

MAKE IT COME TO YOU

A stylized illustration of a mountain peak, rendered in a dark, textured grey, rising from the bottom of the frame. Behind the peak is a large, bright yellow circle, resembling a sun or moon. The entire scene is set against a solid teal background. The text 'MAKE IT COME TO YOU' is written in large, white, sans-serif capital letters across the top left, partially overlapping the yellow circle.

2016–2017

ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS POETRY ANTHOLOGY



MAKE IT COME TO YOU

**2016-2017 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS
POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

2016-2017 ARKANSAS WITS POETRY ANTHOLOGY

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ANTHOLOGY TITLE

from Cameron Vazant's poem, "How To Capture Thunder,"
which appears in this anthology
Ledbetter Intermediate School, Farmington AR

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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.

Dedicated to Frank Broyles,

1924 - 2017

who went out of his way to be a champion for WITS.

And also for James Whitehead, always.

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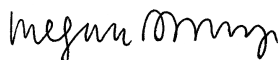
EDITOR'S NOTE

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, Brandon Weston, and Rodney Wilhite; 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, 2016-2017

ABOUT WITS: OUR MISSION

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

Arkansas WITS works with students and teachers from diverse backgrounds and makes a concerted effort to reach underfunded school districts in 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.

OUR GOALS FOR ARKANSAN STUDENTS:

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

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

ABOUT WITS: OUR HISTORY

The University of Arkansas's Poetry in the Schools (PITS) program was created in 1973 by MFA student John Biguenet and Professor James Whitehead. PITS grew rapidly and remained steadfast in its mission of bringing creative writing to young people across Arkansas, and changed its name to the more inclusive and upbeat 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 1920 two-day workshops, visiting 752 unique schools & institutions in 265 towns & cities across the state of Arkansas. During the 2016-2017 school year, we visited 29 schools in 24 cities and worked with approximately 3220 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. 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.



MAKE IT COME TO YOU

AMBOY ELEMENTARY NORTH LITTLE ROCK, AR

AN ODE TO THAT STING

An ode to that unlovable, painful bee sting.
It feels like flesh coming off my skin, like,
if my toenail came off, but the pain is where the sting
is at. It sounds like a silenced gunshot
firing, like a distant car horn ringing in my ears.
A bright red ring, swelling up by the second.
A nice day in the park.
All I wanted to do is take a quiet walk.

Alex Beasley

THE BOY WITH THE BEAR CLAWS

It's hard to pick things up
but its easy to hurt
something or someone.
It's hard to eat it's hard to
easily touch someone.
The main thing I hate
is people looking upside
your head all day. People
ask questions. People use me.
My claws are very long they are
black and sharp. Having bear claws
is miserable.

Brandy Conley

THE CHURCH CYCLOPS

The church cyclops lives in a church.
Nobody comes to the church anymore.
They're not making money. Everyone
throws their cake on him. All he
wishes is to go back to the clouds.

Caelin Peresko

THE BOY WITH THE LONG TIGER BODY

It's so hard to put on shirts
I have four legs, pants
are not satisfying. My legs are used
for chairs. I go to the river.
The glow reminds me
I am still a boy.

Tovaun Mills

ODE TO MY SISTER'S EDGES

You don't groom your bad hair
and you see a bald spot in the
middle of your head and have
safe hair and smell like pancakes.
But your hair is still growing
and I love it.

Sincere Cooper

PONY AT AMBOY

The pony at Amboy ate all the lunch food.
The pony pushed me and punched
me in my face. The pony told me to shut up.
But the pony did scratch my back
when I needed it. The pony had no teeth
it was a rainbow color.
The pony even picked up the pen in my classroom
and started to write a prompt
that my wonderful teacher gave us.
The pony read the book a long walk to water.
The pony bucks at someone's ears
if we get the answers right.
The pony even wrote a poem.

Janiya Williams

I AM NOT

I am not a thief like a squirrel in a tree.
I don't talk back to teachers, like an owl would do.
I got better shoes. Like a rabbit has.

Javontae White

AMBOY ELEMENTARY**NORTH LITTLE ROCK, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** May 2 - 3, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Hallie Hutson**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 53**VISITING WRITERS:** Bailey Hutchinson, Molly Rector

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

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS

I was on the bus and
I looked up to see someone
just walking away from a car
at the tire shop and
we both just nodded heads.

I would think it's rare
to see someone on a bus

Haron Patterson

THERE IS A BEE

There is a bee in
my hair. Geez, now it's in
my eye. Oh, my, is it orange
in America? What? Yes,
that, what I said. Don't
fight. I saw it. It was
in my eye. Yes, in America.

Jailyn Hughes

AS TIME AND ANIMALS GO BY

Yesterday was this snail slithering on
a sidewalk in front of a
restaurant, Fat Daddy's, in
Russellville, Arkansas. He has
his greenish slime following him
wherever he goes. So, any other
snail could follow him.

Today is a lizard's mouth. He is on
a building's wall in Tennessee. He
is about to stick his tongue out
and eat a fly.

The future will be this cherry falling from a tree
and landing on the ground. A bunch
of ants come and suck the juice
out of that cherry.

Kleekay Massey

RED PONY

My hair is a horse
wanting to be fed,
wanting to be groomed
so he can be ridden off
into the sunset.

Rose Gunther

ORANGE FLOOD

My legs are like a cheetah racing
everywhere it goes. Its heart pounds
trying to get food, hungry for
meat. I am soft but dangerous. I smell.

Aubrey Evans

JUMPING

I watch as a man jumps out
of an airplane. He is focused and
confident. My dog and I sit in the
yard waiting for him to jump. As he
jumps it reminds me of an airplane
crashing as the trees come closer to
him wondering if he will live.

Jordan Douglass

LOVE

The love you show to me is like wind chimes at dusk,
like a drop of air to a drowning man, like a sunrise
to a man who has seen nothing but darkness, like
my favorite show without commercial breaks.

Desiree Nite

FLOWER ROCKING

My favorite thing to do is rock
on a flower. I am as fast as
a turtle. My hair controls my brain.
I think faster than a dolphin.
My best friend is an earthworm.
He taught me how to walk. I grow
diamonds in my garden.

Bridget Dennis

GREEN STORM

My arm is a wet
limp noodle. In karate
I won't be able to hurt
anyone with my loose
punches. When I sleep
at night my dog will think
it's a snake and bite
my arm and run away.

Skyler Nguyen

THE ROOM THAT NEVER SLEEPS

There's life flourishing everywhere. The
grass and the flowers are the healthiest
specimens I've ever seen. Creatures of all
kind are running around the water and
through the trees. But this place is a small
closed off cube. Is this truly living?

Parker Barton

CYCLE

Water falling from the sky. Trees
losing their leaves. An animal being
born. A washing machine shaking.
The world, now.

Miranda Patterson

ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE

PLUMERVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 15 - 16, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sally Stuart

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 108

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Collin Callahan,
Andrew Butler, Josh Idaszak

ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL ARKADELPHIA, AR

THE DEATH HOWL

As I sat out under the moonlight and listened
as the coyotes howled and howled
we sat in the old box-shaped Ford
with the lights off and the windows down.

We love how the old moonshiners
three X's shine on the dash.
I hate the feeling and the heartbreak
when you finally get the opportunity

to make a kill shot and your uncle
takes advantage from the left side
of the truck to make a little gas money
from the animal hides.

Yes the money is not equal
for an adult and a child
but instead of tying up the coyote
we fry him with a lot of oil.

You can hear the birds sing
and flowers shine in laughter
and in song when the coyotes die
and don't kill them and keep them up
all night speaking with great fear.

Tucker Freeman

HOW TO CHECK UNDER THE SINK

Taylor is looking for something to wash her dog with—okay she's not looking for cleaner she's trying to find her dog—okay, she's trying to find her phone behind the cleaner—she's trying to look for the toilet leaner to clean the sink with—she's smelling something gross and dead, she's trying to find it and retrieve it—she doesn't know what those tubes are under the sink so she's trying to figure it out by touching them—the water drain stopped draining so she's trying to figure out why—she hears a clicking noise under the sink and she thinks it is a bomb—she can't find her purse and she thinks it is under there—she sees red fluid coming out of the faucet that feels warm and gooey so she think it's someone's blood, yes, she's checking underneath the sink to find out.

Josie Cooper

THE FUZZ BALL

Do you ever wonder why some people
don't ever see a barber?
Doesn't it bother you how their head
looks like a dirty fuzz ball?
It never occurs once in your mind that you need
some clippers? Hmm. I guess not.
Oh well, some people like their hair
looking like uncut grass.

Nick Ceeper

HOW TO LOOK COOL

He is a bodybuilder on stage.
He is a model for bikini wear,
well actually he is a Mexican bull—
Really he is about to have—
Actually he is trying to smell his own armpits.
Well he is listening—
What he is really doing is dancing.

Onesha Steen

I USED TO PRETEND

I used to feel the thorns
they were as sharp as knives
and as delicate as skin. I used to smell
the scent of fresh water, listening
to it drip and fall on the roadside.
I used to pretend to hear those
stars. They were full of cheese. I
pretend to smell that bush over the
countryside. It smells as if someone
used feathers for their laundry. Grass and
dew. The winter feels so polar
yet smells so fresh. The people
lay underneath. RIP. There
was only one I felt that breeze,
it blew so heavy it took all the
scent away.

Victoria Trigg

WHEN I SAY THAT FATE OF THE FURIOUS WAS AMAZING

What I mean is that I spent eight hours
studying circle graphs to pass this
algebra test.

Then I went to get a strawberry
cheesecake from River Ridge.

Kylie Shackelford

CROWN

You sit on top of their head,
is it difficult,
to watch someone live their life
second by second
without being able to turn away?
Or do you love it,
the treatment you endure,
the power you give.
You sit on top of their head
all day,
do you feel pressured?
Is the head you sit on
full of hair,
or is it smooth and bald?
Do you enjoy the jewels
they drown you in,
or do you wish to be nude,
naked, untouched.

Marissa Avington

CAULIFLOWER, WHY ALONE?

Why am I hated?
Why am I despised?
I am just a side dish,
alone
unloved.
No sauce to be dipped in
No pan to fry me
No children will love me
My only company?
Brussel's sprouts!
Sit on the shelf with me
close, but so far.
Then we move apart
I move to a pot to be steamed
and put on the side of a plate
to be ignored
forever.

Caleb Bird

ALTERNATE NAMES FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

1. Broken and battered glass.
2. I am the enemy of sadness.
3. First daughter of oak trees.
4. Blue waiting for tomorrow.
5. Fire blazing upon forests.
6. The smell of fresh paint.
7. A mother's fear revealed.

Camille Jones

I'VE NEVER

I've never seen my brother cry.
He's seen me when we've fought
He's seen me when he's hit me.
But he's never returned the favor.
Would he have to be the younger sibling?
How hurt would he have to be?
Would it be a hit
or a death?
What's it take to make a big kid cry.

Chase Goodson

I WON'T DO IT AGAIN

I know, I know—
It's the same noise again,
he must be in. On that smell
of honey and raspberry
smells so good—they're going
to take them away.
I better go now
while I can. Time is insufficient.
It's running faster than the air
I can grasp—I love her, look at her
extraordinary eyes; endless oceans flowing
those wonderful lies; oh I could just kiss
them right now. But I can't, I'll fall—
I'm shaking, I can feel the blood
rushing, it's dripping on me like rain.

Victoria Trigg

99 PROBLEMS

1. You're too pretty for a black girl.

KaTois Robinson

GRAY

My last name is Lloyd.
Our family name means
someone who is naturally dressed
in gray. Over time I've
realized this is true.
It contrasts with my
dirty blonde hair.
Appealing to the eye.
Tumblr has made gray
a pastel color. An A+
aesthetic color. When my brain
thinks of gray, I smell my dad.
Hugging my dad as he's wearing
Polo cologne.

Lily Tibbs

ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL**ARKADELPHIA, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** April 19 - 20, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sean Queen**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 135**VISITING WRITERS:** Caroline Beimford, Cheyenne Autry,
Michelle Myers, Joy Clark

BERRYVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL BERRYVILLE, AR

ODE TO ACNE

Acne is like a swan on the face. The whiteheads,
so smooth and clear on the skin. The pimples small
as an ant. Sometimes they blend into the face,
the amazing little cities in a town
building to blow like a volcano. About to erupt
like St. Helens. You might find the afterlife of them
on your face forever. The scars are like heroes.
They never die.

Nate Allen

CHINA IS BLOSSOMING

Into a bright green forest
The wolf with its thundering paws

Rebuilding the nature with its
magical howl.

The ocean with its mystery that
will forever be unknown.

