

**2019
Arkansas
Anthology**

PREFACE

The year 2019 marks the 19th 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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2020 ARKANSAS ANTHOLOGY CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

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

Submissions accepted through March 20, 2020.

Send all submissions to 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 2020

For 19 years, the Arkansas Council of Teachers of English Language Arts, a state 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, Arial

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.

Love is

Love is a fragile flower that opens up to the warmth of
spring
Love is a war that breaks out when someone gets hurt
Love is when you find the one thing you care about the
most
Love is fragile, loyal, caring, and respecting
Love is your family, friends, or anyone else in the world
that means a lot to you
Love is us

Hanah Pegg, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

The Poet

The poet is like an ocean
How her sweet waves of emotion crash
onto the reader's eyes
Splish, splash
How she is filled with so much baggage
and waste that she's itching to get it out
People awe at her
But have no idea how much garbage is
on the inside

How messy and nasty and ugly it can
look underneath the water sometimes
But all of that mess adds up to one
beautiful picture
And people from all over the world
come just to admire her waters

Morgan Taylor
Lavaca High School
Cindy Green



Distant
Jeron Charlton, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

A Natural Poet

A poet is the wind.
It catches us by surprise
Bringing our attention to the leaves on
the trees.
Or to empty limbs.
Without the wind,
Life is silent, clouds unmoving.
Just a whisper
And the stillness ceases.

Maggie Gavin, grade 12
Woodlawn High School
Cindy Green

Night Light

There is a night beyond our life.
It calls to us
Claws at us
Fights us for our living soul
To take what is ours by mistake
And to take away our hope
But there is a light within the darkness
Many do not know where to find
It blooms within the soul
And lights the darkness of the night
It brings us peace
It brings us solace
It dampens the sorrows of our misery
Only those who believe in the night light
can ever see it
And the others delve into the dark
abyss
Never knowing
What that light
Could have been

Casey Colvey, grade 12
Highland High School
Cindy Green

Love is

Love is a fruit tree.
It bears wonderful fruit, and rotten fruit.
Love can be earned, but not bought.
Love is as sweet as sugar.
Love pushes its way to you.
Eventually, love finds you and saves
you.
Love is challenging, and disappointing.
Love is beautiful.
Love matures.
You never forget love for another
person.
Love is calm, and never hates.
Love is not fear or uncertainty.
Love is compassionate and
considerate.
Love is the sweetest fruit. Love is a
battlefield.
Love is like a rose. Beautiful, but the
thorns leading to the rose hurt.
Love is calling to everyone.
Love is whispering to everyone to follow
the lead.
Love is something that everyone needs.
Love is love.
It isn't a bad thing. Love is special.
Love is addicting and hard to throw out.
Love is what everyone deserves.

Sarah Tinsley, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

Society

What is your idea of perfect?

I'll tell you mine.

It's young women starving themselves thin and frail.

It's dark skinned girls being told they're not beautiful until they've bleached their skin pale.

It's toxic masculinity telling you to be buff, to not cry.

It's the white police officer always having an excuse or an alibi.

It's been four years since the law was passed,

Yet gay people are still beaten until their eyes are black.

Until love is no longer love, it is loathing and hate.

Like the little boy who was shot in the back when he was eight.

People will tell you, "Be who you want to be,"

But I am society, and you belong to me.

Autumn Criner, grade 8

Watson Chapel



The Lonely Leaf
Eric Matute, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers



Flattering Flower
Aubrey Michaels, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

My Heart

My heart is a door
It opens and closes
To let people in and out as they please
The problem is I have no lock
The difficulty of keeping the infectious
society out
Causes my inner soul to blacken
I can close the door
But through the cracks underneath
I can't keep them out

Jordan Wilkie, grade 12
Woodlawn High School
Cindy Green

The Artist

The poet is like an artist
He puts his passion on the page
Structure comes from the lines
He uses red to show rage
He moves between tones
To change what people see
He colors the page with emotion
And gives the work meaning
This work takes time
But finally, when the piece is done
He will get to enjoy
His finished creation.

