



**2018  
Arkansas  
Anthology**

# PREFACE

The year 2018 marks the 18th volume of the Arkansas Anthology. Sponsored by the Arkansas Council of Teachers of English and Language Arts (ACTELA), the goal of the Anthology is to encourage and reward the writing and creative excellence of students and educators throughout Arkansas schools. In the tradition of the National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE) ways of lifting up student voices through the language arts, this publication of creative works by young authors, artists, and photographers honors excellence in writing—both prose and poetry—as well as multiple mediums of art. Every piece of writing, photograph, and artwork are submissions from students.

ACTELA board members edit and produce the Anthology each spring. It is available on our website at <http://actela.weebly.com/>

We encourage students and teachers to plan ahead to submit writings to next year's Anthology. The process for submitting works has changed; see the page 4 for detailed instructions.

The authors published in the Arkansas Anthology retain all the publication rights of their respective works.

**Member of the NCTE Information Exchange Agreement**



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This year's cover art, *Purple Abyss*, is by Courtway Middle School student Sarah Mulhearn taught by Corey Oliver.

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# 2019 ARKANSAS ANTHOLOGY CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

**We showcase and publish the writing and creative work of Arkansas students!**

Submissions accepted through March 15, 2019

Send all submissions to [ARAnthology@gmail.com](mailto:ARAnthology@gmail.com). Format requirements: GOOGLE DOC for written works, JPG for images, MP4 for video, MP3 for audio.

Include ALL contact information including email and phone number and a statement that you wrote or created the piece (that it is original from you).

If possible, students should send their own submissions. For teachers who submit for students, please limit submissions to *no more* than 30 entries.

Tentative publish date: May-June 2019

For 18 years, the Arkansas Council of Teachers of English Language Arts, a state affiliate of NCTE, has enhanced the excellent work of ELA teachers in Arkansas by opening a space for students to publish their creative and information writing, along with artistic expressions of photography, art, and multimedia.

**Please submit  
BEST writing rather than  
LOTS of writing.  
Submissions must be  
edited and polished for  
publication or they will  
not be considered.  
Whenever possible,  
students should submit.**

## Guidelines for Formatting

PDFs of text will not be accepted

We prefer single spacing, 11 pt font text with 14 pt bold for titles, Calibri

Include titles for all submissions

At end of submission, please list: Author's name, grade, school, teacher's first and last name

Provide contact information: School and author address (include zip codes), phone numbers, email addresses

Provide a statement of originality: "I wrote this poem," or "this art is my original work."

Do not plagiarize.



## **Drowned Soul**

I was never scared of the water  
Until I felt the briefest touch  
Rippling like a sound wave  
Bouncing against my foot as if the briefest echo  
Were leading it to grace my skin  
Before blissfully darting into the depths

The way the sun kissed my skin  
Its strength of unfathomable depths  
Heat a constant, reverberating echo  
A soft sting, a painful touch  
Crashing over me like an ocean's wave  
I loved playing coy, forcing it to chase me through  
the water

I was fine a woman trapped in the wave  
Waiting only for the return of his touch  
For time to echo  
When he was as familiar to me as my own skin  
When his eyes were as deep as the ocean's depths  
When everything we loved sat between us in the  
water

His kiss held the same haunting echo  
As the chill of the wind while his hands roamed my skin  
There was something different in his touch  
There was something different in the water  
I thought he was shielding me from the wave  
He thought I would drag him to the depths

I was never scared of the water  
Until I felt the weight of his touch  
Blanket strangling me in the wave  
Raw screaming, a stifled echo  
Knives of painful resistance tearing through my skin  
Realizing I may never escape the depths

When I learned the pain was only an echo  
Of trapped souls vying to steal my skin  
Of pitiful cries struggling to rise above the depths  
When I stopped struggling, when I succumbed to the water  
I felt the strength of his touch  
When I was broken by the wave

I learned I love the water, admire its depths  
But I fear its touch, fear the crashing cold bruising my skin  
No longer do drowned souls echo, but I have no wish to return to the wave

**Brittany Cook**  
**Buffalo Island Central**  
**Cynthia Green**

**Audrey Rawls, 8th grade**  
**Conway Jr. High School**



**The Love**

The love I had held so dear has been snuffed out by the dark,  
And it left my soul with quite a mark.  
The hollow husk can now only bark.

Now there is a weak arc,  
That stretches around me.  
The love I had held so dear has been snuffed out by the dark.

I can hear the sweet sound of a far away lark,  
It sings with a loud plea.  
The hollow husk can now only bark.

In the eyes there is no more spark,  
The life has been sucked out by Depression's flea.  
The love I had held so dear has been snuffed out by the dark.

I have acknowledge that love is such a snark,  
As it always aches to be free.  
The hollow husk can now only bark.

The love I had may have left its fingermark,  
But I'll still continue to grow like a tree.  
The love I had held so dear has been snuffed out by the dark,  
The hollow husk can now only bark.

**Brooke Nettles, 12th grade**  
**Buffalo Island Central**  
**Cynthia Green**

**Mom**

The image of you is an unfinished path cut into a field of wheat  
I still see your assuring smile cheering me on at volleyball games  
When I fell in gymnastics that day, you ran in to pick me up  
I remember the feeling of you  
The comfort of how much you truly cared for me  
I remember the day it all ended  
The day you spoke your final words, "I love you"  
The words that I didn't return because I couldn't force my mouth to produce words  
The words that ring in my head three years later  
Mom, I love you, too.

