

# *The Sun is Yellow and Bright and I*



***Arkansas Writers in the  
Schools***

**2012—2013**

# 2012-2013 Arkansas Writers in the Schools Anthology

## The Sun is Yellow and Bright and I



2012-2013 Arkansas WITS

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Adrian McBride

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Prof. Geoffrey Brock

Special Thanks:  
Sara Beth Spencer-Bynum

Cover Art by Megan Tracy, *Mount St. Mary Academy*

# *About This Anthology*

Overseen by Professor Geoffrey Brock, led by director Adrian McBride, and staffed by graduate students in the Programs in Creative Writing and Translation at the University of Arkansas, the Arkansas Writers in the Schools Program (WITS) strives to encourage students to use their imaginations to create original, well-crafted poetry.

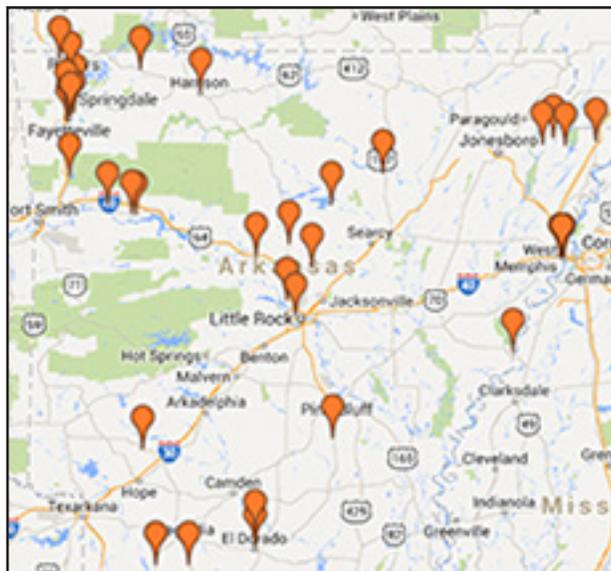
For over 35 years, WITS has been sending teams of two writers from the University of Arkansas Graduate Programs in Creative Writing and Translation to the schools of Arkansas for two-day residencies. During these visits, the writers read poetry, discuss concepts such as using details and concrete language, and lead students in writing activities.

During the 2012-2013 school year, WITS teams visited thousands of elementary, middle, junior high, and high school students. WITS residencies take our teams all across the state. A high concentration of our residencies occurred in or around West Memphis, in part because of our established relationship with the Delta Arts Council, which sends our teams to schools in Crittenden County.

To the best of our knowledge, this anthology consists entirely of student work. Our editors do correct spelling and some grammatical errors, but no editorial changes have been made to the poems in the production of this anthology.

Arkansas Writers in the Schools is grateful to all of the students, teachers, administrators, schools, and contact people who worked with us to make this year such a success. We would like to especially thank Sara Beth Spencer-Bynum, Dr. Collis Geren, Davis McCombs, Geoff Brock, Dr. Kathleen Whitehead Paulson and George Paulson, Kevin Trainor and Ruth Whitehead Trainor, Robert and Catherine Wallace, Eric and Jennifer Whitehead, Philip and Kamron Whitehead, Ted and Kelley Whitehead, Elizabeth Oehlkers Wright, and Frank Broyles and Gen Whitehead Broyles.

We invite you to read and enjoy the work of these talented students. If you have any questions or would like to learn more about the Arkansas Writers in the Schools Program, please contact us at (479) 575-5991, [arkansaswits@gmail.com](mailto:arkansaswits@gmail.com), or visit our website at [www.arkansaswits.wordpress.com](http://www.arkansaswits.wordpress.com).



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# Academics Plus Academy

*Maumelle*

FACULTY CONTACT: Rachel Wheeler

VISITING WRITERS: Kaj Anderson-Bauer, Aran Donovan, Alice Otto, Lizzie Paulus,  
Josh Peterson, and Max Thompson

## **I Am...**

I am a black widow. I  
wake up in the morning and  
brush the prickly hair on my  
eight legs. I go to school on kids'  
shoulders even though they scare  
me. To get to class, I ride on the  
teacher's coat, even though she paralyzes  
me. It's hard to stay undercover  
like men in black. The classroom  
is full of horrifying creatures called humans. The  
longest day is everyday for a black widow like  
me. I'm surprised I am a alive.  
Life is pain when you're  
a spider. I am in the fourth grade.

*Kendal Peyton*

## **Victorious Song**

He coughs, swaying, then begins to sing  
a soft song, sweeter than the birds that now  
listen in delight. The wind is vblowing hard  
carrying the musical delight all across the  
small county of Lincoln. The music lands softly  
across the town. Floating in the air like morning  
clouds, and slowly falling down like the rain.  
The townspeople's ears open, even those  
of the deaf. They slowly begin to hum,  
and then whistle, then a woman with weathered  
eyes and aged skin coughed, swayed, opened her  
eyes and began to sing.

*Brandon*

## **Monterrey, Mexico**

Trees everywhere, dirt roads, brick houses.  
people riding donkeys, horsves pull a carriage. buses  
driving everywhere. A new wresting ring. big  
flat valleys. people yelling "get out the road"  
hot. dirty. dust devils of all sizes.

*Jayce*

## Thoughts

My thoughts are like wolves.  
Some howl until it aches.  
Many stare at anything that crosses its path.  
My thoughts are like wolves.  
Some run around and chase each other out  
But many run on their own.  
My thoughts are like wolves.  
Joyful.  
Energized.  
They love to roll around  
in the soft snow dreams.  
When I change my mind,  
the old thoughts fade away into the darkness.  
The new ones prance  
proudly on the tops of mountains.