Nicholas Austin, grade 12
Woodlawn High School
Cindy Green

Why It Rains

I saw an angel at the base of my bed
I woke with a start and held my head
She looked at me with her wings awry
As I saw that pretty angel cry

She stared at me as tears ran down
As rain began to tumble to the ground
I sat right up in a near lope
As that angle stared at me in hope

I held my hand for her to take
As that poor angel's black wings began to
shake
She told me she wanted to fly
So I told her that she mustn't cry

She wiped her tears and tried to stand
proud
As raindrop tears still hit the ground
I told her again as I pointed outside
I told her again that she must not cry

She nodded again as the rain stopped
I nodded as I saw that her pain had
dropped
I stood right up as I held out my hand
She took it as I watched her wings expand

As they flare she smiles galore
As her wings filled with a rainbow of colour
She let go as she flew straight up
And I then knew how that I had struck my
luck

Morgan Jones, grade 10
Salem High School
Jeffery Cummins

Dollhouse

Dress me up like a Barbie
Doll me up for your own reputation
Present me, play me, display me for your
Mad Hatter's tea party

Curl my hair, fasten with a bow, paint me a
smile with a sharpie
Sit me in front of your crowd, forget my
frustration
Dress me up like a Barbie

Keep me still, threats are your key
Prance me around as a trophy, we now
have no relation
Present me, play me, display me for your
Mad Hatter's tea party

Cut all our ties, silence me
Maintain your composure, keep me in
station
Dress me up like a Barbie

Fastened in place, now you leave me
You cash in your money with desperation
Present me, play me, display me for your
Mad Hatter's tea party

You leave pockets full, so shall it be
Your cruelty and empty heart only add to
this situation
Dress me up like a Barbie
Present me, play me, display me for your
Mad Hatter's tea party

Ashlee Tolar, grade 12
Highland High School
Cindy Green



Yellowflakes
Ansley McKeen, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

I Am Just like you

I am not evil
I am just like you
Please, love all people

Do not think you are regal
We are just a few
I am not evil

Grant me reprieve
I am not yet due
Please, love all people

We are primeval
It was just not knew
I am not evil

I will soar like an eagle
And you know it true
Please, love all people

It is now legal
Love will pursue
I am not evil
Please, love all people

Krista Cox, grade 12
Buffalo Island Central
Cindy Green

A Shining Light

Be a shining light, whatever your lot.

I was taught to always stay in the light.
Defend the poor and needy without thought.

Be like iron, shaped by Jesus. Be wrought.
To be suffer shame for God is my delight
Be a shining light, whatever your lot.

For the amount of hatred Jesus got,

Is more than mine, I shall not be affright.
For with his blood and strength, our sins He
bought

Satan tried to alter God's greatest plot,

God is in control. For us, He will fight.
Be a shining light, whatever your lot.

If Him we don't trust, our name shall he blot

From that great book of Life, He will unwrite.
We are to be as lambs, pure, without spot.

Living for the wonderful God, we ought.

In the end, it will be worth the long fight.
I will not go soft into this world, whatever my lot.
As for our life, we need to take great thought.

Paige Siemens, grade 11
Clarksville High School
Cindy Green



Fabulous Fall Leaves
Bethany Arbeene, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

Ode to Veterans

Many have fallen,
Many have been hurt.
Many have had to go all in,
And pick themselves up out of the dirt.

Veterans have everlasting scars,
Visible or not,
Fighting for the stripes and stars.
I hope they know we have not forgot.

The war will never end for them,
It is always there.
It is always a problem,
Always seeming to stare.

May they all get good rest,
And may their heads not fall.
May they all be blessed,
For God is watching over all.

Ashlin Usrey, grade 11
Alpena High School
Cindy Green

Jackpot

I have hit the jackpot
My luck has proven itself well
Buy everything, I must not

I think I'm going to buy a yacht
Then I can set off to sail
I have hit the jackpot

I share my winnings with my friend Scott
I made his life oh so swell
Buy everything, I must not

Next I'll get a big woodlot
Where I'll hunt and shoot shrapnel
I have hit the jackpot

With all this money I almost forgot
To treat my family well
Buy everything, I must not

With everything I've wanted I'm still distraught
I even had to bid my family farewell
I have hit the jackpot
Buy everything, I must not

Kyle Thrasher, grade 12
Buffalo Island Central
Cindy Green

Found Dead

Her skeletal remains found in the drain
A young life taken swiftly without care
A family searching, hoping she'd remain
A beautiful life; the loss hard to bare

Nights become longer; lights begin to fade
Their daughter's report put in every ad
They think if only she had not of strayed
"Tell me where you are. I need you so bad"

They offer up fifty thousand dollars
Prayers answered, but not how they wanted
The wind yells, making noises like hollers
Screams and phone calls would not be unwonted

Ebby, a once beautiful life, is found
Everyone is crying; tears all around

Katelyn Berryhill, grade 11
Cutter Morning Star
Cindy Green

Half Alive
Peyton Magnum, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers



Fall Colors

**Layla Zinno, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers**



The Race of Life

Slowly she opened her eyes
The soft blanket surrounding
her
Big windows revealing the bright blue skies
Bright morning light causing her sight to blur.

