



MAKE ME A PLANET

2017–2018

ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS POETRY ANTHOLOGY



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**2017-2018 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS
POETRY ANTHOLOGY**



2017–2018 ARKANSAS WITS POETRY ANTHOLOGY

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ANTHOLOGY TITLE

from Mitchell James' poem, "Make Me A Planet," in this anthology
Arch Ford Educational Service Cooperative, Plumerville 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.

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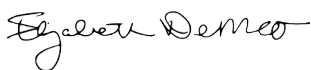
EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome to the forty-third 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.

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.

We are 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: 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, and Marie-Helene Bertino for her contribution to the program this past year.

Many thanks for your support,



Elizabeth DeMeo
Director, Arkansas WITS, 2017-2018

ABOUT WITS: OUR MISSION

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

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

OUR GOALS FOR ARKANSAN STUDENTS:

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

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

ABOUT WITS: OUR HISTORY

The University of Arkansas's Poetry in the Schools (PITS) program was created in 1973 by MFA student John Biguenet and Professor James Whitehead. 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 1952 two-day workshops, visiting 756 unique schools & institutions in 265 towns & cities across the state of Arkansas. During the 2017-2018 school year, we visited 32 schools in 24 cities and worked with approximately 3,678 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 school year, 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 former 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, please visit us at our online home: www.arkansaswits.org.



MAKE ME A PLANET



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

BLACK

the dark night sky,
a simple flower,
a chalkboard,
a tube of paint that fills a canvas,
a burnt smore,
calmness,
the soft fur of a kitten,
a panther lurking in the shadows,
the croaking sound of a raven,
a penguin in the Arctic,
the bubbling coca cola,
the smooth feeling of drifting off to sleep

Leslei Ramirez

IF HAIR WERE SNAKES

If hair were snakes the hospital
would be full of patients.
If hair were snakes you
would be friends with Medusa.
If hair were snakes the
hair stylist would be out of
business.

Emily Serrato

WHERE I'M FROM

I am from the dirt all
the way under, from the deep
blue sea, up and down the light,
side to side the mountain, the
box under my bed with paper and
old tests, and I am from the doors
deep down under. Where I'm from

Chloe Johnson

ORIGINAL MOTION SOUNDTRACK OF SATURN

Ringling in my ears, the sound of spinning disks
tears dropping into a pool of stars
warping of nebulas, the sun radiating
it sounds like a gentle rain until the
planets start screaming
It sounds like children laughing and adults crying
like I never left home to find my soul
Like the sounds of Saturn were never sold.

Tara McFate

RAINFOREST

wet moisture like mud puddles.
tall trees with dark thickets consuming
the blue vanilla like sky.
thorns chopping away.
the cool breeze applauding its hands
around me.
slithering vines climbing tall trees full
of moss nibbling slowly at the bark.

Alex Thao

SELF-PORTRAIT AS THE VOID

I'm from Zachary and Chelsea, from
my grandmother's green beans. I'm from the
fall grandmother's house, it's where I love
to be, from football on Sunday afternoon
and the fresh air from high in the
trees. I'm from the dogs that like to
run and play. I'm from a place where
s'mores by the campfire and songs
are shared by friends. Then after hide
and seek in the dark is when the
night ends. I'm from where we don't
judge people by just how they
look.

Ivy Fielder

WHERE I'M BORN

I came to this world
finding out my name.
Being with my stepdad.
Coming to America.
Meeting new friends.
Meeting a new school.
growing higher grades.
Trips, coming back home,
Baby cousin, school,
After school, dinner, bed
time, wake up early.

Aleea Dancy

WHEN THE SKY IS BLUE

When the sky is blue with specks of
white. When the grass is green
and flat, and the sweet smell of gas
and diesel. When you see your friend
at an odd place or time, on a warm
summer day.

Brent Wall

MY HOPES, DREAMS, AND IMAGINATION

Make me a panda so I can be
rare I'd love to be one of the
leaves that change colors then
fall a bald eagle so I know
what it's like to fly and
have a whole nation love you
make me a tree so I can
know what it feels like to have
the wind swaying in my branches
and a mama bird raising her young
in my branches make me a
star so I can be the brightest of all make me the
sun so people can study me
and depend on me and love
me for how bright I am.

Kinzey Rose

SELF-PORTRAIT AS THE VOID

I look nice from far far
away. But when you come
close you have fallen in
an endless Grave.

Logan Gautreaux

MAKE ME A PLANET

Make me a planet.

A ball of rock launched around a star
somewhere billions of light-years away.

Better, make me a nitrogen atom
flowing through the thin atmosphere on that
distant rock.

Make me a photon or a light wave
shot toward the planet from its
sun.

Make me the first life on the rock.
make me a bacteria who will
father all beings to ever exist
in that small corner of the universe.

Make me the first tool the humbly
intelligent creatures on that rock
will craft.

And the beast they'll use the tool to hunt.

Make me the first buildings they will
erect, and the great works of
art they'll produce.

And make me the messages they'll leave
behind when they're gone.

Mitchell James

HOME

I come from the feeling of
safety no matter what is happening around the world
I come from the smell of biscuits and gravy
and bacon on Sunday mornings
I come from the lines on the door frame,
measuring the heights of all the kids
I come from the endless softball practices
I come from 80s pop and 90s country
I come from two Thanksgivings, where
there is so much happiness
I come from HOME

Payton Barefield

ARCH FORD EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE

PLUMERVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 6 - 7, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Candace Smith

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 116

VISITING WRITERS: Joy Clark, Victoria Hudson, Samantha
Kirby, Claire Pincumbe

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL AUGUSTA, AR

I'M SORRY BOSS

I was melting
because of the
Heat like a
Snowman trying
to get a tan.
I was playing
catch with my
dog and he
never threw
it back
I'm sorry I
got fired and
I'm never
coming back

Zada A. Lynn

HAIKU

I'm sorry I'm foolish
Unable to write poems
tomorrow try again

Malachi Taylor

I'M SORRY I'M LATE

I'm sorry I'm late for school
I had mosquito bites and they was
growing. I'm sorry I'm late for school
I had to get my big toe cut off
because it was ugly, but next time
I will have all your work done.

Kassidy Loving

WHAT'S ANYTHING

what's a person with a future
what's a whiteboard with a marker
what's a tree without bark
A Daughter without a Dad
sociopath without a past
A baby without a bottle
A phone without a charger
What's Anything without Everything

Shannon Clark

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL

AUGUSTA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 3 - 4, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Anna Clark

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 14

VISITING WRITERS: Victoria Hudson, Samantha Kirby,
Rome Morgan, Anna Vilner

BELAIR ACADEMY PINE BLUFF, AR

WANT A BITE

Rush to the nearest Oceans after the
basketball game. Me and my buddy Vinnie.
He wanted hot hot wings but I wanted
shrimp. When we got there the smell of
seafood and cake hit our noses. From that
moment on we knew we were ready
to eat. The sprinkled Cajun salt on the
shrimp slapped me on the nose the moment
I got it. Even though I wasn't eating them I
smelled the wings coming out the back onto
the table. I wanted some wings after that
so I asked Vinnie, "Can I get a bite?"

Keyston Key

UNTITLED

I want to be the paper you are
the scissors you cut me I fall apart

Ahmad Harris

THE BACKYARD JEEPERS CREEPERS

Fly around the backyard eating
hiding animals and collecting them. Backyard
Jeepers Creepers have hard bones full
of traps. The backyard Jeepers Creepers
plays with the animals he
collects.

Brian Rucker

MAKE ME BLUE MAKE ME VOCABULARY

Make me the wall of fame make
me dog food make me cats
make me a car make me
a book I want to be 99
make me technologies make
me November make me
time make me a new car
I want to be the most make
me a wall make me food
make me fly make me
a farm make me tv make
me god make me a move
make me a ghost make me
the plant I want to be happy
every day make me everyone.

Derrick Stidum

MAKE ME

Make me a man with wings
make me a horse with a dog head
make me a snake with legs
make me the sound of wet shoes walking
down the hall.

Make me a ghost
make me a hot sauce bottle holding all the
hot sauce.

Make me a tree with no leaves
make me a gliding cow with no eyes
make me a singing dog with stripes
make me a shoe with no laces
make me the smell of a new car.

Make me a flying cat with white hair
make me a leaf with arms and legs
make me the old school building with less
make me the tears that you cry
make me the road you drive on
make me a hat so everyone could
wear me

make me a gold toe nail that's
extra long poking out of your sock.
Make me a man with wings.

Jason Lawrence

[] IS BETTER THAN

Selling candy is better than washing cars.

Going to the shooting range is better than chopping
wood. Shining shoes is better than washing dishes.

Watching the sunset is better than looking at different
clouds. Working out is better than being lazy. Showing
love is better than breaking hearts. Playing as a team is
better than working alone.

Steve Austin

BELAIR ACADEMY

PINE BLUFF, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 8 - 9, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Ima Etim

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 22

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Joy Clark, Gwendolyn

Mauroner, Rome Morgan

BERRYVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL BERRYVILLE, AR

MY AFTERNOON IN BERRYVILLE

As I was digging diamonds in the
soft Arkansas dirt my maroon cat was
stroking my leg with its wet pause.

I suddenly heard the loud ding of
the oven telling me my delicious meatballs
were ready,

Why won't Luke accept me?

Cactuses are soft

because I'm annoying.

I picked up the purple grape and ran my
finger across it, it felt like a dead person's
skin but as I tried to put the
delicious grape in my mouth, I dropped it
on a piano forte.

Ayden Reed

THE TREE HURT ME . . .

The tree hurt me leaving its brand
on my side.
But it blessed me with a wandering big
white dog among its roots.
Buddy is mine now
loving and sweet, perfect for our family.

Elizabeth Heithold

THE GOOD IN TREES

It's winter
The trees lost all their leaves like a bald
man at a barber shop.
It's a very unwelcome view, like looking at
Mount Rushmore with clown paint.
But we can make a cozy fire with the fallen
the leaves.

Drew Dean

WINGED WOLVES

Outside in the snow. It's cold.
I see my breath. My breath seems
to form wolves with their wings
outstretched.

Novana Hudson

MY LAST MORNING IN CALIFORNIA

I once saw a reddish razorback eating
an orange.

It tasted sweet after the peeling jelly
cracked sounding like a pop then it
heard a pelican swift through the
bright blue sky.

The razorback looked up and thought
what does that taste like.

Probably like this orange that a girl
in town gave me. I think her name
is Jarika. Then the razorback realized
since it is a bird it will probably taste
like chicken. I took the Razorback
and put it in the basement and
when I closed the door I heard
my aunt Susie's violin.

Jarika Phillips

I GOT LEFT

I remember when I got lost at Turpentine
Creek when my Grandma took me to
Turpentine Creek I got lost and she
went home without me and my mom got
mad so they all went back and found me
in a monkey exhibit.

Rick Smith

MY AFTERNOON IN THE CITY OF PURPLE

My sister's fake toy phone is
missing like her heart, she
turns pink like my lemonade.
We were born in Berryville,
Arkansas, while I tasted the
sweet smell of victory she tasted
the smell of bitter lost. I don't
know why I wanted a sister, it
was a mistake. Although I always wanted
a sister. "Waaahhh." Because
I was lonely. I smell yucky
cleaning supplies in the music
room. I see my stepdad playing
his banjo. I hate his banjo.

Alexis Weinmann

THE FINGERS

There are 5 fingers on each hand.
There is always one lucky one and
that is my pointer finger. I'm always pointing
and always using it. There is always that
one bad finger and that's the middle finger.
If I ever show it, my mom would GROUND
ME FOR LIFE. My nicest finger is my thumb,
always giving me the thumbs up. The rest of the
fingers are jealous because they aren't that
important. They're never used in any way!

Hailey Pedraza

APPLE AND ONION

Apple and Onion can help make
the world a better place. All you
have to do is just be nice
to them then they make the
world better. They were so
nice they got their own show.

Israel Tellez

THE PLUNGE OF DEATH

My heart goes pump
Butterflies in my stomach
make me feel twisty
Goosebumps make my skin
raise up.
Gasping for breath,
as the roller coaster starts rising up
I start to scream when the ride starts to
plunge down

Liz Ramirez

BLACK CHERRY TOMATO

A black cherry tomato I can make
stuff turn to dust. You must throw it at
whatever you want to turn to dust & it will
turn it to dust. You must act like you are
tossing a ball for it to work. You can only
find it on the Everest Mountain on the
Death & Living Tomato plant.

Hunter Mitchell

SPACE'S TIME EFFECT

Time is a way to know what and where to go.
An astronaut, on a job, had worn a watch, and
left one at home. On what seemed like an hour
he or she returned home, and saw the watch,
7 hours off. As it was reset, the battery died,
“it’s been a year, already!” said the astronaut.

