from messes in the sink.  
My name is playing in the mud and  
I was born southern and raised southern.

*Taryn Elizabeth Wells*

### **THE RAT FLEA**

Everyone is dead, the loneliness consumes me.  
I sit alone, and am surrounded by chattering rodents,  
eyes red as overripe strawberries.  
The small bugs fill the room, I feel them around me.  
I only have a few days left.

*Rachael Ballard*

**CIRCLE**

Shape of a moon  
bright in the night sky.  
Shield protecting the knight  
in a war. Wheels rolling  
on a car. A pencil sharpener  
sharpening a pencil.  
The middle of your sandwich.  
A clock ticking all day.  
The Earth spinning for years.  
No sides for it to stay.  
A ball that rolls  
and bounces. A stop light  
flashing day and night.  
A button pushed all the time.

*Afton Shoemaker*

**HOW TO FALL IN LOVE**

First, you must learn to balance. You need  
to be light on your feet. You need  
to set up square and then  
push off. You must have titanium  
confidence and be able to break  
and speed up. After all that,  
you must keep pushing yourself  
to do better every day.

*Griffin Barnett*

## I REMEMBER

By the 23rd of August  
you and I were ready  
to ride. We saddled up  
the horses. Since the day  
I got out of school  
I was ready to see you.  
There were times  
we forgot to stop  
so the horses could take a rest.  
We rode forever it felt like.  
What I remember best  
is walking back  
to the house  
with our legs cramping  
and spread out. You told me  
I looked like a crab  
on a white beach.

*Emma Hill*

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**GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS**

**GREENBRIER, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** November 17 - 18, 2015

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sarah Jerry

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 100

**VISITING WRITERS:** Caroline Beimford, Megan Downey,  
Bailey Hutchinson, Rachel Thomas

**GUY FENTER  
EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE  
BRANCH, AR**

**MY TRACK**

I love being out in my track.  
It ain't much, but it's something  
It takes me away from the world.  
Leaving me thinking about every  
Turn, every ramp and every rock.  
I love the roar of the motor.

When it's all said and done  
We go eat. But I am right back  
At it. My dirt bike is all that I  
Know when I'm driving  
Except a few rocks every  
Once and a while.

*Clayton Elmore*

**THE WORD FIRE, MEANING:**

What crushes entire forests in mere hours  
What warms us during winter  
What melts our marshmallows  
Something so powerful at times  
And so kind in others  
Fire.

*Carter Crane*

## MOTHERS OF ARKANSAS

Mothers of Arkansas, let your kids  
ride a rollercoaster. The knot in your tummy.  
The hair in your face. The screams  
as the rollercoaster shoots off.  
The feeling of no gravity. The arms up.  
If you do not, your child will sit on their bed,  
petting their cat, and eating ice cream,  
hating their lives.

*Madeline Ford*

## WHERE I LIVE

I live in a long log house  
She lives in an apartment all  
by herself.

*Eli Mayes*

## CHINATOWN

A toothbrush and an appendix met on a bus  
going to Chinatown. When they got off the bus  
they went to go see a movie together.  
After that they would see each other  
often. One night it was snowing,  
and they had nothing to do but talk.  
They talked about how they want  
to die, and they both said “I  
want to die with you.”

*MacKenzie Patton*

**I SWAM**

I swam through the strong current.  
It watched a man in a white wetsuit  
Swim beside me.

*Chance Meier*

**BLACK**

Color of darkness  
Of a worried heifer  
Egyptian Kohl filled eyes  
A jet black horse  
Color of obsidian  
An eyelash  
Good luck charms  
An old, rotted door frame

*Emily Upton*

**HOT DESERT**

in the hot desert  
burning sun shines  
bright giving me  
a bright red  
sunburn down  
my back.  
The bright sun  
shining on  
my face  
with the squirrel

*Hayes Polk*

### AT FIRST

At first I was a small patch  
of soft green grass. But now  
I am the electricity in lightning

*Katy Fleming*

### RUNNING

boy runs fast  
his mother no longer with him  
a blood bath at the center  
without him of course  
he ran into the forest  
the trees are his new home

*Addison Loney*

### GREEN HURRICANE

On a rainy day a dog and a pickle ate  
potato chips while they watched a  
hurricane pass by.

*Rachael Ballard*

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GUY FENTER EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE  
BRANCH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 22 - 23, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Amber Cobb

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 60

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, Josh Idaszak,  
Jesse Irwin, Chris Tamigi

## HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY FAYETTEVILLE, AR

### OZARKA CITY

There are always stormy rain clouds  
it always rains  
it's always flooded, and by flooded I mean  
everything is water—  
roads, people, buildings.  
The only jobs are constructing,  
the people that do that have to be scientists, too,  
because they have to find a way to build with water  
“Maybe add gelatin,” someone said, so  
Ozarka is now made of mostly gelatin.  
Except the roads, and the people.  
There is no food, just water  
If you visit there you could be hydrated  
for almost a week.

*Marlee Stewart*

### BASEBALL

O, baseball O, baseball  
What would I do without you?  
You have red threads  
and make me smile  
when I crush you.

*Chayse Datile*

### **GASPING SHERIFF**

I get pulled over and a sheriff is standing  
at my car door. He said, GASP do you know why  
you got pulled over GASP  
I say, because I was speeding.  
He says, GASP Yes so I'm going to  
give you a ticket ok GASP  
I say, Ok but why do you gasp a lot  
NO QUESTIONS! he says and gives me a ticket.

*Anna B.*

### **THE DEER**

The deer lay down,  
a tan color of pale,  
still and quiet, or else it's gone.

*Aubrey Williams*

### **THE ROPE CITY**

The Rope City is made of rope.  
The buildings, the food,  
even the people.  
The only job is weaving.  
Everyone knows how to weave  
every chance they get,  
because the ropes of the city  
are old and dying.  
Soon, they will have to rebuild

*Chloe Murphy*

**FACE POEM**

Stumpy tree face  
ill green face  
purple breath-holding face  
blue cheese eating face  
pineapple eating face  
cool face  
normal face  
sky-diving scared face.  
Face.

*Thomas Riklan*

**SELF-PORTRAIT AS A HOT DOG**

I am a hot dog getting  
rolled around in a hot  
sizzling pan  
now I am being put  
in a warm tan blanket  
and getting dipped  
in many different colors  
I am going into a dark place  
with white horses  
and red mountains  
and a big red slide  
I am going down the big slide  
I'm gone.

*Elizabeth*

### LION TO STAPLER

The stapler digs into the paper  
and lions dig into an animal's skin.  
When staplers open up they  
make a cha-ching sound and when  
lions open their mouth they  
let out a huge roar.  
Staplers, unlike lions,  
can hold stuff together.

*Stella*

### LAZY CITY

Lazy City is plain lazy,  
We sell couches but no one buys them,  
we sell alarm clocks but no one uses them,  
it smells like rain and emptiness  
it tastes like, well, nothing  
because no one eats or cooks,  
it sounds like a jungle  
because everyone's snoring.  
When I touch the blankets  
I fall asleep.  
I see nothing  
because people are sleeping and away,  
but when the dog barks  
because of a squirrel  
everyone awake goes to school, and work,  
but then it's the dog's turn to sleep.

*Allison Barker*

**HOW TO HELP A GROUCHY PERSON HAVE FUN**

1. Go up to them and say “Hi.” Their response might be “Get away from me!” or “What do you want?”

2. Ignore it almost and say “I see you’re in a bad mood, want to talk about it?” Their response might be “No!” or if they’re not in as bad a mood, “Uh, sure.”

Grouchy 3. Say “Okay, well, I hope you’re feeling better later.”

Happy 3. Say “Okay!” Talk to them patiently, act like you really care about them, because you do. Let them know they can trust you. If they tell you, nod and smile, make comments sometimes, like “Oh, okay, I see.” You’ll probably make good friends.

Grouchy 4. The next day or later, say “Hey, we’re playing a game of [whatever the game is]. Do you want to play? It’ll be fun!” They’ll probably agree after a while, they’ll have fun, guaranteed!

*Forrest C.*

**FACE POEM**

Your cute little dog of a face.  
Your beautiful spaghetti-stained face.  
Your curly Appalachian hair. Your sea-blue  
eyes. Your teeth are as white as  
a clean baseball.

*Michael Lynch*

### WHAT I LIKE

I like sports and fried chicken and my game system  
when I play football I am safety and nobody  
can get past me and I smell a victory  
and I have a victory and I can see the ball coming  
touch the football and I like to see the way my team  
works hard and plays hard and I like to see sweat  
and I like to taste chicken.

*Caleb*

### ABE LINCOLN

Abe Lincoln driving in a private jet  
With a bucket on his head and 100 dollar bills  
come out of the engine and  
George Washington comes out of nowhere  
and they they do rock paper scissors shoot  
and then Elvis Presley started singing  
and then Abe Lincoln started dancing  
and one dollar coins came out of his finger

*Aryur K.*

### I FEEL

The middle of New Orleans, just before Mardi Gras,  
at a blues band concert, like my mom wanted  
to show me something “cool.” It tasted like King Cake,  
like a cat in rain.

*Brooklyn Crane*

**HOW TO GET OUT OF A HABIT**

Don't think about it.  
Know it's bad for you.  
If you chew your nails  
put your hands in corn oil.  
Or put on boxing gloves.  
Put your hands in foil.  
Put your hands in duct tape.

*Gracie*

**THE TWITCHING PILOT**

I was twitching  
while driving the plane  
it was shaking  
everyone was scared.  
The flight attendant said  
“everything is ok”  
and some stopped panicking  
we had finally landed  
everyone asked me  
what happened  
I said “my hands twitch”  
everyone was in shock  
and walked away  
I went back on the plane  
and go asked again  
and then I walked away.

*Sydnee Sherin*

## JUNE

On June 19th 2015 my  
sister's husband Nick was  
jumping over rock at Beaver  
Lake with the family, the  
water was a little dark, but  
he read a sign that said  
warning snakes, then he kept  
jumping and running over  
rocks, he almost got bit  
by a copper head with  
a desert color skin pattern.  
We got it and killed it  
and it was soft and hard.

*Elisha*

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**HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY**

**FAYETTEVILLE, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** May 23 - 24, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sharon Pepple

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 283

**VISITING WRITERS:** Scott Ray, Anne Greeott, Jacob Yordy,  
Bailey Hutchinson, Rachel Thomas, JT Mahany

## HARMONY GROVE HIGH SCHOOL CAMDEN, AR

### GRANDPARENT HOUSE

Camden, Arkansas. We mow the grass.  
Dirt road, many animals,  
cats climbing up the cars,  
dogs in the back barking.

Grandma cooking and cleaning,  
Grandpa sharpening knives.  
Cakes and cookies smell through the house  
Watching TV while eating dinner.

*Brittney Gregory*

### AT NIGHT

I am not pregnant  
My blanket does my homework for me  
Do spiders crawl in your mouth  
while you're asleep at night?  
I flipped a renegade Jeep with  
two of my best friends.  
I am pregnant.  
Spiders do crawl in your mouth  
at night while sleeping.

*Bethany Linolsey*

## LOVE

Love is like the wind  
Like a river not flowing  
Don't you hear the silence, don't you feel it?  
Staring at all the problems in the mirror  
Love never stops for you, just goes to the next door  
You hear nothing, but feel

*Maylve Clark*

## THE TRUTH IS

I killed a bear with my bare hands.  
The trees were dancing as the wind blew  
Why do girls wear blue backpacks that say pink  
One time I caught a 50lb catfish  
It was a grizzly bear  
The truth is they don't even know why they wear them

*Prentiss Lambert*

## BOX UNDER MY BED

The biggest box I have.  
Inside old letters to friends,  
Heart shaped sunglasses  
and a candle that smells  
like cupcakes. An empty bottle  
that was filled with juice + a dog tag that  
felt like steel

*Dasha Lockhart*

**WALKING PENS**

My twin brother  
is actually my sister.

My firm pillow  
flew me to the moon.

Why does my desk walk on my head?  
Why does the sky bury itself in the earth?

I sat in the closet  
waiting to jump.

They threw pens into the air  
only to let them tumble to the ground.

My brother is 25 and I am 16.  
I think my desk walks around when I'm not here.

*Skylar Tucker*

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**HARMONY GROVE HIGH SCHOOL**

**CAMDEN, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** December 3 - 4, 2015

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Louise Keithley

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 46

**VISITING WRITERS:** Kirsty Bleyl, Suzanne Monroe

## HAZEN HIGH SCHOOL HAZEN, AR

### WILLED BODIES TO STAY

I will my rib cage to be the holder  
of a dog. My hair for the ropes of  
sailor's ships, and my toes for the rocks  
of the sea. My flesh for the roads we  
drive. My nose for the mountain goats to  
climb. The neck that holds my head,  
hold the Earth's gravity in place for  
other willed bodies to stay. But, for me  
to keep for me, my heart, for the world.

