Musing

I wish I wrote the way I thought
Desperate and yearning
Words on the tip of my tongue
Stuck with the burning
Swirling inside
Twisting and turning
Wishing I wrote the way I was musing

Lena Anson, Grade 7

Sinew and Circuits

You cannot fool me
You are a machine

And yet I mirror you, not you a human being
My nerves contort to your wires
My bones match your steel
And I wish I could be my beloathed
Cogwork and computer and clean

Adalyn Arcenas, Grade 7

Expenses

You can’t buy happiness
So why does it have a price
A feeling I can’t afford
On my non-existent paycheck
Why does money mean more
Than thoughts ever did

Evelyn Arends, Grade 7

Rooted in place

I came to this world as a seed set in stone.
But I left a crack so untold.
My leaves grew and changed, but still I hold.
And when the day comes when my bark cracks and falls
The stone where I started will always behold,
My story.

Micah Boothby, Grade 7

Before the Bruise

Before you give someone a second chance, know that there is no going back
Because you do not deserve the rumors they spread
You do not deserve their knife in your back
So think carefully next time you choose
Because even though it’s hard to say goodbye
You are more important than the bruise
And worth more than the high

Charlotte Bormann, Grade 7

Ode to Fishing

Went fishing and took some bait.
Didn't go early, didn't go late.
Watched the fish as it took my bait.
Set the hook, and I had some faith.
But as I reel, my rod breaks.
I get sad as my stomach aches.
So I get ready and leave the lakes.

Brokk Canton, Grade 7

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Dreams

Every day and every night,
Sun climbs up and Moon slights down.
Another page of my unique life,
Uncovering new stories of our life.

New year comes — my grandmother's day.
We come together in the traditional way,
Hope and chatter fill the air,
Hot pots steaming, cakes we share.

Winter comes, hot as ever.
Plum blossoms bloom in the winter light.
Wish of snow comes in slight night,
Dreams of white fill this hot night.

Red lanterns glow with gentle light,
Each one carries our name.
Another year comes to rise,
Beneath the Taiwan sky.

I woke once more to another day and night.
My family, standing by my side.
We laugh and we cry,
We fall, we rise.
Still…
There are adventures
Unwritten — yet to rise.

Skylar Chen, Grade 7

Mind

Ebbing, flowing, ever moving
Clean and clear as crystal, yet clouded with the grime of lunacy and bigotry
Able to grow, adapt, and reason
Capable of malice and virtue,
Being like a knife, able to do good and to do harm
That, is the essence
Of the Mind

Henry Chevillet, Grade 7

Gone

The door is wide open, and the lights are off
The room and closet are empty, and there are echoes when I speak
Your shoes aren't at the door
The dog lies next to your old room
The family plays with four instead of five
You didn't even say goodbye
That's my why

Cruz Coorough, Grade 7

Mental

It’s all mental.
disbelief and confidence,
rough nights and bright days.
Fear and courage, chaos and calm,
falling and rising,
breaking and healing.
It’s all mental.

Ariyah Cunningham, Grade 7

Why Must We Care

Why, if we are just wet masses held together with genetic fibers
that are moved with chemical signals should we abide to any law made
Why should we resist the habits of our animalistic ape counterparts
Why should we have shame why should we have remorse or be good people
Because of our consciousness
“Cogito, ergo sum” I think therefore I am, and we are responsible
for our actions, we are responsible for what we do

Lwanda Deya, Grade 7

My Queen

My queen is as warm as butter in a microwave.
She sounds like a broken record because she never stops talking.
She smells like clean laundry because she's not nasty.
She tastes like rainbow candy because she has lots of moods.
She looks like a beautiful butterfly taking off to the sky.
She feels like embarrassment, because she has no social anxiety.
And moves like an inchworm because she loves to dance.

Rose Daniels, Grade 7

Beautiful Things

I like looking lovingly into lanterns.
But latency fees contrast my candle club.
I bought binoculars to binge blinding brightness
And I have filled my farm full with fairy lights.
All I want to do is look at lanterns lovingly.

Miles Faga, Grade 7

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Background Noise

I learned to speak in quieter ways,
Like whispers lost in crowded days.
Not loud enough to split the air,
Still somehow hoping someone cares.
The world moves fast, I move behind
A voice they almost never find…
But maybe silence isn't gone, it's just the part where I grow strong.