*Emma Moore*

## Little Rock, Arkansas

Busy cars roll through  
the streets. Tall buildings  
gleam in the sunlight.  
Stores surround all the  
parking lots. Houses line up  
in neat, straight rows. Parks  
crowded with people.  
Bright lights light up  
the night. The dark  
starry night covers  
the town like a blanket.  
Bridges busy night and day.  
Construction workers work  
all the time. Plants cover  
flowerbeds. Stop lights  
flash red, green and yellow.  
All the birds chirp so beautifully.

*Callie*

## Sunset Diver

Dive in like a penguin after fish  
in a fiery sky of red orange  
and pink, fading into a jet black pit  
with a razor sharp splash into the water  
down with the fish in the ocean.

*Burgener*

## I am

A candy cane on the ground  
a very tall bed  
two open doors

*Jie Loken*

## Silver

Decaying moths on a windowsill  
In November  
A cold copper penny in a tattered  
wallet

*Luke Carden*

## Hummingbird

Hummingbird comes and goes  
flower forever stays and stays  
Hummingbird eats and drinks from flower  
flower gives and gives life  
Hummingbird flies, hummingbird lands  
flower wilts and withers, flower stands tall  
Hummingbird comes and goes  
flower forever stays and stays

*Alex Howard-Drake*

## pink, tie-dyed gerbil

People do dream about becoming  
a business person, sitting there  
slowly...moving...your hands...  
talking to people about insurance  
Then typing again. Looking back  
up talking to more people about  
Insurance. Then driving home in  
traffic. People do dream about becoming business.

People don't dream about riding a pink  
tie-dyed gerbil with their hair flowing  
in the brown dr. pepper sky. Their hands  
gripping on to the soft fur like  
a soft blanket. As you run you're  
wishing you had cake on the  
joy ride, only to see three little  
guinea pigs at your side running with you.

But I dream about wearing a white robe  
in the hospital.

*Sydney Woodruff*

## The Steel Lock Apes

He is the lion king laying in  
the vast plains.  
He comes from a fighter plane soaring  
through the air  
He is the tip of a Ticonderoga  
pencil that is sharp.  
He is the gladiator's chariot that  
has rotted from years of sitting  
He is the top part of a  
steel lock.  
He comes from a sturdy slingshot  
that's ready to fire  
He is a hang glider blowing  
in the wind.

*Chandler Carlock*

## Ode to My Neck

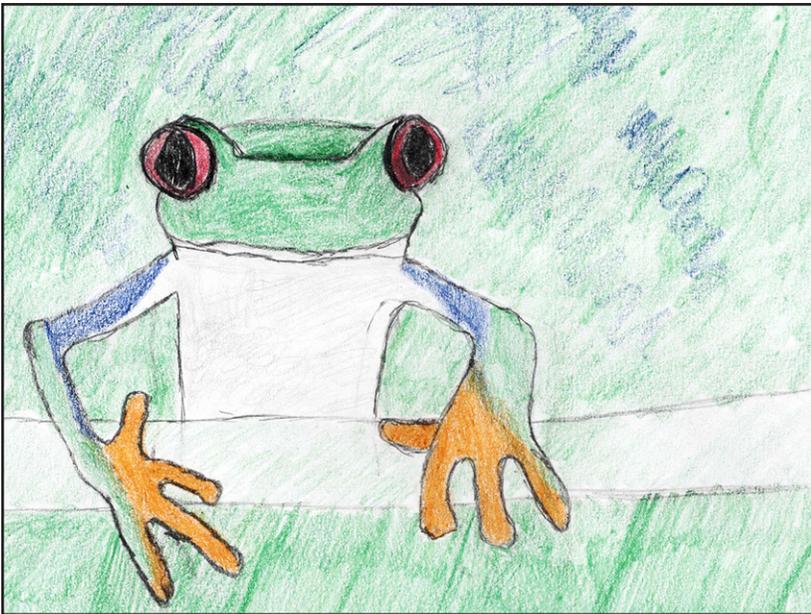
You hold up my head, so it will not  
fall.  
You are the centerpiece to  
my upper body's table.  
You are a bungee cord, as I  
can stretch you long and short.  
I may turn you, you are the  
steering wheel to my car.  
Without you, I could not nod.  
Even if you may break, I  
still have use in you.  
Do not leave me, for you  
are my favorite child, the  
cheesiest piece or pizza, or,  
in simplest terms, my  
favorite body part.  
You are my body's  
shield.

*Payton Perkins*

## Dear Pablo Neruda,

You wrote really detailed poems  
You wrote because you went to a circus and saw a man juggling hammers  
You looked like a man with a sharp look and tuxedo.  
You had nice hair with gel in it.  
You loved all humanity and monkeys and your hair with gel in it,  
But you never liked you popularity.  
I wonder what it would be like to sleep in your shoes.

*Garrett Ward*



Gavin Holland, *Academics Plus Charter Academy*

## Courage Pie

Sitting in outside fridge  
Stench of brave man  
In rusted sharp metal  
A fist going down my throat  
Sizzle like bacon on a stove  
With a side of patriot milk

*Schwan Bowman*

## The Young and the Old

Old people are like iguanas, old, slow, lazy and they like to sleep a lot.  
Old people are like owls, taking their time, wise and never in a hurry.  
Young people are like sharks, ready to catch their prey,  
ready to move on and always impatient.  
Young people are like cheetahs, they are fast, always in a hurry and will always stalk their prey  
even in they are stalking it all night.  
Young people are always up and going.

*Dregen Smith*

## **Sadness**

Take one bully  
make him say mean things to you  
Then comes Christmas time  
Add a teaspoon of not getting an iPhone  
like you wanted for a very long time  
Add a pinch of someone you lost in your life  
Add some Halloween candy and all of them you don't like  
Then add a dash of everyone laughing at you in your classroom  
when you made a mistake  
Then bake getting a bad grade on your test  
that you studied for a long time and worked hard on  
These are the ingredients of sadness

*Joshua Mason*

## **Christgiving**

To whom you may think  
that turkeys are to eat  
and presents are to  
open can you just  
think what would  
happen if you opened  
a gift from under the  
tree and all of a  
sudden there is a dancing  
turkey. What would  
you do would you dance or  
would you sing? I think  
I would start doing the  
cha-cha slide with that  
supposed to be Thanksgiving  
feast. All of a sudden  
I smelled something  
good I look at that  
turkey and in five  
seconds I could feel  
that turkey going down  
my throat and I heard  
it say "and that's the  
cha-cha slide."

