

The background image is a photograph of a pine tree at sunset. The sky is a warm, glowing orange and yellow, with the sun partially visible on the left horizon. Pine branches with needles are silhouetted against the bright sky on the left and right sides.

2020 Arkansas Anthology

PREFACE

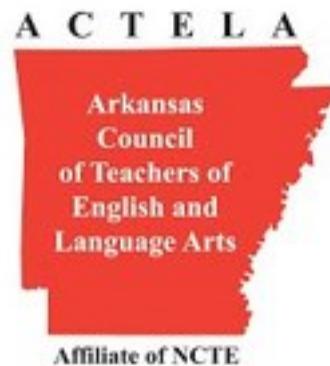
The year 2020 marks the 20th volume of the Arkansas Anthology. It also marks, for the most part, work submitted before the global COVID-19 pandemic. In a typical year, more than half of entries for this anthology are submitted by students and teachers the week before the state-wide K-12 spring break—the same week the state shut all schools for traditional instruction. Much like the school year itself, this anthology is short but of high quality.

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.



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Table of Contents

This year's cover art is by Joy Dickey, a 6th grade student taught by Monica Flowers Bob and Betty Courtway Middle School.

Alam, Ahmad	13
Carey, Jeremiah	8
Dickey, Joy	15
Earles, Charlie	9
Khullar, Jaya	5
Mangrum, Peyton	17
Mian, Hadi	12
Munoz, Alondra	11
Patel, Bhavi	6
Ram, Aditya	7
Salas, Avigail	14
Sharma, Dishant	16
Sridharan, Bhavana	10

2020 ARKANSAS ANTHOLOGY CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

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

Submissions accepted through March 19, 2021.

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 2021

For 19 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, 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.

what i should believe

i have decided
in all consciousness
to put myself on a pedestal so high
that only the best
 the bravest
 the brightest
of men
will even dare to climb it

tanka in D (Tanka)

what if i could climb
my mountains light the rocky
depths on fire burn
it to euphoria search
blackened ash and find me

god's suicide

sometimes the fog in my head clears
and i see the world
 as it was
 as it is
 as it's always been.

and
even though it always leaves me
even though i can never put into words

the things it whispered in my ear.

my heart feels as if it understands
why he did what he did.

**Jaya Khullar, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster**

Human

I hear them in my mind
Talking to me
They tell me to stand up
But then they call me uptight
They tell me to speak up
But then they tell me to calm down
They tell me to stop working so hard
But then they tell me I'm not good enough
They tell me it's okay to make mistakes
But then they ask me why I'm not perfect
I am Human too

I see them across the hall
Talking to my friend
They tell her to stand up
But then they call her uptight
They tell her to speak up
But then they tell her to calm down
They tell her to stop working so hard
But then they tell her she's not good enough
They tell her it's okay to make mistakes
But then they ask her why she's not perfect
She is Human too

I feel them around the world
Talking to the flowers
They tell them to stand up
But then they call them uptight
They tell them to speak up
But then they tell them to calm down

They tell them to stop working so hard
But then they tell them they're not good enough
They tell them it's okay to make mistakes
But then they ask them why they're not perfect
They are Human too

A decade later
We still
Hear them
See them
Feel them
Calling us uptight
Telling us to calm down
Telling us we're not good enough
Asking us why we aren't perfect
But we don't listen to them
We listen to our hearts

A decade later
We still
Hear them
See them
Feel them
Telling us to stand up
Telling us to speak up
Telling us to stop working so hard
Telling us it's okay to make mistakes
But we do as we please
Because we are Human too

When?

Bhavi Patel, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster

It's 2020
But we still get underpaid
We grow the flowers
But they get all the credit
Will this world ever evolve?

Famine

the ravens came at night
as everyone slept under the moonlight
they came and perched at the window
leaving a sign of hunger

the morning came not a soul knew
they would see black feathers on the morning dew
when they wake they shall see a sight
all the crops and cattle disappeared through the night