“What are you living for?”
Said a voice from beside her head
The blankets slipped to the floor
As she got out of bed.

She ran out the door
And through the yard
The air was chilling to the core
But she continued to run hard

Familiar faces passed as she ran
And the voice rang out above the rest
The girl tried to stop as soon as she can
The voice distracting her from her quest

The voice called out yet again
Speaking in a hushed whisper
The voice had depth, memories of back when
Words so deep, it made the girl blubber

“My heart races when you smile
Crashing upon this barricade you created
My heart is in complete denial
And my thoughts are serrated”

**Madison Jasper, grade 9
Salem High School
Jeffrey Cummins**

Fall Leaves

The leaves fall from the tree
Red, Yellow, and Green
Beautiful, Beautiful leaves
Keep falling from the tree
Dry, crunchy leaves,
Drift through the wind
Wonderful, Colorful leaves

**Bethany Arbeene, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers**



Spring Flower
Reagan Smitherman, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

All My Fears

I'm scared of rejection
I want to be desired
I want to have a purpose
But all this wanting makes me tired

I'm scared of the unknown
The thought of not knowing
Scares me to death
It makes me wonder if the fear is showing

I'm scared of dying
I do believe in a higher power
I do think I'll be saved
But when it's my time, will I know the
hour?

I'm scared of losing a loved one
The love I have for my clan
It overwhelms my heart
Losing them is not my plan

I'm scared of failing
When I do something, I win
Failure isn't an option
To me, not doing your best is a sin

I'm scared of being alone forever
I know my family will always be there
But I still feel lonely
Yet I know I have people that still care

Confessions of Narcissist

Her hair lies, golden as the evening sun,
Atop her head and beneath her halo.
I sit idly by and watch her come undone,
she's a fire, burning one moment and the next, mellow.
Oh, how she is needy, how can I deliver to her demand?
I paint her face in gold and dance to her favorite music,
I caress her face and hold her hand,
hoping all this love is therapeutic.
She is the only love I will never regret,
even through tears and broken promises.
She is as beautiful as the evening sunset.
I dare say she may compare to ancient goddesses.
My mirror, she breaks, when faced with such elegance,
my love, she is so humble and possesses such radiance.

Emily Stover, grade 12
Woodlawn High School
Cindy Green

Breanna Wallace, grade 9
Salem High School
Jeffrey Cummins

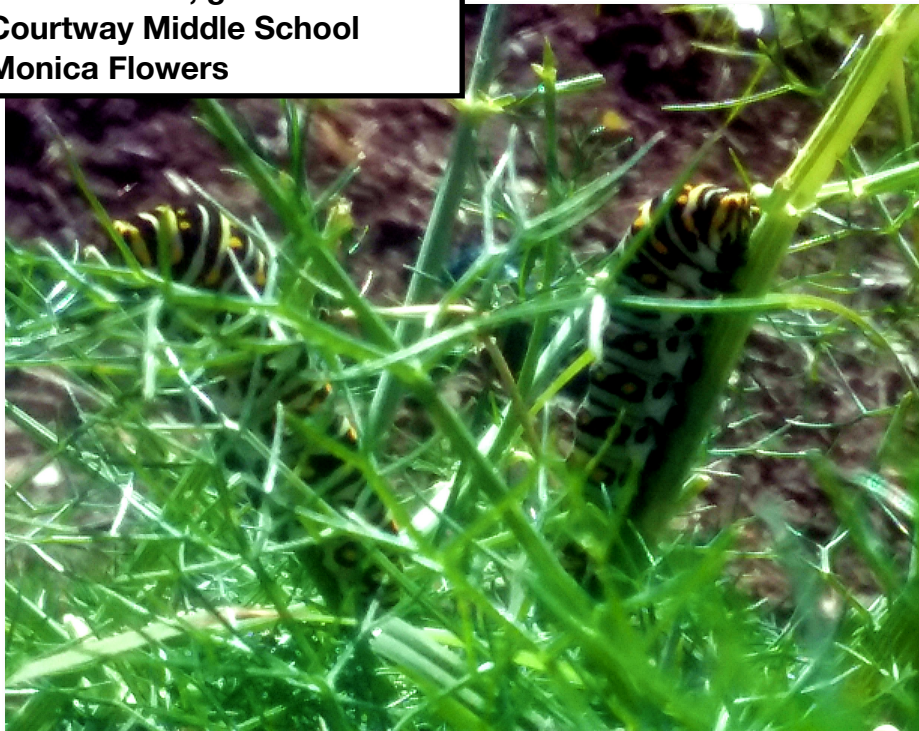
Colorful Butterflies

There are butterflies everywhere.
They are very colorful and beautiful, too.
They are many different colors like blue, orange, red,
and green.