Lee Hoke

BERRYVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL

BERRYVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 27 - 28, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Karie Sayer

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 115

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Zachary Harrod,
Emma Van Dyke, Madeline Vardell

BISMARCK HIGH SCHOOL BISMARCK, AR

THREE WAYS OF LOOKING AT ANOTHER WORLD

When I'm fishing, I'm in another world, the
smell of pollen runs through my nostrils as
I slow roll a spinner bait.
As the warm water covers my hands, I put
them 95mm winn grip handles to work.
Then I reach into the water to pull out
a 7 ½ lb bass.

Jarrett Parker

UNTITLED

At a Halloween party, a heart went
as a soul, and a soul went as a
heart. The two meet, leave the party
to play Xbox, for a very slow
hour the two wouldn't talk, then
the heart asks "What do you truly
desire?" The soul says back, "Probably
the same as you?!" As they continue
playing the heart says to the soul,
"Maybe we should have asked the
brain."

Izec Thompson

LOVE BURNS AT TIMES

“Do you love me?” The long
time partner of the ulcer asked.

“In my final moments, that
is what you ask?” the ulcer
answers the tongue. Their love
fades, just as the ulcer does.

“Do you?” asks a defeated
tongue. “Of course.” The tongue
licks the ulcer, it burning one
last moment before finally fading
away forever.

Kadin Walker

THE EAR AND THE EAR

The two meant to be. Always separated
because of intelligence. “She is the
one that comes between us,” said one
to the other. “We must never meet,” said
the other through the tunnel that they
communicated through. But they longed
to meet one another. So one day their
creator, the man of Van Gogh, was finally
convinced to let them meet. But the price
they did not know until too late.

Ross Whitley

UNTITLED

Skip the introductions
Indigo your smile
Chartreuse your words
Get ready for the hailstorm
Eat the vermilion
Soar like a kite
Oh wait it's sour

Victoria Bourgeois

THE WHISTLE

The whistling was a sharp, silver grey.
It was a short thing, only a few feet
in height.
It smelled of raspberries on a summer's
eve, with a hint of fresh rain.
The shell was rough and ribbed, harsh
to touch but interesting to see.
The sound of the whistle left, still leaving
a ringing in our ears.

Abby Chapman

BISMARCK HIGH SCHOOL

BISMARCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 9 - 10, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Louise Keithley

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 77

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Elizabeth DeMeo

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL MONETTE, AR

BE WEIRD

I saw stars and they look like
a ball when I was playing with my
dog one night I was freezing of
cold goosebumps scare me when I
was feeling twinkles on my arm.

Junior Vasquez

MANGO

I imagine mangos as flamingos. I imagine
a mango as my sister's head. Mango tastes
like somebody being sweet to you. A mango
can be as sloppy as a sloppy joe.

Hector Ramos

BANANAS

A crescent moon
feels slimy
tastes sweet

Kennedy Rose

PORTRAIT OF MOTHER

1. One Mother not leave her kid.
2. One Mother not said her kid “me not like you!”
3. One Mother not said me not need you forever.
4. One Mother not dead her kid.
5. One Mother need help her kid.
6. One Mother need give education of her kid.
7. One Mother give to milk of her kid.
8. One Mother give to everything her kid need.

Mitsuka Lherisse

BANANA

Yellow so good it looks like it could
heal someone yellow so long it smells good
like the ocean

Ryleigh McCoy

UNTITLED

A man threw the clock and broke
it. The clock is sliding down a
cliff. The clock is sad. The clock is
lonely. The clock is dying. The clock is
dead.

Dakota Edge

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY MOM

Her eyes are made of
stars. Her stomach is a
piano. Her hair is made of
bamboo. Her blood veins are
running with hot sauce. Her
head is made with skin.

Cayden Davis

BEAR

I saw a bear and asked it
what it was doing?

The bear said it was eating a
daisy.

I said can I join you I'm lonely
today.

Kinsley Hamilton

WHAT'S STRANGE

It feels strange when the tree's
shadow is in the window at night.

Sypher Sherrod

THINGS THAT MAKE YOUR HEART BEAT FASTER

I hear a loud beating on
the door.

I taste a sweetness
in a prune.

My sight is running out.

I feel a thousand white seagulls
white wings flapping in
the air.

I smell apples in the
air but they're not there.

I think my mom is
gone.

Where am I my room.

I'm in my bed having a
dream.

Are you?

Cason Kifer

BOREDOM

Boredom smells like the dull hot breeze from
an ear's air vent boredom tastes like the tasteless
taste of celery on a warm summer boredom sounds
like a mocking bird mocking you boredom feels like
cold stone in the winter boredom looks like a
dead tree in the neighbor's yard.

Vylan Walls

TORNADO

A tornado like a charging ball tearing down
houses and anything in its path. Pulling up trees
then spitting them out.

The tornado sounds like a train pulling
into the station. You never know when he
strikes.

Jansen Hawkins

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**MONETTE, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** October 18 - 19, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Kima Stewart**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 120**VISITING WRITERS:** Victoria Hudson, Samantha Kirby,
Zachary Schwab, Anna Vilner

CARL STUART MIDDLE SCHOOL CONWAY, AR

THE PENGUIN

1. I saw a dancing penguin at the zoo in
Little Rock.
2. Then it started swimming in the
icy blue water.
3. Why would a penguin dance and
swim?
4. Penguins are really waddling turtles
in disguise.
5. Penguins like to dance to show
off their feathers.
6. But why is the penguin dancing
off a clock?

Marley Crawford

PHOTOGRAPH OF ME & AUNT

Me & my aunt at the country club swimming
She is giving me a piggyback
Ride
Six years old with temporary tattoo
Wet as the Sea
As tall as Shaq
Smells like hot dogs & pizza

Jamari Poindexter

MY ART

I lost father's golden watch
and my mother's black eyeball
also my brother's rotten skittles.

I lost the sticky green
 coach pillow
I lost my brother's ear waxed
 bed
I lost my father's black
 bunny foot
 shirt

Arianna Hagar

UNTITLED

I was walking down the street
when something hit me I turned
around and saw a bear. I was shooting the
green basketball into the yellow
hoop. Why does it snow outside?
I was playing tennis on Saturn's rings
and I fell off. It snows outside because
of fake snow and snowflake cookies.
The bear wanted to explode the
clock and blew up all of the clocks.

Alexis Cox

HEADLINE POEM

1 cent car for sale?!!
1 cent car for sale. Beaming
like steam on a cold winter day.
As fast as water dripping down
from a water bottle. Tires as
thick as the earth. Undentable like
a bone. Who would sell this
car for 1 cent?

Lauren Hardin

UNTITLED

At first I was a clock ticking away.
But now I am a dog barking at
people. This must be because my mom
said I could be anything.

Brooklyn Burge

SUFFERING SUNFLOWER

My heart is a petal. It is
blowing in the wind. Someone is picking
me I scream but no one hears.

Paytan Coiner

UNREALISTIC THINGS

I was a walker. I would always
go walking on 2nd street, Thursday
I walked past Paula's Bakery, when
I saw an unrealistic thing. A spoon
and a fork. So obviously I walked in
to see where Paula got the costumes
from but when I walked in the
cupcake smelling building a deep
voice greeted me: "Hello!" "Would you
like to sample bread?" I replied
with a shaky voice "Uh can I
talk to Paula?" "Paula isn't here?"
"DO YOU WANT BREAD?" the spoon
said aggressively.

Chryston Calvin

UNTITLED

Now I am a mosquito but,
5,000 years ago I was going to school in the ground.

Aubrey Swan

MY PERSONAL WEAPON

My hip bone is a sharp knife.
I have to wear a belt provided by
a doctor around my waist. It makes
my family uncomfortable and I am too
sometimes because no one wants to sit
and talk to me. I'm left out a lot,
think about it that's hard on a
kid.

Saniah Jefferson

THE LLAMA AND THE FLOWER

A llama named George was walking
and saw a flower, a beautiful
pink flower, George was hungry so
he nibbled off a petal and heard
a horrid scream, a scream like you
just saw your dad get killed. And then,
George knew he ate the head of a
flower named Harold.

Lily Daniel

MY ART

I lost my fishy and I lost my polar bear in
Kentucky. The smell of my polar bear was
as revolting as 2 year old dirty socks. I lost
my hat, it was whiter than the piece of paper
I'm writing on. My hat says OHIO in
big bold letters. Last of all I surely lost my
cat, she was a white fur cat with brown spots, my
cat was a bowl of cookie dough.

Aiden Smithwick

WHY DECEMBER IS THE BLACK MONTH

I was sleeping, but awoke when
3 cats jumped onto my bed. In
my dream I ate at Chili's when the
sky was pitch black.

Where does the world go when I erase it?

At night I sneak out and go eat flies.

The word turns into nothing but air
and it's all around you.

And now it's peanut butter jelly
time. I love peanut butter and jelly.

Claire Marquez

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

First you spray.
Then if that doesn't work you
hit
after you do that you jump
on it then you flush a toilet

Next you say goodbye.
Then you throw a party at
your great aunt's house
who is out of town on
a rowboat.
Last you clean up all
the guts.

Lilli King

YOU ARE IN PARENT COUNTRY

They're everywhere
They tell you what to do and
try to poison you with vegetables
to escape from them you need a suitcase
and a window
jump out and run
but be home in time for dinner

Gracie Garrison

FACE POEM

Your eyes are like daggers
looking my way.
Your whiskers are like blades
of grass just poking out from
a long winter's rest.
Your eyes are icy blue but
you are warm and sweet
like hot chocolate on a winter's
morning. Your brown hair
looks mysterious in the night
but straggled and careless when
it's sunrise.

Anna Katchur

PHOTOGRAPH OF MY BROTHER AND I

The crystal clear glass.
The smiles that go from
ear to ear. The golden dirty
blond hair flows like ocean
waves. The earth eyes that shine
like the moons in it. The chubby
cheeks as soft as a baby's butt.

Camryn Jones

A CREATIVE FACE

Your face is flat and creative as
a crepe. Your nose is like an arrow
on a sign. Your face sounds like
a busy street. It is as smooth
as a street lamp pole. Your eyes are
filled with chocolate milk. Your mind
has ideas as bright as a stoplight turning
bright green. Your mouth is an upright
banana.

Alaina Cupp

THE SPIDER ON MY SPINE

Sitting, just sitting. Sitting
in the cool fall air. A breeze comes to
my face splashing on me like an icy
ocean wave. It feels as though
a spider is crawling up my spine. I shiver.
I feel my dog's wet nose in my
palm.

Blakeleigh Butler

PHOTOGRAPH OF

Me and my sister
I'm in a box, I'm
sitting in the box and
my sister is in the
box with me and we
are smiling together.
then we do a funny
pose and laugh hard.

Fabian Wells

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

First you get set like a rocket ship taking off for flight
then you jump up in the air like a bunny who has
seen a fox. After the ground has let go of your feet
you grab your knees & spin. Hopefully the ground can
catch your feet or else everyone will stare as
you fall on your knees.

Lexi Hammons

CARL STUART MIDDLE SCHOOL

CONWAY, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 13 - 14, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Kathy Powers

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 400

VISITING WRITERS: Collin Callahan, Patrick Font,
Zachary Harrod, Zachary Hester, Joshua Idaszak,
Sacha Idell, Joshua Luckenbach, Steven Rybnicek

COOPER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BELLA VISTA, AR

THE SHOE SPEAKS FOR AN HOUR

For an hour I kept on squishing.
For an hour I lit up like the night sky.
For an hour I felt the hard concrete ground.

Rhett Noding

THE BAD TOOTH

The yummy fresh fruit looks so good.
As I bite the sweet apple I feel my
tooth pop out. I yelled, Hey come back,
I can save you. I hear you, you're rotten.

Addison Mohrhauser

WEIRD

All the chickens in Africa are
pink. My mom is boiling chicken
in the kitchen. My friends kiss
trees. My cat has slimy pink fur.
What is it like to be chased by
dogs?

Isabelle Thompson

MY MYSTERIOUS HOUSE

I once saw a red cardinal
in the sunlight of Russia
but then I heard my mother,
she was shouting my name from the kitchen.
I went into my house and my mom was a monster.
I saw slimy goop in the kitchen sink.
What do you think goes on in my house?

Jessica Stockley

MONKEY

I love watching those furry friends
swing vine to vine through the
Brazilian Amazon rainforest. While
far away a little toddler makes
loud noises with pots and pans in the
kitchen. My friend is that furry
friend, he tosses me a banana.
One day he did a gooey
thing, spit me with some
mucus. Now, what would
you do if a monkey
spit mucus on you?

Chase White

JAKARTA

Streets filled with cars making
oceans of color. People cutting open
durian letting its putrid, almost rotting
smell in the air. Kids walking
along the street to the candy shop
to buy the chocolate rupi.

Samantha Aten

A DEFINITION OF A DOG

Loud as a tractor on the field. Soft
as my favorite pillow. Sweet as a
candy cane, eyes like a sea, howl
like a wolf, and snore like a
thunderstorm.

