



A RAINBOW DOESN'T LIKE TO LACK

**2018-2019 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS
POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

2018–2019 ARKANSAS WITS POETRY ANTHOLOGY

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ANTHOLOGY TITLE

from Kendrick Harrison poem, “Fresh Summer Lion,” in this anthology
Farmington Middle School, Farmington AR

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University of Arkansas, Fayetteville.

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

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EDITORS' NOTE

Welcome to the forty-fourth 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, Geffrey Davis, John DuVal, Jane Blunschi, Ellen Gilchrist, 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.

Many thanks for your support,

The image shows two handwritten signatures in black ink. The signature on the left is 'Elizabeth DeMeo' and the signature on the right is 'Claire Pincumbe'. Both are written in a cursive, flowing style.

Elizabeth DeMeo and Claire Pincumbe
Directors, Arkansas WITS, 2018 - 2019

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 1987 two-day workshops, visiting 758 unique schools & institutions in 265 towns & cities across the state of Arkansas. During the 2018-2019 school year, we visited 34 schools in 28 cities and worked with approximately 4,543 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.



**A RAINBOW DOESN'T
LIKE TO LACK**

ARCH FORD EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE PLUMERVILLE, AR

AUNT PAM'S HOUSE

In the heart of Texas lives my Aunt Pam.

Her enormous house looks
as if polished.

With a sun room so beautiful
I could sit in it all day

Inside it smells as sweet
as vanilla mixed with cinnamon
Dark colored walls with dark
colored furniture.

End tables holding pictures of
her family

On the patio you can hear
the pools quiet waves flowing
When you feel the chairs they
feel as they've been rusting
for years

When you go back in you
can almost taste the strong
chocolate chip cookies from
far away

Briley Smith

UNTITLED

Because I ran down the stairs,
Because I layed in the hay,
Because I slayed the dragon,
Because my clothes smell like smoke,
Because I rescued the princess,
Because I got back the jewel,
Because I sliced open my arm,
Because the squirrels told on me,
Because my parents are merciless,
Because I didn't sweep the floor,
Because I climbed the tower,
Because my horse ran away,
Because I tried to get out,
I'm locked in my room, grounded.

Anna J. Hooten

A FISH-SCALE SUNRISE

Musty smelling pines striking sky;
Cumulonimbus clouds piling in layers high;
Slivers of sunlight trying to escape;
One bird seeking shelter from a stormy day.

Miranda Patterson

THE PLANET ON THE TABLE

Glasses like sinkholes caused by your drink,
Plates like planets circling the sun,
forks like sharks at the bottom of the ocean,
spoons like puddles in your yard,
knives the pain of getting fired.
And the centerpiece like the world on a table.

Jaylyn Watts

A CLOCK

My aunt asked me, "What do you want to
Be when you grow up?"
I said, "A clock."
My Aunt said "Why in the world would you want to
be a clock?"
I answered, "I want to be a clock because I would
help people around
the world
to get to places on time like, school, work,
home, band. I would meet a lot of clocks."
My Aunt said, "well I guess you'll have to go
to school."
I replied, "I don't need a scholarship to be a clock."
The End, Time.

Zoie Canada

DOGS

Bronze
Without frowns
Smiles all day
Helping others
Squirrels with nuts
Basketball star
Paden while fun

JT Taylor

LET ME BE

Let me be the smallest grain of sand
whisked away into the big expanse of
blue
Let me be the cloud soon to be transformed
into a droplet falling from the sky
Let me be a cotton fiber floating ceaselessly
Through the air.
Let me be sour taste of a child's candy
Let me be pain from a bee sting
Let me be the light ray running from the
sun.

Harley Andrews

GARDEN: ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

Water dropping on dirt sound
it made like muffled calling of
a cat once silent delicate
petal crashing to the ground
shattered now swaying
green thundering storm
crisp crunching of a chip
fled home hoping to be
saved from cold lying
in pieces now.

Leslei Ramirez

THE UNUSUAL ROCKS

Dark sky,
empty without air,
people in buildings,
or even land
to live upon,
suddenly millions
of different
rocks

Skyler Nguyen

MEN MADE OUT OF WORDS

The words make the person
Those hurtful adjectives are etched
Into your skin like tattoos
They litter your body like a landfill
From birth to death
These words control the opinions of others
Like a corrupt king

Abby Roberts

BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE: ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

squeak, squeak, screech go old springs
together against the ferocious winds of time
bounce, bounce, clang go elastic nets of loose wire
slowly withering, weathering away as the child
rhythmically
hits its open front with bare, dirty feet.
it is a play thing, it is alone.

Lia Lawson

MICROWAVE

If I could be something else than
human, I would be a microwave.
I would let people warm things
up as they please. I would tell
them, “Go ahead, warm up your
mac and cheese.” Whenever they
get hungry, I’d warm their food
up in seconds. Maybe I’d meet
some other microwaves, and we’d
be warming things up for days.
We’d really heat things up. This
is why I’d be a microwave out
of all things. I would help families
have nice food with ease.

Keaton Patton

ARCH FORD EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE**PLUMERVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 26 - 27, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Candace Smith**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 157**VISITING WRITERS:** Alysandra Dutton, Samantha Kirby,
Claire Pincumbe, Sara Ramey

ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL ARKADELPHIA, AR

RED VOLCANIC ERUPTION

my legs were glass
broken
roughly repaired
only to be broken again
with a single tap

Faith Hopkins

LOUD SISTER

Singing in the shower
her singing takes up time
too much time, no time for me

Cydney Holmes

WHAT'S WARM

cat paws on my big belly
gluten-free cookies on a cold winter's day

Caroline Bennington

WIND

the town weeped
like a dying willow
The depressed civilians
hung their heads in shame
as they began to cry
their city has been blown
to the ground.

Madison Morris

THE TRUTH ABOUT NEW YORK

it is an ocean of Bodies
a slur of lights
nowhere to escape from all of the people

Payton Byrd

ROSE

An elegant ballerina dancing in the wind
her body draped in a blood red gown
She's beautiful, but painful if you get too close

Lily Kesterson

BLUE HURRICANE

My back is a body of water

Hailey Nix

QUARTER

Little man stares into space

Before he heads to his eggshell home

Rachel Bosley

THE WIND SPEAKS

in the day I whisper

In the night I howl

I became the leaves that rustle in the storm

I became the power that comes from windmills

Carson Croft

SISTER

Combing her hair

that tangles so much

Scratching her scalp with the brush

Shantaysia Walker

THE NUMBERS SWIM BEFORE MY EYES

The eraser has become less than a crumb
The calculator can't function anymore
The answers are guesses
The guesses are wrong
The effort means nothing
Because no matter how hard I try
My math will always be wrong

D'Metria McDuffie

SELF-LOVE

What is self love?
If dear darling I may ask
She replied with a simple answer –
“When I stop coming up with reasons to
Stand in a backward glass.”

Ke'Asia Tilson

ARKADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL**ARKADELPHIA, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** April 30 - May 1, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sean Queen**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 131**VISITING WRITERS:** Collin Callahan, Sacha Idell, Samantha Kirby, Anna Vilner

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL AUGUSTA, AR

STONE WALLS

The stone structure,
In a bundle of oaks,
Caging it in from the rest of reality.
Four joined walls,
Crumbling down to pebbles,
A floor of dry grass,
And a roof made of nothing but air.
Abandoned like an old notebook,
or a story never written,
Or a thought never put into action,
It sits in lonesome,
Waiting for its creator to finally return.

Jaylin Pabst

UNTITLED

Flowers bloom but like children they grow fast
In the night they go to sleep
But daylight hits and they just sit
and stare into the foggy past

Brandy Reeder

THE ABANDONED BOOK

As I flip through your torn covers
and ripped pages I see the stories
falling apart, your hard sandpaper
pages your fishy smell and your
dark dried Kool-aid spots, your
deep crowded feeling smushed better
one thing and another, times
sitting on the tall brown shelf
not getting picked like everyone
thinks you're different just like
not getting picked on a basketball
team.

Precious Ross

UNTITLED

Some say cats are the best pets, to me they are sharp
evil knives, their fur is like dirty socks, their paws
are like little bumblebees

Keiley Collins

UNTITLED

Some say that the sun is yellow, but to be
truthful, the sun is orange. Like the pencils that
you use in class, like the fire that you use to
keep warm. The sun is like you putting gas on
paper and lighting it.

Jeremiah Doby

THE QUIET NON-FICTION BOOK

All my words
in a real story in
a place quiet
and peaceful.
They hold my
cover colorful
and flat. Open
and shut me
with a snap

Omni Nichols

AUGUSTA HIGH SCHOOL

AUGUSTA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 12 - 13, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Anna Clark

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 29

VISITING WRITERS: Alysandra Dutton, Samantha Kirby

BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL
BENTONVILLE, AR
FRENCH POEMS IN TRANSLATION

THE ROSES OF SADIE

Translation of "Les Roses de Saadi"

by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

This morning I wanted to bring you back some roses
But I can only fit so many in my belt
I don't have the room, it's too tight

The band breaks. The roses take flight.
In the sea breeze all the roses fade
Never to come back.

The hazy waves appear red and blazing.
This evening my dress is faintly scented.
As I breathe in their last memory

Callie Newmann

UNTITLED

Translation of "Les Roses de Saadi"

by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

I wanted to bring you flowers this morn,
But I took too many, in my belt they were shorn.
With knots too tight, how the flowers would mourn.

The bouquet bursts! The flowers fly,
In wind, in sea, they say goodbye!
They are all gone, no matter how hard I try.

Oh how the waves burn tonight,
My dress fragrant with past and plight . . .
Brings back my memory of delight.

James Bouwhuis

FLOWERS FOR SAADI

Translation of "Les Roses de Saadi"

by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

I wanted to bring you roses this morning;
But I had taken so many of them in my fist
that taut knots couldn't hold.

The knots burst. The petals rock
in the wind, on the shores they drift away
They are sure to not return.

On how the red wave burns
in the night, my dress captivates the scent
my poignant memory of affection yearns.

Hannah Carnes

UNTITLED

Translation of "Le Corbeau et le Renard"

by Jean de La Fontaine

Mister Crow perched on a tree
Holding some cheese in his beak
Mister fox, to whom the cheese smells good
slyly says
"Ha! Hello Mr. Crow.
You're very beautiful! You look very nice!
Without lying, if your singing
is as good as your plumage,
You are the phoenix and king of the woods"
The crow doesn't notice the fox's ploy
So when the crow tries to show his beautiful voice
He opens his large beak, and his prize falls,
The fox grabs the cheese, and says "My good sir,
learn that all flattery
is at the expense of the ones who hear it.
This lesson costs you this cheese, without a doubt."
The crow, ashamed and confused,
Swore that he would never take another compliment.

Alex Henry

TOMORROW AT DAWN

Translation of "Demain, dès l'aube"

by Victor Hugo

Tomorrow, at dawn, at the hour when the countryside
lightens,

I leave. You see, I know that you will wait for me.

I will go to the forest, I will go to the mountain.

I can't live far away from you for long.

I will walk, my eyes fixed on my thoughts,

Without seeing the outside, without hearing any sound,

Alone, unknown, my back bends, my hands fold,

Tragic, and the day for me is like the night

I will not set my eyes upon the gold of the evening which
falls,

Nor the sails receding towards Harfleur,

And when I arrive, I will place in your grave

A bouquet of green holly and of heather in flower.

Hans Edlund and Dana Mays

BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

BENTONVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: September 25 and 27, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Celine Simpson

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 52

VISITING WRITERS: Elizabeth DeMeo, Samantha Kirby

BISMARCK HIGH SCHOOL BISMARCK, AR

LOST IN KANSAS

The rustle of grass under my feet
never wanting to stay still
The rumbling and buzzing of the busy-body
bugs surrounding me
Nothing is static, it is far from the silent
tranquility I imagined.
I steered my head to the left to gaze upon
clear blue skies where care-free birds were chirping.
I turn to the right to witness the clap of
lightning and to hear the roar of thunder.
My mind is like the middle of nowhere
in Kansas
light and dark
never keeping still and
never knowing when a storm will overtake
me.

Caitlin Castleberry

WINGS OF A BIRD

red ribbons like bracelet
brown twine being used as a necklace
dolls are replaced with tablets
only used to make you smile like the
others
only seeing fog when it's clear
never knowing if the next step will be
a couple of inches or twenty feet down
although I've always wanted to know what it's
like to fly

Carson Short

DINNER MINTS

Taking a bite has a crunch
Leaving it on your tongue to dissolve
The time in 5th grade where we attempted
to dissolve salt in water
When my little brother fell in the
pond and my older brother rescued him
The time my older brother was crushing
on the lady at the checkout and
my aunt exposed him
My aunt's wedding the first time I had
a dinner mint.

Logan Roseth

SISTER

Past our front door
through the playroom
by the stairs
her small feet hit the floor
her laughter ringing in my ears
her bottle and blanket in hand.
Finally, my baby sister makes it
to my bed.
As I swaddle her and her heart
beat slows to normal
I realize I never want her to
grow up.

Emma Osborn

DEER STAND

The deer stand always lovely
and bright always waiting for me
in the sunlight. I wish people could
be like the deer stand, always humble
and bright. The walls built strong,
and the floor built thicker.
Why can't people be like the Deer
Stand.

Joseph Miller

FOLLOWING THE CLOUDS

Following the clouds by Mister Potter's garden
with bright yellow and blue flowers
following the clouds by the house that burned
down last spring and still smells like smoke
following the clouds by the three little kids
that always jump rope and laugh when they fall
Following the clouds by the lamp post
where I had my first kiss against his soft lips
Following the clouds by the last street
to town that always smells like pie.
The cloud arrived at the sign out of town
then I told the cloud, "Someday I'll pass
that sign."

Abi Medlin

BISMARCK HIGH SCHOOL**BISMARCK, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** October 10 - 11, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Louise Keithley**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 76**VISITING WRITERS:** Joy Clark, Mackenzie McGee

**BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL
LEACHVILLE, AR**

THE WEIRD MACHINE

The Weird Machine does weird
things.
The Weird Machine screams high and
low.
The Weird Machine smells like
soap.
The Weird Machine yells like a
goat.
The Weird Machine gets in trouble
a lot.
The Weird Machine looks brownish
gold.
The Weird Machine is nowhere to be
found.
I yell goodbye now to the Weird
Machine.

Kendra Towell

THE GALAXY MACHINE

The galaxy so far spread out. But I've found
a machine that contains the whole galaxy. It
could take you somewhere you've never heard
of. It has allowed your dreams to come true.
The wide fresh air that you've never felt
could be right in your backyard. It'll allow
you to see so many things. It's all because
the machine was made to help you achieve
your dream. You just have to step inside.

Cheyenne Gribble

MY BACKYARD DRAGON

This dragon likes to sit on my
swing and swing all day. He
sounds like a burning pile of leaves
crackling when he breathes. He looks like
a striped sea snake but bigger. He tastes
like Lucky Charms. He smells like a
sock. He feels like a scaly fish with bones.
While sitting on the swing he thinks
about his favorite doll that he likes to
play with. It has blonde hair, long legs,
blue eyes, and blue skin. He sings
songs to it every night at bedtime.

Dakota Edge

WHEN I WAS 9

When I was 9 I had
a headache that wouldn't go
away. My mom gave me
some advil. I took them
and then I went to sleep
and my headache disappeared.
It was magic. It had to be. It
had to. I thought magic wasn't
real. I guess I was wrong so
that is what happened when
I was 9.