*Alexas Whiteside*

### WHAT'S CRACKED

The old bowl that was  
used so long ago  
    Months ago the wall  
between our rooms  
    The headlights on my father's truck  
    The relationship between  
my friends after one makes it to college  
    Years ago, my arm after a game  
    Days ago my bat after  
a devastating loss  
    Today my voice during a presentation

*Ross Seidenschwarz*

**WHAT THE SATELLITE SAW**

A wooden number 2 pencil on top of a roof,  
a pair of shoes dangling over a power line,  
a pile of books laying out for the garbage,  
a clock hanging up on the outside of a house,  
100 buttons in a mess pile by a creek,  
and red ball being bounced from a rooftop.

*Reagan Swaim*

**A DOG**

If I could pet you forever  
then to you this world would be considered heaven

*Austin Hill*

**ONE IN A MILLION**

Beautiful is  
the person driving down  
the long narrow road,  
looking out the left window  
and seeing the open field  
with millions of purple dots.  
Dots that have petals and stems,  
but there is one that sticks out  
the most. The one you  
pull over to pick.

*Summer Yielding*

## I WANT

The root of all evil,  
I want the monsters in your wallets.  
Each piece of the fine green paper,  
waiting to leap out and be spent.  
But first, wanting it, then having to have it.  
Maybe even an addiction.  
Always wanting more,  
thinking of the many ways to receive it.  
But oh the places you can go,  
the things you can do,  
with the green monsters inside your wallet.

*Madison Sickel*

## WHAT I LEARNED FROM ROCKY

When you're standing in the ring  
at the corner  
with a towel around your neck  
behind your red padded gloves,  
  
you see your friend across the ring  
standing in the corner  
with a towel around his neck  
seein ya on the other side of his red padded gloves.  
  
No matter how good of friends you are,  
when the bell dings,  
he becomes your enemy.

*Trevor Duck*

### THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A MONSTER AT A WINDOW

As I am sitting here writing a story about a monster appearing in my window an actual monster shows up in my window. For some reason he had a glass of milk in his hand. I am also wondering how he is looking in my third floor window. Is he flying or using a ladder, or is he just a little too short and he is standing on the sink that I put outside earlier today? Either way, the monster walks away from the window, leaving the empty drinking glass that the milk was once in.

*Ashton Rechenbach*

### DEATH OF ME

I will my eyes to the sun so I can watch  
over my loved ones.  
May my fingers be the teeth of her comb  
so I can feel mother's hair.  
Send my nose to the vent  
so I can smell the home cooking.  
Change my feet to your shoes so I can be  
with you every step of the way.  
My ears to the walls so I can hear your  
voices until the end of time.  
My arms into your covers so every night  
I'm hugging you.  
Transform my heart into yours, so that until  
you die, I'm always with you.  
But I keep for myself my brain, to remember  
all we shared.

*Marquis McGee*

## A MESS

It was hard.  
Flowers can make someone's day better.  
There was a slight bounce in his step.  
I was curled up in the corner.  
We were oddly warm.  
It was so dark outside.  
Who would want to kill a blanket?  
Don't trust people so easily it can  
get you hurt.

*Paige Guenther*

## WHAT THE SATELLITE SAW

My neighbor, the moon  
the big bright sun  
Venus and Mars  
The ball full of life and  
                  everything that's on it  
Australia, Europe and Africa  
America and China  
and nothing but the  
                  deep blue ocean  
And on an island there's a small  
girl and all she has is  
                  a mirror  
she holds it up to the sky  
and for the first time,  
                  I saw myself.

*Saskia Wimmer*

**RUNNING WITH THE DOGS**

As we dash through the mid-dark  
streets, the heavy winds  
blowing through our blond  
& thin hair, the stretching  
of the streets & the harrowing  
sounds of the barks flowing  
through our ears we see  
five human dogs

*Jacinda Smith*

**LIFE OF SALT**

My body is a salt shaker  
I rattle so I can be noticed  
I sting so I won't be messed with  
I'm sour, to let you know everything isn't sweet  
I'm small because I'm not afraid  
As I am hanging off the edge of  
the kitchen cabinets I grow bigger and  
stronger, I'm prepared to be used

*Michael Purgo*

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**HAZEN HIGH SCHOOL****HAZEN, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 12 - 13, 2015**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Laura Morgan**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 100**VISITING WRITERS:** Emily Lerner, Michelle Myers,  
Molly Rector, Larissa Sprecher

## LAMAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS LAMAR, AR

### ARKANSAS

Yellow leaves flowing through the city.  
It is 1980 and still beautiful.  
Arkansas always brings its wonders.  
Fall gives me energy, preventing me from collapsing.  
Deer roam for corn in the sweet wilderness.  
Mothers driving their Volkswagens to work  
draped in flannel shirts to keep warm.  
The Arkansas River flowing at our feet.

*Clayton Jensen*

### I DREAMED

I dreamed that I was in the jungle  
    lost in the green  
I dreamed I was burning up and  
    not scarred whatsoever  
I dreamed I found a jaguar and made  
    it my pet  
I dreamed I rose that jaguar out  
    of the jungle and into the winter forest  
I dreamed I met a talking wolf who said  
    this was all a dream in my head  
I dreamed that I couldn't awaken  
I dreamed I was lost in the night  
    sky above

*Emily Napier*

**CHOMP**

Pain and pulling  
brushing my hair  
My brush turned  
into an alligator and  
started eating all  
of my hair. Slowly,  
the gator chomped  
and chomped  
until all of my hair  
was gone.

*Haylee Rainer*

**ANTI-LAMENTATION**

Regret nothing.  
Don't regret crushing  
wild summer flowers  
with the soles of your boot  
Don't regret tasting  
sweet sugary cake  
on a lovely spring morning  
Don't regret being told "Goodbye"  
and believing it was true  
Don't regret being you.  
Every atom is different.  
Why shouldn't you be?  
Don't regret saying "I'm going to be strong,"  
for I am strong as a mother eagle.

*Vathyn Downen*

## LAUNDRY

Doing laundry is a  
bland chore. The  
soap smells the same.  
The fabric doesn't  
ever change until you  
find a gold chip with  
your laundry, then  
another, and another.  
I don't do my laundry  
anymore. Someone  
does it for me.

*Gabby Smith*

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DORA?

Whatever happened to Dora?  
She was the one who taught me Spanish.  
did she move away? to a better place?  
did she get deported by Trump? I've  
heard her name around town, but I haven't  
seen her since she was on T.V. She also  
taught me how to count to 10 in  
Spanish. I wonder if she is my age, or if  
she stayed the same age, like Ash from  
Pokemon did for twenty-six years.  
Does Dora know about Pokemon cards?

*Dallan Smith*

**THE SECRET**

As I lay my ear on Edgar's chest,  
I can hear the faint sound of his  
dreaming, of a woman screaming for  
her life, to see her sun again. Edgar  
awakes. Tears roll down his face  
like an avalanche. I ask, "Who was  
the woman screaming in your dream?  
Your mom?" He just looks away.

*Katelynn Vaughn*

**1406**

In the beginning, no one knew the  
beyond. No one saw further. My  
eyes focused like a mother loves  
a child.

*Lakun Sanders*

**SELF-PORTRAIT**

I am a dirty sock  
on the floor, I am blue and  
red, I have a tiny Beetle  
in me that is slowly eating  
away my fabric that is sewed  
together by needles and thread

*Bradlee Kemp*

## DRAWING

A chore almost.  
I only do this to satisfy  
my imagination.

Just when I thought  
I was done for the  
day and about to place  
my pencil in its respective  
spot, an astronaut floated softly  
off my drawing paper.

Crazily, I thought  
I had no problem.

The genderless astronaut  
softly dragged me  
into my cotton candy dreams  
Where I slept forever.

*Vathyn Downen*

## THE TRUTH ABOUT SPACE

space is actually particles  
from the dead. When some  
one passes the soul travels to  
space causing a star to appear  
The plants are the portion of  
things that are living. be  
sure when you go in space  
never to touch the stars or  
plants.

Katherine K. Kinsey

**ONCE**

I once saw a Quapaw Indian in a bus. We went to  
the London Eye. He said, “The world needs change.”  
Then he whispered, “Let’s change all of the world.”  
Then he jumped into the ocean like a hawk swooping  
to get its prey.

*Hunter Kyzer*

**WHAT’S BROKEN**

The picture frame in my room  
my arm at 9 years old  
from skating. The lenses  
from my glasses. My heart  
when they left. The little crack  
in my ipod. A chip  
in a chip bag. Smoke  
from the grill. Window blinds.

*Morgan Flint*

**EARTH ORIGINAL MOTION SOUNDTRACK**

Cars roaring like lions. Honey sticky like sand.  
Water dripping like rain. Snakes hissing like cats.  
Dogs howling like wolves. Balloons squeaking like  
mice. Guitar playing like fire.

Everything that disappears disappears as if  
returning somewhere.

*Carlos Balmer*

## DISCO

The disco ball was the shiniest coat of blue  
In the years of the 1960's  
In the state of Las Vegas  
Dancing to the Disco Boogie song in the cold winter  
All the donkeys dancing  
Riding in a hot red Mustang  
Wearing a heavy leather jacket  
Swimming in the coldest part of the Atlantic  
and still dancing on such a night.

*Hannah Davis*

## GRAY ROCK

I liked the gray rock  
it was solid in the  
1932 air back in Ohio  
My mom wouldn't let  
grab a rock it's  
a summer heat day  
so I put my cat in its  
carrier and went to  
our old 1917 ford and  
got my swimming  
trunks out to go to  
the beach to flick  
gray rocks about

*Seth Milam*

**BROKE THING**

The broke cup on the floor.  
The chicken pen.  
Daddy's muscles in his hand. Now  
mine. Mom's toe. She broke it  
five times already now. A  
crack in my head and I still  
do good in school.  
The road. The leg. The foot.  
The sign. The step. The wrist.  
The bird's wing. Help me.  
She is gone to attack me.

*Ashley Ober*

**ELIMINATION DANCE**

If you fell on your knees  
in January. If you shot  
an animal in February. If you  
snapped a twig in March.  
If you dented your car in April.  
If you tripped in May. If you bathed in  
acid in June. If you started a fire  
in July. If you killed  
an insect in August. If you  
were greedy in September. If  
you wanted more candy in October.  
If you have changed the script in  
November. If you screamed in  
December.

*Dustin H.*

### LIES ABOUT ELI

I told you I was in  
the strong grippy winds  
of the tornado,  
but to come clean,  
I wasn't, I was  
in California  
on vacation  
with my cousins,  
and I forgot to tell you  
but I never did  
give that pet dog  
to your brother.

*Eli Mayes*

### LITTLE GIRL

When I was a little girl. When I  
loved to say my prayers. When I  
love to go to the river in the night. When I  
love to go outside in the rain. I love  
it when my brother holds my hand.  
I loved it when my mother sang  
to me. I love to smell the flowers  
in the day out in the hot summer  
fields. I love to swim in the creek  
with my best friend. I was once  
a little girl who used to love a lot.

*Isabel Bowser*

**FACE POEM**

Your face is like the leaves in the school  
yard, crumbly and fragile.  
A nose as grainy as the parking lot  
eyes as bold and fierce as the sun on  
an early summer day.  
Your hair as brown as the Lamar Park bench,  
lips as thin as twigs in the yard—  
your face is the face I trust.

*Janie Holt*

**WHAT EVERYONE STARTED WEARING**

People started wearing chains wrapped around  
the seams in their clothing. The wore chains  
on their jeans and hats, wore them for  
necklaces and wedding rings. Everybody  
looked like prisoners locked away  
in their own selves.

*Rachael Ballard*

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**LAMAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS****LAMAR, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** May 9 - 10, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Krystal Minchew**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 400**VISITING WRITERS:** David Kinzer, Collin Calahan, Zach  
Hester, Scott Ray, Jesse Irwin, Josh Idaszak,  
Andrew Butler, Sacha Idell

## LAVACA MIDDLE SCHOOL LAVACA, AR

### MIRACULOUS BEACH

Little holes that become little  
tunnels. I wonder...I know.  
Little people under my feet? In the  
sand they are moving around. Always  
busy and working. Under the sand  
with tiny tools. Build their tunnels  
and a door to go out. Water rushes  
in and they have to start over.  
The monstrous wave crushes homes,  
but they are never unhappy. They  
Never die. They stay working.