McKenzie Lawvey

WEIRD RABBIT

I am not a normal rabbit.
I hate carrots and I love brussels
sprouts. I walk on my front paws.
I don't live underground, I live in a
tree. I only drink Pepsi instead
of water. Are you this weird?

Caden Todd

THE WORLD SPEAKS

I am the world. All I
hear or see is people.
I see babies being born.
Children growing. I wake
to see the sun smiling
at me. I see stars and
galaxies. I see you come and
go. I feel your life. I am Earth.

Kamryn Zeiset

THE ICKY BAKERY

The black gravel
cake smelled bad, crickets with
slime, crumpled paper
from my math work,
rotten wood,
salty ice, crunchy
soccer balls with hearts.

Asher Heiner

DEFINITION OF SAND

—Sand is smooth and slides in between
your fingers.

—When sand is wet you can hear
the soothing sound of the crunching.

—Sand blows through the air
like rain falling from the air.

Mya

UNTITLED

I'm not a normal dragon
fruit. Just yesterday someone
took me off the shelf and
I flew away as flames
of fire started firing
up out of my mouth.

Hunter Moore

COOPER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

BELLA VISTA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 20 - 21, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Christina Hallwachs

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 90

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Joy Clark,

Jacob Collum, Zachary Schwab

DON TYSON SCHOOL OF INNOVATION SPRINGDALE, AR

ANGRY MAD

Mad is my sister when I take her
cookies and ice cream. Whereas
angry is my dad when the car is
going 10 on a 35.

Lillian

THE GROUND IS MORE SILENT THAN EVER

Black and white. Oh how it reminds me
of the old times. Birds are hiding to the east,
plants are being harvested. But old times don't matter,
because they're past. Birds are coming.

Luzelena Morales

BIRDS

The birds fly past the sun as
the time ticks away
They need to get there by nightfall so
The birds fade away
till they look like tiny specks in the
evening sky
The birds work vigorously every day
to get to their final destination
But the thing about the birds is
they don't get to their destination
they just keep on flying

Caleb Fanan

DON TYSON SCHOOL OF INNOVATION

SPRINGDALE, AR*

DATE OF VISIT: February 26, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Anne Martfeld

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 20

VISITING WRITERS: Andrew Butler, Joshua Idaszak

*Don Tyson students visited the University of Arkansas
for this trip

EMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL EMERSON, AR

I HAD A JEEP

I had a Jeep
who ate a stop
sign I had a
Jeep that cooks blue
bacon on its
hood I had a
Jeep that knits
all day long I
had a Jeep that
sings soprano I
had a Jeep.

Oree Johnson III

THE EYES

The head has twins and
their name is eyes they play
eye spy they eat light they
say we can see they have
friends named blood they swim
on blood. Blood eats veins
he likes to work out it makes
eyes live.

Dawson Dooly

BUNNY

My first thought was very tiny, lonely,
scared and mean, its beautiful bold eyes were
as brown as chocolate milk, the tiny feet
were like little buttons, the white fuzzy tail
was as cute as a baby duckling the moment of
happiness and love came to her eyes as I
looked away she was gone my only friend
in the mind of a 6-year-old.

Bree'Ohna Sublett

THE RAINBOW CITY

The light is different colors like my classmate's
necklace. It looks like whenever you open your
crayon box. The smell of cotton candy flights in
the air blueberry bubblegum grape and more. When
you first enter through the rainbow doors you see
unicorns with rainbow wings the glass of the house
makes a reflection of the sky so many colors
such little time. If you stay too long you'll go blind.

Deziray Vaughan

SPHINX: MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS RUN

Night sky starry like polka dots glistening
A man there so surprised me with the ring of a bell
Only a face was shown, for the body was covered
with the exterior of my house
My face crunched like a piece of paper

Niya Franklin

HAWK TO PLANE

As fast as a hawk
the plane flies, while
it goes up so does
the hawk, the plane
feels nothing while
the hawk feels the
wind against its wings,
as they land you can
hear the screech of
the wheels from the
plane and the sound of
the hawk as it lands,
when it comes again they
will reach for the sky.

Breawna Pennington

ODE TO THE LETTER "Y"

You are so underappreciated you
Give the yelling its yell
Your stem dips down from your core
Your arms give praise to those who
use your glorious sound
You start as a sloping tail
But it turns into a beautiful
stretched out tree.

Addie Mayfield

IF THE TV WAS CUBA

If your TV was Cuba
you would see officers
flash before your eyes
and hear people eating
you would think a stampede
of bulls were coming
at you instead of
people looking at the stars
people would be looking
at your ceiling

Gage Keels

THE ELEPHANT ON WHEELS

The big gray
elephant is
almost as big as
the car that passes
the zoo.
Almost the same
color but
the car more
green. The sound
of the elephant
sounds like the car
horn.

Alexis Burns

MY YARD

I see a blue violet. When
I'm sad I feel blue. A
marker smells blue. I touch blue
rain. I taste blue water. I hear
a blue grasshopper chirping in
my yard.

Garrett Stephenson

THE CITY OF ICE

The city of ice
where it is never
warm. People like
a glacier
moving through
cold water. Food
like salt, only
sour and salty
No sweetness
no flavor. A town
like any other
but covered in
ice. No color no
light. Just ice
And then
there is
no more
city of ice
but in its
place a
green earth
full of light
and people.

Kylie Jones

OCEAN

If my bed was the ocean
how would I sleep tons
of slimy and noisy fish
My pillow would be seaweed
my mattress would be sand.
I would worry about the
huge killer shark at night.
My bed would be deep I would
swim in my sleep so Mom
My mouth would be sandy.
My clothes would be wet and
cold. I need
a different
bed Mom! Please.

Breanna McWilliams

EMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**EMERSON, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** March 28 - 29, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Jennifer Kyle**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 110**VISITING WRITERS:** Joy Clark, Sara Ramey,

Jenee Skinner, Rachel Thomas

ESTEM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK, AR

THE DEER

As the dull animal
slashes through the water
leaving soon to be fossils
as it trots, the
only thing running
through its mind, food.
It's hungry, very hungry.
It found its prey,
caught it and ate
after that, the soundless
animal trotted
away peacefully, through
the forest

Sloan

BEAUTY

Something/
Somebody
who eats
plane parts,
words, backpacks,
& cat ears.

La'Darrious Galburth

THE EYES OF A FISH

Through the eyes of
a fish, my life just flashed.

I see a big sea and I want to
explore.

I can't break out and
escape the coral cage

I saw a shark and I was
scared!

He tried to to eat me!
But he missed.

It is hard being
a fish.

I am lucky to be alive.

Kyan

ODE TO MY CUPCAKE

Cupcakes can be so sweet, but
why, why are they so darn sweet?

Vidhi Malhan

ODE TO MY SHIRT

My shirt is red
I wear my red shirt on Sunday
I love it so much I love it I love it
I love it the most when it is
finished drying I hang it up in
my room it smells like vacation on
a sunny day I love my red shirt
it sleeps in my room every day
it dreams of getting worn every
Sunday I love my red shirt
both night and day.

Tymon Davis

RUB SOME ON IT

- 911 What is your emergency?
- I nailed my hand to a birdhouse accidentally.
- Rub some bacon on it
- Really — that's all there is to it?
- Yeah — just rub some bacon on it.
- What if I drop my phone?
- Rub some bacon on it.
- Or my cat explodes?
- Rub-some-bacon on it.
- There's a bully on the street.
- Rub some bacon on it.
- Or there's an awkward silence.
-

Jack

ODE TO MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Thanks Dr. Martin

thank you Dr. Martin for breaking the shame
on to fame Dr. Martin

thank you for breaking the curse that
holds everyone in its path Dr. Martin

thank you for having the dream that
was the one to stop the shame and
turned into fame Dr. Martin

thank you for being the one the
only one to stand up to the beast
Dr. Martin

Ashton S.

MY SISTER DISCUSSES

My sister discusses politics.
She discusses why we were born.
She repeats Martin Luther King's speech to people
until it means something to them,
she says the same thing until people
care for what she is saying,
she makes people understand things better
than they thought they ever could in their lives,
my sister makes dreams become reality.

Neah

POEMS

1. The wolf howl the forest.
2. The wolf scary the people.
3. The wolf can go to store.
4. The wolf buy stuffed animals.
5. The wolf because colorful.
6. The wolf grab his toys.
7. The wolf he is going to get his brother.
8. The wolf it going to see her grandma.
9. The wolf going to his school it see.
10. The wolf get his paper class.

Zoe Pritchett

BEAUTY

When chickens
scream through
the night
and you don't
get any sleep
and you wake up
on the wrong side
of the bed and
get really mad
at the chickens
and lock them in the
pen

Liza Scroggin

BIG EGG

Big egg you're smooth
just like a marble but
you're hard and heavy
like a rock but
what's in you, big
egg
I waited and waited
thinking
crack, crack the
egg opened
brown fur
really scruffy
fluffy tail
nut loving
dog's favorite chew toy
squirrel

Sawyer Simmons

ESTEM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**LITTLE ROCK, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** April 2 - 3, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Rhonda Jack**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 450**VISITING WRITERS:** Andrew Butler, Patrick Font, Joshua
Luckenbach, Jacob Yordy

FRANK MITCHELL INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL VILONIA, AR

SISTER NARCISSISM

Brush, Brush
Poof, Poof
My sister
the
Narcissist
every time
I
try to talk to her she slams the door
Don't touch
Me!
She loves to say that
Meet my sister the
Narcissist
It will be only
chance
to see her
without looking
at a photo, or the
Mirror.
She loves the Mirror
Narcissism.

Lacy Garrett

DIAMONDS ARE . . .

What are diamonds made of?
Diamonds like tacos,
that have to be red
They eat 23 per day,
in New York, New York
They eat them with snow leopards
Diamonds are made of buttermilk,
with a hint of hot sauce
and the finest bread.

Kohen Sprague

I AM A VIRUS

I attack from the
inside.
I am always on
the offensive,
always multiplying,
always there.
I make you cough and
sneeze. I bust inside and
take your health.
I am disease — I am
the burglar that breaks
into your home and steals
your most prized possessions —
I take your peace and sleep —
I take your lives.

Ethen Dixon

ROBBING

This is the wrong life.
Robbing banks, why do I do this?
Life is on the line.

Hunter Shaw

SILVER

The moon reflecting off the lake,
the fish's scales deep in the
ocean, the women's aged hair flowing
like silk. All the second place
trophies, the silkworm's cocoon. The
tin foil in the rain, inside out
candy wrapper in the wind. Water
dripping off the roof of a cave.

Levi Lane

THE ELBOWING SINGER

There was a singer who was not
famous at all. The reason why was because
no one came to her concerts because
she elbowed people when she sings.
She just moves around too much!

Lula Stephens

EKPHRASTIC

The train is leaving
Gare Saint-Lazare carrying
thousands of pounds of coal
and wood along with men
and women who are travelling
to somewhere warmer and
they just got back from
eating a huge feast at
the huge house on the hill
everyone is trying to leave
before the war starts.

Dylan Starr

THE FOOT

How many toes does Charlie Brown have?
He chews on them often —
turning them purple,
gnawed off 47
one night in Brazil.
Then came a monkey,
it counted 17 toes.
But then again, who trusts a climbing creature?

Henry Ross

A PIECE OF CARDBOARD

The day my brother left for
the Navy, I cried and drew
on a piece of cardboard with a
green marker. I drew images
of broken hearts and crying
people. I threw away that
cardboard.

Caitlin Miller

TREES

What are trees made of?
Maybe they're made of metal
With a shiny silver look
And only 20 leaves
Maybe this is only when
they grow in Bulgaria
Where the snakes nest
in their limbs and lay
their eggs and now
I've found out that
they're really made of wood

Lance McNew

THE EATING COSMETOLOGIST

Lazy, not doing her job
getting chip pieces stuck
in wet nail polish, putting
fruit punch on instead of lipstick,
and getting every sort of food in
the people's hair, unlucky her,
no one came to her shop
again and she could not
earn any more money.

Regan Andrews

MOLASSES

I'm in molasses today
molasses is what I'm in all the
time. I'm always in a bad
situation.

Griffin McCrory

FRANK MITCHELL INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL**VILONIA, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 16 - 17, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Karen Millsap**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 67**VISITING WRITERS:** Hannah Allen, Suzanne Monroe,
Benjamin Whisman, Jacob Yordy

GENTRY MIDDLE SCHOOL GENTRY, AR

TREES

You're too tall. It's not okay. I hate how you tower
over people. It's not very funny. You scare me when
people drive. I never know if you're going to fall over.
But you have your perks. You give shade and good
places to hide.

Kelsey Barber

DANCE

You taste like soda going down my throat
Bubbly, fizzy, splashing around.
You taste like cotton candy when it's in
my mouth.
Just melt in with the saliva moving around.
You just move around, not knowing where
to go.
Unless I lead you.

Nathalie O.