Dalton Clark

I REMEMBER LEAVES

I remember my leaves hiding all the holes.
I fell in the holes they hid.
It rained that day.
The next day it was sunny.
I thought the water was gone.
I fell fully into the full of water ditch.
I dried off then went to bed.
Next day I raked.
Clean leaf free yard but no color.
Night again.
Morning. I look out the window.
It's white. I walk out and fall.
Into the snow I go.

Kallie Lambert

MY DOG BROTHER

My brother is a silver dog.

He walks around the house barking.

He chews on my cat for a
chew toy.

He uses the bathroom on the kitchen
table instead of in the backyard.

He won't eat dog food, so we feed
him daisies.

Jaylyn Cagle

DRAGON

In the forest, there was a big creature.
I could not believe what I was seeing.
It was a dragon. I went up to it and
pet it. The dragon's scales were as big as
my hand, and as rough as a rock. The
dragon stood up and opened its wings.
One of the wings had holes in it. The
dragon's head turned to a female and
baby dragon. The lesson I learned from
seeing this dragon was that protecting
your family is important, even if you get
hurt.

Makenzie White

I REMEMBER PARROT PARTIES

To this day I have a
friend named Leo. We met
in a game called Minecraft.
One of my other friends
introduced us. We played
together, but when he
walked into my shop, he
spawned parrots everywhere.
There were tweets from
every direction. My shop
was filled with parrots.
It looked like a rainbow
of color in there. It was crazy.

Cason Kifer

PINEAPPLE

I am a Pineapple,
sour yet sweet,
pokey and slimy.
I am tasty,
filled with color.
I am brown and green on the outside
bright yellow on the inside.
I look scary but I'm nice,
don't be afraid.
I'm the pineapple plant.

Brooke Wattigney

MY BACKYARD TROLL

My troll in my backyard likes to
smell my toys that get lost in the tall
grass.

The troll looks at my mom's garden
that has died long ago.

The little troll hears the birds
chirp and runs to hide.

The roll can taste the tea I
have spilled on the fence.

She can feel
me coming down the stairs
to meet her.

Colie Douglas

LIES ABOUT LIES

My poem teacher asked me to be
truthful and I nodded even though this is
a lie.

When I told this lie I felt as
hot as a hot pocket.

And I saw the look in her eyes.

Silas White

WHEN I AM 7

When I was 7 I was so dumb. I loved
my toys that were broken. I loved the
taste of floor cheese. My eyes saw
hallucinations. I always heard the
yells when I ate dirt from outside.
I liked the smell of my pool, which
I hate now. I felt lonely with
no friends. When I was 7 I was
mysterious. I used to talk to myself
which freaks me out. When I was
7 I broke my arm somehow. Then
my leg and so on. When I was 7
I always held my brother's cold hands.
When I was 7 I ate a worm and
didn't enjoy the taste. When I was
7 I was crazy and jumpy.

Jesalynn Talavera

BUFFALO ISLAND CENTRAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
LEACHVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 1 - 2, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Kima Stewart

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 120

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Bradley, Gwendolyn
Mauroner, Hiba Tahir, Kaitlyn Yates

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FORT SMITH, AR

UNTITLED

Mississippi glows
Playing outside with my friends
California loud.

Madison Mobley

MY DREAM ABOUT FLYING

fly in the night sky I see birds fly under
me
it was
blue and
red I
flew here
and I touched
the White
Moon it
felt like
a husky.

James Minchew

B'S

the boy
 next door always bends
and breaks my mother's blossoms,
 I was
in my big bright room when the boy
did it he
 definitely is a bad
boy.

Savannah Koestoer

BLACK

The big night sky,
the ink of a pen,
the sizzling sound
of coffee, sweet black
licorice, snuggling in
with a blanket, a blank
black piece of paper
whose only friend's
white, new big jacket
that mom bought, a
backpack that you
carry with you to
school, your black
glasses you wear
every day.

Scarlett O'Hagan

THIS MORNING I SWALLOWED A SPARROW—

Sparrows are as fast as air jets—
air jets fly like a bird and
land like a swan—
swans are as graceful as a
person in London—
London is full of cars and
buses—
buses can not dance in
ballet—
ballet dancers are not nutcrackers,
nutcrackers can crack a
sandwich—
sandwiches do not have wands
and do not cast spells.
Spells turn you into a frog.

Phillip Epperson

POOR TURKEY VULTURE

There was a huge turkey vulture
landing on the ground it landed
by a tiny slug the slug was so
small the turkey vulture did not see
it but when the turkey vulture landed
by it the little slug ate the turkey vulture.
What do you think is more scary?

Haven McKay

HOW TO EAT DREAMS

When you are eating dreams wait till
it is ripe. You can tell it is ripe by
when you feel it. It has a fuzzy feeling.
Just sink your teeth into it. Dreams are so
juicy and sweet that it will melt in your
mouth. Sadly, when it is not ripe your mouth
will swell up and sour comes real fast.
Dreams are shimmering rose gold when ripe, but when it's
raw it is gloomy dark lapis.

Deanna Kilgore

UNTITLED

This morning I swallowed
a sparrow. Sparrow looks like
blue, green, and purple. Purple
unicorn jumping up and down,
down goes the sun up the moon.
The Moon is so beautiful in
the night the unicorns
have a movie in big bright
perfect shaped moon. Moon
Moon Moon the unicorn says.

McKenzie Macon

MY DREAM ABOUT GEOMETRY

I sailed on a ship made of circles
triangles poking me
cylinders rolling
pentagons for houses
to protect the octagons
from the cones
cubes for dice and
rectangular prisms for
juice boxes to let me
know it was a dream.

Ethan Ashcraft-Newton

HOW TO EAT PAIN

Step 1. Pancake mix
Step 2. Find a broken finger
Step 3. Wrap a pancake on it.
Step 4. Put syrup on it.
Step 5: Eat it.

Chance Worley

UNTITLED

There was a melon as big as
my school and it exploded into
pieces and scattered all across the
universe. Into people's backyards and
into animals' mouths which made
them wild crazy! They
turned polka-dot, striped, and galaxy.

Analeigh Burch

UNTITLED

Fort Smith is just a smaller Hollywood

Lyric Flemons

CAVANAUGH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FORT SMITH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 15 - 16, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Hank Needham

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 58

VISITING WRITERS: Joy Clark, Victoria Hudson, Hiba Tahir,
Emma Van Dyke

COOPER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BELLA VISTA, AR

THE LLAMA'S LIFE

As I am waking up I
smell the birchwood
and its frosty commandments.
I see all the others in
the herd. I hear the
goats screaming in the
distance. I taste the
snow drops on my
Tongue. I was touching
all of the rocks under
my hooves. I wonder
if I would get to have another
Good meal in my belly soon.

Logan Lantz

SQUIRREL ATTACK

A squirrel throws
a nut from the tree
“ow”

Dallas Hamilton

ODE TO WEIRDNESS

I walk out feeling kinda
Awkward.

I want to
ride my bike but the seat is riding it
instead. I can tell that everything
is swirling.

Bethanie Bates

ODE TO ELEPHANT

Elephant day was here I tried not
to fall in love because if I
did I would have to say goodbye
it's like saying goodbye to your
family forever it would just
break my heart the Elephants
eyes glisten in the sun like
the sea on a nice warm sunny
day

Izabella Moore

ODE TO BURRITOS

oh the soft and warm
 tortilla
 the meat is juice
like a rolled orange
and the cheese is warm but
 not melted
 the lettuce white and green
like my colored pencils. The beans
 are squishy like a squishy
and after is a heaven
 breto

Tennessee Bartley

ODE TO LIGHT

The light shining through the glass
of water,
it soars through the sky like a
bird
It brightens the world and washes the darkness away.
The light as bright as shimmering
gold, shining through your heart
it brings shimmering sequins
to the light.

Sydney Grover

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

I feel the sturdy trees full of chirping birds
Swatting mosquitoes away from me
Watching squirrels play in the trees
and feeding friendly ants bread crumbs

Hudson Wheeler

THE SALAMANDER

On a night as black as ink

I walk out of my wet
damp hole,

I am looking for my
prey,

as I see another salamander,

I leave a wet gooey trail
as I walk in this dark
wretched cave.

Aiden Butler

THE LIGHTNING TIGER

Jumping from tree to
tree lightning
struck
behind me
worried, I spied
and sapped
every which
way
and that
adrenaline
 pumping
as hard
as can be

Joseph McCoy

LOVE

Love that never ever
ever lasts

Lily Haider

FOX IN A FIELD

I could smell the summer grass
in the tall grassed
meadow. Leaping through hot, summer
air I could hear some
rustling in the light green
bushes. Looking as hard
as I could to find
the animal making all the
commotion out popped a rabbit
who looked
quite friendly. I could taste
my destiny, but I
ignored it.

Addy Moppin

COOPER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

BELLA VISTA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 21 - 22, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Christina Hallwachs

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 310

VISITING WRITERS: David Brunson, Samuel Binns, Kate

Davis, Alysandra Dutton

EMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL EMERSON, AR

OCEANS

You leak across the earth's surface. You make
hurricanes and whirlpools. Your water feels good to
the contact of your skin.

Brentley Murphy

IF BASEBALL BATS WERE DODO BIRDS

Mystical and weird some might say,
but they are quite a catch.
Long orange beaks made out of aluminum
foil. The feeling is quite strange, the soft
feeling of black feathers along the grip.
The smell of plants and rain in a forest.
The looks of a bird on a stick.
Sounds like no other, almost like a screech
from a fork on a chalkboard.

Karlie McNatt

THUNDER TASTE

Thunder tastes like
a killer bee on my tongue
tastes like I just got
sliced with a sword

Rodrick French

CLARINETS

Clarinets sound like pancakes
in the morning Smores over a fire
in the evening brownies covered
in melted marshmallows
but sometimes it tastes like eating
mustard by itself

Carson Cochran

UNTITLED

The tall maple tree
Moving around playing tag with itself
now ready to calm down.

Ireland Baker

IF LANTERNS WERE UMBRELLAS

If lanterns were umbrellas, we'd
all be sad because rain would
put out the flame of the lantern
and get us wet, and the
rain would sting like getting 6
shots in your right arm, which hurts,
and the nurse tells you to close your eyes.
If the lantern's flame went out, all
of our eyelashes would fall off,
and I really like my eyelashes.
I miss my umbrella

Addie Mayfield

BOXES

In a box
trying to mail myself
My friend tried to call, but I had to decline

Alexis Burns

LAUGH

Feels like a bunch of worms in your belly
a bunch of feathers
a cake smashed in your face

Shauna Mattmiller

UNTITLED

The everything
universe is very big it doesn't have an end to it.
dark and big
The woods are small and lots of tiny ponds.
forever live long and teleport.
Greasily running
It's not that big or cool

Dae'Quon Murray

MEN MADE OUT OF WORDS

Talking a lot, pointing at you it said
come here. Always make new words.

Emilee Hanson

IF A FLOWER WERE A PLANET

If a flower were a planet I would
live there. There would be talking
flowers the sun would Dance. The moon
would sleep and It would rain.
The rain would smell like candy
and feel like a cloud. If people
would go there everything will
hide. If a flower were a planet
the world would be daisies.

Brailey Tuberville

UNTITLED

Sitting in a cold shower
is like getting second place
it is like trying to run with no legs
it is like having a shirt with stains
on picture day.

Eric Burton

EMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

EMERSON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 21 - 22, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Kyle

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 85

VISITING WRITERS: Samantha Kirby, Sara Ramey, Hiba

Tahir, Kaitlyn Yates

ESTEM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK, AR

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Apple blossoms hanging from trees in the
green open field. Green blades of grass
swaying in the wind. If only it were real.

Haegan Aaron

I'M NOT "DUMB"

I'm fighting George Washington with
a shoe. I'm jumping on Donald
Trump. I'm throwing bowling
balls in the sky. I'm saying
Black lives matter.

Kendall H. Batch

NATURE HAIKU

Tanned like sand soon blown away
clear blue water slaps to shore
feet covered in sand

Jasiah Stith

SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE OAK TREES

Early in the morning
the oak trees bloom up
the strangest thing happened
the trees were making jokes.

Kimora Miller

UNTITLED

The swamp before the forest
with venus fly traps producing sweet scent
and flies trying to find it.

The blizzard always freezing the swamp
with the flies finding the ice melt
when summer comes to threaten the ice.

Michael Wayland

SELF PORTRAIT AS COAL

Coal dark unwanted
Ugly. I have potential people
Can't see.
One day they will
be sad on what they missed
When I'm a diamond.

Ava De Rossitte

WONDER

Unicorns leap
into the sky. Building
to Building. Night to Night.
As I look up into the
sky. My eyes fill
with wonder, Tonight.

Addie Hill

THE FOREST

You can hear the sound of leaves,
being smushed under your feet. The silent
chirp of a bird. A flea breaks wind in the
north. Far south a rock wakes. What a
forest.

Eriona Tate

ODE TO MY HAIR

Why do you have to be so coarse.
You really are the worst.
Besides my waves,
they provide enough water to make the desert
an ocean.
My waves are so deep, they drown me in my sleep
They even drown me in water while I eat
Don't be afraid of my waves, just remember
that they might drown you.

Xavier Givens

FERRETS

Why do ferrets look like question marks?

Ferrets are just hot dog cats.

Most ferrets are blue.

Ferrets are very curious.

Vera Newman

UNTITLED

The fir tree was tall in the shade of a cloud

It was proud in the garden

Beside all the plants

Cameron Cates

UNTITLED

A land full of birch, flourishing and glinting

In the moonlight, strangely there was a zebra

blending in with the trees lit by moonlights and fireflies

Angelo Lytle

ESTEM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 14 - 15, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jess Dickson

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 600

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Alysandra Dutton,

Kaitlyn Yates, Sara Ramey

FARMINGTON MIDDLE SCHOOL FARMINGTON, AR

WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY MEXICO

The black haired kids are eating tacos and
quesadillas on a hot blue day. The tree
is waving its leaves at me. The girls
are blowing up pink, and blue fireworks.
The dogs are running around freely with
their owners. The ice cream car passes
by playing its joyful music and giving
attention to the happy children at Mexico.
The night is beautiful with children running
around with their parents, and singing for
Jesus.

Sabrina Flores

WHAT THE ROSE TOLD ME

The rose told me how to protect
myself. How to sharpen my spikes and
jab the intruder.

The rose told me how to
look pretty, how to go about the world
with my chin up.

It told me that some humans
have a gentle touch, and some have
a hard one. The world is different
in the rose's eyes, and now,
mine too.

Olivia Robbins

THE COLD

I go out where is cold right
now and feel burning feeling of
coldness. Where there was the gray concrete
that can take you anywhere and took
my brown ball like it was a baby
animal and shot it as smooth as a
baby's skin.

Alizabeth McBride

GYM

Tumbling. Tumbling. Floor Beam bars.
Leotards. Sweat. Tumbling. Coach. Coach.
Motivation. Fun. Fun. Balancing Strength.
Bars. Beam. Fun fun.

Taylor Guinn

THE PLANET ON THE TABLE

we are lonely, another
brick in the wall, as far as
we can see, more dawn the
road, like a missing fruit in
the fruit basket, we are
a planet on the table.

Tanner Smith

PALACE OF BABIES

The palace,
filled with babies,
Every time you turn,
another hour goes by,
Next hour go to sleep
waking up to a babies cry,
tired, restless, and spending Money,
Next time another cry goes by,
you wake up, and do the same
thing again.

Ean Shadden

WHY DO YOU DIE

little people inside your brain
that have little hats and dark gray gloves stop working
after
100 years then your body
shuts down then after
1,000 years the little people
will crawl back into your
brain and start working
again and then you're a
different person, but different
hair and skin.