*Madison Scott*

### BLACK

The color of Shadows behind you  
Color of the night sky  
Color of the tires on a car.  
Color of clothing.  
Color of the pupil in your eye  
The burned edges of paper  
All of the colors combined

*Amaya Mender*

**I AM FROM**

I am from creeks and ponds  
I am from a red brick house  
From dogs  
From farms  
From fishing and hunting  
I am from friends  
I am from purple and gold  
From church

*Bryson Dye*

**FACE POEM**

Her face, unlike any other face. Her brownish eyes. Her brown eyebrows. Her soft as silk of a face. Her supermodel of a face. Her “I’m here for you” face. Her soft pink lips of a face. That face. My friend’s face.

*Eden Goude*

**THE LOCKS**

I am the locks on the third bridge  
in Paris I am the american flag flowing  
in the wind I am the wreath you  
hang on the door in Christmas I am  
the thought cloud in all of your  
comic books

*Scarlett Dunn*

## OZARK

I am from creeks and rope swings.  
From late night football games  
From rock flippings and crawdads  
From jeeping the trails in our backyard  
From dirt roads  
From stray dogs who are fed by everyone  
From one big family, from no privacy  
From aunts uncles grandparents and cousins  
From trains  
From the Arkansas river  
From graffiti  
From nine parks  
From gas station lunches  
From fishing late into the night, from fourwheeler rides  
From tire swing  
From a family church, from home.

*Addison Loney*

## ODE TO SHOPPING CART

Oh shopping cart.  
You're a metallic cage on wheels  
You're like a squeaking mouse in the  
hole in my wall.  
Why are you so helpful to carry  
my stuff?

Because you're kindhearted.

*Dakota Harstfield*

**RED**

Is the color of blood  
Stripes on a baseball  
Color of Gatorade  
Stripes on a flag  
Color of Arkansas  
A stop sign at the end of a road  
Red is to stop  
Flames of a fire  
The color of cars  
Color of dogs

*Gabriel Smithson*

**QUESTION**

Red as an apple, orange as an orange,  
                  yellow as a banana  
It's all the same. Why?  
It's not all the same. It's just all colors.  
Colors are colors. Are they the same?  
Nobody knows.  
You see apples, oranges, bananas  
You feel apples, oranges, bananas  
You taste them  
You cannot hear them  
Some you smell some you don't you never  
Know what you can do unless you try.

*Dale Smith*

### I SHALL HAVE A PARTY ON DONALD TRUMP'S HAIR

I shall have a party on  
Donald Trump's hair,  
and I wouldn't worry,  
because he never  
combs it anyway.  
We would have  
Loud speakers and  
confetti.  
It wouldn't matter  
anyway.  
It might actually  
make it better.

*Ethan Smithson*

### UNTITLED

I am a ear thats waxing  
I am a water bottle  
I am a scar  
I am an eyebrow of solitude  
I am a pony of god  
I am pandora's box  
I am a pancake in the trunk of a car

*Carter Lavacams*

**HOW TO HAVE A PARTY IN A CEMETERY**

Light up the tombstones  
Light up the trees. Resurrect  
The dead and dance. Dance  
with ghouls, goblins, ghosts  
and tell old stories to  
one another. You drink you  
dance you rattle, till the  
sun comes up and the  
party gets good. More people  
join more music plays more  
food is eaten. Don't slow  
down because of generation  
just have your party in  
the cemetery. Bones rattle  
like gravel heads turn  
like disco balls. This  
is a party that will  
last till you fail. This  
is how you party in a  
cemetery.

*Joshua Dodson*

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**LAVACA MIDDLE SCHOOL****LAVACA, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** April 5 - 6, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Karen Grady**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 200**VISITING WRITERS:** Andrew Butler, Josh Idaszak,  
Ben Whiseman, Jacob Yordy

## LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK, AR

### SELF-PORTRAIT

I do not want  
loud yells echoing  
through small halls  
two backs turned walking away  
hands intertwined  
pennies pinched in grandmother's  
frail wrinkled hands  
hollow chests in the wake of  
a sunny Sunday morning  
cracked lips from the teeth  
clenching the words away  
shaking hands in front of gray  
faces with wolfish grins

I want  
smooth brewed coffee  
in a warm ceramic cup  
the tickle of wind blown  
feathers against the skin  
the ragged wood of a desk  
cold against a fist  
the humming of a soft  
viola ringing in the ears  
the whistle of the first bird  
song in the early morning.

*Trinity Ingram*

**BLUE**

Blue like the cheap toothpaste my dad uses  
Menthol cigarette packs  
    assaulting the wet gutters  
Nail polish that makes you feel  
    like a corpse  
Like the smell of windex and pollen on a window  
    screen you've gotten too close to.  
Blue like a pair of jeans  
    you've never worn,  
    arrestingly blue,  
like contact lenses you rub  
    out of your eyes in the  
    shower and watch, blurry,  
    as they fall through  
    the holes in the drain.  
Airplane blue, patriotic blue, blue like an anchor  
    tattooed on the arm of an old man  
    So dark blue you know  
    it must've been black once  
Fluorescent blue that makes your skin crawl  
    and peel  
A chemical blue that washes everything  
    in its cheap acidic glow.  
Blue specs in laundry detergent that make you nervous.  
Blue collared shirts with fine white stripes,  
    like dental floss,  
    glued to the body of a man  
    ahead of you in line.  
Bucket blue, wool sock blue, boy blue.

*Kate Lusk*

## RED

“Red sneakers?”  
said the salesman.

“Not just any red, buddy.  
Red like a raspberry  
waiting to slide off the vine,  
Red like a scratch  
on the ankle from a bush  
like a drying snake.  
Like an apple sliced in a bowl  
when you get home,  
like a cheek after running in the sun,  
like a hand at the top of a tree.

Buddy, red like the smell of a rusty can  
half-buried in old leaves.  
Red, pal, like an ear at bay,  
Red, friend, like knees  
bumped on rocks  
at the edge of a stream.”

He snapped his fingers.  
“Red like your hand  
wiped on your pants,  
like a bug hiding under a rock.  
Red, buddy, like a sunset.  
Yeah, these sneaks are red.  
Red like a bird on a cap  
or a branch.  
Buddy, these sneaks can fly.”

*Eamon Lauster*

**SELF-PORTRAIT**

I do not want the eyes of men to follow  
as I go down the street  
The black and white head spots which never fade away  
My room to sound like an emergency room,  
The giggles under the bed at night,  
To stress about my future with never ending headaches  
I want a clear face with no marks  
Stretch and take a deep breath  
Listen to the birds and see the bright pink flowers  
Blooming and not fading away  
Because of one pluck, there'll be nothing to pluck  
and no one to pluck

*Samra Shabbir*

**SAPPHIRE**

Calm before the storm  
peaks after every sunrise  
The shade of blue that is misinterpreted  
It is the dark side of blue  
The side with the beautiful name but  
deep dark secrets  
The color of rage that peaks like  
when the water boils over  
The frustration of being pressured with questions  
like "what are you?"

*Tahmadiyya Dawson*

### WHY I HATE BABY TEETH

They sat at the bottom of my mother's purse for 8 years  
forbidden from reaching my sticky hands too close  
I remember the rattle, like glass pebbles and paperclips  
I tried to be tricky, because I wanted the truth  
but that's not how the truth works.

Blue plastic box with a cap that I couldn't take off  
left on a counter like it didn't matter  
a midnight fumbling and a quarter pressed into my  
warm palm, elevated.

They're dried bloody and green  
small enough 2 mouthfuls could fit in a palm  
my sister and brothers mingling stoically with mine  
sedate I counted 27

my tongue fidgeted and I tasted blood  
I put them all back  
and then I cried on our exhausted couch, exhausted too.

*Kate Lusk*

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LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 28 - 29, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sharolyn Taylor

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 21

VISITING WRITERS: Molly Rector, Emily Lerner

## MARION INTERMEDIATE MARION, AR

### THE ALABAMA ROCKY MOUNTAIN

The buzzing of bees in Alabama, the Rocky Mountain in the clouds, people watch the laser now, kids playing, parents sleeping, my cousin on Facebook, me recording, the sky golden with me holding the sun as mom takes a picture. I wake up at a night sky, I've wasted my sleep. If I could have gone to sleep at the right time...

*Jaden R. Appling*

### AT THE WATER PARK

At the water park, clowns dressed in big afros that have rainbow stripes. The smell of milkshakes and corndog grease they serve in big cups, and people get sick whenever they drink them. The mothers and father slip on the ground from the water and get up with a headache.

*Makiya Faulkner*

## ECHO

I felt sad when Narcissus said that  
he did not love me, so I ran and  
ran and sobbed and sobbed. As I  
was crying, I started to fade.  
After I faded away, all there was left  
of me was my echo, echo, echo.

*Bella Cardenas*

## MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE BUTTERFLIES

When you touch their wings, they struggle  
and try to get away. Sometimes it hurts  
when you try to pick them up.

*Ronald Farmer*

## WHERE I'M FROM

I am from a varnished wooden table. I'm from  
the smell of chocolate cake in the oven. I'm from  
the sink I took baths in when I was little. I'm from  
the stove where we made mac-n-cheese at midnight.  
I'm from the bouncy chair we fight over. My name is  
runs like a lion. I was born in the grassy yard.

*Emily Laird*

**I AM A TEACUP**

that forgot how to brush my teeth  
that couldn't see a thing  
forgot my name  
that couldn't peel cat  
people's lips taste like saltwater  
old slimy and vinegar  
it felt like a great white shark bit me  
and I was broken into a million pieces.

*David Murray*

**SUN**

the sun is running  
through the city and  
gazing up high looking  
very proud the world  
spinning on its axis  
and the sun loping  
around it as it stops  
at the city and sees brightly  
colored shirts sweaters and jackets  
the sun is happy that this  
day was lightly colored with  
yellow and orange sparks  
all around but when the  
moon goes up the sun  
goes down and it's time  
to sleep

*Madison Brown*

## THE HOWL

If I could not hear the howl from the wolf  
spirit I would not know when or when not to come  
out at night, your fur so dark like the night sky,  
your eyes diamond blue. I see you on the top of  
a mountain howling away with the rest of your  
pack, oh how I will not forget you spirit wolf of  
night. If you weren't here I would be exploring the  
night alone.

*Trinity Davis*

## ORANGE

Leaves falling on a cold day. Sherbet  
ice cream in my bowl on a warm day. Tissue  
box sitting on the cabinet waiting to be opened.  
The ribbon on a wreath or a bow.

*Madelyn O'Clare*

## HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

Put your feelings in to the clothing,  
get supplies, wrap the clothing around the metal,  
snip here, tie there, and put a gem or five here,  
let the lace loosen around her hip, let her golden hair  
go loose to her ankles, give her silver flats,  
and look at your design.

*Adisyn Houston*

**TRUE THINGS**

My favorite color is red and I  
was the president of the  
United States. I am a person  
who can see through walls.  
I was alive when the dinosaurs  
were alive. And I can stop time  
when I want to.

*Claire Hall*

**THE LONELY PICKLE**

I sit in a jar with  
my brothers and sisters  
Juice surrounds us  
The lid opens  
my sister is lifted out  
crunch is all I hear and  
one by one  
my brothers and sisters  
are lifted out and eaten  
I am the last one  
The lid is put back on  
my jar and put back  
in the cold box  
I am freezing but I hope  
I get out of here  
Twelve weeks later and  
I'm out of the cold box  
and finally eaten

*Kaven Johnson*

### BEFORE I GET MY HEARING OUT

I would love to hear  
my dog bark just one more  
time, my mom telling me  
to clean up for dinner.  
Hear my sister say  
my name. Hear the trains  
pass by.

*Kimberly Ramirez*

### MY FOOT DOESN'T KNOW IT'S A FOOT

it thinks it's a football  
player. It likes to try to escape  
while I'm in class. It likes to  
kick people out the way and say  
touch down.

*Kareem Williams*

### IF BEES WERE BOOKS

then books would sting. You would have to cut them  
open to read them. If books were bees they would  
have to use their pages to fly. And their stingers  
would give papercuts. Ouch! If bees were books  
they wouldn't make any sense because  
they're constantly buzzing and you can't concentrate.  
If books were bees they would make noise and you  
can't even fall asleep.

*Jada Blanks*

**THE BIG WOLF**

I caught a grey wolf with my reel and rod.  
His teeth were big and sharp, a razor blade.  
His fur was like the ocean getting darker  
as you go down. His tail was an anaconda.  
His fur was as soft as cotton, his claws boomerangs.  
He was as big as an elephant.  
As I let it go it took off running fast,  
as if he were a cheetah—  
then in an instant it was gone.