Mariam Fatima, Grade 7

Gossip

You may plant your seeds into the dirt
But all flowers soon enough bloom
Devotion is everything except when it comes to you
Spreads around like a sickness
It is distressing and cruel
Use self-control when claiming a secret
Or the dirt will end up on you

Savannah Gatlin, Grade 7

Fernweh.

The ache in my heart cannot be stilled.
It feels like a sickness, unheard.
I hope for grass, forests, and birds.
I long for the mountains, the valleys and hills.
Rushing water and stones unturned.
I hope to think one day I will be returned.
It might not be today, but I always hope for tomorrow.

Stella Gefaller, Grade 7

Ode to Lebron

The way your jersey looks when you're running
And the way your beard flaps in the wind
Since I laid eyes on your I knew you were the goat
The way you walk like you own the world
I will always yell your name at the TV
The goat Lebron, like the sun, compared to stars
You didn't make me love basketball; you made me have faith

Rayan Ghazwi, Grade 7

The Starling's Response

Against the bright azure sky
The silhouette of the turkey vulture
Is but one of many islands
In the ocean of emptiness.

You ask, “How does a man find happiness in this life?”
The starling chirps its flock’s next bend.

Reed Hagan, Grade 11

Goal

The ball is trembling under my knees
Anxiously waiting for air
My foot cracks, and my heart starts pounding
I watch it tear through the air
dashing to the corner
jumping
Like I forgot gravity was there

Hamzah Hameed, Grade 7

Orange

Orange is as hot as the sun on a summer day
It sounds like a tense rhythm
It smells like freshly grown mandarin oranges
It looks like gold reflecting the sunshine's light
It is calm, cool, and peaceful
It moves like a llama, peaceful and graceful
Calmy handsome

Jean Irakoze, Grade 7

Left Behind

The chair still sits beside the window pane,
Where you would read as afternoon grew dim,
The coffee cup still bears your faded stain,
The light comes in, but everything feels thin.
I reach to tell you something small today,
Then feel the quiet where your voice once stayed,
Some absences don’t ever fade away.

Carter Jacobi, Grade 7

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Conflict

Conflict at our home, Conflict at our school
Conflict at the store or even at the pool, people being taken
from all those places just because people wanna be so cruel.
Ruining our lives
when we did nothing wrong, it's so sad
walking by and hearing people sing the same song -
“don't take my dad!” and. “Don't take my mom!”

Ava Kuse, Grade 7

Steak

I made a big mistake; my steak is burnt.
I hate that because I can't wait, and that's not great
because my plate slipped with my steak,
looks like I have to accept my fate,
I guess it's ok because I am overweight.

MinJae Lee, Grade 7

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Single Spark

I am only one child
In a city of millions
In a world of billions
Still, a single spark
Warms the edge of sunshine

Xiang Grace Lei, Grade 3

Sunsets

Sunsets are the best.
They gleam like fire bright and bold.
Something I'm too scared to show.
Sunsets let me feel what I'm too scared to be
What I'm too scared to show
Sunsets are what I am, but don’t know
Should I be like the sunset in me, our hide the gleam inside.

Zoey Loftus, Grade 7

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Ode to a Saturday Morning

Saturday morning, soft and slow, you drift in like a gentle glow.
No buzzing alarm, no rushing feet, just quiet air and tangled sheets,
sunlight spills across the floor, golden fingers through the door,
painting walls in sleepy light, a calm reward from busy nights.
The world feels paused, like it can't wait, no ticking clocks, no sense of time,
cereal bowls and cartoons play a simple start to an open day.
Sacred hours of rest and ease of yawning stretches, minds at peace.
If every day could feel this way, we would live inside a Saturday.

Zooe Lopez Garcia, Grade 7

The Light Burns

The light bites at my eyes, causing me terrible pain.
I want to leave, but this is my light, so I immediately refrain.
My skin begins to burn, it turns a hideous, ugly red.
But this is my light, so I am thankful, without it I may as well be dead.
It speaks disgusting things to me, sometimes causing me fear.
I know it despises me, it makes sure to be very much crystal clear.
But this is my light, my wonderful light, so I will continue holding it dear.