Lexi Border

WHERE I'M FROM

I am from books
from talls and stories.
I am from red
brick
Hard, small, and
colorful.
I'm from Christmas and
brown eyes From mom
and dad. I'm from
The making cookies
giggles from silly
and
Playful I'm from Playing,
and hard work. I'm from
a hospital and do cake,
and chocolate from
me singing the nice
wall snow falling slowly.

Jonah McConnell

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY CAT

I every day at noon o'clock my cat sheds
it skin. All it is now organs and bones. She looks
really weird but at 12PM she morphs into a
new cat. Fresh and cute. I really love her.
Though she eats everything I own. Whenever
she sheds her skin and it grows back she always
has brown and black fur with blue eyes.

Sara Sisemore

LIBRARY – ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

Crinkle, crinkle,
(soft page turn),
“No, I want this book” (In whisper)
“Beep!”
Stomp, Stomp
(chew, chew) (swallow)
scratch, scratch, scratch
Vroom!
(Yawn)
(soft page turn)
(repeat – 1)
(stomach rumbling)
(espresso machine)
(typing)
(scratch)

Joel Easterling

SWEETNESS OF STRAWBERRIES

Make me horses’ hooves that crash like
thunder every stride, make me the
grass that is green as sea kelp, make
me the hay that is always prickly as needles
make me the mashed potato that smells as
if it was covered in garlic, make me
the sweetness of strawberries.

Chloie Thomas

FRESH SUMMER LION

The old mountain lion
fur is juicy like
fresh orange juice
oily like the
oil you cook with
teeth like a knife
paws are big like
a house nails are
like those of a cat
eyes are small like
a caterpillar's body
his fur going away
like the winter snow
jaws are like those of
a lion as tall as the
winter snow smells like
fresh autumn leaves fur
blooms back like
the fresh summer
breeze his oily fur smells
like the sharp winter
breeze his eyes are
as sharp of those of
a hawk he's as happy
as a rainbow doesn't
like to lack

Kendrick Harrison

ARKANSAS

I want to call the hogs forever. I want to play football.
I want to stay native to the natural state.
I want to find the ultimate adventure.
I want to climb the tallest pine tree.
Be at the cold peak of Mount Magazine.
I want to kayak on the Buffalo
River or go fishing on Beaver Lake.
I want to go to the first Walmart.
I want to camp at the Lost Valley.
I want to jump off of
the highest bluffs.
I want to do all of this
I want to wear red and white.
I want to go tubing at Albert Pike
or see Hot Springs.
I want to drive down the
little downtown streets of Farmington,
Wasaville, Hampton, and Mountain View.
I want to do all of this stuff again.
The only place to do it again is
where you did it the first time
My home. Arkansas.

Akin Johnson

TINY GIANTS

The creek, in the forest
crickets chirping
hummingbirds humming
woodpeckers pecking
water flowing
focus
on the little things
come alive
insects crawling
like a giant's footsteps
pounding
leaves smashing
like lightning
a caterpillar crawls
munching away at a leaf
like a lawnmower
lizards scampering
like the giant guards of the forest.

Bryce Thompson

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

Kick me with your feet.
Pass me through the cold
blades of grass. Kick me into
the goal as he misses the
easy catch. Goal, goal, the
cloud will say.

Dean Bynum

8 WAYS OF LOOKING AT A CHICKEN

I see a red, brown, white,
black, and yellow chicken every
day. They are always
bunched to keep warm.
They always make this
weird clucking noise.
They always are eating
bugs. The chickens stay
under a heat lamp.
They will follow
the rooster everywhere.
They bunch their feathers
up to keep others
and them warm.
They eat minnows
from the store.

Allison Stout

5 WAYS OF LOOKING AT A DEER

1. It majestically hops over the fence like a jumping
show horse
2. Then 2 run through its trophy antlers
3. It determines chases the doe.
4. It fights the other bucks like it's nothing
5. It keeps pacing cause there is a coyote
near.

Tait Kegans

THE FIRST GHOST I SAW

Remembering the wet foot that it
held rapidly stomped. Remembering the
embarrassing way I felt as if there was
something horribly terribly wrong. Remembering
the sticky smell of fury.
Remembering the ways my
family died, no longer there, no
longer there, no longer gone.
At the end we ate biscuit
and drank tea, but I was
still crying waiting it to be sunset.

Cass Dunn

DRAW ON THE MONA LISA

Go to that dark room
get the blue ink and the quill

Then go to that big place
with pictures drawn by people

Go to the one titled Mona Lisa
and draw on it spill the ink
if you want

you may get in trouble but

I command you to go draw on
the Mona Lisa

Jackson Weaver

THE MOON

The moon is a light that sings to you at night
The moon is a snake hissing at you
The moon is a glass of milk being poured in your eyes
The moon is a ball of light blinding you when you look
The moon is the scarecrow that guards the corn from
the crows
The moon is a safe that keeps things safe
The moon is the combination to open the thing that
needs to be safe.
The moon is the safe that can't be opened
The moon is the fog that lies in the
air.
The moon is the light that is in the
air floating trying to get away from
darkness.

Kenyon Thomas

THUNDER

It comes in with elephant
Feet and slobbers like a dog.

Collin Howerton

RAIN

It comes in like a rhino
so fierce you can see it miles
away, charging leaving you behind

Lucas Gilbert

MY DREAM

Did you dream to live in the ocean?
To swim with the dolphins. To try and
find Poseidon's lair. To see if you can
count all the 1,000 different types
of coral. To meet the Kraken. To see
every inch of the fascinating deep blue
sea. I dream of it every day as I wait
for my chance to come.

Kaylie Andrews

WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY KANSAS CITY

When I feel the crispy cold rain in Kansas
when I hear the loud music play
when I taste the delicious food in the
restaurant when I smell the smoke
from the chimney
when I see the bright blue sky
that is what I mean.

Riley McNeill

FARMINGTON MIDDLE SCHOOL

FARMINGTON, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 15 - 16, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Ginny Luther

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 224

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Samuel Binns, Kate
Davis, Karstin Hale, Joshua Luckenbach, David Priest,
Sara Ramey, Kaitlyn Yates

FAYETTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

I'LL LET YOU BE IN MY DREAM

I'll let you be in my dream
If your smile reminds me of
Creamed coffee in a world of bitter winter mornings.
If your hugs will always be
A sweet song repeating on a vinyl record.
If your loyalty will never
Tear away like the words in a ripped out page.
If you laughter sounds like the
Soothing rhythm of crunching snow.
I'll let you be in my dream
If your love is a beautiful moon in a dark night.

Elizabeth Ervin

FIRST MEMORY

The sky was illuminated in a brilliant pink
And streaks of yellow
A song played on the radio
As my dad hummed along
I smiled at him
Watching the buildings fade from behind us
And driving further into the country

Sophie Bowen

WHEN I SEE PURPLE I THINK

When I see purple I think
Beat-up behind the school black eye purple
when I see purple I think
Flowering Lavender blooms purple
when I see purple I think
Dead grandma's purple blouse being donated
to Goodwill purple
Seeing purple reminds me of a memory
that is too deep to understand purple
when I see purple I think
sitting on the roof without permission
watching the sunset purple
seeing the color purple
seeing the color purple reminds me
of the movie *The Color Purple*
When I see purple I think that it
is the best shade on the color wheel.

Olivia Walsh

MAKING MEMORIES

There we (probably) were
Florida
3ish years old
TV running on the weather
I was playing with my toy cars
In our high-rise suite
I look out
and see
Funnels rising from the belly of the ocean
Dad says they're water spouts
I knew though
That they were just
The cloud's sippy straws
He was thirsty

Cason Frisby

SORRY FOR MY MESS

Grandma I love you.
I'm sorry. Please forgive me
for all the times I've gotten
hair dye on the counter.
Its strong chemical odor
& vivid colors.

Please forgive me for not
emptying the dishwasher.
I just hate the heavy
glass & knocking things
over.

Forgive for times I may
have lost your trust, cried,
or even lost touch. Your icy
stare and provoked voice
are like tiny nails that
tack into my open heart.

Syndal Luper

SNOW WHITE

She was banished into the forest.
Dark, mysterious, a labyrinth of trees.
She solved it.
She reached the center.
A cottage made of misshapen stones awaits her.
Of course, it is the home of seven dwarves.
They welcome her in, provide her with miniature necessities.
But, of course, there will be a poison apple.
Red, glistening, without a single scratch.
And, of course, it puts her into a deep sleep.
Of course, a handsome Prince Charming finds her.
Gives her a gentle kiss.
But she doesn't reawaken.

Rose Long

UNTITLED

Just on the ground,
Playing with a toy train,
Thomas the train,
Mom comes in,
She picks me up,
Only to tell me how
Much of a handsome little boy I am,
And laughing

Juan Mendez

CAR CRASH

Beep, Beep, Beep
I hear honking, screaming, crying
I want to call out for help
I'm lying on the floor
wanting the pain to stop
a mirror lit up like magic
it asked if I needed help
trying to find the words
my mom's voice floated
through the window
yelling words but they mean nothing
—years after I have heard
unfortunately, I was in a car crash.

Clarice Taylor

3 LITTLE PIGS

What if there was no wolf?
Would the pigs still build houses?
Would they even use the same material?
The wolf wouldn't be there to
blow anything down.
The falling straw & the
sound of falling sticks,
the whooshing sound of the wolves' breath
wouldn't be there anymore
so the pigs wouldn't need help from
any of the other pigs in the
different house.

Paige Warren

GOING TOO EARLY

there's a crunch, you look down, see the broken
yellow orange of a leaf, fluttering away
but it's not just a leaf, it's the trees
being hacked down, struck down, falling.
what's falling?
not trees, people:
children being struck down,
other children holding the "ax"
where did they get that, the people speculate.
no one should have it
no one should hold death
warm hand holding tight to the ice cold one
following the hand
to where everyone must go

Georgia Griffin

LIFE LESSONS

There's a woodpecker standing alone on a branch
Oh wow, another one lands right next to it
You never know when you'll meet a new friend

Avery Norris

UNTITLED

I cried 'wolf'
Shh, Shh!
There's something there.
A shadow jumps beyond the field.
I hear him rustling the grass
over the rows of sheep.
Something's there, I swear!
Don't you see it, why can't you
see it, why am I the only one.
Just past the smell of the rain, hot breath
why do the lambs not startle, why
are they silent?
Don't you see it? I'm not
crazy, I'm not paranoid, these
thoughts, they dance around my
head, they consume me.
Wolf, wolf, it's not a wolf, it's
so much more.
Please, I'm scared.
Please, please.
Please don't leave me.

Evan Fernando

FAYETTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL**FAYETTEVILLE, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 13 - 14, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Angela Clark**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 270**VISITING WRITERS:** Joshua Luckenbach, Peter Mason,

Landon McGee, Steven Rybnicek

FRANK MITCHELL INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL VILONIA, AR

DOWNTOWN

Making my way downtown
walking fast,
see a pole,
and then I go smack

Maddie Jenkins

ORANGES

Lemon green grapes
my entire life savings
Apples and oranges

Emily Smith

TRASH IT

Candy bars are good
I throw away my candy
I like crunchy bars

Emma Price

DAYS

One day I went to Universal Studios.
One day I got to write poems.
I won the spelling bell one time.
Another time I got to see BB-8.
I almost choked to my death once.

Braden Eason

DAYTIME

I got the crossword,
for broken baby dolly.
She hated working

Courtney Wright-Pannell

THE RECIPE FOR HAIR

First you need a bottle
second you need a potion to make
the hair and put in the bottle
put in the freezer for one
day. Then you have your hair.

Kollin Swaffar

BLUEBERRY PANCAKE

A soft blueberry pancake
hits my watering mouth.
I feel the gooey maple
syrup hit my lips
I feel the warm joy
jolt throughout my body.
I feel like I just ate
a blueberry pancake

John Mason Halley

MOM

Mom in the kitchen
making all my favorites. Poppy seed chicken,
potato soup, and chicken pot pie. I would
eat most of the good. Mom would wrap
me like a pig in a blanket. She
called me sweet pea. I feel asleep
eating poppy seed chicken with
cake on my head.

Zareona Dixon

INVISIBLE FOOD

Do you know why my food was weird?

It definitely wasn't visible.

I got a serving of yellow corn and so I
ate it.

When I was done eating 1,000,000 pieces of
corn, I pretended to eat my food for another
minute. It had to be 10 minutes old. I walked
into the kitchen and pretended to eat my
food when my sister said, "Presto!" I tried to
eat again and I swallowed something but
nothing was in my mouth or on my plate.
I just ate something invisible!

Haven Ramos

THE DAYS OF CANDY!

Riding a popcorn unicorn through candy galaxy.

Swimming through the chocolate smelling caramel
pool.

Making the best cotton candy box fort.

Jumping in caramel leaves they're the best!

Eating anchovies! I have no good choice!

Cora Cleberg

I WHISTLE

ice cream sundae stuff
old pizza boxes from food
cheap Walmart crackers

Leila Kim

DIABETES

I have diabetes and sometimes
it's tough but my family helps
me get through it. I have
type 1 let me explain
so a organ in your body
called your pancreas and mine
stopped working and I had to
take shots but now I have
a pump but I always
have to check my blood sugar.

Allie Fletcher

FRANK MITCHELL INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

VILONIA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 1 - 2, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Karen Millsap

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 63

VISITING WRITERS: Andrew Butler, Steven Rynbicek,
Ben Whisman, Jacob Yordy

GREENBRIER ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS GREENBRIER, AR

ODE TO MOMMY

Mama's going to work
then to school it's hard
with mama not there we go
out to eat I try to
be nice by making mama's
coffee but it seems I am
sad but I am glad she not sad
and we get spend more time over
the summer. But I am sad but
am glad she has a job
she likes. I am sappy =
sad + happy for your information.

Isabella Olvera

CLOVERS

Do you like clovers?
Up in the hills
lazy lions eat 4 leafed clovers
some clovers are yellow
and some are purple
some are even shaped like stars
I love clovers a lot who doesn't.

Abigail Annalee Wilson

I COULD BE AN ELASMASAURUS

I could be an elasmasaurus.

One that lives in the sea.

I would eat fish like

bass and blue gill. I

could taste them and

they would taste great!

I could hear the bubbles

popping in my ear. I am

a great dinosaur looking

just like a HUGE

turtle! I could be an

elasmasaurus.

Jaylea Creasey

THE HORN OF THE BULL

Not the sand of the desert.
Not the Blink of the deer.
Not the two toed sloth.
Not the ear of a brown furry bear.
Not the foot of a white tailed bunny.
Not the tail of a sly bright red fox.
Not the stripe of a painted blue vase.
No not at all.

Paige Carr

THE FACE OF THE HUMAN

Not the bud of a rose
Not the Koala's nose
Not the window of a rocket
Not the eye of the tiger
Not the dot on a black widow
spider Not the bee's
knees or a huge pack
of jelly beans the
human face is different.

Lillian Sorrells

I'M AT CHOCOLATE TODAY

Chocolate melts in the sun
and at night it turns back to
a house.

Chocolate makes me think of
Good times and bad times.

It melts in my mouth
like tears falling down.

It taste so sweet like
sunlight shining so bright.

It makes me think of life
alone.

It makes me feel like
giving up on my dreams and
beliefs.

But with chocolate anything
is possible.