**Cara Peeler**  
**Green County Tech**



**Lovely Tree**  
**Stephen Chesshir**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

**Never-ending End**

The last hug  
Like the first day of a scorching everlasting summer  
The first heartbreak  
Never-ending pain of knowing you won't come back  
The pain of tomorrow  
Realizing I'll still be broken  
The lies  
You told me you would love me forever  
The ignorance  
Thinking we could last forever  
The realization  
Nothing could possibly last forever

**Morgan Scott, 9th grade**  
**Green County Tech**  
**John Baldwin**

## The Bridge

I took that first uneasy step onto the bridge and I heard small fragments and pebbles falling from the bottom of the bridge into the clear water. As I looked into the water, I saw more than you could have imagined. It was as if there was a barrier around the bridge that opened my eyes. I saw the water and everything in it and under it. I saw every small particle and atom of everything there and I knew I was staring into existence. I could feel the universal energy in everything. I could sense every life form around me, from the fish swimming under the water to the ants hiding in the ground on the shore. I could sense all the insects under the bridge and I could sense more. I could feel a vast largeness above me. I could see many colors and lights in the sky. There were many other energy sources all over the universe, and there was more than one. At that point I realized it was a mass multiverse. There were many many universes, many forms of life and many forms of energy.

It felt as if I could see everything and I could reach out and touch it, but I was not there....but wait. There was something else, There was a darkness across the bridge. There was a deep sense of evil and I couldn't see what it was. It was like a void, at the edge of life. I was standing on the only connection between light and dark. Then there was a soft soothing voice that echoed over everything, it said "This is the birthplace of all creation."

I looked around until I saw a white woman standing on the water. "Who are you?" I asked. I looked at her with a nervous face as she slide across the top of the water towards me.

"My name is Anesidora," she said with a voice of soothing calmness, yet a commanding authority. "But in the language and history of your culture, I am called Pandora." I froze solid at the sound of her name, and stiffened up. "From your reaction, I'm guessing you've heard of me then?" She asked surprised. "Yes, I have. I've spent many countless nights reading and studying about you." I replied honestly.

"Why do you stiffen and fear the sound of my name so?"

"Because, in my studies I've learned who you are and what you did...when you opened the box" I replied, tempted to run back off the bridge. "It wasn't a box," she replied calmly, "It was a Jar." she smiled softly. "You tell me what you think I did, and I will tell you what really happened."

"Prometheus stole fire from the heavens and gave it to mankind. As a punishment Zeus had Hephaestus fashion a woman, you, out of the earth. Along with the rest of the gifts the gods bestowed on you, it included Pandora's box-

"Jar" she interrupted and I gave her a glare "You opened the "jar" and when you did, you allowed all the evil and darkness out into the world." I said coldly

"Well you got most of it correct," She replied with a stern calmness, " I did open the jar, and I did unleash all the evil onto the world, but there was something left in the jar." she smiled and paused for a moment. "Hope" she said sternly.

"I gave mankind no hope. What your culture and studies have not and cannot teach you, is that I have been working here for a millennia, trying to fix my mistake." She glanced over at the other end of the bridge, where the darkness was. "I've been trying to collect all the dark evil back here so I can re-trap it back in the jar."

As she spoke, I noticed a pedestal rise up out of the water that had a small canopic jar on it. "The jar." I whispered to myself silently. Pandora rose up off the water and floated next to the bridge, she looked me in the eye and said, "I can no longer do this on my own," She smiled, took my hand, and softly spoken, "And since I'm stuck here in the Cradle of life, I am going to require your assistance."

**Stormy Smith, 12th grade**  
**Salem High School**  
**Jeffrey Cummins**

## Discordant Melody of a College Application

The girl types away numbness  
The blindness overcoming sanity  
Tap -- tap -- tap  
The only heat being offered is the warmth  
Already leaching from her fingers  
As she taps the cold, hard keys.

The essay doesn't write itself.  
It leaches its individuality and creativity  
From the warmth of the girl's hands  
Hovering over the work-worn keys.  
It cannot use its own ideas because it cannot  
Think over the frustration and the tap -- tap --  
tapping.

The music plays loudly  
And it is poison.  
The tapping slowly dies away  
Shrivels and leaves behind  
The stillness and corpse of  
The keyboard keys.

The girl struggles to keep  
The dollar bills in her pocket.  
One hand clutching at ripping  
Seams of her oversized jeans  
And the other hand performing  
CPR on a lifeless essay and dead keys.

When the tap -- tap --  
Tapping of the keys  
Resumes, there is a sigh of limited relief --  
The heartbeat is erratic,  
Faded and broken into morse code  
Plainly sounding in the dimly lit room

Tap tap tap  
Taaap taaap taaap  
Tap tap tap  
But the sun is sinking fast  
And creative thoughts are drowned out  
By the tapping of waterlogged keys.

There is no music, no poison to numb the choking.  
The girl hits send and ceases to exist  
Anywhere but on the surface of lettered keys

**Caitlin Lawyer, 12th grade**  
**Salem High School**  
**Cynthia Green**



***Breathtaking Sunset***  
**Keri Brewington**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

## Footprints

How do I leave my mark?  
Will I even leave it?  
Will anyone remember me?  
If they do is that a good thing?  
Or am I just a footprint that will wash away?

Do I get a legacy or am I not worthy?  
Will my life be left behind by what is to come?  
Will I create a masterpiece or discover  
something new?  
No, you will not see my footprints and leave  
me behind.

My footprint is uniquely amazing, and you will  
not forget it.

I will become the smartest person alive.  
I will fill the world with hope and imagination.  
And the best part?