I think you would like them, too.
So, if you see one fly by, try and catch it and look at it.
They are quite a sight.
If you catch one and do not want it, then bring it to me.
I would gladly take it.
They bring a lot of happiness.

Peyton Magnum, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

Black Swallow Tail Caterpillar
Semiah Dean, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers



Death Do Us Part

I may have met you before,
But I don't remember you.
They say you loved me so much,
And I know I love you.
I may not know you now,
But I loved you then.
I may not understand why he took you .
How could I?
I was so young.
I'm sure he has a reason.
You've missed so much,
But I'll tell you all about it when I see you
again
Death won't stop us,
From seeing each other again.

Gunnar Stover, grade 12
Woodlawn High School
Cindy Green

Gun Control

People today care most about their rights
Mainly their right to keep and bear a gun.
When bullets fly, should we stay and fight?
Or look for opportunities to run?
The innocents are doomed to die in vain
And kids are heading off to school in fear
Because of all our leaders who won't change
The pleading of all the people they won't hear
Are weapons worth the loss of someone's
life?
Because people don't want regulations
They don't want to offend or cause more strife
But I possess higher expectations
Control the guns so that we can survive
Stop all our fears and let the people thrive

Riley Swafford, grade 12
Beebe High School
Cindy Green

Death Do Us Part

There is no rest for those who pry,
No matter how hard they try to sleep
They always have open a wandering eye,

Even when they try to say bye
They never make a peep
If they did they would surely die

The suffering is realized with a sigh,
They have gone in too deep
Though this could be their last pry

Their soul is what they chose to dye
The inky black that once filled their sleep
Now they even choose to lie

Lie in bed 'till the time is nigh
Time for them to count the sheep
Then when they fail they want to die.

Do not chose to pry,
Rewards are not something you will reap,
Love for you may shrivel and die,
And you may have to say goodbye.

Jonathan Qualls, grade 11
Clarksville High School
Cindy Green

Sorry

I was told a bad habit of mine,
Is I say sorry too much.
I never understood why it was a bad habit,
It's like I'm not supposed to apologize
For being human.
Humanity fell the moment love
Became an excuse,
When sorry was a supernova
A little star exploding, left dead.
You say sorry because you know you feel
Bad for something that happened.
Sorry has such a negative effect,
No meaning, no sympathy.
So change it, replace the negative
With a positive.
Replace "I'm sorry" with "thank you"
"Sorry I forgot" to "thank you for reminding me"
Your sorry may be broken into nothing,
But my sorry has a million fireflies waiting to shine,
An ox that can be no longer moved.
Humans lost the real meaning, so we have to prove we're sorry?
Our words no longer matter, we simply
Speak to hear our own voice radiate above others.
Sorry is an adjective, which means to describe.
Sorry describes an emotion.
That emotion I feel is sorry.
I am sorry, whether you believe it or not.

Taylor Jones, grade 12
Rogers High School
Bailey Aguilar

Ghost

I am a ghost
I am nothing
I am invisible
I am not seen
I am not heard
I have no words to say
I have no voice
I have no ability to speak
I have no eyes to see
I try to speak out
I try to see what's in front of me
I try to hear what others say
I yelled for help
I yelled panacea

Alexis Mayer, grade 12
Rogers High School
Bailey Aguilar

Bench by the Pond
Joy Dickey, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers



Surreal Life

Countless times I have lived
And countless times I have died
If I said what I wanted to,
I would have nothing else to give.

Midnight memories dance along the shore
And a useless muse lives upon the moor
If I had given my dagger for the kill,
I would be knocking on death's door.

Steal a heart for me--as mine no longer
beats
And use your force to make it release
All the things that I will need
And take a dollar for yourself, please.

My teacup is chipped and broken
It leaks out like a river into the ocean,
Hand me a golden spoon to eat life's fruit
So that I may grab the ultimate token.

Dakota Padilla, senior
University of Arkansas–Fort Smith

Grandpa's Guitar

A piece of wood sits upon the floor.
Six strings of brass run down the middle;
Probably to be used nevermore.
The life it has lived: extremely sentimental.