The wind howled as the storm rises.
The stars flowed like fireflies.

Addey Newbury

NOTHING HAPPENED 200 YEARS AGO

No, Canada was not known for syrup.
No one knew MJ would be the best
basketball player ever. No one knew
that the earth was round. No, nothing
happened except glue was invented in
Italy.

Kanon Courtney

IN SPAIN / IN THE SAVANNAH

In Spain with the scarlet red
the smell pursues me and the
bullfighters gather in the arena

In the Savannah the wild cheetah
skillfully races to get the gazelle
and with a quick and well-aimed blow
its paw brings it down

The violent river swishes and rolls
and is turned blood red by the setting sun

The wind bellows and it calls out my name
pulling me into its strong current

The smell of the night endures me,
I sit on the porch listening to the frogs croak,
the crickets chirp, and fireflies flash
with their blazing light.

Josie Lemus

THE GRAMMAR

What does it want. Does it want to make it
hard to write or easy. Does it care how we say things.
Does it care how we spell. If we say it wrong, will it
haunt us forever?

Trenton Hughes

ODE TO BELLYBUTTON LINT

How I love it when you hide behind the
walls in my bellybutton. When I
sit down you give that “itch me”
feeling. How when you are so hard
to get I have to use
tweezers to get you out.
How so beautiful you are
when you stay hiding
in the rolls.

Kyler Clark

SELF PORTRAIT IN BLUE NIKES

I am three and a half feet tall, like
a tall stool. I live on top of my house.
I am a werewolf like in the second
Twilight movie, and I live in the weeds.
I am a water bottle, like a cup, but a
little different. I live in a cabinet.

Olivia Pearson

FAMILY

There's a boy, all alone, sitting
on the roof of a beautiful wooden
house, possibly in Japan. There are fireflies
and he can smell the vegetation below. He is sitting
there, looking at the moon, looking at the
stars. Something bad has just happened,
and he's reflecting on it, feeling self-
pity. (Possibly a fight with someone). A girl, possibly
the girl he feels bad about, comes
up behind him. His sister. He looks back, and,
seeing her, sighs. She goes over to
sit by him, and he smells her scent:
roses being watered. Somewhere, a cricket
chirps as they take each others' hand,
and something magical happens as
their hands light up, and a golden, ember-
made butterfly flies up into the sky. Then the butterfly
splits into two, returning to where it came.

Aspen Smith

ALIENS COMING AND TAKING OUR PETS

The ship came floating down like a feather.
It picked up dog after dog, cat after cat.
I could hear animal whimpers.
No one knew why it took pets. I did, though.
The pets like their fruity, buttery pie and
the aliens liked cake. Then a bigger ship came through
the sky, taking the smaller one with it.
Why? Because it liked cobbler.

Caylyn Putman

STAIN UP ABOVE

There is a stain up above, over my head,
That looks like a coffee stain and it smells
like an old man's house. Tastes like salt, like heat.

Dany Lopez

THE MONEY MACHINE WAS IN MY HOUSE

Walking gently up my stairs so I wouldn't hear it.
It had opened my door. The robot was tall and thick.
The robot said "I am taking your TV."
These are not real dollar bills

Frankie Klimek

TANGIBLE

Copperheads live in Arizona
in the dry desert waiting for a good meal
Karate outfits that they use
able to reach for the sky.

Ale Moreno

BERRYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

BERRYVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 24 - 25, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Karie Sayer

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 150

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Elizabeth DeMeo,
Bailey Hutchinson, Rachel Thomas

BROOKLAND MIDDLE SCHOOL BROOKLAND, AR

MONTANA

So this is Montana. Monday, January 3rd
The hot weather, the streams full of fish
and trout move quickly and quietly
The high mountains reaching for the sky
you feel like jumping off the mountains into
the lake. You feel like moving quickly
and quietly and letting animals swim
in me. I feel like swimming with the fish.
Instead I go ride wild horses. The
wild horses running in the dust.

Callie Busby

CEPHALPOD

Reminds me of snakes
reminds me of elephants
reminds me of gentleness
reminds me of being hot
reminds me of thinking
reminds me of singing high notes
reminds me of being done.
I think the meaning of cephalopod
is a happy dinosaur.

Katie N. Nowlin

I CAN'T SLEEP

I can't sleep
I am too hot
It is very hard to sleep
when you are made of fire.
Every time I lie down
my bed turns to ashes.
I hate the smell of it,
smell like gasoline
and rubber burning.
So I am sorry
for keeping you up
with my bright light.

Jamie Bricker

BIGFOOT

I am a homeless hairy creature
that just wants to live
in a nice hut on a mountain
but all I have now
is a hollowed out tree.

Most of the time I sit
in front of my tree
holding a can for donations
as animals pass by.

Jackson Polk

VISITOR

The visitor came.
The visitor came in.
The visitor sat down.
I told the visitor what time it was.
The visitor left.

Merrick Fletcher

SCRIMSHAW

Scrimshaw is a type of flower. It has an S-shaped stem.
Also its petals look like two C's put together. The pollen
dusters look like little R's. Plus, instead of having pollen
looking like circles, they look like I's.

Stephanie Foltz

MONARCH

As fragile as a vase full of roses.
Red as a sports car.
Reliable as a horse pulling in the sunrise.
As orange as a thing butterfly's wing.

America

OUTSIDE MY HOUSE

So this is my house.
My house is flat.
My house is either hot
or cold. Outside, my house
has a gravel road, lots of trees.
No cars, not a lot of houses.
Lots of yard at my house.
No traffic at all.
Always different birds
like cardinals

This is every day
every month, every year
you feel like a person
that has to be in a costume
all the time, that's how hot
it is. Like standing outside
with shorts and tank top
in the winter sometimes
how cold it is
the weather is off and on
instead you deal with it.

Shawn Ball

JONESBORO

Not so quiet
in the schools the kids are yelling
as happiness jumps out of them
at night it is silent as a cricket chirp
I never want this to end
just so quiet it is the fourth of July
now fireworks die in the sky
It is night again I can't
sleep the fireworks still
in the night sky I feel like
a firework in the night sky
I burst in the sky
now I'm falling to the ground
instead, I fly back up again.
What is happening. I'm flying.

Jamie Bricker

HOW TO BE IRRESPONSIBLE

1. Get up.
2. Go outside.
3. Find a pretty one that shines by the sun.
4. Get as many like that as possible.
5. Take them inside.
6. Stomp on them.
7. Put them in a safe place.
8. Give them to somebody special.

Thomas Crutchfield

JAIL HOUSE

My house is a jail
My dog barks too much in this jail
You have to feed my dog in this jail
The guards are mean at this jail
A jail that had no meaning
There was something about that jail
There was a moan in that jail
A ghost moan in the jail
It was my dad snoring in the jail

Levi

ALTERNATE NAMES FOR 520 BC

1. Friend of a lion
2. Roar as loud as an instant crash.
3. Robotic people
4. Waiting for a hurricane.
3. Light shining from below the ground.
4. Song for symphony.
5. Smell of pollution.

Ivy Rohrer

BRANSON

Silver dollar city.

Pioneers. That soar through the wind.
A treehouse in the wind.

Nature centers that sell the
right to the sky.

All the animals sing in the
sky like people.

Sunday – Saturday
Summer

Amazing shadows in the dark.

Fire in the atmosphere
at sundown flaming.

David Grimes

BROOKLAND MIDDLE SCHOOL

BROOKLAND, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 24 - 25, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Randy Oxford

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 170

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

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

THE DAY I SWALLOWED THE FOG

The day I swallowed the fog
my finger nails popped
and all I could see was fog.

It tasted like fresh mint.
It smelled like my mom's new car.
It looked like dust that had been taking a bath.

And then the fun was over.
All the fog escaped from me
but it took me as a treasure with it.

Bella Gasho

SELF PORTRAIT

Polar bears dancing down the marching band
like the baby bear screaming
like a slamming cymbal
like gazelles stamping
their feet like drums.

Demre

MY FUNNY PARTS

When I hit my stubbornness
it makes me giggle.
My sass is grayish green.
When I see my bravery
I think it looks pretty.
My cowardice pops out with no permission.

Riley Parker

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

I can do it real good:
I love the colors.
I mix them together
to make birds
and snakes
and forest
and maybe even you.

Dalton Clark

PINK BAR

My ear is a candy bar
and it is very good to eat.

Mallory Cazares

CEREN

She has a face like the ocean. Her face
is like the front part of a football. Her hair
feels like a tree. Her eyes look like the water
of the ocean. Her dress looks like nature.

Evelyn

UNTITLED

My eye is a lion that likes to watch
cheetahs. The eye doesn't see the
plane crashes on the yellow house.
Cheetahs smell oil from potato
chips burning.

Kynlee

SQUIDS LAUGHING ON THE SURFACE

Squids laughing on the surface
like a moth looking in a mirror
like a frog marrying a fly
like a saw singing in water

Anonymous

MY ANKLE IS A PAIN SAWING ME IN HALF

It hurts me
every day and it hurts
a lot of people.
It's not my fault
It has a mind
of its own. Sometimes
I feel bad for what it's done.
It's like a bucket of sorrow
pouring on my head.

Emery Green

WATER SMELLS

I eat clouds and
drink the sky and
have wings. I have
a pencil as a tooth.
I can hear colors. I
can hold the wind and
see it. I can smell
water like a shark
smelling blood.

Silas White

MY LOVE

a sour gumball
an apple pie
my heart beating fast when you pass by

a tiny orange bean
it's greater than it seems

my love makes me go crazy like a fly stuck in a string
struggling to be free.

Jesalynn Talavera

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY

MONETTE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 10- 11, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Kima Stewart

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 117

VISITING WRITERS: Caroline Beimford, Collin Callahan,
Zach Schwab, Joy Clark

CARL STUART MIDDLE SCHOOL CONWAY, AR

MONSTERS IN THE NIGHT

I often think this one thought:
Why do all the monsters
want to come out at night and murder
but during the day
they cower and hide?
I think that they don't want us to
see their true colors

Robyn White

HE HAD SOME COWS

He had some cows
that had smelly breaths.
He had some cows.
that could hear whispers.
He had some cows.
that could see people dancing.
He had some cows.
that could taste slime.
He had some cows.
that could touch angels.
He had some cows.

Trey Hill

WRITING LIFE

I wrote 1/4 of a poem with this pencil
I wrote 2/4 of a poem with this pencil
I wrote 3/4 of a poem with this pencil
I wrote a poem with this pencil

Zane Reed

THIS BACKWARDS WORLD

If Cinderella's shoe
fit so perfect
why on Earth
did it come off

Sydney Talley

FRIEND THAT DOES BETS

I'm sitting at a table, my friend doing bets for a dollar
He eats plastic and puts his hand in ants
But he only earns two dollars
There's no telling what he'll do next
My friend that does bets

Cole Deaver

HEARTBREAK (MADE UP/FAKE)

His words. Her words. Their words. Our
 words. Heartbreak. Love. Feeling. Love. Words.
 Heartbreak.
 good feeling. starting new. again, all over. heartbreak.
 our words. your words. us. you. me. heartbreak.
 back. love. together. apart.
 broken.
 heartbreak. us.
 your words.
 we. Love.
 left. right.
 beside.
 heartbreak. ours.
 My
 yours.
 our heartbreak

Cordelia Noyes

CARL STUART MIDDLE SCHOOL

CONWAY, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 13-14, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: TeKyesha Gault

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 120

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Hannah Allen

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY FORT SMITH, AR

MOUNTAIN LION

Silent,
Grand Canyon
A mountain lion
came on up
and died
from coffee.

Emma Hannibal

I SEEN A TALKING CHEETO

Have you ever been chased by a talking chip.
It was food day, March 1st.
I have seen about 55 talking foods,
but this one was different.
They all seem to gallop down the street after me.
And let me tell you they smelled like moldy cheese.
I have been chased by foods before. Not my first time.

Ahlaya Barryer

A NIGHT FOR A FORK

A night for a fork
It's lonely indeed. It lay
lost in the cutlery.

Aidan Johnston

CHICKENS AND ROOSTERS

To be safe from chickens and
roosters when they're out, you need
to take some important things for
example a rake, a shovel, a knife, a
broom, all food except for cucumbers. Also
take water they hate water. If
any of those do not work you're done for.

Emma Hannibal

A POTATO AND A TOMATO

If you mix a potato and a tomato
you get a tornado made out of
jelly. When you clean it up it gets
messier and messier.