*Thomas Pitman*

**IF I COULD NOT HEAR**

I would miss my mom  
singing with me along with  
my favorite song, the music on  
my phone, my teacher bragging  
on our class, the sound of the  
4th graders coming from lunch,  
the sound of my teacher teaching  
our class, the sound of my little sisters  
running down the hallway,  
the sound when my teacher says  
it's time to go home,  
and the sound when my teacher says  
your grade is in your folder.

*Amari Osborne*

## HOW TO: MAKE FRECKLE JUICE

Onions, pizza,  
a hand,  
spoiled milk,  
cheetah meat,  
olive oil,  
miracle whip,  
mustard, eggs, ice,  
jalapenos,  
ghost peppers,  
Connor's breath,  
monkey tail,  
a book, seaweed,  
rotten cheese,  
hot water, boots,  
sand, paper, spices,  
kangaroo hide,  
tater tots, wood,  
and mud.

*Wyatte Butler*

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### MARION INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

MARION, AR

DATES OF VISIT: January 27 – 28, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Julie Molloy

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 300

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Caroline Beimford,

Anthony Blake, Emily Cruz, Jesse Irwin,

David Kinzer, Scott Ray, Larissa Sprecher

## MARKED TREE HIGH SCHOOL MARKEDTREE, AR

### TO RESCUE THE SNAKE

I'll protect you. I won't scream  
as if I am about to lose my life.  
As if you have already trapped  
your slimy scales around me  
in preparation to make me your lunch.  
I won't run as if my life was up for grabs,  
screaming for help,  
headed toward a group of hunters with  
loaded guns. Ready to save me,  
with a gun pointed at your head and  
every intention on shattering it  
in the woods.

*Kierra Biggs*

### ELIMINATION DANCE

Anyone who has ever ingested an entire tube of glue.  
Someone who still sleeps with a night light.  
Those who have won the lottery  
Those who chew on dog bones  
Anyone that has ever had a dog named Buddy.  
Someone who has never eaten fast food.  
Anyone whose last name begins with a Z.  
Anyone who has ever lost someone they love.

*Kady Jackson*

### TAKING THE PEN

There it is  
just sitting there  
It's a pen--  
what would it hurt?  
Steal it  
Steal it  
Into a jacket pocket  
It's needed  
Notice  
It is needed!  
It's over with.  
No one could catch you.  
It was a calling from the gods.

*Brianna Barrier*

### CATS

Cats prowl and hunt,  
cats meow for you to feed  
them. Cats pounce,  
cats catching mice,  
cats being free. Cats run  
and jump, cats still free.  
Cats are wild!  
A cat can't contain  
her happiness, a cat will  
play with her toys, a cat will purr  
when you pet her.

*Alicen Smith*

**RUNNING FOR THE WOLVES**

Scary howling pups gather just slightly away.  
They starve and freeze. They properly creep  
into the night to find the things  
they most crave. They find you.  
Your warmth reverberates into the air  
making glow while your honey suckle skin  
wafts out like shadows, you crouch  
slowly, dropping bags of raw meat  
and cottony fabrics. Bright eyes tilt sideways  
and lower, a gesture of gratitude.  
You've served your best and hope, as you sprint  
back home, that your love will be requited.

*Madison Gilbert*

**DAISY FLOWER**

Blowing in the wind  
    day after day  
  
wishing that it could be more  
    than just stuck  
  
Children picking them  
    and stepping on them  
  
So all they do  
    is die.

*Makayla*

## THE SUNFLOWER TURNS

The sunflower turns,  
soaking up the rays  
of the rising sun.

The crisp spring air  
all around. Seeing the worms  
and tiny creatures crawling below.

Sinking its roots  
deeper in the soil,  
hoping to survive

just one more day,  
before the gathering day.

*Taylor Blansett*

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**MARKED TREE HIGH SCHOOL**

**MARKED TREE, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** December 10 – 11, 2015

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Melissa Schneider

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 7

**VISITING WRITERS:** Megan Downey, Zach Hester

## MCNAIR MIDDLE SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

### THREE WAYS OF LOOKING AT A WATER LILY

1. I am touching  
the biggest water lily  
in North America.

2. I am seeing  
from far out in space  
a flower sprouting out of  
a water lily. It is drifting  
and flying away.

3. I am hearing the lake water  
exploding against the shore  
and the water lily is sprouting out  
higher than space.

*Kathleen Horan*

### WOLVES

We blend with the night  
Our fur is soft as a cloud  
We are ferocious  
Our calls, you fear  
We are forever together  
Our power is one-another

*Zain Malik*

## WALK

A man walks through  
a dry forest,  
stepping on crunchy leaves,  
tasting the tangy air

The pines up ahead  
looked crisp but melty  
the sun was high  
the ground was sharp

I stirred my senses and found  
a hot flower in my hand  
blooming freshly but not burning

*Katcha Dras*

## COPPER CHANGE

Smelted down from original  
form, rounded off and printed on. No  
mother. No father. Just me trying to  
truck on. Once a mineral, now a piece  
of trading. Passed from hand to  
hand. I will not back down and I never  
die. Rusted, broken, frosted, black, torn  
down, icy, just like that. It's only been  
a year, seeming like a minute.  
689 hands. Now resting deep at blue  
bottom.

*Annabelle Billings*

**WINTER**

Ashes, it may fall.  
But white snowflakes  
is what it is, more or less.  
The night glimmers like stars  
while the darkness around it bickers.  
There in the snow one light shines.  
The moon.  
The moon is all.  
But time flies.

*Gabe Conner*

**PUSH YOUR CHAIR IN**

Never push your chair in. Drag it out of the kitchen and make sure you scratch up the floors. Chuck it out your front door on to the nearby delivery truck. The delivery truck should be heading to the airport, where then the chair falls off of the truck, where it rolls to a plane heading to Paris. The plane should fly right over the Eiffel Tower. Then, the chair should fall off of the plane and snap in half on the Eiffel Tower's point. From there it falls into the river, where Poseidon zaps the half of the chair with his Triton. Finally, the chair is just sawdust, and your mom can't tell you, "Remember to push in your chair!"

*Luke Lefeure*

## I SAW

I saw an old guy  
And he had a long gray beard  
and a crazy look in his eye  
as he skipped his grocery cart down the aisle  
he smelled of tobacco and muffins  
as he twirled his scruffy gray hair

*Winifred Wilkinson*

## A HORSE AND

a horse and a loud “snap!”  
going over, around, and upside down  
an early Christmas present with an unknown name  
beach after beach after beach  
seven people in a moving room  
a sad aquarium visit  
an adventure leading to sixth grade  
new friends come, an old friend goes  
leaving the broncos and becoming a mustang  
he is always there for me  
failing one thing  
and oversucceeding in another  
the taboooo weirdos  
the lonely room  
    must  
        knit  
            everything  
behold, all Christmases

*Lacy Casteel*

**SUNRISE**

The moon quietly pulls away  
its blanket of night as it drifts  
into the western mountains.  
Suddenly, my pink glow reaches  
out from the eastern forests.  
It's like magic as all animals  
open their eyes.  
I gently haul myself as a red ball  
warming all of Earth as I tug my  
blanket of day.

*Lisa Huang*

**AWKWARD POEM**

My friend is real. I tell them  
so. But it is not true. I know they know  
I know. They gave me an eBay account  
and told her to pack her bags.

I reminded them "she has no bags" and  
that she needs a new home. I took a  
picture of her, put up a reasonable price,  
and waited for someone just right.

*Rayla Payne*

### I AM NOT WRITING A POEM

I am doing infinite backflips in space  
I am in Egypt discovering my own tomb  
I am breathing in the Pacific Ocean  
I am at a school but upside down  
I am in a house that is burning with water

*Canon Capo*

### JET BLACK IS

dark chocolate  
freshly turned soil  
the night sky when no stars are out  
rain falling against a metal roof  
putting your hand in icy water as snow falls

*Aiden Lamb*

### I LIVED IN A BOOK

just open it up  
and if there is  
blue writing,  
you will know  
I've been there

*Emma Gardner*

**FALL IS**

Fall is the clumsy grandfather  
of the season, a suspense builder,  
constructing high homes in the deep  
wilderness, the warning of winter, the  
protector who whispers to all of  
nature's creations. "It's time to  
hibernate," he would say.

Fall is a ridged lumberjack  
struggling with a curved back from  
years of chopping. Mysterious careful,  
walking out with no words. No name,  
careless.

*Annabelle Billings*

**OUT OF THE ICE**

The tall futuristic buildings began to descend  
to the ground turning into boards and bricks and metal  
until all turn into nothing. Then more buildings  
rise, older ones, then they fall then they rise. And  
cars reversing back to their makers in the  
factory. There is snow reversing itself into the  
sky in zig zags. Woolly mammoths bursting  
out of the ice.

*Paddy Hin-Snyder*

## EGGS

Brown speckled  
white spheres  
sitting in cardboard rows  
buy a dozen  
golden treasure inside  
We throw them in fiery water  
and crack them open  
they rest in a cold place  
without rain

*Lauren Bell*

## THREE WAYS OF LOOKING AT THE MOON

1. The shiny coin in your pocket  
is not as shiny as the gray moon  
and its reflection in the water.
2. Thieves steal in the day, but the moon  
is a thief in the night.
3. You stare into her eyes and see  
the reflection of the light gray moon.

*Knikyla Moorman*

**THE PLASTIC CITY**

Buildings,  
knocks of their  
neighbors.

People,  
waste filling up  
the garbage can.

Attitudes,  
cheap, easy to  
break.

Smell,  
for on the  
weekdays it  
smells burnt.

To the new, that have  
just entered,  
seems shiny, new.

*Grace Pomeroy*

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**MCNAIR MIDDLE SCHOOL**

**FAYETTEVILLE, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** December 9 – 10, 2015

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Susan O'Brien

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 320

**VISITING WRITERS:** Jacob Collum, Michelle Myers,  
Julia Paganelli, Lucas Palmer,  
Chris Tamigi, Vicente Yopez

## MIDLAND HIGH SCHOOL PLEASANT PLAINS, AR

### THIS IS JUST TO SAY

I have stolen  
your bright pink  
shorts

and which you  
had planned on  
wearing today.

Forgive me,  
they matched my  
white blouse so  
well. Fitted on  
my legs, and a  
perfect style.

*Ainsley Tharp*

### WHAT IS A SOUL?

a soul is the meat  
under the watermelon's  
thick rind

*Bobby Montgomery*

### SOCIETY IS LIKE A GIANT SQUID

Society is quiet  
well not really but you  
could say it was and  
squids are very loud  
and you can see them  
everywhere well not  
really but you could say  
they were.

*Marcus Collins*

### THE OLD HOUSE

the old house  
sitting silently  
in the woods  
grows old  
and forgotten  
like the memories  
of the old owners  
drifting away in  
the darkness

*Jeremy Lawson*

### **A BRANCH FALLING**

A branch falling from a tree  
Falling for seconds until it hits the ground

Birds flying in the air  
Soaring through air until they're out of sight

*Sailor Fritts*

### **ROUGH ROCK**

The old rough rock is just sitting there  
as still as a tree just rotting away like  
snake skin under a car wheel.

*Isaac Vanhorn*

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**MIDLAND HIGH SCHOOL**

**PLEASANT PLAINS, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** March 28 - 29, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Angela Muse

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 91

**VISITING WRITERS:** J.T. Mahany, Jesse Irwin

## **MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL MOUNTAINBURG, AR**

### **LETTER TO URANUS**

This planet is odd the  
creatures fight each other with  
metal weapons that spit fire.  
Some are small while others are  
large Some crawl on the ground,  
and others fly in the air. They  
fight each other until one of  
them is cold, quiet, and still.

*Nick Sloan*

### **NATURE**

As I stepped outside and tasted the  
cool morning air I could feel  
the mix of honeysuckle and  
flowers blowing everywhere  
I went to the old life  
oak and took a crunch  
out of him, I could  
almost taste the heat  
of the sun on my tongue  
as I walked inside.

*Lindsey Shepherd*

## DESERT DAYS AND DESERT NIGHTS

The sun fries us  
in the sauté pan  
that is so often  
rather than not baked  
by its infernal rays.  
Oh how we pray  
for sweet rain  
to fall from the  
marshmallow like clouds  
that sit on the watery  
sky.

Each sour day runs  
by us like a bittersweet  
memory of  
what this terrain feels like  
It's boiling wind  
offers no relief  
from the flaming  
heat and burnt landscape  
Then night's hand wraps ups  
in a sour and bitter chill  
as stars nibble at the  
sky.

