



# THE STAIRWELL CREAKS

1997 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS  
ANTHOLOGY

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## THE 1997 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS ANTHOLOGY

THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
OF THE DUST IN ITS EYES  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
OF A HEART FILLED WITH SADNESS  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
IN VIOLENT OUTPOURS OF MARBLEIZED RAIN  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
BUT MY WALLS ARE UNHINGED  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
BUT I'M NOT THERE

THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
WITH THE SILENCE OF THE GAZING SNAKES  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
OF DAYS WHERE PAIN OVERRIDES FEAR  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS UNDER EACH STEP THE OBESE GODS TAKE  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
FROM BENEATH A DARK WISHING WELL  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
AND STILL I'M NOT THERE

THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
I HEARD IT TELL ME SO  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
OF CATS AND DOGS PIERCING MY UMBRELLA  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
OF THE DISAPPEARING LINES ON MY CLOTHING  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
FROM WHENCE THE RAILINGS DISCONNECT  
THE STAIRWELL CREAKS  
AND NEVER WILL I BE THERE

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# 1996-1997 ABOUT THIS ANTHOLOGY

## PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

The 1996-1997 Arkansas Writers in the Schools program reached more schools and students than ever before, continuing its growth under the funding of the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville; the Walton Family Foundation; and participating schools. The program is staffed by members of the university's programs in creative writing and translation. Our 29 writers completed two-day residencies in 59 schools across the state and worked with some 6,000 Arkansas students from kindergarten through 12th grade.

Arkansas Writers in the Schools is grateful to all of the state's students, teachers, and administrators who participated in the program during the past school year, and who helped to make it a success.

The WITS staff thanks those at the University of Arkansas who have contributed time and effort towards the program and the production of this anthology: Dr. Charles Adams, Rhonda Benish Adams, Chad Andrews, and the staff of Printing Services.

To the best of our knowledge, this anthology consists entirely of student work. Although editors do correct spelling, no other intentional changes are made in the poems during the production of this anthology.

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**ARCH FORD EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE**  
**PLUMERVILLE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: POLLY BAKKER**  
**VISITING WRITERS: TOM FRANKLIN & BETH ANN FENNELLY**

**Arkansas**

I crossed Arkansas on my way  
to heaven  
or hell  
I saw the old  
church bell  
I saw the gleaming eyes  
of the children as they fell  
in the grassy field and rolled  
I saw the birds eating seed  
scattered under the pines  
I saw the young lovers  
skinny dipping in the spring fed creeks  
I feel the wind blowing in my face  
and the rain drops on my lips

*Teresa Pupe*

**This is Just to Say**

I've taken your ex.  
It's in his best interest, and  
he doesn't miss you at all.  
Forgive me, he was so tall  
so rich  
and so handsome.

*Whitney Anderson*

**Untitled**

I had a dollar that burned like a fire in the night  
I had a dollar I gave to charity for I thought it was right  
I had a dollar the government wanted to tax  
I had a dollar, they used it like an axe  
I had a dollar that brought me farther into debt  
I had a dollar that I lost on a bet  
I had a dollar that grew like a root  
I had a dollar that grew into evil shoots  
I had a dollar that I used to buy some booze  
I had a dollar that I used to buy a gun, and then I made the front page news  
I had a dollar that I used to turn my life around  
I had a dollar that I used to go to Charter, so I wouldn't hit the ground  
I had a dollar that burned like a fire in the night  
I had a dollar that I gave to charity for I thought that it was right

*Jesse Jones*

## The Stairwell Creaks

The stairwell creaks  
of the dust in its eyes  
the stairwell creaks  
of a heart filled with sadness  
the stairwell creaks  
in violent outpours of marbled rain  
the stairwell creaks  
but my walls are unhinged  
the stairwell creaks  
but I'm not there

the stairwell creaks  
with the silence of the gazing snakes  
the stairwell creaks  
of days where pain overrides fear  
the stairwell creaks  
under each step the obese gods take  
the stairwell creaks  
from beneath a dark wishing well  
the stairwell creaks  
and still I'm not there

the stairwell creaks  
I heard it tell me so  
the stairwell creaks  
of cats and dogs piercing my umbrella  
the stairwell creaks  
of the disappearing lines on my clothing  
the stairwell creaks  
from whence the railings disconnect  
the stairwell creaks  
and never will I be there

*Rodney Harrison*

## Lonely

Lonely looks like a redbird that doesn't have a mate.  
Lonely smells like a bun without a hamburger.  
Lonely sounds like a tiger without a growl.  
Lonely tastes like an ice cream cone without ice cream.  
Lonely feels like a pillow without feathers.

*Brittany Nichole Martineau*

**ARKANSAS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND**  
**LITTLE ROCK, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: ANNE MITCHELL**  
**VISITING WRITERS: TOM FRANKLIN & BETH ANN FENNELLY**

**Inside of a Radio**

The bass pounds on my ear drums  
The treble rings in my teeth  
The smell of chocolate fills the radio  
My skin tingles inside  
I want to ride the waves of the beach  
of the world.

*Aaronee Harris*

**How to Be Inside of A Rainbow**

Rainbows are like sea horses  
with very pale colors  
brightening a cloudy sky  
with light pink, pale blue, yellow.  
Light pink tastes like cotton candy  
Lavender like a plum.  
Pale blue is sipped like fruit punch.  
Yellow is squeezed like a lemon.  
If only the cable company  
could give us good channels up here!

*Neia Watson*

**My Hands**

My hands are as sneaky as O.J.  
My hands are as crooked as the government  
of the State of Arkansas  
My hands can perform with the skill of a surgeon  
My hands can kill if threatened by a knife  
With my hands, it's not whether they win or lose  
but it's how my hands play the game—  
my hands usually win!  
My hands are as strong and as quick  
as a fully gassed diesel rig on the open road.  
But my hands do not touch piranhas—  
oh, no, no, no!

*Chris Crosby*

## My Hands

My hands are so blue that the water of my hands  
is clouding me. They talk and sleep, but what about  
the clothes on my hands? Nobody notices a thing.  
My hands are so small that time is money,  
and people say, what expensive hands.

*Tasha N. Adams*

## I Am the Ancient

I am the ancient  
the ancient pair of Daisy Dukes  
I've been worn time after time  
but I'm still ever so fine  
I am the ancient  
the ancient pair of Daisy Dukes  
I've been hung in lines  
I've been dropped in slime  
I am the ancient  
the ancient pair of Daisy Dukes  
thousands throw me in a pile  
still I just keep living high  
I am the ancient  
the ancient pair of Daisy Dukes

*Chris Epperson*

## Crossing Arkansas by Drum

I put the earplug  
in my mind. Ten thousand drums  
beat in my ear.  
Next I fly away.  
Cold wind brushes my face,  
it blows my hair back.  
I smell the rain.  
I don't want to get wet  
so I start five hundred  
more drums and go even higher.

*Kesha Bell*

**AUGUSTA ELEMENTARY**  
**AUGUSTA, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JOHN R. JAMES**  
**VISITING WRITERS: DAVID KOEN & TROY BENOWITZ**

**Confusion**

Confusion is being caught up in a spider web.  
It's not knowing where to go next.  
Confusion makes you feel like pulling your hair out.  
Confusion makes you look out into outer space.  
Confusion makes the air smell dirty and weird.  
Confusion gets you very frustrated and mixed up.  
Hope you don't get caught up in H.

*Lori Grisham*

**When Dinosaurs Cry**

When dinosaurs cry it makes  
three different rivers.

*Antonio Gant*

**The Garbage Man**

I wish I was an opera singer  
so I could sing all day. But, every  
day I get in a grimy garbage  
suit and pick up your grimy  
garbage. I could prance around  
on stage in my beautiful  
beige tights and sing songs  
of pure love that would sound  
out of sight. When I'm on  
the garbage truck, I stink  
and spit and scratch all day,  
but if I was an opera singer, I'd  
sing, sing, sing all day.

*Brittini Brown*

## The Artist

Here I am where I find myself every day  
in my crappy apartment brushing the dead  
orange colors across the hard dingy  
canvas. I don't even have to change my clothes.  
My paying job starts at home in my  
Ren and Stimpy pajamas. I don't even have  
to shower. I stare at roaches as they slip  
down the cracks of my floor and think:  
"I wish I was the Energizer Bunny; that's  
the only way I can keep going."

*Jennifer Swinney*

## Weeping Willow

I want to be a truck driver.  
I think it would be fun, so I try  
it for a day to see how it's done.  
I put the truck in gear, but it  
won't go. I look down and see that  
my roots are tangled.  
I get them un-mangled  
and get the large, shiny truck  
going down the road. Everything  
is going great until I pick up a hitch hiker.  
She pulls a gun on me  
and steals my cargo.  
I get back to the base and  
they tell me to go far, far away.

*Casey Clark*

## Bill Clinton

I wish I could be Dennis  
Rodman and dye my hair like a  
rainbow, but all I do is go to  
meetings and let my hair turn gray.  
I wish I could tattoo my  
name on my arms and legs,  
but all I do is get in a suit  
and a polo tie. I want to kick  
the camera men as they ask annoying  
questions, but all I can do is  
answer their questions as they turn  
my life into a soap opera. I wish  
I could dress like a woman and  
no one would really care, but  
all I can do is be the president  
and tell everyone what to do. I wish,  
I wish, I wish; maybe I'll give  
Dennis a call.

*Brittini Brown*

**BATESVILLE JUNIOR HIGH**  
**BATESVILLE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: PAT BAXTER**  
**VISITING WRITERS: DAVID KOEN & ROBIN BRAUDWELL**

**Untitled**

My hands are two  
smooth tornadoes slightly  
devouring houses with dogs  
running and howling.

*Zack Hintz*

**When I Cry**

When I cry, my nose is like a  
baby strawberry dancing  
in a waterfall of cold rushing water.

*Sherre Sanders*

**Rodeo**

You have 8 seconds  
To ride the beast.  
Cowboy up, sissy.

*Clark Neal*

**Untitled**

anxious children await a homecooked meal on an ivory table  
rain drenched people see the sun breaking through black clouds  
a tired woman longs to rest on a pillow stuffed with leaves that never needs  
fluffing  
a child giggles at the first signs of snow  
busy people stir around on a hot Friday afternoon at three thirty

*Blake Kelly*

**Untitled**

alligator, you are a cancer who craves to  
sip ruby red tea as you sit and chat with your  
friends, but you have none, you will become well-  
known but not liked because of your reputation.

*Blake Kelly*

## Fourth of July

July the 4th sounds like a thousand  
fish flopping around on fragile wine  
glasses and empty trash dumpsters

*Sherre Sanders*

## The Leopard

Even though I've wanted that coat for a  
while,  
leopard, I won't take your life for it.

*C.J. Strecker*

## fish horoscope

You will swim, swim, swim  
and swim the whole day and  
not find a person named  
Dave.

*Craig Davis*

## Ten Fingers and Two Palms

My hands are as heavy as a galloping tiger  
when  
they don't want to work.  
They pick huge dandelions that slither  
up walls and twirl around light posts.  
When I swim, they are fiery, red flamingos  
skipping across the water.

*Sherre Sanders*

**BAY ELEMENTARY**  
**BAY, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JANIS ROBERTS LAIRSON**  
**VISITING WRITERS: DAVID KOEN & BRAD SUMMERHILL**

**Have you ever seen?**

Have you ever seen a donkey drinking  
coke or a dog driving a Tonka truck  
or a rainbow that has a pot of children  
at the end?

*Sam Carter*

**A Dog**

A dog sets on a porch  
and sings a song and sings and songs

*Rhoni Hale*

**Loneliness**

Loneliness feels like standing on the moon  
for years to come all alone.

*Maribeth Waters*

**The Frog Pop Singer**

There is a frog  
in my soup  
and it sounds like Michael Jackson  
with an egg down his throat.

*Curtis Farley*

**Eye in the Night**

The eye in the night looks like a bad dream about  
to happen  
The dream is like a dead black and white poodle  
staring at you  
making you sorry.

*Bart Hogan*

## Hate

Hitting the collie on top  
of her head, the wasp, which smells  
like bug spray, says in a  
hoarse voice, "What are you  
mad about?" The collie broke  
its wings off.

*Nickie Austin*

## Fear

My mom tucked me in bed.  
She turned off the light and  
went out. I heard a noise that sounded like old  
ladies fighting over a movie, two lady bugs falling  
in a bee hive. I looked  
under the bed and there  
was a toad eating one of my pieces of pizza  
that fell two months ago.

*Amber Goodwin*

## One Line Poem

A shamrock grows through a parrot's body

*Nicole Newcom*

## Anger

Two baboons wrestle  
over a girlfriend  
named Sabrina,  
who puts on orange lipstick and  
gold eye shadow  
and leaves with a spider monkey  
called Zippy

*Ms. Cooper's Fourth Grade Class*

## BEEBE INTERMEDIATE

BEEBE, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: M. JANE GIBBS

VISITING WRITERS: DAVID KOEN & ROBIN BRAUDWELL

### My Hair

My hair got cut  
in my dream and I yelled  
as loud as I could.

*Sam*

### My Hands, the Astronauts

My hands are like astronauts  
flying through space, over  
the wonderful Bahamas.

My hands are like brushes  
running over small, purple  
elves' hair.

My hands are like purple  
swings, swinging in and  
out of the Bahamas, splashing  
in the glittery water. My  
hands, the wonderful astronauts.

*Stacy Edwards*

### Dogs Act Like This

All dogs think they have to catch their tails  
to be a dog.

*Beau Cotton*

### Fingernails

You look like 50 fingernails flying  
a kite over many mountains.

*Dylan Ruffner*

## **We're out to Get You**

She'll be ugly and hairy, and she'll be treated bad. And she'll bark and bark until she gets her macaroni and cheese and fish sticks. And then she'll be trained by other dogs. Watch your back, 'cause me and my dog friends are out to get you, and we mean business, too.

*Amando Allen*

## **Cops**

What if I get shot?  
What if I have a wreck?  
What if I break a leg?  
What if I'm in a fire?  
What if I run out of bullets?  
It's not fair.  
Can't the firemen take our jobs?  
They've got dogs.  
They've got waterhoses.  
They've got axes.  
They've got a suit.  
They've got cars and firetrucks.

*Phillip Graves*

## **The Truth**

The truth is never told  
to a dog or a horse.  
The truth is always told  
to you or I.

*Tonya Burnett*

## **Too Much TV**

I watch TV all the time.  
Every hour. Every day.  
Mom says I'm addicted.  
I believe her.

*Katie Strayhorn*

**BRADFORD ELEMENTARY**  
**BRADFORD, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: NOLAN BROWN**  
**VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL CARRAGHER & ROB GRIFFITH**

**A Winter Day.**

A winter day is like a paradise,  
A sky that is crystal clear,  
A chill that is like ice,  
The coldest day of the year.

The snow is like a blanket,  
As white as lamb's wool,  
That covers everything  
And makes trees say, "I'm cool!"

The sun is bright as sapphires  
Which give no heat at all,  
And makes everything mellow  
And makes the birds call.

The trees look like grey lightning  
Frozen in the sky;  
They can look frightening,  
But are as harmless as a puppy's eyes.

Icicles are like stars  
In the black sky,  
Shining from afar  
Into wide eyes.

Even though it's beautiful,  
You are even more grand,  
Your face outshines it all,  
So please take my hand.

*Justin.*

**As I Sat Watching the Sun**

As I sat watching the sun,  
So round and beautiful,  
I sat alone, by myself.  
The sun was almost down.  
I began to rise up. As  
I got up a large and tall  
shadow stood behind me.

*Christie Owens*

**The Bug**

I saw the blue bug  
On the hard dirt.  
It moved at a very slow pace.  
I have to say that that blue bug  
Had a very tiny shiny face.

*Brianne Throckmorton.*

### Small, Smaller

I thought I knew everything there was to know,  
But as I walked through the deep snow  
I noticed something. There was a baby bird.  
He had fallen in my footprint. He can't get out  
So he jumps, and falls, and jumps and falls  
again. The hole is too deep.  
The wall is too tall.

*Anonymous*

### Tornado

A tornado is like  
a funnel of darkness  
a funnel of dark clouds  
waiting for destruction. And  
the winds of the tornado  
would be so powerful that  
it could destroy a house  
two miles away. It  
would sound like a  
train whistling by  
by so fast that  
it could  
shatter  
glass  
in  
sec-  
onds.

*Ray H.*

### Hunting

The first time I  
went hunting I shot a  
deer it felt like  
the fist of an enemy  
sliding across my  
face. It felt like  
when coke goes down  
the wrong pipe. It felt  
like the light in your  
eyes after a long sleep.  
And yet my father was proud  
to see his son kill a living  
thing. It felt like a part  
of me was dying and sadly  
I felt joy. It felt like  
a knife being pushed into my  
back. It felt like

torture.

*William Toddy*

**CORNING SCHOOLS**

**CORNING, AR**

**FACULTY CONTACT: MARILYN BROWN**

**VISITING WRITERS: PAUL BONE & TROY BENOWITZ**

**Untitled**

A dark winter night in a small town outside of Weepsville. An old bent-over lady travels a long winding road on foot. She stops at a corner. Looks up unsuspecting through her thick glasses to see a black car with bright lights coming at her at dangerous speeds. The driver not knowing the old lady's there rounds the corner. Then BOOM! The woman's struck by the black car. She dies instantly. Did the woman have any family? What was her name? Will she be missed? But the driver of the black car will always remember the old bent-over lady who stood on the corner of the long winding road in a small town outside of Weepsville on that dark winter night.

*Mandy K. Mart*

**Untitled**

A lime green turtle with a painting of a lamb on its shell is sitting motionless, forcefully trapped in a red milk crate that says Prairie Farms on the side in a dark alley in Detroit between an abandoned car factory and a Kroger, and he's dying in a most unpleasant way. Slowly painfully bleeding to death. And so the poor miserable unhappy turtle dies and Kroger's milkman throws him in a dumpster to rot away just because he needs the milk crate. And the poor dead turtle is never seen again except by the homeless man who lives in the dumpster in the cold dark alley in Detroit.

*Jessie Duncan*

**Life**

As they roll me in I  
am screaming in pain.  
My husband at my side holding  
my hand. They take me into a room  
where they get me ready. As I am  
screaming in pain I remember  
hearing push push and push and  
in a matter of seconds I  
hear the slap and the  
crying of another me.

*Rachel*

## Sea of Darkness

A ship's mast  
Grey like the heavy sky  
Shows the seaward journey in its color.  
No one aboard knows the exact destination  
All men sacrificing everything  
To fulfill their greedy hope  
Of being the first to discover  
What is already known.  
Old brown boards  
Growing weak from the salty water  
Become less dependent.  
Another journal entry  
Longer than the last.  
Each day, the words become more intense  
Like the hunger that tears  
At a sailor's withering mind and body.  
Each day the sun becomes more fierce  
Like a brush fire spreading wildly  
over a plain of dry grasses.  
Until, at night,  
The cold conquers all.  
The damp, musty, dark walls  
Seem to bring each man closer to another  
Until the combined hungry heartbeats  
Become unbearable.  
The black-dressed Death appears each night now.  
Some are afraid to make themselves acquainted.  
Others reach their frail, skinny hands out  
Hoping to grasp one of Death's own.  
The ship,  
Old from the destructive conditions,  
Finally sinks,  
Taking with it all sunken hearts.  
As a bystander at a crime scene,  
Death watches intently.  
The huge dark sea swallows.  
Death looks around.  
In the distance,  
Another unexpectant, hopeful ship.