*Savannah Ellis*

## **When at a Concert**

He coughs, swaying, and begins to sing. His voice starts  
low and begins to go up. In the background the  
man starts to play the drums softly. The guitar's  
strings start to shake. you can hear the music  
getting louder and louder. Fireworks shoot  
from the holes in the stage. I see a  
man with a beard as big as a penguin.  
I see a woman with one piece of hair  
sticking out. I smell the hot dogs cooking  
in the food stand.

*Brandon Hendrix*

# **Arch Ford Education Service Cooperative**

*Plumerville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Sally Stuart

VISITING WRITERS: Kaj Anderson-Bauer and David Kinzer

## **Third Grade Gecko**

Wake up 6 AM  
No more waffles left  
My favorite skin is dirty  
I climb the door to get away from my brother  
We get in the car. It won't start  
I wanted to bring flies but we didn't catch any  
At recess Bob was being mean so I climbed the tree  
I was late for the show  
At the game I wanted popcorn  
They were out  
Mom didn't make any friend frogs  
I fought my brother  
I had to go to time out  
When I went to be my favorite pillow was torn up by my pet spider  
The next day was better.

*Grace Brown*

## **Red**

A warm soft drink spilling  
into your cold dry hands.  
The thought you get  
when all hope seems to be lost.  
A lovely supermodel  
in a gummy bear suit.  
It looks like a burnt penguin.  
It sounds like a baby laughing.  
It makes you feel like when you don't have an umbrella  
and then someone shares theirs with you.

*Andrea Delour*

## **Third Grade Kraken**

brings broken ships for lunch,  
goes to the bus  
and gets bullied  
and goes on a rage  
and destroys the bus  
and then has to walk to school.

In the cafeteria he eats  
his broken ships and drinks  
his crushed up boats.

*David Malley*

## Untitled

Gold medals sit on my shelf  
Races go on  
around the world.  
Cars make traffic.  
Each one of us is cool,  
but each one of us is different.  
Rapid waves go on in the river,  
on into Alabama.  
Wammy the sheep is dancing.  
No one has every seen him dance before.

*Grace Brown*

## Eating The Ocean

In a few seconds the ocean will be mine,  
and on the way down there will be lots of animals.  
Biting and crunching all the way down there.

*Zach Bissell*

## Dardanelle

When you see McDonalds backed up with cars  
you know you're in Dardanelle.  
Dardanelle is a place where, when you come over the  
bridge,  
you practically see the whole town.  
If you turn left or right you'll be passing  
all of your friends houses.  
When it gets dark, the lights always go on.  
If you're from a small town, you'll call ours even smaller.  
You know you're in Dardanelle when you see  
Tom the can man preaching and doing cartwheels  
in the middle of the road.  
When you see Tom the can man,  
lock your doors.  
When you see Tom the can man  
carrying a sack of empty cans  
you know you're in Dardanelle.

*Portia Helter*

# **Bayyari Elementary School**

*Springdale*

FACULTY CONTACT: Martha Ann Walker  
VISITING WRITERS: Aran Donovan and Kimberly Driggers

## **Cherry**

It is red, small, comes in pairs like two blushing boys. Smooth as a silky red dress. And as sweet as red soda pop rushing down your throat.

*Bryndell*

## **The Ultimate Poem**

This poem will never be known. All dressed in black fighting crime, saving people. At night, running through the streets as quiet as a mouse. This poem watches over the city and the people.

*Carina Calderon*

## **Feelings to an Alien**

Upset is when you feel like an animal who got abandoned, not knowing how to walk or how to survive alone. Like fruit that got left out slowly getting more and more rotten. Hear the whimper, feel your warm tears slowly traveling down your cheeks. Sometimes you can even taste the salty taste on your taste buds, wiping water from your cheeks. Smelling the smell of your sadness.

*Angela Z.*

## Mom at Work

Mom works hard. She works harder than a crab carrying a huge shell on the dry sand. The awful drilling noises at the dentist. It sounds very, very painful, and disturbing, too. When I got to the dentist, I get very nervous. It sounds dangerous.

*Bryndell*



Hannah Butler, *Southside High School*

## My friend as a crow

There I am sitting beside a tree. My friend is like a dark black crow telling me what is going to happen next, always giving me bad luck. I can't stop looking at him in the eye, face to face. When finally he looks away, that's when I start to realize that he was always there, standing beside me.

*Ronal Herrea*

## The Ultimate Poem

The poem, sweet, as a soda can, mine and yours. Plays till the bird sings its song, helps you live, has more red heart than you and he is yours and mine. He sounds like a beautiful diamond sound.

*Angeles Ibarra*

# Berryville Middle School

*Berryville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Heather Zaloudek  
VISITING WRITERS: Stu Dearnley and Hung Pham

## Untitled

I look in the mirror and  
see the unknown pale spirit gazing back at me  
I see soft rain drops full from snow white skin  
I see a lost soul of death

I look in the mirror and  
I don't recognize her  
I see depression sinking in  
her blood is cold, I see it in her eyes

I look in the mirror and  
I'm scared of the swaying motion she does  
looks soft gentle but so blood thirsty  
I look and see the wind brush her hair  
In her eyes I see confusion

I look in the mirror and  
I have entered a gentle untouchable world  
I see a young girl grown up but so dead inside  
how can something so beautiful be so deadly and evil

I shock back to reality  
I hear the noises Death still in my ears  
was the evil thing me?  
my soul is as dark as night, I now realize

*Amber Halpin*

## Scar

dark compressed line  
running along my skin  
shadowing it with cloth  
smiling and ignoring it

*Patience Muniz*

## Lemon

As golden as the sun's rays  
Little footballs sitting mischievously  
Sour as the old man next door

*Lanitra Webb*

## Crashing Lanes

Driving through the terrifying traffic  
Feeling fearless but scared  
Having no speed limits  
Having no lanes  
Thinking "Will I crash?"  
I am driving through Guatemala City.