Lillyan Bro

GREENBRIER ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS**GREENBRIER, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** November 29 - 30, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Tally Harp**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 100**VISITING WRITERS:** Hannah Allen, Hannah Bradley

GUY FENTER EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE BRANCH, AR

THE GLOSSARY OF THE DAY I GOT MY FOOT RUN OVER BY A CAR

a year ago
 playing basketball
 friend pulled in
 sharp pain in my foot
 tire on my foot
screamed
 a hairline fracture.

Ryder Skorski

JOY

Joy is like a popsicle on a hot
summer day.
A broken doll put back together
Or a newborn baby smiling for the
first time.
A drink to the thirsty
A meal to the hungry
Joy is as graceful as a ballerina
It disappears as fast as it appears.

Rachel Silva

FLASHLIGHT

When I grow up . . .
I want to be a flashlight
Help them see
as I shine brightly
in the dark sky
I'll shine in the night
while catching Fireflies
and running in the dark
The sounds I make
 Click
 Click
 Click
Until one day I stop clicking
I stop shining
and I stop leading paths
Until one day my batteries run out
and I end up in the
Trash
With all the other old, dead flashlights

Briley Schwartz

**BIG METAL BOX: ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE
SOUNDTRACK**

Every step I take
Echoes through the room
Like big thunder claps
When I stop walking,
Silence fills the space
All I can hear
Is the ringing in my ears
Every breath I take
Is like waves splashing on the sand
The silence is uncomfortable
All I can hear is my pants
Rustling as I sit down

Sophie Quinter

PANIC ROOM

The wall's spinning on its light tippy toes,
Invisible clocks ticking, can't stop,
Broken cell-phones ringing, punching in numbers,
Ghosts laughing, twirling their hair
Stuck zippers zipping, keeping out fear,
but when you open your worried eyes,
all you see is a room,
until you blink again, and you can't come out.

Cheyenne Hobbs

THE GLOSSARY OF MY BROTHER'S BIRTH

The adrenaline as we drive to the hospital
The impatience as we sit in the waiting room
The concern when all the adults talk in private
The pit in my stomach as we're told the horrible news
The seemingly endless tears as they run down my face
The fear when i see him in a box, tubes going inside
him
The worry as I see my mom's face
The love when he grips my finger in his tiny fist
The helicopter that whisks him away
The room with all of the monitors
The tears that never stop coming
The hope when the doctors say he's getting better
The hurt when he spirals again
The agonizing thought of losing him
The relief as we carry him out the door of the hospital
And the drive home

Lynlea Schwartz

THE GLOSSARY OF MY BEDROOM

Clothes thrown on the floor,
trash stuffed under the dresser,
toys separated in boxes,
and mud compacted into the carpet.

Natalie Allen

THE GLOSSARY OF MY ART

The good painting all around me
The bad on the floor
The messy table
The sketches that were never finished
All the brushes that are washed
The paint that is not used
Millions of canvases waiting to be
painted
All the dirty brushes that
were never washed
The erasers that have
been through a lot
And of course the Artist
thinking of ideas
for her next piece.

Annabelle Jagers

MAKE ME A WOLF

Make me a shoestring that's lost its color.
Make me a strip of hay that is flying away.
Make me a drip of taco grease with eggs and bacon in-between.
Make me a bird's worm flying high with the bird.
Make me a tire hanging from a tree, but most of all
please make me a wolf running in the wind and howling
at the moon.

Sierra M. Gragg

MAKE ME SOMETHING

Make me a something. Make me an ocean ever expanding.

Make me a book that could be read, and read,

Spine bending, words smudging.

Make me a rose. So perfect in

Texture and detail. So pretty in last

Light.

*

Make me a coin. A coin that is

Passed around the country, the world.

Seeing faces I never thought I'd

See.

*

Make me: Pewter, Choir, hair-tie,

Cheer, pattern, scar, dream, star,

cloud, color, nail.

*

Make me a cool breeze

on hot summer nights.

Make me the moon, something

that is rarely touched.

*

Make me a pearl,

something beautiful in

some ugly oyster's mouth.

Make me coal, something

black, and bare, yet something

the most beautiful thing comes from.

Lyndee Walker

ANYTHING EXCEPT NORMAL

Make me a pickle,
a half-eaten banana,
a fox,
an Oreo,
make me Mars,
a donut,
maybe a TV,
lightning,
a clock,
a book,
my cat,
a necklace,
thunder,
a sign,
a pole,
a flag,
a toad,
a blanket,
pizza,
anything except normal

Adrian Berns

MORNING SET UP

Ah, the morning
the long refreshing shower
the update loading on the screen
the sadness of dirty laundry
warm soft syrup traveling to the stomach
drips of syrup splashing on your
clothes
the smell of rotten eggs
the sticky stain appearing upon
your leg

Luke Law

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

DATE OF VISIT: January 25, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Amber Cobb

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 45

VISITING WRITERS: Alysandra Dutton, Samantha Kirby,
Claire Pincumbe, Emma Van Dyke

HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

THE HIDDEN HUMAN

The rubber ball is like a smooth face, round and soft.
The hourglass is like an eye, one dark the other light.
The birds look like hair, a little tiny bob.
The fish that's jumping looks like a mouth, he's
screaming for joy.
In my world, he's a human.

Madison Madrid

THE SLEEP

I dreamed that everything
was white I dreamed
of a wish I dreamed of
giant flowers instead of
trees I dreamed that everyone
was a bird I dreamed I had
made a new world.

Rylan Garrett

BLANKNESS

Your mind being blank is like the question
on a test you can't figure out
like the small kid that is never seen
like the television screen when it can't
pick up a channel

Asana Betnar

THE TRUTH ABOUT ME

I am not human. I am
a cat under my skin. And
I don't have bones at all.
And all I eat is meat. And
my back is hairy. And I
have sandy blond hair

Leigh-Anna Looney

THE TRUTH ABOUT ME

I can drive a car blindfolded
I can see and smell anything five
hundred miles away from where I'm
standing. I do everything right the first
time. People say that I'm smart.

Lucy-Claire Song

WHAT AM I?

I am silver
and scary. I don't make a sound, and
I slither. Everyone knows I like
to sneak, but nobody knows that I
like to eat mac n cheese

Elaina Ward

WINTER

In winter it is very cold and
snowy you can make a snowman
and snow angels and snowball fights you
can also make hot chocolate with yummy
marshmallows and for food you can
make a lot of hot cinnamon toast I
think it's so yummy and sweet and
when I go outside again I look
up in the sky and think about the
owls at night and frogs croaking
on a log and crickets using
their feet making music at night.

Raelynn Dunevant

WINTER

Winter, there's angels in the snow.
Winter, when the houses are like
ice cubes.
Winter, you could get lost like a
puppy in a storm.
Winter, it looks like silver coins falling
out of the sky.

Aidan Ross

THE GLOWING SMILE

I was sitting on a log and I heard a
bush rumble. I went over and there it was.
A cat with a glowing smile. He ran into the
woods and there he was. He was on a rock.
He started to choke. He choked and choked
until a bug came out. A firefly and it flew away.
I thought I'd found a glowing smile.

Reece Nelson

ALICE AND THE GIANT

Will I ever find my way home?
the air smelling like pine the forest
as black as the mouth of
a giant stomping in the flat, dry
desert.

Lily Baltz

THE WONDERS OF THE MOON

The moon is a lost golf ball hit
by a tall man, the moon is the sun's long
lost friend, the moon is a crumpled piece
of paper that a young artist once
drew on, the moon is a baby unicorn's rattle.

Ryan Parsons

WHAT ABOUT ARKANSAS

All my thoughts all go to the pink
house in Spain. The purple pen went
click click for writing the Bill of
Rights. How are beds microwaved?
My head is square. Well, beds are
not microwaved. They're baked.
The wind blew away Arkansas.

Molly Knox

ODE I

I love you I you are in almost every
word you are a vowel you stretch out far
from being used a lot you get worn out
from time to time and get some shut eye
before you have to work I love you

Sawyer Ray

THE DUCK

The duck's beak has all kinds of
bumps.
The duck's face is all scratched up.
The duck's face is like a big gap of nothing
in the world.
The duck's face is just a big jagged line.

Mae Billingsley

D

You are glorious. If fallen to
the left you are like a sunset,
over the flowing blue wave. You
smell like fresh-baked cupcakes.
Taste like wet dog, feel like soft
cotton. I loved you, D, and always will.

Emilea Reed

FLAMINGO

There are pink and gold flamingos in
Mexico. There is music coming from them.
How do you think they run like quiet or loud.
They have eyelashes that touch the
floor. They don't run they waddle.
They act like an orchestra.

Karen Ramirez

RAVEN KING

Flying high in
the sky and the
biggest of them all
is the raven king.
With big talons and
sharp vision easy
to catch food.

Hunter Williams

TEAL TO THE NOUNS

The waves of the ocean, the color of
jeans, it is the color of blueberries
and blueberry slushy, we call it teal,
the color of the sky, we all know it is
the color of a tissue box, some people
might think of it as a globe, or one of
the colors on an American flag, or
maybe the color of instruction paper,
or even the color of Dory in Finding
Nemo, and last the login to spelling city
on the whiteboard

Naomi Yayock

RED IS VERY SAD

A red slushy feeling blue
a watermelon sized like
stinky cheese a little red
balloon popped with a needle
its red blood gushing
through your body
wanting to break free
into a math problem
to go to school.

Audrey Beilby

WHITE MOON LIGHT

The moon's light is bright like an
arctic fox in a wedding dress. So bright
that it is like touching a white
piece of blank thin paper.
Looking at the white moon while laying
on the green grass in pitch black night
Looking at the white moon light.

Bryan Soto

THE MOON

The moon is a giant stone
wall. The moon is a glowing
piece of ruby. The moon is a piece of
a diamond that was mined by
100 miners. The moon is a
white panther. The moon is
the top of a mountain.

Vincent Gray

WINTER

the snow is falling while the pack of wolves is
chasing their prey they are running fast as
flash.

River Simpson

UNTITLED

the dog is hungry
the couch is moving
the guitar is playing
the shower is singing
the trees are
shaking
and I'm thinking.

Ella Collister

UNTITLED

My bed is soft. My bed helps me sleep.
A bed helped my dad get better
after back surgery. A bed helped my
mom in the hospital for 3 years.
Beds can make people calm down.
Beds are the best. When I am
cold the bed is there.

Kenzie Burton

HAPPY HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 23 - 24, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Crissa Mitchell and Dondi Frisinger

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 184

VISITING WRITERS: Samuel Binns, David Brunson, Andrew

Butler, Elizabeth DeMeo, Landon McGee, Claire

Pincumbe, David Priest, Steven Rybnicek

JACKSONVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL JACKSONVILLE, AR

PINK SHIRTS NEVER RUN

They stay on like
the perfume i wear. It brightens
up like the sun rises in the
morning. It stays still like
hot glue on paper

Ta'Keemya Cunningham

MY CUP FAMILY

We sit for dinner
all big and round
my father red
mother green
me I'm yellow
my mother has bumps, I have lines
we all eat our food
drinking from our own kind
we sit for awhile then watch a movie
then we run to bed to fall asleep in a hurry

Jakob Melton

NO SLEEP

I am an old man who skipped
nap-time. I am an energy drink
gone wrong.

Elizabeth Boyd

ROBO-RYAN REYNOLDS

I am an outlier.
I don't get involved in groups,
but I know everything that happens.
My bones are made of steel white pipes
like the ones under a kitchen sink.
I'm 70% essential oils and 30% premium shakes
and Thai salads.
I end the day with a fresh scent of lavender sprays.
Then, I lay to rest in my bed, as my body parts connect
like my childhood operation game.

Alexia Lenz

CRUSH

Reading
In my Black Room
He walks into my thoughts

Hanna Burgess

MY ROAD FAMILY

I eat my cereal as the sky lightens
It tastes of Vanilla bitter yet sweet
Cold as winter it sits upon the table
and as quiet as a mouse it waits
as I smell the sweet aroma of day

Trent S. Nelson

ROBO-DAMON

My body is controlled with Blood & Wires
I'm a nights man
It hurts to get hit by the sun
I get one place to another quicker than flash

Camiya Washington

UNTITLED

In the universe the stars flash all the colors
of the rainbow
The orchestra plays an endless song
A blue hoodie with gray faux lays
on the floor
Will there be a day I don't repeat

Joseph Taylor Juarez

I'M SORRY

I didn't do my homework.
See, my pen had ran out of ink
so it went to the store to get some more
but then my sister's dog rolled in and started to paint the Mona Lisa
upside down the street
they were throwing a Midnight party
so I cried my way there.

Exavier Sebastian

BRACES NEVER HURT

That's what they say again and again
But you and your mouth know the truth
Then it's time to get the chains off
They're off
You think the fight is over
But when you're not looking
They slap you with a retainer
You feel defeated and lost

Seth Gray

BILLIE EILISH THE ROBOT

I am a machine shining in
the crowd. I sleep in a glass
box that charges me when I
get shocked. I have a smell of
a busted gas pipe. I feel as
soft as a cloth that cleans
your glasses. I am different.

Kayla McChriston

CONFUSED

I'm a polar bear in the desert
I'm the smell of roses in the winter
I'm the taste of blueberry waffles on a green apple

Addisyn Wilson

JACKSONVILLE MIDDLE SCHOOL

JACKSONVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 12 - 13, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Deborah Lutz

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 160

VISITING WRITERS: Bailey Hutchinson, Claire Pincumbe,
Sara Ramey, Hiba Tahir

KIPP DELTA COLLEGIATE HIGH SCHOOL HELENA, AR

EYES NEVER SLEEP

Eyes never sleep
They roam around all night long
anxiously waiting until it's time
for them to finally open open
Or they roll around all night
playing catch with one another.

J'Kayla Thomas

THE SECRET LIFE OF GRANDMA CLAY

Every time I saw her, she
would give a celebrity smile.
The house would smell of moth balls,
She would be humming some
melody that was ancient like Beethoven.
I wonder where she goes or
what she does everyday. I know
she runs 100 miles a day without
any diesel. She cooks rice and cuts
down huge trees.

Tahjay Shirley

ROBO DRACULA

Powering on to sonar locate his prey
Full of rechargeable batteries he
stalks electrical circuits
No suburban home is safe
he takes pleasure in draining the life of
cell phones and laptops
He lurks in the shadows of towns and cities
dodging the community pool or the lake located
in central park.
his hunger becomes more deep as night consumes
day
Some leave offerings on their doorstep as a
way to keep
Robo Dracula away.

Johnterrique Evans

THOSE SHOES

Those shoes
gosh i love
those shoes.
With those red
laces and that black sole.
But i have no money
so i can't have those
shoes.

Maya Bailey

THE SECRET LIFE OF ANTS

The other day I stepped on an old ant
while walking outside

I thought about it for hours before
I went to sleep

Did the ant die, did I paralyze it

Was it on its way to college or was it
about to start grad school

Was there a witness of other ants or
was the witnesses its own family

What was the ant's last word? Was it
"This big ol' dude finna smash me with his
boot"

I wonder will the ant crew come
and find me and steal my unattended
pop tart

I really wish I didn't stomp on that
ant the other day.

Markell Gibson

DEAR FALLING

Can't you just not happen.
It's like you're there to just be evil.
A baby might just be trying to
have fun, and chase after a dog's
tail. Or someone just wants to
do a flip, or dance joyfully. But
NOPE. You pop up out of nowhere
and BOOM, "Man Down," and all you
do is laugh, and move on to your
next victim.