*Melissa Thompson*

## Untitled

Love is like a black heart that is  
cold and dark,  
that is without love with black blood  
as cold as ice,  
but once he finds a woman his  
heart is as red as a radish.

*Cliff Wright*

## Untitled

The smoke from the fire fills the air.  
The old woman sits by the fire knitting.  
The dark shadows stand against the wall.  
The love in her eyes shines as the the  
cold winter passes. Her cat is sitting at her  
feet as the night falls.

*Anthony Cochran*

## CRITTENDEN ARTS COUNCIL

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CRAWFORDSVILLE & EARLE HIGH SCHOOLS, & DUNBAR UPPER ELEMENTARY

EARLE & CRAWFORDSVILLE, AR

FACULTY CONTACTS: KAREN PEACOCK & MIKA HYMAN

VISITING WRITERS: STEVE TRULOCK & OTIS HASHEMEYER

### The Smart Computer

The intelligent computer was humorous  
and it flew into the past and stopped  
on a T-Rex  
But the computer was very smart  
so smart it flew away.

Then the computer saw a noisy pterodactyl  
flying through the sky  
yelling and screaming ohaahh!

*Mindy McClelland*

### My Hands

My hands, my hands, my hands—  
My fingers are like pickles.  
My palm is squashed and flattened like  
a pancake.  
My hand can turn into a jolly  
monster from the light in my room  
and feed me delicious things in my  
mouth  
and I can still hear the stomping on the  
ground  
of my hands when I was a crawling  
baby.  
When I rest in piece, I will still have  
my hands, my hands, my hands.

*Kendrics Stollard*

### My Sister

Trees and bushes blowing through  
the wind. A turtle eating a mushroom  
and peaches cut open. I put the  
strawberries in the freezer and the silky  
milky shirt in the closet.

*Sandra Southern*

## Confusion

Confusion looks like a yellow and green  
ostrich trying on a purple dress.  
Confusion is your mother serving tea  
and crackers to an alien.  
Confusion is a perfect stranger giving  
you a black eye and a bloody purple nose.  
Confusion is my reflection constantly  
repeating in shallow green water.

*Feorine N. Brown*

## My Best Friend

Full of weeds and crops  
Colorful, quiet, and fertile  
Beautifully rowed and chopped.

*Tywana Hill*

## Anger

Anger feels like a bullet exploding inside of me.  
Anger feels like my forehead being beaten on  
concrete floors.  
Anger tastes like scrambled eggs—  
that I do not eat.  
Anger feels like I am vomiting up  
dry air.  
Anger feels like your lover dying  
only blocks away from you.  
To touch anger is to touch the ashes  
of my soul baptized in eternal fire.  
To see anger is to see death  
knocking at my door.  
Not knowing anger is knowing  
heavenly hopes arrive in bundles.

*Luchana Jackson*

## CRITTENDEN ARTS COUNCIL

JANINE B. EARNEY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

EAST & WONDER JUNIOR HIGHS, & FAULK ELEMENTARY

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: FRANCES CONDUFF

VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL CATHERWOOD & JIM COLBERT

### Untitled

My brother, the sky,  
He's sick now.  
There's a large hole in his side.  
He can't keep the infectious rays out.  
But don't worry.  
Keep killing him.

I want to help.  
My trees could help.  
Oops.  
They're all gone.  
I wonder why.

You live on me.  
You need me.  
Think of this  
When you misuse and abuse me.

*Reisha Taylor*

### Winds of Ice Cream

When I fly it feels  
like the cloud  
and winds can  
make me fall asleep.  
Winds of ice cream  
all around me.  
It feels like a forest  
of ice cream and  
me caught in it.  
It feels so nice and  
looks so pretty.

*Kendra Turner*

### A Weed

Hey! down here  
beside the roses.  
I am tired of  
getting the final  
haircut. I didn't  
do anything to  
the roses, maybe  
picked on them  
a little. I  
take showers every  
other day where  
I live, but  
they still have  
come and  
give me  
another but this  
shower tends to  
make me sick.

It may be  
a cold or  
food poisoning. But  
one of these  
days I am going  
to take some  
of those roses  
for hostages at  
leaf point.

*Marcus Crayton*

## Flying Away

I was flying like a hawk one day.  
Then I spotted a small town  
It looked like a monopoly board.  
I saw houses, people, and animals.  
Being a wondering young hawk,  
I went down to learn more.  
I rested myself on a thin telephone wire,  
And watched a man who was walking his dog.

*Brian Hawkins*

## December

Beautiful white silky snow  
Trees extremely incognito  
Children in bright colored snow suits  
Snow angels with gigantic wings  
Ice skaters gracefully gliding through  
like air like ballerinas with wings.  
The big beautiful Christmas trees.  
All the lights just so bright.  
I love this month because of the happiness.

*Erica Barlow*

## November

Leaves start to change color. You smell  
birthday cakes in the air. You start wearing  
denim jackets. The trees start to get bare. You smell  
turkey in the air. It's cold outside. Then  
comes the air. You put on  
itchy sweaters. You get together with  
family and friends for Thanksgiving. Your  
family gives thanks for a lot of different things you  
have. You're happy if your birthday is in  
September, October, or like mine in  
November.

*Laronda Malone*

## A Spider

Oh, look at my legs how hairy  
Can they be?  
Oh, I do need to shave;  
I can't help it -  
It's me.

I wear four pair  
of shoes. Do you know how  
Expensive that can be?  
You only have to buy two  
Oh, golly gee.

I have to take  
a bath every single  
day I get filthy, dirty,  
dusty and gray.

I have all these troubles though  
I love my job  
some think I'm stuck  
up or even a snob

*Robin Williamson*

**CRITTENDEN ARTS COUNCIL**  
**JANINE B. EARNEY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR**  
**MARION HIGH SCHOOL & JUNIOR HIGH**  
**MARION, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: BARBARA MCGREW**  
**VISITING WRITERS: BETH ANN FENNELLY & JAMIE SIMPSON**

**Government**

tastes like a totally fat-free meal.

*Laura Fogleman*

**Red**

Red  
sounds like  
a bomb  
being dropped  
in an old  
black and white  
war movie

*Adam Fogleman*

**Things That I Have Found:**

a little blue bead on the corner of the French Quarter  
a dusty ragged shoe on the side of an alley in the middle  
of New York  
a little brown teddy bear by a window on the side of a  
burnt house.

*Brian White*

**Untitled**

A is cerulean, the color of the folder that languishes all year under all the other books in your locker when the teacher asks for "only binders, please."

E is the carnation pink crayon that stays fresh and pointed because salmon looks so much more beautiful.

I, black like cats from the human society that have to stay locked up until Halloween is over.

O is the orange of the leather covered in wax paper that crinkles as the nurse extracts two syringes of blood from your arm.

U is olive for pitifully drab umbrellas that hold off the rain and fade until only the folds are dark while rolling around in the backseat of a teenager's car.

*Sarah Cate*

## Things I Have Lost

I lost my trash can on Earth Eay,  
my toothbrush right before a date,  
my jacket that day it snowed,  
my Coke cap when it said "Win \$1,000,000,"  
My keys when I'm already late,  
a ring on my wedding day,  
a coffin at a funeral.

*Adam Rivers*

## This is Just to Say

Sorry I hit the home run off you.  
That pitch was just too fat  
and hung  
instead of breaking.

*David Rivers*

## Untitled

A is orange like the Spanish word for it, orange  
sunsets span the horizon.

E is white with a tinge of gray, like an eggshell before  
you crack it.

I is sky blue, like the heavens Icarus tried to fly into.

O is sea green like the mermaids swimming in circles,  
O goes around and around.

U is rich burgundy like the color found on drapery in  
fine houses,  
u is not commonplace.

*Leona Middleton*

## CRITTENDEN ARTS COUNCIL

JANINE B. EARNEY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL & WEST MEMPHIS CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

FACULTY CONTACTS: MARY ANNE PIKE & ELIZABETH HANEY

VISITING WRITERS: CINDY KING & SEAN CHAPMAN

### Untitled

B is like two small hills on a pretty  
countryside when you bend it on its side  
R is like a piece from Picasso's abstract  
paintings  
I is like a stalk of corn without  
any corn and flat fertile ground  
C is like a half moon on a bright  
summer night  
E is like a lonely library bookshelf  
with no books to warm it in the  
cold cold library

*Brice Kane*

### Untitled

C a sideways jumprope flying in  
the air  
A a big mountain covered with  
snow  
R looks like a duck's head and its  
beak opening, crying for its mother.  
O looks like an orange-yellow sunset  
stirring heat into the air  
L looks like a bent leg.  
I looks like a big weight  
too heavy to carry.  
N looks like a worm trying to  
run away from a fish.  
E looks like a lost bird flying  
through the cold air.

*Caroline Sorrels*

### Untitled

My hands are like a clock, they are moving  
they shoot like a volcano, my hands  
are possessed like an alien, they make  
me feel like I'm insane, they explode  
like a geyser in a park, they implode  
like a submarine going too deep. These  
are my vicious hands.

*Logan Knight*

### The Five W's and a T

We have a computer of chocolate  
We type on keys of butterscotch  
We stare at a screen of koolaid  
With letters of cereal on it  
We put in disks of bubble gum  
Till we turn into some.

*Nathan Shirley*

## My Great Grandmother's Voice

My Great Grandmother's voice  
is very soft  
like a rabbit's fur.  
It is very quiet  
like water moving  
over small stones  
in a brook.  
Her voice is weak  
like a dying flower  
not strong like  
a young man's voice.  
It is also very sweet like the smell  
of a flower.  
It has much love  
in it like a  
mother with her baby.  
She has a beautiful voice, but  
I don't hear it anymore.  
Her smile tells me everything  
I need to hear.

*Anonymous*

## The Crop Duster

My Dad is soaring through the sky  
Spraying the chemicals just right.  
He is hoping, "Don't stall"  
To the engine he hauls.  
He is smelling the chemical's scent  
Thinking about the plane he might rent.  
He is turning the plane moving stick  
Hoping not to crash in a ditch.  
As he lands on the ground,  
He is thinking about his kids, wife, and old hound.

*Steven Speidel*

## Untitled

As he approached the huge bridge  
he saw the packed rush-hour traffic  
The sound of horns honking filled the air,

He dreaded crossing,  
How long would it take, he thought  
impatiently,  
Especially with a large truck filled  
with deep red beets.

The bridge began to tremble.  
All the beets spilled into the  
Mississippi River,

There they were,  
Ruby red beets,  
Rolling, floating in the river  
which was bright and glimmering  
like a star.

*Ellen Lehman*

# CRITTENDEN ARTS COUNCIL

JANINE B. EARNEY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

WEST JUNIOR HIGH

WEST MEMPHIS, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: ROBIN MILLER

VISITING WRITERS: TOM FRANKLIN & PETER KESSLER

## Crossing Arkansas by Tornado

I see nothing much  
it's only  
a  
blur no big deal  
I still imagine  
magnolia trees, and  
the hummingbirds singing  
Houses fly  
by  
too fast  
it's like a  
roller coaster  
they never stop  
But I still can  
imagine  
the big  
orange sky  
the trees  
red cars  
black birds  
little rodents  
the  
sun

Jennifer Robinson

## Crossing Arkansas By Camel

Though a bit bumpy,  
a very lovely ride.  
With cars passing,  
very fast.  
Too fast.

The camel  
I can't control  
Runs into a car.  
I hear a loud bang.

Camel,  
Mr. Camel,  
Oh, Please be okay!

Lauren Looney

## My Hands

My hands are different, I'll tell you so.  
One is nerdy, the other is a psycho.  
When they get down on the court they show their funk.  
One likes to shoot, the other likes to dunk.  
On Halloween they act really crazy.  
One's a tarantula, the other is a kamikaze.  
But sometimes they'll do the same thing too  
It's like monkey see, monkey do.

*Andrew Duck*

## Bugs Bunny

I'm running away from hunters  
and poachers like Yosemite Sam  
and shhh! I'm hunting Wabbits.

I usually have invasions from  
little green men from Mars and their  
dogs.

And I'm trying to find another  
Catch phrase besides Eh' wats up doc!

*Jon James*

## Incredible Hulk

I'm not really green  
inside  
It's just my appearance  
I love playing with kittens and puppies  
But people throw rocks at me  
So that's the end of their life.

*Justen Chism*

**DAISY BATES ELEMENTARY**  
**LITTLE ROCK, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: SUE MARTIN**  
**VISITING WRITERS: ROBIN BRAUDWELL & DAVID KOEN**

**Stinky Cheese Man**

I hate being Stinky Cheese Man.  
I always have to stay in this dumb stinky suit.  
The people are always coming after me in the Gingerbread Man story.  
Why can't I just get left alone?  
I don't want to be Stinky Cheese Man anymore!

*Amanda Leslie*

**I Tired of This and That**

I tired of being lonely in the dark.  
I tired of the, the (stuttering) cow jumping  
over me.  
I tired of being crowded by little,  
stupid dots.  
I tired of looking at the same  
old circles every single day.  
I tired of feeling cold at night.  
I tired of having to  
always shine like the sun.

*Courtney Cannon*

**Flute of Dirtiness**

(Dedicated to Jonathan Eggers  
because he helped me)

I have hot ashes burning your eyes.  
My hands have sandpaper grinding into my teeth.  
Dirtiness feels like  
the shore-washed cold Greece over the Spartan village.  
Dirtiness sounds like  
rocks rub your big right toe.  
It is loose teeth twisting around in your mouth.

*Emily Spadaro*

## What Would It Be Like to Be in Hair

I would be brushed  
every day—that would hurt and  
become boring.

I would be drenched with  
water and soap that would  
make me shiny.

I would get tangly  
in the summer breeze and  
get cold in the winter snow.

It would be great when  
she got compliments on her  
hair—that would show off on  
me.

I would be smooth and  
soft—everybody would want  
to feel me.

Oh, what would she  
do without me?

*Christy Bowder*

## Bob Dole

Where is the great republic?

They did not rise up.

I wish I was Bill Clinton.

Do you think I like being  
called an elephant?

I also wish bananas were not named after me.

Is the great republic trying to tell me something?

Personally, I like oranges.

I wish I could have voted for myself more.

Hey, Jack, did you vote for me?

*Nikki Pollard*

## Love

Love smells like a lion's perfume.

Love tastes like a big, fat elephant.

Love looks like a blue key.

Love feels like a green cat's fur.

Love sounds like a zebra running in the house.

*Ms. Bohannon's kindergarten class*

## Cool Music

A lion wearing a pink dress playing the  
drums.

A garbage can with rotten tomatoes.

The wind blowing through a hot desk.

An apple that is 100 years old.

A person eating a bone

*Gavino*

**DECATUR ELEMENTARY**  
**DECATUR, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JEAN DUNCAN**  
**VISITING WRITERS: TROY BENOWITZ & JAMIE SIMPSON**

**The Four Seasons in Decatur, Arkansas**

When it is Spring, the  
flowers bloom like a  
rocket shooting out of  
the sky.

When it is Summer,  
people go to the pool  
to cool off from the  
Summer heat.

When it is Autumn, the  
leaves turn colors like  
a colorful picture then  
fall off the trees.

When it is Winter, it  
snows a lot, and looks  
like a bunch of cotton  
balls in the trees and  
on the ground.

*Kara Kinyon*

**The Invention of the Ferris Wheel**

He could have done anything,  
But he wanted them to remember,  
To see the sight,  
At a fifty feet height,  
He wanted them to come,  
And they came,  
He wanted them to see,  
And they saw,  
The wonder of the Ferris Wheel,  
The tallest wheel of all.

*Kyle Bowman*

**Ripe Red Cherries**

Sometimes I have a good day. I just  
rest on my cracking brown branch like  
a bat that hit a home run. Other days, kids  
are climbing me with their dark blue jeans just  
to taste my sweet juicy taste. At the end  
of the day, I am just happy I am not  
one of them who got eaten today. At the  
end of summer, I shrivel up and die.

*Wesley Crawford*

**Recipe for Wild Mustangs**

1 cup danger  
3 cups fur  
1/2 cup love  
1/4 tablespoon God's spit to make the blood  
5 cups brazenness  
1/2 cup dirt

*Misty Haight*

## Locker Room

In the locker room  
beat up old sneakers from the  
kid that moved last year

*Tara Walls*

## Untitled

The pond is noisy  
A splash and another splash  
A fish and an eel were fighting

*Jessie Waeltz*

## Steps to Heaven

I have a secret place where I take my cares.  
Way back in the woods, the stream so sweet.  
The water trickles down the rocks, like stairs.  
And I take off my shoes, and dip in my feet.  
I look up at the steps and wriggle my toes.  
I might think about things, or just hum a song.  
I've left my worries, and forgotten my woes.  
Someone calls out; I know I must go.  
But I wish I could stay on the steps all day long.

*Craig Hill*

## The Chicken's Beauty Pageant on Valentine's Day

Oh Golly, Oh Golly,  
come and see  
these wonderful chickens.  
The judges say,  
here in Decatur today.  
The judges are announcing the prize  
first place winner  
gets to stay alive and  
the rest of the chickens get eaten for dinner.  
The judges are saying  
I don't know who to pick.  
Oh Golly, Mrs. Holly, you're  
our winner.  
All the other chickens are saying  
Oh please, Oh please,  
Don't, Don't  
Help someone Help  
Don't let them eat me for dinner.

*Megan Hopkins*

## Tree Frog

who jumped  
from tree to tree  
and fly to fly  
and eat and eat  
and to the ground  
to the pond and back  
up to the trees

*Trent Gold*

**DEQUEEN-MENA EDUCATION SERVICE COOPERATIVE**

**UMPIRE HIGH SCHOOL & DIERKS ELEMENTARY**

**UMPIRE & DIERKS, AR**

**FACULTY CONTACT: MARTHA CATHEY**

**VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL DOWNS & JAMES KATOWICH**

**Untitled**

A tree blowing in the wind free  
Leaves moving like loose sleeves  
The trunk as stiff as a skunk.

*Tracy Hunter*

**Recipe for Sadness**

Take 1 rainy day.  
Add 1 canceled soccer game.  
Mix with 5 cups of boredom.  
Add a dash of sickness.

Soak  
until the sun  
comes out.

*Phillip Glasgow*

**The Rain**

The rain rang,  
and the rain bang,  
on the tip-top of my head.  
I shall say to myself  
if the rain rings  
in my ear  
any more  
I shall sing  
until the ring  
goes away.

*Anna Eudy*

**Yellow Bees**

Hello yellow bees in your hive,  
you sound like people yelling and bells  
ringing at the church down the  
road,  
the sun is coming up,  
you need to get some sleep.

*David Duren*

## My Grandmother's Day

My great grandmother is very lonely.  
She hears the nurses walking up and  
down the nursing center halls.  
She sees other patients that  
feel almost as lost as she does.  
She smells the staleness of  
her old room  
She tastes her snack left over  
from the night before.  
She feels the warmth of her rail  
sided bed.  
She turns the pages of her book  
like the wind on a calm day.  
She thinks of her children and  
grandchildren in hope that they  
may come and visit some day soon.

*Kayla Cogburn*

## Untitled

The bees slave to the hornet's zydeco.  
As the baboon on the cartoon slurped from the spoon  
Torpedos shot out of tornados  
While Skoal splattered in spittoons from Spain.  
Poor, poor pitiful Porky Pig played on his glockenspeil.

*Jonathan Parsons*

## Untitled

The violinist was playing the violin violently.  
He thought it was fascinating how fast the flock was flying.  
The geese were at peace, as they flew over the Pea patch.  
The scuba diver played the tuba so low it moaned.  
The bees dazzled him as they buzzed over the beans.  
The dancer was dense as he waltzed wearily and then rared with rage  
as he hit his head on high rafters.