*Becky Wright*

## **I wonder why stuffed animals don't talk to us**

Stuffed animals are shy  
The generations are forgetting how to talk  
They feel they are sick of us  
When they did try to talk to us  
Someone killed one of their friends  
They are scared of us  
Some have broken jaws  
I feel they will strike back  
They made Toy Story to warn us  
they plan their attacks when we are gone  
By the time we get back they are tired  
Beware everyone

*Chantel Lively*

## **My Depression**

My depression is tall, faceless, intimidating  
My depression dresses in all black, invisible  
and oblivious in my dark room  
My depression speaks in a terrifying  
shriek, that only I can hear  
My depression is a fearful nightmare  
that I fear  
My isolation stalks quietly around  
my house, following me, terrifying  
me  
It quietly screams come with me  
My depression takes me away into  
a black hold of nothing and I  
am gone

*Zoë Valenzuela*



Juan Aleman, *Helen Tyson Middle School*

# Blevins Public Schools

*Blevins*

FACULTY CONTACT: Regina Huskey

VISITING WRITERS: Megan Blankenship, Jane Blunski, Kimberly Driggers,  
and Katie Nichol

## 15 Dixon Circle

Hot spring day. Outside with  
the trees and my thoughts.  
Telephone ringing is all I hear.  
Ring. ring. ring. I thought nothing  
of it. Mommy is crying. Crying hard.  
Like a cry for help, and sorrow.  
I can hear a voice, but I just  
can't see the speaker. I can  
smell the person, the scent of  
Tommy Hilfiger. Momma comes, and  
the smell is gone. She sits me down on  
the cold swing. She weeps. And then  
tells me there's been a death. My Uncle.  
He's gone. I can feel my mommy's  
pain. She walks away. My body feels  
weak, at 15 Dixon Circle.

*Ebony Henagan*

## Hope, Arkansas

Cold, dry, a sound similar to a loud whistle.  
The paper in my hand moving with the wind,  
I could see my papa driving to work, waving at me.  
I took a deep breath, a feeling that felt like I was eating ice.

I sat down in the metal chair in which I had placed  
colors, bright as can be, colors from a broad spectrum.  
I started to feel the heat, similar to the warmth you  
Get when you do something good.  
The sun, rising, looking as breathtaking as can be.  
I stared at it and wrote.

*Ryder Sisson*

## Men at 21

Unknowing, practically new to the world  
that they've lived in for their whole lives.  
Changing, not knowing what to do with  
His life. Does he want a wife? Does he want  
kids? Does he want to be a nurse?  
Does he want to be a writer? Does he want  
to see the world, meet new people, try  
new and exciting things.

Unpredictable. Will he settle down and  
start a new life? Will he forget his past  
and look to the future?

Or will he use his long, thin hands  
to reach for another drink? Only to forget  
everything for another day.

*Ryder Sisson*

## The Morning After I'm Gone

On the morning after I'm gone –  
the sun bursting through the windows,  
the birds chirping lullabies sweetly.  
Flowers are blooming and blooming.  
The sun starts going down.

Unless of course, if I was there to stop it –  
to stop the sun from going down,  
to stop the birds from chirping lullabies,  
to stop the flowers from their blooms.

On the street men repair the mess I made.  
They are fixing the sidewalks I cracked.  
They are fixing the windows I broke.  
They are fixing the trouble I caused.

They are singing of the trouble I caused,  
the hearts and windows I've broken.  
They are singing of the trouble I've caused,  
the morning after I'm gone.

*Casia Morrison*

## Belton, TX

The wind's traffic was bustling past me,  
such a busy city on that lovely road.  
The spindly, worn out tires protested my speed.  
Such a beautiful day as we'd had, I knew it  
was coming to an end. The cheap cologne  
he was wearing bombarded my nostrils.  
A rock song playing in the traffic, wait up –  
there's that terrifying rumble on my thigh,  
that subtle lightning hits my heart, my brain  
my spine, my hands, and I answer the  
noise's embrace.

Now there's screaming, screaming, that horrid  
absolute screaming.

"Where are you?" it speaks. "Where is the baby?  
Who is that?"

I'm gone now, breaking the sound barrier,  
crashing into my door and the lies brought  
in to hide the mistake now are named and  
setting me ablaze.

*Chandler S.*

## Poem at Sixteen

Taught me how to fish on hot summer days  
How to hunt on bone-chilling December mornings  
How to shoot pool on Friday nights  
How to weld on cold, warm, and hot weekends  
The things you haven't taught me  
I haven't figured out yet  
But you most likely desire to teach me  
more  
Writing, welding metal, staring  
at the stars

*Chesna N.*

## Things That Make One's Heart Beat Faster

The look in his eyes, the touch in his hands. The crashing of storms, the tornado winds. Walking in the dark, holding his hand. Losing someone close or meeting someone new. The last few seconds of a tied basketball game. The sound of his voice, sending chills through my veins. The thought of growing old quivering through my brain. All these things make my heart sing. It's a lovely tune, but it's quite frightening too.