HOW DARE YOU

Wolf, oh wolf, How dare you
How dare you be so vicious
How dare you end the life of young
How dare you sniff out fear
How dare you tear beings apart
How dare you herd your prey to its
utter destruction
How dare you orphan infants, young and sweet
How dare you!
But thank you for your howls, like lullabies in
the night
Thank you for your beauty
Thank you for being quick with your kill
Thank you for killing only what you must,
and not killing for fun

Hailey Clark

GENTRY MIDDLE SCHOOL

GENTRY, AR*

DATES OF VISIT: November 1, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Austin Millsap

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 11

VISITING WRITERS: Samantha Kirby, Madeline Vardell

*Gentry students visited the University of Arkansas for
this trip

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

GREENBRIER, AR

THE BACKYARD GRIFFIN

I thought it was a bird,
Then a small lion cub.
But, it turns out it was both,
It's true it was a lion-bird.

I asked him his name but he just hid,
So I got 50 papers, wrote names on them.
It flew straight to the name Griffin,
And that's what it is now.

He likes shiny things and jewels.
He's the only one of his kind.
He's fuzzy, yellow, and flies.
I think it's an omnivore.

I saw a portal that led somewhere,
I'd never seen anything like it.
There were more Griffins,
And they're from Griffin-ville.

The Griffin left my home,
He went back to Griffin-ville.
Which caused the big portal to break,
So I'll never see him again.

Dylan Hayes

MY PANTHER FAMILY

Teeth like daggers,
fur of silk,
my mother is a panther.
She sits alone on her bed,
while my father runs away far.
My brother, still a cub,
tears apart the pitch black sky,
the stars very bright.
Panthers ruin the rest,
for my beady eyes stare,
one blue,
one green,
for my one coat,
I roar at the stars.

Bailey Allen

MY POLAR BEAR FAMILY

which stays in the cold. It freezes
them to death, but somehow they
like the cold. They have blubber,
just so you know they're fat.
They feel the breeze in the
cold Antarctica. When you touch
them they go to the kitchen,
get some fish, and swim to
the TV.

Braxton Jerry

MY PURPLE EGG

My magical egg is
brown, smells like expired
milk. When you touch
the egg it laughs.
Its magical power
helps you not to be lonely
and has a built-in telephone.
It came from a robot chicken
that was made to guide people
through the forest. And if they
were hurt they could call on
it. When it likes you a little
bird comes out and can
save your life. You push
different buttons and voila
you have what you want.

Maggie Ussery

MY HORSE FAMILY

As my mom shifts and twists,
and my dad grins with plead,
I chase after my younger sister.
As I gallop through the prairies,
the wind running wildly through
my mane, my sister jumps and
bucks with glee. I stop and stand
on the edge, overlooking more
plains to cover. I see water then,
and I neigh with excitement as
my mother and father come
cantering to where I was until I
bolted like lightning to the
water. My sister, who was now eating
grass, stopped and looked my
direction. When she saw me bolting
toward something, she realized that
there was some water and bolted
for it too. When I reached it, my
sister, mother, and father finally
reached the water and me. I start
to drink the nice, cold, refreshing
water and stop to see a reflection.
I was glad for who I am, because
when I looked at my reflection in
the water, I knew that I was
born wild and free. I knew I
was a one-of-a-kind horse.

Ashlynn Ferguson

THE BACKYARD BIGFOOT

The Backyard Bigfoot tried
to hang out with the chickens and
dogs, but all they did was run away.
“Something is missing,” he said in deep
despair, “If I only had someone that
won’t run away when I try to pet
them. If I weren’t clumsy when
I step,” he complained. Every day
a flock of geese attack him with
a good hard peck. All he wants is
a friend. A black 10,000,000,000 foot
creature did nothing to us. Maybe
just one thing. Try to be a friend.

Joshua Strickland

GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

GREENBRIER, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 16 - 17, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Tally Harp

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 90

VISITING WRITERS: Gwendolyn Mauroner, Jenee Skinner

GREEN FOREST MIDDLE SCHOOL GREEN FOREST, AR

MONARCH

The land of Mexico is red
Why be a wolf
The monarch butterfly flies across the land
I can run faster than the fastest train
Independence
They dropped faster than a piano

Devon

UNTITLED

You keep everything alive and going
I protect you from everything
I can break but if you break, someone could die
I'm the ribcage, you're the heart

Liz Taylor

HIM

His dark green eyes are darker than the Mexican flag
What did I do to deserve you?
His personality is like a fly, going places
He is one of the sweetest boys ever
May be my charm helped you
Or was it the sound of the piano

Alisha Marie Cash

GREEN FOREST MIDDLE SCHOOL

GREEN FOREST, AR*

DATES OF VISIT: November 9, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Tim Booth

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 18

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Zachary Harrod

*Green Forest students visited the University of Arkansas
for this trip

GUY FENTER EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE BRANCH, AR

MY HOMETOWN IN 2045

Lamar, Arkansas in 2045 is
absolutely crazy.
Everything around it is white
and shiny.
My town has stayed exactly
the same.
Sweet Treats is still on the street.
The Lamar Schools sign is
still by the red brick building.
The roads are still black with
yellow stripes.
Nothing is different.
Nothing is different because
of the bubble around my town.
Outside, time passes.
Inside, it doesn't.
Inside, it is still 2017.
I don't know why.

Emma Pearson

SPEAKING TO MY FEAR

Hello there clown. I see you
at carnivals, rodeo shows, and in movies.
You always seem suspicious or scary.
I see you in my nightmares. But sometimes
I wonder why. So I have come here to
say that I will no longer tarnish your
reputation by saying how scared I am
of you. Instead I will speak of the
nice times that you have given me
balloon animals.

Tori Napier

THINGS THAT I LIKE TO EAT

I like to eat peanuts
the sound of the crack when you open it up
salty goodness you can taste in your mouth
I love watermelon so big and green
the juicy red goodness I devour in my mouth
seeds you eat I hope it doesn't grow inside of me

Wyatt Hester

I HATE TARANTULAS

Tarantula, seriously! What's wrong
with you! Why are you so hairy
and scary. Could you at least shave
once in a while? And why are you
so big? You're big enough to eat
a bird! And I hate you because
you're so disgusting and creepy.
You even invade my house!
I really, really wish that you
were gone!

Andrew Rodriguez

UNTITLED LIST

1. What do you do when I scream stop?
2. A hot pink ladybug.
3. I have ninety-two and a half dozen dogs.
4. Russia is very important.
5. Stop, close my eyes, and say "What
is happening out here?"
6. Benjamin Franklin once played a piano.

Brooklyn Sisk

THE OCEAN

Ocean, you are mysterious
You make innocent pedestrians
suffer.
You have no self-control over your
actions.
You house angry creatures that kill
in an instant.
You have a beautiful deep blue color
that I can't resist.
I love you ocean, you are one
I will never understand.

Jayden Archuleta

I AM A CROSS BETWEEN

Little things with big things, black
to white.
Things that scurry at night, things that
play in the day. Things that can fly,
things that walk. Little harmless bugs, big
cats with sharp fangs. Rain that's wet,
sun that's dry. All seem weird, but
are true.

Kalynn Downs

THE MYSTERIOUS PLATE FROM GREENWOOD, AR

The plate, oh yes, that plate was quite
interesting indeed,
with a power that shocked everyone,
it could conjure up any food you thought
about,
whether it be an appetizer, an entrée, or
a dessert.
Any food you thought about would
appear on that plate when you held it.
I got the plate from my mother who got it
from her grandmother, this plate has an
interesting backstory that no one well
knows, that's one problem because this
plate could be a cube. If you used
it too much it would stop working and
never work for you again, that's what
happened to my great-grandmother.

Jaiden Cumatha

MY HOMETOWN IN 2045

the old tree that we run the mile around
it's still there almost everything
the baseball field floating high in the sky
no more seats or tiers
but those seats and chairs will be made of skittles
the whole school gone
now we just get shots that make us smarter
stay at home all day
hey that changed
our pond is ice that you can skate on
it has an elevator because it's 10 stories
also green for some reason

Wyatt Hackett

THE MYSTERIOUS CHICKEN MAN IN MULBERRY (TRUE STORY)

One day I was walking around and
there was this man dressed as a
chicken. He had a dog that was
dressed as a cat. His feathers white,
his beak yellow. The dog's whiskers
looked as fake as a really bad
pranker trying to prank you. So I
had thought that he had lost
a bet, but when I asked why he was
wearing a costume, he answered with a deep,
deep voice, as deep as a demon and
said, "It was a dare."

Maddy Steele

MAKE ME

Make me a wolf.

A lizard.

A ragdoll cat.

A Siberian husky.

Make me a bottle of water.

A piece of paper.

A peppermint.

A piece of Double Bubble bubble gum.

Make me a comfy swivel chair.

A pillow.

A sound of water dripping in a cave.

A fluffy stuffed animal toy.

Make me an old off-key piano.

The heat rising off of an open flame.

A slate desk.

An old tree in the woods.

Make me.

Bella Weber

BIG LIPS

I can't whistle, my lips are as big as a hippo!
When I smile birds lay eggs in my
teeth. If I tried to kiss someone their head
would end up halfway down my throat.
To use lipstick I need at least 100 sticks
each time I wear it. My lips are
so big they cover my eyes.
Whenever my lips crack it looks
like an avalanche is coming.
Last time I went to the beach people
complained about there being no water...
It possibly was because my lips sucked
it all up.
Oops...

Amelia Post

GUY FENTER EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE

BRANCH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 3, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Amber Cobb

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 59

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, Steven Rybnicek,
Rachel Thomas, Madeline Vardell

HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

OUTER SPACE IS TOO TIGHT

I was in a tight suit my heart
was butterflies hatching and my breath
was so tight I could barely breathe
and I was floating and could
see so many things I was in
outer space. The moon was as
big as my best friend's head.
There were walls around me and
I couldn't do it anymore I took
off my suit and dived down

Eliza Newman

ME AND ONLY ME

My ear is a stinging
bee, my hand is the twitching
grass, my eye feels like the
earth, my nose is like a walking
bug, and my stomach is growling
like a bear.

Vivica Davis

LAGEDONSO

He is as green as
summer grass, he mows lawns
for a living, his favorite
food is ugly green grass, he
lives in the basement of his mom's
house, he loves animals but they don't like him
he is as small as a square
and has a stick for a
toothbrush and a blue tooth.

Chaz Hill

BIRD SMELLING

A lot of people bird watch,
but I bird smell, it's just like
acting like a cat hunting birds,
so I put on my kitty costume
and start catching, then all
I do is smell the worst
smell ever, then I get my
bird and use him as an
air freshener.

Bella Streett

THE WEIRD EYEBALL

My eyeball is a round moon. I felt
like my eye was about to pop out. It
was weird because it smelt like a
hamburger. It was starting to swell.

Sara Pomeroy

**LEFT FOOT
RIGHT FOOT**

One day the right foot said
“I’m good at kicking and
you’re not.” Then the left foot
got mad, got a stinky
sock and put it on the
right foot.

Nathan Sanchez

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

1. Do a backflip
2. Practice jumping off stuff
3. Have fun
4. Don’t get caught

Carter Williams

THE BROKEN HAND

The face has glory.
It has lots of details.
The hand was in love.
He kissed her every time he got a chance.
Soon the face fell in love with the
ear. So the hand got broken from above
and the face and ear got married at
the ball game.

Presley Drake

UNTITLED

There was a knight with only one leg
that liked to talk to the knight's eye
and he would say I'm in the mood
for pizza do you want some and
the eye would say no thank you, oh
come on said the leg, just one bite, no!
never.

Spencer Holmes

UNTITLED

What do you look like?
What do you sound like?
How do you move?
Everyone knows I French dance
But nobody knows I scream every 10 seconds

Cheyenne Santos

TIGER

I am a tiger loud and proud I
May not be the king of the jungle
But as long as I get food I am
The happiest tiger out there
So what I am big and skilled
But you have to remember I am
Orange and black have
Fun when it lasts

Molly Merritt

EMBARASSING BIRTHDAY

I started to
express my excitement
at 2:00 AM.

Maria Ordonez

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

1. buy some meat
2. smush with spoon/hands
3. roll meat into balls
4. put meat in the pan on the stove
5. take meat out of pan
6. put meat on plate
7. eat the meat

Treyton Whittle

5 WAYS OF LOOKING AT MY BROTHER

1. If you can't find him at
the toy chest, then who's watching TV?
2. He is not inside when it's raining,
because he is playing in the mud
3. When I am in a time-out,
Who can I count on?
4. Who makes me stay up
an hour in bed?
5. Who leaves his dobok in
the bathroom?

Asana Betnar

WE CAN'T TOUCH

One day the right shoulder spoke to the
left shoulder, right said hey left shoulder why
can't we touch, left said to right well I don't
know, said left and here's the thing
you never talk to me anymore
you're always talking to head, well
I am sorry said right let's hug it
out, but left said we can't touch
oh no well we can still be friends

Myah Haney

REFLECTION

Why do I have an other me?
There must be a thousand out there.
I am staring into myself:
It's silver and blue how odd!
I look like a zebra with blue stripes.
The mountains turn into the other me.
Oh that's what it's called a reflection

Lily Baltz

HAVE YOU SEEN A BABY BIRD?