*Amanda Alexander*

## DERMOTT ELEMENTARY

DERMOTT, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: PAM STEPHENSON

VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL CARRAGHER & PETER KESSLER

DAVID GAVIN & SEAN CHAPMAN

### The Shining Star

It's feeling lonesome by itself,  
Feeling like it's a thousand miles  
away.

No friends to talk to,  
No one to play with.  
It's just now beginning to come out  
Into the night sky.  
It wishes it could shine better,  
Just like the sun.

*Andrea Williams*

### Untitled

I am the moon.  
I feel lonely which is good because I sleep.  
I smell like cheese and Ritzy Bitz crackers.  
I don't like astronauts  
because they walk on me  
and stab me with flags.

*Joseph Mays*

### What It's Like To Be A Desk

I am a desk.  
I am as hard as a rock.  
I smell like burnt wood.  
People are always writing on me like I  
am a piece of paper.  
I taste like cold wood.  
I sound like a rumbling sound when  
I am rocked.  
But once in a while I get cleaned off.  
Sometimes people sit on me like I  
am a chair.  
I think I would prefer to be another  
object.

*Samantha Johnson*

### Look At That baby!

When I look at you I see a baby,  
but when you smile  
you look very wild.  
And when you look at me  
you smile so sweet  
you look like a bed of roses  
in the night.

*Delia O'Neal*

## **I am a pencil sharpener**

I eat people's pencils up, and that seems really fun, but one thing I get tired of is when people twist my ear around. I like being a pencil sharpener because I can stay in one place. There is only one thing I have to do: go to the bathroom.

*Ebony Johnson*

## **If I could be anything...**

I would be a clock.  
Being a clock would probably feel funny.  
The ticking noises would tickle me every time the hand went around. The worst part about it is when I try to sleep: the ticking noises get on my nerves and I can't hardly sleep.

*Shanetta Donald*

## **The moon**

The moon looks like a large circle.  
The moon feels like a hard ball.  
The moon smells like burnt rubber.  
The moon tastes like grit.  
The moon sounds like rushing air turning in a slow circle...

*Edith Marce*

## **A Police Officer**

I am a police officer wearing a pair of old banana slippers. They smell just like banana pie when you walk in them.

*Renta Robinson*

## **First Day of School**

I'm scared by people at school who look like clowns.  
They holler at children and make them cry.  
I called my mother to come and get me because I saw people lying on the floor.  
They looked like cats and dogs.

*Chasity Whitehurst*

*Amanda Alexander*

## A Snake

I am a creepy snake spotted with white dots.  
When I slither up on your lap and sink  
my fangs in your thigh, you will scream  
and yell and wish you had your Momma  
here. But you don't...Hee, hee, heeee

*Rafael Johnson*

## Willy's Hamburger Shop

One of Willy's shoes is missing.  
His teeth look hard as rocks and his lip  
is long as a snake's tongue.  
His pants look like a rat's been chewing  
on them.  
His shirt looks like it's been cut up with a chainsaw.

*Renita Robinson*

## Walking through Dermott

I see broken glass, cars speeding, and old homes rusting  
in the warm air and sunshine and dollar bills lying  
on the blacktop and police cars speeding through the night.  
But Dermott is a good place.

*Rafael Johnson*

## Doctor

I'm a doctor and I read books  
to find out about heart surgery.  
I look for someone who needs my help and sometimes  
I make applesauce for lunch.

*Larry Barrett*

## The Window

I would like to  
be a window because  
you could open and  
shut me. You could  
let the cold breeze  
on me. I would  
get fed by cleaning  
me. I would sleep  
when the curtains are  
down. I would wake  
up when the sun is  
shining bright.

*Austrella Coleman*

## The Post Office

I walk into the post office. I smell  
the fresh new smell of packages all  
around. I suddenly glance at the  
boxes with their gold, silver num-  
bers on them.

*Fran Parker*

## In the Tree House

My tree house has blue and pink leaves.  
One day I saw a dinosaur drinking  
coke from the icebox.  
I scared him and he flew away.

*Britney Short*

## I am a Dictionary

I have many words and many definitions inside me.  
I am a red dictionary and I like people to look  
up words in me and pass me around and fight over me.

*Felice Wilson*

## Diamond Ring

I am a Diamond ring on the finger of a married woman  
with brown hair and hazel eyes.  
She wears me every day but one day she lost me and now  
I belong to Kim Wall.  
What I like about her house is the sound rain makes falling  
outside the kitchen window.

*Fran Parker*

## DEWITT MIDDLE SCHOOL

DEWITT, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: TIM WALTON

VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL CATHERWOOD & BRAD SUMMERHILL

### The Cornfield Kid

The kid of the cornfield comes out this year. He has the speed of a cheetah, the leap of a bullfrog, and the power of a rhino. As he leaps out of the corn stalks, he seems to be chasing something. "What is it?" said Emma. "I don't know!" said Timmy. The cornfield kid is like a dog, chasing a running pork-chop. As he chases it into an old barn, Timmy and Emma both hear a rumbling and growling from the barn. Then silence. Now they see the shadow of the cornfield boy return to the cornfield.

*Edward Woods*

### A Jungle of Spam

As I walk through the jungle of canned meats,  
I see a rhino with sausage for feet.  
And so weird are the parrots with hot dogs for wings,  
I just have to wonder, what are these strange things?  
O, the trees, with blossoms of Spam,  
And the monkeys with torsos of ham.  
There's also the meaty Mongolian tiger,  
In a tree eating processed American spiders.  
Then when I leave this valley of pork,  
I wish I had brought a knife and a fork.

*Jake Essex*

### Nonworld

I cried the atomic age  
You tweak bamboo  
He zoomed teasel

*Richard Vaughn*

## Untitled

The storm clouds were rolling in.  
One by one they come  
Filling the sky like a thick soup.  
Lightning struck.  
A tree toppled over.  
Then it happened.  
Cows hurled down from above.  
Jerseys, Holsteins  
Brahmin and Herefords.  
I sprint for shelter so not to be demolished  
The cattle continue to pound on my roof  
for ten more minutes.  
The house moans and groans like an old man  
with a troublesome back  
Then, as suddenly as it starts, it stops.  
I walk out to survey the damage.  
I wondered what to do with the cattle  
Then, like a bolt from the blue, a thought struck  
me.  
I would open a restaurant.

*Darreth Henderson*

## A Party of Mustaches

Everyone in the world awoke one  
day to find there were no mustaches.  
Even the bearded lady lost her  
mustache. It was total confusion  
everywhere you went, but finally  
someone screamed in London, England.  
Oh, no! there goes a mustache wiggling  
across the street! They followed the  
mustache to a boat where it sailed  
to North America into Canada. Where  
there were millions or billions of  
mustaches in one building. It was  
called the International Meeting Hall  
of Mustaches. They were taking a  
day off to have a party. So from  
then on out if everyone had lost  
their mustaches they knew where to  
go.

*Loma Essex*

## Fire

Light me child, light me!  
All it will take is one strike  
of a match. Ah! Now I  
may glow bright, like a  
lighthouse on the edge of a  
crystal blue sea. I can  
feel more power as I burn  
through the thick wall. Growing,  
and growing as I go through  
the house. I am so tall  
I am burning through the  
roof. Wooo-Wooo! Oh no,  
sirens, the fire department!  
Squish! Ahh! I am growing  
smaller and smaller. I am trapped  
like a mouse in a hole. Down  
to about the size of a leaf.  
Squish.

*Brady Goodwin*

## DUMAS JUNIOR HIGH

DUMAS, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: LARELL JONES

VISITING WRITERS: JAMES KATOWICH & BRAD SUMMERHILL

### Tornado Carries Escaped Convict Back To Prison

On a cold damp dark day convict  
Joe escaped. His skin crowded with  
slickness like a snake. He was never  
heard and smelled like old garbage.  
Winds blew, he screamed off he  
went into the air  
down over the trees  
onto the convent  
The tornado stops  
Joe went  
crazy and  
stayed  
there  
for  
life.

*Lee Ester Green*

### Freedom

Cheetahs look like beautiful  
spotted wild cats with long legs,  
Cheetahs have good tastes for gazelles,  
they smell like wet barbie dolls,  
they feel soft as pillows,  
they sound like domesticated cats  
meowing at the top of its lungs.

*LaSonya Lee*

### Untitled

Lips are like hurricanes  
Each touch between lovers  
Flood each soul with a  
Storm of strong emotions  
One kiss that's unprepared for  
May blow the unexpected one  
Away into some heaven or hell  
If lips were hurricanes  
Kissers would have to beware  
Smoochers like Georgie Porgie  
Just to make the other cry  
Lip lovers would have to  
Beware love of another  
Strong enough to tear down  
The person deep within  
In order to build up the ideal mate  
Romance would be a danger  
To those incapable of handling  
Love's affectionous disasters  
Sadly not-so-good kissers' lips  
Would be down-graded to  
A tropical depression

*Valencia Moses*

## If miniskirts were balloons

Then the fashion world would surely  
say "the sky is the limit"  
Billboards would say the higher the better  
All models would be in demand  
And I guess weight watchers  
would be too

cause who wouldn't want  
their figure to be flattered  
in slithers of suede leather  
or leather  
If miniskirts were balloons  
Imagine tying string to  
such a thing  
and how long would you  
have to wait for a really good wind?

If the miniskirt is the balloon  
then I would love to see the  
basket

If miniskirts were balloons  
you'd find them on the racks  
5, 10, 20 for a dollar  
If and only if the prices  
don't inflate.

*Valencia Moses*

## Love Apple

A sweet apple going down so slow  
As it goes down it sounds like little people  
Are inside making love go all over the body.  
As I bite into the love apple it smells like  
Pizza hot and burns for love.  
It feels smooth and soft like cotton candy.  
Then I say to birds so deep in love, So  
That's how love apples work.

*Patricia Browner*

## Angel's Life

Angel an unknown person to his family  
He taste the odor of anger like dirty gym socks from  
his father  
And feels the fear of his mother  
She doesn't feel the pain of his broken heart

Angel see the expression of hate on his teacher's face  
He hears the sound of a drumbeat his father plays on  
his head

Angel dream dreams as deep as the ocean  
He sees his skin fading away  
Smelling like rotten flesh  
Bones crush into pieces of chalk  
His heart cut for food for his parents

He awakes with his heart racing, skipping  
a beat right to his death  
He hears a sensational sound like heavenly  
music during a funeral  
A sound any man couldn't play  
Angel was so happy  
because all of his fear were gone away

*Irene Chatman*

**EASTSIDE ELEMENTARY**  
**WARREN, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: PAT SMITH**  
**VISITING WRITERS: CAROLYN JENSEN & MARIA STAFFORD**

**I Wish**

I wish that I could see  
the whole world from where I am.

I wish that I had a genie  
that could grant me every wish I had.

I wish that I could buy everyone  
a hundred diamond rings.

I wish that I could see  
the sun without getting burned up.

I wish that all the animals  
liked me.

I wish that I could see God.

*Quinten Hilton*

**Bigfoot Makes Appearance at Eastside**

I was at school when Bigfoot came.  
He was 90 feet. he weighted two tons.  
He had brown hair. He had fleas. I shook his  
hand. It was hairy. He had big hands, big feet,  
a big head, big body and he loved to eat. He scared  
all the people. They thought he was going to eat them.  
But he loved to eat fish, apples, peaches, cakes,  
and meat. He did a lot of things for me.

*Jonathan Cooper*

**Warren**

What can I tell you  
About Warren?  
Really it is the country and  
Really it is a little quiet  
End of story—oh  
Now I forgot I am ten and I can sing really good.

*Shamonica Hampton*

## My Friend is a Space Alien

My friend is a space alien  
she has black and blue spots.  
I'm the only friend she's got.  
She eats dirt rocks and lava.  
She thinks the school is cake.

Her shoes are so tight that she breathes all the oxygen.  
You know our blood is red,  
hers is green toxic waste.  
her backpack is the moon.

On our last field trip she  
almost stole Pluto—boy was she cold.  
She hates the trees.  
She likes to get sunburned  
and after all of this  
she's still alive.

*Ivory Isom*

## I Wish

I wish kids could drive cars  
when they're five with no license.  
I wish there was no gravity and  
everybody floated around.  
I wish people could travel to the future  
and that we could ride on planets,  
jump from space to Earth.  
I wish we could turn ourselves into animals.  
I wish that stars could talk.

*Jessica Jones*

## My Hands

My hands look like King Kong's  
hands. If I put my finger on my red clock  
it would probably cover it up. My fingers  
always wiggle when I'm nervous. I  
couldn't bungy jump because they are so huge!  
My hands are so chubby that they touch each  
other when I don't mean for them to. It is  
very hard for me to play the piano.

*Christine Miller*

## My Hands

My hands are girl hands  
not boy hands  
They will float at night  
I try touching  
the pitch black sky.  
They will pick up  
pepperoni pizza.

*Megan Jones*

**FARMINGTON ELEMENTARY**  
**FARMINGTON, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: KATHY SIMMONS**  
**VISITING WRITERS: SEAN CHAPMAN & JAMES KATOWICH**

**If Wristwatches Were Books**

Everyone would have a book,  
And would open their book and read  
Time.  
People would read all the time.  
And people would read all the  
Time.  
Time would be on pages,  
And libraries would be full of  
Time.  
Time would be all over.  
Time might even be all kinds of  
Colors.

*Sarah Roemer*

**If Rivers Were Frozen Dinners**

you could drink your dinner.  
You could see it flowing down the valley.  
There would be a lake of mashed potatoes.  
There would be a mountain of steaks.  
Rain would come down as B.B.Q. sauce  
The sun would be butter for the mountain of rice.  
The roads would be Maple Syrup for the  
pancake rocks. Apples would be cherries for  
ice-cream hill. You could drink chocolate.  
There would be huge bottles of chocolate syrup.

*Katisha Kay Kinion*

**Untitled**

My right hand is a german  
shepherd. My left hand is a doghouse.  
The dog will pounce and bark.  
The dog is big and fast. My  
head is a big hill. My hair is tall  
grass, it looks like nobody mows  
there. when I wear a white shirt  
I pretend it's a snow covered plain  
the white dog plays on . My ring  
on my right hand is a collar for  
my dog. My necklace is a  
snake slithering around the plain.  
My ear is an old dark cave.  
My knee is an enormous  
mountain. My earrings are bats  
flying out of the cave.

*Erin Colgan*

**If Earthworms Were Raindrops**

You probably wouldn't want  
To go outside because  
They would feel so slimy  
On your skin. And they would  
Get in your hair which is  
Very disgusting. We'll get  
To go outside, but I'll  
Get an umbrella because  
I see something  
Slimy falling from the sky.

*Ali Schader*

## Grandma

Grandma has an old wrinkled face that smiles every time I see her.  
Grandma sees a little girl who has grown so very much.  
She sings softer than a whisper fading in the wind.  
Her hair, whiter than snow, covers her head like a lid.  
Grandma smells a tulip that sits on her kitchen table.  
When she tells a story she can take you to another world.  
Grandma tastes a soft yellow banana in her little mouth.  
Grandma's house smells of the sweet sunshine.  
Grandma imagines a dark green leaf flying over her head.  
Grandma can hear me play her a song on my flute  
(I made the song just for her.)  
She'll touch my face as gentle as a graceful deer.

*Emma Bottorff*

## Erin

Erin hears the phone ring  
Its loud long ring. She sees  
Her sunshine yellow phone vibrating  
Like it was being electrocuted. She  
Goes to pick up her phone as  
She runs to it she feels the  
Cold floor on the soles of  
Her feet. As she picks up her  
Big phone she notices it was  
As cold as ice. It's Sheilla.  
She imagines it's someone from  
Mars or Pluto. Sheilla's at Tim's  
Pizza. Erin can almost taste the  
Cheese pizza in her mouth. It feels so  
Warm and cheesy. The tomato sauce  
Is so salty it tastes like she swallowed  
A bowl full of salt. But that was  
Okay. She would eat salt like an apple.  
Erin slammed down the phone like she  
Had a terrible anger hot dog with  
Sandpaper and mud. She had to get to  
Tim's Pizza so she could order  
A great big cheesy Pizza

*Bethanie Edwards*

## If Microwaves Were Birds

It would smell like popcorn.  
I could see that it would be square.  
And if I heard it would be going beep beep.  
And if I tasted it it would taste  
like butter, feathers, and popcorn.  
And if I touch it it would feel like  
hot and feathery.  
If microwaves were birds  
we would have popcorn on the ground.  
And for the eggs it would be popcorn eggs.  
And it would be hard to get a  
microwave because it would be way  
up in the air.  
Unless you went up in an air  
plane and used a butterfly net  
to get it down.  
And then put it in your house and  
put something heavy on it that way  
it won't fly away.  
And never leave a window open  
because it would fly out the  
window.

*Maegan Davis*

# GENOA CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

GENOA, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: ALBERT J. MURPHY

VISITING WRITERS: STEVEN TRULOCK & ROB GRIFFITH

## Double Haiku: The Cycle

I

As the fly lands,  
The fish jumps up to get the fly  
And the bear grabs the fish.

II

The crankshaft turns.  
The piston is up, an explosion occurs,  
forcing the piston back down.

*John Braden*

## Untitled

Freezing is like frost  
slow as grave moss  
staring inside  
oceans of bonedust.

*Kelly Moore*

## An Alley

A pass lowly arced  
His legs become as springs  
The rim, not his master

*Wesley Douglas*

## Anger

is a frozen lemon, cold  
and bitter; cut in half, laid  
on a hot desert highway, releasing  
everything inside out.

*Wesley Herd*

Grandma

Grandma has an old window  
Grandma sees a little girl who  
She sings softer than a whisper  
Her hair, whiter than snow  
Grandma smiles  
When she tells a story she  
Grandma  
Grandma's house smells of  
Grandma imagines a dark  
Grandma can hear me play her  
I made the song just for her  
She'll touch my face as gentle as a

**Life**

Life is like a paintbrush in my mind.  
Every day goes by. I wonder why.  
I think about it morning, noon, and night.  
It paints a picture I start to see.  
It's so nice and neat,  
But when I touch, it's rough to me.

*Brent Tucker*

Eric

**Fear**

is an ocean,  
strong and conquering, yet  
settled by the moonlight.

*Eric Pietiett*

Eric hears the phone ring  
No loud long ring. She sees  
Her vibrant yellow phone vibrating  
Like it was being electrocuted  
Goes to pick up her phone as  
She runs to it she feels  
A cold floor against her feet  
Her feet. As she picks up the  
The ring and the phone  
As cold as ice. It's  
She imagines it's someone from  
Mom or Dad. She'll be at Tim's  
Pizza. Eric can almost taste the  
Cheese pizza in her mouth. It feels so  
Warm and cheesy. The tomato sauce  
is so salty it tastes like

**Alone and Lost**

Twisted shadow casting towering trees.  
Skin-piercing cold wind overcoming your body.  
Moonlit glaring beast-eyes.

*Beau Dixon*

Belanie Edwards

**Black Panther**

Slips slowly, cautiously  
Like the reaper in darkness  
Attacks with authority.

*Cory Gideon*

**HAZEN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**HAZEN, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: DURINDA GAMMILL**  
**VISITING WRITERS: SEAN CHAPMAN & PETER KESSLER**

**Cow**

I once had  
a cow named Nate.

I sold it  
to Ma Bell.

She sold him  
to the Dairy Mill.

I went to the  
store and bought  
some meat.

Guess who  
wound up on  
my plate. Nate.