Di'Andra Edwards

KIPP DELTA COLLEGIATE HIGH SCHOOL

HELENA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 14 - 15, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Vivian Sisk

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 22

VISITING WRITERS: Bailey Hutchinson, Rachel Thomas

LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL LAMAR, AR

COYOTES

The eerie howl of a coyote
in the woods. They come closer
to the house. The spring is
the best for the hunting.

Addy Hunter

THE TREE

A tree with very little life left,
the wind blows it down,
so much work.

Daniel Flores

THE WORMS AT THE GATE

Slimy, at the large wooden gate
Smells green grass, apples, watermelon
Squirms through hole to food
Swoop, hungry bird eats him

Ashtyn Holt

FOREST

As I walk through the forest
I hear the birds chirping the
boiling of the magma inside earth.
The marching of ants, the sound
of a river hitting against rocks
as I break in half my kit-kat.

Grayson Pitts

THE SNOWFLAKE

The snowflake lands on the window.
My brother licks it and it's gone.
We gather around the Christmas tree.

Luke Born

UNTITLED

I went in the woods
tackled a bear then
rode him home.

Quincy Moore

JUST LISTEN

In the solar system there is not
a soul in sight yet there is much to
hear. Earth creaking slowly as it
turns on its axis. The clicking of the
sun's glasses as he takes them off.
The squeak of Saturn adjusting her
rings. The chatter of Pluto shivering
in the cold. Venus quietly clicking
her tongue as she waits for Mars.
There is so much to hear if you would
just listen.

Emma Gilmer

THE OCEAN

I hear the ocean
waves the atoms of
3,000,000,000,000
universes away the
stepping of feet in
the middle of the
earth

Zoey Pace

THE WOLF

In the forest a wolf moves slowly
like a sloth, and as quietly as a barn owl, sneaky
as a snake at night.

Aubrey Dixon

UNTITLED

The school looks dark and is
creepy in the night. Only thing I see is
a mulberry tree. As I look across
the playground I see something moving.

Scarlett Sayer

PET FISH IN MY MIND

the blue green scales spark in the sun
 looking to see the yellow waves crash making every moment flow
 hearing the octopus bark as they play in the rock coral
 every kitten just born making their way through clouds of ink
 going dark for only a minute
 the shadow on the surface looms

Braylee Vanover

NOTE TO WONDER WOMAN

Oh Wonder Woman,
 if only I had your lasso
 of Truth,
 life would be easier for
 me. I finally understand why you
 have one, because
 people lie to you.

Heaven Edrington

A SONG PLAYING THROUGH THE JUKEBOX AT A CASINO

Men playing poker listening, their reaching ears
 longing for music

Braden Wilcox

THE PLAYGROUND

The air was warm. The sky was
clear. The court was full of people,
running left to right. The swings
were swaying in the wind. Some were
desperate to leave. But I was not.

Keyston Freeman

MY ENCOUNTER WITH BIG BIRD

I was in my room reading a book
when all of a sudden
BOOM
my door fell down
And
I saw a
huge
yellow
bird
just standing in my doorway

Mary Kerce

THE BOY AND THE LINE

1.

He doesn't know, he probably never
will, but I still praise this boy like I praise
God. He is and always will be a picture
on the wall in my head.

2.

His laughter carries me over seas of
wonder. Like when he made me laugh. His eyes
as brown as the woods we used to
play in.

3.

I walk up to the stone that stands
tall in the ground. Here lies the boy
who became a man.
My eyes wander on the boy's gravestone
until they catch something. The line that says
2005-2017. That line in between those
two years always catches me up. That line
is his whole life. The smiles, the laughter,
even the broken bones he broke in
whatever sport he was playing, all right
there in that line of life.

Aryana Holt

COLD KNOWLEDGE

When you enter the room
the entire place shimmers.
It smells like snow and old books.
The shelves go up to the ceiling, met
with glittering icicles.
The librarian sits still and quiet at her desk
frigidly
and shushing
but only because
a noise too loud could cause an
avalanche
and the only thing to keep you warm
are the books, and your
burning questions.

Emma Pearson

DEAR TANA,

reply or don't it really don't matter
but just know if they can't get you
down then I guess they can't, me either
maybe you lie, maybe you don't
I still think of you as my messed up
super hero
from time to time

Jayden Coral

MY IRON HAND

Rusted and flaked
I rub my hand against a wall
to see pieces come off
I wish I could have a drink
but my iron hand is too heavy
I want to take a bath
but my iron hand would dissolve
Once I was young, my iron hand
was too
I drank and bathed just
like you

Jaicee Sayer

DAYTONA BEACH

I open my eyes from laying
in the hot sun. The sun blazing on
the deep blue sea. The rays
picking up all of the dust in the
air. I see the waves crashing onto
shore like they're gasping for a breath
of air the beach at last. My toes
sinking in the sand as I walk away.

Fiona Brewer

MOUNTAIN

Wind like dust
Breathing hurts your throat
Now the top
The branch cuts my hand
I climb to the middle
Move to the night
I climb the staircase water
cut out for me
I am at the top
A rustle
Running
Briars cut through my leg
No time to stop
The end of the Mountain
I take a trail down

Cheyenne Carter

MYSTERIOUS

A peaceful melody
soft as silk,
picking up pace
a nature call, sweet melody
Then a dramatic theater
The suspicious sounds of a great chase
or a wild storm

Haley Burns

UNTITLED

Dancers slowly dance. Swaying
left to right. They follow music,
light on dark nights.

Trinity Deal

UNTITLED

at one time
empty
but at another
full of colors
of dresses
sounds of heels
against acrylic floor
smell of perfume
the ladies are wearing
after that
empty, nothing

Autumn Barr

LAMAR MIDDLE SCHOOL

LAMAR, AR

DATES OF VISIT: January 24 - 25, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jennifer Hignite

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 425

VISITING WRITERS: David Brunson, Victoria Hudson, Peter
Mason, Landon McGee, Mackenzie McGee, Sara Ramey,
Hiba Tahir, Kaitlyn Yates

LAVACA MIDDLE SCHOOL LAVACA, AR

IS BIG FOOT REAL

Yes

He is a really chill guy

Gabriel Pierce

MAKE ME A HUNTER'S MOON

Make me a soft deer
make me an amazing owl
make me a colorful wolf
make me a scary dragon
make me a fluffy cloud
make me a burning star in the night sky
make me a color changing Dugati
make me a spooky spirit.
Make me an orange hunter's moon on
Halloween night.

Franklin Dodson

MAKE ME THAT SPICY, CRUNCHY

fried chicken that everyone
loves to eat. Make me a
pencil so I can get shaved
around and sharpened till I
cannot be used anymore. Make
me a big fluffy cloud in the
sky. Make me a chubby
Chihuahua so I can be lazy
and loved. Oh please make
me you so I can make
me a fried chicken, a pencil,
a big fluffy cloud, and a chubby
Chihuahua.

Anna Davis

POEM

his little tail wags excitedly
he runs through the tall wheat
she loses sight of him as
his beige sandy fur blends in

Monica Dorsey

THE PLANET ON THE TABLE

Just as I arrived back to my
bed my mom calls me.
It's time for dinner.
I almost sprint down our
long hallway, to the table.
For which seemed like an
eternity, I arrived at the table.
I can see the puffy cloud
like mashed potatoes.
The green leaves like beans.
The sandy dune like chicken.
And the snow topped mountain
like the browning under the
vanilla ice cream.
Is this a meal or planet?

Maddox Noel

THE LITTLE CRINKLE OF THE PAPERS AGING

A memory
Make me the sourness of a warhead
Make me a cartoon of emotions
Make me the kick of a swimmer
Make me the punch of a fighter.
Make me a whimper of a dog
Make me the book nobody can put down
Make me the scream of a memory

Chonda Clark

"ANTEDILUVIAN"

to throw
Lemons at people.

Isaac Morris

ODE TO MY PHONE

Phones. Phones are magnificent.
When you first get one
it feels as if you've opened
a third eye. It has the
knowledge of a national library
times 50. It feels like
visiting another galaxy. When you
turn the brightness up it
feels like walking out of
a movie theater after a
3 hour movie. You can go
to Germany or the moon.
This was an ode to my
phone.

Larry Davis

"ODE TO MY TOOTHBRUSH"

My toothbrush is like a lover
without it I would get cavities in
my teeth and my heart.

I see it
with its green body and its
blue and white bristles.

Bristles that hug my
teeth in competition.

In love.

And I think . . .
that's a good toothbrush . . .
my toothbrush.

Koda L. Roseberry

'ALONE'

Do you like to be alone?
My cat keeps me occupied.

I love the color blue.

Does it mean sadness?

I wanna move to Mars.

I hate being alone

I love being alone.

Lily McFerran

THE CHICKEN NUGGET LAND

Once upon a time there was a
land and this land was not
normal it was made of chicken
nuggets. And the nugget people
made New York into New Nugget
and the Statue of Liberty into
Nugget of Liberty. But one nugget
was different than the others
his name was nugget nugget.
He was the god of nuggets
he made the water into
ketchup. Then tragedy hit
the nugget people turned
rotten due to the nugget
god being gone many turned
sick but the nugget god
came back and the nugget
people lived from 1AC –
3090 – 4000 – 100,000,000

Tyler Winchester

MY NEW HOME

I'm living in egg roll today,

Had a few visitors had to act happy,

I couldn't show how I really felt,

I got a phone call when I was in the middle
of a moment,

I don't know how long I'm going to be
here days, weeks, months, years, decades, even centuries.

Jackson Triplett

LAVACA MIDDLE SCHOOL

LAVACA, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 7 - 8, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Brooka Meredith

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 320

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Emma Van Dyke, Claire
Pincumbe, Sara Ramey

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK, AR

1950s

Strawberry Milkshake
Pink as the poodle skirt cinched around her waist.
Hold in your gut, pretty woman!
Men cannot handle your reality.
Little black girl with pigtails
Eyed and despised for her melanin.
Hold your head high, little girl!
They cannot handle your power.
Tap Tap Tap of the heels on the ground
Pow Pow Pow of the black men shot
A collective sigh when the white man walks free
A breath held in as she is tied into the perfect shape
Click Click of the tap dancers
Yells of appreciation
A sea of white on the left side
A sea of black on the right
Humanity the same

Ella Moody

GAS STATION

Everybody thinks it's for gas and snacks but that's the trick.

It's really a place to go when you want to socialize

Or remind yourself that you still got it sis!

It's a place that instills humility and teaches one to be discreet when you have to ask for 3 on pump 6

and the workers know it

and the car manufacturers know it

They make our cars run off gas so we have to go to the gas station

And the gas station somehow reminds us of our everyday

people characteristics.

It's a set up, but I like it

It's a scam but I'll allow it

Paige Mitchell

SECRET LIFE OF A HOODIE

They only want me when it's cold.

Even though I enjoy keeping them warm

They wear me until I'm filthy

They throw me on just to go any and

everywhere. But the minute it hits May, they

just throw me in the closet like we didn't

just do everything together

From

Food run

To pull ups

To last minute appointments.

I was there keeping them warm throughout it all.

Acacia Nelson

THE SPORK

By day I am a sweet fork used to eat cake.
By night I am a hot spoon used to slurp soup.
Double life, I know.
But these big creatures don't even know what I
do on my breaks or what I go through on
a daily basis.
Everyone in my vicinity is different from me. Maybe
because my parents decided to get creative by
being with each other even though one is a
spoon and the other a fork. They had no clue
what they were getting themselves into.
I am always the one to be chosen, they
hate on me and say it's only because I'm
"versatile," because I'm not the shiniest utensil
in the drawer.
I'm made of bubble gum pink plastic with Princess
Aurora's face plastered on my handle. I'm
not even machine wash safe.
But somehow the creatures always choose me for
their soups and cakes and pastas and watermelon.
What can I say, I'm the best of both worlds.

Nyah Peyton

H₂O

I live under the sink and flow under the house
Their house of course.
Underneath is my home. My home in which I
live without limitations. We don't have to worry
about neighbors down here. We are all united
sometimes we party hard all night long.
that is until some of us burst out
of course. Sometimes we go upstairs to
the other house. everyone is always lined
up for that! that is until they put
us in a bowl over fire. Someone should tell
them that that isn't any fun!
So we're forced to watch little ghost
angels disappear into the house.

Michaela Crenshaw

WHERE I'M FROM

I'm from Arkansas the red hog that
gets more angry as the years increase
I'm from Jacksonville carried by horses
and cattle
I'm from a sweet home with baked ovens
with the scents of chocolate cookies
I'm from a chicken pit surrounded by
hungry wolves
I'm from the ocean where many like
to throw poles with hooks attached to a string

Mario Bonner

MAKING THE FAMILIAR STRANGE – REMOTE’S LIFE

I sit on the coffee table with buttons
to turn the channel, turn the volume up
and down, and to shut the TV off.
The batteries in me warm me up
every time someone flips through
channels. For some reason I like the
young and the restless and
Victor is my favorite. I watch this guy
Steve Harvey on a game show that
gets my buttons lit up. I like being in
someone’s hand, makes me feel all
cozy. I always seem to get lost
under the couch, between the
sheets, underneath pillows, or
just sitting in front of the TV. I
know I’m kind of frustrating because
I like to travel in the house and they
end up finding me in places they’d
never think of. At night I’ll go and
pour me a glass of orange juice and
someone will end up finding me
in the kitchen. I really need a bath
though, they always use me when
they’re eating. I live a pretty
awesome life. I’m always needed and
I get to play hide and seek.

Brania Levi

DEAR GOLDIE

Dear Goldie,
Long time no see my little furry friend! You
aren't that far from me, matter of fact within
a couple of steps. Sorry for not speaking when
I pass you. But hey, hello can go both ways.

Dear Goldie,
Remember all of the secrets I told you
growing up? Now they're all hidden within
your cotton filled insides. Tell Ms. Briggs I
said hello. Ask her if she remembers the
secrets too.

Dear Goldie,
We have to get together sometime and catch
up! Maybe you can help me with my poems,
listen and critique me.

p.s. Maybe tonight?

Nyah Peyton

THE DIFFUSER

Soft lemony scents
waft from the small sauna
filling the entire neighborhood
the soft lights have turned on
that's when you can tell it's open
letting scented steam out from its tiny
chimney
the men are in there
the small ones
all wrapped in towels
all enjoying the opening of their pores
gossiping about their tiny wives
there's a newbie inside
nervous and fidgeting
the regulars welcome him happily

Mae Higgins

SECRET LIFE

How do books feel being right next to each other?
Are they claustrophobic?
Do they like their covers?
I don't like orange and yellow
I would hate it if my cover was orange
or yellow
or both
Do they scream at each other?
Do they become noseblind?

Kolbie Wierman

SKETCHBOOK

Dear Sketchbook,
Someone must have left you on accident
on the bench in the park
There's a name on the first page
But I've never heard of them
Dear Sketchbook,
Your pages are filled with faces
some have long hair
others have dark skin
some have color
Most are black and white
so many faces
How do you know which is your own?
Dear Sketchbook,
Some of the pages
Simply have a few lines
Like the artist abandoned
the subject they tried to draw
even more, in the back, are blank.
What do you do
with the blank parts of yourself
Dear Sketchbook,
Do you feel left behind?
The person who left you,
Will they come back for you?
Will all the faces drawn here
ever be seen again?
Will the blank pages ever be filled?
I want to draw them for you,
but I am no artist
Maybe I'll learn.