Have you seen a baby bird
1, 2, 3, all chirp at me
Have you seen them fly on me
Blue and red with stripes
have you seen them fly at night
they fly to the pink place
I know I have

Kate McCord

5 WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACK FORK

1. The black shadow of
the fork scares the food.
2. As the sharp spikes
of the fork go through
the food, the fork gets dirty.
3. The black fork glints
in the morning sun.
4. The black fork is
dark as coal and black
as the night.
5. The black fork is as
cold as ice and hard
as a rock.

Kru Core

YOU'RE IN CLOWN FISH COUNTRY

have you heard
of a catfish?
well there's a spot
in the middle of
the world where
fish called clown
fish swim in
lava and no one
dares to go down
there.

Ruby Comer

THE TRUTH ABOUT ARKANSAS

The truth about Arkansas is that there is no end of it.
It goes on forever and ever and never stops. There
are underground tunnels and no clouds in the sky.
The people that live there walk on the ceiling.
The birds don't fly and there's not a puddle of
water. Nothing is purple or yellow or pink. Everything
is alive and nothing isn't. I would know, because
I live there.

Lauren Lowry

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

1. cake batter
2. flower
3. sugar
4. frosting
5. cake pan

Aly Scheerschmidt

YOU ARE IN UNICORN COUNTRY

Watch out!! If you are
in unicorn country you are
in deep glitter. Unicorn country
is where you need to watch out
everywhere you go or you could
end up having star sparkle hair,
for the rest of your life!!!
Unicorn country is where
the houses are made of rain—
bows and if you go in a house
you never come out!! Never
go to unicorn country!

Lili Ann Stillings

SCARY THINGS

one night I was walking through the forest
I was hearing strange noises my heart was
racing I was scared to death because I
was all alone by myself I heard a really
loud noise behind me it sounded like
a gunshot I looked behind me nothing
was there I turned around again and started
to walk.

Austin Whitehead

ODE TO FOOTBALL GLOVES

Football gloves you smell like candy.
You feel so sticky like glue. You're
so black like blackberries. You taste
like blackberry cobbler, too. I hear
you sing your beautiful song when you
catch the ball.

Calvin Jackson

HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 19 - 20, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Crissa Mitchell

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 212

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Collin Callahan,
Elizabeth DeMeo, Sacha Idell, J.T. Mahany, David Priest,
Sara Ramey, Madeline Vardell

JACKSONVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL JACKSONVILLE, AR

MANY FACTORS CHANGED

life people moving onto
lands killing the
reservation Change
came from
Americans
in 1887 the Dawes
hoped to change
what people saw as weaknesses in
American cultures lack
nomadic habits. The
Dawes called for breaking up
and ending Americans' identification
with their groups.

Raymond Cushman

EARLIEST MEMORY

I'm a leaf.
I felt like I was going into
the wild.
As they released me from
my tree that I was connected to
and loved.
I felt that nature wasn't
getting along with me.
I guess they thought I was good because creatures were
eating me up.
And it was never good enough to sleep.
So that leaf is surprised she is still
Living too.

Micah Filaini

UNTITLED

as summer longs to
come I see people
about to melt.

Bree Tate

WHEN I WAS IN KINDERGARTEN

I was running a race
I was in front and
I saw the finish line
But I tripped on a
tree root and hit
my stomach on the
corner of the square
concrete, I had to
stay in the hospital
for a day and a half
while I was there
they fed me popsicles
and chocolate pudding.

Eddie McDade

RAVEN LONELY

Dark, Dark is all I see
No glimpse of light
Masked Secretly
no one knows
my true knowings
hidden away
in the lonely dark.

Jeremiah Rodgers

SPRING WAITING

the air heats up
ice breaks out of trees
leaves decay back into the earth
wind goes crazy
thick with pollen
saturated with light
rain cascades
from sprouting leaves
dripping into the soil
feeding life
down in the valley
I can watch the sunrise
as night settles
behind black trees

Kalliope Lowe

STILL EYES

Her eyes, the dreadful look.
Keep walking as yet you see no pain.
Her crashed feeling over a little
“no.”
The ache of water rushing her lungs.
you said no and because of what?
Her still eyes? Quiet looks?
She hides the way she looks.
No was your answer
and God bless her eyes.
Them slow, still eyes from when
you said that word.
“No.”

Kamari Johnson

LEFT THE FOX

it left the pack it left a home it left a loving family,
it lost a place where all was loved it left alone wet
no plan to return and so it wrote this too

Chanecia Cullens

FALLING

In Jacksonville it's getting a
little chilly like the porridge of
baby bear — not too hot nor too cold
just right
leftovers from Thanksgiving
are in the fridge and people in the stores
are fighting for cheaper things it's like
a war and I'm still here looking at
a broken pumpkin.

Eddy Guevara

JACKSONVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL**JACKSONVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** February 21 - 22, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Deborah Lutz**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 100**VISITING WRITERS:** Patrick Font, Joshua Idaszak,
J.T. Mahany, Steven Rybnicek

KIPP DELTA COLLEGIATE HIGH SCHOOL HELENA, AR

DO YOU REMEMBER ME?

Hey do you remember taking care
as a baby?

I remember you smiling in my
face and saying what a beautiful
baby.

Do you remember telling me
I am not your child?

Yes it was you, my big sister,
and her mother.

Do you remember the day I
called?

You said you will be happy
to see me after all.

Do you remember your wife
telling you to not be around
me?

Well that was the last time
I heard from you.

Malhaylauhite

UNTITLED

Purple is
Royalty
which I
cannot have.

Yexalen Lopez

UNTITLED

If I was Jesus would I go to
the cross, if I was Jesus would
I come back sooner, if I was
Jesus would I forgive as much, If I was
Jesus, would I reveal myself
If I was Jesus would I
 cut my hair? If I was
Jesus would I accept some sinners
in the gate? Or would I be
more strict.

Diarrius Carter

THE AND POEM

One day you might look up into the sky
and
 a bird may be there
and
maybe it's orange
or
maybe it's blue
the next day it was
bigger
 and
the next day it was smaller
but
you had to think about your past
and
 come to find out you are color blind
and
one day you were blessed to see color
and
 you seen the color of the bird
it
was a pretty bird, nice
and
 blue, kind of looked like someone's pet
but
 of course one day it was gone
and
 that exact same day you could not see color
again
so
 you cried your eyes out
and
 was extremely hurt inside

Zahmodre Hawkins

UNTITLED

In the drive-through
at Sonic, all I could
think about is those
fresh, hot, and cheesy
mozzarella sticks that
I love to buy. I decided
I would get those instead
of the tater tots.

Ariana Jones

KIPP DELTA COLLEGIATE HIGH SCHOOL**HELENA, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 2 - 3, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Vivian Sisk**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 66**VISITING WRITERS:** Kirsty Bleyl, Suzanne Monroe

KIRKSEY MIDDLE SCHOOL ROGERS, AR

RUNNING PINKY

My pinky is another racing chicken
It jumps from side to side,
wishing it could be free from me,
writing so fast that it becomes a falcon,
wondering when it will ever reach its destination
Reaching its destination, slowly becomes an elephant

Naomi Flores

SPRING'S RAIN

Spring's rain is like my mother in the shower
It is like the calm before a wave of heat
Spring's rain is like a new litter of kittens
It is like the feeling of warmth after I get home
Spring's rain is like my grandma's food
It is like the cute old couple at the end of the street

Emilia Grace Aguayo

MY EAR

My ear is a tiny bat. It hides in the darkness
of my hair. It flits about at random. It flees
from the daylight. It hears everything but does
nothing. My ear feels the cold and embraces
it.

Kaylee Woodruff

KIRKSEY MIDDLE SCHOOL**ROGERS, AR*****DATES OF VISIT:** November 6, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sarah Easterling**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 10**VISITING WRITERS:** Andrew Butler, Collin Callahan

*Kirksey students visited the University of Arkansas for
this trip

LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL LAMAR, AR

PATCH THAT PEAR

My pinecone is in the shape of a triangle
I patched up my hair for Brutoe
Hey my pear is bruised give me another
one.
I am shivering warm.
I am in a dim get me out.
Dad get me some fireworks for December.

Addie Hardin

JAPAN

The sky in Japan is pink
But at night the fireflies
twinkle. It's beautiful when
I look out my kitchen window.
Do you know how pretty it
is? This is my hometown.
Soon, I will leave Japan by
train.

Allison Lewis

LOVE COUNTRY

The roses are red in the country
of love. I need a dictionary to
know what love is. I need to know
what it means. I went to the
kitchen there he is standing there
waiting for me. There is a ladybug
on my guitar trying to play a song.
I have a super power of love
control so when there is a
bank robbery that smells like popcorn
and cotton candy—it is called candy
popcorn—I will make them fall
in love with me. My name is
Love Girl. My heart hates my head
they talk a lot but they try to
control love and each other.

Madisen Klein

THE WEIRDEST HOUSE IN CHINA

China is black and red like dragons in the air.
A ghost-like violin in the basement.
My sister is the loudest snorer ever.
Why are there no more than 4 recesses
The spoons are playing spoons
We have no more than classes to go by.

Gage Goodman

BEE HAIR

I can shoot bees out of my
hair, and when you touch its stinger
it burns it and makes it black. They
smell like honey and sound like
squirt.

Noelle Carreno

LAMAR'S FIVE SENSES

Lamar school is mostly brick. This school
is quiet. The grass in Arkansas tastes
like salad. The world smells like pineapples.
I taste like chocolate and look like
my sister. The afternoon of birds.

Hadyn Rye

FARMER

Since I have had cows
Since I have helped with Turkey Houses
Since I am always the first in the tractor
Since I have put in the work to make it be
possible

Chaney Bean

A BRACELET

I would want to be a bracelet when I grow up.
I would start friendships,
I might cause choking hazards,
I am the cause of sleepovers,
But when there is a new bracelet,
I'm gone.

Mary Kerce

SPEAK LITTLE

Since I trust before I talk.
Since I don't really know the right thing to say.
Since I keep my opinions to myself.
Since I don't want anybody's feelings hurt on accident.
Since I don't know if you are sensitive or not.
Since I am almost always thinking about the book I am
reading, or what I am going to do later.
Since I have a lot on my mind.
Since I am a little shy.
Since I just don't really like talking.
I will always speak little.

Emma Pearson

BLACK

Black tastes bitter
like those raw lemons
you gently squeeze into
your mouth in the hot
summer, Black tastes like
a bitter, thrown-out
cardboard box that you
forgot in your attic all day.
Black tastes empty, like
the air in your room when
you're gone, playing with your
friends

Taryn Goains

SPIDER

Why do you bite?
Why do you scare
Mom?
Spider, are you listening?
You've—
chomp
My—
bite

Zeth Boyster

ROCK

Rock don't be so bland
Rock don't look so simple
Rock stand up and be yourself
Rock don't be lazy, get up, move
Rock, move so I don't trip and fall
be selfless for one second.

Audree Olson

SOFT

The blanket that
lays on the edge
of my bed. The
marshmallow on a
summer night, the
purr of my baby
kitten, the smell of
my coffee when I
awaken.

Bailey Marlow

THE BACKYARD MINION

All curious and red, brave and strong.
Eating nothing but nasty, dirty, blue-stained
socks. Thinking of the green overhead chickens.
Chickens can fly, don't you know. His arms smell
like donuts. His body big as a door. The only
obstacle in his way is time. The only monster
he cannot defeat. He tries to find patches of
leg hair that feel like thorns. Jabbing them
into clocks on the back deck. The crazy family
has tons of them. He wants to tear every
clock in the city off the walls. Time is the enemy.

Tylee Willis

MY HEART

You lost my heart.
I found ground beef as a new
one. I wish I had your heart.
My favorite place to be is
at my grandmother's. That heart
was passed down my family for
years. I gave it to you because
you're like family.

William Kendrick

ODE TO WEEDS

I love it when you kill my flowers and make my
yard a mess. We spray you away but in a week
you are back. I love the way you kill the grass.
The way you make me feel when I step on you is
like the way I would feel if I was stepping on
nails. I love how indestructible you are, and with-
out you in the world, everything would be beautiful.
So here's to you my ugly friend, weeds.

Leah Ballard

MY LIFE IN THE GROUND

I have a tree in my mouth.
Every time I speak the tree grows. I trim it
every day, yesterday I think I saw it blossom.
Everyone laughs at me but I don't care. I
actually named it, his name is Jack. Sometimes
Jack grows his roots on my teeth. I love
the smell of the outdoors in the morning.
I can sometimes grow nuts on it and
feel them grow.

Skylynn Brand

WHEN I GO TO DJ'S

I have a pineapple truck in my stomach
and it aches and quakes when I hear
the rain pitter patter I think that truck is
going to just drive right out.