*It starts with this poem.*

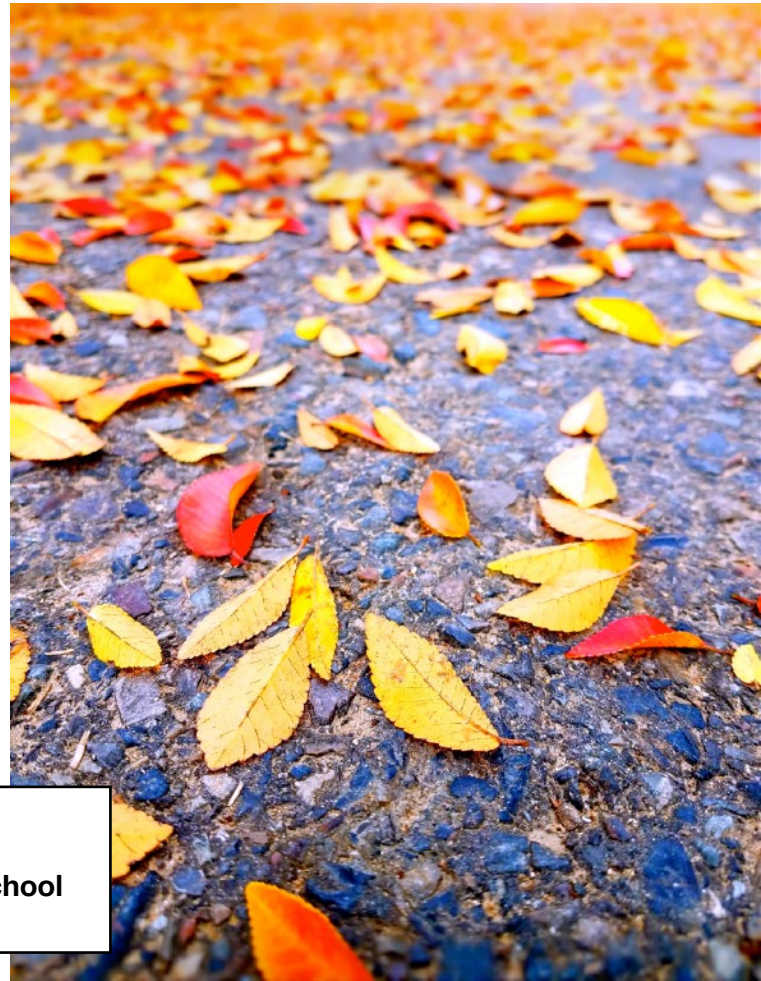
**Keri Brewington**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**



**Love's Ocean**

Love  
Is like an ocean.  
Gentle waves, rocking you  
Back and forth.  
Beautiful.  
Peaceful.  
Unpredictable.  
Crashing storms  
Throwing you off course,  
Swirling hurricanes consuming all in its path.  
Consuming you.  
But,  
The calm comes  
After the storm.

**Bethany Herring**  
**Woodlawn High School**  
**Cynthia Green**

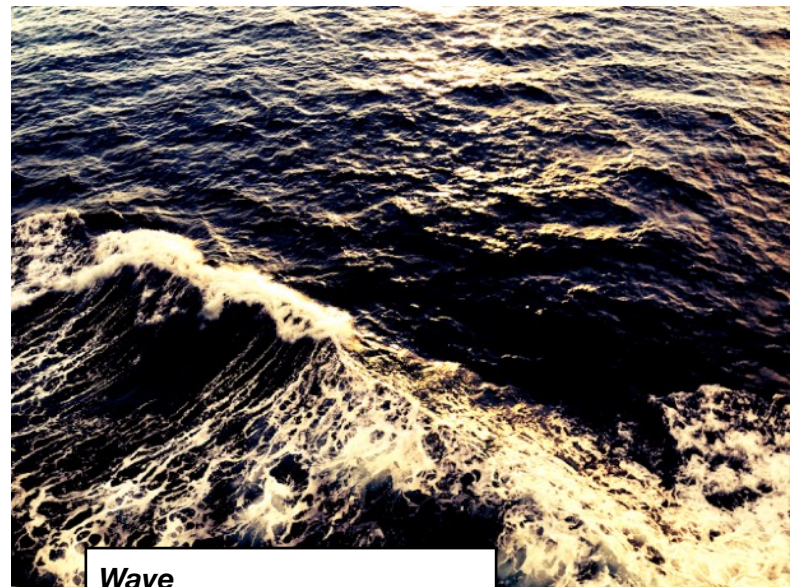


*Fall Leaves*  
**Mia Webb**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

**In Her Eyes**

In her eyes, there is a gleam  
That everybody doesn't seem to notice  
One day, it's gone, kind've like a forgetful  
daydream  
  
In her eyes, there is indescribable misery  
There isn't a soul that has sympathy  
I guess it will always remain as a mystery  
  
I wish someone would realize the anger  
in her eyes  
She wants someone to care about her  
But her eyes are hard to notice because  
it's in a disguise  
  
She wishes for someone to care  
But yet again, she remains unnoticed  
Which then leads her to despair

**Brijhen Cremen, grade 7**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Corey Oliver**



*Wave*  
**Keri Brewington**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

1926

I have several journals at home, and I wish them all to the furnace.

My brain is in the dog days, a summer haze, and I float away.

And when I am in this state I ask myself a question I think I've underlined as the main methodology behind moving mythology: Why am I so afraid?

The answer comes delayed.

*Why do you shutter? Is there a place where unknown and anxiety rendezvous - or are you landlocked in a locality where you are just stuck?*

I fear because I echo Shakespeare for the seventh time in one night,

"Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,

For thee, and for myself, no quiet find."\*

And think to myself that should ever I find a soul as kindred to mine, a perfect reflection of who I would be,

I would cradle it under the weight of my own thousandth rejection.

The downfall of ambiguity, a strictness corroding the heart I had let roam...the desire of actuality and the end of a bad passion, undeniably for the better, and still I tether.

I have my eyes dried and formality applied, and all of that wandering chromaticism is still contained within a total framework.

But I will miss you like I miss you now,

And I'm just bored by tomorrow.

**Luci Pollock, 11th grade**

**LISA Academy North**

**Suzanne Rogers**

***Shepherdless Branch***  
**Logan Adams**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**



**Snowflakes**

As small as a molecule snowflakes are dancing

I watch as all the fluffy powdery snow falls from the sky

The tiny frozen snowflakes piling high

The shower of graceful snowflakes as

light as a feather falling from the sky

Swimming through the air whispering to me

The wet snowflakes suddenly start melting away.

**Jeron Charlton**

**Courtway Middle School**

**Monica Flowers**

**Snowflakes**

Snow is a weightless feather

Dancing in the air like a ballerina on a stage.

Selfishly trying to find an open place on the dry ground

Always being simple and fascinating at the same time.

Falling down from the ground like a shy and sneaky ninja

Being as pure as pure can be.

Snowflakes are cold and peaceful

But on the other side they can be dangerous.

Melting into ice and making every thing as slippery as oil on a floor.

Covering up house and cars.

Snowflakes are special and joyful but with a dark and poisonous heart .