The strings have been strung countless times before-
This instrument is far more than a fiddle.
Now I fear the strings will be strung nevermore.
He pieces his memories together like a mixed up
riddle...

First came Parkinson's when he thought of putting it
down,
But the sound of the guitar was still around.
Then dementia came during a dark December,
And these special times I wish you could remember.

In heaven you'll be there, and for me please wait;
Because when I arrive I'll love you just the same.

Mary Smith, junior
University of Arkansas–Fort Smith
Dr. Janine Chitty

My Home

My favorite place in the world is the Saline River.
There's no place I'd rather be,
Than out on the muddy water between those banks.
It's where I call home,
Down there in Herbine.
There's no better life.

All of my life,
Loved nothing more than going to the
river.
Hop in the truck and drive to Herbine,
Right where I want to be.
To go to my home away from home,
On those muddy banks.

Kicked back on the banks,
Living the life,
Right where I call home,
The Saline River.
The best place in the world to be,
Down those back roads in Herbine.

I'll probably end up in Herbine,
Close to those river banks.
That's where I want to be,
To spend the rest of my life,
Living on the Saline River,
My home.

One day my home,
Will be in Herbine,
Right down from the river,
Walking distance from those banks,
The rest of my life,
Paradise, that's where I need to be.

Maybe one day I can live where I need
to be, Goggan's Road in Herbine.
My home, down there close to those
banks.
The rest of my life, at the Saline River.

Peyton Sandine, grade 12
Woodlawn High School
Cindy Green

Beautiful River

The beautiful river flows fluid.
The river has been everywhere from the highest
mountain to the lowest rock.
The river stretches itself to reach everyone.
The river is never ending.
The river with never have a dry spot in it.
The wet rocks make the river sound so peaceful.
The river is such a beautiful and peaceful
place that can relax the wildest person.

Gavin Filson, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers



Colorful Fall
Bella McNeil, grade 5
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers

Beware the Girl with Hair of Fire

Beware the girl with hair of fire!
Her gleaming eyes an emerald sheen.
Run until you can't hear the choir.

She comes along and plays the lyre,
And she creates quite the scene.
Beware the girl with hair of fire.

She seeks a certain squire,
One that shall make her queen.
Run until you can't hear the choir.

She comes from the land of briar.
All are safe until they see her eyes of green.
Beware the girl with hair of fire!

As she passes many admire,
But she has quite the spleen.
Run until you can't hear the choir.

Donning her fine attire,
She looks so serene.
Beware the girl with hair of fire!
Run until you can't hear the choir.

Thomas McFall, grade 11
Buffalo Island Central
Cindy Green

A Beautiful Night

The sky is beautiful this night
It will be cold outside so you don't want to get caught
The stars are shining so bright
But they will be gone by daylight
It's not cool out, but it's not hot
The weather is perfect tonight
After today, being outside is alright
It is just as pretty as i thought
The stars are making me smile so bright
The moon is looking just right
This is the type of night you sought
You don't see these stars every night
Nights like these are such a delight
I love looking at the stars, I'm so glad I was taught
It is so beautiful and bright
I was such a sight
This night, so much joy it brought
How could I ask for a more perfect night
I closed my eyes and it was still bright

Tymber Hodnett, grade 12
Hampton High School
Cindy Green

A Sonnet for Sears

Perhaps nostalgia is what makes me sad,
Whatever reason, I release cold tears
For changing times, which to me seem so bad.
Extreme pity have I for failing Sears.
A company that once made billions
Has now filed for bankruptcy, but why!
Is online shopping, websites by the millions,
Replacing what I love so much, I cry?
As I weep, I see a horrid truth,
That Sears-Roebuck brought this upon itself,
And so, despite fond memories from youth,
A Sears today cannot stock but one shelf.
My weeping must stop, time to move on,
As companies have come, so have they gone.

Byron Louk, grade 12
Fountain Lake High School
Cindy Green

In the Pouring Rain

Even in the pouring rain
When you start to feel down
I can take away your pain

Others think it looks feign
When you're walking around town
Even in the pouring rain

When you try to refrain
From ever making a sound
I can take away your pain

It's starting to look like a stain
When you wear a constant frown
Even in the pouring rain

So when your brain
Tells you to drown
I can take away your pain

Never be afraid to be vain.
Not even if it makes you feel like a clown.
Even in the pouring rain
I can take away your pain.

Emili Copeland, grade 12
Buffalo Island Central
Cindy Green



Sarah Tinsley, grade 6
Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers