



**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

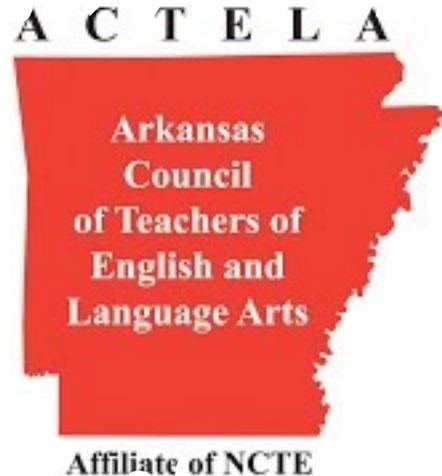


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2019 ARKANSAS ANTHOLOGY CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

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. 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.

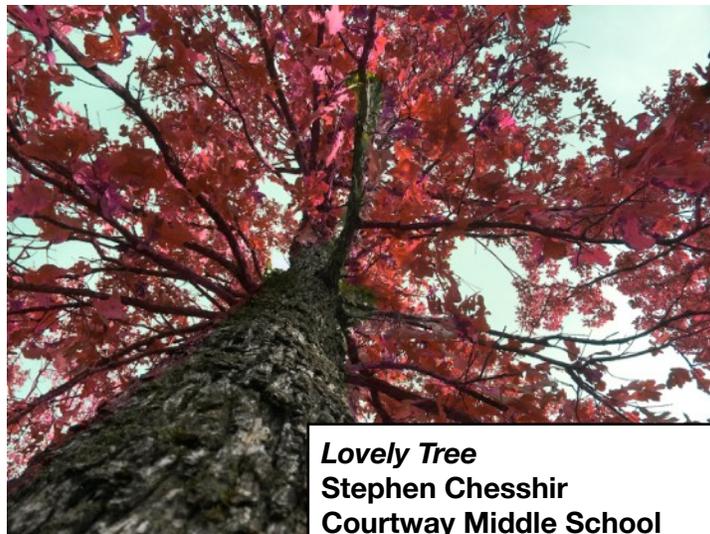
The love I had may have left its fingermark,
But I'll still continue to grow like a tree.
The love I had held so dear has been snuffed out by the dark,
The hollow husk can now only bark.

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.

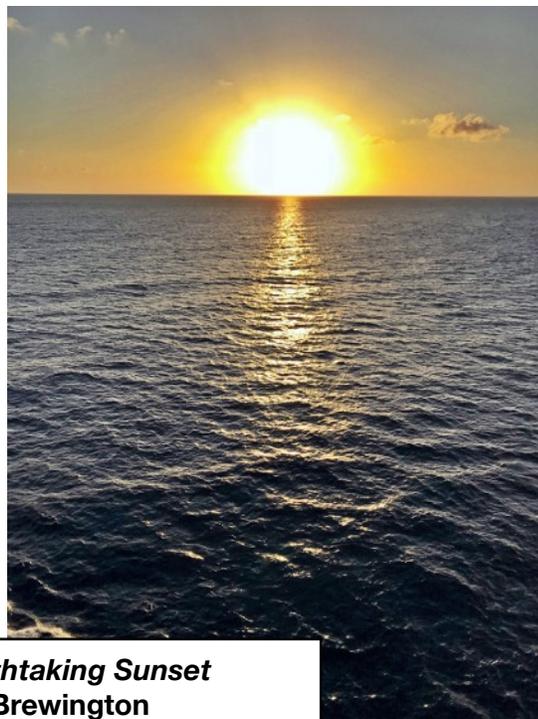
The girl struggles to keep
The dollar bills in her pocket.
One hand clutching at ripping
Seams of her oversized jeans
And the other hand performing
CPR on a lifeless essay and dead keys.

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?

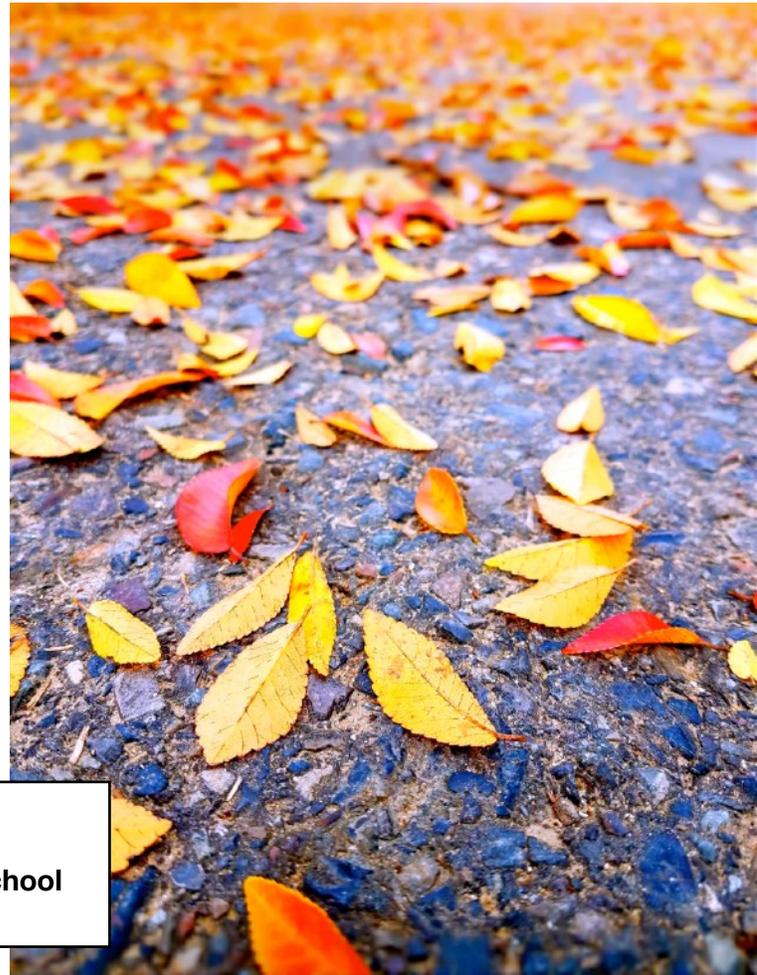
It starts with this poem.

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

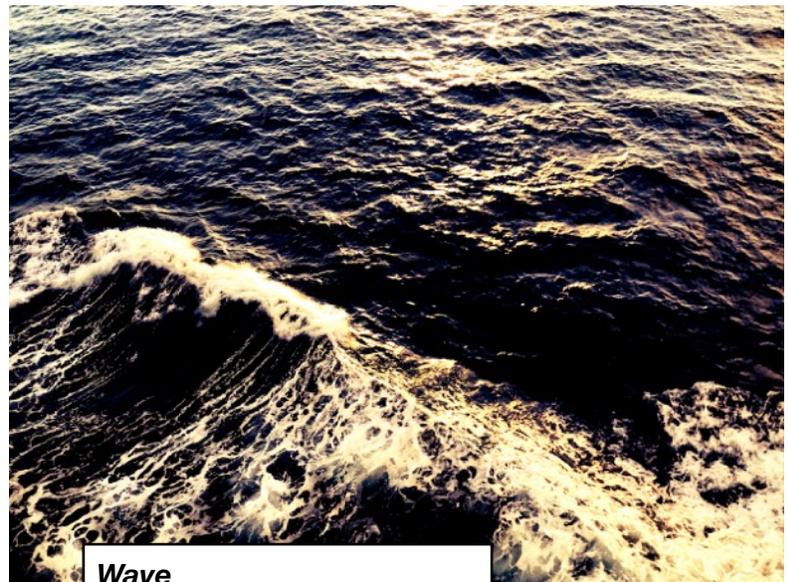
In her eyes, there is a gleam
That everybody doesn't seem to notice
One day, it's gone, kind've like a forgetful
daydream

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

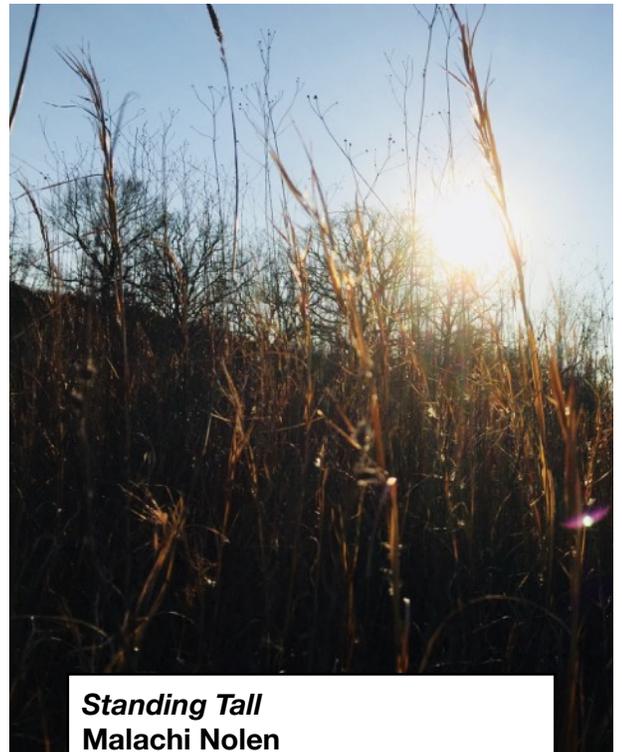
Awful, frightful, plain
Life can be this kind of way
It depends on how you take on the day
There can be some scary things that get in the way
So much destruction and pain
But you have to take it this way