**Richard Carrasco**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

### **For Those Lost to the Trigger**

For those lost to the trigger  
They faced death with such vigor  
Because when death stares you in the eyes  
You don't dare tell a single lie

Another day begins  
With a sound of laughter from the twins  
The smell of cooking fills the streets  
As a wife bows her head in defeat

Students flood through hallway doors  
Ready for a day indoors  
Sounds of lockers fill the hall  
Like a crowd of people in a mall

People bumped and pushed to the side  
As they watch the others gossip and confide  
No one suspects this horrid day  
Because everyone has a price to pay

Bells ring several times  
Time quickly passes  
Then a sudden burst of sound  
As into the air are bullets found

Prayers and screams fill the air  
Doors lock and students cower  
All of them wonder the same thing  
"Will I make it out alive?"

The menace lurks the hallways  
Silence and sound crash together  
As everyone holds their breath  
And waits for their death

When the disaster ends  
Here the tragedy begins  
Best friends and enemies lost and gone  
Sons and daughters nowhere to be found

Everyone lost in the end  
Everyone lost something  
Everyone lost someone  
Others just lost more than them

Starts with a sunrise  
Ends with a demise  
By the man who deemed himself death  
To those who lost their last breath

See you later turns into see you in another life  
I'll see you soon turns into I'll always miss you  
And tomorrow turns into forever  
For those lost to the trigger

**Shawn Chen, Autumn Hong, and Eliana Pope,  
8th grade  
Lisa Academy North  
Madeline Smith**

### **Red Roses**

Three months ago he bought her a dozen red  
roses  
Now they sit in her room, against the wall  
Away from it all  
Withered and broken  
Colorless and small  
And shatter at the simple touch of a finger.  
But there they will remain  
As the feelings linger  
As she can't help but think  
Maybe she too, is like a dozen red roses

**Paige Baldwin  
Highland High School, 12th grade  
Cynthia Green**



### **For Me, Could You Smile? - A Sestina**

She lived in the city, right at the heart.  
Never before had she talked to this boy,  
Who lived in a house across the street.  
She walked up to him one day,  
Only to find that he had a broken bike,  
And truly, desperately, needed to smile.

A freezing wind blew through that street.  
“My, my, it is cold on this day!”  
She said to the sullen, dead-eyed boy.  
He said nothing at first, climbing onto his bike.  
“Yes,” he grumbled, “It cuts rather deep, down to the heart.”  
“Glad I could help in fixing your bike,” she said with a smile.

Sadly she saw, he had a broken heart,  
And as he rode away on that rusty bike,  
She decided, she determined, that one day,  
No matter what, she would make him smile.  
Maybe even on this cramped little street,  
She would help this hurting, lonely boy.

The next morning she rode to school on her own squeaky bike,  
Dodging people and cars on that tiny, crowded street.  
“I’ll tell a joke or two,” she laughed to herself, “That will make him smile!”  
Thinking carefully about that melancholy boy,  
She devised a plan on that breezy day,  
Determined to lift the burden on his heart.

For me, could you smile?  
She asked that question, day after day,  
But never could he smile -he hadn’t the heart.  
She thought back to that windy street,  
And wondered if she hadn’t fixed that broken bike,  
Would she have fallen in love with this boy?

As she traveled home with a heavy heart,  
She found that she could no longer brighten the day,  
With a joke, a funny story, or a simple smile.  
The despair struck her hard, and she fell off her bike.  
She sat on the ground, broken and sad, her tears staining the street.  
“My, my,” she heard a voice say, “It is cold on this day!” and she saw before her the hand of a boy.

The wind stopped blowing on this tiny street,  
As the boy, with his rusty bike, finally found it in his heart,  
To give to her this day, which she shared with him forever, a kind and loving smile.

**Rebecca Lemon**  
**Salem High School**  
**Cynthia Green**



***Flowers and Sunshines***  
**Kali Erby**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**



### **Walking Her Home**

As lovers of youth  
And friends of old  
Always and forever  
I have walked her home

First starting from school in 53'  
Around the bend and across the street  
Past the old hospital, where our firstborn we'd meet  
I have walked her straight into eternity

What started as classmates soon turned into more  
A house, a business, a family we bore  
Side by side, and hand in hand  
Loving her more with every grain of sand

That fell in time, with every grey hair  
Even then, I couldn't help but stare  
Forever and always, no one could compare  
To the one in which my whole life I've shared

Across the bridge and around the bend  
If I had the chance, I would do it again  
At times it was hard, at times it was cold  
Still all of it was worth it for the hand I did hold

The babies were screaming, the bills were too  
We kneeled together, for what else could we do?  
Praying for God's blessings on us to land  
I knew all I needed, I held in my hand

Now looking upon me, with fear in her eyes  
I grip her hand and begin to cry  
In hospital gown, I still see  
The bride in the wedding dress, walking towards me

I have loved her then, and I love her now  
I will love her as long as my breath will allow  
The laughter we've shared, the love we have grown  
Will stay with me always, as I walk her home

As lovers of youth  
And friends of old  
Always and forever  
I have walked her home

**Cadyn Qualls, 12th grade  
Buffalo Island Central  
Cynthia Green**

### **Ode to a Teenage Life**

Life is fast, but it is slow  
In it you change and you grow  
But once you grow,  
It is time to leave  
So never rush  
Anything.  
You'll want it all but only get some  
You will be jealous of everyone  
Therefore be thankful for the things  
you've got  
Because you might have something  
someone else sought

Life can be cruel, but can also be  
giving  
Every day's a gamble as long as  
you're living  
Will things go right, or will they go  
wrong?  
There's no way to tell  
So just pressure on  
Some days are bad and others are  
great  
And everywhere there is both love  
and hate  
Your outlook affects everything you  
do  
So be positive and life will be good to  
you

Life's full of emotions, memories  
And lessons to be learned  
But sometimes what you get  
Isn't what you've earned  
This is because life is not always fair  
But you're not alone  
So never despair  
If life gives us one thing,  
It's those around us  
So we won't be lonely  
Through the ruckus.