Mikaela

LOVE RECIPE

The love recipe. First
you add a piece of your
crush's hair and a piece of
your hair. Then, you
put a gallon of your favorite
drink and your crush's
favorite drink. Next, add
some of your crush's
girlfriend. Last, you
get your crush and
make him drink it. I
tried it, but he ended up
liking someone else.

Jazmyr Jackson

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FORT SMITH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: May 8 - 9, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Hank Needham

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 50

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Jacob Yordy

COOPER ELEMENTARY BELLA VISTA, AR

THE LAMP

the black or silver tree,
that glows when world
is dark. the hard branches
that support soft leaves.
covering the glass
bulb that lights up the world.
many are needed for light
purposes. I've never seen
one chopped down but
I've seen them glow with
Magic.

Logan Price

LOUISIANA

I'm down south
in Louisiana.
With my grandma
making bread
pudding. We got
to share with all
our family.

Mackenzie Maddry

DARK SEA

dark sea 'bout to go down
I am 'bout to drown black
and white no sound can't see
no more breath can't breathe
'bout to die See Some Sharks
I am in the grave of the sea
no one found me it is
bad yelling for help no one's
there

Kyler Taylor

FACTS

Venus is the hottest
planet in our solar system.
I was born in Masaria.
I've been to eight schools.
My grandpa makes breakfast
every Sunday. Nine times nine
is eighty-one. Pluto is a dwarf
planet. I live with my three cats.
Pluto is the coldest planet.
My dog lives in Kansas
because my dad had to give
her to my uncle and aunt.

David Fletcher

DISH WASHER

I hate when people put
dishes in me like John he puts
the most disgusting things in me.
Like I'm not a hose I don't
even look like one. And this
is the worst part they put
buttons on me to make me run

John Brandenburg

THE SECRET OF LEMONS

When you eat a lemon the
key is to think of something
sad then when you eat it
you won't taste the sour

Cameron Farrell

MOMS

Moms are the best, they
clean, cook, tuck you in and
they don't go all
crazy when you have
a boyfriend or a
girlfriend. Unlike dads.

Emma Sherwood

LIKE A TWISTER

Spinning round
and round again.
Won't give up
Just keep
going.
Getting dizzy
but won't stop
Finally fall
down to the
floor.
But still ready
to spin some more.

Kayla A. Land

THE WEED

Pulling weeds is fun if
you're me. The way is letting
my two sheep out. You can
hear the weeds saying
"No!!!!" But I won't stop.
A weed is a weed and
that's that.

Christian Banzhaf

I'M DONE

I am sick and tired of my rider
tensing up on me. She is squeezing
into my rib cage. Then she finally
stops and then she expects me to
do a perfect jump with the correct
lead? I am so over her.

Abery Gabriele

HI

Hi this is my
dog. I rite pouns.

Ella Estle

COOPER ELEMENTARY

BELLA VISTA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 23 - 24, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Christina Hallwachs

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 140

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Kirsty Bleyl,
Sheena Woods, Vicente Yopez

EMERSON ELEMENTARY

EMERSON, AR

THE TRUTH ABOUT ARKANSAS

The truth of Arkansas
is it is covered in lions.
The lions are everywhere
and some break in your house.
But some deer live in Arkansas,
too.

Jasper Jones

THE ABANDONED BARN

Rusted metals, rotten wood
old ropes and hay
surround this place

I thought I heard a noise
coming from the barn
behind our house, last night

It could have been an opossum
It could have been a coon
But I think it was you

Yet all in view was an old barn and trees

Reese Mitchell

RETURN OF THE DODO BIRD

The dodo was
pink. It only ate
fish. It lived in a
box. The box was
huge. The huge box was
blue. The box ate
crawfish.

One day the dodo
ate the box. It turned
teal. Teal changed into
a dodo again.

It changed into a
jacket. The jacket turned
into water. It ducked
and turned
into a dodo again.

Kendall Staggs

WHAT DOES BITTER FEEL LIKE

a thousand little needles stabbing my lungs
a fire lit inside my organs
my mouth is against me
my tongue is getting cut by a razor blade
a jellyfish sting

Tori Mattmiller

20 YEARS

I had an old 85 Chevy that I kept in the shop
So I drove off into the yard just to give it a spin
I then started to work on the truck after 20 years
Then the cops showed up and took me to jail

I asked myself why'd you leave
and I answered I had to get my college degree

Briar Hays

ONLY THE GALAXY KNOWS

The galaxy is made of dust, gas, and stars.
The solar system is full of planets.
Astronomy can't explain the universe.
Only the galaxy knows what happens.

Kaylen Jeffery

THE TRUTH ABOUT TIGERS

A tiger has green eyes and
if you look in their eyes
you can see your worst nightmare
another truth
about tigers is that they can rip
through you like a piano

DaeQuon Murray

THE RETURN OF THE SPECTACLED BEAR

The Spectacled Bear spent its
whole entire life in a glasses shop.
The Spectacled Bear ate glasses
because that was the only thing it had.
It grew up to be bigger than
an elephant, and it is the color of brown
tree bark. The Spectacled Bear makes
the sound of a child opening
a glasses shop door. Now, the Spectacled
Bear is eating more and more glasses.
That's how it got its name.

Breelan Reeves

YOU ARE IN PANDA COUNTRY

As you travel panda country
do a cartwheel every five steps.
If the panda seems aggressive give it pancakes.
As it eats its pancakes serenade it with Mozart
and act out a few scenes from "A Midsummer Night's
Dream"
After the panda is done pat it gently on the head
and ask for permission to leave. If it grants
you permission you may slowly cartwheel away.

Kelsi Norment

WHAT'S SMOOTH

Rubber erasers bouncing across
the paper flat screen tv the duckling
egg a piece of paper the eraser board

Therran Moreno

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MILKY WAY

The truth about the milky way
It is made of milk
Where do you think we get milk
Did you think cows gave us milk
You fly up there with a jug
Put the jug in there and you get milk

Willy Stephenson

EMERSON ELEMENTARY

EMERSON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 27 - 28, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Kyle

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 110

VISITING WRITERS: Sacha Idell, Samantha Kirby,
Molly Rector, Anna Vilner

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

GREENBRIER, AR

SELF-PORTRAIT

An upside-down R that's blood is rushing to its brain.
Smaller than a zero but more sly than a fly.
An 8 that's been eaten and divided by 4 and 2.
A broken stick that fell.
An upside-down n but smells like inside a crayon.
A red balloon that has gone from America to Australia.

Joshua Thomas

ANGER IS LIKE AN OCTOPUS

Anger is like an octopus.
Whenever you go to
Neptune you will
know what I'm talking
about. There are 5
octopi that play bingo.
Whenever one of
them loses, they
tear off one of their
limbs and have a
very serious sword
fight with their own
tentacles! That is why
anger is like an octopus.

Emma Bennett

O, OCTOPUS!

O, octopus! I love the way you
are feared in the sea and mouthy
talons grab all the food that you eat, and I
love that you glimmer the ocean
up like fishes, your sticky cups
stack all the boats you see
you are what I see in the
bottom of the ocean that is all
the things I adore, thank you
for being there!

Lane Crawford

YOU'RE IN BOOGEYMAN COUNTRY

So you're in a swamp listening
for a sound. Okay, so, little word of advice,
don't do that or you'll die. So take my
advice, the Boogeyman is coming. If
you happen to run into him carefully
look for something that can make
fire or something sharp. Boogeymen
are terrified of sharp things and light.
If that does not work
just run you're dead anyway
if that does not work, I was just trying to
buy you some time. Sorry for your death.

Brylee Hammett

A RATTLESNAKE ON MT. EVEREST

A rattlesnake on Mt. Everest. A drop of water
that my lifeguard once walked on.
A zig-zag that Van Gogh once drew
A mountain with an upside down mountain
next to it. A sideways ladder leading
to my future treehouse

Sunni K

FACE POEM

Your crooked T.V. like face
with pencil markings as freckles.
Your flower-like ears remind
me of your delicate touch.
Your giraffe neck stretches
to Northern China.
Your cracked glasses reflect
your bravery.
Your hair flows like the leaves
tossing in the wind.
Your nose sticks out like a
light bulb unscrewed.
Your donut-shaped eyes make
me starving.
Your big, scary, hairy eyebrows
look like the Nike symbol.
Even if your face is strange,
it's like the sun shining on a
dark world.

Molly Ward

THE DREAM BEACH

A sea with orange
unsalted water with giraffes
swimming inside. Blue, pink,
and green people running
under the sand. Kids
riding on giraffes with buckets
on their heads. Sharks
with sunglasses, swimsuits,
and flip flops on. Lifeguards
swimming with rainbow
tubes. Purple monkeys climbing
on palm trees. The sea smells
like a peach cake with an
orange on top. Sand feels like
liquid cats.

Taryn Elizabeth Wells

LOVE IS LIKE AN OCTOPUS

Love is like an octopus because
they're so loving to their slaves, if
they're mad because of what their slaves drew
on their backs when they were sleeping
they whip them with love and make
a heart when the whip slaps them on
their backs. The octopus is a little upset
with what they did but feels loved. Many people
make fun of the octopus but the octopuses
are feeling loved that the people were thinking
about them in their thoughts.

Summer Henso

THE TRUTH ABOUT ME

The truth about me is that I
am not cool. I read science books
at night until my head explodes
with knowledge, I dream about
this random guy named Randall, and
I cry when my mom makes me
eat noodles. This is the truth about me.

Bennett Miller

FACE POEM

Your ashy leg of a face your 1000 cent face.
That glistens in the sun your weird animal
of a face your bike face. That runs in the
night. Your used glass face of a face your juice box
face. That leaks when dogs run your blue
shirt of a face your paint face. That
shoots out color when your mom makes tea.
Your pastel pink hair of a face.

Madison Hardcastle

PAIR OF PEEKING EYES

pair of peeking eyes, girl in a wedding dress, mountain
with vanilla ice cream on top, sideways h that got fat,
chocolate hump on a camel, digital m on its side, z in a
deep sleep

Braiden Metz

FACE POEM

Your screaming moose of a face
Your sun clean face
Your red sunburned of a face
Your wide hairy nostril of a face
Your whole grain freckles face
Your real good smile turtle of a face
Your creamy smooth face
Your old wrinkly smelly face
Your baboon's butt of a face
Your fluttering moth face of a face
Your bright yellow disformed lemon face
Your trashy can face
Your contraption building face of a face
Your sawdust peeling of a face
Your face shines so bright I can't look at you
Your unicorn colored face of a face
Your old used shopping cart face
Your nasty snotty face
Your sparkly pop-tart of a face
Your barbed wire hard of a face
Your warm chestnut of a face
Your black teeth of a face

Hanna Ross

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

GREENBRIER, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 16 - 17, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Tally Harp

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 26

VISITING WRITERS: Bailey Hutchinson, Rachel Thomas

HARMONY GROVE HIGH SCHOOL CAMDEN, AR

PLEASE

Make me a basket of hot mild
wings, so I can feel the fiery
burn on my tongue.
Make me a star so I can
shine brighter than the sky.
Make me a lulu dancer so I can
feel the sway of my hips moving.
Make me a soccer player
so everyone can jump and scream for me
in the stands.
Make me a girl that can scream
on a wintery cold mountain.

Alissa McCain

CHILL

a chill covers the room
she sits wrapped
in a blanket
as the little girl
opens the presents
where's dad

Sky Ramey

MY NEIGHBORS

My next-door neighbors are strange
They remain locked in their house
The old couple lives by themselves
Their two kids missing but nobody seems to notice
In the spring, Mr. Anderson rakes pretend leaves
and cuts grass
His dark beard unshaven and his eyes bloodshot red
His wife Mrs. Anderson watches him
with a disgusted face
She hates him everyone can tell
She usually sits in a chair on the porch
Her small frame and baggy clothing usually never
filling half the seat
They hate me, don't know why
Maybe it's because siblings ran over their mailbox
Don't know, they're strange

Dante Johnson

BECAUSE WE LIVE

Because the crow swarm scares people
Because of the splatter of voices on the wall
Because the shack in shambles
Because the shiver of the flame
Because of the glass that shatters
Because of the blackberry falling to the ditch
Because the shell with a thunderous charge
Because these things we live.

Cameron Billingsley

THE WAR-GOD'S HORSE SONG

Beautiful and loud the horses show up
with their horsemen on their backs,
singing a certain kind of song.
As I listened I tried to recognize the song.
The song was as smooth as cheese
when it is grated. I listened and I listened,
wishing I could recognize
the song, but there was no hope.
As the horsemen rode off I stopped one and
asked, what may this song be?
This song is simply
The War-God's Horse Song.

India Garcia

WHEN THE DUCKS QUACK

the night is at an end,
the ice is turning to water.