*Ashley Lancaster*

## Portrait Haden Price my Cousin

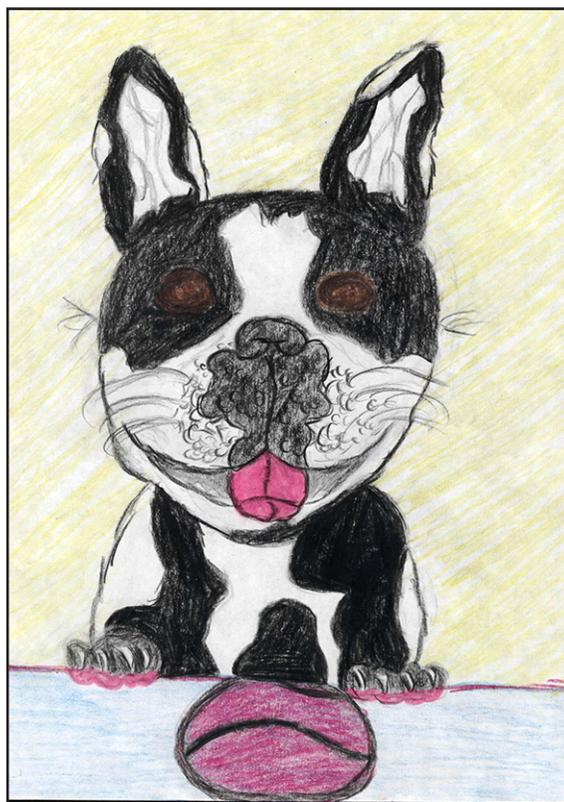
My cousin's voice  
singing is an angel.  
My cousin's hair as  
blinding as the sun.  
His toes are smaller  
Than Junebugs. My cousin is  
A twig. He is the bone  
and I am the dog.

*Bodhi Couch*

## Write a Poem

Write a poem that cracks like a stick when it is stepped by a deer. Write a poem that paints its toenails baby blue. Write a poem that cooks bacon without anyone knowing. Write a poem that takes bubble baths with the volume on high. Write a poem that opens the door for people who cannot. Write a poem that helps strangers on the block. Write a poem that slaps everyone else when it wants to. Write a poem that says "sorry" about whatever rude thing it does. Write a poem that smells like fresh donuts on the plate. While the other poems smell like old rust on a bike, write a poem that says "I don't care! I love!"

*Abigail Marquez*



*Sara Davis, Heber Springs Middle School*

## Portrait of Kaitlyn my Sister

Her face was the spray tan  
on Barbie's legs in the fall.

Her voice is the lemon  
juice you stick in your mouth  
after your parents pull it out of  
their tea at a fancy restaurant.

Her hair is golden  
Grass on an empty plain  
Between summer and fall.

Her eyes are the Pacific  
ocean on a summer night on  
the beach.

Her lips are the color  
of roses on a beautiful spring  
day after it rains.

Her stomach is the flat prairie  
in the middle of Kansas State.

Her fingers are an inch-  
worm hanging from a tree.

Her arms are stiff noodles  
before you put them in the  
boiling hot water.

Her toes were little  
pig and blankets in socks.

She is gusting wind in the evening  
and I am the Milwood Lake water.

*Kasey Jester*

## Dear Future Ally,

How does it feel to have  
chaos running at your head?  
Don't listen to anyone who  
tries to hold you back. You may  
have patients having a heart  
attack, but you have to stay calm.  
Freaking out isn't going to help you.  
Remember how your parents  
told you to quit being such a  
drama queen, yeah well that comes  
in handy now. You know what,  
you need to rethink this. Be a  
fashion designer, be a professional  
softball player, be anything but a  
doctor!

*Ally Fincher*

## Apple

I fall off trees during the year.  
Many kids just bite me to get out their loose teeth.  
I'm the beautiful color of a red rose  
and I have black seeds right in the middle of me

*Josie Rucker*

## I Remember

My dad at dinner told me that when he was a  
little kid that he had pet chickens, rabbits,  
and the chickens blended into the snow on  
the snowy day. I remember the sky being blue  
and the snow being cold, I remember going  
to the boardwalk in Louisiana, I remember  
happiness in the afternoon at the mud bog.

*Corta Young*

# **Bragg Elementary School**

*West Memphis*

FACULTY CONTACT: Amber Mink

VISITING WRITERS: Kimberly Driggers, Alice Otto, Lizzie Paulus,  
and Diana Reaves

## **The Yellow House**

The house is yellow as corn.  
The sky is blue like the moon  
at six o'clock Sunday morning.  
Van Gogh is walking home.  
The house is dancing with another  
house like people doing the  
cha-cha.

*Derrick H.*

## **Pretty Is**

Pretty is my ex-girlfriend, old cars, red  
roses that smell like cherries, a big buck with  
a rack as big as a eight thousand bushel field  
with a doe and a fawn, a smelly baby,  
channel catfish.

*Cole Mamey*

## **T.V. Strikes Back**

When I watch T.V. it is very dangerous  
if I try to change the channel my snake  
will hiss. He hates channel four and is  
enemies with Nickelodeon. He likes the news  
but not cartoons. One day I put it  
on mute he did not like that and  
he put me on scream. My snake  
my snake he loves T.V. but not me.

*Charles Simpson*

## **In the Shot Chair in (Atlanta, GA)**

In the chair. Needle so sharp  
that it could cut a turkey.  
Blood droplets on the rocks below  
me. I touch to see what sight.  
A body remains with no  
pulse.

It could not be seen  
crazy at the thought  
someone would do such  
a thing

In my mind I wonder what  
should I do but all I did  
was sit there with my  
meek little voice calling help help!  
But there was no answer and  
and and.

*Quasia Ayanna Crowder*



Kelsey Raborn, Mountainburg High School

## Things My Mother Never Taught Me

If you  
go feed your chickens, so  
you can get the eggs, put  
the bucket of food on the  
ground, then go get the eggs.  
And you might get attacked  
by a cat if you put it in a  
dress and not all animals are  
nice.

*Jessie*

## How To Fall in Love

First, you have to know to swim good.  
Second, you need to jump right into the water.  
Third, find a catfish hole and stick your hand in it.  
Fourth, you pull a catfish out of it and keep  
the catfish.

*T.J. Taylor*

## The Journey to the Gate of Heaven

I am traveling by a fancy flying  
carpet to the gates of heaven  
to visit my Papa Tex and also to  
visit my dog, Toby. At first I didn't  
recognize my papa with young silky  
hair. Then I saw my dog with his  
curly white hair. As I was traveling  
home my father called me on my phone and  
asked me what his dad looked like.  
I told my dad that he was  
looking young.

*Dakota Malone*

## Pretty Is

Zombie  
babies with  
baboons as pets  
and with camels  
as horses with  
a bed made of  
lunchroom trash  
and with red  
roses all around  
their room  
with blue  
dresses on  
and with  
purple paint  
all over their  
face and their  
mom's make up on.

*Jessie Burnett*

## **I Am Everywhere**

I come from a trench  
in the ground that  
forms into a triangle  
when the earth shakes.

I come from a laser beam  
pointing towards the wall  
at Incredible Pizza.

I come from the thread and  
needle that grandma knitted  
yesterday.

I come from part of a  
fly swatter swatted from  
a red faced old lady.

I come from an alphabet soup  
letter that got lost in my  
mom's soup.

I am a part of a butterfly's  
wing. That fell off from  
flying too hard.

*Mikyah Donnerson*

## **Journey Poem**

I went back in time to make 9-11 stop  
people disbelieved that a plane would wreck into  
the towers making them crumble unlucky nothing  
worked I told the president not believing me shattering  
glass, people running, fire on and in the towers, and  
fast fire already reaching the top 10 floors.

*James Wahl*

## **In My Room Sitting in a Chair in West Memphis, Arkansas**

In front of me is a mirror,  
I look at myself in the mirror and I  
don't recognize my face,  
I look beside me and both of the walls  
are closing in very slowly,  
I look under me and I see a hole in  
the floor and it is getting bigger,  
I look back in the mirror and I am not  
who I am anymore.

*Natalie Renee Poindexter*

## **The Traveling Rose**

When I think how far my  
rose has traveled, I wonder how  
did it come to be sitting  
in a round glass pot on  
my back porch

Was it picked from a state  
far away just right next  
to a super market

Did a little girl once give it  
to her ill grandpa

As I watch the beautiful  
red rose fade to a pale  
white and drift through the  
fall wind I think...

How far have you traveled.

*Madison Walls*

# Buffalo Island Central East Elementary School

*Leachville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Kima Stewart  
VISITING WRITERS: Willi Goehring and Scott Ray

## **The trouble with math**

The trouble with math  
is like a bird trying to  
get a worm from underneath  
sheets and sheets of ice and snow,  
in the Arctic.  
It is like a baby animal  
trying to get away from a fast wolf.  
All three of us have trouble with it.

*Katie Lawrence*

## **Untitled**

I stopped and stared at the stars  
as I sat feeling sad and I hoped someday  
someone would see how I feel.

*Jasmine Terry*

## **Monsters**

I could see it through the window  
I could smell its terrible stench  
A monster with 3 arms coming  
It was so terrible Medusa ran  
It saw me and ran forward  
I touched it—it was slimy and sticky  
Then it growled jumping and hissing  
It lunged towards me  
I could see its fangs  
But I had my bow  
I shot an arrow and hit it  
Then the monster turned to dust

*Brody*

## **My life**

My life is like a crowd full of people.  
I can taste their emotions in the air.  
You can even hear their emotions.  
I can go out in the crowd and touch  
them but I still can't feel their emo-  
tions. I can see  
them but not know them.  
My life, not knowing where it's going.

*Cloe Applegate*

## **Hope**

Hope was there, holding on with my chin  
up and head back.

*Haleigh Jackson*

## **Madness**

Madness, is, well,  
it's just madness.  
Chair throwing  
table smashing  
house exploding  
barn on fire  
running with scissors  
throwing forks  
popping kickballs  
skyscraper falls  
man walks on lightning  
sky diver no parachute  
throwing glass madness  
just plain madness  
madness

*Ho Sanders*

# Buffalo Island Central West Elementary School

*Monette*

FACULTY CONTACT: Kima Stewart

VISITING WRITERS: Eszter Takacs and Corrie Williamson

## **Dreaming the Woolly Mammoth Back**

I dream a day  
where the woolly mammoths roam  
stomping their feet over the hot  
asphalt taking back the world  
leaving behind wades of hair caught  
on a telephone pole  
I dream for a day where woolly  
Mammoths roam.

*Krista Cox*

## **My Mom is Midnight**

My mom is midnight  
like the moonlight shining on you.  
My mom is midnight,  
the owl's song tweeting out.  
My mom is midnight  
watching you like a black cat.

My dad is sunrise  
shining out his big white smile.  
My dad is sunrise  
like a bird is about to tweet.  
My dad is sunrise  
with his hot hand reaching out.

My parents are moon,  
working together like the rain and  
clouds.  
My parents are moon.

*Carlie Wattigney*

## **The Music on Mars**

The music on Mars sounds like  
a tongue licking a lollipop in New  
Delhi. It is a shooting star blasting  
across the universe.

*Lilie Hatch*

## **I Have a Friend**

I have a friend who still  
believes in Heaven.  
She says she knows  
about the angels.  
I hear her talking to  
no one.  
I see her seeing  
nothing.  
Her voice as bright as  
chimes with silver hair so  
bright.  
She floats on air most of  
the time.  
I have a friend who still  
believes in heaven.  
A friend that no one  
else can see.

*Alison Spencer*

## **Hawaii**

Smelling flowers everywhere I go  
eating a fresh piece of fruit by the bright blue ocean  
hearing the blue dolphins speak as they dive into water.  
Seeing islanders hula by the pool in their grass skirts.

*Abi Bolar*

## **Silver**

Silver is  
powerful.  
Silver is the  
color of a seal  
that glitters in  
the sun and a pencil  
lead that has been  
sharpened a thousand  
times. Silver.