**Mackenzie Selby, 12th grade  
Warren High School  
Cynthia Green**

**Valley of Flowers**  
**Keri Brewington**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**



### **The Good, Bad, and the Ugly**

Life can be so many things.  
It can be like a maze in a corn field.  
A room with no door nor windows.  
Life is a ticking time bomb.  
You'll never know when the time is going to run out.

Amazing, joyous, breathtaking.  
Life contains great moments.  
It can be like sitting on an island.  
No worries at all.  
Just sitting in the sand with the water lapping your feet.  
Washing all your worries away as it goes.

Unpleasant, Dreadful, Sad  
Things might not always go your way  
Sometimes you just want to cry all the pain away  
Wishing it was a new day  
There is just so much to say  
But sometimes life gets in the way

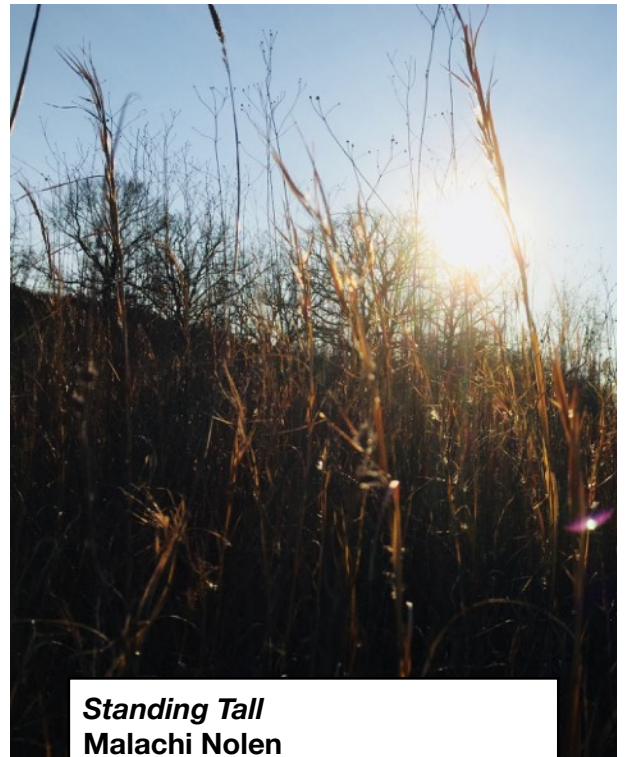
Awful, frightful, plain  
Life can be this kind of way  
It depends on how you take on the day  
There can be some scary things that get in the way  
So much destruction and pain  
But you have to take it this way

**Kaylee Hinson, 12th grade**  
**Woodlawn High School**  
**Cynthia Green**

### **Falling**

I feel like I've fallen out of a tree.  
Hitting every branch on the way down,  
Only to crumple on the shattered pieces of my  
heart.  
I told myself that it was bound to happen.  
though still surprised when it did.  
I wanted to see the brilliant blue sky of the  
future,  
So I climbed higher,  
Treading carefully on the boughs and the  
branches,  
Though in the end I got reckless.  
Now I try filling the hole with passing time.  
Though aching to go back so badly,  
I tell myself I can't.  
So I pick up the pieces,  
With loose ends and frayed edges,  
And try piecing them together again.

**Shannon E. Burt**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**



**Standing Tall**  
**Malachi Nolen**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

**LOVE**

Love is the most wonderful thing  
I love my Family, friends, and horses  
There might be times where you say you  
don't love anyone  
But you can never stop loving someone  
Telling someone you love them, is just  
enough to make their heart flutter like a  
butterfly.  
Love is powerful.

**Kendra Tyus**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

**Depression**

Why is it that we only see stars shining at night  
Why not shine during the day with the sun, so bright  
Why must all the good moments always fade away  
And why must all storms feel eternally grey  
Why does sadness always take its toll  
And why must happiness come so little yet feel so bold  
Why are the days so warm yet the nights so cold  
And why am I alone with no one to hold  
Why are all the doors locked with stories untold  
Why are our dreams so vivid yet the underlying  
meanings so cryptic  
Why are the towers so tall I cannot reach  
And all the decisions ahead like which path will I take  
The one that leads to darkness or the light I shall fake  
The opportunities are endless  
But will anything ever mend this

**Raiven McGill**  
**Green County Tech**  
**Karen Hodge**



**Loyalty**  
**Mariah Hodge**  
**Greene County Tech Junior High**  
**Karen Hodge**



**Puppy Eyes**  
**Mackenzie Hodge**  
**Greene County Tech Junior High**  
**Karen Hodge**





**Stargirl and  
Chaotic Tranquility**  
Savannah Huddleston, 11th grade  
Riverview High School  
Barbara Haynie



**Emily Blair  
Courtway Middle School  
Monica Flowers**



**No Sound**

The storm is beautiful and smells of rain  
 But has no sound  
 Thunder ricochets, and rain floods my boots  
 But still no sound  
 Lightening flashes fast, white then black  
 But still no sound  
 As I walk to shelter the rain falls hard  
 But still no sound  
 It thuds, it pounds on my head as I walk  
 But still no sound  
 I want to scream out to the storm, so beautiful!  
 But still no sound  
 I only hear my thoughts  
 But still no sound  
 I'm trapped in my head, so strange and lonely  
 But still no sound  
 Every word with made up inflictions  
 But still no sound  
 Imaginary by definition  
 But still no sound  
 My world is this storm, so quiet  
 With no sound

**Kacy Nicole Watkins, 12th grade  
Hector High School  
Guillen Heinzen**

**Free**

I am a free soul  
 Who does not care about anything  
 I am a wild beast  
 Who goes crazy on the sight of injustice  
 I am a bird  
 Who is above everyone  
 I am a spider  
 Who sees everything  
 I am a free soul  
 Who is as free as a bird  
 And chained like a prisoner  
 But I still have heart  
 Like you do

**Shreyam Tripathi, 7th grade  
Courtway Middle School  
Corey Oliver**



## **A Snowy Christmas Eve**

The house begins to shiver under the snow.  
Two newborns sleep snugly in the upper room.  
The four-year old lies awake waiting to hear the sleigh bells.  
A mom and dad are reading by the fire.  
While looking at photo albums, they cannot help but smile.  
They rejoice that another Christmas that has come.