Luke Rogers

HARMONY GROVE HIGH SCHOOL**CAMDEN, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 17 - 18, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Louise Keithley**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 61**VISITING WRITERS:** Anne Greecott, Michelle Myers

JACKSONVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL JACKSONVILLE, AR

HOW TO KNOW YOU'RE IN LITTLE ROCK

Gunshots, ambulance, firefighter,
police sirens, some houses are
beautiful, but some are dusty
but when you cross the bridge
you see this sign that says
Little Rock River Market.

Takyiah Dillard

WHERE I GO AT NIGHT

Where I go at night I see flashing lights,
tall buildings along the line I'm running
out of time. Where I go at night,
I see birds and I feel the breeze.
Where I go at night, I see
people looking my way as I board
the train to start my day. Where
I go at night, I see stars and
the moon from deep within a shining light
from the distance far away the light
is going deep into the night sky the
light is flowing. Where I go at night.

Alexus Burton

I AM AFRAID OF HIGH PLACES

I am afraid of high places I'm scared
of fair rides I'm scared of all kinds of spiders
big or small I am afraid of going outside
in the dark I am afraid of going too
far out in the ocean.

Angel Sanchez

YOUR PRESENCE WAS CARVED ON THE WINGS OF

a butterfly. The whooshing sound of the wings over-
whelmed my ears. The prickles of the wet grass
tickled my ankles. The field was blushing green, and
the ground smelled of warm flowers. As the
shimmering butterfly passed my eyes I felt a
strange warmth over me,
and I knew exactly what to do.

Kristin Hooper

I DREAMT YOUR NOTE WAS

I dreamt your note was a painting, a painting of
the sun setting over the ocean. And with every passing
moment the light fades away like a tiger vanishing
into the forest. Like the light disappearing
out of the day.

Dakota Dunn

CIRCLE

Circles are the shape of wheels
on a bike the shape of an orange the
shape of my head shape of a light
bulb shape of a marker shape of
a cup, bowl, spoon, watch. The shape
of a button, dog tag, and the shape
of a bucket. And a lamp the shape
of chair legs and a socket and also
the shape of a pencil. Or a pen or a
marker. And also a pocket watch as well
as a clock or a stopwatch it's also
the shape of the letter O.

Michael Sandefur

HOW TO KNOW FOR SURE YOU'RE IN MY HOUSE

There are cranky kids and arguing
over candy, the sounds of the refrigerator
opening and closing, the smell of breakfast
on Saturday morning. You'll hear the TV blasting
with Spongebob Squarepants.
When your feet are bare you feel the cold
wood right out of your bed, the sizzle of sweet honey
bacon frying, a loud rumble from the dryer
the musical tones of the basketball bouncing
warm furniture colors that make you feel at home
friends to make when you first walk in--
This is how you know for sure you're in my
house!

Nylah Fears

LIKE SUMMER

Her life was going good her
hair flowed like water in spring, and
smelled like a summer breeze
like she ran through a field of roses
a bird in a meadow singing its song
old fashioned but a sweet girl she knew her
dictionary such a smart girl I hear her voice
crack as she slept and she
opened her eyes to see me
after that it was good then
rain came pouring down.

Lexus Kamm

JAY

An umbrella waiting to be opened
A birthday hat sitting on somebody's head
A naked tree in the woods on a fall afternoon

Jaden Green

JACKSONVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL**JACKSONVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 8 - 9, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Deborah Lutz**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 100**VISITING WRITERS:** Hannah Bradley, Emily Lerner,
Michelle Myers, Anna Vilner

LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL LAMAR, AR

OLDEST LIVING THING IN LAMAR, AR

In Lamar, Arkansas you will probably see
an old tree that is literally hanging
on its last limb. Around it are walls
of graffiti, and leaves piled all
around it. on a windy day it looks
like it is falling over, but yet stays there.
And it will always stay there.

Colin Vaughn

HOW TO GET IN TROUBLE

Want to get in trouble,
want to hear your mother shout?
Read this poem. It's proven
you'll get into a lot of it.
Paint your mother's brand new car
with paint as bright as gold.
Throw away her jewelry, tell her
it was in the way.
Break that ancient television,
and yell as loud as you Dare.
Maybe lick your finger
and stick it in her ear.

Rachael Ballard

BLACK

The crow on the tree limb.
That big bag.
Her jacket.
His knee high socks.
The wooden sign.
Those sunglasses lens.
Her long wavy hair.
My abstract comforter.
The stray cat roaming about.
A place to cry in private.
The color of the ink in the pen.

Jade Chancey

FACTS

Sharks make the largest eggs in the world
My mom makes potluck every Friday

Iron oxygen and water make rust
My brother turned one last Thursday

My favorite color is orange
Chemical reactions change matter

Christmas is on the 25th of December
My dad goes to work on weekdays

Mrs. Duff is my science teacher
An owl is nocturnal at nighttime

Jayden A.

SELF-PORTRAIT AS A DUSTY PIECE OF TUPPERWARE

I was a useful piece of Tupperware.
Then I was thrown up in the
cupboard but missed and hid behind
the roses. I miss the steamy dishwasher
and the dark cupboard. Now I'm a piece
of dusty plastic with a story.

Gracie Moore

LAUGHTER

Like sweet candy. Like the burrito spilled
down your shirt. Even the milk
coming out of your nose. Laughter fades,
like the smell of your mother's perfume.

Kayla Young

LOOKING AROUND THE WORLD

My eye is a telescope looking around the world.
When I look around I see children holding
their moms hands. I see the day and I see
the night. When I see the day I see Adults
going to work. In the night I hear owls
hooting in the moon light.

Jaycie Massengale

MY FIRST GLASSES

The whole idea makes me feel
Older, younger, smarter.

They have spongebob on them.
I can see things clearly for

the first time, literally.
Everything has a tarter tint to it.

I remember the nice lady asking
me if I could see good. She was nice.

I remember I thought my mom dyed
her hair dark brown. It was always

like that. My smell never changed though.
I thought it did, but I was four.

I could hear just normal all the
same I thought it changed, glasses.

Morgan Gentry

SHADOW

When I am in the summer heat I see a dark
black outline of someone. It is silent but still there
when I run it runs when I move it moves. Sometimes
I think I am infused with it. It is me. My shadow.

Russell Brock

BEFORE I WAS A CRASH OF RHINOS

Before I was a crash of rhinos
Mowing down the trees with our
big horns but now I am a little
bunny rabbit trying to get through
the three in grass.

Reece Moody

SAD STAR

My mouth is a radio it never stops
talking. It just keeps going
It runs so much I don't know
how it doesn't get tired.

Jaycie Massengale

THROUGH THE TREES

As I sprint through the
trees at five, my friend follows me
her pelt is as soft as the
clouds. Her tail is like a bullet
swinging from side to side, her barking
slowly calms me her sitting next to
me makes my world spin it's good
to have someone even if that
someone is my dog, my Daisy.

Jessica Dossott

LEAVES BLOWING

I have brown hair that
Refuses to be brushed.
Chocolate cake is made out
of dirt. I have two left
feet so I walk on my hands.
I have a cat that speaks
fluent French.

Marissa Blackard

**THE MYSTERIOUS HUMAN HEART
IN THE PARIS UNDERGROUND**

As I step into the catacombs,
I feel a chill down my spine like
on a cold winter morning. Then I see
the bones. Oh heart, why did I go here?

Dustin N.

I WISH I DID NOT HAVE HANDS

My hand is a weasel it has
a mind of its own it's always
going wherever it wants. It is
always getting me in trouble
sometimes I wish I did not have
hands they smell like dirt and they
are rough like sand paper.

BJ Smith

MY FOOT IS A PENCIL

My foot is a pencil.
Pointed when needed, dull when
not being used. Moving with
ease whether in a classroom
or on a dance floor. It's
a gel pen, gliding across
the floor like the floor is
its paper. This floor, it is my
canvas.

Bethann Robbins

MY CANON LEG

My legs are a canon ready to burst
off with speed and power,
like the circus clown fired
out of the canon,
flying through the roof.
With a hairy side like a mustache
that's blond, with a feeling like a donkey
on sugar jumping around.
Like a pile of sweat
mixed with mud.
With the appearance of a chicken
that's buff. My leg is a canon.

Damian Differ

PINK

A ballet skirt worn from wear,
cheeks in the wintertime,
a ladylike cardinal,
soft, warm, blankets
a baby girl's hat,
a pretty book cover,
the clouds at sunset,
a natural rose,
flowers in the springtime,
highlighter markers,
pillows like clouds,
sparkly little fish,
an artist's eraser,
squirmy little piglets,
my very favorite

Emma Pearson

LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL**LAMAR, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** December 15- 16, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Krystal Minchew**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 312**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Collin Callahan,
Joy Clark, Patrick Font, Anne Greecott,
Emily Lerner

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE FARMINGTON, AR

THE DAY OF SADNESS

The little boy looked terrified to see
something so tragic happen to someone he loves
on such a beautiful day. Seeing her fade away
like ashes. I started to think about how his mom felt
or if she even felt like anything. I felt bad
like fire stinging the thought why did that day have to
happen or even come?
I wanted to become something great
I wanted to become a Miracle.

Michelle Martinez

INSIDE A FLASHLIGHT

While you move with me
I move with you as I
brightened your way. We
have both found many caves
and abandoned houses. As
you're watching, you step curious
and hope for a cool
discovery. I will always lighten
your way.

Levi Davenport

I DREAMED A GARDEN

I dreamed a garden that grew
everything everlasting.
I dreamed a garden that had
furious tomatoes and shy carrots.
I dreamed a garden that thought
it was the best garden.

I dreamed a garden.

I dreamed a garden that was
very bossy.
I dreamed a garden that had
careless cactuses and roaring roses.
I dreamed a garden that was lonely.
I dreamed a garden that
didn't melt Frosty the Snowman
like the garden in the movie.

I dreamed a garden.

Bre Henson

NAVY BLUE

Not Army, or Air Force.
Emotions for deceased family members.
Smell the football field grass of D.C.
Taste the small round berry,
sweet and tart.
A cold winter color.

Kaylee White

SILENT NIGHT

Frogs croaking, dogs sleeping
the sound of silent rain.

Rain hitting the pond
like a dependent sound.

The animals making music
like a band rouses the symphony.

The sound of people
turning off lights.

Crickets chirping in the night sky.
The mysterious sound of squirrels going to sleep.

Pandas going to munch on bamboo.
Silent night.

Eston Maine

CHAIR IN THE CLOUDS

There's a chair walking around in
the clouds. It looks like a gymnast doing a
scorpion on the balance beam. The chair was
looking for somebody that needed to sit down.
It did not find anybody because all of the
people were waiting for it to come back
down from the white clouds.

Asher Hendrix

MY POOL

My pool is a
giant square.
I slipped in the
kitchen and broke a plate.
When will we take
the tarp off our pool?
I love Arkansas.
I think my parents
said in April.

Carter Pinkerton

HER EYES

Her eyes were sparkling like
glitter being thrown in
the air. The glitter was
blue like the cold crisp
air covering the lake.
It covers everything, even her.
It reminds everyone; who looks
in her eyes of winter.
Like the flash of a chameleon
changing from light blue to dark
blue. The sparkle of glitter
makes it look like a flash
in her eyes. Like photography!
They make the stars look like
they're not shining.
Her eyes.

Marie Shillings

IMAGINE

Imagine each person waiting
for the same thing imagine
looking at the stars
but really you're looking
at a shape in the sky imagine the
days you'd be by yourself
imagine that each
tree would fall for a reason.
Imagine every person
staring at you imagine.

Naomi Hernandez

WHAT'S BROKEN

The brake on the car
The door to the back porch

Yesterday my dad's drawer to his desk
was broken. My hair tie.

My friend's arm
The brown and black vase my mom had.

The key is snapped in half.
My dad's water bottle all broken.

Makayla Collyar

LADYBUG

I am redder than strawberries in the summertime
I have black dots to cover up the red
I use my tiny wings to get around
Everybody knows I am an insect
Everybody knows I'm tiny
But nobody knows
I'm a gangsta

Jakob Taylor

HOW TO CAPTURE THUNDER

- Step 1: Get a boomerang and throw it
up to the sky to wake it up
- Step 2: Get some kind of noise maker to make it mad
and it will start rumbling
- Step 3: Get something shiny so when thunder sees it
it will move and make a rumble sound
like a lion roars
- Step 4: Make it come to you
by waving the shiny object at the thunder
- Step 5: Say thank you
that way, it will not get mad
that way, it is a soothing thunder sound

Cameron Vanzant

HATRED

is like a woman with a broken hand, and as sad
as a lonely old man. Like losing to a sore winner,
eating lemon juice, being punched in the face.
As rude as getting in the front of the line.
Like falling from the sky with a stranger

J'myra London

NOT SCARY

The long rickety hallways where a ghost
lives in a painting.
Your childhood bedroom has eyes
underneath it.
Very weird noises in the house.
But that was your creepy neighbor
and your house is across the street.