*Teagan Lee*



Sarah Bridges, Grace Hill Elementary School

# Cooper Elementary School

*Bella Vista*

FACULTY CONTACT: Christina Hallwachs

VISITING WRITERS: Stu Dearnley and Chris Tamigi

## Blue

Cold as a winter storm  
Calm as watching the shiny stars at night  
Swaying back and forth like the ocean  
Bright like a new summer outfit  
Cool as the winter woods

*Sophia Soldani*

## Ducks

the cold water on the lake  
the morning air like honeydew  
a bug on a leaf on a stick  
a hunter coming in the leaves  
a beautiful morning sun.

*Anthony Bleything*

## Cheese Stick

I'm on a skateboard  
doing my thing, and  
the ticking clock  
rumble right under  
my cheese! It's a  
sooth brisk of wind  
just blowing away  
like a bucket of worms  
in a haystack just  
right through,  
and all the way over me! All  
these bugs  
just going through  
my teeth like octopuses  
slipping through someone's  
pants and down their  
legs. The dumpster full  
of pig tails and stupid  
chili gekos gross

*Olivia Washaliski*

## Stargazer

The warm air in my lungs  
Mysterious lights at night  
Dew on blades of fragile glass  
Katydid in the distance  
The great mysteries of beyond

*Alex Henry*

## Big White Sphere

stands out in the dark  
a bunch of tiny little helpers  
its light comes to an end

*Emma Mosher*

## Night

Still graveyard  
Owls hooting  
A ghost town haunted by shadows  
The swiss cheese moon creeping in the sky  
It shimmers like a neon Welcome sign  
Oh I love the night  
A calm pitch black closet

*Jessi Baldwin*



*Anonymous, Heber Springs Middle School*

## Depressed

The water is dripping  
I have strong fatigue  
Somebody Knocks on  
The brown chipped boring door  
I cannot get up or even feed myself  
The dark and dead thorn  
bush is growing inside my frail body  
my house is starting to rot  
I feel so scared and lonely  
All I want to do is sit in this  
torn up brocken chair  
Can anyone help  
Hunger and loneliness is slowly  
tearing me into pieces  
I'm so lost inside my deep and  
dark world  
There's no light, I feel  
like a vampire that cannot  
get away from darkness  
The window is open  
I am like an ice cube  
that cannot be melted

*Hannah Seal*

# Eagle Heights Elementary School

*Harrison*

FACULTY CONTACT: Linda Pledger  
VISITING WRITERS: Josh Brown and Katie Nichol

## The ULTIMATE Poem

This poem can see  
at night. This poem  
watches the squirrel collect  
its nuts. This poem  
can feel the pain of others.  
And at the end of  
the day, this poem eats  
iron and glass for dinner.

*Chase Stuart*

## This is Just to Say

I did not clean  
our room because  
I was sick. I  
took a big nap.  
Forgive me sister,  
I felt so good  
after that.

*Maddie Tramell*

## Getting Published in a Poetry Book

It shakes. It rumbles and knocks  
you off your feet. It causes things  
to fall on you. Trees fall and  
signs fall too. Houses start to fall.  
To keep safe, just hide under something  
strong and don't come out until  
everything stops shaking and has fallen.

*Emily Cross*

## Lord, Do You Play Tag?

Do you run around my  
ribcage trying to tag my  
heart? Do you catch my gut,  
do they run with you, Lord?  
Do you hide in my ribcage so  
you don't get tagged? Did you  
catch my heart, do you run  
around in there? Lord, please  
tell me. Did you jump over my  
river of blood? Tell me Lord.  
Sometimes I hear you climbing  
up my brain. Do you do all  
that, my Lord?

*Brooklyn Breedlove*

## Once I was Peaceful

Once I was peaceful at home, I was  
as happy as a cow or horse eating  
grass. I was listening to my dad watching  
t.v., but that wasn't disturbing my peace.  
I was watching the fan go round and  
round. I smelled my breath of eating nerds.  
The floor was dark blue and rough. I  
could feel my blanket, so soft and nice  
and cold.

*Matt Somers*

## A Story

The wheat fields are yellow as a banana. It feels like it's peering at me in the distance. I scratch my leg because it itches when I go in it. Dragonflies zoom by the fields. Dad puts wheat in the stall for the horses.

*Jaida Johnson*

## For the Last American Muffin

Dear Muffin,  
I want to say goodbye to you.  
Call me if you didn't get eaten yet. You are small, so that means you just got married, right? And you are compassionate to me. I'm going to leave you a message tomorrow and this is the message: Sorry you are eaten.

*Vilena Breger*

## Laying in My Bed

I'm laying in my bed and the T.V. is on. I can smell the tasty hot dog in the kitchen. Listen! Can you hear the whistle blowing? The sky is aqua blue. To my left a guy with a mustache is playing the violin. My bed is soft and squishy and the day is gone, it is pitch black outside. Now it is time for bed.

*Mason Smith*



*Maya Maranto, Root Elementary School*

# Elgin B. Milton Elementary School

*Ozark*

FACULTY CONTACT: Lana McLaughlin  
VISITING WRITERS: Stu Dearnley, Alice Otto, Hank Pate,  
and Lizzie Paulus

## **Mrs. Snow**

Mrs. Snow scattered into her house like a vacuum. Mrs. Snow goes straight outside, and soft pitter patters started to fall on her. She was as cold as a polar bear living on ice.

*Kelsee Barnett*

## **Mrs. Rain**

Mrs. Rain sounds like the swishing of water in the lake. She drinks by holding her hand to her mouth and water gushes out. She makes lakes when she sobs. She eats wet catfish for supper.

*Holly Culver*

## **Mr. Snow**

is as white as my mother's wedding dress. He is as sweet as a beautiful cherry blossom. He comes down as slowly as my grandpa. He is as quiet as a rabbit.