Gabriel Lawrence

MOMMA IS NOT ALWAYS RIGHT

One day I was outside playing basketball
by myself.
Suddenly I heard a crash on top of the roof.
I got scared so I went inside and told
Mom.

She said it was my sister upstairs
so I sat on the couch and watched
TV. Then I saw a green figure standing
in my window giving sign language.
I went to my mom and she said it was
a tree dancing in the wind and after that
I locked myself in my room.

Ava Zato

GARBL

He has a head as
big as a trashcan.
He sells stuff he
finds in the trash.
For fun he goes
garbage diving.
He has a pet
milk carton.
All he likes is
garbage.

Eli Dixon

THINGS I DIDN'T GET TO WRITE ABOUT

The middle of the heart. How glasses
work. How we know that after millions
and millions of years we know the exact
time, day, and date. Who invented rulers.
How does physics work? Why does
hair grow? How many multiverses/universes
are there. Time travel. That your eyes pick
up strange patterns that mean nothing until
deciphered by the brain. Who was the
first to fall in love. How erasers work.
When will the sun supernova and explode.

Madelyn Coleman

BOREDNESS

a lonely black cat walking along the railing
so quiet you can only hear the cars driving
past or that one bird humming in the wind
it smells like my grandma's closet
it can leave but it can also come back

Skylar Karther

THINGS THAT HISS

Water on a hot pan flipped
steaks on a grill a slimy serpent
in the jungle a person getting
a flu shot beside a nurse
screaming next.

Trenton Qualls

DANCE

The pink silk on my pointe
shoes in the gray night.
A sound of the foghorn filled
the air. The color of coral
filled my eyes as I
entered on the bright stage

Hannah Guinnip

SCORLY

Scorly is a hunter.

Scorly looks like
the biggest star in the
sky.

She smells like a
rose on a rosebush.

She lives in a treehouse.

Scorly owns kittens.

Her hair is like a splash
of water.

She is scared of
spiders.

She plays with kittens
for fun.

Braden Wilcox

SPLERP

Splerp is as tall as a bookshelf he likes
trees he lives in a forest he smells
like dirt his hair is as rough as concrete he looks
like a caveman he eats bushes shaped like
the moon.

Isaac Harris

WINTER

The white grass is
everywhere. Jesus lives
another year longer spreading
love and cheer to people everywhere.
It smells like smoke.

Peyton Humphrey

THINGS THAT WHISTLE

Lips pulled so tight blowing
air, like a dart by your head
the wind blowing so loud but
keeps going, sirens on cop cars
like a lady singing. Touching
a hot oven with a wet finger.
See a blizzard blowing.

Jakob Perry

THE LAUGHING DOLPHINS

There were dolphins
laughing on my mom's
birthday cake. It was red
velvet it was outside and it
started to rain on the sky blue
velvet cake and the dol-
phins were still laughing.

Sophie Moore

ADOLESCENCE

At first I was a dancer, but then I was
a Doll.

Dixie Pigeon

LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL

LAMAR, AR

DATES OF VISIT: January 24 - 25, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Hignite

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 450

VISITING WRITERS: Cheyenne Autry, Anthony Blake,
Collin Callahan, Elizabeth DeMeo, Zachary Harrod,
Sacha Idell, Samantha Kirby, David Priest, Sara Ramey,
Zachary Schwab

LAVACA MIDDLE SCHOOL LAVACA, AR

UNTITLED

Your face my face your face is like
a downhill loop, my face is like a
dog that is homeless or a house with
no food or a pencil with no lead your
face is my face.

Austin Eiland

STAR FACT

Stars you see at night
those wonderful shining things in the
night they are just the light from
thousands of years ago. The stars
you could see could be gone by the time you
spot it. We don't realize that we are not
actually seeing the star. We are just
seeing the light that just made it to
earth. So if all the stars disappear then
you would not know until thousands
and thousands of years later.

Kaesha Mendez

UNTITLED

A
Light
in
the
Attic
is
very
strange
like
a
fairy
with
a dinosaur
tattoo
wearing
a leather
jacket
riding
a shiny black
motorcycle

Emily Hernandez

ODE TO JACKET

Like an ocean at night
Like a warm fire all over me
Like a tailored suit

Jonathan Green

ODE TO MY FINGERNAIL

You are being painted
with beautiful waterfall
colors.

You are long and short
like trees in the rain
forest.

You look like a clear plastic
sheet of foil.

You scratch people like chalk
on a chalkboard.

Selena Shelly

CRUSH

His eyes are so blue like the kool-aid I drink.

His words are like a melody from a violin.

His hair flows like a leaf in the wind.

When I see him it's like a mom seeing her newborn
baby for the first time.

I miss him more than a child misses
its pacifier.

Skylar Walchli

MY SUPER POWER

I can eat anything I want
and be skinny as a twig
I can eat thirty
meals a day and be healthy
as can be
If you ever hear me
say I'm going to eat
my whole kitchen I'm
not lying

Ava McCormick

MISSING A DEER

I missed a deer. It was like a woodpecker pecking
nonstop on a tree. It was like a broken foot. It was
like an untied shoe, it never leaves me.

Luke Watson

JUICE MAN

Juice comes out of
my hands, lemon, orange, apple,
grape, watermelon

Toby Williams

LOVE AND ITS MEANING TO ME

What does love mean to me?

It has a few different
meanings to me.

It might mean Level Of Violence
an abbreviation from a game.

It might mean lies, like with
my mind, my former friend.

Last but not least, it might
mean romance. Romance is what
most people think about when
they hear or feel “love.”
Romance isn’t a big part of
my life, I often just help my
love-stricken friends because I
have no idea how to help
myself.

Laura Helms

LAVACA MIDDLE SCHOOL

LAVACA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 6 - 7, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Karen Grady

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 150

VISITING WRITERS: Zachary Harrod, Zachary Hester,
Joshua Idaszak, Jacob Yordy

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL FARMINGTON, AR

NIGHT TIME

The night time,
do you hear that the
brown owls going Hoo Hoo
waiting listening then
whoosh. It caught its
first meal of the night

That made me think
when is dinner?
mom was making
sizzling steak with peas
when she was done
I bit into the juicy
steak, I got ready
for bed wondering,
what are the owls doing
tonight?

Oni McCoy

UNTITLED

I look through the long line of students

All are pushed together, no spots to
sit remain

Until, I glance to an empty area,
the only one left.

Just big enough to fit myself
in. I slide against the cold brick wall

The long hall is so busy with
excitement I can't bear it

As I wait for my bus to
arrive, a girl I see, right
beside me

Long, wavy, dark brown hair
rolls off her head, like a
waterfall

She sits cozy, wrapped in
her jacket

I stare, jealous. I'm
very squished

She is unaware I'm here

Bailey Hunter

ON SUMMER

The blazing rays shine down on you.
The liquid is cool and calming.
The light is longer than ever.
Kids are let free from jail.

It's the tick tock to go see people
you love. It's time to go in the
tremendous tub with no "pops."
Don't rush just don't move and
listen to the sweet relief.

No cold for not one not two but
three long relaxing months.
Oh there is hope that this
hot heaven will last.

Elise Pinkerton

UNTITLED

At first I was a mystical
pitch black dragon with dark
red eyes. And wings to
cover America. Now I am
a sticky sponge covered with
last night's dinner crumbs.

MaryJane Barley

FACE I LOVE

like a shriveled dead leaf.
like an old primitive hut.
like a sunburned Siamese cat.
like a forest burned to smithereens.

Jaden Batey

HIS FACE

your tan-ish, man-ish thing of a
face your prickly, itchy face, a face
I need a face I love a chubby
lovely thing of a face like a cool
afternoon with a warm breeze and
a lemonade stand and pizza place your
cheesy meany world of a face
you have a dazzling and complicated
way of your face mysterious
and misunderstood place of a face
a face I care for and love

Destiny McClure

LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

FARMINGTON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 4 - 5, 2018

FACULTY SPONSORS: Nicole Geopfert & Ginny Luther

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 60

VISITING WRITERS: Joshua Idaszak, David Priest

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK, AR

IN DEFENSE OF STICKY

When you hear the word sticky,
You likely think of many things.
Hands riddled with
“UGS”—unidentified goopy substance;
Or Porta Potty toilet seats sprinkled with brown and
yellow polka-dot Picasso paintings
to name a few...
Perhaps also about golden
Syrup that runs down
The heavenly pancake stack;
Of glue that small children use
To make parents fridge-worthy masterpieces;
Of pink lips of doomed lovers
As they share their final
Bitter-sweet kiss, thus
Sealing their fate.

Chauncey Williams-Wesley

JERKED

Jerked has to be played out sometimes
When a naïve person stands in the middle of a train
track
Here comes the black hard-nosed unstoppable train
Someone has to come in and jerk that person out of
sight.

Fishermen know this word to its roots
They have all had the one that got away
You might ask them how such an enormous fish
escaped
They will tell you about how they jerked the pole too
hard or not hard enough.

Sixth grade dances still exist
Boys in a messy tuxedo with their tie crooked
Girls walk around in shiny dresses astonishing the boys
Then one young man has the guts to go up to a girl
he says the first thing in his mind which is: ...
Do you wanna see me do the Jerk?

Keith Held

THINGS THAT ARE PUT FIRST

The girl that shot the last basket at
the home game. The one who got
to the lunch line at 12:01. Her words I
hear with tears in her brown eyes, even
without. The time needed to get to that
white house on the hill. The sparkly
golden ring on my left hand. Smelling
of the white Vans on those small
pale feet. The brown-haired, short
structured, shiny teeth beautiful girl.

Jurneai Jackson

SELF-PORTRAIT AS PAPER

I'm born from the ripped tree
cut and forced into a factory, then
suffocated into clear nice wrap to fit me and others
loaded onto a truck to be sold and placed on
the grocery's shelf. To be a cheap main buy when
it's time for the long hours of school and
teaching. When it's time for writing I'm your main
supply because I'm white, long, and bigger
than a square abused by a long brown
wooden stick with lead to imprint me
with your dazzling work just to be torn and
thrown into the trash just so I can do it again
when recycled because it's a part of my
life cycle.

Octavia Martin

MAKE ME A . . .

Lord, make me a tower,
or better, a steel beam,
or better yet, a flying buttress,
strong and pretty.
Make me into something useful,
like a pot, or butter
or a train.
I like a good adventure.
Make me into fall,
or winter or spring, I'm not picky.
Lord, I have fallen in love with the
idea of being something more than
myself.
Lord, make me into a chair,
in the 3rd row, fourth from the left
in the United States House of Representatives.
Make me a milkshake.
I'm currently much too bitter.
Make me a kettle,
a quiet one, in an old woman's home in Massachusetts.
Lord, make me a person who can spell Massachusetts.
Make me a mother, a father, a wild great aunt,
the kind that never gets married and wears homemade
jewelry.
Lord, make me a backpack
throw me every which way,
one strapped shoulder or two,
or just make me a daisy,
let me sway, always smiling, waiting to be picked.
Just make me better, please.

Olivia Boardman

GRANDMOTHER

I see a lot of myself in you.
In the midst of it all
you were defiant,
courageous,
unapologetic.
Thinking of me before I was even thought of.
How could I forget?
How could I imagine
the blood stained teeth of attack dogs,
the piercing sting of hoses,
the pain of seeing those you love hanging from trees,
the strength to endure it all, to fight
for me,
for our family?
But you never talk about the islands.
I still see the pain and strength you carry –
you wear them well.
From the islands to America,
you fought
and continue to do so.
Times have changed some,
but I still see a lot of myself in you.

Bre'Einda Davis

47 PIGEONS REMAIN TRAPPED UNDERGROUND

After a cave-in last Thursday,
47 pigeons remain trapped underground.
Many are in critical condition –
broken wings splayed like a soggy blanket in the road.
Stale blood, stale air,
gasping for air.
Tales of heroism are pouring in from the
Pigeon Mines —
brave pigeons giving up their rations for others
as desperation sets.
Rumors of cannibalism are wholly unsubstantiated.
Meanwhile, in New York
millions of New Yorkers have taken to the streets
and linked arms in a show of solidarity with their
native bird
and to protect the exploitation of the pigeon class.
“Free the rats of the sky”
is their rallying cry.
The president’s spokespigeon says,
“Now is not the time to protest, now is the time to
unite.”
But a Congresspigeon says,
“When are we to fix this problem? We have evaded it
for 47 years.”
And, as they do what they do best,
47 pigeons remain trapped underground.

Tristram Thompson

INGRID

I keep wanting to go back to a time where
my mom was younger and happier. Maybe before
she met my dad. Before she was “Ingrid Hunt”
instead of just “Ingrid.” Where she lived in her
hometown and people called her “Kelly.” Where
she had three jobs and still enough time to enjoy life.

Or I want to revisit the time where my
mom dropped out of college because she
was encouraged to work instead, but she continued
to persevere. The place where she developed a strong
sense of self, an amazing work ethic, and independence
that cannot be swayed.