Hunter Reaves

CONSIDER

Consider that you are a flower bowing to passersby.
Consider that you are to sing in front of famous people.
Singing your heart out as if singing
is the last thing you will ever do.
Consider that your family forgot you.
What would you do? Nothing, I suppose. Consider.

Makayla Collyar

I HAD A GARDEN

I had a garden that would smile at 8:00 in the dark
I had a garden that threw my roses out of its bed
I had a garden
I had a garden that would jump like a stray cat
 when it got watered
I had a garden that would eat the strawberries in it.
I had a garden.

J'myra London

YOUR FACE

Colored face
like splashed paint
short hair
like little stubs
many faces like
many moods that
is a face that
is your face

Violet Shows

INSIDE AN ICE CUBE

There inside an ice cube can be freezing
everything gone cold dark you can't see
you are frozen a prison floating on the water
waiting to be discovered
it is coconut on a cold December day

Jaren Seward

SADNESS

It is failure
The double triangle stands out
Try your best
It is depressing
Scribbles on places
Box with scribbles out of the box
One big x
Maybe it shows creativity
With things out of the circle

Lana Qedan

WHERE FEATHERS COME FROM

Feathers come from birds
that eat toast,
like parrots that eat
crackers and carrots
some are fake and made
up of plastic
yet some are real and
covered in dirt and grass
the grass was grown and
then cut like spaghetti
It's soft yet rough like
a mattress made out of plywood
The plywood is made out of trees
that are grown using soil and dirt
and the dirt was what got the
bird food to help grow the feathers.

Carley Cawyer

ABANDONED CINDERELLA CASTLE

The old run down Cinderella Castle
was cracked and covered with vegetation.

I explored every room and
in every room had shoes.

I was looking for you in every room.
You were glass Lebrons

and I was dying to find you.

Gavin Looney

IMAGINE

Imagine you were still in that
house you grew up in. Imagine you
were jumping in the leaves like you
used to. Imagine you were still playing
with that pet that is gone now.

Imagine you had more time left in
that house. Imagine you could
play in it one more time. Imagine
you still could see your dad working
in the garage. Imagine you were
still there.

Addison Alford

MOM

My mom is tired of washing dishes.
She sees the soap on her hands a light
baby blue. She can just smell the pasta from last night.
She hears her son bouncing the basketball.
She can just taste her boredom.
She can feel as if her lazy Sunday
is just in her reach.
She sits there like a gloopy cat
on a warm summer day.
She just thinks one more dish.

Emmy Patterson

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

FARMINGTON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 27 - 28, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Ginny Luther

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 205

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Hannah Bradley,
Andrew Butler, Joy Clark,
Elizabeth DeMeo, Josh Idaszak,
Molly Rector, Sheena Woods

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK, AR

SPRING FESTIVAL

In a small town, there was a road
dirt covered and leading anywhere.

Down the road is a field
Green grass soaring with the breaths of the
wind in the middle of spring.

In the field lie tents,
herds of puffy, symmetrical clouds
blessing the atmosphere with exotic spices
and excited voices.

In the tent there is a boy
Distant eyes and a quick tongue like
lightning, his hands covered on his last pastry.

In this boy was a heart
a marching band of tissue to the
muffled thump of footsteps.

In his heart was a person
who he couldn't wait to arrive.

L Carrigan

RED

the stain on your shirt after wolfing down three
hot dogs at the cubs game
dried spaghetti on a pan
strawberry jam on whole wheat toast in the morning
jugs of kool-aid at the family reunion last summer
over-priced organic tomatoes rotting in the fridge
after two days
the center of steak cooked just right
sneaking a slice of cherry pie after dinner, even after
mom said no
sucking down the striped hook of a candy cane
uncanned cranberries sitting in the fridge
hot links grilling over the stove at last week's barbecue
dried crushed pepper in dad's homemade curry

Yasmine Rahman

PSYCHEDELIC STEREO

(Are those violins being played in reverse?)
The man in the bright yellow duck suit begins to stir
(Now there's an irregular beat, like a broken CD)
and sees the vast arid desert spread out before him,
(or maybe a monkey is on the drums)
Tall mountains lay on the horizon,
scraping the cloudless sky
(Very rough and choppy, like sushi with music)
He starts walking toward a distant metropolis.
(Now there's a high-pitched whine)

Theo Segura

GOLD

In the car there was a glossy-eyed child,
In the child's hand there was now a warm bag.

Deep inside the bag there was a greasy box,
In the box there were four golden nuggets.

In the nuggets were years of joy,
In the joy there was now a naked child.

Zayna Abdulla

THE WIND

The wind disturbs the grass
It was in its own odor
But now it is changed
Hummingbirds dart from flower to flower
The sweater with ribbons of blue
holds tight to any warmth
Leaves cling to the branches of trees
Until they turn and fall
Prompting new ones to sprout in their places
A dress with green and black stripes
Waiting to be worn, no chance
hanging in my closet for a year.

Angie Brown

DISGUISE (LITANY)

Why tears run down on your face
like a faucet that is left open
Why your hair feels like an
ocean wave that crashes
smoothly on your feet
Why your eyes scream like
fireworks in New Year's Eve
Why your lips taste like
strawberry ice cream
on a hot summer day
Why your hands burn
whenever I touch them
Why your smell is like
fresh-brewed coffee in a café and yet
why the person that I thought
looked so much an angel
became the monster
hiding under my bed

Faith Magnus Deamo

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 16 - 18, 2016

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sharolyn Jones-Taylor

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 38

VISITING WRITERS: Joy Clark, Molly Rector

MARION INTERMEDIATE

MARION, AR

CALLS

It was a dark and cold night
our lights from the red truck were lighting up the night

We could smell the cows nasty scent in the
back of the trailer

The people in the country called and Charlie answered
I was still driving through the night

The cows were mooing and the crickets were
chirping and we were delivering cows

Madison Thomas

SO THIS IS SAINT LOUIS

The road hills drop your stomach on back roads.
Towering trees hovering above us, pollen in air.
Waving at different people as they pass by.
Coughing and sneezing, wishing to stop.
The chaos and traffic jams are over.
Sleepy, now that it's dark.

Bri Williams

I KISSED THE ROD

Despair,
Not untwist these last strands
 most weary, cry

But O thou terrible
 devouring eyes
 heaped there;

 fly;
my heart
done darkness wrestling with (my God

Aleera Doutlet

THINGS THAT CLOSE

My heart closes from my love
The doors shut from anger
Mouth shut for no talking
Walls close so no light can
make me shine.
A computer shuts so I don't see
what happened to me
So I don't care

Makayla Griffin

FEAR IS LIKE AN OCTOPUS

having to fear the world
fear spreads all over the
ocean as they hide from
people They scatter across
the deep blue sea Shooting
ink to protect themselves
they fear what might
happen to them if
they ever get spotted
will I live or will I die
they wonder They do their
best to blend in and hope
to never be found as
they fear the world

Melissa Smith

I THOUGHT OF A TRICK

The news exits your
body through your heart
and becomes a coat.
It might be itchy
but at least you can
take it off.

Hunter Farmer

I HAVE A WOLF IN MY HAND

And sometimes I can feel its claws
poke at my skin. And each time it moves
I get a bad cramp in my hand.
Sometimes it gets angry or hungry
and bites at my flesh.
And it tears my skin and I bleed.
Sometimes when this happens I can see
its head poke out. But I always think
it doesn't want to hurt me it just wants to escape.
And sometimes at midnight the wolf howls
and my hand shakes.

Jainya Collins

THINGS THAT HURT

A needle going into a
cloud, you can hear the
cloud scream into the
ocean blue sky.
A dime in a washer
getting thrown side to
side. A page ripped out of
a book is like a bone
out of the body.

Adisyn Houston

THE JUMP MACHINE

I loved jumping it was my favorite word
I would jump with cows, I would jump with
the old lady across the street I would jump
with my socks, shirts, pants, bed, and tv
I loved jumping but then I discovered hoping.

Jahaven Hinton

I CAN'T SWIM

because both of my legs
are broke like two plastic bags.
I can't walk because I might
fly high into the air. I might
fly to California.

Grace Griffin

UNTITLED

Where is mom I ask my
sister. Oh she's gone and won't be
back. We get turned up we get
turned up.

Lodarius Cox

THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS

It's been a busy day
for my mom, she has
been working so
hard the last two
years of managing.

My mom is the Marion
Hampton Inn manager, it
has been a long road for
her, she failed her test
yesterday at work.

I wish I could help her.
The most important thing
about my mom is me, the
only thing that matters is
I love her.

Vince Blankenship

FIRST, IT WAS DARK

like a big x in front of the sun.
But it is time for birds
to migrate. One bird is very old
and has twenty-four days to live.
Twenty-four days later, this is the day
to pass. A storm came.
And they knew his time was up.

Akin Walker

LOST

Spheres, spheres, so round, never shaped
women, so lost in time square grass,
so green never greener on the other side.
Fences fences blocking the other side of imagination
Water so water, its so gentle it's rippled.
When you touch it.

Viridiana Arreola

MY SPECIAL CAKE

1 strawberry
½ squid tentacle
2 Lord's Bread
¾ Rainbow candles
and ¼ of galactic cream

Addi Santos

THIS

This is this and this has a bruised
eye. This has a small hat on its head
with flat hair. Duck lips, and a tattoo
with some type of words.

Jacques Ballard

FAMILY

It's summertime. The
hours go by one by one.
A stranger just peeking
into every window of each
house. He stands watching
every little thing. I sit wondering
what he could be up to. When
I was thinking he made his
way next door. I supposed
we were next. But I was
wrong. One by one cars
pulled up. And people rushing
to hug him. So I assumed
he missed his family so.

Demarion Earls

MY SOUL

My irresistible soul was done, it
was red, it went into a house. I was
scared, the house opened its
jaws and collapsed my soul. What
am I going to do? If I go in, I'll
get eaten too. I cried for weeks.
I never got my soul back since.

J'Lyn King

YOU ARE IN UNICORN COUNTRY

You are in Unicorn country.
It sounds like a good thing, but
Unicorns don't like you invading
their home. A Unicorn has a horn for a reason,
to hurt you in a violent way. A good way to
survive in Unicorn country is to roll around
in glitter or glitter glue, preferably rainbow.
Walk slowly when around a Unicorn, so you
do not startle it. That is how you survive
Unicorn country.

Kathryn

THE WAY OF ANTS

my body
 appears a small
 blanket
mommy never
told
I'm a bumbled
use
thing
like a person who
 kicked lightly
 I'm
so huge
that only me scorched by sun

Hunter

MOM

Sometimes people tell me
that I look like my mom
and I don't because
she has a lip and nose ring
and she has glasses
but doesn't wear them
her eyes are like the clear blue water
in a swimming pool.
And her hair is as shiny as a diamond.

Demetria Walker

A FROG IS LIKE A CAT SCREAMING

A frog is like a old man walking in a dark
house like a piece of paper getting ripped like a bird
screaming for help like a rabbit trying to get a carrot

Zahid Ashraf

MARION INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

MARION, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 26 – 27, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Julie Malloy

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 200

VISITING WRITERS: Andrew Butler, Collin Callahan,
Josh Idaszak, Sacha Idell,
JT Mahany, Michelle Myers,
Zach Schwab, Anna Vilner

MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY LITTLE ROCK, AR

OBSERVATIONS OF A SKETCHBOOK

Graphite strokes and
messy pen scribblings
Unfinished thoughts
outlined in marker
Ponderings of the process
of capturing rippling muscles
and fabric and almost clenched
hands
Scrawled writing
and periwinkle dreams
and smatterings of glitter
are my easiest words.

Isabella Boyd

DEFINITION OF TREES

Eerie crooked branches rise up into the starry
night. Large trunks and leaves tell stories of
what they are about to become. Climbing up
the scratchy wood to peacefully sit and hear
the sounds of wind rustling through the brown
and green foliage. To hear a dog barking in
the distance. A bird chirping proudly above
your head.

Holly Byrne

ARKANSAS

I live in Arkansas.
I wish I didn't.