Catherine Clayton

THE FIRST DECADE

Stars were still being born
Everything was really hot
The universe began to expand, & would not stop
The new elements had trouble sorting themselves out
Little chunks of rock were probably turning into baby
planets
Carbon & Hydrogen were the new trend
It would be eons before the first germ came about
But I bet the silence must've been nice
All of reality was probably no bigger than a galaxy
But that one galaxy would give birth to more galaxies
Time's arrow marches forward
Ten years is a long time

Ali Khalil

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 19 and October 23, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Sharolyn Jones-Taylor

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 21

VISITING WRITERS: Patrick Font, Karstin Hale, Rachel

Thomas, Jacob Yordy

MOUNT ST. MARY ACADEMY LITTLE ROCK, AR

I'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE OF MY MIND

My thoughts are all over the place all crazy and wild.
But my mind is asleep.
My thoughts are just thoughts without my mind.
All scattered about with no home or place to fit in
like the pieces from another puzzle in the same box.
All jumbled and confused with no box of mind.
No structure to make them make sense or fit.
All lost and confused and unable to finish this poem.
I mean puzzle.

Lily Hiegel

LEAVING HOME

Sirens, flashing lights, news reporter on the radio,
sitting under my home so we don't get sucked up.
Oh, the radio just went out. I think it's about
to hit...an hour later...I walked up the
stairs and nothing was left. The tears and hugs.
Everything happened so fast.

Mary Claire O'Connor

WISHES

Make me camp on sock war day.
Make me a ukulele playing Riptide.
Make me a thunderstorm.
Make me a plane ride with pretty
views,
a tube of lipgloss, a fluffy dog, a
grilled cheese with tomato soup.
Make me a sprite.
Make me a jump in the pool after
laying in the sun.
Make me a mountain.
Make me a sunrise,
a piece of ice cold cake.
A group of kids laughing and jumping
on me. A sunburn.
A hair straightener. A Spotify Country
playlist.
Make me a board game—maybe
Life or Sorry.
Make me an inside joke.
Make me bread.
Make me junk food. A card game at camp. Cabin
cleanup.
Make me a fountain of joy!

Josie Landrum

AN ODE TO CAR RIDES

Car rides help me calm down
famous people have cars
there are so many different cars
at sunset you can ride into the light.

Caroline Burge

ODE TO MY NAILS

I apologize for the state you are in.
I'll get you fixed up soon.
I know you're like barking dogs trying to be fed.
I will fix you up, don't worry nail bed.
You are fish trying to swim away
from the shark you will be eaten by,
but don't worry, nails, you will be all
better soon.

Jessica Cannon

DOWNTOWN

The streets are lined with weeds and flowers
as we walk to get coffee
holding hands and joking to ourselves.

We both met on this road
seeing that girl in the old BMW
with the yellow top and skirt
resting your head on the hot windowsill.

This place known as the hangout spot
is where people go to be heard
or be seen.

As for us
you and me
We come to get coffee and relax
and as we start to walk away
those streaming roads pull us back in
almost if they were wanting us to stay.

Similar to a streamer being twirled
vibrant colors glistening in the midsummer air
it beckons us again to visit once more.

Sophia Brannon

DOUBT

Do you like him?
No, of course not
He was wearing blue today
wait, ignore that, let's make pancakes
then we can go to the beach
Allison can come too
we will have so much fun but I just wish
yes I guess I do like him

Olivia Cordell

LONELY

Four windows,
one, closed off door,
peeling paint,
dark—almost black,
dead plants,
broken glass.
screaming steps,
open mailbox,
silent doorbell,
two beds.
one man,
alive but dead,
trapped.

Sarah Hain

SOON TO FORGET

aren't you scared too?
aren't you worried?
no more early morning wet alarms.
nothing sounding like jingling bells on Christmas,
the sound of laughter when water splashes on your
eyelids, lips, nose, hair, cheeks.
in the bathtub,
no more excitement
heart racing when you open the door.
the heart wrenching sound of silence,
as you bury him
right next to your last.
keep the collar.

Zelenka Herts

BALL

Where did my invitation to the ball go?
I really do hate to get dressed up.
What with all the gold dresses and dazzling jewels.
The caviar is just too much.
In the M wing of Mount St. Mary
is where I discuss my displeasures with Sadie.
I know she's the dog of the counselor,
not the counselor herself,
but she is too cute to resist.
Plus all the people are talking about their invitations to
this ball.
My invitation has reached the point of no return, the
varsity locker room, where one breath will knock you
out cold.

Eleanor Lewis

HOW TO FIGHT LIKE A GIRL

Stealthy like a cat hunting its prey in the golden
brown grass.
Slowly she stalks up to the unsuspecting creature.
Everything is silent.
She leaps, sinking her needle sharp claws into

the animal, thoughts swirling clouding her mind.
Blood drips from the prey and onto the grass.
She has shown her power.

Elizabeth Pellicciotti

BABY HAIRS

I didn't fix my fly-aways, I'm afraid
my hairs are microscopic & terribly thin.
I'm also terribly sorry that they
bother you, but hairspray makes
them damaged & look like a
kid's slime experiment, or
like furry spider legs.
I'm sorry,
then again, I thought I
saw a dumpster rat on the
crown of your head.

Macy Ramiro

MOUNT ST. MARY ACADEMY**LITTLE ROCK, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** February 4 - 8, 2019**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Monica Madey**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 118**VISITING WRITERS:** Joy Clark, Andrew Butler, Kaitlyn

Yates, Jacob Yordy

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL NORFORK, AR

ODE TO BLINKING

The fluttering of lashes that transfers you from
one moment to the next
Revealing the previous unknowns to allow for
new ones.
Blinking gives a break from the harsh sense of sight
The darkness doesn't frighten for it is temporary
In that one moment anything could happen
It is constant like the beating of the Earth
when closed curiosity intrigues
until they open overwhelmed with answers
Blinking, the pause button for reality.

Will Weatherford

HOME: ORIGINAL MOTION SOUNDTRACK

It starts with a low bass, even with a harmony
of flutes
Then it turns high pitched as if a chalkboard and
nails have come into contact. Screeching pain.
While the beeping of a monitor plays in the
background. Steady pace.
The shatter of glass is played on repeat.

Chasity Raquel Mashburn

SMILE

Whenever I want to learn more I
think about this person: “study for 15 minutes
and take a 3 minute break.”
Tells me the same stories but I
still smile every time because I love hearing
them. She doesn’t like her wallet.
Ugliest thing in the world. “Every person
in this room has a great soul.” Smile.
“If you say sorry again I won’t answer
you,” she says.
“Yes ma’am,” I say.
“Don’t worry.”
“Yes ma’am.”

Makayla Foster

THE BEST I CAN BE

Make me the heart of a happy soul,
the sunshine you see in the morning,
make me the chocolate dip to your
strawberries. The sugar you put in
your tea after it gets done boiling.
Let me be that sunshine in the sky
that shines upon us all. Make me
the water you want to drink when
you are thirsty, make me
the best that I can be.

Macey Cox

ORIGINAL MOTION SOUNDTRACK OF MY ROOM

Even with nothing inside
with the door closed I hear.
I can't explain exactly what
it is, but it is there.
Almost as if I can hear the
footsteps of darkness closing
in.
If I focus I can hear
the cool night breeze,
but feel nothing.
My dark room speaks louder
than a lighted bright one.
Telling me to think, not saying
what, just telling to think.
As I lay saying nothing aloud
I hear the occasional whine
of a tired piece of wood holding
my TV.
The humming of a TV telling
me to turn it on,
but the loud silence is where
I feel more comfortable and
feel in control.

Jacob Hurst

WHAT SHE WANTS

Make me a cat with three
legs and no tail

Make me a door with a hole
through it

Make me a mattress with the
springs popping out

Make me Julius Caesar

Thy pillow Thy astrict
Thy siren Thy sandals

Make me a birdhouse with
no birds

I want to be whole again
But she broke me

She wanted me to be
broken

She got what she wanted

Lainni Stanley

GRANDMOTHER

I think of my grandmother when I see the
bluebirds sing. I think of her
every time I am about to go in the
show ring once again. I try not to
think of her last moments on
Earth, all of the tubes and the
slim hospital bed.

My grandmother and father are
a lot alike. In the ways that
they were both raised on the
farm. He teaches me things that
he learned from her. Like trimming
hooves on hot summer days.

I also see my grandmother
in my sister. The way my sister
took on arts and crafts just
like grandmother.

When I look at my mother
I see my grandma. In the
way that they could both talk
for hours on in.

I see my grandmother in
me. In my features. In my love
for animals.

I look back in my memories
of my grandmother. Oh how much
I miss and love her.

Katy Richard

PENCILS

As I write with this pencil,
a hexagonal tube of wood
with graphite packed inside,
my mind wanders,
a tree
with sap seeping
hundreds of years old
killed and butchered
factories mass producing
luxuries
necessities
canned food and bottled water
water purified
from the same flowering rivers
that supplied those now dead trees
and the same surging rivers
that collect run off from
the nearby graphite mines
that produce the graphite
that is in the pencil
that I write with now.

Elliott Reugsegger

SHAPE SHIFTER

When I want to be a faceless man
instead I am a giant head

a big bowl of soup all over the floor
everyone stops and stares

“you gonna eat that?” they say
under the light of dreams

some get soup others starve
craving and begging for soup.

Thomas Lawhorn

THE WATER

When I want to be like the water
clear, blue, and weightless, instead I am
like rocks heavy, gray, and solid.

When I want to be like mountains
tall, still, and standing solid, instead
I am like stumps short, and cut down
with no longer having all of myself.

Then I see a flag in the distance
and I want so badly to touch it and
read what it says.

Emily Bench

RENGAME IN A CAVE

Rengame is not the bats you hear high
above.

Rengame is not the water dripping into
a puddle.

She might be the rocks in a pile
or scattered round.

She might be the glow worms lighting
your way.

She might be that bit of crystal in your
pocket that you found on your way in.

Rengame is not the helpless girl in a story
book, but she is the lonely dragon with the
bright scales looking for someone to love her.

Justis Handfield

ONIONS

Whenever there is onions
I think of my mother
cooking dinner and always happy
She never overcooked anything
and perfectly timed everything
She enjoyed doing it
and she'd say "watch me cook,
you can learn a lot."
and even if I didn't watch
I still smelled the onions.

Christopher Staples

NORFORK HIGH SCHOOL

NORFORK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 2 - 3, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Stacy Havner

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 50

VISITING WRITERS: Joy Clark, Claire Pincumbe, Victoria
Hudson, Kaitlyn Yates

OUR HOUSE LITTLE ROCK, AR

EX

I look in her eyes
She is an Angel
I'm frozen in her glare
Her hair is luscious
and smooth
When she is by me
I think about how I
would run to the end
of the earth for her
Her hands are soft plush
At that I think about
How much would it
cost to get her
love back

Tre'Jaun Fletcher

CHURCH THE SOUNDTRACK

I can hear Ms. Jones
acting a fool
catching the holy
ghost at praise break
the drums playing and
ants walking sounding
like water drop pastor
yelling sets cracking

Amari Robinson

NAP TIME

children sleeping
tasted like goldfish
kids snoring
smelled like pee
soft covers
separated from the group
sleeping by myself

Triniti Key

THE FLOWERS

The flowers
blew away
orange & white
second day of winter
of my wishes

Annea Cunningham

SWING RIDE

Wind running through my piggies
Daddy can let go now
Gravity pulling me down
Losing grip of the swinging chains
My little body flying high like a cloud
Ouch with a mouth full of woodchips
Daddy's sweet girl with her first real battle scar

Ta'Kirah Jeffries

ODE TO SCRUNCHIE

My friend brought me a
scrunchie, stretching like
a gymnast, black like the
dark night, you wrap around
like the outer space, my black
scrunchie can't be replaced

Jazorah Gregory

OUR HOUSE

LITTLE ROCK, AR

DATES OF VISIT: March 19 - 20, 2019

FACULTY SPONSORS: Adrienne Dawson & Corbin Huffstutter

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 15

VISITING WRITERS: Joshua Luckenbach, Mackenzie McGee,
Sara Ramey, Steven Rybnicek

POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL POTTSVILLE, AR

CLOCKS

Clocks are everywhere
we write on clock paper with ticking pencils
We text times of clocks back and forth
never remembering the messages
Our clothes are clocks, ticking smaller, or
larger each day
Our hearts are clocks either striking midnight
or ringing 6 a.m.
because everything is clocks, even us

Nicolette Graves

MY SISTER

Dances like stars at night
Popcorn popping in a pan
Tornadoes twisting endlessly
Feet tapping constantly
Saturday night.

Taylor Lee

A WORLD WITHOUT BEING ON IT

I thought that when
I was chosen to be the
one

who would wait on a spaceship for one hundred years,

frozen,

I would at least be given a radio line
a book,
a computer

but all I had was a
control panel and a
stick of dehydrated
bread.

I could still see the Earth, of
course,

and at night, it still transcended an ephemeral
glow.

But I wasn't
a part of it
anymore.

I crunched the bread in silence.
I put my hand on the cold, cold window.

Cieara Lemon

AN ODE TO THINKING

As I sit alone that old storm rages
tossing and churning a prismatic soup inside my head.
The cut cords slowly come together
until I can string my old guitar again.
I listen to them say, let us be seen,
but the time isn't right and the pieces aren't all there.
Soon I'll show the world through their grey-scaled
kaleidoscopes.
It may sound like chaos but it makes me happy
and I wouldn't want it any other way.

Jonathan Level

THE DARK WORLD

She was taller than most.
The sound of her voice escaped just below my chin
We felt each other's faces for features we fancied
This was the custom, since the day
all eyes clouded. The tram moved
forward as we talked. Personal
transportation has become impossible.
Her voice played chords and melodies
Every word music in my ears
It was love at first sound
And in the dark we moved together

Ellis Bosold

UNTITLED

Fingernails are covering the floor.
There's Fingernails lying in my sheets
and fingernails poking my skin.
Where your things once sat in the drawer
there are fingernails.
Fingernails become my diet.
And instead of warm blood spilling from my nail beds
there are more fingernails.
One not knowing me would think fingernails
were a collector's item in my eyes that spill fingernails
But the fingernails just keep multiplying
you left a fingernail shaped hole in my heart
A heart that is full of fingernails.
And it's all because I'm nervous about us dear.

Breckyn Ballard

POTTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

POTTSVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 3 - 4, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Andrea Hooper

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 84

VISITING WRITERS: Victoria Hudson, Samantha Kirby

RAMAY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

THE FIRST GHOST I SAW

Her presence made me
feel cold, sent a shiver
up my spine
She danced happily
as she yearned for
me to join her

She was wonderful
But it was her piercing, patronizing
stare that made me turn
away
Then she was gone, almost
as quickly as she had arrived

Samantha Couer

THE ONLY GHOST I EVER SAW

One winter afternoon,
there was a man walking by himself on MLK
He was quietly muttering to himself
& was stumbling slightly,
his feet crunching irregularly in the snow

Ravi Brock

EL MATADOR

Please can we go?
You know it's my favorite
The bright green sign
Neon with El Matador
I pass my favorite painting
A woman deep with despair
To the left of an angry
bull charging at a cloak
The spicy smell of salsa
As we sit at
the large booth
I order my queso
It's silky smooth
With the crunch of
homemade chips
Sister doesn't like it
But we stay anyway

Zoë Baucum

RAMAY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATE OF VISIT: November 12, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Taylor Scott

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 12

VISITING WRITERS: David Brunson, Elizabeth DeMeo,

Emma Van Dyke, Joshua Luckenbach

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WEST MEMPHIS, AR

GOOD SILENCE

Lying on the floor going unnoticed
always hearing these booming ground-
shaking sounds. That sound like they might
split the earth in half and I always
hear them they never stop, always moving
like a leaf in a tornado
and I believe one day they will split the
earth and it will all be over no more
sounds just silence, god precious
silence

Warren Curie

THE FLAG

So much depends
upon

the black wheel
barrow

glazed with
cold mustard

beside the
red dog

Marselo Amaya

HEARING THINGS

I was outside
getting something to eat
When I heard dogs and cats talking.
Then a few minutes later I
heard ants talking as well.
They were talking about someone
eating waffles and toast.
Animals these days.

