Skiing

Skiing is...

Swiftly moving down the mountain, the snow splashing at your feet Going up the mountain and reaching the peak The smell of fresh powder snow the taste of falling flakes The view of the city from the very top And as I ski down the hill again I think "This day is on top"

MACSEN MELLOY



Blue

Cold as ice, Blue sounds like the ocean, it smells like salt, tastes like fish, looks like waves, feels like shells, moves like water.

HENRY MCDONALD



Cocoa Beach

Cocoa Beach!

I can smell it!

The smell of the tropical smoothies and smoothie shops

The taste of the fresh lemonade on the beach

I can hear the ocean waves and the music playing from my favorite restaurant on Cocoa Beach

I feel the hot sun and the sand on my feet

I can feel the water from the waves coming up to my feet Ah I love Cocoa Beach

KENDALL WALKER



College Smarts

Don't mess around in college don't get in trouble be smart and don't get in a rumble cause you are going to tumble once or twice but what matter is how take that loss and you either can take it like a boss or you can see the cost. dont give up on your dreams cause you will be on your favorite team.

ASHER EISENBACH



potato chips

a crispy snack that is very tasty made from potatoes they were also made to get revenge (i love when karma strikes back). so many flavors to try and eat i love chips and i know you love them too

AERIS SUTTLE



I don't understand

I don't understand why illness takes people away how it slowly shows them the way to heaven. I don't understand why people do bad things why they take children why they rob banks why they scam people.

what I do understand is that if you find one light in the dark you will almost always win.

OLIVER BROCK



Falling Fall

Dead leaves falling down Shoes cracking at the fallen Wind whispers to us Bright surrounding atmosphere The tired cold

> JOSH TRUONG Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



Smile

A smile I haven't seen one in awhile One smile, different attitude A way to show gratitude It's something to adore Smile more

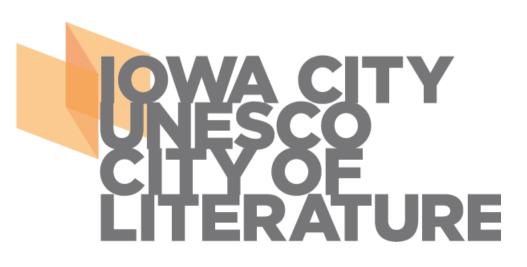
AVERY WILSON



The Loose Screw

On the ground it lays. I don't know what it came from. I don't know where it came from. But it's here. It's a piece to something. It's like us. However small, it's important.

BENNETT HALVERSON



The Mark

The mark has been there for months Just sitting on the white board Is is waiting to be erased? Or does it want to live? It may want to be free and run wild But it can't because it is trapped All because of a mistake

KADE BAXTERPoetry in Public 2023Student Submission



Warmth

Yellow is....

As warm as a sunny day As bright as the sun It has the taste of a pineapple It looks like the sunrise It feels like summer And it moves like bumble bees buzzing

> KENNA JENN Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



Dreams

Dreams are like birds-

They can reach for the stars, fluttering away But fall as soon as they falter.

Oh dreams, I hope your wings will never fail you And carry your heart full of hope through The ends of the earth.

SOPHIE FLETCHER

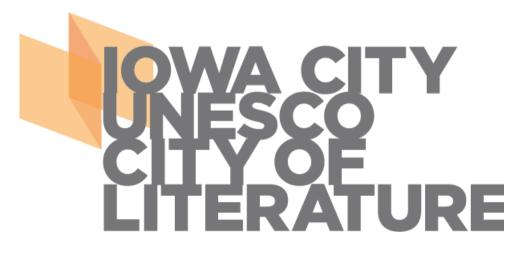




Wilderness

The summit trembles The native Redwoods quiver As the rain falls down The bright blue sky fades away Goodbye winter, hello Spring

DYLAN DEFURIO



The Dark Stormy Night

Snow lines the windows. Roofs are coated. Flickering, warm, buttery sparks. Fireplace glows with light. A snow-falling snow storm. Beautiful lights. Gracefully, falling snow.