The time rings throughout the house from the other room.  
The smell of Santa's' cookies make the pair smile.  
The crisp air makes it hard to leave the fire.  
The cookies are set up in hopes that Santa would come.  
You can hear, in the distance, the sleigh bells.  
You can hear the carolers singing under the snow.

Secretly, dad sneaks a cookie with a smile,  
From the ornate room.  
The smoke from the fire,  
Beckons the couple back to the living room.  
Close to the house, in the snow,  
You can hear the nearing sleigh bells.

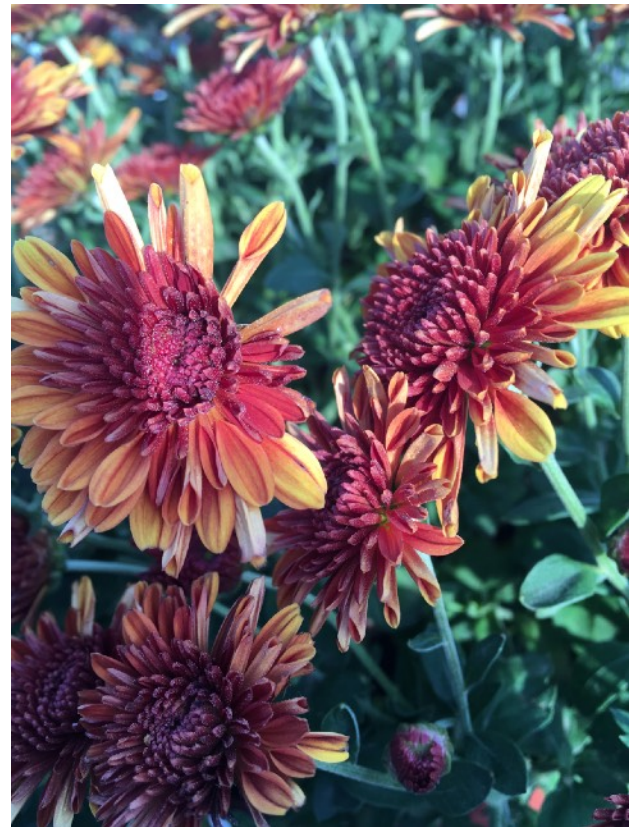
The vigorous sleigh bells  
Cause the child to smile  
In his room.  
The crackling of the fire causes the family to come  
To the conclusion that they loved the snow.

It was a heavy snow  
That was to fall for Santa Claus to come.  
It sounded as if the sleigh bells  
Were in the next room.  
The flames of the fire  
Shine on the couple as they sleep with a smile.

There are tracks of snow  
All throughout the room.  
Santa had finally come,  
With toys and sleigh bells.  
After he rested by the fire,  
He consumed the cookies and milk with a smile.

As quick as he had come,  
He left. For he had to bring smiles  
To other houses under the snow.

**Lauren Reams**  
**Warren High School**  
**Cynthia Green**



## **The Beautiful Sins of a Butterfly**

The beautiful sins of a butterfly  
Not knowing wrong from right  
She doesn't have to try  
Always looking for somewhere to lie  
Soon it's only during the night  
The beautiful sins of a butterfly  
Rather spread her wings than cry  
Something to believe in is no longer in sight  
She doesn't have to try  
She feels without this she may die  
This is not what she wants to appease her  
appetite  
The beautiful sins of a butterfly  
The things that are right she turns a blind eye  
The path she follows isn't so bright  
She doesn't have to try  
Flying into a life she cannot identify  
Knowing what is best, but still straying away  
from the light  
The beautiful sins of a butterfly  
She doesn't have to try

**Lakenya Utsey**  
**England High School**  
**Cynthia Green**

## Good Morning, Lake Powell

In this place I am awakened by the rising sun,  
It's rays fill me with warmth and peace,  
Smiling I spring up for the day has begun,  
Wondering what adventures today will  
unleash.

In this place the sand sticks to your feet,  
The constant wash of waves on the shore,  
From the houseboat Love and Laughter greet,  
This place I hold a special spot in my heart  
for,

In this place the early morning glass makes  
for a perfect surf ride,  
We head out as the sunshine warms us with  
its rays,  
The moment I ride the wave ropeless brings a  
feeling of immense pride,  
This is my ideal way of starting the day.

In this place there are times of peace and  
times of chaos,  
We all argue and we all laugh,  
We all play together and we all need some  
space from each other,  
But the feelings of overall bliss is shown in  
every photograph,  
In this place I know who I am and that I

## Good Night, Lake Powell

The sun sets behind the red rocks as the  
moon begins to rise;  
I feel the world around me gradually drift to  
sleep.

The wind and water gently sing us lullabies;  
The light lull of the boat imitates the soft  
sway of a babies crib.  
There is a strong sense of safety I wish I  
could grab and keep.

Atop the houseboat I lie utterly awake,  
Gazing at the stars awaiting sleep.  
The knowledge of one day already gone stirs  
up the first feelings of heartache:  
Only six more days left.

The water is still and the moon perfectly  
reflected.  
A wave washes through rippling and warping  
the mirror image,  
Reminding me that this is only temporary.  
The first tears silently form;  
I always did hate the sadness family  
goodbyes held,  
Each tear in silence communicates the love I  
carry.  
With eyelids heavy, my last thoughts are of  
the  
love  
I feel  
for my family and this place  
that always brings us back  
together,  
Assuring me that goodbyes are never truly  
forever goodbyes.

**Ashley Owen**  
**Bentonville High School**  
**Joshua Vest**



**Lakeside View**  
**Malachi Nolen**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

## Love.....

You are my everything when I have nothing.  
Love is like the sunbeam that gleams through the shower.  
You are my light when there's no sun  
And kisses off gently the dews from the flower.  
Love is like a cough, it can't be hidden.  
Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continual movement.  
You are my blanket when I'm freezing cold.  
Love is a fruit, in season at all times and within the reach of every hand.