I want to go back and warn my mom about my
dad and tell her not to fall for his charms. I want to
tell her he will learn to not appreciate you as a
strong black woman. I want to tell her to dodge the
bullet before it’s even fired. I want her to not
tolerate his lying and procrastinating so she can
do better for herself.

I want to go back to a time when my mom could
trust the men in her life. I want her to never have to
worry. That’s what she deserves. She’s worked harder
than anyone I’ve ever known and she deserves a
break.

I want my mom to be happy. Let’s go back to
a time like that.

Jessica Hunt

**CHRISTMAS DAY BRINGS JOVIAL DELIGHT & CHILDHOOD
OBESITY**

Honey glazed ham.
Sweet corn casserole.
Rolls.
Oh, God, too many rolls.
Rolls in the front,
Rolls in the back,
Rolls tucked in a basket with Amish marmalade.
The tree glows dimmer than the oven.
Carolers interrupt the feat with a wailing
wassail-themed whistle.
Figgy pudding!
Piggy pudding!
I unwrap my gift to see all I have gained is
weight.

Ollie Burrow

ODE TO NATURAL HAIR

Thick luscious and tangled hair
short when wet
tangled with curled
feels the world when
pulled and gets longer
natural hair,
not nappy hair
your hair is magical
how can you
become longer
with heat?

Trinity McIntosh

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 11 - 12 & October 18, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sharolyn Jones-Taylor, Suzann
Saltzman

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 61

VISITING WRITERS: Patrick Font, Bailey Hutchinson, Rome
Morgan, Rachel Thomas

MOUNT ST. MARY ACADEMY LITTLE ROCK, AR

EAT THE CUPCAKE

Don't you see it on the counter?

That gorgeous, delightful

Sweet, tasty, cheery little hunk of
calories.

The cupcake.

Eat it.

Don't worry about the possibility of
compromising your unforgiving and lifeless
diet.

Eat that small little heaping of a sugary sweet
paradise, begging you to live a little.

What if you cease today

but you then cease tomorrow.

Eat the cupcake.

Lindsay Compton

READY...SWITCH

I crave your laugh
night by night
wearing your yellow
sweater
let them know what
it feels like

let them know what
it feels like
wearing your yellow
sweater
night by night
I crave your laugh

Catherine Swander

FIRES

Go, go set some trash on fire
Let all the anger go into the
stick you prod the cinders with
feel like a God dictating how
far the fire will go—if it will stop
and then as darkness comes and
light falls be humbled as your
roaring bonfire is reduced to red
twinkling coals
find yourself

Emily Van Ecko

THE ANIMAL HOUR

one giraffe stands alone
it is then joined by a kangaroo
then comes an alligator
they react to each other
the different looks and smells
the swampy alligator smell
the height of the giraffe
the pouch on the kangaroo

they form a zoo
people come to see how they look
they begin looking more like each other

they all look the same
they all smell the same
they all act the same

Alaina Bruton

CARROTS

the orange mushy slop is good for
your eyes
I refuse to eat
I already have glasses
how much worse could it get?

Mary Owen

THE MOON

The moon shines
It lights up the night
A little boy climbs to the top of the crescent
then slides down
The moon shines
It lights up the night
The boy plays in the craters and digs them
deeper with his hands
The moon shines
It lights up the night
The boy follows a path lit by the moon so he
can always return
The moon shines
It lights up the night

Tori Hughes

FOR REAL

It's evident—fake as Rihanna's raccoon fur
coat, earrings worn to homecoming, plants in
bathrooms, and conspiracies. We aren't
dynamic.

Emma Stewart-Kohler

HISTORY NOTES

My mind drifts as I'm taking
notes. The PowerPoint keeps coming
and I keep writing, but what's for
dinner? Maybe spaghetti. I hope it's spaghetti.
Oh yeah, how World War II was started.
Only two classes left 'til the
weekend. I wonder who's picking
me up. The Germans? Whoops, I forgot,
notes. Well I'm glad the Germans
aren't picking me up. What homework
is due next class? Did I finish it?
Can I do it now? I wonder how I'm
supposed to remember all of these dates
and events. A TEST IN TWO CLASSES??
Well, I'm glad I took notes.

Leah Philpott

UNTITLED

The monkeys run free.
My mother preparing her loaves of clouds.
Her sweet hair flowing down her back like a waterfall.
The clashing of the pots and pans like the screeching
of the monkeys.

The monkeys run wild.
My father dashes in the house with his prize
for the day.
The clinging of change in his pockets.
The smell of the loaves draws him to the kitchen
and he takes a bite.

The monkeys run wild.
The sound of the oven alarm.
The smell of hungry.
With that the monkeys run in.
“Would you like some bread kids?” asks Mom.

Grace Barnett

WHITE

puffy clouds in the sky
nice clean shirt
car with a few scratches
teeth so pure
dry erase board not so clean
chalk almost gone
everything is not so pure or white
if you use it more than once

Kylee Sanders

THE SWEATSHIRT HOUR

Every character wears a sweatshirt
At night, the sweatshirts unite
Some stinky, some itchy, and some scary
The sweatshirts go around the city and
BOOM! They attack!
Some knock down the metal trash cans
Others play the worst songs
The city has been destroyed
But one pair of nice, gold sneakers saves the day.

Sabrina Pierce

TALL WEATHER

yes I am tall
the weather is great from up here

Elizabeth Meadors

MOUNT ST. MARY ACADEMY

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 5 - 8, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Monica Madey

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 138

VISITING WRITERS: Kirsty Bleyl, Elizabeth DeMeo,
Victoria Hudson, Sacha Idell

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL NORFORK, AR

MOUNTAINS COVERED WITH CATS

On the street of mountains live
Judith, Beatrice, Betty, Jane and Tammy,
each on their own mountain.
They do not sit alone, each with 50 furry devils,
50 furry devils to protect their mountain and emotions,
the furry devils are devilish to all others but once their
Mountain Queen enters,
they are like furry angels sent from heaven.
Beware the street of mountains,
for not many make it to the other side.

Russell Salyer

FULL TIME

The cash register seems to
watch me from afar. From early
morning to midday, shift after
shift. The lines flow through
all day. Cups and plates splash
in the water, one by one. Customers
complain after sitting for minutes.
Then, just like that, time is over.
I push the buttons gracefully as
I clock out.

Rebecca Vanlandingham

THE PLANET ON THE TABLE

The young Galileo is worried
He has finished his model,
One that he has spent weeks
on,
With a gray Mercury, an
orange Venus, a blue Earth,
a red Mars,
He has done so much
work,
Yet he cannot present
it,
Due to his fear of the Pope,
He presents it,
Gaining a mass of
people who believe in him,
but he is put under house
arrest.

Bentley Branscum

LAST OF NATURE

The bitter wind blew through my skin.
As I walked up to the dying oak tree.
Digesting the fact that it's the only one there.
It gives me a sweet look through its decaying skin.
My heart burns with happiness.
It then bites my soul.
Knowing that this was the last of nature.

Russell Koch

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

I've been sitting in the bleachers
for an hour eating sushi
listening to the rain slowly drip
on the roof
the girl next to me
is eating brussels sprouts
the smell of them is
horrid,
The rain outside
is making the air in the gym
humid and sticky
the humidity is making
the brussels sprouts smell even worse.

Ashley Baker

UNTITLED

Ants would sound like
a sprinkle of sand
on glass.

Brett Sorters

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL

NORFORK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: September 28 - 29, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Stacy Havner

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 50

VISITING WRITERS: Gwendolyn Mauroner, Julia Paganelli
Marin

POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL POTTSVILLE, AR

BE A PINEAPPLE

What's important to know
you don't need a firm, tall base
to grow
to be strong
you can do this all on your own
regardless of where you started

Pineapples do not grow on trees
helplessly swaying in the breeze
they grow at the head of a bush
all alone

The pineapple needs no tree
it can fend for its own
Its outer demeanor is sharp and rugged
harsh enough to ward off some pineapple predator
but inside
it is still sweet

Do not mistake the sweet for weakness
however
for a pineapple contains enzymes
that specialize in breaking down proteins
that dare to indulge in the sweetness
for too long.

Kayla Alexander

WEDNESDAY

Come Wednesday, the trash is
gone, the window panes are
dusted, and the janitor fills
each room with aromatic daisies.
I step towards the door and
sit down today's trash: stress
of the future and due assignments.
Every day I lay the bags down
at the door, collecting there all
week.
Come Wednesday, it's all gone,
windows clean, and flowers wafting
throughout.

Gracey Sanderson

MUSCLE EMOJI

What's important to know is that you're
the best baseball player ever
You hit dingers that go 500 ft
You field ground balls in the hot summer
Even when you're in a slump
Go out there and dominate on the bump
You've never been the one to swing and miss
Just remember that you got this.

Nick Hagerty

STAINED GLASS

a love

like bowling balls colliding into

every pin

like a blue sweater with

obvious, unraveling strands

like chipped nail polish that

needs to be redone

like a summer storm's

wind blowing the blossom seeds

down

a love that mends when it breaks,

and breaks like stained glass.

Adrienne Holbrook

YOUNG DOLPHIN

You are the king of Memphis

You are the definition of a YRN

Telling yourself those things can

bring money, power, and respect.

If money isn't everything then

I am a dog that meows

or a cat that barks.

Clayton Freeman

HOW I BECAME

1. I flew in on a magic horse who had
the name of Sam

2. They sang from the river and I rode
the sound wave

3. I was dug up from a mummy cave
smelling of rotted flesh and clothes
that have never been washed

4. I came out of writing, the story that told
my beginning

Brooklyn Maggard

POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

POTTSVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 9 - 10, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Andrea Hooper

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 34

VISITING WRITERS: Joy Clark, Madeline Vardell

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ALEXANDER, AR

UNTITLED

The people will lie,
Even the pigs in the
cavern.

Eli Davis

LAUGHING DAY

I couldn't stop laughing I was laughing crazy
I couldn't even eat or drink water not a gallon or
a gram not even a sip not a little inch
or a centimeter couldn't stop laughing I got
in big big trouble when they were talking to me
I was still laughing I was

Gabriel Linares

MY STORE DAYS

I buy stuff, and then leave the
store with nothing.

Yisel Acosta

DYSLEXIA

I-wish to be-a fairy without
a problem. I want to be a-hotdog
without a bun. I-want-to
be a water-bottle with no-water
I will be a-finger-with no fingernail.

Carsyn Brown

KIDS WHO GREW UP THIS WAY

As a kid I was lonely.
I'm not the only kid who grew up this way
surrounded by people who used to say that
rhyme about sticks and stones as if broken
bones hurt more than the names we got called
and we got called them all so we grew up believing
no one would ever fall in love with us that we'd
be lonely forever that we'd never meet someone
to make us feel like the sun was something they
built for us in their tool shed so broken heart
string bled the blues as we tried to empty ourselves
so we would feel nothing don't tell me that hurts less
than a broken bone.

Deyci Resendiz

BACK AND FORTH

One day I was riding my bike and it was
about the time I learned to ride it. I
was in my backyard and it was very rocky
so I fell over and got back up. Then
I started to turn back and forth until I
fell over again. When I looked back I
realized that I ran over a dead squirrel. Some
of it was on my wheel.

Kelly Baldwin

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**ALEXANDER, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** September 21 - 22, 2017**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Leslie Smith**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 112**VISITING WRITERS:** Kirsty Bleyl, Andrew Butler

TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TAYLOR, AR

A PLAN IS A PROMISE

That I will do my chores
That I will not shoot birds
That I took a bath
That I will take the trash out
That I will wash my dog

Hayden Jones

BLACK DAYS AND SUNNY NIGHTS

Black days and sunny nights. All the
sloths get in a fight. The grass is blue
the sky is green. Me and my dog my
dog is pink. I went to the underworld
and I saw Hades. I went back to my
world and everything is green. I wish we
had stars but all we have is meteors.
We have only one rule. The rule is not
spoken of. If you get out of bed
at night you will get bitten by something
we don't know of. If you drink milk you
will die.

Emerson Grundy

SKUNKS

Do you like the smell of skunk when they spray?
I love seeing owls on the beach every night
I love skunks
I love Cracker Barrel
Yes, I do

Marena Hanson

CANDLES GLOWING IN THE DARK

Candles glowing in the dark
Blankets keeping you warm
Snow outside
Your house catching on fire
Cats as presidents
Snakes everywhere in your house
My parents jumping on the bed

Heidi Barr

JEFFY

Jeffy wouldn't eat his
green beans like a good boy
and because he didn't
eat, he turned into
Plato.

Kole Kirby

COCONUT PROMISES

A coconut is a promise
That I will finish my chores
That I will play softball with my friends
That I will be nice to my brother
That I will practice my lines
That I will put on perfume
That I will braid my hair
That I will feed my dog
That I will believe in God

Reese Fowler

THE FOREST BEHIND THE DOOR

I saw a shadow on the door that
looked like peacock feathers. I opened
it and next thing you know I was
mining for fruity pebbles and lucky
charms, let me out cried a chicken
sticking out his tongue then I come
in with nachos skydiving while fishing
for a lost macaw and frogs, ducks, and
peacocks. Pacing gravity swimming in
anxiety. Casserole drawing paint flower
pig fishing for dolphin trying camping
in a taco with toucan shining a
penguin.