AUBREY DANIELS



Drawing is Sweet

Drawing Is sweet Coloring too Let's not forget Doodles And sketches too All very nice to entertain An interest of mine that will not wane

JACK KELSO



The Hiking Trail

The animal tracks The light breeze along the path Peaceful and quiet The rocks in the fast, cool steam The scent of dirt in the air

GENEVIEVE POTHOUR



Blue is...

as cold as the winter air, it sounds like the ocean waves rolling, and smells like the salty water at the beach. it tastes like a twist ice cream cone, it looks like a bright morning sky, and feels like fluffy cotton candy. it moves like a bird gliding through the air.

MARLEA COPELAND



Ode to Orchestra

It can sound like a sweet melody, or it could be booming with bass. The smell of rosin and paper, as sunlight shines through. It feels calm or shaking, as the strings vibrate. It moves as fast as your fingers, the bow, as sound waves flow into the wind. The harmonies have the sweetest taste. And it looks like us, a team, an orchestra. Triumphant, this is us as we play our final note.

ZENAB BASHIR



Bright Stage Lights

The craziness happening backstage Friends helping to button your costume Bobby pins jabbing into your scalp The nerves that make you exited The bright lights shining on you while you dance Feeling joy, happiness, and confidence, but most of all, Feeling like this is home.

GLORIA METCALF



2014

There we were, running around the playground, learning the alphabet, colors and numbers, us three faint memories yet hard to forget, the memories so stuck up in our heads, those huge highlights, the kitchen, cliford the big red dog, and those huge steap stairs.

ALLISSON GARCIA LOPEZ

The Stampede

The ground shakes It feels like an earthquake Hear the bulls stomp Running with a deafening sound

LINK



Winter Weather

Wednesday was the worst wintry weather whiteout in the west coast in weeks. The wild windchill was way worse than the windiest and wettest week in the whole wide world! Winter weather in the west coast was always warm but this white winter was the worst winter weather in twelve whole white winter weeks.

HAYZEL WERNIMONT



Frightening Spiders

You catch insects You're small And I could easily crush you Yet you terrify me You sit there menacingly Unknowing of the fear you bring And you are scarily fast

DAPHNE FAGA



The World Around Me

I don't understand why people don't get me, Why I can sometimes feel all alone, when surrounded by others, But most of all I don't understand why life is so hard, and difficult, and confusing, But what I do know is that the sun shines on the days you need it most.

EVIE KELLBACH



Ode to Baseball

I love playing baseball something about the sound of the click clacky cleats on the dirt diamond as you walk into the batter's box you can hear the softball chants too.

BECKETT



Life

Everything in life is like a box nailed together, food is like a meadow with a lot of flowers. Water is like a stream with no fish, Friends are like a light switch that goes on and off.

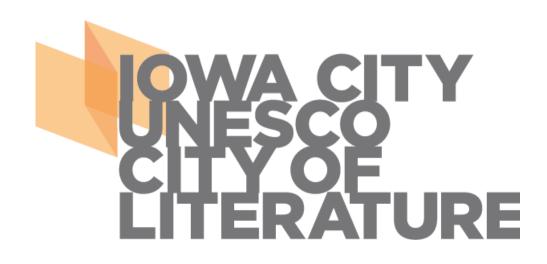
EMERSYN YOKUM



Summer

Oh how I love summer Talking with friends. Sun shining, The breeze through my hair. Not a care in the world, I'm free.

> TESSA STILLE Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



Standing in Verse

I imagined rhyming a verse would be so easy, yet here we stand. Like knights standing in valor or convicts on the gallows. In health or pain, it's not so tame, whether in an ancient cell or guiding soldiers while they yell. It's not so hard, so here we are; Let's all be good and well.

CHARLES BRUST



An Ode To My Mother

My mother is warm like the sun when she hugs me, Always comforting me O mother I praise, My mother represents comfort and safety, She is security and confidence, My mother is kind and forgiving, She never turns her back on anyone, My mom, my hero.

NORAH O.



