

Dark

It seems our world is living in the Dark.

Not quite sure what's what, where's where, and they stumble about,
not seeming to accept the light others shine upon their way,
as if they want to figure it out themselves.

But life isn't that easy.

It's like we're living in the Dark.

Simone Abrams, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Little Skittle

Tiny little skittle isn't bitter
Little skittle sits in the bag with his brother
And they talk for what seems forever.
Little skittle talks about his fears
About how he's scared of bees and bears
But little does he know
Into my mouth he goes

Kiley Adkins, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Shard of Glass

Appears like ice,
Sharp to the touch,
Hold it too long, you could be cut.

Refracting light,
Everything seems shinier.

Can be broken if you try,
It's forbidden rock candy.

Eli Beck, 7th grade
Poetry in Public 2025



My Sister Left for College

My sister left me to go to college,
I wish she could just stay home.
I am crying like leaves falling from a tree in winter.
She gets in her car,
There she goes, it feels like she left like a race car
flying by.
As I stand there looking at the house.
I don't want to go.

Ellie Besgrove, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Failed

I feel I have failed.

Failed at being enough for others.

I try and try to do my best but I'm still ignored.

I failed at making others happy,

I'm breaking the more I try.

So yes, I failed. Failed at being funny or pretty enough. I'll never be accepted.

I failed myself, I've turned into this fake person and I feel like I can never go back.

Kamina Bullard, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Silence

Jumbled words, muffled speech,
constant stutters of my preach.
causes wasted, knowledge drought,
I try and try, words won't come out.

Billy Bryce, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



The Spam

Angry advertisement advances on my inbox,
Assaulting me the adversary, Alive and Able
abandon ambient ways, must absorb this absurdity
Abnegating internet, it refuses to absolve, abducting my amicableness.

Henry Ciecior, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Like a River

My thoughts are like a river flowing gently through my mind
Like a bird in the wind I feel so free and kind

My dreams are like the sun rising bright and warm
Like a flower in the garden they bloom through every storm

My heart is like a drumbeat, rhythms steady, calm, and clear
Like a rainbow after rain I know my path is close

My friends are like the ocean deep and full of love
Like the moon's soft glow they light up every place

Greyson Cummins, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Bhocolate Bhip Bhookie

I want a Bhocolate Bhip Bhookie
Brave, bold, big and bright
Bhocolate Bhip Bhookie, a big-back delight.
With Bhicken and Bhoke, Bhocolate Bhip Bhookie
Beautiful, best bite in the bhosmos.
I want a Bhocolate Bhip Bhookie.

Robin Elliott, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Amphibian Wings

The Frog is leaping
Soaring High above the pond
Flying past ripples
Leaving the ground far behind
He soars into the distance

Elliot Fogt, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Butterflies and Vermont

There she was, holding herself together with poems of butterflies and Vermont.

She was always kind.

Smiling at babies and helping the elderly. Her soft eyes waiting, always, for love.

But all this time, she can't help but wonder, is she the love she has been looking for?

Faye Gullickson, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Shores; an Alliteration

Smooth shores sail serenely,
Smelling salty as I swim.

Slowly quickening my speed,
As I splash around stridently

Caemon Liddell, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Laid-Back Life

Loving lilacs linger in that life
Lake shore living must be luxurious
Lemonade and ladybugs thrive in this land
Laughing and lounging all day long

Finley Loes, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Oh What a Day

He enters with pride.

The quiet shrills of terror.

Swaying left and right.

Charging fast like a bullet.

Flying fast through window sills.

Bronwyn Ludvigson, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



The Night

The night
a dark void
waiting to be lit
get comfortable
as it silently dances
but settle deeper
and you'll drown

Zoe Luedtke, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Broken Home

They ask me to go to my room,
Their anger pent up like dragons.
The door shuts quietly as I listen against the door
I step back in silence.
I'm sleeping until I hear a loud "THUD" from the kitchen downstairs.
I weep and sob, the air holding my tears.
The house back together in one.

Charlotte Pearl, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



MOVING

The skyline leaps and lances, as languished as a rocket spent, continuing the wry blue backbone the horizon
tempts to create; while in the trees of my dreams the sun casts its stained gold spokes,
illuminating the white-ash ranks of macilent birds tucked between their leaves—Look at them, oh
square pecking memories, the dangling way they say Good Morning to the world as it sinks—
Then look again, the pressed
textured erosion, the quirked mouth made by the moon between two black buildings and the blue twinkle it eggs
on like a bruise. The only place I ever knew well is well Over There. The only person—maybe not at all

Mazzy Sleep, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Icy Heart

The ice is smooth like butter

Slip and slide on the ice

We slid all around

The ice broke like the girl broke my heart

I was scared and hurt

Rich Sokoli, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



Light

Shining, bright

Blinding, accelerating, illuminating

Peeking through windows, covering the world

Murky, deafening, dimmed

Black, somber

Darkness

Anjali Strand, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025



The Call of Night

As the night falls
The moon rises tall
Stars start to shine
Planets, just about nine
People go to bed
Hungry animals, looking to be fed
All happens at the start of Night.

Zander White, 7th grade

Poetry in Public 2025