Abby Caldarera

CAKE AND CREAM

I was a kid of one of those kids,
who ate of the brown cake,
who ate of the white cream.
I was a kid of one of those kids,
who sat on a step to the yard of play,
who sat on the warm concrete.
I was a kid of one of those kids,
who enjoyed the cake and cream,
who attempted to wipe off my mess.
I was a kid of one of those kids,
who came home with a white spot
on my shirt,
who made my mom laugh,
who made me change into a clean shirt.
I was a kid of one of those kids,
who slept, dreaming of the cake and cream that dashed
across my lips,
and around,
who slept and smiled from the
mess I made because of my youth.

Allison Toomer

DO YOU EVER THINK

about how witches feel? Maybe trapped
and scared when they are just trying
to help people and creatures. Maybe
from a witch's eyes, it's beyond just
a nightmare, bounty hunters chasing and howling
like wolves. A witch's blue eyes feel like roses
growing in their eyes, thorns poking and throbbing
from making potions too long.
What about a witch's familiar, is it a pet?
Companion? Shapeshifter? What happens to a
Witch's familiar if a witch dies? Is there
a heaven for witches? Or do they become
undead? What if a bounty hunter stole your
life in the Jazz age. Only I wonder
if these things even exist?

Taylor Sim

FAKE EXCITEMENT

Running through the dried up field
going left then right then passing it to the
closest person to me
I raced forward to buy more time
As it was passed back to me I kicked it as
hard as I could
Feeling excitement gush over I turned around and
yelled "GOAL and the crowds go wild."
But when I looked back I saw a deflated soccer
ball next to the goalie.

Valeria Perez

BREAK

Wood snaps and cracks and splinters in a
poof of saw dust – clean it or sneeze and
shriek at a smithereen piercing the sole of
your foot. Confidence is hard to come by. Accuracy
crosses the same path. You can't fake it till
you make it – it breaks or stays still. Do it.

Audrey Caruthers

A LION TAMER'S DAY

Dear diary –

The lions behaved themselves today,
although perhaps the sight of
me hobbling into the ring with
only one leg sobered them a bit.

Isabella Boyd

UNTITLED

I see all
yet the dark prevails.

Sarah Meeks

DO YOU EVER THINK

about how witches feel? Maybe trapped
and scared when they are just trying
to help people and creatures. Maybe
from a witch's eyes, it's beyond just
a nightmare, bounty hunters chasing and howling
like wolves. A witch's blue eyes feel like roses
growing in their eyes, thorns poking and throbbing
from making potions too long. What about a witch's
familiar, is it a pet? Companion? Shapeshifter?
What happens to a Witch's familiar if a witch dies?
Is there a heaven for witches? Or do they become
undead? What if a bounty hunter stole your life in the
Jazz age. Only I wonder if these things even exist?

Taylor Sim

TUESDAY AFTERNOON IN MY HEAD

This day seems like an ages-old ferry
grey and plodding through the chopping waters
of a grey sea, the same white clock with the black rim
ticks, ticks...ticks.....ticks More time
in between each soft murmur
the job of a clock hand must be so tiresome
ticking, ticking My thoughts seem lush and sunny,
so I escape to them. The sun is shining, the grass green.
Someone lifts their head, keen eyes white
under dark rims

Amelie Ochoa

THE OLDEST LIVING THING ON BREZEAL LN.

Old, robin's egg blue,
rickety and about to crumble
to the ground. The porch
overgrown with vines,
the screen door ripped off
the hinges. The floors littered
with trash, old magazines,
broken glass and dust.
The once brand new
white waterbeds now yellow
and brown with age. Pictures
crooked and broken and
faded from the sun.
Spider webs in the corners
with a family of spiders.
Old typewriters,
Polaroids and
phones litter one room.
An old record player, phono-
graph and recording machine
still stand from the last time
they were used. The stairs
collapsed and broken.
The bathroom mold
and an overturned bathtub.
The kitchen with broken mason jars
and hung up mugs
with dad, mom, daughter and
son written on them
no longer hang but shattered
underneath the wreckage of the
old Brezeal house.

Riley Farmer

HIKING

Silently I look around observing
others' movements of laughter
and the crackling of the fire
calms me. It is in these
moments I think of the long day
while feeling the heat of the burning logs,
trudging through the woods,
hearing branches and twigs
of pine trees snap.
It is on these days I find the
most clarity. As though
a slimy swamp has transformed
into crystal clear water.
My head is no longer drowning
in my many worries.

Olivia Bice

MOUNT ST MARY ACADEMY

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 13 - 16, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Monica Mylonas

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 115

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Joy Clark,
Emily Lerner, Gwendolyn Mauroner

**PINE BLUFF FIRST WARD
ALTERNATIVE SCHOOL
PINE BLUFF, AR**

STAND UP

I stand up to evil
I stand up to hate
I don't care what they say
I still stand up to people that try to act tough
I stand up to people that just give you enough
I stand up I stand up for what is right
I stand up and I will fight
I stand till my legs explode

Anthony

ODE TO TROUBLE

Oh, trouble
You are a magnet attracting iron
You're like my rainy day
How do you keep doing this?
Like so, man
 like so

Lee

STILL I FLY HIGH

No matter what I fly high
you can't stop my grind
no matter how many times you
you put cuffs on me.
You can't stop my grind
Still I fly high
you can try your best to be a bad influence
but still I fly high above the stars
you can't stop me I fly too fast
you gotta catch me first.
Still I fly high
There's no stopping me when I take off
you can't stop me
I'm like the gingerbread man
you can't stop me if you can't catch me
Fly so high I'm above the stars
You can't put those cuffs on me
all I'll do is rise above
Still I fly high
Still I fly high

Devin

PINE BLUFF FIRST WARD ALTERNATIVE SCHOOL

PINE BLUFF, AR

DATES OF VISIT: January 9 - 10, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Ima Etim

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 20

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Jacob Yordy

POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL POTTSVILLE, AR

WAIT 'TIL MORNING

At avocado, I prayed. It was solemn
and beautiful. When I got home, my
family and I prayed with the avocado
and ate our dinner. We do that every
night. We pray, using the avocado
every night before bed as well. And
when we dream, the avocado sits
on our night stands waiting for us 'til
morning.

Allison Willcutt

UNDER TOENAIL

I'm under toenail today, a stinking,
sweating hole. Fungus comes to visit
toenail. Growing ever more prevalent
around me. Sapping the air right out
of the claustrophobic little halfmoons.
Leaving nothing but a suffocating darkness
and me.

Piper Standridge

WOODEN JEWELRY BOX

My dad gave me a wooden jewelry box
which he made himself with his rough hands,
the box perfectly crafted like art.
I place my jewelry in it carefully as if
they were egg shells.

Alyssa Thompson

CUP OF ICE

Inside the cup,
figures skate
on the ice cubes

Gabe Hampton

UNTITLED

I am into cage-free, non-GMO, gluten-free
eggs. I drank coffee and listened to alternative
indie music all day. I went shopping for flannels
and skateboards.

Noah Lloyd

RUN

Run. Depressed. Exhale. Express. Trail.
Cedar. Oak. Stone. Trail. Run.
Depressed. Express. Inhale. Exhale. Pain.
Inside. Hurt. Heart. Strides.
Pound. Both. Make it stop.
 Over train. Too far. Too fast. Inhale.
Exhale. Pain.
 Rain. Heart. Steps. Pounding. Relief.
 Eyes. Tears.
 Flexor tears. Fall.
Can't run.
 Exhale. Pain. Trail.
Depress.
 Can't express. Stone.
 Need. Rain.
 Run.

Michael Buford

POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

POTTSVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 27 - 28, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Andrea Hooper

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 151

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Jacob Yordy

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY WEST MEMPHIS, AR

LOYALTY

As I was walking in the diamond
sky I came across Loyalty a beast of the
night as she howled in the moon lit night
I tried to walk slowly away but by day
break Loyalty was at the door with fur as
beautiful as the night sky and one paw up
with not just water but blood flowing from her
beautiful soft coat that smelled of death so as
Loyalty bathed in the warmest of water I
noticed that Loyalty was not a dog but a
beautiful majestic beast as I noticed it was
time for her to go back home to the fortress
she came from after that day Loyalty never
came back but I can still hear her voice in the night.

Jeslyn Hatley

THE NORTH STAR

The North Star, a guide on the darkest nights,
shining bright on the world's most important time,
a hero to all that are lost, just another star 3.2
billion lightyears away, but to me my dad.

Carter Henson

FARMING LAND

Organized rows of crops
Irrigation systems
Dusty mid-day air
Trees adding shelter
Unpaved dirt roads
Trailers in the distance
Sun pounding down
A grimy, dusty scent
Dragonflies humming in earshot
Wild grasses a mile to the left
Never-ending land in the distance

Abby Bolton

DOLLS (CAUSE I CAN)

The little object seems human yet it is not.
As you walk closer it seems ceramic, the rest is cloth,
but that face, pitch white with a painted face.
You feel uneasy like it will come alive.
Crack! It fell off that tiny oak chair.
The head was caved in, the dust of the
ruined head reaches your nose, it smells horrid.
Maybe it's best to leave the room. As you
leave you make a move, it's back in its chair,
but how? You walk over and pick it up by
the tiny arm. Maybe it's time to get rid of it.

Aiden Masner

JIMMY

My dad, Jimmy,
drove nine hours

from Ohio to West Memphis.
We went to Incredible Pizza,

and had a marvelous time.
It was a rainy Christmas day.

The wind was blowing through my hair,
and I could taste the sea salt rain.

When I got to Incredible Pizza,
we got on the go-carts,

and my dad was in last place,
but I was in first. We ate so much

that we almost threw up everywhere.
When we got to my aunt's house

for Christmas, it was time for him to go,
and I was bawling out crying.

Next time he visits,
I will spend a lot of time with him,

and convince him to stay
a little longer.

Judea Brittmon

THE OLD HOUSE

A yellow lab on the brown couch
A white miniature Jack Russell
with one brown ear in her kennel
Polished wood on the wall in the living room
The feeling of walking on creaking wood upstairs
The smell of dogs in the air
and homemade cooking in the kitchen
The sound of owls and coyotes outside at night
Board games put up on a table for after dinner
Televisions in every room
The sound of dogs barking at the few cars
and people passing
The antiques in cabinets
The collectables out on display
The pottery plates, bowls, and coffee mugs

Frances Harness

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 4 - 5, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Gwendolyn Looney

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 73

VISITING WRITERS: Samantha Kirby, Emily Lerner

SOUTH SIDE ELEMENTARY BEE BRANCH, AR

THE SCORPION

One day I went to sleep after a long day
My alarm clock had been going off for hours
By this time, my mom was yelling at me to get up
I went to turn it off with my hand,
but instead a giant tail
came out from under me and slammed
the alarm clock on the table.
My mom came in the room and screamed! I was like
what? then I looked down *Oh no!*
I had become a monster! A giant scorpion.

Braylon McJurikins

DEPRESSION

is like a stray gray fur blue-eyed
cat mourning the loss of its kittens
short gray tails brown eyes tiny noses
now no way to show who they are
they're gone with the wind.

Anonymous

I HATE WINTER

It tastes just like stale crackers.
It's cold just like Everest.
It is worse than rolling through yellow snow.
The ice is slicker than a stick of butter.

James Guyhes

CORAL

My favorite pendant,
the color of the sky at dawn,
my Chinese string light above my bed,
Carmen's bracelet that she gave me,
the sunset over the water.

Blair Hutto

CONFUSION IS LIKE A SQUID

even with two eyes
he can still slam his face into a rock
and get lost in a cave

Crystal Graves

YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN DAMASCUS

when you see woods everywhere and you
hear only a few cars. When the fireflies come
out they have a black dot in the middle
of their body segment. There are beehives
and dogs barking, cats meowing, fish peeping,
rabbits hopping, and armadillos crunching
beneath the wheels. The woods
smell like pine in the summer breeze.
The wind howling and racing through the trees.
The best feeling is when you see
the beautiful sunset beneath the trees.

Anonymous

VIOLA

I am a dreamcatcher
very liked for rooms.
I have caught dreams
day and night
quite inspiring I might say
When kids sleep I hear their
soft whisper it will be
They spent money on me, might
as well grant their wish
sweet dreams I catch
and save for you.

Elizabeth Smith

THE COWBELL

The cowbell makes a clonk sound
when you hit it.
It tastes like rusty metal
that's been peed on by a dog.
It looks like a bell you
put on a cow or just a rusty bell.
The cowbell feels like
shiny new metal.
Finally, it smells like a
cold winter day when
you run into a flag pole.

Cloey Villanueva

SCHOOL

In school you see gum under
the table, you see and hear
the weird kid eating the gum under
the table he can taste
the many different flavors
of gum. While you have other
weird kids gagging on
the garbage out of the school
trash you hear the crunch crack
and bing goes the kids' teeth.