Lulu McKee, Grade 7

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Camp Wapsie

Camp is the most beautiful place ever.
You'll hear kids laughing and playing, or the birds chirping in the dancing wind.
It smells like bug spray, campfires, sunscreen, smores, and chlorine.
The sky is always painted with the magical colors of the ocean floor,
and the sun always beams its warm rays down on you.
Camp tastes like popsicles, and sunscreen, and home.

Jazlin Mosley, Grade 7

Irrational

I can’t explain why but I have an irrational fear
I don’t remember what caused it
But when I try my mind veers.
All I know is that I hate sitting here
In a perfect prestigious house,
In a perfect prestigious chair.

Haleigh Ortman, Grade 7

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Empty Promises

We stand with our hand over our heart, and repeat the words
“I pledge allegiance to the flag.”
We give our undying allegiance every morning
But what is it that we’re standing for?
If we stand for freedom, then why are we silenced?
If we stand for hope, then why do people diminish our light?
The words we repeat have become nothing but empty sentences
They have become nothing but empty promises

Harper Petersen, Grade 7

The Mulberry Tree

The mulberry tree looks at me as I try to understand her pain
People have taken too much from her; she thinks she will break
The oaks and willows laugh as she cries alone at night in the heap of darkness
She lets it all out to me in her time of bleak starkness
She is strong, smart, and very brave; but she fears she will not see another day
When she is gone the next day, I weep as I know that she was made to entertain

Ellison Riney, Grade 7

The Silent Voice

Through shaky hands and tears fall
They find a voice within it all
The crimson ‘X’s fade away
And colors turn a brighter day
The silent voice is finally heard

Scarlett Sellars, Grade 7

From "THE ROAD"

He’s walking all on his own in the middle of a day pocked with roads,
with their sticky, incessant, unwanted endings,
slick and silver, flat and long,
he’s walking all on his own
in the tension of the wind and the moon steeling against it
like a sudden flare of blown glass
replacing what he remembers light once looked like.

Mazzy Sleep, Grade 8

Art in the Storm

Art feels like a stormy day,
Stressful but comfortable in all the good ways,
With the sound of swishing water against the rain,
But the end of the storm still a ways away,
And the colorful strokes like a rainbow after the storm,
The taste sweet when it comes out the right way.

Zoey Smith, Grade 7

Peachy

Succulence on the branch
Awaiting its day to fall
The dew of the morning on its skin
To be enjoyed by all
Hard to the core
Pleasant to teeth
This peach is soft, this peach is sweet

Paul Thoele, Grade 7

The Beach

The soft sand tickles my toes
The warm air starts to blow
I see many people lying down to tan
And other people playing in the sand
I take a sip of a cold drink
I'm so relaxed I can't even think

Brecken Tvedte, Grade 7

I Don't Understand

I don’t understand why people do things that are inhumane,
or why sometimes I walk with only shame
I don’t understand how the moon is up at night, while I can only sleep with fright
What I don’t understand most of all is how one day you can be fine, but the next day,
all you want to do is fall
But I do understand why the sun lights up the sky
And maybe the fact that you’re the only possible reason why

Anna Whisler, Grade 7

Almost

I have always been the almost. There is always a name said sweeter than mine,
Or an inside joke I don’t fully get, I never do.
I’m always a friend but never the best.
And I am always loved but never the greatest.
I am loved, I think, like music played in the background, but it's never really the song you actually want to choose.

Izzy Wilson, Grade 7

The Mundane and the Sparse

If the stars of the sky would only appear
for no night but one every thousand years,
how people would gawk and stare.
If, like now, they came out every night,
no person would gawk and stare, smile and celebrate.
Rather, the stars are half-hidden by bright lights made by man.
Why do we treasure only things that are rare?

April Xu, Grade 7

Rain Lullaby

the rain comes down, down, down into the grass where you lie
trickling through the branches of the trees above
running trails down the lines of your face, weathered by the storms of life
the dirt, now mud, sinks underneath, staining cloth brown
blink raindrops from lashes and stare at the gray sky
oddly at peace, very tired. the rain is music just outside
let the world embrace you as you close your eyes

Rosanna Yang, Grade 7

What Does It Mean To Dream?

To dream is to
Dare to be great, even in the face of failure,
Reach the stars, no matter how high they are,
Endure setbacks and struggles, but keep moving forward,
Aim for something bigger than yourself,
Make the world your own.

Natalie Yoon, Grade 7