Raleigh Ellis

POEM

So much depends upon
your pink tongue. If you didn't
have a tongue you wouldn't
be able to say kind words
such as I love you.

Saniya Barber

THE OAK TREE

So much depends upon the broad
oak tree with its leaves falling through
the wind its bark battered by raindrops
its branches killed by quick flashes
and its trunk shaken by the ear
splitting rumble.

Wayne Wright

IN THE SHOP

The vibration of the
car when it starts.
When the wrench falls
that dink when the bolt
bounces off the frame and hits
the ground. When the shop door drops
as if a earthquake has hit
when a tire rolls by, as if
the wind has picked up.
When the muffler pops like
a grenade in WWII.

Max Morris

RICHLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 3 - 4, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Jess Dickson

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 84

VISITING WRITERS: Hannah Allen, Jacob Yordy

ROOT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

The blue sea washing up beautiful
shells. I see the moon shining
on the water of the great
blue sea. I see small fish jumping
in the moonlight. The sand so
cool I sink my hand into the
deep sand. Then I turn my head
to the sight of crabs fighting.

Landon Casteel

ME BANANA

Every day I wake up and
I get out of the bowl. I check
to see if I am still yellow
then I go to the fruit
elementary, but inside I am sad.
Everyday people are eating
my family, but I will be
the last banana!

Clark Crawley

ASK THE SKY

The wind blows like nobody
cares. The wind blows on your skin.
The sun burning your eyes. You see
nothing. You think what
could happen. Do I go inside?
Do I listen to the birds chirp?
I don't. You think what
could happen to the
sky. What could
happen to us? The
water comes. You enjoy
the rain. You have fun
and enjoy. You feel the
water and like it. You taste it.
It tastes nothing, just
a smooth texture
like wind.

Kadie Rowe

MY CITY

My sweat is rain. My blood
is streams. The thunder is me
chanting. My brain is a trampoline.
My mouth would be a tornado!

Harper McLeod

BLUE

The seawater is blue but very salty.
The sky so bright in the sunshine.
The sharks hunting for food in the ocean.
The rain so wet and nice for grass.
The parts of the world.
Sometimes you can find a blue bird
singing in the trees.
The smell of a blueberry is so nice.

Cooper Clark

BLACK HOLE

What does going in a black hole like?
There's a ringing sound you hear. Everything
is spinning. You feel squeezed because
of how fast you spin and you get
sucked into a wormhole and come out
as a speck of dust. But you don't have
to worry because you can fly and
guide that one speck. But before you
leave you smell different things. Like
hot dogs, chick, but wait. . . Is that broccoli?
Then you find some food and
feast. Everything is black. Then you realize
that you're in a food coma.

Fletcher Powell

JULY

As you feel the summer
warmth on your skin
you see the green grass
with patches of flowers
being hugged by honey
bees. As you take deep refreshing
breaths you smell fresh
and light smoke
coming from the
nice chicken being
barbecued. You taste the
refreshing honeysuckles
coming from the bushes.

Vesper Haley

WOOD SIGN

If signs talked they would be bossy,
always telling where to go and not
do something. If signs had arms and
legs they would sit down all day
on their woody scratchy legs. If
signs slept then they would always
sleep on their stomach. If signs had
noses they would sniff anything
in their path. If signs had ears they
would listen to music all day.

Heather Mitchell

IF BOOKS WERE ALIVE

If ordinary books were alive
no one could imagine what
they would do. They read each
other all day, running around
with their twig like legs.
Playing board games with
their tiny arms. Driving their
teensy weensy cars, trucks, and
vans. This is what I think
would happen, but who knows?

Will Gibson

IF A BOOK COULD WALK

If a book could walk it
would run around
screaming random words.
If a book could walk it would
run around the driveway
like a lunatic. If a book could
walk it would barge into your
house without knocking.
If a book could walk it would
follow you everywhere you go.
If a book could talk it would
tell you that the only way to get it
to stop following you is if you read it.

Addison Scott

I DON'T LIKE BROCCOLI

If broccoli was alive it would
pop out of the ground
and play hide and seek
with the farmer, but if
the farmer caught on he
would grab it and put it
in a grocery store. Now
whoever got one would be
in shock because your
broccoli would run out of
the package. You would have
to catch it to eat it but
I wouldn't be bothered
because I don't like broccoli.

CJ Milligan

MY MARKERS

If markers could talk they
would say choose me. If markers
went to school they would learn
not to color on everything.

Caroline Bostick

ROOT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: September 26 - 27, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Alissa Bradley

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 90

VISITING WRITERS: Patrick Font, Sara Ramey, Samuel

Binns, Karstin Hale

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

DOLLY PARTON

I invited Dolly Parton to dinner.
I cooked chicken and fries and other things.
But, she cried because she was away
from her crush.
She is always wearing something glitter.
Glitter tastes like sand.
Dolly feels like she is alone.
She is always so nice and tells
kind stories.
She also lets people sing with her.
We sang Jolene after we ate
dinner.

Huli Linn

THUNDER

I can touch thunder.
It is a hard cloud.
Ready to boom.
Within every minute.

Addison Zimmerman

UNTITLED

the rivers in China are crystal clear
with the shape of a diamond
why are the rivers crystal clear
all the stuff I just said was
true
the rivers flow with the sounds of
hard rock songs
the rivers are crystal clear because
the birds sing their song because
the earth turns because trees grow
when it rains the river flows
with the sound of metal-head
rock songs

Cloe Allen

IN THE CITY OF EMERALDS

The streets are made of pure
emerald beauty. The city smells
of granny smith apples. The ground
is smooth and solid. The sounds
of many things being carved out
of emeralds. Everything
tastes of sour sweet apples.
Green for miles to come. The
city sparkles like a million
stars. But my city is deserted.
I am left to build with robots only.

Luke Raeder

IN THE CITY OF SCROLLS

Walking down the papery roads
I smell the smell of fresh ink on paper
I feel the creases in the rolled
up passages.
I taste the significance of
tea and coffee.
I constantly hear the sound of
pens on paper.
I see our mayor in his white
suit with famous quotes and
passages written all over it.

Isabelle Walthall

STUDY RAINBOW!

Every time you lick the
wall you can taste fresh fruits.
There is a waterfall added
underneath. Every time you
lick your desk it will taste
like a pineapple breeze. If
you taste your pencil it will
taste like a lemon squeeze.
Your paper is minty. The
air will smell like a smoothie.

Cymphonie Knutson

BLACK

1. BMX riding a ramp
2. skateboard with new grip tape
3. snake sales with no end
4. dark stormy day
5. the shade of dead grass
6. the bottomless pit
7. writing on paper
8. the pupil in your eye
9. the t-shirt
10. a dark creaky dungeon
11. the burnt marshmallow
on the end of a stick

A. J. Frost

STORMY

There is a tornado
in the basement.
A hurricane in the
attic. A flooding in
the bathroom. It's summer
in my room. It's cloudy
in my living room. And hailing
in the kitchen. Crash the
tornado went through the window.

Myla Radcliff

UNTITLED

Once upon a time,
a cat had three eyes.
Once upon a time,
a dog had five legs.
Once upon a time,
a piranha had no teeth.
Once upon a time,
a princess had no makeup.

Kaytlyn Lilly

I HEAR

I hear the sound of
birds chirping up above,
And I hear the sound
of fast rushing water,
And the wind chimes on
the old unstable porch,
I feel the warm sun
on my skin.

Wyomie Way

VINE

The soft leaves fall off as I run my
hand down the vine on the willow
tree. I pull it, rainwater falls into my
hair. When I climb it, it brings me
to a whole new world. Oh my precious
vine, oh thank you willow tree.

Isaac Wright

NATURE

The albino catfish is very white
when it swims through the
water. It feels like something
soft and shiny. The pond
is small but you can
see the white fish when
it comes up.

Evan Echols

SOUTH SIDE BEE BRANCH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

BEE BRANCH, AR

DATES OF VISIT: April 26 - 27, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Elizabeth Boyce

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 80

VISITING WRITERS: Anthony Blake, David Brunson, Elizabeth DeMeo, Landon McGee

SPRINGDALE HIGH SCHOOL
SPRINGDALE, AR
SPANISH POEMS IN TRANSLATION

LADY ORIANA TO DULCINES OF EL TOBOSO

Translation of "La Señora Oriana A Dulcinea Del Toboso"

by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Oh, who would have, beautiful Dulcinea
for more comfort and more rest,
Miraflores placed in El Toboso
and traded, with London, your village!
Oh, who from your desire and free
spirit and body would adorn, and of the famous
knight that you made fortunate
would see an unfair fight!
Oh, who would chastely escape
from Amadis the way you did
from the diligent nobleman Don Quijote!
Like this, she would be envied but would not envy,
and would be happy the time they were sad
and enjoyed the sense without neckline.

Angel Fonseca

Anayeli Herrera-Carrera

Jennifer Lopez-Cortes

Andrea Castaneda

Cindy Rodriguez

Darcy Estrada

Josselin Bartolo

AMADIS OF GAUL TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

*Translation of “Amadís De Gaula A Don Quijote De
La Mancha”*

by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

You, who imitated the teary life
I had—absent and scorned
on the big slope of Peña Pobre—
from happiness to reduced penance.
You, whose eyes gave the beverage
of abundant liquor to —though brackish—
and, lifting you, the silver, tin, and copper
the earth gave you, on earth, the earth as food
May you live sure that eternally
in that, at least, on the fourth sphere
the blond Apollo urges his horses
Your bravery will be renowned;
Your homeland shall be, among all, the first
You wise author, to the only and unique world.

Yaire Garcia-Yañez

Darling Duran

Alondra Romero

Naomi Rodriguez

Cintya Mancia

Miguel Marin

Angel Fonseca

Kristen Novotny

SPRINGDALE HIGH SCHOOL

SPRINGDALE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: September 6 - 7, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Kristen Novotny

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 14

VISITING WRITERS: Vicente Yépez & Sara Ramey

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ALEXANDER, AR

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

The vase sits on the dresser
of the old mistress's house. It
sits and sits and collects dust day after
day. A musty, stale scent emits
from the hole. Once long ago
the vase was cleaned, but that felt
like eons now. The bright white
had faded to an outdated yellow.
Its smooth finish was cracked and
rough. It was silent. Always silent.

Caroline Sanders

BONFIRE

The bonfire raged on.
Sparks were rising up.
My friends moved yesterday.

Jack Price

UNTITLED

Stars twinkling in the dark blue sky.
Clouds slowly starting to come across.
The car in front of us stopped and
we collided. We got out of our car and
the calm sky was what kept me
from crying.

Loren Honeysuckle

UNTITLED

The bird of the moon,
Flying at the darkest time,
With a beak sharp as a knife.

Its eyes watching and haunting the sky,
Her wings drifting below the stars,
Another night alone in the streets.

The moon shined on her soft wings
As the breeze whispered to her,
As she sat on a lamp light and spoke her words
Of the night.

Ivana Wang

UNTITLED

As I sit in the living room looking at
my clock as it goes tic toc, I realize it
reminds me of my mom getting home late.
It reminds me of my friend falling at 7:00.
It reminds me of my dog being born at
5:26. It reminds me of being born at 6:32.
It also reminds me of my homework being
done at 3:00! I feel bad for day-dreaming
when I should be doing homework. I
decide to get on it before my mom
gets home. I hope she comes home
late again.

Lola Watson

MY DAD DANCES

My dad dances
it could be in the light
or it could be in the dusk
he flosses, he dabs, and he swipes it
but he is cringy
and he looks really dumb
I once asked him,
“dad, do you know these moves?”
he replied with a no,
and a very cringy dab
and even though he is my dad
he annoys me all day long
sure, I forgive him
but then he sings a song
and it is too late
cause now I am dancing
as cringy as
my dad dances.

Matthew Anderson

SPRINGHILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**ALEXANDER, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** September 26 - 27, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Leslie Smith**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 110**VISITING WRITERS:** Joshua Luckenbach & David Brunson

SUBIACO ACADEMY SUBIACO, AR

TEETH LOVER

My dearest teeth, must your time be so long?
I want you for my collection,
but I must wait.
Wiggling in place I see,
quite impatient, as am I.
I smell the fear of the child that belongs to you.
I taste blood from the mouth as you are removed.
Nighttimes strike, I move.
Wonder why foolish humans put their teeth under.

Nathan Nguyen

A JOURNEY

It was a rainy day in L.A.
I was there to find Lizzy Greene.
The billboards were blinding,
and the traffic deafening,
vendors selling,
and people pushing and shoving.
All I found was:
the city is no place for me.

Conner King

SOUL STALKED

A time I will never forget,
Rotten away our cabin remained,
A mother only bearing me for work,
Making me a rusted machine.

She yelled at me
Not to waste time.
I never made her happy,
I was her unlucky charm.

It came to me
By another's offer,
Like a package packed
With a wrapping of dreams.

Thinking back to my mother,
Overrun with greed,
I gladly paid the price
For this hope-filled bean.

I dragged home that evening.
She ripped it from my hand,
She pitched it out the window,
Filling me with hatred.

I awoke the next morning,
Something poking in my window.
Upon my life a gift was bestowed,
A stalk to free my soul.

Devyn Subramanian

ODE TO FOOTBALL

When I step onto the field a nervous
sensation devours my body.
My cleats sink into the soft, brown
mud, churning it up from the ground.
The aged brown leather ball flies beyond the
night sky. The sting of being plowed into
the ground fills me with joy as my helmet
fills with mud.

Chandler Burroughs

GETTING HOME LATE

I am sorry I got home late
it was a wonderful night
under the moonlit sky
driving down main street
feeling free until we checked
the clock

Austin Cole Bowman

UNTITLED

she sits and waits the man like night
moves into the room he sets the fruit
on the table she eats but the tiniest
amount the curse has been set but unknown
it waits till fate wills it

Amari Gardner

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

I ran through the town
 racing through alleyways
 jumping over fences
 the wolf

Journey through the forest
 the dark shriveled up
 flowers behind me from
 where I had stooped

The boy who cried wolf
 ran through alleyways
 jumping over fences
 wolf did not slow

Korbin Hawkins

SUBIACO ACADEMY

SUBIACO, AR

DATES OF VISIT: February 11 - 12, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Cheryl Goetz

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 82

VISITING WRITERS: Landon McGee, Mackenzie McGee

TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TAYLOR, AR

A SNOWY TREE

A snowy tree
hits a breaking point
and falls into
a black winter cave.
loved ones going away

Landon Ochs

THE LAST GHOST I SAW

She made a groaning
noise as if she were
sad. She had the
smell of biscuits that
were fresh from the
oven. She made people
have chills when she went
past them. She felt cold
to the touch. She was
never really satisfied.

Lizzie Hall

WATER

Let gravity pull it down from the rocky cliff
to the crystal clear lagoon patiently waiting below
on the first day of winter
It reminds me of my grandmother pouring water into a
glass
for me

Amelia Ann Hatch

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

One: put the arrow on the bow

Two: pull back the string to your lip

Three: breathe

Four: let it fly but after put your hand on your shoulder

Caleb Ezernack

TWIRLING LEAVES

As the leaves
go swirling in the wind
it's as if a couple were dancing

Anistyn Nolte

FIRST MEMORY

My mommy gave me
milk and I don't really
care for that because
I like fruit punch so
I threw my bottle
at the window.