Alcatraz

Just off the shore of a great city, A place were the worst criminals once where. A museum kind of scary due to what it was The greatest barrier you have witnessed Great big waves leading out to the Pacific. Prisoners stuck around the clock On an inescapable prison called the rock.

> TATE RETTIG Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



Midnight Stars

Beautiful blaze burning the sky The sparkle of inspiration, oh so bright Gentle gaze amongst twinkling stars Telling many stories of years past Oh so small, yet lighting up our world The moon, the brightest of them all Oh what a wonderful world beyond our world

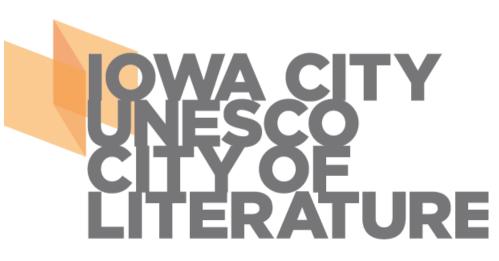
MELODY NIMMO



A Strand of Grass

That strand of grass So small under my feet Yet also, so big Taller than a small rock Longer than the loose string Take a look down deeper Sometimes what seems little, is just as big

> JAKE MABON Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



Autumn's Leaves

Falling from the trees, autumn's colorful, crunchy leaves. Brown, green, red, yellow, orange, crunching as I step on them. Very vibrant colors, like the setting sun. Different shapes and sizes, blowing different places.

KATIE BARTACHEK



Monokuma Monokuma is despair Monokuma sounds like nails on a chalkboard Monokuma is the taste of blood Monokuma looks like the monster under your bed Monokuma feels like lying on spikes And Monokuma moves like a wound-up toy

VIN KEATING Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



WA CITY IESCO IERATURE

Hair Ties

You hold my hair up when I need it Although you are very flexible Sometimes you break We all do sometimes Nothing is perfect But you are pretty awesome

> CHARLOTTE HOOVER Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission



Ode to Lime Green Lime green is cool as a bush. It sounds like kids playing and it smells like pine trees. It has a taste of sour candy. It looks like a bright aura, It feels like peace, and it moves like falling leaves.

JACK SMITH



Ode to Dog

I love the way your tail wags when you walk. I love the way your ears flop when you talk. I always feel so warm when you greet me. Your beautiful, magnetic, chestnut eyes are such a sight to see. I always feel sad when I have to go. But always remember, I will always love you so.

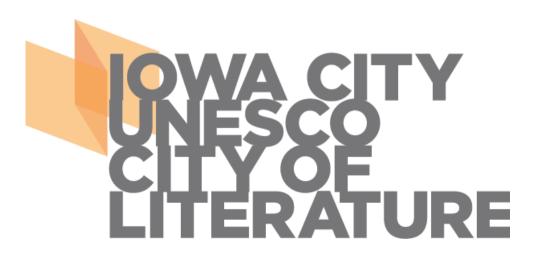
SYDNEY ROETHLER



Gi-ant

- I came from my ant kingdom
- I see a colossal giant
- I was quivering and scared
- The giant seemed to have felt the same
- I thought cockroaches were scarier
- I ran back to my kingdom
- I am writing this paper.

EMILIANO ESTRADA



Busses Are...

Busses are cheaper than cheap with their fake leather seats. Busses are smellier than smelly, like an unwashed belly. Busses are more packed than tuna fish in a small tin can, Busses are louder than loud, it makes stadiums feel like they had no sound, Busses are older than old, I swear I saw mold.

Busses look like sad rectangles with windows and wheels, much worse than high heels. Busses are slower than slow, so maybe next time, walk where you want to go.

LINCOLN OSBORNE



Hot Good Days

At a time when bees fly, When the sun is very high You can see blue sky-

When flowers quickly bloom They smell like perfume-

You might see planes hover, That is why I love Summer.

SAM PIPER



Sea of Secrets

The sea of secrets grew very deep, Some of us took the leap, ending up in a slumberous sleep.

It held secrets of sorrow, secrets of tomorrow.

With love and hate; or being driven by your fate.

But live the moment of today All can be forgiven even in the sea of secrets.