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

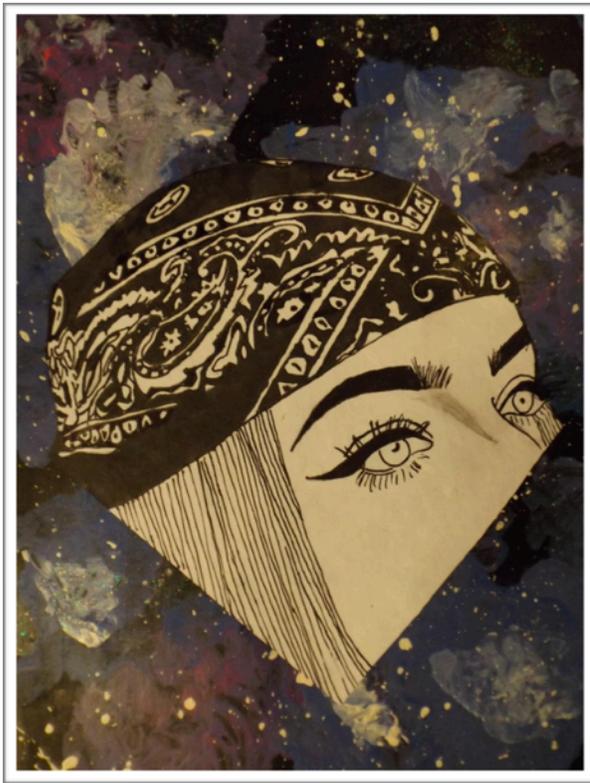
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Karen Hodge



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.

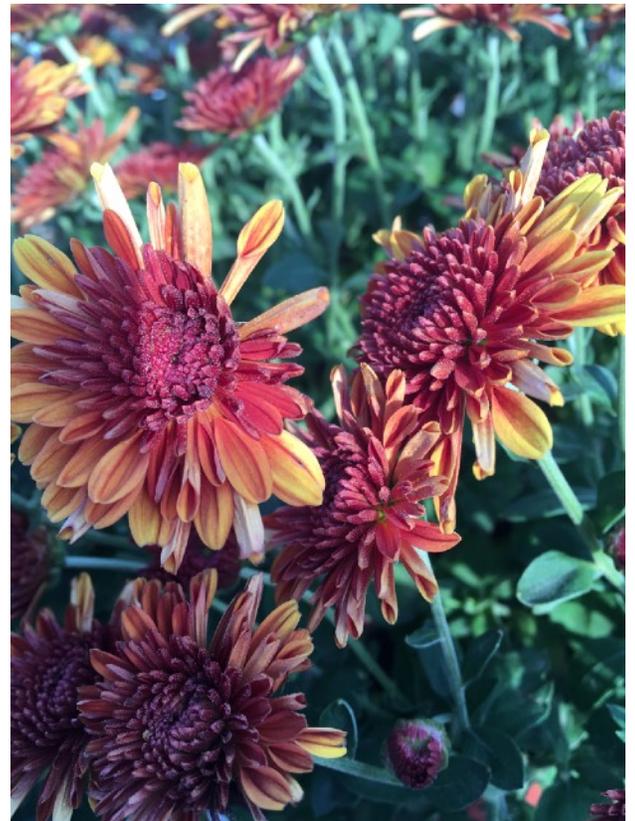
The vigorous sleigh bells
Cause the child to smile
In his room.
The crackling of the fire causes the family to come
To the conclusion that they loved the snow.

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

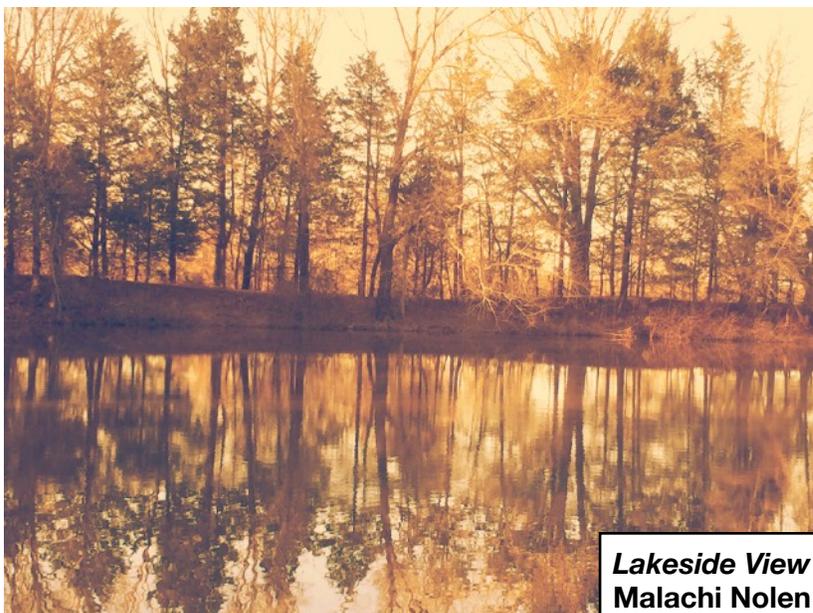
The sun sets behind the red rocks as the
moon begins to rise;
I feel the world around me gradually drift to
sleep.

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