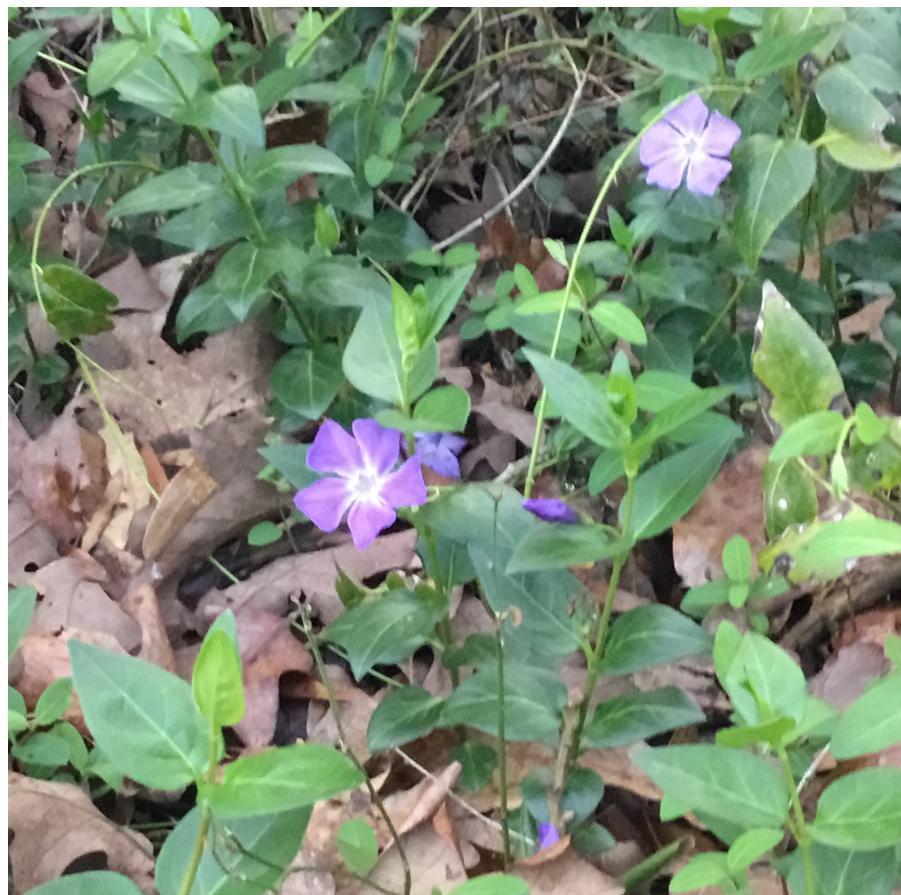
famine struck the land
tears ran down parents and children alike
as everything they loved withered to dust

**Adhitya Ram, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster**

Winter is cold and chilly. Like the Arctic,
it is bitter and barren. Winter is snow
that slowly falls. Winter is as cold as a
freezer but is also cold as an icicle.

Winter breezes through town and walks
right through a cabin, but slides through
the floor. Winter looks like Christmas,
smells like water, feels like a book,
tastes like a snowcone, but sounds like
a voice calling your name.

Jeremiah Carey, grade 5
Bob Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers



Baby Butterfly

Baby Butterfly is back with bad butterfly wings!
Little Baby Butterfly, A new caterpillar with wings. One little flaw,
Baby Butterfly's wings are dead leaves! The young butterfly meets with her friends.
Those wings are horrid! They all say.
Poor little Baby Butterfly! Upset, she is, as she flies away.
If only she could fix her wings!
"You should go to The Fixer!" Her friends told her.
Of course it is possible she wouldn't make it out alive.
She ignores the fact she might never come back.

The next day she grabs her bag and flies to see the mythical butterfly.
It takes hours of hiding away from frogs and deadly creatures!
She made it there alive!

The fixer asks why she is there, but she just answers look at my wings!
The Fixer understands and tells the young butterfly,
When you learn your lesson, I will fix your wings.

Baby butterfly flies back, What lesson?
She wonders.
She manages to get back home but she can't sleep the following night.
Then it hits her! She needs to tell her friends they are wrong.
The next day Baby Butterfly does so, and flies back to see the great Fixer.

I learned my lesson! She tells the fixer.
Now fix my wings!
Have you? Asks the Fixer dismissing her.

She thought she had. Why, what more does she need to do?
She wasn't paying attention to where she was flying, Then bang!
She hit a frog!
She screamed, only making the frog more alert. She runs!
She finds dead leaves, Well those look better than my wings, she thinks.
Baby Butterfly hides by covering herself with her wings.

Then on her path home, she goes.
She falls into a deep sleep when she makes it home.
She woke up, pitch black outside, My wings are helpful!
As soon as she could she flies to The Fixer.
I see you have learned he says. Do you still want that repair?
Of course not! says Baby Butterfly

Like a stormy day

The eyes
So dark and lifeless
Like a stormy day
The color of a night sky

Like a stormy day
The clouds Eventually clear
A step in the sun and they glow
Suddenly the color of a bright firework
Lighting up the night

Charlie Earles, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster

Humble Inspirations

My brother, you inspired me to play.
The marvelous ways you motivate
me,
You prance through my mind
perpetually,
Invariably uplifting my days.

Let me analogize you to a friend?
You are more reticent yet expansive.
Sounds that reverberate through my
conscience,
And you are just like Jack Frost,
breathtaking.

What should I do to be perfect like you.
All I remember is your melody.
Yet I practice hard everyday to be,
Popular, intelligent, and humble.

Now I must start putting in more effort,
To succeed in this consequential path.

Bhavana Sridharan, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster

Symphony In a Rainbow

The light rose petals
Emerging from my pink and brown
Gives me the heart,
To make them proud.

My blood orange like qualities,
Force me to vigorously work,
To become a doctor,
With 24 karat gold.

Though I possess some dull yellow,
I learned how to cleanse my intelligence,
Filling me with light yellow plasm,
Making me pure to the core.