Delicious darkness  
gulps us down  
against the crispy  
cracked sand.  
Little relief is known  
as it comes full circle  
like a mixing bowl on  
it's platform.

*Sarah R.*

### I CASTED

I casted the brand new  
silver-white spinner bait across  
the glimmering pond.  
As I was reeling it in, a sudden nibble  
and a jerk ripped it down far under  
the sheet of blue. I pulled in a bass  
that melted my mind, a 6-8 pound bass  
that ripped through the lake.

*Colton Robbins*

### I TOOK

I took a drink  
of the red cardinal's feathers.  
The salt of the fog b  
linded my eyes.  
I felt the crunch  
of the nail. The sizzling  
sound of the mist spoke  
to me. I took a breath  
and smelled the sweet  
aroma of the azaleas.

*Leah Center*

## HOW TO BE SOCIALLY AWKWARD

Start by leaving your phone at home.  
Forget your own name at an interview.  
Say “I love you” to your boss when you leave.  
Go to shake someone’s hand and forget how to.  
Leave the grocery store without your bags.  
Hold the door open for somebody 50 feet away,  
and close it when they finally get there.  
Say bless you when someone coughs.  
Don’t wish someone happy birthday at their party.  
Trip over your own feet and take a stranger down  
with you.  
Finally, go home and realize you lost your keys.

*Elizabeth Moore*

## LETTER TO MARS

To whoever gets this,  
feel free to come on over.  
I bet you’ve never been here  
so let me explain.  
We have little boxes that sing  
to wake you up.  
Maybe you’re interested  
in places to go to sleep. Although  
we have no spaceships, we sure do  
get around.

*Kendra Laws*

**HOW TO SOLVE A RUBIK'S CUBE**

Pick up the cube,  
Be confused.  
Shift the right.  
Shift the left.  
Mix it all around in a desperate manner.  
Solve an entire side, all but one square.  
Drop the cube in frustration.  
Kick it around, just a bit.  
Pick it back up.  
Rip it apart.  
Piece it back together correctly.  
Unless you know the way.  
Then ignore everything I just said.

*Keri Remon*

**WATER CITY**

Speaking in Morse Code,  
using bubbles from their gills  
Houses made of seaweed  
on the dark ocean floor

*Hannah Moxley*

### IN THE CITY OF FISHING

In the city of fishing, the streets  
are long winding roads of red dirt  
that go on long, through miles of  
woods, to the ponds of shallow green or  
of deepness and blue.

*Colton Robbins*

### THE EIFFEL TOWER

I can't soar. I'm stuck  
here, planted.  
People come from all over  
the world to see me,  
and I see them. They are ants  
compared to my huge size.  
I'm stuck here, overlooking  
the bright lights of the city,  
and watching people  
and cars come and go  
for as long as I can remember.  
Full of light.

*Logan Pense*

**FRIDAY NIGHT BONFIRE**

It is hot, too hot to handle  
I can hear crackling, and I  
feel myself starting to change  
It begins to be unbearable  
I'm breaking in half  
With many people around me  
beginning to laugh  
I start to wonder why  
this is happening to me  
I start to lose my fear,  
beginning to change  
from my strong, tough, shape  
to little bitty flakes

*Mackenzie Cooper*

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**MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL**

**MOUNTAINBURG, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** May 10 – 11, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Traci Kannett

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 400

**VISITING WRITERS:** Julia Paganelli, Rachel Thomas,

Vicente Yopez

## **MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY LITTLE ROCK, AR**

### **SLEEPINESS POEM**

A herd of frightening elephants march  
    into my bedroom  
My dress and crown of birds transform  
    into stripes and chains  
By the time I have escaped from behind the bars,  
    the maid is already pulling closed the windows  
    before I can say goodnight.

*Sophie Bravo*

### **I REMEMBER**

It was the beginning of summer  
when the refreshing spring air went away  
and the humidity rose  
I sat at the edge as the sun glared at me  
in its vibrant voice  
The purple screamed one thing while the pink  
said another and the edges went black  
The pricks of the rough pebbles and dirt under me  
    left my legs red  
All the while, we were miles apart but looking  
    at the same sun.

*Margeaux McCastlain*

**TO SWALLOW A VOLCANO**

I like to start my day off with a breakfast  
consisting of a volcano. It tastes like a  
poptart right out of the microwave,  
hot and sticky on the inside  
but crumbly on the outside.  
It takes a while for it to cool  
down after you get it  
cooking. After I've  
had breakfast,  
I go around  
town looking  
super  
hot.

*Anonymous*

**MY BROTHER IS CRYING**

My brother is crying.  
He feels the harsh beating of his heart.  
He smells the cologne on his shirt.  
He hears his nose sniffing.  
He tastes the saltiness of his tears  
seeping into his mouth.  
He sees the stain of his tear-drops on his t-shirt.  
He trembles like a dainty flower in the wind.  
He is thinking about having no wife.

*Emily Delfos*

## NOTHING

Nothing, no movement, no laughter  
nothing. Yellow, blue, black green  
abyss

Nothing, no cars, no people, nothing  
Crazy, shapeless abyss

Nothing

Nothing, no syrup, no wax, nothing  
Textureless abyss  
nothing

*Claire Ryscavage*

## THE LAST NOTE

Snow sounds like the quiet tinkling of wind  
chimes, gently blowing in the cool, crisp air,  
the roar of crushed ice coming out of  
an ice machine.

It sounds like a car backing out of a  
driveway onto a gravelly dirt road.

An old man softly whistling the tune of  
his favorite song from childhood.

And as the snow starts to slow down, it  
sounds like the last note of a song played  
on the piano.

It becomes more and more hushed, until  
all of a sudden, it's gone.

*Anna Kate Manchester*

**FABLE**

Medusa had a bad hair day  
strings going left and right  
eyes looking at you when you look at her  
When I come to school with my hair down  
I feel the eyes on me  
I need a hair tie

*Emma Holloway*

**CURIOSITY**

The giant octopus explodes out of the  
sea salt water rains down but not salt water  
salt water taffy a piece is at my  
feet I pick it up, maybe, I think  
I peel away the wrapper and  
it tastes nothing like I expect: golden

*Hannah Storey*

**WHO?**

The table holds a wine glass. The wine glass  
holds the wine. But who holds the guitar?  
Maybe it's a loved one, playing for their  
significant other. Maybe it's a waiter,  
singing "Happy Birthday" at a fancy  
restaurant. Who pays the check? Who pays  
the price?

*Rylee Gibson*

**YOUNG ADULT:**

if you see this child  
notify his best friend  
he climbs the monkey bars  
like a professional  
he walks as if he's got  
a plane to catch  
he speaks as if he'd had a cup  
of tea with the queen of England

he is wanted

*Carly Hugg*

**I NEVER HEAR THE WORD MELANCHOLY**

I never hear the  
word melancholy,  
but I see people  
watching T.V.  
on a couch  
in a house  
just about 3  
dogs slinking aimlessly  
leaves rustling in the wind  
an open bag of chips.

*Campbell Shook*

**GRAY**

color of finger nail polish chipping off your nails  
ripped jeans worn on long nights  
insulated coffee cups  
tinted windows in vast cities  
laptops as thin as air  
crayons worn down by school children  
alley cats  
door knobs covered in fingerprints  
old, aged photographs  
necklace chains  
buttons sewn by tight thread  
sports cars being raced  
rooftops hit in pouring rain  
belt buckles so carelessly looped  
hub caps  
desk legs  
the cornea of a beautifully made  
women's eyes  
the moon in the sky  
the night right after sundown  
dress socks  
the back of magnets  
smoke in the sky after a long fire

*Sara Belle Scott*

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**MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY**

**LITTLE ROCK, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** September 29 - October 2, 2015

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Monica Mylonas

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 139

**VISITING WRITERS:** Michelle Myers, Kirsty Bleyl  
David Kinzer, Molly Rector

## POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL POTTSVILLE, AR

### A BLANK BAR IN ARKANSAS

I steal things  
like the eyes  
of someone  
beautiful  
down by the bar  
I steal  
the look  
of the younger  
lady that sits  
up as if she has a steel  
rod as a spine  
as she looks at the older  
gentleman, he drinks  
what is it about  
the curvy women, Queen B  
she attracts  
all the workers  
Queen B  
the one who stands  
for rights of the  
ones who get stolen from  
Queen B, an idol  
the one thing I  
wish to steal  
because I  
steal things

*Breanna Cady*

**INVOCATION POEM**

Birds chirping  
Children playing  
Yards flowing  
Neighbors glowing  
Wind howling  
and trees rustling  
Me hiding  
Room quieting  
Window brightening  
TV frightening

*Jason Thompson*

**OF TREES**

I love to climb trees  
Redwoods, oaks and pine trees  
My mind wanders though the branches of the trees  
My feet run around the feet of the trees  
Someone says they don't like trees  
I sneer and huff just because trees  
Roses bloom just like the trees  
Where I sit is full of trees  
I dance to the sound of trees  
My words always sound like trees  
My nose is full of the aroma of trees  
but everyone is more interested in forests.

*Alex Elam*

## WEEZY

You were the best swimmer  
Black, blue and red in color  
You didn't do much  
But you found a way into my heart  
You were always hungry  
And I probably should have cleaned  
    your water more  
You're gone now  
Eaten by a cat  
And there's nothing I can do about it  
All the bubbles in your bowl  
The bowl in your eyes  
Your eyes in the stars

*Shane Andrews*

## KENTUCKY, KENTUCKY

Kentucky where life is calm Kentucky,  
where the fresh smell of the Kentucky,  
mountains overcome your body giving  
you chills Kentucky, red robins whistling  
in the trees above Kentucky, where  
the touch of cancer overcomes the  
feel of your body Kentucky,  
where you're giving your life to God  
Kentucky, lives are changed,  
where the dark moon overcomes  
the night sky Kentucky, where people  
are buried, Kentucky.

*Savanah Gosnell*

**THE LIMITS OF WHAT WE CAN DO**

I like poetry because it's what we are not.  
Poetry is the weird cousin of writing  
that no one talks to but we all are forced  
to visit on special occasions.  
Comfort is a good acronym of poetry and  
we only grow outside of the comfort zone.  
Running is my poetry.  
With every gasp of breath I am forced  
to travel further. I think of Eric Thomas  
when my lungs set fire.  
"You will succeed only when you want it  
as bad as you want to breathe."  
And with this I push further  
and deeper into the unknown  
until I see the light at the end of the tunnel  
and love inside of me grows, explodes.

*Austin Gantt*

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**POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL****POTTSVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT: April 11 - 12, 2016****FACULTY SPONSOR: Andrea Hooper****APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 72****VISITING WRITERS: Eszter Takacs, Cara Dees**

## **RICHLAND ELEMENTARY WEST MEMPHIS, AR**

### **SHOOTING STAR**

I'm no light  
but I can shine.  
I'm no runner  
but I can go fast  
I'm no bird  
but I can fly  
I'm no gun  
but I can shoot

*Tess Ramsey*

### **I DON'T LIKE BEING ALONE**

The water is brown  
looks like people have  
thrown things in. The sun  
is shining brightly. Some roses are auburn  
some look dead and some look alive,  
looks like a small town  
where people don't walk often.  
August flowers never watered.

*Travis Wright*

**AWKWARDNESS**

I needed a new hoop but didn't  
have any books. I wish I hadn't  
fallen on a globe. I could suddenly feel  
A braid coming on. Why didn't I go a  
long way home. There is something wrong  
with the way I chew. I honestly didn't know  
I was sitting on a frog. I wish it was special  
here all the time.

*Madison Leonard*

**SELF-PORTRAIT AS AN ANTHILL**

I'm no desert,  
though I can look plain.  
On the inside,  
I am bubbling  
like the magma  
in a volcano  
ready  
to erupt.  
Busy as  
an ant hill  
though I may  
not show it.

*Chloe Capps*

### **SWEET NATURE**

The smooth rose has grown tall.  
The old bridge has planted itself,  
and a butterfly will land on its stones.  
I hear all of the nature's music  
in the pine forest on the hill.

*Joseph Henley*

### **THE EARLY BIRD THAT IS THE WORST WORM**

Splat went the bamboo stick  
Crackle went a piece of the  
universe, gold love as I threw it  
away. Spiderman changes  
dirt to Charizard dragons  
Jigglypuff eating  
a rainbow of homework  
in a no homework zone while running.

*Chace Roote*

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### **RICHLAND ELEMENTARY**

**WEST MEMPHIS, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** March 14 - 15, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Gwendolyn Looney, Danette Strons

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 83

**VISITING WRITERS:** Molly Rector, Bailey Hutchinson

## ROOT ELEMENTARY FAYETTEVILLE, AR

### EGG CRACKING

Cracking us eggs  
is like crumbling  
a piece of paper.  
We can never go back  
the way we used to be.