Kentavious Henry

THE THINGS I CARRY

I'm sad and I'm bored
and I can't move and I
am rusted and I'm used
for picking up stuff like
sand and water and every-
thing looks big to me
and people use me and I'm
scared.

Haylee Dawson

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

George Washington Carver had a bucket
so he could put his ideas in it
and so he could put questions in it and answer them
and find more questions to put in the bucket
and keep on going
he has a lot of questions to answer then
he might just answer them all

Trayden Penigar

NO WORLD GONE

As a world beyond our reach
lumpy meteors aim at a triangle
net while the people hide to safety.
And as a barricade blocks nothing,
the circle world's destroyed. The unknown space
is safe; other parts are gone.

Connor Word

LOVE

I will bribe you if you
throw my suitcase down the stairs
and let me ride in it or you
you can just convey it down if you
have enough money for all the
times you have thrown my suitcase
down the stairs or have you spent
it on something else

Titus Herman

A PROMISE IS A STRAWBERRY

That I will feed you supper.
That I will jump in a freezing cold pool.
That I will read books to you at your bedtime.
That I will tell you all of the presidents.
That I will go to the store and buy whatever you want.

Lexi Thompson

KINDER GARDENERS

A thing that sounds like
chimes. It goes where it goes and
roams where it roams. It never talks or
walks. Everyone wants to be it but
no one can see it. It could be you or
me or someone we must not know.
Even though you like it you still
despise it and leave it alone.

Emerson Grundy

TAYLOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**TAYLOR, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** March 13 - 14, 2019**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Robby Frizzell**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 144**VISITING WRITERS:** Joshua Luckenbach, Steven Rybnicek,
Andrew Butler, Patrick Font

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FAYETTEVILLE, AR

3042

The noise of technology.
Not one book in sight.
Everyone at home but robots
doing your jobs.
The smell of all different
food getting made to go to
homes.
Buttons on the side of
every chair for all of the
people to press to get
what they want.
No cars in sight,
Just the loud flow of the
airplanes.
Food that tastes so good
made by the best chef
robots.
No one knows how to
read.
No paper could be found.
Blow up houses, homes, and even
trees!
Where is the real world?
And if you find it BRING
IT BACK!

Carsyn Williams

WHAT THE FLOWER TOLD ME

Avoid the humans
so they don't cut
you. Avoid the
animals so they
won't eat you. In
windy weather, hold
onto the ground
as tight as you can
so you won't get blown away.

Lola Pierson

GREAT ADVICE

Listen up I am about to
give you great advice. As our
new mom you need to eat with
your mouth open, and with spaghetti
always slurp. Dad loves it when
people burp. At night make as
much noise as you can and don't
brush your teeth at night. When you
answer the phone always say
"Whaddaya want" then hang up. I never
get bathtime but my brothers do.
Remember milkshakes before bed. And
most of all never ever say please.

Rachel Brower

ODE TO E

You are so Elegant.
You always get everything
done. When you turn it side
ways it looks like a bridge.
No wonder why you like to
eat eggs. You are always
too enthusiastic. I wonder why.
You like emeralds. I like when
you form mountains from
earthquakes. I like the eerie
creeping that you make.

Ethan Chaovalitwongse

10 WAYS TO SING

You can sing in your boots.
You can sing in a car crash.
You can sing by your dog.
You can sing in your ugliest jacket.
You can sing on a snake.
You can sing while you do laundry.
You can sing on the toilet.
You can sing while your mom yells
at the president.
You can sing during school.
You can sing in your sleep.

Genesis Alba

THE CRAZY DAY

There is a gold sky in Mexico.
I hear the sky rumbling.
I want to know what is the time.
I think the sky is Red and going to fall.
I am just kidding it won't fall.
But now I hear an orchestra in the sky.

Lilly Hayes

CANADA

There is silver snow falling in Canada.
It makes a small buzzing sound.
Why is it silver? I don't know,
the shape of the snow is a square.
They say that the gods pour liquid silver in the sky.
The wind blows the silver liquid silver
on the snow.

Kimberly Younkin

THE MASTER PEACE

In Africa there is
a big blue sky.
Police cars are very loud.
Why is the sky blue?
A stop sign is an octagon
because the ocean is blue
The wind can be very strong

Clark McDonnel

NERVOUS

Goosebumps up your
body. Big tennis balls in
your brain. Smells of
peppermint tickling up
your clogged nose. Butter
flies in your stomach spreading
like butter through your body.
The taste of colorful candy
down your throat. And seeing
black and white spots throughout
the room.

Avery Cotton

A PROMISE IS A MANGO

I'll never go away from my family until
I'm 18. I'll never crack my
phone when I get it. I guarantee I'll
win my next soccer game, I mean it
when I say "I'll get my black belt
by the end of 2018!" I'll never ever
be alone. I promise I will get an
A on math dad.

Fariza Rahman

THE YEAR OF 2036

It was the year
of 2036. It smelled
wet and damp. It looked
green and rotten.
It sounded like water
dripping down like in
the sewer. it
felt like slime.
It tasted like
rotten banana.

Erika Gayer

THE FEELINGS OF FEAR

fear looks like darkness
hearts beating fast

fear sounds like floors

fear tastes like
dirt

fear smells like
emptiness

fear feels like
someone is watching
you

Cole Kestner

CRUELNESS IS A PAIN

cruelness is a pain
cruelness looks like a rotten egg
cruelness smells like blue cheese
cruelness sounds like a hissing snake
cruelness tastes like a tomato
cruelness feels like a solid rock hitting
your head

Julian Couch

FEAR

Fear is a painful melting ice cube.
Fear looks like tears dripping down
a mountain reaching to the sky.
Fear smells like the fishy saltwater
at the ocean on a stormy day.
Fear sounds like scorching fire crackling
as it destroys everything around it.
Fear tastes like expired milk getting
hot then cold as it rushes down your
throat.
Fear feels like sharp nails stabbing
into your back.

Josie Johnson

ANGER IS A THORN

Anger looks like a raven with red
feathers.

Anger sounds like gritting teeth,

Anger tastes like lava,

Anger smells like a burnt and
shriveled marshmallow.

Anger feels like a thornbush that is black.

Grant Thalking

"5000"

5000 years later I live under
water. It smells gloomy and salty.

All I hear is the sound of flying
boats above me. I eat food that
tastes good on the outside but
fishy on the inside. I look to
see there are no more deer.

I feel overwhelmed I am trapped
in a hole in the universe.

Grace Batchelor

ODE TO EYES

My thanks to my eyes to see the
life of green and beauty for the gleaming
fire and building to the sun is
beautiful for to see the water and
the sky the core of earth
with animals people and also that is
bad to help detect the evil and guide
to the good to thank my eyes
for all they've done.

Jack Chambers

WHAT THE FOX TAUGHT ME

The best way to hide.
How to turn orange and
white. How to curl in your
tail. How to sharpen your
eyesight. How best to kill
your prey. How to be nature.

Jude Cook

VANDERGRIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: November 13 - 14, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Marci Tate

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 243

VISITING WRITERS: Elizabeth DeMeo, Hiba Tahir, Kate
Davis, Patrick Font, Samuel Binns, David Priest

WALDRON MIDDLE SCHOOL WALDRON, AR

THE ONLY GHOST I EVER SAW

It walked along in silence,
not daring to disturb a soul
moving like a loose stream of particles,
knowing no boundaries,
never showing expression,
disappearing with the wind,
as if it was never there.

Marshall Salmon

DOG BOY

He wakes up early every morning
to go and feed the dogs
He smells of raw beef
He hitches up the dogs to his sleigh
as he begins his long, rough journey.

Vivian Holm

SLITHERING

It slithers through the leaves,
like a rope getting dragged
on the ground. It gets
closer every second. No
movement in sight, just
the sound of leaves
moving on the cold
hard ground.

Julissa Mejia

WALDRON MIDDLE SCHOOL

FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATE OF VISIT: October 31, 2018

FACULTY SPONSOR: Rachel Poor

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 12

VISITING WRITERS: Joy Clark, Joshua Luckenbach

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

ODE TO J

J is like a Jasmine flower
beautiful in many ways
but J is also a fearless
Jaguar in a fearful Jungle
J is also the wonderful taste
of strawberry Jelly J is
also the Jealousy being
a hater but J is also very Joyful

Jasmine D.

LIVING IN GREEN AMERICA

America is full of greens
The sound of their car engines are weak
Have you ever seen pink dump trucks
Tree leaves taste like meatballs
Gunfire erupts in the night
You probably haven't seen pink dump trucks but I have
Dead bodies here are piling up like people in an
orchestra

Ty S.

MCDONALD'S

Sitting in my momma's car
Speaking to a machine that's writing down my order
Hot McChicken, dippin my fries with ranch
Craving McDees at that time
Leaving the place with a smile.

Taran A.

THE CITY OF WATER

It's cloudy
It rains, it pours but the old man can't snore.
The ceilings leak but the roofer is stuck
in a flood. My neighbor's water broke
but the hospital sank. The boy wants
to surf but the waves sound too strong.
The sun is out, the noodles on the ground
are starting to boil.

Mekiah G.

ODE TO SPEECHLESS

The way my brain turns off like
A blackout in a house. The way
I try to push out words like a
mother pushing the baby out.

Lafita L.

BLUE

The blueberry ice cream was as sweet as pure sugar.
The dreamy blue sky was dawned upon by the
brightness of the sun. The blue ocean
water glistened in the purest of day.
The blue bird glided down as
swiftly as an autumnal leaf in the
middle of November.

Kevin M.

UNTITLED

My house is my safe zone from
all the violence happening all around
me, the garage is the mouth,
the front door is the entryway
but only certain people can get
in and that's me and family members
only and friends that I
deep down trust.

Obten L.

WHERE I'M FROM

I'm from the spicy and hot drama that airs
on TV mondays and thursdays
I'm from the flour and egg shells splattered
through the whole kitchen
I'm from the shopping center chinese buffet
every single saturday
I'm from the half time, whistles, cheering, and
swishes on the basketball court
I'm from the altar asking god for forgiveness
and asking to help me turn around and make
changes in my life.

K'ola-Shae' D.

IT'S WHITE AND THAT'S ALL

I'm from white bricks with a
door that I can't open, I'm from
a cold shower for 105 days that
smells like urine, I'm from the small
city of Bravo that sounds like a small
work site some nights. I'm from the place
that controls you.

Josh F.

IF I SWALLOWED A WILDFIRE

If I swallowed a wildfire
my hair would turn red my
happiness would turn to anger
I would hear a burning forest
in my ear.

Elisabeth H.

BLUE CANADA

Blue Canada
loud like a drum
have you been there?
only brown bears live there
gets quiet at night
no I've never been there
as loud as an orchestra during the day

Aspen D.

WHERE I'M FROM

A vortex down the road from
A sort of bluff off the Poteau River.
Filled with anything your brain
could see. Broken light bulbs, aliens
will all know me. At 3:00 AM,
this town is lit up. Until someone
steals the light.

Luke J.

RED BLANKETS ARE FALLING

The red blankets are falling
from the skies, the carpet is the red
Blanket, the sheets on the bed
is the red blanket, the cartoon
figures on the TV transform into the
red blanket, the leaves outside on
the tree turn into red blankets, the
stop sign at the end of the
street the red blanket flows on
the pole, the fluffy clouds in the
sky turn into fluffy red blankets,
ah little sister soon we'll be
together again.

Alexis J.

WASHINGTON COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER
FAYETTEVILLE, AR

DATES OF VISIT: October 2 - 3, 2018
and March 12 - 13, 2019

FACULTY SPONSOR: Joshua Moody

APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED: 24

VISITING WRITERS: Elizabeth DeMeo, Peter Mason
Vicente Yépez, Alysandra Dutton

WEAVER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WEST MEMPHIS, AR

MUD

OMG I hate mud mud it's like
walking when you break your
leg it's like the noise when
stepping on two bullfrogs after
getting out of a pool the smell
of mud is like running out of
a room full of skunks I hate
mud.

Earl Hurd

RED ON A CHICKEN

Hot wing taste: like a
burning tongue on fire,
fire on water, hot sauce on
chicken, they look like a
house on fire, a fire on
a wing, red on a chicken.

Vermecia Davis

\$20 PLEASE

Piles, everywhere
Shirts, shoes, jeans, socks,
messy, dirty, disgusting mess.
A note is found on my bed and
It reads "\$20 in your room, clean
it and you'll find me."
Mess gone? Maybe.
\$20? Absolutely!

Kimora Alls

LONELY

You having a dinner inside your house
alone. You hear nothing but silence and
you eating your meat loaf.

You not having someone to have a conversation
with to talk about work.

When you have a pie eating contest at
school and there's no one there to cheer
you on.

When you don't have anyone to hold your hand
at night while watching a
scary movie.

Malachai Perry

IT'S MOLDING

At the playground I was swinging
on the swing when I opened my
mouth and ate a spider's web. It
tasted like old bread molding.

Emanuel Hamblin

JAZZY DAYS

1950 was a jazzy time with lemonade and
cigars and cryin' babies, smoke filled the
air and swirling lemonade tea so good to
the soul. I'd relax and I'd kick back and
enjoy jazzy days.

Racheal Simmons

WEAVER ELEMENTARY**WEST MEMPHIS, AR****DATES OF VISIT:** May 2 - 3, 2018**FACULTY SPONSOR:** Sheila Grissom**APPX. NUMBER STUDENTS SERVED:** 80**VISITING WRITERS:** Kirsty Bleyl, Suzanne Monroe

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
University of Arkansas
333 Kimpel Hall
Fayetteville, AR 72701

We are sincerely grateful for your support.



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ARKANSAS WITS 2018-2019 VISITING WRITERS

HANNAH ALLEN
poetry, year 4

SAMUEL BINNS
fiction, year 1

ANTHONY BLAKE
alumnus

KIRSTY BLEYL
alumnus

HANNAH BRADLEY
poetry, year 4

DAVID BRUNSON
poetry, year 2

ANDREW BUTLER
poetry, year 4

COLLIN CALLAHAN
alumnus

JOY CLARK
fiction, year 3

KATHERINE DAVIS
poetry, year 1

ELIZABETH DEMEO
fiction, year 4

ALYSANDRA DUTTON
fiction, year 1

PATRICK FONT
fiction, year 3

KARSTIN HALE
poetry, year 1

VICTORIA HUDSON
poetry, year 2

BAILEY HUTCHINSON
poetry, year 4

SACHA IDELL
alumnus

SAMANTHA KIRBY
translation, year 3

JOSHUA LUCKENBACH
poetry, year 2

PETER MASON
poetry, year 2

GWENDOLYN MAURONER
poetry, year 3

MACKENZIE MCGEE
fiction, year 1

LANDON MCGEE
poetry, year 2

SUZANNE MONROE
alumnus

CLAIRE PINCUMBE
fiction, year 2

DAVID PRIEST
fiction, year 2

SARA RAMEY
fiction, year 4

STEVEN RYBNICEK
fiction, year 2

HIBA TAHIR
poetry, year 1

RACHEL THOMAS
fiction, year 4

EMMA VAN DYKE

poetry, year 2

ANNA VILNER

translation, year 3

BENJAMIN WHISMAN

fiction, year 4

KAITLYN YATES

fiction, year 1

VICENTE YÉPEZ

poetry, year 4

JACOB YORDY

poetry, year 4