Though I still contain dark green leaves,
My light green grapes prevent me,
From shielding you with aqua,
Which can provide you with olive trees.

I put forth my best effort,
To fill myself with your blue sky,
To acquire the most,
Of your dark blue petals.

Although there exists happiness,
Sometimes the DPPH gets to me,
And at times I feel lavender,
Yet you still make me feel complete.

Trapped

I feel trapped in my own skin
There's no escape from the pain I feel
I know no way of letting these feelings out,
So I bury them six feet under.
I need someone to talk to,
someone who understands, who won't judge me.
These thoughts are like a wind storm, blowing over and over and over on repeat with no end.
I need to let them out.
I am trapped in my mind and I have no control over it.

**Alondra Munoz, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster**

The Night's Wind

The night has fallen, the wind is deep.
Cold and icy, it takes fall in the dark air.
The oxygen rises from down to up.
All matter drops in its way.
The Night Wind has been seen.
Making way through the dense forest.
Taking everything in its pass.
Not letting anything through.
Night Wind Night Wind the most powerful thing there is.
Swooping up and down without doubt.
Destroying anything it comes through.
Night Wind Night Wind will come through.

**Hadi Mian, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster**

Life is a maze
Turns following twists
Downs following ups
Frowns following smiles
Silence following sound

But all mazes are the same
They all have a beginning
and an end
and you only get one shot

**Ahmad Alam, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster**

Mi Mama

10pm

The main doors screech open. Silent footsteps are heard walking towards my room. My door opens. Light enters my eyes. I squeeze my eyes in pain. My hair falls gracefully after hands run through it. "Duermete amor." The softest kiss is laid upon my forehead and I go back to sleep.

Mi mama

5:00 am

The door opens. My door opens and the same magical kiss is once again laid upon my head. I smile slightly. Half awake, I manage to open my eyes to see an angel walk into the light.

Mi mama

4:22 pm

"Te deje dinero para que compras algo de comer para todos. Tengo que ir al otro trabajo. Recojas la casa y te duermes temprano. Love you, bye"

Mi mama

10:00 pm

The door opens. I walk downstairs and greet my tired mother. Her smile shows pain. Her eyes are still lovely and young. I touch her hands. They're rough and cracked like bark. Like a tree, each line has its history. From the time she first learned to walk, she talked about her big life decision, and the big leap of faith of making it to the other side of the world. Those lines under her eyes are timelines. All the time she spent working multiple jobs. The lines on her hand can be traced back to the first years of her hard work and sacrifice.

"Te traje chicken pops." Her accent is a beautiful but hurtful reminder of where she came from and what she left behind. Her style, the color and designs she wears. Everything she does traces her back to the country she loves.

But she risked it all for the chance of a better future.

Mi mama

Although I am scared I have disappointed her in school, she knows that I try. I feel like an anchor that is sinking and screaming for help. Down deep in this dark cold ocean floor, I see a rope. A chance. I tie it around me and tug. Hoping someone will pull me up. I am lifted every now and then but never stay above the sand for long. This is how life feels for me. I don't do so well in school. My mom tries to help me. I know I'm not the daughter she hoped for, but I am the daughter she has grown to love and accept. Maybe her risk was worth it. My spanish may not flow as easily as hers pero tengo cara de nopal y soy orgullosa de eso.

Gracias mama

Stark Winter Trees

Stark Winter Trees, oh how they sway.
Nearly clear, their leafless bodies every year,
Their leafless skeletons naked and bony.
First, they hum in the cold winter breeze,
Then sigh in content, do they, Stark Winter Trees.

After 6 months of working, or more, those Stark Winter Trees, as relieved as a mother,
when she may finally rest.

And now, as light as a feather without their many leaves.
When all work is done, all blossoms bloomed,
Into hibernation may they go, Those Stark Winter Trees.

**Joy Dickey, grade 6
Bob Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers**

The White Cover

Pay attention to the inflorescence,
the inflorescence is the most unique blossom of all.
Does the inflorescence make you shiver?
does it at all?
A flower, however hard it might try,
Will always be bright.
Down, down into the darkness of the flower
The Beauty beams from head to toe glistening gently and softly.
The flower structure is a bit amusing,
But above all others is the most posing.
The flower shows the beauty, beauty even under the white cover
Do you see beyond the white. The snow is putting up a good fight.
For now spring has come.

Horizon

Blindly Leaping,
bud opens to horizon
It shows Elegance

Dishant Sharma, grade 8
LISA Academy West Middle School
Brittany Foster

Silhouette

You're walking in the woods when you suddenly stop. Your heart is pounding, you can not breathe, you feel dark and light. You're as light as a feather but not. You feel uncomfortable ,but like you're home.

You feel like you're being watched as you turn around it's gone. The feeling of hope you had was drained now you're standing there alone, lost ,and afraid.

**Peyton Mangum, grade 6
Bob and Betty Courtway Middle School
Monica Flowers**