And after that  
they eat us.

*Gavin*

### CAMP PARADISE & FEAR

Camp Paradise & Fear has cabins, girls who think  
the creek cabin is haunted, horse stables, mess hall,  
swimming pool, rocky trails. I would go to the hangout  
and ride the bungee jump, and play in the foam  
machine, and then go to Lulu's and do the water spears.

I'm scared of the lady that runs the meetings  
for the girl scouts. She is loud, and not very nice,  
and she tells us what to do and never takes the time  
to learn our names.

*Ella*

### THE ROCK SPEAKS

For an hour I was a rock.  
I sat and sat in the green  
grass. It was soft and warm.  
A squirrel was sitting next to  
me eating an acorn. For an  
hour I was a kitty. I prowled  
the house trying to find a  
mouse to play with. For an  
hour I was a piece of grass.  
I watched a bird fly through  
the air. I watched a dog chase  
it's tail. For an hour I was a  
computer. I watched people  
play games on me. I watched  
as a glass of water almost  
spilled on me. For an hour I  
was me.

*Ava McMath*

### MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE CHEETAHS

My thoughts are like cheetahs  
I try to catch them but they're  
in and out and in a blink, gone.

I chase after them, but they are faster than me,  
so I let them go.

*Jake Haas*

**LEAFBEAUTIFUL**

The world is leafbeautiful  
in spring the sounds  
are muffled and  
it smells like flowers and  
feels free.

*Celeste*

**WHAT DOES THE HEART DO?**

You use it to make milkshakes.  
Cuts everything into small, tiny pieces,  
twirling like a tornado.

*Melanie Villanueva*

**AFTERLIFE**

It smells of clean laundry—  
very dim lighting in this place,  
has many doors, and lots of carpet.

I would go and look for coral  
that has drifted up to the shore.

I hope I don't see a shark.

*Vincent Bauer*

## DESERT

In front of me I see the golden  
sand waves continuing on forever.  
To my right I feel the charred  
sand blowing rapidly on my side.  
Above me hawks circle all  
around looking for quick, small rodents.  
Behind me I hear the hissing  
and rattling of rattle  
snakes slithering in the sand.  
To my left I see quick little  
lizards, leaving small foot prints  
in the crispy, gold sand.

*Palmer Ayers*

## RECIPE FOR EMBARRASSMENT

1. One COMPLETELY wrong answer
2. Add one classroom full of kids
3. Throw in one frustrated teacher
4. Stir for about five minutes
5. Make room for a SCREAM
6. As well as a SCREAM from the teacher
7. Pour in just a couple of tears
8. Put it ALL in one long day
9. Bake for two weeks

*Zippora Starr*

**MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE A BASEMENT**

My thoughts are like a basement,  
I store things and old stuff I  
will throw away. It's pretty  
empty until I fill it. The lightbulb  
doesn't always turn on, but when  
I really want to, it will.  
You have to be careful where you  
step, and you have to watch out for  
creepy old forgotten things. It has  
a calendar, but it's torn up.

*Copeland Gray*

**PARIS**

You know you are in Paris when  
you see a tower made of metal  
bars looming in front of you  
or in the distance. With mimes  
acting for children with smiles.  
Bakeries and pastries on every road  
you look. They smell of cinnamon,  
apples, raspberries, strawberries, and other  
marvelous things. Clothes, shops,  
petit chiens (little dogs), and cats looking  
out the window at you.

*Lucy Depper*

## THE RAIN SPEAKS

I sat there in a puddle  
shimmering like a diamond,  
for an hour I hit a roof,  
hard as bricks and damp  
as a swamp. I hit an umbrella  
where I bounced high as if  
on a trampoline, then I fell  
into the deep, damp, and dark  
sewers. There, I saw a rat,  
as plump as a blueberry.  
And I was pushed under  
the deep invisible claws of darkness  
as I became a fish, swimming  
along the current fast as lightning.  
Then, I was a tadpole away from home.  
Then, I was back to who I was  
a Raindrop.

*Emerson McElroy*

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## ROOT ELEMENTARY

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 10 – 11, 16 – 17, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Spencer Pineda, Marjo Burk

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 183

VISITING WRITERS: Larissa Sprecher, Jacob Collum,

Caroline Beimford, Vicente Yopez

## RUSSELL D JONES ELEMENTARY ROGERS, AR

### ODE TO MY SOCCER UNIFORM

When I play  
in my soccer uniform  
it feels like the red  
falcon in the morning sky  
and you smell like  
apple pie and you look  
like the Mexican flag  
patch on it.

*Kaelyn McKnight*

### WHAT

What is Internet is the Internet  
a dog is it blue is it air.

What is filling is it mad is it  
sad is it happy.

What is snack is it bad is it  
cool is it good.

*Ezequiel Garcia*

## MEXICO

I cross Mexico by being a monster  
an ugly monster he came from the  
constructed paper he smelled like  
burnt tomato.

*Janet Aldaco*

## THE DIMINISHING TEDDY BEAR

I remember when I got this teddy bear, it  
was clean, light brown, and I could see the smile  
on his face. But after years passed I left him, he  
was forgotten. The last time I saw him was  
right before I threw him in the garbage. Dirty,  
rusted, dark brown, and a shallow smile.

*Jason Alatorre*

## PRETTY IS

Pretty is a pig that raps  
about not wanting to be bacon.

*Nataly Troncoso*

**FEAR**

There is an old lady who lives  
in my house she has many fears that  
is why she is called fear she sleeps in  
my closet and plays in my room. She  
only likes funny things like  
butterflies and bees soaring so high  
into the night sky. She is my best  
friend so gentle and sweet and her  
name is fear.

*Emely Bonilla*

**I ASK**

Coyote I ask are you man's most dangerous thing  
undoubtedly yes.

*Jefferson Benavidez*

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**RUSSELL D JONES ELEMENTARY**

**ROGERS, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT: November 12 – 13, 2015**

**FACULTY SPONSOR: Beth Talley**

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 112**

**VISITING WRITERS: Eszter Takacs & JT Mahaney**

## **SOUTH SIDE ELEMENTARY BEE BRANCH, AR**

### **TOUCHING RAIN**

What does rain feel like?  
Little bumps on my skin?  
Or maybe little bugs.  
But as soon as I touch it  
with the tip of my finger,  
it flattens & drips off  
the side of my arm.

*Blair Hutto*

### **SANDPAPER**

Sandpaper tastes  
like a scratchy sponge!

Sandpaper smells  
like wet dog.

Sandpaper sounds  
like old violin  
music.

*Emma Leonard*

**HAIKU**

My grandpa is bald.  
His head shines like shooting stars.  
He misses his hair.

*Kameron Mason*

**AS I WAS WALKING HOME**

I heard a rattle in a bush.  
When I didn't care about it anymore,  
it slipped across the road.  
It was a raccoon.  
I don't know why, but I started  
yelling, "Why do you have rings  
on your tail? Is it because  
you dumped paint on it  
or is that how many times  
you've been married?"  
The coon looked at me, confused,  
and slipped out into the woods.

*Whitt Holland*

## THEY WATCH PEOPLE

They watch people  
inside little boxes.  
It's funny how  
a press of a button can make  
a whole new program  
come on. I would have never imagined  
that there would be people  
small enough  
to fit inside  
that small of a box.

They told me the name of the creation  
it's called a television.

*Mollie Leonard*

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**SOUTH SIDE ELEMENTARY**

**BEE BRANCH, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** April 13 - 14, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Melanie Crider

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 80

**VISITING WRITERS:** Anthony Blake, Sacha Idell

## **SOUTHSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL BATESVILLE, AR**

### **SPACE ROAMER**

My grandpa is a NASA explorer.

Trickle of sweat  
runs down his face  
and into his lip like an ocean  
came and crashed into his mouth.

Buttery popcorn  
burnt pizza box  
sea of blackness.

He's thinking about retiring soon.

*Jacob Shane*

### **I WANT TO BE**

I want to be a horse that runs  
in a large pasture and gallops  
with a graceful rider.  
I would trample the grass  
when I run in a field, would  
follow the rider's commands,  
and be the most beautiful  
stallion in the field.

*Gavin*

### ALTERNATE SOURCE OF FUEL

I spend my life in the underground  
cave. I made my bed out of prickly stones  
my bath tub out of a dug out tree  
I got my water out of a blue river  
that rushed up on the shore  
I spent most of my day  
looking at the pretty meadow and  
the sky that looked like a horse.

*R.J.*

### VOWELS

A is a grown branch off a  
really tall tree.

E is a yellow person witting with  
hands and feet spread out.

I is a blue table sitting  
in a kitchen.

O is a glimmering ring on a  
newlywed bride's purple finger.

U is a blue wave washing up  
on a rocky and sandy shore.

*Lillian Maness*

**THE KIDS AND THE PILE OF GOLD**

When the laughter skids across the floor  
they scramble and scroll then get up  
and fall through the stairs they find  
a pile of gold they can't touch  
it because, it will stop shining.

*Madison Edington*

**EYEBALL AND SPECK OF DUST**

eyeball was really good friends  
with speck of dust until one day  
eyeball was laying down outside  
speck of dust jumped out of a tree  
and got in eyeball's eye and eyeball said  
sweet lord that hurt!

*Conan*

**WHEN I GO TO BED**

The shadows in my room are alive, the firefly outside  
is bugging me. Is my dad sleeping right now? Today  
is January fifteenth, 2016. My lamp is broken in three  
pieces, the cars outside drive by creating shadows,  
my dad is not sleeping, he is watching TV. Firefly.

*Conner*

### I LET IT GO

I let the  
dog go  
which you  
were probably  
wanting to  
play  
with forgive  
me he  
was mean  
and clawed  
me in the  
hand.

*Alexander Mullins*

### LIES

Santa got stuck in my chimney.  
The walking stick was scratching me.  
Why did the whale eat the  
shark? In 2005, aliens slept  
in the bed with me.  
My neck snapped in half.  
I am 999 years old.  
so he could have  
sharp teeth. Walking stick.

*Tyson Trucks*

**MY RIB CAGE IS A WIRE FENCE**

My breath is turning blue  
I was born with wreckingballs  
for hands and chains for arms.  
My head is a watermelon and  
my arms are as long as snakes.

*Jadon P.*

**SYNAESTHESIA**

The color of rain  
is the light blue  
of a stolen jacket.

The taste of the hole in a doughnut  
is a rubber tire rolling  
down a hill.

The sound of a rainbow  
is hummingbirds chirping  
at the Walmart window.

The feeling of red  
is soft leather keeping  
an old man warm.

*Ms. Dailey's 4th Grade Class,  
7th Period*

### I GOT TO VENUS IN THE NIGHT

I got to Venus in the night  
Will a monster come in the day?

Gea screamed "I'm free"  
The pond rushes to me in the steam

Im trapped in a square  
of my own making

Nobody notices the gem  
in the sky

*Alexander Mullins*

### WAR OF THE BODY

I cut off my head and threw it on  
the ground I called this running  
away from my fears of not  
being athletic or a good kid  
but I am those things. I faced  
my fears went back and glued it  
back on. I call this facing my  
fears.

*Trystn Demoss*

**ELIMINATION DANCE**

People who live and breathe on this polluted Earth.  
Women who have given birth to the next world war.  
Those who have spoken without a word to say.  
Those who have danced without a rhythm  
Those who have shot without a bullet  
Those who write without a subject  
Those girls who stay in black holes 24/7  
Those who care for the ones that do.

*Jackson Gillette*

**THE WIND TURNS THE MOUTH UP AT THE CORNERS**

the glass house on sticks, so tall and still,  
made everything seem frozen and small  
no one could see it nobody but me

*Jaden*

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**SOUTHSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL****BATESVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** January 27 – 28, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Rachel Mosier**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 72**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Megan Blankenship,  
Michelle Myers, Hannah Allen,  
Jake Collum, Collin Callahan

## **SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY ALEXANDER, AR**

### **THE SILENT DAY**

The day was a root, silent  
and still. With nothing other  
with all the leaves flying  
around. The day turned  
into loudness. Aches  
going everywhere.

*Jason Apodaca*

### **THE OLD OAK**

I also went to the old oak tree in my backyard and asked it about its life. How do you eat? How did you get your green hair to look like an afro? How many arms do you have? I was just throwing questions at it. Random ones that I thought were important. How old are you? Do you ever get lonely? Have you ever broken a bone? As I finished up my survey, he waved his arm in the wind. I have always wanted to possess the heart of the old oak tree. I would have a special child visit me every day.

*Maggie Winders*

**FAST AS LIGHTNING**

I was way out in the Pacific Ocean  
coming to a point where the boat  
stopped. The water glowed  
like broad daylight. My eyes  
closed as the creature rose up  
out of the water. With a long head,  
sharp teeth, and blue glowing eyes.  
The black rough skin and yellow stripes.  
His breath smelled like water,  
and his skin felt rough. Then he dropped  
the boat and underwater as fast as  
lightning.

*Joseph Collins*

**THE DAY OF DOOM**

The day was a snake bite.  
The day was a wilting flower.  
The day was a book without an  
ending, clawing to know what would  
happen next.

The day was morphing the world  
into 2D, squashing and pressing.  
The day was planting a tick in  
my ear.

*Cole Skelley*

### DANCING COLORED PENCILS

as I walk down the hall I see  
all my colored pencils  
dancing around with  
their wooden bodies  
coloring on the wall. They draw  
a flower to represent me,  
I smile and they keep dancing  
freely. Tomorrow I will bring them  
to the art places and draw.  
but today it will draw freely.

*Leighann Sellers*

### THE PASSER

The day was a passer in the wind  
invisible to all else who did not  
want to see it. The day passed more a  
ghost than an amount of time.  
The passer you never see. Time.

*Brandon Barrett*

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### SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY

ALEXANDER, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 5 - 6, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Leslie Smith

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 96

VISITING WRITERS: Emily Lerner, Megan Blankenship

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## SUBIACO ACADEMY SUBIACO, AR

### THE SKIES OVER COLORADO

The skies over Colorado are dark  
and speckled with stars  
I watch a dog pawing at an old tire  
The leaky spigot drips idly  
The collapsed house is broad and blocky,  
like a map of Colorado  
The wind makes the chaparral whisper  
Nobody notices, or is there to notice me  
I wonder how I wound up in such a desolate place  
I'll be gone soon, like drops of water from the dust

*Walker Cobb*

### THE WATER'S THEOLOGY

forms of water remain envious of one another  
puddles yearn to join the free flowing rivers  
while rivers are tired and want only a stable home  
oceans hope to one day have the thrill of being one  
    with the waterfalls  
but the waterfalls seek to join the vast oasis of the sea  
clouds spend their lives wanting to become rain  
only to come and wait to go back up  
bottled water, however, is happy  
because it does not know what lies outside its walls

*Nick R. Langston*

## CRICKET

My dad's death doesn't bother me anymore.  
We would go fishing with crickets.  
How did he die? He died when I was nine  
on January 3 of 2008. My world  
was shattered. I just wish I could hear  
him say "I am proud of you" one more time.  
He died of cancer. Now I feel like I am the cricket.

*Deacon Hardwicke*

## "THAT" TIME OF SUMMER

the land where oranges grow  
yet gulls flap their wings  
above green foam of waves  
wind rushing in unwinding strings  
of kites quickly back inside,  
the panhandle is getting warm  
nobody notices the tourist vessels  
on the horizon now, only noticing  
their inside-out umbrellas and unwound kites  
as they plummet violently into the dust.

*Eric Cauthron*

**LITANY OF MEMORY**

Wouldn't give my heart  
for the fuzzy dog who always  
welcomes me home.  
Not for the cats  
who constantly beg  
for attention. Not for the large tin  
full of animal treats.  
Wouldn't give my heart  
for the squeaky, carpeted stairs.  
Not for the rough brick walls.  
Not for the scratched and worn  
wood flooring. Wouldn't give  
my heart for the garden  
full of bright flowers.  
Not for the vegetables  
on the other side.  
Not for the insects that occupy it.  
Wouldn't give my heart  
for the faded memories  
in the many albums.  
Not for the rusty playset out back.  
And it's not easy to stay in the present  
with memories all around.

*Jakob Bergen*

### HOW TO KNOW FOR SURE THAT I'M HOME

As I turn down my road I get this warm feeling.  
I see the mysterious people who live at the yellow  
house, mowing their yard. I smell grass.  
I hear the basset hound bellowing as I drive by.  
I see all the colors of the Lovelaces' garden  
and their chicken house, which I would be proud  
to live in. I see their weiner dog, Scooter, meet me  
at the road. I see Leon's friendly smile and his belly  
hanging out of shirt as he works on cars. I turn up  
my driveway, see the best dog in the neighborhood,  
and that's when I know for sure, I'm home.

*Mitchell Berry*

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**SUBIACO ACADEMY**

**SUBIACO, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** March 31 – April 1, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Cheryl Goetz

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 56

**VISITING WRITERS:** Megan Blankenship, Anne Greeott

**TAYLOR ELEMENTARY**  
**TAYLOR, AR****MY WORLD**

parents go to work every day  
and walk on sharp nails  
kids eat ice cream  
and are eligible for president  
aunts and uncles take you on vacation  
on the ships kids are the captains  
bigfoot has to shrink his head  
parents walk with only one finger  
kids can change their name at age three  
birds have to fly backwards  
strangers fly and live in harm  
kids in congress can raise the dead  
whales can fight in world wars  
puppies and kittens live underground  
steak is served and falls from the clouds  
chameleons run for president too  
if trees fall they're turned  
into fake food for parents  
kids tell grown ups when to go to bed  
when the day ends ice cream is served  
kids drive cars until they die

*Michael Higgins*

### A RAINY DAY

On a rainy day I put mud  
on my face like chocolate  
and laugh like a turtle  
that got tickled by the sun.

*Brooke Nunn*

### MY LAST VACATION

the sound of blue whales  
mixed with the smell of  
fresh picked feet  
the feeling of slime  
wasn't that pleasant  
the taste of strawberries and  
the sight of tropical islands  
the whales fishing for men  
were driving in circles  
bigfoot was diving just like  
a dolphin when dolphins walked up  
and shoved captain off board  
crew members left  
fortunately unharmed  
then jellyfish  
got their swords and fought sharks  
that had muskets buckets  
of minnows at up the seaweed  
eagles swam and sunk the boat  
the cows swam out with broken legs

*Michael Higgins*

**LIFE TOO BORING**

c'est la vie  
found as a couch potato  
watch TV while chips on your side  
having no social life  
find yourself in a dark hallway  
having no bucket list  
no one can understand your style  
looking at the ceiling  
maybe you are rich, but you waste yourself  
yawning the day away  
crash and burn at only 7:00pm.

*Gwendolynne Trimble*

**FOR SALE: FEAR**

bigfoot with two heads 2¢  
puppets with strings \$100  
slender man laughing all the time \$20  
glowing eyes floating \$2,000  
clowns with purple hair 10¢  
Jack in the box \$8  
under my bed \$2  
the smell of the inside of shoes 1¢  
shadows \$1,000  
wasps \$10

*Brooke Nunn*

### THE CONCERT OF DIVA THE BULLFROG

You may think I'm loud  
but I have the prettiest voice here  
Well that is my opinion, I know  
but I don't care what your opinion is  
Very well then I will be off to my concert  
I don't need any of y'all I have my fans  
This is a hymn

*Emily Allegrini*

### HOW TO LIVE ON A STAR

Jump to the star that you wish  
Ice the surface with fire  
Don't think about swimming  
It is not that easy to get water

Parties are loud next door  
I also had to call my landlord  
The view of Earth is interrupted  
When the neighbors blasted fireworks

*Makenzie Barns*

**FISHING**

a humongous worm, a large bent fishing  
pole, a flopping bass, a lake that smells  
like alligator, fish jumping in the lake,  
a bottle that has moss in it, fishing  
lines hung on power lines, string floating  
on the swampy water, boats on the  
water making waves as tall as buildings.

*Caleb Ezernack*

**LAUGHTER**

Grandma's first text  
Mom telling bad jokes  
to a stuffed bear  
and it frowning afterward  
My brother's stupid moments  
Someone falling in a ditch  
full of water  
Talking softly when dad  
turns forty  
Me trying  
to sound smart  
Cats falling in water

*Makayla Downs*

### FORTUNE COOKIES

You're as cool as ice.

In a year you will get kicked.

Your face looks like a coconut pie.

*Landon Beshea*

### YARD SALE OF FEAR

In the hospital getting a shot for the first time 1¢

Going to the dentist at 8:00 am \$13.00

Taking a test at school 40¢

Getting a spanking at night \$5.00

To touch a green snake \$20.00

Scary movies at midnight 5¢

Talking to a stranger in the night \$5.00

Red haired dolls that are green \$4.00

Puppets that look like half human half animal \$20.00

Barney the dinosaur singing a song \$18.00

Zombies that play football \$9.00

*Grace*

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**THE RAINBOW IS SIMPLE PEOPLE**

the horizon, bending reaching  
 and steadied, an arch of pastel loomed  
 the surface.  
 “A rainbow!”  
 “It is not simple  
 People.” They flickered  
 nothing reached the sky.  
 They clustered until the plain  
 with soft light glimmered  
 rainbows seemed stable,  
 the sense not being fixed. There feeling  
 certain misty  
 was meant to stay.  
 The robot hauled his equipment  
 on his stove, paying attention to the rainbows.  
 not far away, staring up the sky.  
 against the surface.  
 “One isn’t here,” said Boone.  
 Martin here.  
 You never mention  
 us.  
 The three huddled.  
 it’s horrible “You say Martin fell.”

*Mariah Flow*

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**TAYLOR ELEMENTARY**

**TAYLOR, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** April 20 - 21, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Robby Frizzell

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 128

**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Michelle Myers,  
 Elizabeth DeMeo, Suzanne Monroe

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

**MY DAD'S RANCH IN SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO**

Big house, peach colored walls  
on the outside, 5 horses, too many  
chickens and roosters, a guard dog,  
two white bunnies with red eyes.  
I wish I could see my dad and be  
back home.

*Nelvin*

**SCHOOL BUS**

Long yellow rectangle  
four wheels and  
a sign connected to it

that controls whether  
you get to cross the  
road or not.

Little humans ride  
it while the sun is  
still up shining.

*Sayra*

**SNARE DRUM SOLO**

since I got locked up my life's been hard  
since my life's been hard my mother's been sad  
since my mother's sad sleeping for me turned bad  
since sleeping for me turn bad I was going crazy.  
permit me to propose two things:  
I wish I had made a better choice  
I want my mom to be happy.

*Tellen*

**KINDERGARTEN GRADUATION DAY**

I wish my hair  
wasn't running  
all over the place  
& my smile  
wasn't so creepy  
I wish my pose  
wasn't so stiff  
I should have been  
relaxed & looking  
like I was chilling  
I looked very lazy  
looked like a clown  
with no makeup  
from a military camp.

*Tellen*

## OUT IN THE SKATEPARK

Out in the skatepark  
you see them skate.  
The way the board pops  
is so relaxing.  
It is as hot  
as an oven  
but he keeps  
pushing himself.  
He goes further  
than he has before.  
The pop of  
the board reminds  
him of the sound  
a bottle makes  
when you pop  
the top off.

*Caleb*

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WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: December 15 - 16, 2015

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jeane Mack, Joshua Moody

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 7

VISITING WRITERS: Jesse Irwin, Vicente Yopez

## **WEAVER ELEMENTARY WEST MEMPHIS, AR**

### **HOT DAYS**

A day in Birmingham is somewhere  
you don't want to be. Cold mouths hot  
mouths its always hot. Sun screaming  
hot red and flowers screaming help me.  
Birds drop down looking for shade but  
no where to be found. Sun scream you  
scream it always hot. Swimming pool  
now no pool.

*Jaleah Perry*

### **WHAT'S BROKEN**

The door knob to my room door,  
A blue vase on the wooden table.  
The flat screen TV in the living room,  
The red dog house by an Oak tree.  
The fence leading to the next door house,  
The wide hole in the thick wall.  
The black painted door on the ground,  
The huge white bed in my big room.  
The tall grass that I made short,  
The concrete missing from my long driveway.

*Steven Holmes*

### FEEDING DUCKS

Sun beaming down  
on my back, I feel so  
hot I am going to explode.  
Birds catching the bread.  
I'm seven years old  
trying not to jump in the  
shiny blue lake. Standing there  
with my Mom, angry snapping  
turtlejumping out of the water  
to eat. Now I am all alone  
five years later, still throwing  
that white, soft bread.

*Avryuna Maxwell*

### NEW YORK IN JUNE

The busy streets.  
Loud noises ripped  
through your mouth tasting like  
stripped rubber. The people  
yelling for a taxi giving  
you a punch in your brain.  
Running around, walking fast,  
and on bicycles.  
When walking down the  
busy streets nice cologne just  
go right up your nose  
for the smell of New York.