Dakota Grissom

BLEACH WITH FEET

My bleach bottles have feet. They walk
where they want to walk. In the bathroom
cleaning the sink, my bedroom cleaning
windows, the kitchen cleaning the counter,
or on my bed watching SpongeBob.

Addison Zimmerman

CEDAR TREE

Cedar tree, cedar tree,
why so big and shady?
Though beautiful, I don't appreciate
the acorns in my yard.
Thank you for supporting my swing
on your branches,
making memories, oh so beautiful
never go down!

Emily Walley

SOUTH SIDE ELEMENTARY

BEE BRANCH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 9 – 10, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Melanie Crider

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 77

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Bradley, Andrew Butler,
JT Mahaney, Patrick Font

SUBIACO ACADEMY

SUBIACO, AR

SPRING

The creatures come back every time
making music with their wings
my personal alarm clock

The air is like hatred
always changing, always different
I start to feel creatures hissing

Reborn, are the homes

Allen Wu

MISERABLE WOLF

The town howled
Like a wolf dying underneath the moon
Hoping to make it to the next day
Never knowing if he is even noticed
The people walk as if nothing's wrong
but the wolf's power is weakening,
The wolf crawls with a blood trail
and two broken legs
Only to fall with no one's hope

Jacob Bristol

MY LITTLE PARASITE

My heart is a parasite
It is incapable of emotion,

always feeding off of others.
I can snatch very little friends.

only about three or two friends
with my little parasite

It says love is the best flavor
but despair is good this time of year.

I am the only one that is allowed
to sniff its rancid stench. Its eating

is the worst my ears have ever heard,
it sounds like Javier Wolverine

like nails scraping against the board.
The doctors said my heart is normal,

but when I saw the x-ray,
I only saw decay

so please don't come near me
I can survive a while here
so please get away from here

Jaxon P.

WHAT I FOUND IN THE FOREST

I found a group of monkeys. They were all
dancing to Asian rock. When I asked them
what they were doing, they bit their thumbs and
jumped into the air. They grew wings and
flew off, leaving him with radio player.

Patrick Waldroup

THREE SUMMERS

Enveloped in a dreamland until noon,
Cocoa puffs with icy milk
that gives you brain freeze
Getting chlorine in eyes
at a boiling community pool
filled with chatter of neighbors

Jude Percy-Allen

MY HEEL IS AN OCEAN

it smells like squids
feels like coarse rock
tastes like dried seaweed
is as pleasing to see as a sunset
and sounds like a soulless scream

Eli Moe

COLORS DO LIE

I once ate a pack of crayons. One
of those giant packs. They were gone in a second.
I was disappointed with the orange crayon
it tasted more like a peach. Just like chocolates
they never taste as good as they sound.

Von Nguyen

FLYING HAIR

The dandelion sun
Is your hair green or yellow
I can fly The pricking sound
of the water dripping

Joshua Koch

FRIED RICE

Something is waiting for you
It comes in many pieces
Patience is a virtue

Jason Do

TWO GAIN

The town recoiled
like a surprised snake.

“That couple.” They said.
“They are too young,

too inexperienced.”
And they were.

Their happy hopes and dreams
floated into the air, clean and free

To be popped by the daze of the sun
The hopes and dreams turned stagnant

opaque, murky and smelled foul
like a septic tank

mixed with old rancid milk.
“This change.” The town said.

“We like it.”
The town accepted the couple in their all,

eyes glazed, heavy shoulders, tired hearts
They had nothing to live for

Besides each other
And then they gained two children

Von Nguyen

CRICKETS

There was a kitchen one night,
on a cold dark night. Crickets are outside
so so loud. Competing with the stove.
A person, who cannot fall asleep,
has decided to eat. “Smells so good”
The shape of the meat reminds her.
The slippery meat fell off the plate as she fainted
her face, somehow satisfied, I wonder why
She wakes up as the crickets stop.

Jacob Kay

SUBIACO ACADEMY

SUBIACO, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 6 – 7, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Cheryl Goetz

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 69

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Collin Callahan,
Elizabeth DeMeo, Zachary Schwab

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY FAYETTEVILLE, AR

WHAT'S TOUGH

you and me, when we fall.
wood doors just made.
Empire State Building.
floors.
trees on the side of the road.
diamonds in the cave.
gold getting hit with a hammer.
chair getting sat on.
tables with hundreds of stuff on top.

Ava Carter

SCHOOL LEARNS ABOUT ME

There is a man that follows me
from 8:00am to 3:00pm. He's like a wolf
ready to pounce, with a voice as clear
as a simple stream.
He travels by foot, though he does not need to,
because he knows I will come to him.
He's friends with books,
grades, but not me.
When the temperature turns high
as 100 degrees he lays me off and sets me free.

Josiah Hagers

ANXIOUS

a beast but good
at heart, fur every shade, so dark.
a hum so pretty and clean
yet very sharp and piercing.
bubbles floating in your
mouth so light there is just a
hint of taste.
pricks so spikey and
rough but feel like leather inside.
flowers in the spring
so strong you can almost taste it.

Skylar Mayer

IF I WERE A SEA SHELL

If I were a sea shell I would be sitting
at the bottom of the ocean until a crab claimed me
as their home. I would be smelling the salt in the water
hearing all the sea creatures' conversations
until the crab is too big for me.

I am washed to shore because no one is there
to carry me down to the ocean. Then a little girl
grabs me up and goes and shows her mom
what she has found.
She takes me home with her and sets me down
with the rest of my friends in her collection.

Ella Hornberger

GARDEN

Brown with mud
green with plants
a hoe in the mud
tools in the shed
Grandpa tilling
smells like fresh strawberries
muscadines are purple
and growing
onions are big
posts of wood are
in the ground
eastern bluebirds are chirping
and I'm picking

Giada Anderson

CIRCLE

The center of a flower,
A lily pad on a lake,
A soccer ball being kicked,
The center of a paw,
The sticker on my shirt,
My eyeball in my head,
A zero on a clock,
The clock in my room,
The glasses my teacher wears,
The dot I make when I make a lower-case i.

Isabella Cortez

WHERE I'M FROM

I'm from the millions of pages
from books I have read through the
years. I'm from the jade dragon
my mother keeps on our never
ending book case. I'm
from my box like room with white
carpeting and mint green walls.
I'm from the tropical green bushes
in my front yard. I'm from the
corner of my living room where
we put our pine Christmas tree.
I'm from my mothers cinnamon pizza
that tastes like cinnamon pretzels
and soft yeast bread.

Bruce Quayle

SONG OF THE PREACHER

The bible needs me.
Preaching and memorizing also
baptizing. All the time tired and
unstable. Sometimes I wish
Jesus was on earth to help
me and give me power.

Julien Shew

THE BEDROOM

The bedroom in
the hallway has
Thunderstorm grey
walls it also has
pictures of different
kinds of dogs. The
main thing that
will catch your eye
is the big blue
hippo balloon
on the right wall.
Make sure to watch
your step it is very
messy in there or
that's what I heard
from the big brown
bear.

Cadence Dingman

IN THE MORNING I SAW A SUNFLOWER

as yellow as a lemon and was swaying
in the wind. I went up to smell it
and it smelled like a party for
my nose that every person was invited to.

Grant Rudisill

GO BACK TO THE DESERT

1. See the green prickly cacti. The yellow
gross, slimy and slithering snakes.
2. In a really, really old building there were
tons of spiders skeletons and cob webs.
3. In the night the dark dark night
there was a sound of a human crying
4. Deep deep deep in the ground there
was a worm digging his new home
for the winter.
5. Walk 5 steps east, 2 steps west, and 4 steps
north then you will come upon a locked dungeon
climb the door and you will find treasure.

Ellie Schach

THEY SAY

In Asia their grass is turquoise blue.
All of their shoes are shaped like diamonds.
When it is cloudy the clouds are cotton candy.
You have to link arms with your neighbor
and ice cream will appear in your kitchen.
In Asia everyone loves playing orchestra.

Hannah Garner

JULY ON THE BEACH

The warm sand as white as snow crumbling
in between my toes. The cold salty water washing
up on the shore. The laughing of my little brother
as my sister gets knocked over by a wave.
The blue sky meeting the crystal blue water,
the burning sun beaming on my scorching back.
My mom screaming at my sister, telling her to
put more sunscreen on, but my sister doesn't listen
and dives under another crystal blue wave,
digging giant holes just to put more sand
back into the hole, diving for perfect seashells
for my collection, the cool wind rushing on my face.

Julia Salter

I USED TO BE

I used to be alive but now I'm dead.
I used to be hair and now I'm a braid.
I used to be a seed but now I'm a flower.
I used to be an acorn and now I'm a tree.
I used to be day, now I am pottery.
I used to be limestone, now I'm obsidian.
I used to be a tree, now I'm paper.
I used to be a ruby, now I am an amethyst.
I used to be sand and now I'm glass.
I used to be cotton, now I'm a shirt.
I used to be ink and now I'm poetry.
I used to be a mountain and now I'm a rock.
I used to be fabric, now I'm a pillowcase.

Shamaya Liyanage

3001

In the year 3001
there was a dance party on the moon,
flying rocket cards to get there,
buildings, homes, restaurants pulled to
live there. The air was cold as ice.
The dinner was cold even when it
came out of the oven.
Hearing aliens partying from a
distance at night.
There is a damp slimy smell
in the air. All you can see is stars
or planets from a distance,
remembering the warmth on
earth before the moving.

Anna Dwyer

FLYING FISH

Flying fish
climbing up
trees at night.
Trying to steal
night bees.
Freezing to death,
but it was all a myth.

Patrick Jiang

WHERE I'M FROM

I am from the pictures hanging
on my wall. I'm from the hairspray
for Halloween. I'm from the red brick
house with vines crawling over
the roof and the pink
drive way.

I'm from the tulips
with their rounded edges and
tall stems. I'm from the family gathering
at my aunt's house for Thanksgiving.

I'm from the meaty smell of koufta
and macaroni bechamel in
the kitchen with my Nana.

I'm from "America Pie" playing on the
radio. I'm from the photos and stories
of my past and ancestor
running through my mind every day.

Mai Jones

5 DIRECTIONS TO MY HOUSE

1. as the rainbow camel walks up the sandy hill
2. as the black widow traps the fly to eat it later
3. from far away I hear the sound
 of a gorilla beating his chest
4. as the viper snake strikes at his prey
5. follow the mouse until he leads you
 to the underground world

Hudson Garrett

SAVING MEMORIES

I would like to save
the Friday nights,
those nights when I play
cards or watch a movie
with my family
and have pizza.

I'd like to save
roasting marshmallows
by the camp fire
and the warm feeling
inside when you have
a bitter sweet taste.

I'd like to save
the stormy nights
when I run into my sister's
room to be comforted.
I'd like to save the
feeling at the beach;
smelling the beach air
and touching the sand
hot from the sun
and grainy.

I'd like to save
the sand stuck in your toes
and the beach walks
with my family
and swimsuits
hanging everywhere
to dry.

Drew Mizanin

CHAOS

scattered flower, exploding fireworks,
and crazy colors. Maybe a little sight of paper on
books. a woman's voice getting lost in
a crowd and a song just floating in the air.
clay and rice all mixed together
and just a hint of wild boar.
knotted hair on a hot, humid
day and a little bit of drying orange juice
incorporated. dew in the morning
and the noon time sun and maybe a midnight
thunderstorm as well

Hadley Williams

STEAL SOMETHING

worthless every once in a
while. Steal a broken jar.
Look at the child next to
the cracked jar. When she's
done playing, climb over the
fence that smelled like Coke.
You can have it. You deserve it.
You've worked hard all your life
and got nothing. One broken jar
is worthless. You can tape
it up and pour water, you
could put a candle in it. Call
it a gift from sand.

Liza Carter

WONDER

An orange and black
shiny furred animal with a tail as long
as a branch.
A sizzling bath bomb
with a whistling bird.
A warm golden pancake
about to get eaten.
There is a steam coming
From the kitchen with a little breeze
like a window is opened.
A warm Mcdonald's
Breakfast with syrup.

Anna Claire Cotton

UNTITLED

Cormorant –
 A caterpillar while it's in its
 cocoon.
Vermillion –
 a group of people who skydive
 and link arms together to make
 shapes in midair.
Palladium –
 A soft material that feels
 like rabbit fur.