*Mindy Hurst*

**As his**

As his white truck starts  
There is silence now.  
The big pink flowers lay on their  
sides.  
And the bright sun turns dim.  
The green grass stops growing.

*Amanda Ewing*

**Highway Man**

Every morning I climb into this twelve foot  
tall ten ton monster.  
Every bump, crack, or hole in the highway adds another  
wrinkle to these road worn hands.  
Twelve hours a day seven days a week I do what  
I love with dignity and respect.  
At the end of the night runs, I grab the fastest  
gear and burn up the blacktop to  
the old beat up dwelling which I call home.

*Clayton Lott*

## The Cricket's Trumpet

The screeching cricket sounds  
his trumpet.

The trumpet's noise awakens  
the child.

The child is noisily sighing  
with an echoing sound.

The echoing sound disturbs  
the sleeping parents.

The sleeping parents awaken  
in their wooden bed.

The wooden bed shakes like  
the sound of a baby's rattle.

The rattle's sound soothes  
the child.

The child is freed of  
startling fear.

*Janan Lisko*

## Love

I'm a puzzle that has just  
been completed

*Andrea Beam*

## I heard

I heard the sound of the loud telephone  
I knew it had to be my boyfriend  
"Hello" I said happily, they asked for Judy but  
a Judy doesn't live here  
My heart dropped  
They had the wrong number again  
I slammed down the kitchen phone  
Raced up the winding stairs  
Turned to the left and entered my room  
I jumped on my day bed  
Put my face in my fluffy red satin pillow  
and grieved for a moment  
I wanted him to call so bad.

*Amanda R.*

## Moving Steel

Moving steel which is like sandpaper on  
my hands. The piercing sounds of the horns  
ring in my head. The growl and grumble  
of the machinery around me. The blinding  
glare of the sun off the sheets blinds me. The burning  
of molten steel hitting me in my arms and  
back feel like bullets on a target. All this  
I endure to make my family happy.

*Shaun S.*

**HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL**  
**HUGHES, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JOEL LINN**  
**VISITING WRITERS: TOM FRANKLIN & GARY ENNS**

**Lucky**

Lucky pimps  
past the school, pimps on.  
Through downtown.  
Bargaining. Dealing. Selling  
candy.  
Lucky pimps.

Lucky pimps  
past Junior's, he must travel.  
To The Pitstop. Smelling.  
Tasting chicken fingers.  
Lucky pimps.

Lucky pimps,  
traveling, strutting,  
trucking to Maywood.  
Lucky shoots the ball  
which beckons him  
and his cheeseburgers  
to shoot  
and then sells them  
out of a brown bag  
for \$11.00 a piece.  
Lucky pimps.

Lucky pimps  
on to Junior's  
for a nightcap.  
St. Ides—calling,  
beckoning,  
yelling out his name.  
Lucky drinks.  
drinks.  
drinks.  
drinks.  
drinks, Lucky trips,  
stumbles, Lucky sleeps.

Lucky pimps.  
Awakes to his

feet. Sun  
bearing down,  
aroma of St. Ides  
still present.  
Looking around,  
noticing nothing,  
yet wait, something,  
glistening in the sun.  
Slightly used Filas  
calling, summoning.  
Lucky trucks  
over and  
places them on his  
tired dogs.  
Rejuvenated,  
Lucky  
Pimps.

Lucky pimps.  
Trucks by  
Tastee Freeze.  
Jimmy checks.  
Kids throw,  
hurl pebbles.  
Nick checks.  
Lucky tries, tries  
to sell cheeseburgers.  
John checks.  
Put down,  
Lucky pimps.

Lucky pimps.  
Meets. Meets  
Big Will.  
"Got a quarter, Lucky."  
Lucky pimps.  
Pimps on.

### Crossing Horseshoe by Can

Creeping across the dusty road,  
seeing the trash sleep,  
wondering why  
the dry, tall weeds  
huddle so close,  
witnessing secret crimes.

*Jaime Wooldridge*

### How to Turn the Sky Upside Down

First you must find the highest peak around—  
when you reach the top,  
all you have to do  
is stand on your head and frown.

*Joey Steele*

### How to Sit in a Hurricane

Time stops in a hurricane.  
When the day sky is night  
and the fat woman in apartment 4E yells  
to her promiscuous daughter  
to run to the basement,  
your window is open.

Run to the grocery and buy  
Wesson oil and Mazola corn starch.  
Cover your body in them.  
This is the uniform of  
antidisestablishmentarianism  
guards who protect the hurricane.

Then run to the record store and buy  
*Frampton Comes Alive*  
and *Kiss Alive II*,  
both on tape, not CD—  
the hurricane only has a tape player  
and he constantly loses his tapes.  
Talk to the witch doctor  
next door, and bargain for  
his copy of *Hamlet*. Memorize  
the "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

### Sandman

My third eye sees  
the sandman as  
he comes to me.  
He makes no sound,  
he never touches  
the ground.  
He sprinkles his dust  
upon my brow.  
And I am deep in sleep now.  
His magical dust has no feeling,  
like pieces  
of shattered colored glass  
that fall upon my restless body.  
He has no face, he's black as night,  
but I don't fret.  
I'm filled with joy.  
I feel good all over.  
Then he's gone  
as I roll over.

*Darrin Coopwood*

Recite it twice a la  
New York accent while wearing  
Andy Warhol's wig.

A ray of light will appear to you.  
Follow it.  
In order to not be blown away  
by the winds, hold Queen Anne's  
Stevie Ray Vaughn signature Stratocaster and  
Moses' Powerbook computer—the two of them  
work together by  
semi-sonic electrical wind-resistant impulses.  
The guards will let you in—  
you look just like them.

When you enter, there is a chair  
that can only be sat in  
by the hurricane's eye.  
He will gladly swap  
the chair  
for the tapes.

*Bo Baker*

**HUMPHREY ELEMENTARY**  
**HUMPHREY, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: ICIPHINE JONES**  
**VISITING WRITERS: PAUL BONE & ROB GRIFFITH**

**Inside the Sun**

Sitting inside the sun in my  
lawn chair hotter than a frying  
hamburger.  
I see ultraviolet waves hitting  
the earth killing people very, very  
slowly.  
I hear the blazing sun burning  
like a whole neighborhood on fire.  
As I am leaving I smell  
my flesh burning like a ribeye  
on the grill.

*Cliff Morgan*

**The Life of my Pencil**

I cast my quarter down in the  
machine as a pencil casts down  
into my hand. I form it a head  
so it can spit out the lead so  
I can finish my test. It broke  
its neck before I was finished so  
I took it to the sharpener so  
it can finish its job. Before school  
was out I put it in its bed so  
it could rest.

*Cole Crossland*

**Mermaids**

Deep in the ocean the mermaids braid their hair  
and wash their fins with feather.  
They squeeze strawberries to smear on their lips  
and they pick a flower off a lily pad.

*Kristal Weaver*

**In a Red Red Rose**

On the outside of a rose,  
it is red with black spots on it,  
it is very pretty and it smells good too.

On the stem it is green,  
it has leaves on it,  
it has thorns like little pins sticking you  
in the finger and making you bleed.

Inside, the top of the rose  
is very healthy. It has the pistil in it too.  
The petals, they are very soft, and silky.

The stem in the inside  
is very slimy but it  
tastes like pickles.

The petals taste like  
pizza.

And the thorns  
poke your  
mouth.

*Danielle White*

## The Veterinarian

I take care of messy animals. They bark like thunder and howl like the wind. The farmer in the country can hear them. And they want to take their animals to an insane veterinarian because they want to be famous and have their dogs dance like professionals. The lions sing like a rock star.

*Shannon Putt*

## The Groovy Dentist

I am a dentist named dr. novocaine.  
I can cause you a lot of pain.  
My prices aren't cheap.  
My prices are actually steep.  
I have red and blue hair.  
When people make fun of me  
I don't care.  
I like to wear long pants.  
I also like to dance.  
I like rock and roll.  
I hate dancing slow.  
When people come to me  
to fix their teeth I put them  
to sleep and on their teeth I put peace.  
People might think I'm not a saint  
but I am a groovy dentist named novocaine.

*Tonya Harris*

## The Lighthouse

She stands on the hill and watches over her ships. She reaches out to them with the light of her eye like a mother reaches out to her children and guides them through the raging storms of life. She makes the way possible for them to see so that they might choose the right destiny, like a mother raises her children with love.

*Lare Forte*

## JACKSONVILLE ELEMENTARY

JACKSONVILLE, AR

FACULTY CONTACTS: SUSAN BUCHANAN & MELINDA CARPENTER

VISITING WRITERS: ROBIN BRAUDWELL & DAVID KOEN

SEAN CHAPMAN & PAUL BONE

### So Sleepy

I've been so tired ever since ever since  
it happened.  
I get so sleepy I can't control it,  
it goes on through my head  
day and night.  
Sometimes I get so tired  
I think of clowns, and moose drinking beer,  
and partying with elephants.  
Often I fall asleep driving  
dreaming of falling off a cliff  
landing in a bed full of tigers.  
I sometimes feel I'm the tiredest person still alive.

*Andy Krich*

### Weird

Weird is like the water fountain  
someone put their mouth on.  
You don't want to drink out of it  
but you do it anyway.

*Wesley Holt*

### Too Warm

It's so warm, it feels like  
someone lit a match on an oil tanker.  
Like the earth was put in a big frying pan.  
Like an alien shocked the world with a heat ray.  
Like someone put on too much hairspray  
and destroyed the ozone layer.  
Like someone made the earth mad and  
all the volcanoes erupted at once.

*Daniel Vasquez*

## Painful

Earth loses gravity and a woman  
floats through a garden.  
She grabs onto a rose that pricks her  
and lets go  
As she floats up into the sky and a  
bluebird  
flies by, she realizes that she is stuck  
in the sky.  
Now the only sound is her moaning  
and groaning  
and the airplane that just went by.

*Devan Lott*

## The Sixth Grade Drink

I'm light and patience  
waiting to get a drink of water  
after all the sixth graders.  
When it was my turn to get a drink the water  
fountain was empty and dried out.

*Mechell Bateman*

## Untitled

There is a small minnow swimming  
in shallow water.  
There is a goldfish about one foot long  
following it.  
The water they are in is part of a  
waterfall.  
It glistens brightly in the warm sun.  
Other plants and animals surround them.  
The clear waterfall is surrounded by trees.  
For this was a rainforest located in Brazil.  
The clouds above start to burst, and rain  
sprinkles down.  
It falls on a flower with red petals.  
On the flower a tiny, green caterpillar  
eats hungrily.

*Janette Allen*

## The Sculpture

I see a blue and  
white man in the sky  
swirling backwards and  
doing a somersault.  
When I look deeply into  
it. It looks like a cup of  
cappuccino bursting  
into flames. It may  
seem very funny of me  
looking into the sky, but  
it looks like a basketball  
player making a very  
hot slam-dunk. When  
you are in the air  
you find out about  
many sculptures and  
imagination.

*Brittney Christian*

## Towns

Towns near and far.  
People call to the towns near and far.  
People falling off blue bikes.  
Kids taking long hikes.  
Strange animals at the zoo.  
A 3 year old blowing a blue Kazoo.  
Smelly steam in the black streets.  
Towns near and far.

*Joe Crampton*

## Canoe

I saw a tiger striped canoe  
Large as a boulder atop a hill.  
The canoe on a river  
Fast as a leopard majestic and bold  
rolling fast, faster than a bowling ball.  
Cold water rushing like ice water in my veins.

*Josh Paintin*

## The Violet

People think violets are blue,  
but if you come close to it you  
can see that people don't tell you  
the truth, because butterflies, and  
bumblebees see it more different than  
you, they suck the pollen and give  
it more love. That is why violets  
aren't blue. The violets are purple and  
funny-shaped, but look more beautiful, so  
please  
don't pick purple violets, because if you  
do, this world won't look so great,  
Thank you!

*Jeffrey Halsell*

## The Scariest House in the Night

One fine night  
two young children went out in the dark.  
They saw this scary house.  
They went inside.  
They saw bats swinging around.  
There was a big vanilla raccoon.  
It was hairy and ugly.  
Ghosts are howling.  
There was a broom walking around.  
The children got scared  
and said this must be the scariest house  
in the world.

*Tenesha Graydon*

## A Strange Flower

There was a flower.  
It was pink and green.  
There was a little  
boy. He wanted to  
pick the flower  
for his mother to  
have. When he  
tried to pick it,  
the flower turned  
white and then  
blue then back to  
pink and green. The  
boy took it home,  
and his mother said  
thank you very much.

*Suzanne Luten*

## How Come I Can't Have a Normal Dog Like Anyone Else?

My dog's name is Sandy.  
She has a great love for chimpanzees.  
She stays out at night.  
She dresses up like madonna.  
She comes home a 6:00 in the morning  
smelling like limburger cheese,  
and she always tries to sing.  
How come I can't have a normal dog like anyone  
else?

*Lakeisha Thomas*

## The ax

The ax has a sharp blade that  
sings at night and the handle dances to  
the soft tune.

*Jason Sanders*

## The Big City

It's a colorful noisy day today  
where fluffy Pomeranians fly away  
and when the fluffy Pomeranians  
fly away . . . the purple orioles come  
down and eat away . . . that's  
when the nasty cats come out  
and get ready to play, and  
when the nasty cats come out  
and get ready to play . . .  
the mean dogs get ready  
to chase. Put that all together,  
and you get the big city.

*Jeremy Williams*

## His Blue Eyes

I see the twinkly city  
through the blue eyes  
of him.

I see a white  
tiger dying to get out  
trying to feed on  
his soul and dignity.

Along comes an  
ugly old man  
who stared at this  
tiger feeding on his  
soul and dignity

through his blue eyes.

*Jessica Bunting*

**JESSIEVILLE ELEMENTARY**  
**JESSIEVILLE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: FREDNA COCKERHAM**  
**VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL DOWNS & GARY ENNS**

**Fields in the Night**

Fields in the night  
are like gently flowing oceans  
the cows are no longer grazing on the grass  
the tractors are going too sleep  
but it won't last long.

*Mike Meredith*

**Untitled**

My dad is in the woods.  
He sees a deer,  
He tastes the cool winter breeze like when it snows,  
He smells the pine trees,  
He picks up his gun, rests it on his shoulder, and fires.  
He hears the trees rustle and hears a thump,  
He stands there and imagines the deer lying in the  
cold winter leaves.

*Cassie Ellison*

**Cigarettes**

My mom is craving cigarettes  
She hears people coughing as they take big puffs.  
She smells smoke from the cigarettes people are smoking.  
She tastes the tobacco in the damp air.  
She sees the people smoking as she chews gum.  
She touches the burning tip of the cigarette.  
She imagines she can smoke again.  
She raises the cigarette like an alcoholic trying to stop  
She is thinking how she can ever stop.

*Lea Sedbrook*

**Untitled**

Hunt Hunt again  
it's not in the vines under the bushes  
not in your lampshade  
and not under the Jack O'Lantern  
that has one tooth

What you'll find, nobody knows  
maybe vines maybe nothing

it's an  
adventure where ever  
you go.

*Whitney Wright*

**Sun's Radiation is Scorching  
Earth at Alarming Rate**

The sun  
is toasting earth  
and I  
feel  
great  
This is the crispiest  
planet in history  
and to think  
radiation is  
spreading

*Bradley Gaston*

## How to Write a Poem about Rivers . . .

Rivers are like  
concrete that you can  
swim in. You can always  
use it in whatever you are  
doing. Rivers are like rainbows  
with no color. Rivers are  
like tea with no sugar.  
Rivers are like mountains  
with no valleys. Rivers  
are people without any senses.  
Rivers are flowering just like rain.

*Megan Boyd*

### Untitled

hunt, hunt again  
I can tell you this my friend  
The treasure is not in the playground on the slide where all the kids play  
It is not in the pool down the street from us  
It is not in Buckingham Palace in London  
No, Madness is in my brother's head.

*Ryan Love*

### Treasure Hunt

Hunt Hunt again,  
You cannot find it in the beautiful  
sunshine-filled kitchen in the morning.  
You cannot find it in the old oak  
pantry.  
You cannot find it under the  
old persimmon tree.  
You cannot find it in the  
dark, old, cobweb-filled washroom.  
You can find it in the tired  
children. Thirst is what you will find.

*Tessa Wyles*

### Untitled

Hunt, Hunt again  
You cannot find this in an empty  
football field  
or a sweaty basketball court,  
or in a room where there is all  
the happiness in the world.  
But you can find fear in a dark  
basement with no lights.  
Or in a room full of kids  
because everyone is suspected.  
You can only trust yourself  
for you are the only one who is not  
afraid.  
Afraid of fear.

*Kimberly Carlson*

### Untitled

The Ocean roars like a bear,  
It howls like a wolf,  
It waves like a person doing flips  
in the air saying goodbye.

*Siobhan Murphy*

**KIMMONS JUNIOR HIGH**  
**FORT SMITH, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JODIE FLATTE**  
**VISITING WRITERS: STEVEN TRULOCK & TROY BENOWITZ**

**Cherries**

Small branch of cherries  
Being picked for cherry pies  
Waiting to be eaten

*Saykham Phimvongsa*

**Life**

The woman lives on forever  
The woman lives on till death  
The woman dies at once

*Crystal Roberts*

**Anger**

Like molten lava burning, seeping  
through my veins.  
Eyes bulging like big grapefruits.  
Heart pounding like the footsteps of  
the biggest dragon.  
Standing, as each moment passes  
like a long lonely night.  
Waiting, like a lion ready to hunt  
down its prey.  
Looking for that perfect strike.  
Waiting.

*Katrina Anderson*

**On**

The large, flat concrete  
Goes on and on forever  
But never moves

*Boonthanome Nouanesengen*

**Forest Music**

Once a year on a clear blue night  
the clouds in the north drift out of sight.  
The owls hoot to a steady beat  
when the moon is big and bright and neat.  
The wolf gives a howl, which gives a signal  
so all the animals know it is time to begin  
their yearly hymnal.

*Nick Freeman*

**Thirst**

Thirst is being covered with mud  
and you have to take a shower and when you  
get in you feel this need  
for something close but what's all around  
you is hot, hot, and burns.

You get out and your glasses  
are all covered with dirty brown dots.  
You turn off the water and the pipes explode.

*Brandon*

## Ha! Mickey

At first I was just a cartoon character, now  
I'm a big star.  
I barely get any sleep at night, because of big ears and feet.  
I've always got this silly smile on  
my face that feels so fake.  
Everyday when I go to work some raggedy  
looking kid comes up to me and starts  
singing that stupid song: Ha Mickey you're so fine,  
you're so fine, you blow my mind.  
Then I have to slap him around so that he  
shuts up. And ooh, what I hate  
the most, that time of the month,  
no no no, not the kind your thinking,  
the kind where five teenagers  
come and jump me.  
Then I go home all sore and Minnie says  
"Ha, Mickey, how was your day."

*Cortney McKinney*

## Weird

In New York City the horses ride the cops.  
The men have babies and the women create them.  
Insects wear clothes and they speak to us.  
The sun becomes dark and the moon becomes light.  
Elvis was a woman and Bill Cosby was a fly.  
Rainbows aren't full of color, instead gloomy dark prisms.  
Swamps become beautiful oases.  
Water turns to sand and the sand becomes maggots.  
Birds no longer fly they crawl on their wings  
And weird becomes normal and normal means nothing.

*Bradley Hathaway*

## The Point Of View Of The Statue Of Liberty

She is like a giant,  
looking out into the city.  
She feels the cool ocean breezes,  
and tastes the salty sea air.  
She always stands in the same  
place day and night.  
She is like a prisoner, surrounded by water.

*Linda Xayavong*

## Spiderwebs

A home for show  
Spinning around a fence  
Looking for an end

*Lissa Freeman*

## Money

Big briefcase full of Dead Presidents  
worth more than you can imagine  
Get anything you want, the more the better

*Thuder Phanphengdee*

**LAKESIDE JUNIOR HIGH**  
**HOT SPRINGS, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: LONNIE LUEBBEN**  
**VISITING WRITERS: ROBIN BRAUDWELL & DAVID KOEN**

**I am**

I am a basketball lover and I like smoke detectors.  
I wonder if the sky will cave in on me.  
I hear fish calling out my name.  
I see elephants swimming in the sea.  
I want a nickel.  
I am a basketball lover and I like smoke detectors.

I pretend to be a Jolly Giant.  
I feel the jelly in between my toes.  
I worry about bugs crawling on me when I die.  
I cry when dogs run away.  
I am a basketball lover and I like smoke detectors.

I understand that I won't live forever.  
I say what's that.  
I dream of Jeannie.  
I try to do good in school.  
I hope I will live long.  
I am a basketball lover and I like smoke detectors.

*Matt Woodard*

**A Bag Full of Cats**

A book full of words.  
A room full of bricks.  
A dumpster overflowing with garbage.  
A mouth stuffed with cotton.  
A car engine in a box.

*Jud Taylor*

**The evil deed**

A prison's wall  
The fire in a dying ember  
Razor blades in the sand  
The echo of a thousand murders  
The silencing machine

*Adam Lowrey*

### Untitled

A man walked outside into the air and fell upon the stars.

*Adam Danley*

### Hidden Surprise

A cat barking a dog up a tree.

A person wearing shorts in the snow.

An alligator using lotion.

A person scrambling to get out of a hippo.

A bowl of hot water turning into a chicken with a purple beak.

*Megan Douglas*

### Supernova

A bee taking a hot bath.

A fish singing opera in the back of a pickup truck.

Dentures baking a pizza in a plastic bag.

A '64 Chevy dragging a cow down the highway.

200 mosquitoes biting my arm.

*Mrs. Luebben's 4th period class*

### Untitled

If you see a clipper ship, jump in the mud and pull out a harmonica.

*Zack Bundy*

### Please

A fire burning water.

A 1969 350 Chevy pulling a Jeep out of the mud.

An Eskimo finding an igloo in the Sahara.

A wet Chihuahua looking for cat bacon in a tornado.

A raindrop falling on a farmer's old tractor.

*Mrs. Luebben's 2nd period class*

**LOCKESBURG ELEMENTARY**  
**LOCKESBURG, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: VELMA OWENS**  
**VISITING WRITERS: PAUL BONE & BRAD SUMMERHILL**

### The Dove

I was walking through the bright white snow. It seemed to hurt your eyes as I looked at it. I saw something lying on the ground in the distance. It was as white as the the snow. It lay on the ground in pain. It was a white dove, suffering from the gash on its right wing. The cold snow seemed to sting the bird's wing. The red blood looked like rubies flowing from his wing. I picked up the bird in my jacket. It seemed to cry as I looked at it. I walked to my house. I tied a hot wash rag over its open wound. It seemed to sting his wing as he flinched. I wiped up all the blood and wrapped a white cloth around its wing. A few weeks later, after he had suffered enough, I walked outside and I had a tear in my eye. I took off the white cloth. Then I threw it in the air. It flew off into the gray sky. I walked inside and I could not stop thinking about the dove.

*Cody*

### The Sunset and the Moonrise

The sun is setting like an orange.  
The orange sunset makes my mouth water,  
suddenly I see the moon,  
the moon is like a blue banana.  
The banana moon reminds me of banana tropicana.

*Pam Robert*

### Cows

My cow is black and white. Her name is Ellie May. She eats golden hay. You can hear her moo all the time. You can go boo and scare her. Her eyes are blue. When the wind blows her tail moves.

*Britney Harper*

### Untitled

Fences stand like small dwarfs keeping cows and horses in its barbed wire grasp.

*James Gilbert*

## Hay

Rolls of hay look like  
money rolled up in a ball.  
Like change on  
my dresser except they never  
fall.

*Jeremy*

## Untitled

A sunset is like a colorful room,  
surrounded by golden walls and  
clouds making pictures  
with pink and purple picture frames,  
windows showing twinkling stars  
and a lamp with moonlight  
lighting up the sky.

*Delly Humphrey*

## Oven in the Sky

Sunset looks like fire falling  
from the sky with pink, purple, blue, yellow,  
and orange. Birds fly into the oven of the  
sky and come out like a rainbow.

*Nikke Merrell*

## Wild Horses

The Wild horse sees the world as a  
field and pasture,  
it sees the world as freedom,  
it hears the sounds of birds,  
it smells the warm summer day and  
fresh cut hay,  
it tastes of the fresh sweet grass,  
and touches the earth's surface,  
it looks so wild in meadow,  
its mane and tail blow in the wind,  
the wild horse looks like lightning  
when it runs.

*Katrina Parish*

## My Horse

Her coat is like the sand in the  
desert. She shines like glass in the  
sunlight. She glows in the night, she  
is so beautiful. She stands like  
a soldier.

*Jennifer Ayers*

## Horses

They sound like thunder.  
They kick like whips.  
They feel so soft.  
Sometimes so calm.  
They are such beauties.  
Some ride with the wind,  
other walk like a snail.  
I love horses.  
And you should too.

*Christina Hanson*

## Sunset

A sunset  
is a tired worker  
coming in from work all day  
it doesn't get a lunch break  
cause it had to work  
and when it goes D

O

W  
N it's  
work is done and it goes home  
and so do all the workers that  
are trying to come home

*Lee Pell*

## LONOKE ELEMENTARY

LONOKE, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: MARY E. CLARK

VISITING WRITERS: TOM FRANKLIN & BETH ANN FENNELLY

### Untitled

I wish I had a sea of eagles,  
a mountain of bears,  
a land of wolves.  
I wish I had a valley of dogs  
Yes, I wish I did.

Somebody gave me a city of mirrors,  
a zoo of pipes,  
a building of books.  
Yes, somebody gave me a state of pictures,  
They gave it all to me.

I give you a world of thoughts,  
a rainbow of magic,  
a kingdom of words,  
I give you a galaxy of stars  
I give you all you need.

*Adam Hogg*

### Famous

The birds are famous  
to the sky  
as peas are famous  
to carrots  
as stars are famous  
to space  
as I am famous  
to my dirtbike  
when I shoot off the ramp  
and land on my back wheel.

*Lucas Underwood*

### The Inside of a Thimble

It is cold. I get stuck every time  
someone sews. I slip on the person's  
finger. It's soft and smooth because  
I keep it so. It is dark when I look  
through the little holes and the fabric  
covers them. When nighttime comes  
I slip off the soft smooth finger  
and curl on the table to rest.

*Kimberly Kethley*

### My Third Eye

My third eye can see where I'm sleepwalking.  
My third eye can't see the pizza at dinner.  
My third eye can't see Reggie Miller  
hit a three at the buzzer. My third  
eye can see where everybody is hiding  
in a game of hide n' seek. My third eye  
sees what organ the doctors remove in my surgery.  
My third eye can't tell if I'm doing my homework  
or if I'm doing the hokey pokey. My third eye  
focuses on what games Santa is bringing me.

*Marcos Davy*

## Famous Is

Numbers to a clock  
Words to Paper  
Squirrels to the tree they live in  
a pot of gold  
to the end of the rainbow  
cookies to a package  
clothing to a hanger.  
I want to be famous like the smell  
of a freshly printed dollar  
that will go into your pocket.

*Kimberly Kethley*

## How to Talk to a Dandelion

Pick a sunny day,  
when the breeze makes  
the trees sway from side to  
side like waves in the ocean.  
Find a dandelion that  
seems all alone, but willing to listen.  
Creep up to it, and introduce  
yourself as nicely as you can.  
Remember to whisper.  
Dandelions are delicate,  
so you must be as quiet as a mouse.  
You can carry on your  
conversation as long as  
you like, just make sure  
it looks interested in what you're saying.  
Don't talk about things  
they don't like  
such as gnats, ants and  
centipedes.  
When you've talked long  
enough, say farewell,  
and wish it luck.

*Amanda Harris*

## Untitled

My father gave me a dress of snakeskin  
and a hat of paper,  
his father gave me a key of leather,  
his father gave me a shirt of color,  
his father gave me a house of water  
and a piece of all.  
His father gave me a blanket of glass,  
his father gave me a flag of clear,  
his father gave me a pencil of metal.  
In return, I gave my son a coat of stone.

*Matt Cole*

## Crossing Arkansas by Snail

slowly and small,  
inch by inch,  
seeing the roses,  
the dandelions  
the tulips  
the sky is gazing,  
the eagles  
are looking down upon us  
as we whisper into the land  
we watch the crickets  
fiddling  
and the frogs  
bassing along  
as we pass  
through the earth  
in a very  
creepy  
way.

*Adam Hogg*

## MAMMOTH SPRING ELEMENTARY

MAMMOTH SPRING, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: JANET KING

VISITING WRITERS: TROY BENOWITZ & ROB GRIFFITH

### How to Tell You're in a Cracker Jacks Box

It smells like a lady wearing perfume.  
It sounds like a band with their instruments clanging together.  
It tastes like soft caramel melting in your mouth.  
It looks like a jam-packed arena.  
It feels like a family's warmth.

*Steven Hansen*

### The Fair

Cotton candy popcorn sweet  
coke rides tickets  
swinging wires games prizes

*John Richey*

### How to Tell You're in a Hurricane

You can see the black wind and blue waters  
whirling around you. You can hear the houses  
crashing down on the white sandy beach.  
You can smell the gigantic waves of salt  
water banging against the rocks on the beach.  
The rain feels like tiny rocks banging against  
your wet baggy clothes. The wet sand tastes  
like heavy dried crunchy clay.

*Dana Carroll*

### How to Tell You're in a Clock

hear the tic tic tock in a clock  
taste the oil on the gears  
see the gears turning and twisting  
smell the hot grease burning  
touch moving hands going round  
and round

*Andrew Schwartz*

### Rain

drops pitter patter  
children play in warm wet weather  
parents watch jealously

*Morgan Haney*

## How to Tell You're in a Computer

It feels like a telephone wire, electric, even a needle piercing your hand, making it throb and puts a stabbing pain in your body. It sounds like a buzzing pain in your head that makes you wish you had an aspirin. You can taste the gears grinding and making the motor run, the oil and electricity shaking you, so you quit. You can see the electricity that makes your head pound and your eyes burn. You can hear the motor vibrating and it mixes you up and makes you sick.

*Mark Kreutzer*

## A Stormy Night in the Jungle

The teardropped rain splashes against the green leafy vines as the lightning strikes in the black sky.

*Ashley Brown*

## Ice Cool Punch on a Hot Day

punch on a hot day  
frozen ice clinks in your glass  
one drop cools your mouth

*Jane McIntyre*

## Popcorn

Popcorn drowning in butter  
Popcorn soaking in salt  
Popcorn sounds like crispy leaves when I step on them.

*Tiffany Jewell*

## Running Away with my Hart

Deer running over the fence  
Thump, it sounds like your  
heart running away

*Savannah Amandson*

## Fear

Sweat going  
down your face. Screaming bloody  
murder. Your face looks like a big  
red strawberry. Shaking like  
a shadow. Your eyes have  
red lightning going through  
them. You feel like a big 4ft  
chicken. You're in shock. Walking  
down a dark alley. Hear bangs  
and screams. You wish you were  
in that soft chair with stripes  
on it. But then it all happens.

*Kali Johnson*

## McGEHEE ELEMENTARY

McGEHEE, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

VISITING WRITERS: GARY ENNS & STEVE TRULOCK

### The Beach

The wind flurrying down the beach  
Kids sprinting down the coast with huge  
bright smiles and kites trailing right behind them.  
Ghost crabs scurrying across your toes  
while you rest, laying against your soft beach towel  
on the burning hot sand.  
Seagulls swooping down beside you, picking up  
crumbs of recent visitors. The good smell  
of salt water in the wind's breeze.  
Walking away with the sweet smell of the sand  
unlike any other.

*Robert Lucky*

### My Dog Chained in the Yard

It sits panting over his dog bowl  
Rough and black as a hole in the sky at night.  
The wind is howling like a wolf on a canyon.  
He greets you like a lion hunting for prey.  
He smells like a dead chicken on the side of the road.  
In one bite he would swallow you whole.  
He looks like deep black night.

*Eric Singleton*

### My Last Step

It is stuck somewhere.  
Where I do not know.  
Perhaps it's stuck in the hot  
desert sands of Mexico.  
It may be in the cold, frozen  
tundra of the arctic.  
It may not even be on the ground.  
Perhaps it is stuck  
on a cold, solid airplane.  
Or it could be nowhere,  
perhaps blown away by the powerful  
and furious wind up the Nile River in Africa.

I know nothing about you except your feel.  
You feel like a rabbit fur in Alabama.

*Josh Talley*

### On Top of a Tornado

Cows, dogs and frogs flying  
with birds. The hairs  
of a woman look like roots  
of a tree.  
Cars are sightseeing  
with the animals in the air.  
It looks like the houses are being tossed  
up in the sky and landing  
on the side door.

*S. Washington*

## I Miss the Garage

I miss the garage where the cobwebs  
hang. And where the dust  
still sits. And where the bees  
buzz through the air. Where the old pool table  
sits. And where the spider web  
is. Where I

Used to play.

I miss the garage. I miss the garage where the glass  
is broken. And where the sound of the window  
whistles.

*M. Burnett*

## On Top of the Big Yellow Moon

My toes gripping the gray sand like a spider on his web.  
The gravity pulling me like a predator on his prey.  
The stars staring at me like I'm a lost kid in a big crowd.  
The comets shooting by like race cars at top speed.  
I'm screaming for my parents like a two year old child,  
But I'm lost, lost on top of the big yellow moon.

*Morgan Schwartz*

## Love

Looks like a field of waving wheat  
that me and my mom drove by on Tillar Road  
last summer.  
Smells like a sunflower that I picked  
on my papaws farm last weekend.  
Tastes like a dove made of chocolate.  
Feels like a soft piece of grass  
that my mom watered yesterday.  
Sounds like wind blowing chimes  
that my mom put up Monday.

*Miranda*

## On Top of the World

Everybody looking at  
me, the kid on top of  
the world, the wind  
slicing me like swords,  
the rain dripping through  
my hair, cats and dogs  
howling, everybody  
shouting, Get down!  
Get down!

*Randy Cox*

**MIDLAND MIDDLE SCHOOL**  
**PLEASANT PLAINS, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: MARGO HURLEY-BAKER**  
**VISITING WRITERS: DAVID KOEN & SEAN CHAPMAN**

**Where**

The world bounces from the dim light.  
Where it lands is far from the Gods' hands.  
The Gods send an orange crow to look for  
for the black Earth.

*Brandon Lackey*

**My Brother**

My brother is like the sweet sound  
of slow songs playing.

*Angela H*

**Pocahontas**

She stands alone in a  
field with nothing but weeds.  
She ran away because of many  
fights. She stands in her own  
sorrow, she stands, thinking  
how the earth is just a  
dead place. She begins to  
sing, the weeds began to  
bloom into Blue roses, as  
she sings. She sings to help  
everything—everyone.

*Misty Allen*

**Loneliness**

I open my eyes like a rocket  
shooting into space and smelt the loneliness  
aroma blow into the room. I went down  
stairs. Like a turtle just waking up.

*Candace Allen*

**Untitled**

There is a flower it is green  
it has yellow petals and a  
walnut middle it is in a yard.  
It is near the house  
There is a boy near the flower.  
He picks the flower  
and puts it in water. The flower  
will die soon and turn a dark green,  
and fall apart.

*Clint Davidson*

**John Smith and the Indians Across  
the Woods**

Walked off his boat  
in Virginia  
He could smell the  
deer that Indians  
was cooking across  
the woods.  
He touched the ground  
and felt its pain.  
He could hear the  
music from the  
Indians across the  
woods.  
He could just taste  
the meat in the  
deer that the Indians  
were cooking across  
the woods.  
He could see all  
the pain in the  
animals like  
they were  
praying that they  
wouldn't be next  
eaten by the  
Indians across  
the woods.

*Anita Northweather*

**Gold Dust**

Flying is like a tornado  
Dropping from the moon showering  
gold dust over all the flowers.

*Charles Smallwood*

**Bubble Gum**

There once was a piece of bubble gum  
in an itty bitty crack of wood  
under a small chair made of plastic  
that is beside the brown table  
that is near the concrete floor  
that a polka dotted carrier  
that's carrying a baby girl  
which is playing with the bubble gum  
with adults all around her  
having a teacher's conference  
in an orange teacher's lounge  
in the Midland schoolhouse  
that's in a small town of pleasant plains  
in a small state of arkansas  
at the big united states  
in the huge round world  
in the endless outer space with  
space satellites everywhere.

*Haley Vinson*

**MURFREESBORO HIGH SCHOOL**  
**MURFREESBORO, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: REGINA WILSON**  
**VISITING WRITERS: JAMIE SIMPSON & MICHELLE MORTON**

**Family Life**

Are you just going to sit there doing nothing?  
Go feed the animals.  
Stop being bored.  
Go to your room.  
Are you just going to sit there doing nothing?  
Go to town.  
Hunny, just be quiet.  
Why didn't you tell me your mother's coming *today*?  
Just go to work!  
Go to school. Get up. You're late!  
Are you just going to sit there doing nothing?

*Christine Ballard*

**Timeout**

So much depends  
upon the shot taken  
with two seconds left.

*Mandy Mitchell*

**Future**

So much depends upon  
the innocent faces riding  
on the quiet bus.

*Jennifer Cox*

**Alone**

So much depends  
upon the mood I'm in  
when I'm sitting alone  
again.

*Jonathan Crews*

## Murfreesboro Tastes Like Rattler Spirit

See the rednecks in their pickups with the gun rack  
in the back window; they are going to fish  
for stripers at Lake Greeson with Ranger Bob.  
Their necks get redder when fishing by the dam.  
When they finish, they go to the Timbers  
to drink hot beer, then they cruise  
from the courthouse to the Piggly Wiggly,  
throwing coke bottles at stop signs.  
Then drive back to the courthouse,  
staring at fuzzy Christmas lights  
still strung high in Mid-July.

*Class Poem*

## The Passion of Banana!

Tonight, the moon's a rounded banana.  
A girl tastes the banana on her tongue  
and thinks of a man she hasn't touched in years.  
The banana moon murmurs overhead,  
its green light stretched over the hard,  
yellow heart of a man's remembering.

*Stew Marsh*

## Payday

So much depends upon  
the crumpled, green dollar  
bill clasped tightly  
in my sweaty palm.

*Courtney White*

## 5 Ways of Looking at My Life

1. A dark empty well with no one near enough
2. A step too far in the wrong direction
3. A marshy swamp with glimpses of light  
through to overhanging moss
4. The forest floor peppered with sunlight  
and the scent of new lilies
5. A bright green meadow with long green grass  
shining brightly in the sun

*Ashli Turner*

**NEWPORT JUNIOR HIGH**  
**NEWPORT, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: LYNDA SAMPSON**  
**VISITING WRITERS: TROY BENOWITZ & JAMES KATOWICH**

**The Organ Grinder**

The rabbit in a monkey disguise  
No one seems to notice  
The monkey does a funny little dance  
His bag of tricks always makes the children happy  
The organ grinder has a sweet tooth for chicanery  
Snakes eyes and eels gather all around  
The organ grinder has dogma ideas of his own as the crowd  
grows  
The crowd becomes large and the organ grinder is in charge  
The lights grow dim the crowd begins to grin  
The monkey comes out on a chain  
The crowd's minds give in to the organ grinder's bitter sweet  
music  
The crowd is his

**To Be God**

*Cole Kent*

To pass judgment on people every day never  
getting to rest. Having to listen to people's  
prayers, even the terrible ones. Sending people  
to the ever-burning, hateful place, and never  
letting them feel love again. Even though it's my job,  
I would rather be an angel, or maybe  
everyone has problems like mine.