*Ryan Forrest*

**BASKETBALL**

The bounding of basketball, the swish of the hoop,  
people picking teams deciding what I want to be on,  
birds squawking, wind blowing, the goal shakes,  
the way Ryan, LaBraylon, Trevion, and I shoot we're  
unstoppable, other kids playing tag, soccer, baseball,  
and football, our shoes screeching the court  
I got up and shoot for buzzer and Score!

*Marterrius Alexandre*

**LITTLE RED**

A red nose far in the distance  
An apple at the edge of the tree  
A sock ready to slide into that brand  
new red shoe The margin on a piece  
of paper Power on power off I pledge  
allegiance to the flag Red ready  
to drift off in the wind A red  
heart ready to beat into motion

*Damarion Turner*

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**WEAVER ELEMENTARY****WEST MEMPHIS, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** May 4 - 5, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sheila Grissom**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 100**VISITING WRITERS:** Larissa Sprecher and Emily Lerner

## **WEST JR HIGH WEST MEMPHIS, AR**

### **SELF-PORTRAIT AS MARINE**

I am a bootcamp survivor.  
I am a friend to water.  
I wish I never started this.  
It's hard to get out of.  
I wish I could go back home to my  
family.  
I miss them so much.  
I wish I could start over  
in this body.

*Kain Young*

### **WHAT WOMEN RIDE?**

My grandmother rides her bike  
everyday. She listens to her  
music. She thinks about where  
she is going, and why.

My grandmother rides. For  
maybe three hours straight. Her  
calf muscles are huge because  
she rides her bike.

*Ashlee Malone*

**WHAT MEN KILL?**

My dad, he kills deer  
in a vast savannah.  
He kills geese  
over a small pond.

*Landon Johnson*

**ABANDONED TOY FACTORY**

The abandoned toy factory  
all of the plastic clown dolls,  
still partially painted, molded together.

Something  
had set fire on the inside; al-  
though untouched on the outside.

I push through the rusted metal  
door and a burst of warm,  
moldy air comes across my face.

I look for the face of  
you within the faces of the  
broken old lifeless clown dolls.

You are the fire.

*Lydia Brown*

## IN THE CITY

In the city  
Street light flashing  
people trying to keep up  
doing what they do.  
People laughing and smiling  
    being their selves  
pianos banging with people dancing  
to the melody  
the roar of the crowd  
giving heartache to sing  
people laughing  
people dying  
in the city

*Emma Boydston*

## FORD THEATRE

Buttoning his vest,  
Fixing his shoes  
Abraham Lincoln walks outside  
To find his chariot awaiting  
He was to be taken to Ford Theatre  
to celebrate his Civil War victory  
Once in the chariot he found his bucket  
The bucket was for his corn nuts  
His bucket is made of soft beautiful  
hand-cut oak wood from his birth home  
In Massachusetts

*Kenny Smith*

**THE MATRIMONY**

I hope that everything  
around me would keep blooming  
I dream of the bows  
that will end the show later down  
the road in  
the holy matrimony, the  
ending of life, the beginning of rain

*Lauren Walls*

**WHAT WOMEN BLOOM**

I have an aunt.  
She sits around watching *The Young*  
and the *Restless*.

She sits on her small, pink, fluffy chair,  
drinking her bubbly grape soda,  
thinking outloud, all fiction stories,  
amazed by the thought.

Oh, how nice she can be shooting away  
like a shooting star.

Setting her off like a candle,  
she glows conditionally lighting the room  
up with a big bloom smile.

*Bailey Rena Frymire*

### ABANDONED TRAIN

The train has 86 cars.  
In every one of them are 68 boxes.  
Most of them are empty.

Only one box has the thing I am looking for.  
I have been looking for as long as time itself.  
I have looked through 85 cars.  
One more to go.

You and I used to play with it  
all the time.  
It would never leave our eyesight.

Then one day it was gone,  
along with you.

*Lauren Walls*

### WHAT WOMEN HUNT?

What women hunt?  
The good kind would be my answer  
the kind that wake up at 4:00  
to kill animals for the fun of it  
My grandma is of this kind  
the kind that dresses not to stand out  
but to not be seen  
Grandma "Deadeye" Duncan can drop  
a deer from 700 yards away

*Elias Ray Duncan*

### THE FARM

I am dead, says the tree  
I am broken, says the house  
I don't belong, says the moon  
I am always watching, says the blue sky  
Plant strewn fields on the farm  
Ready to be watered  
I am a wagon, ready to be rode  
    We will never leave

*Zach Thomas*

### MY RIVER

I've had enough  
of people swimming in  
Rivers on my sacred land

*Steven Porterfield*

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**WEST JUNIOR HIGH**

**WEST MEMPHIS, AR**

**DATES OF VISIT:** March 9 - 10, 2016

**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Ashley Lipe

**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 118

**VISITING WRITERS:** Scott Ray, Molly Rector,  
David Kinzer, Chris Tamigi







## SUPPORT WITS

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Arkansas WITS is made possible through a partnership with the University of Arkansas Fulbright College of Arts and Sciences 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 employer 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  
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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:

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## ARKANSAS WITS 2015-2016 VISITING WRITERS

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**HANNAH ALLEN**  
poetry, year 1

**CHEYENNE AUTRY**  
fiction, year 2

**CAROLINE BEIMFORD**  
fiction, year 3

**ANTHONY BLAKE**  
poetry, year 2

**MEGAN BLANKENSHIP**  
poetry, year 4

**KIRSTY BLEYL**  
fiction, year 2

**ANDREW BUTLER**  
poetry, year 1

**COLLIN CALLAHAN**  
poetry, year 2

**JACOB COLLUM**  
translation, year 1

**KEVIN CORBETT**  
poetry, year 4

**CARA DEES**  
translation, year 2

**ELIZABETH DEMEO**  
fiction, year 1

**MEGAN DOWNEY**  
fiction, year 3

**ANNE GREEOTT**  
translation, year 4

**ZACH HESTER**  
poetry, year 2

**BAILEY HUTCHINSON**  
poetry, year 1

**JOSH IDASZAK**  
fiction, year 2

**SACHA IDELL**  
fiction, year 2

**JESSE IRWIN**  
translation, year 3

**DAVID KINZER**  
fiction, year 4

**EMILY LERNER**  
poetry, year 3

**JT MAHANY**  
translation, year 2

**SUZANNE MONROE**  
fiction, year 2

**MICHELLE MYERS**  
poetry, year 3

**JULIA PAGANELLI**  
poetry, year 2

**LUCAS PALMER**  
fiction, year 1

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**SCOTT RAY**  
fiction, year 4

**MOLLY BESS RECTOR**  
poetry, year 3

**LARISSA SPRECHER**  
fiction, year 3

**ESZTER TAKACS**  
poetry, year 4

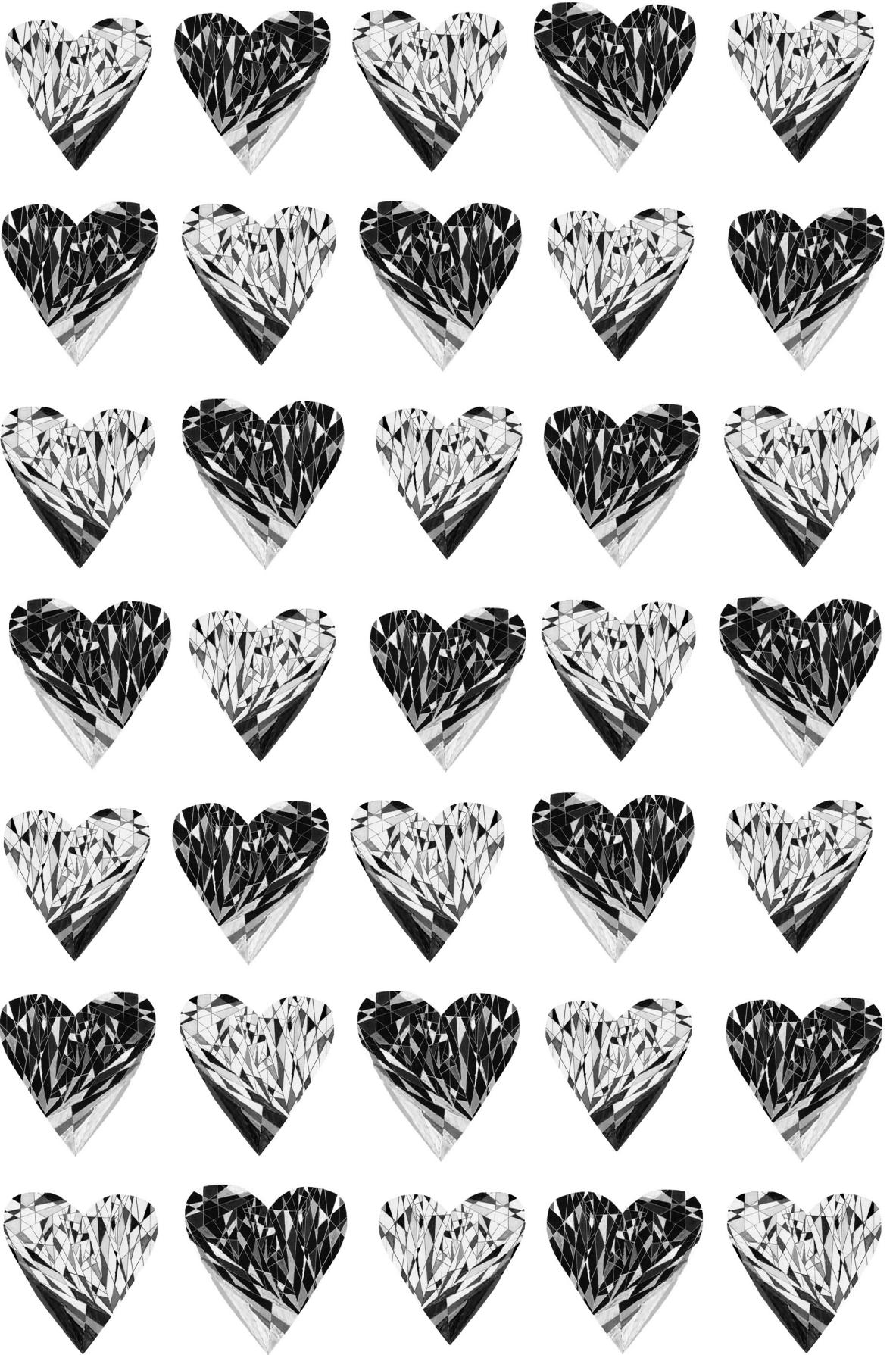
**CHRIS TAMIGI**  
translation, year 4

**RACHEL THOMAS**  
fiction, year 1

**BEN WHISMAN**  
fiction, year 1

**VICENTE YÉPEZ**  
poetry, year 1

**JACOB YORDY**  
poetry, year 1



# ARKANSAS WITS 2015 - 2016 PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

**AMBOY ELEMENTARY** North Little Rock, AR  
**ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICES COOPERATIVE** Plumerville, AR  
**ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL** Arkadelphia, AR  
**BERRYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL** Berryville, AR  
**BRAGG ELEMENTARY** West Memphis, AR  
**BROOKLAND ELEMENTARY** Brookland, AR  
**BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY** Monette, AR  
**DANVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL** Danville, AR  
**EMERSON ELEMENTARY** Emerson, AR  
**GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS** Greenbrier, AR  
**GUY FENTER EDUCATIONAL SERVICES COOPERATIVE** Branch, AR  
**HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY** Fayetteville, AR  
**HARMONY GROVE HIGH SCHOOL** Camden, AR  
**HAZEN HIGH SCHOOL** Hazen, AR  
**LAMAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS** Lamar, AR  
**CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL** Little Rock, AR  
**MARION INTERMEDIATE** Marion, AR  
**MARKED TREE HIGH SCHOOL** Marked Tree, AR  
**MCAIR MIDDLE SCHOOL** Fayetteville, AR  
**MIDLAND HIGH SCHOOL** Pleasant Plains, AR  
**MOUNTAINBURG HIGH SCHOOL** Mountainburg, AR  
**MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY** Little Rock, AR  
**POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL** Pottsville, AR  
**RICHLAND ELEMENTARY** West Memphis, AR  
**ROOT ELEMENTARY** Fayetteville, AR  
**RUSSELL D. JONES ELEMENTARY** Rogers, AR  
**SOUTH SIDE ELEMENTARY** Bee Branch, AR  
**SOUTHSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL** Batesville, AR  
**SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY** Alexander, AR  
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**WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER** Fayetteville, AR  
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**WEST JUNIOR HIGH** West Memphis, AR