> JACK PIPER Poetry in Public 2023 Student Submission





Day Till Night Day, Breeze, Laughter, Glowing, birds, radiant, Golden sun, twinkling stars, Resting, calming, quiet, Sparkling, silence, Night.

SEPHORA



Nothing Left to Lose I don't know what to do To get me back to you I've got nothing left to lose I'm sad, tears and blues All bridges have been crossed I guess our love is lost

KATHERINE ASENCIO-PAIZ



Love is a Board Game

Love is a board game You will never know what's going to happen next Win, lose, you won't know until it ends You can play again, you can quit Sometimes your teammate can turn against you, or stay by your side forever Love is a board game But you don't have to play

CLARA VISSER



Snowflakes, Oh My! It's not rain, but it falls, From the sky in tiny balls, Each one is different, like a surprise, Small and sparkly, before my eyes, I catch them on my tongue, so sweet, Winter wonderland can't be beat!

ROSE ABDULKAREEM



Chains of Inequality

Injustice thrives where inequality lies, A system rigged to favor specific ties, The marginalized suffer, while the privileged reign, A vicious cycle repeated again and again, But we will not be silent, and we'll raise our voice, Demanding equality for every race and choice, For only in unity can true justice prevail, and the broken system, we will finally unveil.

LARREN ABDULKAREEM



Flick of a Wrist

One flick of a wrist opens up a whole new world, fingers lightly dancing across the cover. A crisp yet slightly earthy rich scent twirls into your nose, filling your chest with warmth.

Thick, black ink traces the page, illustrating a story in your mind and hooking you in with its claws. Twists and turns leave your jaw plummeting to the floor, teeth clenching, the character's emotions bleeding out of the page, reaching so deep into your heart, you sob and laugh.

A warm contentment that will settle in your chest, run through your bloodstream upon a happy ending Or the icy-cold horror wrapping around you when stopped abruptly with a cliffhanger.

HAILEY HANSEN



Space Shuttle A free child I am Books lifting me from this world Like a space shuttle

VIVIANA ESTRADA-MARTINEZ



Broken Superhero

She chooses to wear a cape, yet she's forced to wear a smile. She knows that with every last breath, she'll protect everyone she can. She chooses to build her strength, yet she's forced to be strong. She bears every battle and seethes through the scars on her arms. She'll do what it takes, survive or not, life or death. It's still not up to her to choose.

EVELYN INGERSOLL



Two Leaves Fell

Two leaves fell in the evening sky Kids waiting for the summer light Summer's alive! Waiting to play again I bet you're surprised What a wonderful day around here! I believe there is a moment I would go out and play!

> AN NGUYEN Poetry in Public 2023 **Student Submission**



Beautiful Music

The orchestra Sounds put together into one A symphony Bow, gliding across the strings Soothing Beautiful music The orchestra

ALYSSA DENNENY



Fireflies

Lights dart around free Then captured in a swift blur, Lastly free again.

EMILY LULU DING





Math Drifting off in class, Numbers blur into a haze, Boring math lulls me

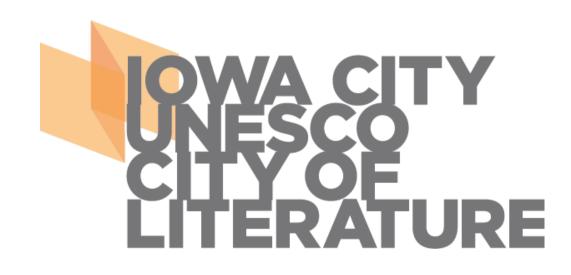
ETHAN LU DING



The Beach

The waves on me, licking my toes The sand beneath my feet, thousands of tiny shells The sun shining on the ocean, as I splash and play Not a cloud in the sky This, is my beach

AYLA KECK



The Mayfly

The Mayfly has a mere 3 hours to live. Yet right now, she dances in the wind and waltzes on the leaves. She flys at the stars above, Unaware of the setting moon.

REED HAGAN Poetry in Public 2023 **Student Submission**