**Kali Erby**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

## Invisible

I feel invisible.  
My friends and I all go to parties and most of the time they forget that I am there.  
When I am at school no one notices me.  
No one notices my new haircut, nor my new clothes.  
Everyone notices the popular group walking down the halls.  
It is much different for me than it is for the popular students.  
As I walk the halls students walk past and shove into me like I do not exist.  
I do exist!  
It is time for me to take a stand and speak up about the times I have felt invisible.  
Students will no longer shove into me anymore  
Because I have a voice and a reason to be heard.  
I am no longer the girl that is just there.  
I am the girl that has always been there and will always be there.  
I am not going to bite my tongue any longer.  
I will now stand up for myself and speak with the almighty voice that I have been born with.  
I will no longer be invisible.

**Madison Long**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

***Garden of Time***  
**Masyn Lovelady, 7th grade**  
**Carl Stuart Middle School**  
**Melissa Miller**

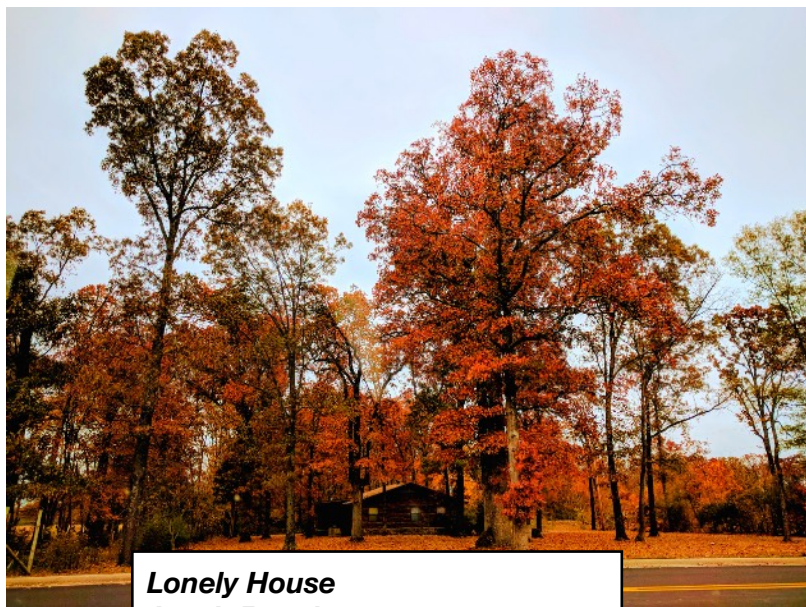




## OAKS

The oaks grew as I grew  
They; a monument, a documentation of time  
I see them every time I pass by, over time showing what's new  
From winter time, to spring time, to summer time  
The sight gives me pangs of yearning  
For the yesteryears, when I could see over that horizon of trees  
It gives me a feeling in my stomach that leaves me burning  
The oaks and its friends mean so much now, oh please,  
It may seem unimportant, or lame  
Just an insignificant spot on the side of the highway  
But to me, that's the passing of my time here in a perfect frame  
Always in my memories, from day to day  
    I yearn for the small trees of my youth  
    But am content with the now and unchangeable truth

**Samantha Hamilton, grade 12**  
**Woodlawn High School**  
**Cynthia Green**



***Lonely House***  
**Jacob Regehr**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

## Snowflake

I am a Snowflake  
I rest during the day  
And I sparkle in the night  
Falling majestically  
Soft silent snowflakes  
Land gently on the white blanket of  
    snow  
I am like a butterfly  
I float gracefully while the great winds  
    blow me away  
As some people love to catch me on  
    their tongues  
I love seeing beautiful places  
I have been to about everywhere  
And i'm more familiar with places in the United States  
I whisper to people as I float down  
But, they never seem to understand me  
I love to hang around on the ground for a while  
But, eventually I evaporate

**Daevion Martin, grade 6**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**



### **Time Flies By**

March brings me flowers.  
It also brings me a new year of age.  
So far, I've had sixteen birthdays  
And soon I'll be seventeen.  
It's honestly hard to believe.  
I'm growing up fast.  
Time goes by fast.  
Pretty soon, I'll be seeing those flowers.  
Still, difficult to believe,  
That soon, I'll again be a different age.  
Four months until I'm seventeen.  
This will make it seventeen birthdays.  
Only eighty more birthdays,  
Until I leave, so fast,  
That I won't even realize that I'd ever been  
seventeen.  
And once I'm gone, I will be brought more flowers.  
I will no longer have an age.  
That's when I'll believe.  
One day I'll believe.  
I'll be an adult in my following birthdays.  
Soon I'll be eighteen years of age.  
That's because time goes by fast.  
On the kitchen tables, is a vase that hold flowers.  
A count of exactly seventeen.  
Each flower has lost a single pedal, leaving a  
count of seventeen,  
Pedals on the table top. That's what I believe.  
They're such pretty flowers.  
I'm curious, do they have birthdays?  
They grow fast.  
They age quickly, what's their age?  
Are days equivalent to years in their age,  
Compared to humans? Picked, seventeen days  
ago, they're seventeen.  
They are aging fast.  
That is what I'll believe.  
I only have a few more birthdays.  
I'm receiving more flowers.  
I definitely believe.  
I hardly remember when I was seventeen.  
And here where I rest, I still get my flowers.

**Kaitlyn Francis, 11th grade  
Mountain Pine High School  
Cynthia Green**

### **The Cove**

As the water rushes onto the soft grains  
of warm sand,  
I watched my footprints disappear with  
the cold salty water.  
As the sand filled the gaps between my  
toes.  
The wind brushes across my face, letting  
me smell the fresh salty air.  
I gently walked along the bank of the  
water.  
Gazing at the magnificent shells carefully  
scattered along the shore.  
As I pick one up a tiny crab climbs out.  
I study the red and orange color of the  
body and set it down.  
I lightly walk thru the damp sand to a  
dazzling cave.  
I sit by the wet blue rocks to watch the  
sun set.  
As the sun lowers in to the water the  
moon raises,  
To reveal the sparkling stars.  
As I start to count the stars I calmly fall  
asleep.