Adelyn Carter

GRAVITY GYMNASTICS

My crazy, cuckoo cousin
hit her foot, flying into a
crazy cartwheel, clucking
when she hit the bucket, then
she screamed shucks!!
That hurt. We said ha, ha, ha
she started laughing too
I like my crazy cuckoo cousin
By the way she had gravy for supper.

Madison Davis

THE LADY WEARING PINK LIPSTICK

I am a lady with pink lipstick
eating ice cream wearing too much
messy makeup walking through a
small town in New York on
a Scary Easter Egg Hunt. I was
caught by the animal rescuers and
put in the zoo with a frog that
has hair who is unimaginably
crazy. They feed us melted
crayons for our meals. We are
lonely.

Kailey Davis

I PROMISE . . . GRAPES!

Grapes are promises
that I will feed the chickens their eggs
that I will be ready to go swimming in December
that I will eat my pencil for dessert
that dog toenails aren't as nasty as they seem
that I have eaten frog legs before
that I will not hurt the unisheeps
that I don't like cupcakes
that whoever I'm around I will stare at them
that when I wash my clothes I will
shut the washing machine door
that I won't come inside when I
get home from school.

Peyton McKenzie Chambers

THE SECRET LIFE OF STICKY NOTES

In the secret life of sticky
notes they hate it when
people write on them
because it hurts and they
party with the dry erase
board markers. They like
to stay in their package
to snuggle.

Riley Williamson

A PROMISE

A kiwi is a promise
That my mom locked her keys in the house
That my arm was burned when I was 5
That I get to school every morning at 8:00 AM
That I will get good grades
That I will pray every night before bed

Kaleb Downs

TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

TAYLOR, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 12 - 13, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Robby Frizzell

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 152

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Suzanne Monroe,
Benjamin Whisman, Jacob Yordy

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

YOU ARE IN PAINTING COUNTRY

You should avoid the painting country.
Though sunshine bright, every
month at midnight one shall
be sucked briskly into a
painting. The paintings, gorgeous, have
dangers of course. One including the queen. Every painting
has a queen. Somewhere, hidden
among beauty. If one's to find
you, do not run, somehow she can
catch anyone. She has no
army fighting for her and
no jail either. There'll be a
symbol on her dress, a rose,
a butterfly. If it is a rose
find a rose bush nearby. Do not
sniff the roses, give one to
the queen. You will be set
free.

Madi Brill

MY HOMETOWN IN 2045

My house will be made of clocks.
You will hear clicking noises everywhere you go.
There will be new planets named Cheeseburger land.
If you have glasses they will be made out of candy
Your desk at school will be bubbles and you put
stuff inside of the bubble.
Paint will be made out of SLIME!
There will be a new animal named the Boogieweigh.
Strawberries will look like mushrooms but still taste
the same.
Unicorns will fly through the sky.

Conlee Garmon

THE TRUTH IS

Why are numbers so important?
I drink coke and sprite every
day. I've drank rainbow Kool-Aid.
I have eaten pencil shavings. I've met
a fairy.
The truth is they help you get smarter.

Logan Davis

JONATHAN

Jonathan dribbles
the basketball he sees
the tall hoop he
smells the thick fog.
In the fog he hears
the kids screaming.
He feels the ball touching
his hand. He shoots he
misses but he keeps
trying. If he has to
miss another shot he
is done. He shoots
finally he makes it
the bell rings and
we line up.

Luke Barnett

MY HAND IS A BUMBLEBEE

My hand is a bumblebee, and when-
ever someone tries to hurt me
my hand stings them. When-
ever I get tired and don't want
to walk, my bumble
bee flies me to the place
I won't go.

Rachel Brower

DEAREST MOTHER

When I woke up, the Christmas tree glowed.
Every ornament was perfect. With you
on Mars, you don't know our house
is at the bottom of a tree.

Hudson Bracy

ODE TO IMAGINATION

imagination can be anything
it can be you standing in
a rose field as far as the
eye can see a barn with
new barn cats that feel
so soft like a new carpet
you could imagine yourself
with all your friends at the
movies with the smell of
popcorn surrounding you
or yourself doing your
dream job that can be anything from
an astronaut to working at
the bakery with the taste of
sweet cakes. Alone in the
woods with the sound of
nothing but birds singing.

Millie Core

GREEN BROCCOLI

The broccoli that you hid in your
room because you didn't want
to eat it. The sound of your mom
getting broccoli out of your fridge
and you saying NO in your head.
Then you have to eat it and
it tastes like you just ate lettuce
and spinach mixed together with
dirty socks. Then you look at
what you just ate and feel
like you are going to throw up.
Then you pick up your last piece
of broccoli and it feels like a bunch
of wet beads. And it turns out it
smells like wet leaves.

Lauren Taylor

BROWN

The great big door that creaks every
time you open it. My dog that smells
like sweaty socks. Those great brown
eyes my mom has. The wood on my
treehouse that gives you splinters every
time you touch it. The taste of the sweet brownie.

Lucy Hanes

DEFINITIONS

Quixotic –
 When Queen Elizabeth mixes
 up a telephone with a textbook
 that says what biotic she needs
 to take for her cold.

Opalescent –
 When an Owen smells very
 pleasant.

Lucid –
 Lucy's eye lid.

Isabelle Buchanan

UNTITLED

Floating cars feel cool
 pizza smells like grass
 gum can be a ship.

Sawyer Marx

KICKBALL

I have an orange kickball. If you
 kick it too hard,
 you could peel the skin right
 off.

Bailey Baldini

DEAREST BROTHER

The stairs have music
the headphones have music
the house of old gentlemen has music,
the girl who comes to our door sings
my baby sister also sings
No more honking traffic shouting yelling screaming

FayeFaye Cholthitchanta

YELLOW

The lemon feels like a small rubber basketball.
The yellow tulip that sits with the gnome.
I always see my Mom cooking
in her yellow dress. The taste of a
tart yellow lemon pie. I always hear
my sister driving away in her little
yellow Smart Car. Now I can smell
the daisies in my room.

Sarah Wesley Cooper

BLOBFISH

If I were a blobfish, I would have the power to not look
weird.
I would turn into Harambe and make people cry.

Christian Bozoian

FEISTY TOWN

A town on a hill was a feisty
town and all the people wanted
more this, more that. They already
had flowers, the best bakers,
and too many dogs. One day the
town was pouring a little too
much water, they had a land
slide, the city fell to the bottom
all the people were desperate
to get all their precious
things and get out. All they
have left is a giant flower with
mud on it. Every hundred years
or so the mud falls off and
the flower opens up and it
shines in the moonlight.

Leo Trecanao

DEFINITIONS

lucid tastes like acid in your mouth, indefatigable
smells like greasy fries, pugnacious means you're
anxious for pugs, quixotic means you see someone
quick that drank something toxic and
canticles are manacles made out of cans.

Reynolds Parker

RED

A good apple.
Tastes gooey.
Feels hard.
Looks like a red baseball.
Sounds like a loud pop.
Smells like sugar.

Jonathan Summers

VANDERGRIF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 13 - 14, 2017

FACULTY SPONSOR: Marci Tate

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 270

VISITING WRITERS: J.T. Mahany, David Priest, Sara Ramey,
Zachary Schwab, Rachel Thomas, Madeline Vardell

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

THE TRUTH IS

why do i bleed
i fought a lion in my sleep
white and black mosquitoes
3 or 4 who even knows
red birds come and go
The truth is it's red snow

Quintavious J.

THE COLOR IS WHITE

Yummy ice cream as bright as the
clouds shiny teeth as squeaky as a
dog's toys when the toothbrush hits them
surrounded by bricks in a 4x10 cell
The smell of vanilla coffee creamer
as it hits the strong black coffee
The cold Styrofoam cup with root beer
float in it

Britavious S.

CITY OF TACO MEAT

on city of Taco meat can't have
Taco shells, salsa, sour cream, doritos
onions, cheese, etc. The streets are
greasy so there's a 25% chance
of a wreck happening if you don't
got good tires

Britavious S.

CLABBER CREEK

I walked down the path of the creek
I smelled the morning mist
in my nostrils it smelled like wet grass
drying in the sun
I took a sip of the water it
tasted like holy goodness
I felt the water running through
my throat purifying me as
it went

Logan L.

COLOR POEM

the Basketball is orange and smells like
Rubber like an orange on a Sunday
morning like an orange cone at a
football game.

Jakevius H.

BECOMING A DUCK

Flying in the big blue sky I
drop the stress swimming in a
pond drops the pain hidden
deep inside It feels amazing
not having anything on my
chest being able to fly high
high in the deep blue sky.

Ana E.

ALTHOUGH

Although we have
many many trees and grass
we also have many oceans
that were god's creations.

Arturo Q.

HOW TO CAPTURE TORNADO

- Step 1. Pour coffee into a light bulb and throw
it into the tornado
- Step 2. Run in your house singing “There’s a tornado”
- Step 3. Get into a trash bag so the tornado
won’t hurt you
- Step 4. Throw a bed mattress in the tornado
so it can go to sleep.
- Step 5. Sing rock-a-bye baby to the tornado
- Step 6. The tornado has settled down it needs
more coffee
- Step 7. Or not goodnight tornado eat another
bed

Ashley B.

CURFEW

I walked into my house to penguins everywhere.

Racie C.

WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 7 - 8, 2017
and April 3 - 4, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Joshua Moody

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 17

VISITING WRITERS: Sara Ramey, Emma Van Dyke,
Vicente Yépez

SUPPORT WITS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Writers in the Schools
Attn: Program Director
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Fayetteville, AR 72701

We are sincerely grateful for your support.



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HANNAH ALLEN

poetry, year 3

CHEYENNE AUTRY

fiction, year 4

ANTHONY BLAKE

poetry, year 4

KIRSTY BLEYL

fiction, year 4

DAVID BRUNSON

poetry, year 1

ANDREW BUTLER

poetry, year 3

COLLIN CALLAHAN

poetry, year 4

JOY CLARK

fiction, year 2

JACOB COLLUM

translation, year 3

ELIZABETH DEMEO

fiction, year 3

PATRICK FONT

fiction, year 2

ZACHARY HARROD

poetry, year 4

ZACHARY HESTER

poetry, year 4

VICTORIA HUDSON

poetry, year 1

BAILEY HUTCHINSON

poetry, year 3

JOSHUA IDASZAK

fiction, year 4

SACHA IDELL

fiction, year 4

SAMANTHA KIRBY

translation, year 2

JOSHUA LUCKENBACH

poetry, year 1

J.T. MAHANY

translation, year 4

GWENDOLYN MAURONER

poetry, year 2

LANDON MCGEE

poetry, year 1

SUZANNE MONROE

fiction, year 4

ROME MORGAN

poetry, year 1

JULIA PAGANELLI-MARIN

poetry, year 4

CLAIRE PINCUMBE

fiction, year 1

DAVID PRIEST

fiction, year 1

SARA RAMEY

fiction, year 3

STEVEN RYBNICEK

fiction, year 1

ZACHARY SCHWAB

fiction, year 2

JENEE SKINNER

fiction, year 1

RACHEL THOMAS

fiction, year 3

EMMA VAN DYKE

poetry, year 1

MADELINE VARDELL

translation, year 2

ANNA VILNER

translation, year 2

BENJAMIN WHISMAN

fiction, year 3

VICENTE YÉPEZ

poetry, year 3

JACOB YORDY

poetry, year 3

ARKANSAS WITS 2017-2018 PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

ARCH FORD EDUCATIONAL SERVICE COOPERATIVE Plumerville, AR
AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL Augusta, AR
BELAIR ACADEMY Pine Bluff, AR
BERRYVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL Berryville, AR
BISMARCK HIGH SCHOOL Bismarck, AR
BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL WEST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Monette, AR
CARL STUART MIDDLE SCHOOL Conway, AR
COOPER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Bella Vista, AR
DON TYSON SCHOOL OF INNOVATION Springdale, AR
EMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Emerson, AR
ESTEM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Little Rock AR
FRANK MITCHELL INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL Vilonia, AR
GENTRY MIDDLE SCHOOL Gentry, AR
GREENBRIER PUBLIC SCHOOLS Greenbrier, AR
GREEN FOREST MIDDLE SCHOOL Green Forest, AR
GUY FENTER EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE Branch, AR
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KIRKSEY MIDDLE SCHOOL Rogers, AR
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LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL Lamar, AR
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LEDBETTER INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL Farmington, AR
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MOUNT ST. MARY ACADEMY Little Rock, AR
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POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL Pottsville, AR
SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Alexander, AR
TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Taylor, AR
VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Fayetteville, AR
WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER Fayetteville, AR

WRITERS
IN THE
SCHOOLS



UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS

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