**War**

There we are,  
Gripping the tightly-woven  
threads of a large,  
rough  
rope,  
people pulling at either end,  
like a tug of war that never ends,  
people falling in the mud  
between each side,  
but they never get up,  
only more and more  
people join in,  
causing the determination  
to win to get stronger,  
so there is no end.

*Jonathan Fortner*

**Frustration**

Frustration is like a robin  
trying to get a worm  
but he can't.  
It is too far down.  
So, he has to find another worm.

*Adam Montgomery*

*Andrew Breckenridge*

## Daisies with Attitudes

I am a daisy taking in  
all the sunlight I can,  
enjoying my life, before I  
am picked and put in a vase  
or jar that hurts me.  
Then I will live for a few days  
and then die. Oh, well, I am strong  
and beautiful and what  
are the chances I am one of a million  
daisies out here in this field.  
Who do these people think they are,  
picking petals off  
of us, how would they like it if we  
pulled their hair out?  
Saying instead of love me, love me not,  
does it hurt, does it hurt or not.

*Kim Howard*

## The Ice Cream Man

I'm just an ordinary ice cream man.  
No one cares what I think.  
They just care to decide chocolate,  
rocky road, or chocolate extravaganza.  
I wish there was a club, the "Ice Cream People  
Organization" (ICPO) that I could join  
to discuss my feelings with others of my own  
kind. Well, there's three advantages: I get to  
get paid, I get free time, and I love seeing  
kids. . . and 400 pound wrestlers smile! So, I  
guess my job isn't as bad as I make it sound.  
So, if you end up with a job you feel the same  
way about, take a day to list the advantages.

*Aaron Combs*

## Patience

The young woman  
as tall as a tree  
with long blond hair  
that reached her feet  
sat not worrying about  
anything. Hair turning  
gray, her skin shriveling  
up as she waited.  
Can't walk or move her arms  
now as she waits for her one  
true love.

*Earl Bolden*

## If Clowns were Evil

Underneath the colorful makeup  
and that big, red nose, straight through  
the skin, through the sockets of the eyes,  
down to the very core of the brain,  
it's not that funny, little, put a smile  
on your face clown, no,  
it is very evil kind of psycho that doesn't  
want to make you laugh it wants to make you  
suffer.

*Kyle Hatch*

## A Decent Diesel Driver

His mind is as clean as a priest's.  
His look is that of a businessman.  
Yet he enjoys his job greatly.  
His teeth are all in place.  
His hair is smooth as silk  
His glasses are in the best of shape  
Yet he enjoys his job greatly  
He travels the country with nothing  
but happiness  
He is a decent diesel driver.

*Brian Kelly*

**NORMAN JUNIOR HIGH**  
**CROSSETT, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: VICKIE KING**  
**VISITING WRITERS: PAUL BONE & TROY BENOWITZ**

**Union**

**A sunflower**

basks in the warmth of the sun  
like a ballerina standing center-stage in the spotlight.

**A dolphin**

dives into the open sea  
like a young child beginning to learn.

**A star**

hangs in the velvet blue of the midnight sky  
like a writer with a lonely thought nailed  
into his brain.

**A broken glass vase**

shatters into a million pieces  
like a first love's broken heart.

**A rainbow**

streaming through the blue sky full of color  
like a young imagination coming to life.

The sunflower, the dolphin, the star, the vase,  
and the rainbow unite and  
form me.

*Erin Carpenter*

**Untitled**

He was the sky  
a fowl in flight  
an ever-flowing brook  
an unceasing breeze  
Then came in the clouds  
When it rain, he fell  
He became the ground.  
A tree in the path  
A steel bar across the window  
An unpassable gap

*Michael Borden*

**Grand Entry**

The steady hum of up and down  
and round and round  
the ringing laughter of small children  
riding on small plaster ponies  
parents standing outside of the rail  
with video cameras rolling  
all eyes glued to the revolving images of a child's  
grand entry  
the huge whirl of fun called a carousel

*Sara R. King*

## Leave you Lying

So you think that I should care  
as I slip into my cold, black suit  
preparing for the first hit of the night.  
I stop to ponder. Man, I love this job.  
So, I've sometimes considered the epitome of evil.  
My Momma still loves me.  
It's gonna stink when I ice her next week.  
But, I will always benefit from this job.  
I basically set my own hours.  
I leave plenty of time for women  
and no IRS problems because I'm government-employed.  
Really, there are a lot of government hits,  
usually on political candidates, entertainers, and hot dog vendors.  
Tonight, it's Michael Jackson,  
the "king of pop."  
As I stand over his artificially white body,  
I will moon walk over his back.  
Scream "Who's bad?" and leave him lying.

*Jay McCormick*

## Green Grass

They say grass is greener on the other side  
but I'd have to disagree  
because both sides are green  
both sides eventually die  
the picket fence that serves as a divider  
is so very thin  
that if you aren't positive what side you want  
you are sure to fall on your face  
there is a green side  
or a side the fools say is greener  
what one do you choose?

*Sara R. King*

## Princess in the Birdhouse

1. A fluffy Persian shoots up a mighty Sequoia, searching for an end to hunger.
2. A yellow orb peeks into the window, spying a bluejay. A ray of light peeks from behind the small creature.
3. The Persian Quietly slips his hairy paw into the open window, pondering the light.  
Hoping the light came from a crack in the wall, his claws reached in and the small figure disappeared and flew through the sky.

*Summer Bearden*

**OAK GROVE ELEMENTARY**  
**PARAGOULD, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: NANCY WOOLDRIDGE**  
**VISITING WRITERS: MELANIE McDONALD & LIZ CARTER**

**I Am an Alien From Jupiter**

I am an alien from Jupiter  
I see a human being  
I taste rocks and alien bugs  
I am the only alien that eats 900,000,000,000,000  
bugs a day

*D.J. Aronson*

**I Am a Piggy Bank**

I'm a piggy bank.  
I see shelves.  
I can feel money dropping into me.  
I'm like a rock.  
I'm the only thing people can put their  
Money in and it will be there when they  
get back

*Laura Norman*

**I Am a Girl**

I am a girl.  
I see people talking.  
I can feel my paper.  
I am like a thing that can move around.  
I am the only person who has naturally curly  
hair.

*Jennifer Ellington*

**The Dog Wish**

I am a dog that stands on my head and claps.  
I see people cheering for me.  
I feel stuffed like a hot dog.  
I like a swimming pool full of bones.  
I am the only thing that has 34 spots.

*Tony Tindall*

**I've Got a Bear**

I've got a bear,  
Her name is Claire,  
She's a Liberty Bear,  
And she has white hair,  
She is dressed like the 4th of July,  
She likes to eat apple pie,  
Her dress is striped white  
and red,  
With a blue field of stars that  
are white, I think I'll sleep with  
her tonight,  
night, night

*Holly Lauren Pugh*

**Rosie**

I am a flower that eats  
people. I see people that  
comes to smell me. I feel sick  
because I ate too many people.  
I like people to eat. I am the  
only flower that eats people  
at school.

*Chelsie Caine Whitby*

**I Am a Dolphin**

I am a dolphin.  
I see seashores floating  
in the swaying ocean.

I taste the blood of  
large catfish.

I feel like the king  
of the ocean.

I hear people laughing and  
water moving faster than lightning.

I smell the salt water  
moving around.

*Teddie Easley*

**Roads**

I am a road  
I see cars every day  
I taste gas smoke from cars and burnt  
rubber  
I am the only road that is really really wide

*Kendra Bellamy*

**I Am a Goat**

I am a goat that bucks.  
I see people running from me.  
I feel like an adult not a kid.  
I like my master Esmirelda.  
I am the only goat with an earring.

*Savanna Hailey*

**I Got on My Computer**

I got on my computer. I stayed  
on it forever. I was on a search  
for blueberries, for a new food color.

*Kristen Long*

**The Doctor Who Had New Feet**

I went to the doctor who had new feet.  
He read a book about beetles  
because they were chewing on our  
shoes and then he jumped off  
a canyon.

I jumped off a canyon with my  
new feet I read a book about beetles  
because they were chewing on our  
shoes

*Samuel Winn*

## OAKBROOK ELEMENTARY

SHERWOOD, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: KAREN SPRINGER

VISITING WRITERS: ROBIN BRAUDWELL & SARAH BARR

### What is power

Jon Doe

I'm tired of being  
no one  
I want to be a sky diver  
I need a thrill  
in my life  
When I'm finished  
with sky diving  
I'll be a  
jet pilot  
I'll fly the fastest  
jets in the world.  
Finally, I'm  
someone.  
Ha ha ha ha

Taylor Engel

### Election Party in 1920

I feel rich in the Election Party  
December 17, 1920.  
I can hear Men and Women  
have an Election Party. And I was 35 years old  
in the Women's Suffrage.  
And I have my Birthday Party in the Election Program  
in December 18, 1920 and I turn 36 years old  
in the Church in 1920.

Charles Moore

First you're well. Then I can barely lift a can.  
Then I can lift a soap.  
Then I can lift a lightbulb.  
Then I can lift a book.  
Then I can lift a table.  
Then I can lift a person like my mom.  
I think that's as much power as I can get.

I feel like strange, power, strong, at small.  
Life's a hot jungle and a building  
that you packed up.

Myris Crawford

### Tigers

I am the graceful one  
look at me watch me  
run I am fast but  
sometimes I wish I was  
a bird so I can  
fly away from all  
my peer pressure.

Sharnice Webb

## How to Read a Table

Some tables are hard to read other ones are easy to read.  
I really don't know how to read a table, but let's study  
and find out. Do we have to? Yes! Why can't we fly!  
Let's fly. No. Please no we cannot fly we have to study tables.

*Kelliann Stanford*

### Smart

Smart looks like the sun  
at its brightest  
It smells like breakfast  
cooking on a weekend morning.  
Smart tastes like a  
sweet chocolate.  
Smart sounds like pencils  
whispering across a piece of paper.  
It feels like a soft blanket.

*Cassie Wood*

### My Weird Hands

My hand is the shape of Texas  
My hands play movies at night  
My fingers bark like a dog and jump  
like a kangaroo and kick  
like a 12-gauge that I go  
hunting with  
My hands punch me when I tell  
them not to  
the movies just show red, blue, and pink polkadots.

*Adam Nesloney*

### My Hand

My hand likes touching  
and reading books about  
actors  
I love my five fingers.

*Remy Wright*

## OSCEOLA HIGH SCHOOL

OSCEOLA, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: MILTON WASHINGTON

VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL CATHERWOOD & JOHN REIMRINGER

I would love to be in a star

shining bright with golden stardust  
with smooth walls of marble  
& water glistening on the walls  
with the brilliant colors of fire  
dancing on each drop.

*Amanda Spain*

### A Tornado

I sit and wait  
knowing I will appear.  
Winds begin to stir.  
Leaves, dust, and debris  
Awake from a calm sleep  
Into a fierce whirl of emotion.  
Hesitation, Anxiety.  
I see my fate of torture and disaster.  
I become a never ending downward spiral.  
I come and go  
Wherever the wind takes me.  
I have an unmortal strength  
That the supernatural takes over  
With only a breath.  
Homes, families, lives, communities  
Destroyed in my violent rage.  
I'm uncontrollable.  
The hot air, the cold air.  
I am of both that create me.  
Hours, after hours, after hours of destruction  
I go slowly, and slowly,  
Back into the air  
Back onto the ground.  
I'm just a tornado,  
That has no sound.

*Sheri Duncan*

I picture myself inside a Radio.

Inside a Radio so many gadgets to be seen.  
Big ones little ones they all come in different sizes  
I see cars and buildings & more odd things  
I see babies in strollers licking on ice cream.  
I see teachers and students and all kinds  
of weird and unusual things.  
I see ghouls, goblins, ghosts, and beasts  
I'm so scared I can't even blink.

*Latasha Logan*

### Being in a body

is something that is spectacular.  
Being in all of the different systems,  
Sliding down the spinal cord,  
Moving around in the stomach,  
Crawling around in the brain,  
And being pushed out of the heart  
with the blood.  
Is a very thrilling thing.

*Jessica Jackson*

## Sitting there on the bank of that old pond

Where the frog sings its song to the fish  
that won't bite the bait  
Where the water is as muddy as the Mississippi  
And the mud is as rusty as an old rusted car.  
Where the white flowers grow as big as clouds  
Where the sky is clear as glass and  
blue as the sea.

*Jason Ward*

## Refrigerator

Once the door closes and the light goes out  
my sense of security  
my brief period of warmth  
is over.  
So everytime that softly luminous light returns,  
I hope that it's the family's youngest.  
He lingers about the entrance  
anticipating  
which tasty morsel of food to devour.  
It is during this time that I can recover from  
the unforgiving,  
brisk  
arctic breeze of the refrigerator.

*Chris Simmons*

## Inside a Pearl

Have you ever stared at a pearl,  
tried to stare through the thick milky mist,  
tried to find the center of that thick white cloud,  
well I have been there and come back to tell,  
on the inside of that pearl it tells  
its wonderful tale,  
thick as a sheet wrapped around your head,  
Damp with a smell like fish on a midsummer morn,  
but at the center of it all a place clear as glass,  
like a breath of fresh air after jumping in a pool,  
bright as a noon sky but dark as the deepest sea,  
this is the inside of the thing called a pearl a  
sea of mist and a plate of glass on the inside of that  
pearl.

*Jonathan York*

## OUR LADY OF THE HOLY SOULS

LITTLE ROCK, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: GRETCHEN GOWAN

VISITING WRITERS: SARAH BARR, MICHAEL CARRAGHER, MICHAEL DOWNS,  
GARY ENNS, DAVID GAVIN & CAROL SICKMAN-GARNER

### Untitled

I love the pool all damp  
not dry.  
I love the sun so simple  
but high.  
I love the moon  
which comes up after noon.  
It goes to show that  
I really do know  
a thing or two about  
poetry.

*Kevin Webb*

### The Snake and the Bull

There was a snake that  
met a bull. They both  
snarled but the bull  
was very bad.  
He kicked a case at  
snake's face but  
snake threw a  
cane at bull's face  
and he fainted. He got  
up and snake offered  
him punch. He felt  
sorry, but he refused  
and he picked on  
snake. He was so  
scared, he dolted away  
and bull began to  
dance!

*Alex Wilson*

### What Would Poem Sound Like?

Poem could sound like dripping rain or a  
loud train. Poem could sound like  
a bird whistling or a baby crying.  
Poem could sound like nothing.

*Evan Hamilton*

### The Earthquake

I was in my grandparents' huge red brick  
house  
watching a horror movie  
when I felt a little vibration.  
I opened the black creaky door  
and stepped out on the little green flowered  
mat.  
I saw the black asphalt starting to crack into  
tiny pieces,  
A few of the smaller skyscrapers were falling  
down  
and bigger ones were shifting to the right a lit-  
tle.  
After awhile, everything stopped.  
Five hundred people out of the city  
got hurt.

*Ashley Wiedower*

## You Know You're at Recess in February

You know you're at recess in February  
when you smell fresh air and dirt  
flying in the wind, and you hear  
the mock mock mock of the  
mockingbirds, and you see kids  
playing tag, and you feel the  
sandpaper bark of the oak tree,  
and you taste a big licorice and  
peppermint mountain.

*Kindergarten class poem*

## Joy

Joy tastes like an icy cold popsicle  
on a hot day in the summer  
Joy feels like swimming in a cold  
lake in May. Joy sounds like  
soft loud music. Joy smells like  
a dark red rose in a garden bed  
of roses. Joy looks like you're out  
in the night time looking up at the  
stars.

*Katie Andersen*

## What Would a Storm Taste Like?

A storm would taste like bubble gum  
on a warm summer day, or a cold glass  
of ice water. A storm would taste like  
a dentist working on my teeth, or an ice cream  
cone on your front teeth.

*Elizabeth Hartzell*

## Untitled

Yellow tastes like lemons in my refrigerator  
and the peach on my head and the moral  
to my story.

*Anonymous*

## Love!

I'm at the big, bright beach that has slimy jelly  
fish sitting everywhere,  
that look like the top of white cupcakes.  
A shark, big teeth, sitting up on the shore,  
dying.  
I catch a small fish and feed it to the grey shark,  
and then I push with all my heavy strength  
the big, nice, grey shark into the ocean.  
He stays alive.

*Grace Kelley*

## New Life

A black and white dog  
who was two years old  
had six black and white puppies.  
The puppies were hungry all the time  
but the mother only fed them every  
two hours.

The puppies grew up fast  
from one pound to three  
in just a few weeks. Their squeak  
turned into a bark and when it  
was dark they frightened little  
children away.

*Will Hoofman*

## The Big Black Bear

The big black bear tore down the Harvest Food store up the street.  
He went to get a drink of water from the water well.  
He then went to Back Yard Burgers to get ten cheeseburgers.  
He was so strong he broke through a brick wall.  
On the other side was a bench with a bouncy ball on it.  
He never broke anything again, because he wanted to play with the bouncy  
ball so much.

*Michael Devine*

## The Dreams

In my dream everything is upside-down.  
My sister's dreams are filled with animals.  
Fat, furry animals, green, slimy animals,  
grey, hard animals, tall, blue animals.  
My dad dreams of green things  
toads, lizards, frogs, snakes, money,  
cars, markers, chalkboards.  
My mom dreams of far off, exotic places with  
sandy beaches, tropical food, bright pink  
fish, hard, neon yellow surfboards.  
Pretty weird, huh?

*Samantha Papa*

## School For the Dead

It's where you go in alive  
and come out as dead as the leaves of December.  
With its shattered windows  
and crumbled, sharp brick,  
it is an ideal school for the dead.  
If you go in and the teacher yells,  
"Take him away!" it's all over.

*Samantha Papa*

## What Would Blue Sound Like?

Blue would sound like baby  
blue birds perching. Like a  
little baby crying. Like snow balls  
falling on other snow. Like the  
wind going back and forth. Like the  
sea with waves going right up to  
you.

*Jess*

## Sun Flowers

I see sunflowers blowing  
in the wind on grandpa's farm.  
It makes me feel all warm inside,  
like fireworks on the 4th of July  
I have always wondered  
what they are saying to each other  
while they are blowing in the cool and breezy wind.  
On Grandpa's farm, I talk to the willows  
but my favorite thing to talk to is the sunflowers.  
My favorite wish is to become a sunflower  
out on Grandpa's farm. To  
talk with them, not have to  
have a worry in the world  
all but just to blow in the wind.  
They would be my best friends forever.

*Amanda Battisto*

## Apples in an Orchard

Ripe and Red, hang heavy from their stems.  
The lush green grass awaits their fall.

*Joe Hiryak*

## A Basketball

As I am sitting in a ball rack wondering  
when I will be used next, I hear a bell  
ring. And the crushing of footsteps like a stampede  
of elephants. And then being picked up by  
small hands. So sweaty and moist. Like  
wet mud. And then vibrations like an  
earthquake. Then being dropped and then bouncing  
and then being pushed down again. And then  
being thrown up in the air. I am flying  
like a bird and the dropping swish.  
I go right through the net. Then falling  
again and then slam into the ground.  
And back in the sweaty squishy hand.  
Like a wet couch cushion in the sun.