**Ashley Gortney and Helen Kemper  
Courtway Middle School  
Monica Flowers**

## **Empty House**

Hours ticking away in an empty house  
The dust settling on the decades old furniture  
He waits for nobody and nothing, listening  
Waiting, waiting, for his own path to unfold  
Nothing will pass him by, He's sure  
An odyssey is much more fulfilling  
Than something meaninglessly important  
He has nothing better to do in this empty house  
Waiting for nobody but himself, leaning on the furniture  
He sits there, with his music beside him, listening  
Do something, anything, with your tired soul  
For me, for him, for you  
Fools. But nobody learns a thing  
The fools are the ones who act  
They fall prey to the things decaying  
Our weary world, including this empty house  
Don't you see? He listens  
He waits for when enough time has passed  
Hours ticking away in an empty house  
For who? Only time will tell  
Tick tock, tick tock,  
He busies himself with chores  
Cleaning the dust from this old house  
Clearing the floor of any unwanted debris  
He waits, and he listens  
The sound is deafening, yet calming,  
Daydreams and nightmares. The world moves somberly, restlessly on  
He listens, and I wait for silence.  
He decides he likes it better this way, laying on the furniture  
The dust is no longer there. A deep breath  
When she is not there, there is nobody to wake him  
He sleeps, but he listens onward into dawn  
Grand chords, long phrases, rising arpeggios  
Nobody can hear it, yet he listens  
He's almost done, but he hasn't even started  
The furniture cries encore as the house cheers him on  
He listens closely to the sounds of an orchestra  
Dearly beloved, and yet he gently weeps as he hears  
The day creeping away in a silent house.

**Nathan Van Aalsburg, 12th grade**  
**Highland High School**  
**Cheryl Green**

## Remember

I remember the odd shaped trees standing, almost leaning, standing taller than any person. And the way the leaves peacefully danced with the breeze. The scent of fresh rain stained the air, like the clouds stopped just to rinse everything, like clockwork.

I remember stepping into the sand, mushiness filling between each toe. And leaving foot prints behind me, my very own track marks.

Waves crashed into each other, as if they were racing to see who could find the shore first...Ironically, only to reach the sand with a calm momentum.

I remember the water slapping me in the face, leaving the fresh taste of salt on my tongue. The sun attempting to cook me until well-done, leaving my skin the brightest shade of red, and stinging to the touch.

Voices lingered, reminding me I wasn't alone. The voices of strangers aren't usually satisfying, but this time, they were.

I remember when time stood still, not a single second passed me by. Every moment was soaked in and filed deep into my memory; seeking reminiscence at all times.

The sky was God's painting that night. Every stroke of his brush was perfect, blending all the pinks, oranges, and yellows to create an unimaginable mural.

As the waves played in the ocean, the sun slowly said its goodbyes, the temperature turned down to cool. The wind whispered in the distance; for a second I almost thought that this world wasn't so bad, then I was home and realized that was yesterday.

**Kelsey Kelly, 12th grade  
Trumann High School  
Martha Kee**

## The Legacy of Persephone

She who wears flowers in her hair.  
She who bears a crown on her head.  
She who is mistress of darkness.  
Rage in her eyes, and wickedness in her smile.  
Red as roses, dark as night.  
She is goddess of Spring, the queen of death.  
It is not wine on her lips.  
Yet, it is not darkness she bears.  
She is a rebellious, unshaken soul.  
Kindred, but strong.  
Cold, not heartless.  
She dances in gardens at night.  
She wades in golden flowers at morning.  
She had pledged her heart to darkness.  
Yet, she is anything but evil.  
She is a light in darkness.  
Like the moon, she reflects kindness.  
She saves the dead.  
This is the legacy of Persephone.

**Lucy Stillman  
Courtway Middle School  
Monica Flowers**

## Your Story

This is your time.  
Never let your life be controlled.  
Fill your days with peace of mind not  
chaos.  
There is a window of opportunities  
just waiting to be opened  
Break free of tradition  
Dare to dream  
Feel the moonlight on your skin.  
Live free of judgement.  
Learn to love, not to hate.  
Now your new life begins.  
The first chapter to your fairy tale.  
This is your chance to shine.

**Malachi Nolen  
Courtway Middle School  
Monica Flowers**



**Eiffel Tower Nighttime**  
**Klayton Soffos**  
**Courtway Middle School**  
**Monica Flowers**

**Her**

Not even the burning cold sting  
Of winter could kidnap her smile.  
For every day had a shining sun  
And her mind adored all its music.  
The moon ached to greet her each night,  
And time seemed to disappear between every laugh.

He wakes every morning to find no sun.  
He looks out every window and with a harsh laugh,  
He realizes life no longer made him smile.  
The only thing he enjoyed anymore was the captivating  
music  
That the stars danced a never ending rhythm to at  
night.  
With a gaping hole, existence had a sweet sting.

Wrapped up in the middle of his night,  
She became a gleaming sun.  
Life no longer held onto him with a sting,  
But instead they danced together to its heavenly music.  
She fell in love with his laugh  
While he became intoxicated by her smile.

The moon grew jealous of them each night;  
For they now made their own music,  
And the mere thought made his fingers sting.  
She was his sun,  
And he couldn't breathe without her laugh.  
Within a moment he stole their flickering smile.

The stars in her eyes stopped twinkling that night.  
She dropped her head and lost her smile.  
The moon sulked to hear her laugh,  
But all he heard was the melancholy sound of music  
Drape her with a vicious sting.  
She was now dull and lacked any brightness of the sun.

Time seemed to linger on every night  
Until the pain evolved and matched a bee sting.  
The noise of life slowly started to shift into a once familiar music.  
When caught reminiscing, her face is colored with a smile  
And a peace that seems to remain when she would laugh.  
You could see her slowly transform back to her old gleaming sun.

Every night she remembers his laugh,  
And when the sun comes up, there is no more pain and sting.  
For they always had a smile and went together like words to music.

**Shelby Pinkley, 12th grade**  
**Kingston High School**  
**Cynthia Green**