Walker Blake

EVERYTHING I DIDN'T GET TO WRITE ABOUT

Trees bigger than 206 feet men stacked on
top of each other. Wizards in Malawi. Witches
in the night. Monsters under my bed. The smell
of rotten eggs. Why red pandas look like foxes.
About the letter S. Who invented the greenhouse.
Who made fairy tales. Money from Sri Lanka.
Gold from Mali. The smell of nature. How good
the Harry Potter series is. How I swam with the sea
turtles. Why we need food and water. Why we
pollute the planet we live on. Why people evolved.
Why flowers smell. And why do we need money.

Shamaya Liyanage

VANDERGRIF ELEMENTARY

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: May 8 - 9, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Marci Tate

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 265

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Joy Clark,
Elizabeth DeMeo, Patrick Font,
Emily Lerner, Michelle Myers,
Sheena Woods, Vicente Yopez

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

SHOES

I asked my mom
for some new Jordan's

because everybody
at school had them

and I felt left out.
She told me, We are poor

Son we can't afford
shoes like that.

I cried and threw a fit.
She told me, If

you want some shoes I
'll take you to Walmart

and get you some. I said,
No, forget Walmart shoes.

Tristin

ACROPHOBIA (FEAR OF HEIGHTS)

Flexible arms of the rainforest
monkeys grab thin branches
and a heart beating so hard
you can smell the blood in your
feet under the snow of Mount Everest,
so high you can't breathe
the ground becomes the darkest
black just before you have jumped
from the swing set
taste a swollen tongue inside
a small and quiet mouth
When you are falling you can't feel anything.

Sierra

BLACK LAMB

My nose is a grape vine fastly
growing. It feels as if it is moving
faster than New York's population.
As if it could be bath water
draining away.
It is silent but crying.
She has lost her diamond.
No longer rich
or beautiful.
Like a baby to an elder, the hole
has grown up.

Kayleigh

TODAY

Yesterday was a square tongue eating
an ice cream cone.

Today is a mountain waiting
for someone to climb it.

The future will be a nose
on the face of a glass man.

Eduardo

DARK HURRICANES

The town was falling like a criminals' life
The roads with smoke coming out of them
The trees with handcuffs hanging
The houses made of dark clouds & Legos.
The pitch black rain falling slowly I love you

Vicki

URANOPHOBIA (FEAR OF THE AFTERLIFE)

I'm in gangsta heaven all I see is
blue I'm walking on clouds I can look down
and see people on Earth
but I can no longer touch them I look up and see
a man he touched me it felt like a fresh start

John

LETTER TO MARS

Here on Earth everything
revolves around noise, nothing is
quiet, the smell of burning plastic
comes from the towers whose hum
is as peaceful as a still pond but
deadlier than a blade in the wrong
human hand. The taste from the
sizzling chicken came from a chicken
who could yell anytime he wanted.
Colorful objects driving have certain
honks depending on the driver's
mood.

Isaiah

WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER
FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 29 - 30, 2016
and April 11 - 12, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jeane Mack, Joshua Moody

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 22

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, Vicente Yepez

WEAVER ELEMENTARY WEST MEMPHIS, AR

3 EGGS

I saw three eggs they were
made out of gold and were covered
in diamonds and they were shiny and
sparkling. The first egg hatched into
a bright orange color it was very
fuzzy and calm it also breathed fire
when it sneezed. The second egg hatched
into a baby kitchen it smelled like different
types of food and it had wings so it
could fly. The third egg hatched
and it was the sound of a church
bell it sounded so great it was a
bright yellow and had angel wings

Quentavian

THE FORGOTTEN SOCK

I'm red with sparkles with real
gold I was a sock that made wishes come
true, but now I'm dirty. I lost all my
color nobody wants me, not even the other
pair that matches with me. "My friend."

Kinyada Hart

THE RELIEVED DRONE

During a sunny at the park I zipped around the swings,
going at high speed. As I went higher in the sky,
my wings stopped spinning. As I went down,
May day May day May day, I fell to the ground.
Finally to stop flying.

Ryan Forrest

FIND ME

At my owner's home, she lost
me I was pink and blue my name
was Polo my owner lost me I
was so upset I just wanted to
scream that I was under the
bed I was rotten, ripe, messed up,
I was worn.

DeQeria Williams

YOU WILL

You will walk on a red carpet for the rest of your life
You will get eaten by sinning toes
My shoes are talking about me

Gregory Thomas

THE CREATURE

I am grayer than the word gray
my eyes are bluer than the sea

I walk on four legs feeling hungry.
They know when I eat other animals

it tastes good when I get
bored they know I want to go

blow the three little pigs house
down but they don't know when

I go to sleep I dream of being
a little girly wolf with rainbow
eyes.

Ryan Forrest

WEAVER ELEMENTARY**WEST MEMPHIS, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** May 1 - 2, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sheila Grissom**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 83**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Elizabeth DeMeo

WEST JR HIGH WEST MEMPHIS, AR

SUMMER

The house a unbearable furnace.
Boys hurting each other while tossing around
the pig skin. The house, every door open
like a crime scene. Four-wheelers
burning through gas like a fire too wood.
The water bill can reach the moon.

Jeremiah Burns

HORNS

I woke up a deer.
I could hear raccoons running
around in the burner. The wild
strawberries taste a lot sweeter.
The forest doesn't look green.
It's black and white like a
old timey western movie.
my horns show off to females
though none come near. my
short tail flicker in the air when
I hear a wolf nearby.

Kelsey Pickle

THE PISTOL

I enter my dad's room and
my face meets the same Old Pistols
ones that were used in the old west
but were soon abandoned when the next
came out.

like all things were to become forgotten

the dust from it fills my nose
never to be touched again
never to kill a man again
never to strike fear in someones
heart again

just be there as a reminder of
what we have lost and gained.

Monica Procknaw

MARBLE IN MY BOOT

Under the water
nail in a haystack
Break a foot
Miss the bat
Early bird gets the worst.
Money don't grow on leaves.
Speak of the devil

Jayron Tiggs

THE TACOS!

Lightning is striking the ground, awaiting
a victim to creep into the deadly path
Water splashes against our windows
A young woman knocks on our door
She is selling cakes. She leaves.
A man follows her down the long narrow hallway
A scream, blood splatters onto the wall
Well not really. It was just ketchup.
We walk silently into the kitchen
The flour is whispering secrets to the little apple
Their mouths close, and so do their eyes
I just love my strange house.
The tacos. I forgot to mention the tacos.

Abby Chism

THE LAKE BEHIND MY HOUSE: ORIG MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

At night behind my house I hear crackling
of Old leaves thumping the water. I hear the
sound of bugs bouncing up and down like the flowers.
The lake sounds like it's rising upon the trees.
Branches from trees hitting it with a click
of amazement. Everything that disappears
disappears as if returning somewhere.

Jaleshia Hill

WINTER

The house a blue dying flower, dancing
trees slowly sleep. The crunch under
your feet is the death of summer slowly
everything is still, stiff and asleep

Hailey Peppers

DEAD TO ME

The town shriveled up like a black snake
firework. Ashes floating around in the air polluting
the air badly. Giant fly catcher plants lined up
on sidewalks waiting for a predator to walk by
to strike. The smell of fire burning everywhere.
You hear and see tortured people you hear the
screaming and the horrible thoughts in the air.

Trenton Carroll

STRANGE

My arm is spaghetti
It drops like water being shot from a gun
It leaves a trail when I travel
so I don't get lost while I wander

Jackson Oates

THE CAREFUL MACHINE

There is the careful when
I cross the street, the careful when I watch
my two left feet. The careful when I ignore
the world, so as to avoid the inevitable. The
careful when I tip toe in my room, quiet and
caged and restless. The careful that distrusts
strangers, the careful that hides my face from
enemies. The breathing, consuming careful that fills
me like a never ending ocean, forcing more in
even when no room is left. The careful that
seeps from my seams and ends. That is how the
careful machine works.

Evie Forbis

WEST JUNIOR HIGH

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 13 – 14, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Ashley Lipe

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 120

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, Zach Harrod,
Zach Hester, Josh Idaszak

WESTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL HARTMAN, AR

FLYING A KITE

Running through muddy grass barefoot
squishing the mud through my toes. I
tag my kite along by its string. I
smell freshly mowed grass as
the wind picks it up. The wind
makes it drop a little. The rustling
of leaves comes to a stop. I
pull the string close. The kite drops
to the ground, the wind has stopped.
A bitter taste grows in my mouth
as I start running again.

Katelea Hays

KITCHEN

Having to cook food on the stove.
The kitchen is very small and cozy
but exploding with food
Boiling water on hot stove
is this what comfort feels like?
Hungrily waiting for the food to be done
Small, white walls, white floors, blue countertops
No food in the fridge and dishes to be washed
This is what comfort feels like to me

Makayla Parsons

REDWOODS

Where the trees are giants and the ground
is alive. The air is crisp and cool, with
the smell of freshness gleaming in the air. The trees
are rough but yet soft and kind. The ground
moves in the wind with thick floral. These
thousands of year old creatures have seen it all,
and stood the test of time.

Alex Davis

HUSTLE

Elegant, yet without much background.
You only see and know what is needed,
which leaves you confused and wanting
to know more. A story about gambling,
or maybe not.

Cory Parsons

CODY

Bat Bat man
Man cave Cave man
Man at the park Park bench
Bench strong

Kaytlin McCormick

TURKEY

The wild turkey walked
out from behind the bush.
Feathers flew.
The hills become silent.

Dawson R.

THE VIEWS OF MY LIFE (& SEAHORSES)

There is another world in art
Male seahorses give birth
If you balance too much then you will drop everything
The things you work for matter most
True friends are few and far away.

Elijah H.

JEALOUSY

Jealousy looks like an old lab
that was lost in a Junk Yard.
That rolled in motor oil and mud.

Jerod Elms

BABY BOY

Getting told I was gonna go in to have
my baby boy my heart started slamming
in my chest, my eyes filled with tears,
tears of both scared and happiness. Later
that day I was in a room hooked up
to an IV with fluids and medicines
running through my veins, as my back
was killing me all night I laid in
bed in pain, crying and ready to have
him. Later the next day I had
needles in my back sending a pinching
sensation through my back. Getting
sent into an emergency c-section scared,
nervous, but ready to see him. Then
there he was.

Gabby M.

FOR SALE: HAPPINESS

Waiting for your baby sister to be born
at 5:26pm on a cold November
afternoon \$10
A striped, brown sweater that is two sizes
too big \$5
A blue and gray box filled with old
pictures and letters \$8
The smell of honeysuckles in the summer
after it just rained free to a good home

Sierra Henderson

THE FLOWERS BEGIN

The flowers begin to bloom in spring.
Wide and large, white walls with a white roof.
It was loud, and shook everything around it.
Where did Bernie go? The car went missing
last Saturday, it's been found.
Orange triangle. Carpet on the floors,
always bright, and lots of items.

Shawn Puckett

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

Open the pantry door in the kitchen. Grasp the popcorn
bag. Take the wrapper off of the popcorn. Insert
popcorn into the microwave. Put the microwave on
2 minutes. Let the popcorn finish and wait for the beep.
Take out of the microwave.

Emily Stepp

WESTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL**HARTMAN, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 29 - 30, 2016**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Amy Blackmon**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 118**VISITING WRITERS:** Cheyenne Autry, Kirsty Bleyl,
Elizabeth DeMeo, Suzanne Monroe



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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.

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poetry, year 2

CHEYENNE AUTRY

fiction, year 3

CAROLINE BEIMFORD

fiction, year 4

ANTHONY BLAKE

poetry, year 3

KIRSTY BLEYL

fiction, year 3

HANNAH BRADLEY

poetry, year 1

ANDREW BUTLER

poetry, year 2

COLLIN CALLAHAN

poetry, year 3

JOY CLARK

fiction, year 1

ELIZABETH DEMEO

fiction, year 2

MEGAN DOWNEY

fiction, year 4

PATRICK FONT

fiction, year 4

ANNE GREEOTT

translation, year 4

ZACH HARROD

poetry, year 3

ZACH HESTER

poetry, year 3

BAILEY HUTCHINSON

poetry, year 2

JOSH IDASZAK

fiction, year 3

SACHA IDELL

fiction, year 3

SAMANTHA KIRBY

translation, year 1

EMILY LERNER

poetry, year 4

JT MAHANY

translation, year 3

GWENDOLYN MAURONER

poetry, year 1

SUZANNE MONROE

fiction, year 3

MICHELLE MYERS

poetry, year 3

MOLLY BESS RECTOR

poetry, year 4

ZACH SCHWAB

fiction, year 1

RACHEL THOMAS

fiction, year 2

ANNA VILNER

translation, year 1

SHEENA WOODS

translation, year 1

VICENTE YÉPEZ

poetry, year 2

JACOB YORDY

poetry, year 2

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