*Nathan Smith*

## Campfire

The low crackle of the fire,  
into the cold, black night  
wraps warm arms around us all.

*Alex Jones*

## Untitled

Snow falling on the mountain,  
silent, soft, and cold,  
The feathers blanket the hard stone.

*Rachel Kuperman*

## Time

I look up from my work to the  
black and off-white clock and think:  
Why? How does it move? It's hand  
grasps numbers like grasping  
someone without pain. Slow,  
fast, and always going like  
words in your head, steady as  
a heart, tick-tock, tick-tock.

*Andrea Smith*

## Untitled

Its dark surface rolls gently against the shore  
gleaming silver in the moonlight  
The salt scent flows in the night breeze.

*Tim Tellez*

## Rain

Walking through the rain feels like  
little drips of ice cream falling on my head.  
When I hear the rain it sounds like  
finger tapping on the awning.  
When I taste the rain  
it tastes like apple juice that has no flavor.

*Helen*

## The Creek

It flows long and fast  
clear as gin and smooth as silk  
It flows on always.

*Robert Hines*

## Waves

The waves leap upon the sand,  
as if they were alive.  
They grip it but can't hold on.  
The waves fall back and try again.

*Kaitlin Peckham*

## What Would Writing Sound Like?

When writing is  
done do you know what  
it sounds like? It sounds  
like music playing from  
a violin or the word  
feels like a cat's "meow"  
under my fingers and also  
the pencil. Its black tip  
sounds like water in a  
creek.

*Annamarie Nelson*

### American Flag

A breeze blows gently  
and picks up the red, white and blue,  
And we think of our country  
and think of it proudly too.  
But then we turn on the TV  
and see the talk shows,  
quite trashy,  
And we think our country's not that great,  
So I'd like to say,  
Thanks a lot, Ricki Lake.

*Jennie May*

### The Fall in the Woods

Water trickles over the edge  
splashes on rocks, dark with moss.  
Filling the pool below.

*Patrick Couch*

### Untitled

The tree clings to the wet dirt  
its roots digging deeply into the earth  
like an infant clinging to its mother.

*Anisa Baldwin-Metzger*

### Foggy Haze

The fog of the dawns wakening  
prolonging the sun's slumber  
Once awakened the sun will reign

The peaceful duck  
Gracefully landing on the water  
Causing a complete revolution.

*Wes Mickel*

**PRAIRIE GROVE HIGH SCHOOL**  
**PRAIRIE GROVE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: DEBORAH ENDRIS**  
**VISITING WRITERS: MELANIE McDONALD & MICHAEL CARRAGHER**

**A Moment**

I tried to look away, but his gaze  
held me. The glare he directed at me  
told of twisted thoughts  
and bad intentions. I stood there  
staring into his thoughts  
that seemed dark as a vampire's den.  
Then I felt my arm being grabbed  
and my father was pulling  
me across the street and away  
from the scary man. I heard my father whisper  
as we walked away, "Don't worry, he can't get to you."  
Dad didn't understand;  
the man had already gotten to me.

*Casey Farrell*

**The New House**

My eyes were fixed  
upon the grimy, dirt-covered stucco  
as I surveyed it from bottom to top,  
top to bottom. "This can't be it,"  
I thought to myself.  
The windows were black with dust,  
and the paint on the sides was hardly visible  
for the vines had had four long years  
to crawl as high and as thick as possible.  
Speechless, I turned to my mom,  
standing there beside me.  
"It'll be okay," she said.  
"We just have a lot of fixing up to do."

*Tracy Pershall*

**Escape Into A Cloud**

My feet entered  
the puffy bean-bag cloud.  
With merely  
a pull of a zipper  
a new place lay open  
for me to visit.  
Inside, my feet  
encountered a coolness,  
and the sudden lightness  
of millions and millions  
of Styrofoam droplets.  
It felt like icy peppermint.  
My toes curled,  
allowing the droplets  
to fill the cavities  
and crevices between my toes.  
Such a joy it was,  
swimming in water  
that was not wet.

*Anonymous*

## At Work the Other Day

At work the other day I had to drain  
the rear end on a 92 Nissan XE V6 Extended Cab four wheel drive truck  
and the rear end stunk worse than a monkey fart in a whirlwind.

*Sam Wagnon*

## Untitled

Last night, I was walking down the street with my best friend, Tamra.  
We were minding our own business, talking about our past experiences  
with boys, trying to figure out what exactly our problems were.  
Suddenly, this man jumped in front of us, dressed in black,  
and started hopping around like a rabbit  
with a hot potato in his hands. He stopped  
after going around us and started barking at us.  
As soon as it began it ended, and the man disappeared  
behind the bush. Tamra and I looked at each other.  
We laughed, but it didn't last.

*Lori Frost*

## Glad Tidings

Christmas Day. The silver tree shone bright  
with lights of red, green, and blue.  
The smell of fruitcake filled the air. Silverware clanged  
as voices rose higher with joyous expressions.  
Men talked about the winning teams,  
while cousins, who only see each other once a year,  
played hide-and-seek behind couches  
that had seen the changing of generations.  
Mothers, aunts, and grandmothers  
were in silent competition for who had the best dessert  
like they did every year. Presents aligned the tree  
with paper that we had seen many years before.  
I reached for my foil wrapped package  
and tugged at the red bow. I realized I had slipped  
into the seasons of my childhood.

*Amanda Hart*

## REED ELEMENTARY NORTH

DUMAS, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: SHARRON HOCKING

VISITING WRITERS: JAMIE SIMPSON & MARIA STAFFORD

DAVID KOEN & BRAD SUMMERHILL

### Welcome to Dumas

Catfish Kitchen on the  
right

Beckons to me from the  
highway with its neon  
fish

And I want to swim in  
through the glass door

Sit down at the a table  
and eat all I want  
of crunchy hushpuppies,  
flaky fried  
fish, oozing cherry  
cobbler.

Now I'm full as a  
sinking ship, the  
catfish is anchoring  
me to my chair.

*Class Poem from Mrs. Hocking's 5th grade*

### Well Shiver Me Timbers

Pirates

Coming from everywhere  
Singing church songs  
They are planting flowers  
They are supposed to be bad guys  
So be careful.

*Terry Ward*

### Recipe for Love

Put in call at 1-800-555-Love Dr. King  
Put in two hearts  
Put in two lovers  
Put butter in pan  
Stir  
Roast for five hours  
Serve to two friends.

*Kenton King*

### Recipe for Anger

Have laundry  
Add mean sisters  
Put in a messy room  
Throw in a really bad day  
Mix it together and get a  
horrible life.

*Meggan Lenderman*

### Fly

I believed I can fly  
If I could help myself.  
I can fly. I can fly. I believed  
I can touch the sky. If I could help  
myself.

*Denise Brown*

### Fear

A cyclops  
a dark place under the big  
boards that creak in the night  
That thing looking through your  
window  
That shadow of a hound  
That thing down the hall that keeps  
looking at you, he's big and hairy  
and mighty scary.

*Anthony Block*

### Siberian Tiger

Unaware of any dangers  
I stalk the night  
Only the pale moon glistening  
bright as my light.  
The teasing taste of a tapir  
is nearby.  
People take me in fright  
especially at night,  
But at the age of three beware  
My weight can be more  
than you think 'cause  
I'm not sweet as a  
cake for a pounce adds  
another ounce.

*Jacklyn Bottoms*

### Wolf

Scaring, frightening, Gray  
A great big wolf approaches  
Scaring us all.

*Sha Nae Holley*

## An Arkansas River Tributary Boat Ride

Here we are, Joey, Johnny, Misty, me  
Rocking slowly back and forth.

Scary like a river full of yellow-eyed gators,  
Waves splashing at the side of the boat.

Ribbon, grass and garter snakes hang in trees like  
vines,  
Screaming loudly from torture.

Crickets and blue jays chirping,  
Going back on the bank. Thank you.

*Ashly Harrison*

## Cadillac in Westview!

As I ride through Westview  
in my candy apple red  
Cadillac Deville with a white ragtop  
with gold daytons.  
The side of Westview on  
Palmetto Dr. there is a burned  
down house that has not been  
repaired with a blue burned up  
Monte Carlo and up the  
street there are some apartments  
with words behind them also behind  
them is a ditch with old bikes,  
clothes, garbage everywhere. Then  
I turn around in the Cadillac  
Deville candy apple red  
with a white ragtop  
and my gold dayton,  
I went home.

*Anonymous*

## Peanut Butter

Peanut butter to me is different from the way  
other people think about it.  
I look down as I see my butter knife dip  
down in the cup of peanut butter, wondering  
what the knife sees as it slithers down deeper into the  
peanut smelling jar. I wonder what it thinks.  
I wonder what it wishes for. I wonder if it would  
rather have a jar of jelly. I wonder if it communicates  
with the other knives, dishes, spoons and forks. Well,  
I guess it's like how many licks does it take  
to get to the tootsie in a sucker.

*Quincy Jones*

## Butterflies

There was a small cocoon, inside it was a beautiful monarch butterfly. The cocoon was held in a net. There was a young thin boy holding the net with his hands tightly gripped around it. The boy was sitting in a large black chair. Under the chair was the furry carpet of the log house the boy was in. Outside the house were young children. Their noses pressed against the window, staring at the small cocoon holding a beautiful monarch butterfly.

*Raulita Mercedes Pike*

## Bill Clinton Won't Clean His Room

Bill Clinton has just announced  
he won't clean his room, nor will his  
servants. They say there's  
pizza on the floor  
yogurt on the ceiling  
clothes all over the floor  
and snakes in his bed. It's outrageous.  
His room is worse than  
all the animals at the zoo being  
put in the same cage.

*Anonymous*

## Doll House

Big colorful glowy frame of wood.  
Light comes on at night.  
See dolls running around perfectly.  
Barbecue smells just flows through the night.  
Flower colored furniture—pink, yellow, orange  
Blue, red, white and purple.  
Stairway leads to the rooms.  
Back porch door opens automatically.  
Black, White and Hispanic dolls cook dinner.  
Glass, shiny windows.

*Erika Gug*

**SAINT THERESA'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL**  
**LITTLE ROCK, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JANINE STERN**  
**VISITING WRITERS: JAMIE SIMPSON & MICHELLE MORTON**

**My House After the Tornado**

The signpost blew away, but you'll know it's my house  
(it's the street with all the trees knocked down).  
The roof is slowly caving in.  
The trees are falling down all around it  
like beggars.  
The Red Cross van drives in and out every  
once in a while.  
There are skirts and shoes everywhere.  
Watch your step, for a front door is laying in the yard.  
The painters are at the house next door.  
The dog pen is smashed and the swingset is  
twisted around.  
I left my old stuffed animals; if you see them  
please get them out.  
We left the couch; if you find it, don't sit in it (it is covered with glass).

*Amber Hood*

**Fear**

Fear is the stranger  
that knocks on your door  
when your parents  
aren't home

*Matthew Smith*

**Shadows**

A Shadow smells like a dusty, old attic  
A shadow looks like an empty bottle waiting to be filled  
A shadow feels cold like freezing water  
A shadow sounds like wind blowing through trees with no leaves  
A shadow tastes like dried cereal because it has no taste

*Tiffany Price*

## Dandelion with Dreams

My color's looking bright today  
for I have just bloomed.  
I see the others waving  
through the air, the smell  
of a warm ocean breeze-

For I'm special .  
I'm going to be picked today -  
The warmness I feel,  
the day is getting low,  
like a lolly pop that has been licked.  
For tomorrow's the day  
I will touch the soil one last time,  
for I *will* be picked.

*Katti Laster*

## Celebrity

I see green and red spots pulsing in my eyes  
from flashes of all the cameras

I smell the grainy, gluey smell  
of all the fan mail I receive everyday

I taste the sweet essence of well prepared  
food in my favorite French restaurant.

I feel the cool, swaying texture of my expensive,  
silky garments which I am clothed in

I hear rumors and tidbits of my personal life  
being whispered in magazines and tabloid shows -

This angers me - I want to grit my teeth in frustration  
and have the gossips mouth wired shut.

What right is theirs that they may know my personal life?

Have they no respect for others?

I see people wanting me to autograph anything they have handy -  
napkins, bags, even T-shirts.

Sometimes I also feel intimidated,

for this pedestal I have been set up on is excruciatingly high,  
and I fear that, in the commotion of my life, I may be knocked off -  
and the ground is much harder than my own comforting pillows.

*Rachel Dedman*

## Star

I watch the lonely sea sway back and forth  
embedded in the blanket of nighttime sky.  
I chase the moon that chases the sun-  
trying to keep up is so hard.  
The luminous moon gets all the attention,  
for I am but a small star without much glow.  
I watch and wait for someone I see to look back  
and wish on me.

*Jasmine Greer*

## There's an Eyeball Up There

Where it came from  
I don't know where.  
But it's watching  
over us  
from 30 million light years away.  
It even blinks from time  
to time.  
But all I know  
is that  
an eyeball is up there.  
An eyeball is up there.  
A giant eyeball is up there.

*Jeffery Teague*

## SCOTT ELEMENTARY

SCOTT, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: ASHLEY LANNING

VISITING WRITERS: MICHAEL CARRAGHER & LIZ CARTER

### I Am A Pencil

I am a pencil, a very busy pencil. I get shorter and shorter. I see many faces of happy people.

I hear talking, laughing and giggling. Then I hear footsteps.

I start to grow shorter and shorter, and grow another point.

I feel the cold desk when I'm laid down. I roll off the desk and hit the hard floor. I'm stepped on—it hurts.

Back to the sharpener. Still I grow shorter and shorter and grow another point.

I taste the bitter paper and red and blue ink.

I smell perfume, soap, a stink. I smell minty and bad breath—chewing gum too.

I go back to the sharpener and get  
smaller and smaller. I break

my lead. I get shorter  
and shorter. Poof!

I'm gone. There's  
no more  
me!

Ashley Jones

### Go Elvis

Open up the barn yard,

Kick out the hay.

We are the girls of the U.S.A.

Turn on the radio,

Who do you hear?

Elvis Presley singing a cheer.

Whitnei Bradshaw

## The Leopard

The leopard sees the world as  
a footstool which it stands on;  
the trees as  
beds which it sleeps on;  
the tall grass as  
battlefields which it hunts in;  
its claws as  
knives which can pierce the strongest soul;  
the wild boar as  
a fierce and fatal enemy.

*Natasha Edwards*

## This is Just to Say

I have eaten the caramel apples  
You made yesterday and which you  
Intended for the children to eat.

Forgive me, they were sticky  
crunchy, sweet.

*Nicholle Hanna*

## The Burning Sun

So much depends upon  
the burning sun  
giving light to  
the blue and green earth  
beside the  
yellow moon.

*Philip Garcia*

## So Much Depends On

A grey mouse  
gnawing ropes to free  
a helpless lion  
as quickly as can be.

*Tracy*

## SHERIDAN JUNIOR HIGH

SHERIDAN, AR

FACULTY CONTACT: LYNN HARRISON

VISITING WRITERS: GARY ENNS & PAUL BONE

### Untitled

Happiness jumps  
yet falls;  
Moves like wind  
blowing Fall leaves.  
Turning and churning  
around.  
Happiness falls into deep black  
pits and has to  
climb back out  
with fast rushing water pushing  
it back down.  
Runs without thought  
to far away places.  
Leaps into the peaceful flow  
of air and hits the hard  
ground again.  
Like flowers in Spring bright  
and beautiful that turn  
to a dreadful brown in  
the cool crisp Winter air,  
yet always returning  
again,  
like water blue and  
bright so lovely and  
nice,  
like a spring bouncing  
up.  
But everything high  
must have to come back.

*Amy Witherow*

### Untitled

Mississippi has a river  
The river has fish  
The fish has gills  
Trees has limbs  
Limbs has wood  
Wood has termites  
Termites has guts

The shell has a turtle  
The turtle has eyes  
The eyes has irises

Mississippi has a river

*Jacob Luzader*

### Untitled

The knowledge folds  
Yet unfolds:  
Walks like a centipede walks.  
Sweats from the hard achievements.  
Thinking, continuously thinking.  
Working harder than a construction worker working.  
Swinging to brain to paper swinging.  
Doing subject to subject, homework to homework.  
Knowledge is a source, the way people use it.

Every day people carry knowledge with them.  
It moves with people from place to place.  
Like a kangaroo taking its baby place to place.  
Knowledge is something everybody has.

*Brad Bates*

Huh?

On ordinary's weirdest day,  
The cat falls and lands on its butt,  
Jessica's hair ain't frizzy and Lindsey's is nuts.  
Elsewhere people are drawing in Literature class  
And writing haiku in art.  
Even a computer will play a Beatle's song  
While rivets pop loose at construction sites  
And a brick falls from the school wall  
Smacking Kent in the head and sprawling him on the ground  
Like a cartoon character hit with a mallet.  
You go to someone's house who thinks he's a teapot and leave,  
Come back and he thinks he's a calculator.  
Cops are speeding and birds are barking  
Batman is stealing and Joker is being heroic,  
All on ordinary's weirdest day.

*Kalon Nolley*

### Love, Old Shoes, and Gym Socks

Love is like old shoes,  
they are smelly and raggedy,  
but after you become attached  
it is hard to throw them away.  
It is also like old gym socks,  
you want to throw them away,  
but you can't find any more  
like them.

*Lee Hall*

### Thinking About

We live in the future, but stay in the past,  
Like an old man crying out for his lost one,  
Like a dog sitting, thinking of a bone he could have had,  
Like a father looking at his hook after the fish comes loose.

A friend lost his homework last week and can't forget,  
Lots of people leave their children at home and wander  
about,  
A man hit a dog and didn't go back,  
People laugh at a weird guy and regret,  
And a mother didn't love her pet and felt bad.  
A person is happy and remembers being sad,  
Like a child and his lost friend,  
Or an alcoholic drinking again.

*Ian Cox*

**SPRINGDALE HIGH SCHOOL**  
**SPRINGDALE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: PAUL CLARK**  
**VISITING WRITERS: SEAN CHAPMAN & JAMES KATOWICH**

**Death is White**

I am stuck here. Dangling. Waiting. Sick.  
I see the doctor's eyes. I try to follow  
Them, but he is looking right through me.  
In his mind, I am already gone. He speaks,  
But I can't hear him. What he says is  
Not important. Nothing is important, that's  
True peace. In the hallway, I hear nurses  
Laughing and telling jokes. Suddenly, one  
Appears at the door. More medication.  
Why? I have a shot for you, she says.  
I thought I was immune to the pain, numbness  
Had surely filled my body by now. It still hurt  
When the needle came crashing  
Through my skin. The nurse then fills a  
Cup with pills. They taste like hopelessness.  
I'm tired of hopelessness. The janitor  
Is mopping the floor now. Renewing the  
Smell of disinfectant. The smell of  
Pale, white death. I look at him, he  
Ignores me. There is nothing left for me to  
Do but leave. This is the only choice I have  
Now. I see light in this dark room for the  
First time in months. I'm gone

*Cara Whaley*

**Happiness**

Sitting in a comfortable chair  
I gaze out the window  
To see a sunny summer day  
The stereo in the corner plays my favorite song  
As a woman enters wearing my favorite perfume  
I gaze out the window  
And see a fallen ice-cream cone melting on the  
sidewalk

*Jennifer Bolner*

## Man Wakes Up from 7-Year-Coma Speaking Fluent Italian

When asked how he replied:  
"I can remember it well  
It was like a dream  
or maybe a trance.  
I couldn't see anything  
no lights no color only  
darkness.  
I felt strange  
I knew it was real  
I could hear  
doctors and nurses and  
family on occasion.  
One voice was much louder  
than the rest.  
She would sneak in every night  
I knew it was night because  
all was still  
She would speak  
and translate every word.  
She kept insisting that I get it right.  
I had no way to tell her to stop.  
She just kept on and on  
talking and talking.  
What choice did I have?  
After all seven years is a long time."

*Stephanie L. Sanderson*

### Loneliness

Loneliness sounds  
like the howling  
wind through an empty house.  
It feels like  
the chill of the wind  
on a cold day.  
It smells like food to a starving person  
who cannot eat.  
It looks like a room full of people  
with one standing alone.

*Stephanie L. Sanderson*

### Love

All around me,  
I hear the innocent laughs of children,  
I feel an endlessly pleasing shock  
Pulsating through my body,  
And fire flowing through my veins,  
I smell sweet and refreshing smell  
Of dew on honeysuckle in the morning,  
I eat, sleep, and breathe  
Your soft, delicious kiss,  
And I see our hungry, bodies  
Pressed together.  
I am in love.

*Christa Ferguson*

### M

Fire never seemed so hot until he came  
a dormant volcano  
that we always knew would erupt  
but just never knew when.

*Lance Herring*

**THURMAN G. SMITH ELEMENTARY**  
**SPRINGDALE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: PATTY HAYS**  
**VISITING WRITERS: CAROLYN JENSEN & MARIA STAFFORD**

**The Dove**

Flying through the air the wind  
softly blowing her feathers  
the taste of sunsweet berries  
stopping only to eat and sleep.  
The ground was wet with dew  
yet the bird flew  
in rain, snow, and sleet  
and never knowing what's around  
the next corner. Flying through—

(Bird): —Okay, okay, already. That's enough  
flying. I'm tired.

*Samantha Johnson*

**Hands**

These hands aren't city hands.  
They haven't touched many small flowers.  
They don't die.

**My Mailman Dad**

My dad is a mailman. He's been a  
mailman for seventeen years. He hears a lot of dogs  
barking and a lot of pepper spray. He  
smells a lot of dogs' breath. My dad feels  
a lot of dogs biting on his hands and on  
his legs. Every morning my dad reloads  
his pepper spray. Every night he comes  
home and shoots me with rubber bands.

*Chirs Adams*

**If Desks Were Brownies**

If desks were brownies  
we wouldn't have desks  
and we wouldn't  
have to buy or bring  
our lunch  
because we could eat  
our desks  
smothered in chocolate syrup.

*Jessica Wilson*

**My Last  
Birthday**

Greedy  
body just  
waiting to  
lunge forward  
like a muscular  
wolf with  
beautiful  
music in  
his ears.

*Neal Phillips*

## Dog Dog

Dog Dog why must  
you bark at thee with  
such power with your  
voice your bark like  
fire your eyes like the  
wind you give so much  
power but yet little  
notice at all the  
way you act you  
must have been mistreated  
You are frightened by  
the way you have  
been treated you  
drink and eat so much  
It seems you should  
be two times your size  
You should be noticed  
the way you are not  
the way you should be

*Christine*

*Stephanie L. Sanderson*

## Fossils

Older than  
books,  
than scrolls,

Older  
than the first  
tales told

Or the  
first words  
spoken

are the stories

in the forests that  
turned to  
stone

in ice walls  
that trapped the  
mammoth.

*Josh Yeager*

## The Most Exciting Day of My Life

The wrinkled Pacific Ocean  
Looked blue and shiny clear  
But when we went for a swim  
I knew the dragon would erupt again  
The old and frolicking dragon  
Looked at me in the eye  
And when I screamed for help  
I knew I was cooked human on rye.

*Nevada Jones*

*Stephanie L. Sanderson*

**WALNUT RIDGE MIDDLE SCHOOL**  
**WALNUT RIDGE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: EDITH ELLIS**  
**VISITING WRITERS: ROBIN BRAUDWELL & MELANIE McDONALD**

**Untitled**

A demented, apathetic, anti-Canadian  
sperm whale with a desire to rule  
the world under the name  
"The Great Moose."

*Jeff Clements*

**Untitled**

My hands are large like a tiger's paw.  
I use my fierce hands to attack any evil.  
I use my hands to climb a tree  
because that tiger is chasing me.

*Samantha Collins*

**Hands**

These hands aren't city hands.  
They haven't touched many small flowers.  
They don't die.  
They aren't large but these white hands  
help me walk and ride.  
I've used them all my life

*Houston Hart*

**Why Wait?**

People don't think disasters  
will strike in their parties  
so they plan 2000  
all around the world.

Then disaster strikes  
wolves gather waiting  
to attend the extended  
party hours.

One of the wolves  
says, "Why wait?"

*Erica Davidson*

## Little Red Riding Hood

I always get sick and tired of my mom saying  
go take this to grandma and come straight home.  
And that stupid wolf.  
I mean if he locked  
my grandma in a closet  
I would tell the lumberjack to hold on  
and I would give him some words of my own.  
Then I would go home and brag about it.

*Josh Mosher*

## A Day in the Life of a Jew

I awake in the morning,  
yet I still live in the dark.  
The sounds of guns  
and people screaming  
take the place of the chirping birds.  
I have a yellow star upon my clothes  
which helps the soldiers know my identity.  
According to the soldiers, I am an inferior human  
being.  
My parents and I have been separated,  
and brother gunned down in front of me.  
And why must this happen?  
Because of what I believe in?

*Heather Prater*

## Cinderella

So I am a great fairy tale heroine.  
Big deal.  
Those tight glass slippers make me get corns.  
Mice are chasing me around all the time  
trying to get food.  
The prince is always gone  
and when he is here he is a slob.  
My stupid stepsisters are always wanting  
money and they are really annoying.  
All I do all day is sit in this drafty old  
castle waiting for "Prince Charming"  
to come home. I would rather  
start my own cleaning service.  
Then at least I would have something to do.

*Melissa Rash*

**WARREN JUNIOR HIGH**  
**WARREN, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: GLENETTA BURKS**  
**VISITING WRITERS: ROBIN BRAUDWELL & DAVID KOEN**

**I am sad about the world**

I am sad about the world.  
I am sad about my mom cooking chitterlings almost every night.  
I am sad about violence in the streets.  
I am sad about that I don't have a license.  
I am sad that I can only bench press 110 pounds.  
I am sad because when I get home from school today I have to wash dishes, rakes  
leaves out of the front yard, and mow the yard.  
I am sad because I'm sad but I want to be happy.

*Tony*

**Frog's Fortune**

Your traits, frog, are you love flowers,  
and you sing like a soft wind chime.  
You like elephants, mostly pink ones that fly.  
Your fortune, frog, is to be aware of passing flies,  
for they may not be what they seem.  
You will date a young frog named Francis,  
but she will be used for a man's dinner instead.

*Tracie Montgomery*

**Giraffe Ears**

You like to eat giraffe ears.  
Your favorite color is puke-green.  
You are in love with a giraffe from whom you ate its ear.  
You will eat giraffe ears all your life.  
Your wife will divorce you because you ate her father's ear.  
You will grow old and eat one too many giraffe ears.

*Tyler West*

## Fat Albert Strikes Again

Fat Albert eats everything in sight.  
He blew up two green cars by rolling over them.  
Cold, icy Pluto came down as he sucked in air.

*Constance H.*

## Slimy Snakes on Four Wheelers!

Little Rock smells like the shots out of a really cool gun.  
Little Rock sounds like an eight ball talking on the phone.  
Little Rock looks like a small earthworm.  
Little Rock feels like slimy snakes on four wheelers.  
Little Rock tastes like an alarm clock going off in the morning.

*Erica Reynolds*

## Fear

A severed skull does the macarena.  
Three alligators walk through a room with skirts.  
Chocolate-covered grasshoppers slide down your throat.  
A thousand cats grip a chalkboard.  
Santa Claus steps on a porcupine.

*Ramona Smith's 2nd period class*

## Sun shines

Sun shines like a monkey's yellow teeth.  
Sun smells like two old women's wigs.  
Sun tastes like a yellow chocolate-covered horse shoe.  
Touching the sun can change your hand into a wrinkled-up beard.

*Amanda*

**WILLIAMS MAGNET SCHOOL**  
**LITTLE ROCK, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: ANNE WASHINGTON**  
**VISITING WRITERS: JAMIE SIMPSON & JIM COLBERT**

**Dancer**

Dancer tastes like jumping  
and jumping tastes like height.  
I smell fame  
and famous smells like future.  
I touch the sky as I leap  
and sometimes dance in my sleep.  
I see autographs from people  
and hear hands  
of applause.  
I don't think of what I do,  
but I know what I feel.

*Caffhanie Calloway*

**Math**

Math smells like sweaty palms  
turning red, purple and blue.  
Math looks like little symbols  
going together to make a problem.  
Math feels like blisters on my hands  
like a whooped tomato  
slam-bam!  
Math sounds like TV's worst enemy,  
for I work on it every day of the week.  
But, even though I hate the sound  
of facts and clues going down,  
I know that math is very important.  
It makes almost everything up.

*Sean Porter*

**Fog Taste**

Fog is like marshmallow,  
like milk or even some  
good old cotton candy.  
Swish swish as cotton  
candy goes around.  
Swish as fog hits your face.  
Krackle pop pop as the marshmallow  
melts like metal by the sun.  
Gulp gulp as you make the milk  
go down as smooth as pancake mix  
on the pan.

*Quincy Bradley*

## Motorcycle

I am a motorized bike;  
All you trikes take a hike.  
I smell like diesel number one,  
And all I think about is having fun.  
I have headlights for my eyes,  
And my horn is in disguise.  
My skin is made of leather and pipes,  
And did I mention my master's Wesley  
Snipes?  
So when you look at your old ten speed,  
Remember me, and always take heed  
Of the wild thang on the street  
With handlebars for hands  
And wheels for feet!  
Vhroom!! Vhroom!!

*Sean Porter*

## To Be a Piano is Me

To be a piano is what I want.  
To be touched and played  
on the soft keys  
by a professional,  
and that is not all.  
To taste the salty but silky hands  
of an old man,  
and to be cooled by the fan.  
I see the piano player-  
even the mayor  
would love the player.  
I smell the beautiful sounding keys  
he plays to make my day.  
I can hear the sound of fear  
in the way the man plays.

*Brittaney Thomas*

## Science

Science tastes like  
smelly socks all  
green and yucky.  
Science smells like  
a nursing home  
all stinky.  
Science looks like  
tiny cells everywhere.  
Science feels like  
a heart beating  
in my body.

*Kari Caruthers*

**WYNNE JUNIOR HIGH**  
**WYNNE, AR**  
**FACULTY CONTACT: JOYCE GREGSON**  
**VISITING WRITERS: BETH ANN FENNELLY & TOM FRANKLIN**

### The Third Eye

The eye on top of my forehead can see  
the birds building their nests down South.  
My other two eyes can only see them fly by.  
The eye on top of my forehead sees me growing  
day by day. My other two eyes only see  
the growth chart on my bedroom door.  
The eye on top of my forehead can see  
the seasons change. My other two eyes  
can only see the calendar now flipped  
to March but once reading "February."

*Simeon Snow*

### How to Talk to a Butterfly

Whisper.  
Butterflies are very shy.  
Let it rest on your finger.  
It needs somewhere to perch.  
Be gentle.  
If you don't it will fly away.  
You might even rub some powder off its wings.  
Listen.  
It might want to talk back.

*Princella Smith*

### Babe Ruth

Everyone thought I just loved baseball  
but I really hate  
it more than anything. I love  
the ballet, I love to watch and listen  
to the classical music. I really hate  
"Take Me Out to the Ball Game,"  
it gets old after a little while,  
but I have to go through with it  
each and every day, same old stuff,  
play the game, get up to bat,  
knock one or two or three over the fence  
and call it a game. Baseball  
really is sorry. After, I pirouette  
right off the field.

*Tripp Clark*

## Paul Bunyan's List of Never-Coulds

When I was a baby  
I couldn't play house  
With the other kids  
Because I was too big.

When I was a toddler  
I couldn't walk  
Without shaking  
The ground around me.

When I was a schoolboy  
I had separate lessons  
Because I couldn't quite fit  
Into the small schoolhouse.

When I was a teen  
Me and my pet ox  
Roamed the earth together  
Because I was too big to play ball.

When I was an adult  
I couldn't work at McDonald's  
Or find a mate  
Because everyone else was so small.

My life hasn't been fun  
Like people think it has  
Because I felt like a whale  
In a tiny aquarium.

If I ever could've switched  
Places with someone else my age  
I would have been there in a flash  
Without looking back.

So, if you think it would be great  
To be me, try talking to trees.  
Or living your life with your head  
In the clouds, just try to imagine that.

So maybe I am the tallest  
The strongest of them all  
But life gets to be lonely  
Without friends, just an ox.

*Tia Merrell*

## Talking to a Dandelion

To talk to a dandelion  
forget the English books, they don't work.  
Forget the pictures, I've tried them.  
It's like trying to negotiate with ants.  
Just stroll down the street  
fall to your knees  
ignore the grass stain warnings.  
The little yellow flowers like to talk,  
the fuzzy grey ones like to listen.  
Try rubbing together two 5-leaf clovers.  
They're Harvard-educated translators.  
You can flatter the yellow ones,  
the grey know you're using  
sales pitches and slogans.  
When the yellow are wilting  
the fuzzy grey ones are genuinely interested.  
By the time you've had a good chat  
Mom's calling  
and your white jeans are green  
but you leave knowing more  
than you ever imagined  
about the "Dandelion Conservation Society."

*Crystal Botsford*

## 1996-1997 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS VISITING WRITERS

**Sarah Barr** is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas and a translator of German literature.

**Troy Benowitz** has published poetry in *The Oakland Review* and *The Northwest Arkansas Times*.

**Paul Bone** has published poems in *Grassroots* and *The Cream City Review*. He is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas.

**Robin Braudwell** was a runner-up for the University of Arkansas' Lily Peter Fellowship for Fiction. She received an honorable mention for the Associated Writing Program's Intro Award in fiction, and she was nominated for the 1997 Henfield / Transatlantic Review Prize.

**Michael Carragher** has published the book *A World Full of Places and Other Stories*, won a University of Arkansas Lily Peter Fellowship for Fiction, and published in numerous magazines.

**Liz Carter** is a graduate teaching assistant for the University of Arkansas' Department of English, and she has fiction forthcoming in *New Delta Review*.

**Michael Catherwood** has published poetry in *Pittsburgh Quarterly*, *Laurel Review* and *Agni*.

**Sean Chapman** has published poems in *The Laurel Review*, *Aethlon: The Journal of Sport Literature*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Zone 3*, and elsewhere. He is the incoming co-director for Arkansas Writers in the Schools.

**James Colbert** has published four novels, one book of non-fiction, eleven graphic novels, thirty articles and reviews and a poem. His work appears in seven languages and forty-three countries. He will teach graduate and undergraduate fiction workshop in the fall at the University of New Mexico.

**Michael Downs**, co-director of the Writers in the Schools program, is formerly an award-winning reporter with *The Arizona Daily Star* and *The Hartford Courant*. Currently he is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas.

**Gary Enns'** short story "What Was In Me" will appear in the Spring 1997 edition of *Crazy Horse*. He is a winner of the University of Arkansas' 1997 Lily Peter Award for Fiction.

**Beth Ann Fennelly** has published poems in *The Carolina Quarterly*, *The Michigan Quarterly*, *The American Scholar*, and *Best American Poetry 1996*. She is a winner of the University of Arkansas' 1997 Lily Peter Award for Poetry.

**Tom Franklin** has published fiction in *The Chattahoochee Review*, *The Nebraska Review*, *Negative Capability*, and *Fourteen Hills*.

**David Gavin** completed his Master of Fine Arts degree in fiction at the University of Arkansas in 1995.

**Robert Griffith** is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas.

**Otis Haschemeyer** was a nominee for the Henfield / Transatlantic Review Prize and taught at the Buxton School in Williamstown, Massachusetts.

**Carolyn Jensen** has published fiction in *Mars Hill Review*. She is a winner of the University of Arkansas' Lily Peter Fellowship for Fiction, the Charles Finger Award for Fiction, the Kenneth Patchen Award for Poetry, and the Heartland Short Fiction Prize.

**James Katowich** is a two-time recipient of the University of Arkansas' Baucum Fulkerson Award for Fiction, most recently in 1997.

**Peter Kessler** is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas.

**Cindy King** has published poetry in *Exchanges*, *The American Voice*, *New Orleans Review* and *Laurel Review*.

**David Koen** has published in *Wind*, *Harper's* and has won two University of Arkansas Lily Peter Fellowships for Fiction.

**Melanie McDonald** has twice received first place in the Ruth H. Wills Poetry Memorial Awards, and also received first place for fiction at the 1995 Western Arkansas Writers' Workshop. Her poems have appeared in *Voices International* and *Silver Wings*.

**Michelle Morton** won the Gary Wilson award for the best translation of a work of fiction submitted to the University of Arkansas' translation workshop.

**John Reimringer** has served as WITS co-director the last two years and edited the 1996 WITS anthology, *Lightning Falling All Around Me*. Formerly a newspaper editor, he teaches world literature and freshman composition at the University of Arkansas.

**Carol Sickman-Garner** was a nominee for the 1997 Henfield / Transatlantic Review Prize.

**Jamie Simpson** was formerly the editor of the arts quarterly *Gypsy Blood Review*. She has published poetry in *The Birmingham Poetry Review*, *The Oxford American*, *The New Orleans Review*, *The Laurel Review*, and many others.

**Maria Stafford** is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas.

**Brad Summerhill** is a graduate teaching assistant in English at the University of Arkansas and a former journalist. His articles have appeared in numerous publications.

**Steven Trulock** has published in *The Amaranth Review*, *Cape Rock*, *The Louisville Review*, *The Arkansas Review* and has forthcoming work in *The Blue Mesa Review*. He won a 1996 University of Arkansas' Lily Peter Fellowship for Poetry.

1996-1997 ARKANSAS WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS

PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

Arch Ford Educational Service Cooperative  
Arkansas School for the Blind  
Augusta Elementary  
Batesville Junior High  
Bay Elementary  
Beebe Intermediate  
Bradford Elementary  
Corning Schools  
Crittenden Arts Council  
    Crawfordsville & Earle High Schools, & Dunbar Upper Elementary  
    East & Wonder Junior Highs, & Faulk Elementary  
    Marion High School & Junior High  
    St. Michael's Catholic & West Memphis Christian  
    West Junior High  
Daisy Bates Elementary School  
Decatur Elementary  
DeQueen-Mena Education Service Cooperative  
Dermott Elementary School  
DeWitt Middle School  
Dumas Junior High  
Eastside Elementary  
Farmington Elementary  
Genoa Central High School  
Hazen High School  
Hughes High School  
Humphrey Elementary  
Jacksonville Elementary  
Jessieville Elementary  
Kimmons Junior High  
Lakeside Junior High  
Lockesburg Elementary  
Lonoke Elementary  
Mammoth Spring Elementary  
McGehee Elementary  
Midland Middle School  
Murfreesboro High School  
Newport Junior High  
Norman Junior High  
Oak Grove Elementary  
Oakbrook Elementary  
Osceola High School  
Our Lady of the Holy Souls  
Prairie Grove High School  
Reed Elementary North  
Saint Theresa's Catholic School  
Scott Elementary  
Sheridan Junior High  
Springdale High School  
Thurman G. Smith Elementary  
Walnut Ridge Middle School  
Warren Junior High  
Williams Magnet School  
Wynne Junior High