*Keystan Durning*

## **Baby Blue**

I am catfish that swim around in the river.  
I am dolphins that jump through the sea.  
I am sleeping in the sky.  
I am the sea with fish.  
I am a mountain in Asia.

*Blake Archer*

## **XBOX**

A white rectangular sitting on my cabinet.  
I open its mouth and insert a thin circle.

A blinking light rushing across the night sky.  
I listen to its drone and watch it pass over our camp.

*Justin McKenna*

### **Mr. Happy**

I see kids writing on paper,  
writing one to two sentences.  
I hear kids talking about  
stuff we can't tell.  
I feel my pencil rubbing  
my hand, hurting my hand really bad.  
I smell sweet from kids'  
body odor from the kids outside.  
I taste Airheads from this morning.  
I am Mr. Happy.

*Jacob Ward*

### **Banana**

A long yellow cell phone  
sitting on the counter.  
I peel the case off and  
eat the long iPhone.

*Kayne Satterfield*

### **Peas in a Pod**

Three green basketballs  
lying in a net.  
I let them free  
and eat them joyfully.

*Daniel Woolsey*

### **Creamsicle Crawfish**

People don't dream about half  
of their house being made of gold  
and half being silver.  
They don't dream about jumping  
into a chocolate pool.  
They don't dream about  
ice cream falling from the sky.  
They don't dream about  
having a million dollars.  
They don't dream about everything  
being made of chocolate.  
They don't dream about gold money.

They do dream about painting  
the house green, taking  
a writing test, painting  
all the rooms red or pink,  
being weak and unable  
to play video games, and reading  
the newspaper.

I dream about flying milkshakes.  
I dream about a big red bull sunshine.

*Austin Harvey*

### **Untitled**

I am a bird beak picking up worms for her chicks.  
You are curtains hanging from a sunlit window shielding my eyes.  
I am the bottom side of a house.  
You are a giant bubble that floats to the sky.  
I am part of a ladder helping a person paint a house.  
You will always be a strawberry ice cream cone upside down.

*Megan Harwell*



Anna Bishop, Norphlet High School

### **Pink**

a squeeling pig  
a rat without hair  
lime green's soul mate  
a baby girl's blanket

*Trystan Thomas*

### **Blue Whale**

my mother's loud calling.  
a million krill.  
water on my back.  
a red wave.  
delicious krill.

*Logan Ward*

### **Untitled**

I am a rocket head coming through  
the Earth's atmosphere.  
I am a stoplight stopping cars  
at an intersection.  
I am a comet orbiting the sun  
with a curled tail.  
I am a sharp tooth of a shark about to attack.  
I am two baseballs going through air that are side by side.  
I am the head of a rocket about to take off.

*Logan Ward*

# Emerson Elementary School

*Emerson*

FACULTY CONTACT: Tabatha Gray  
VISITING WRITERS: Jane Blunschi and Kathleen Heil

## **A Doorway to Autumn**

Well, in the morning when I  
was walking to school I saw  
a door. It had leaves on it I  
could feel the wind I could  
smell the leaves and the leaves  
getting stepped on then I was  
surrounded by leaves then I  
made a pile of leaves and  
jumped in it then I  
went back to school.

*Adam Graves*

## **The Color of My Emotions**

1. Red makes me think of my mom's favorite flower that we have in our yard.
2. Yellow makes me think of daisies that grow in a field beyond the land.
3. Oh, how the blue sky is so beautiful and how the blue flowers move in the wind.
4. Green is the color of grass that lies on the ground.
5. Oh, how beautiful the gold fish is so orange as they swim in the water.
6. The color of happiness is the color of my mom's shirt that is dark green with a dark sky with an ocean and a wolf howling at the moon.

*Mary Cunningham*

## **Eating Poetry**

Eating poetry  
doesn't sound  
good but my  
mom cooks it  
every day and  
I hate it  
I mean it.  
Meatloaf that  
says "You're  
special you're  
special in  
every way  
you're special  
because you  
play." I eat  
some and  
push some  
under my  
corn and  
potatoes  
the rest  
is good  
but not  
poetry  
It's  
better  
on  
paper.

*Megan Mallard*

## Unit of Measure

You can put  
100 butterflies  
in my garden  
The park can  
fit 5 whales  
My sister can  
eat 2,000 fish  
a day 7 giraffes  
can fill up my front  
yard My chameleon  
can fit 6 gulps of  
tea You can measure  
anything with my chameleon

*Addison McNeil*

## Personal

I want to work  
in the oil field  
but my dad won't  
let me he said  
he wants me to be  
a doctor and mom does too  
They tell me I will make  
a lot of money but I want  
to take my dad's place  
when he dies so i can  
keep his name on the  
oil field board and some  
day my name will be  
up there just like my  
dad

*Chris Emerson*

## Unit of Measure

A bull is as wide as my bathroom.  
My house is as big as a whale.  
Tater Tot is as wide as 2 mice.  
5 mice can be as wide as my closet and land is.  
Tater Tot is also 5 mice tall.  
You can measure anything with mice.

*Chloe Burlison*



*Sara Ann Kelley, Heber Springs Middle School*

# Grace Hill Elementary School

*Rogers*

FACULTY CONTACT: Jennie B. Rehl  
VISITING WRITERS: Jane Blunschi and Corrie Williamson

## **I Live with You**

You are not me  
I am you  
I love you when  
I go by you.  
You are an alligator.  
A view of you.  
You love  
me and I love you.  
You are beautiful: daisy,  
sweet honey pie,  
smelling the rose,  
like an ice cloud on snow.  
Your skin is white  
as snow. You live  
with me. Now I can trust  
you to live with me.

*Adeline Kiddkin*

## **Storm Poem**

I hear the thunder hissing like a zooming  
snake. I hear the lightning barking  
on a very rainy day. Even  
cumulonimbus clouds are dancing  
and barking. Two tornadoes  
are marching up and down an aisle.  
A water spout forms the shape  
of a tunnel – perhaps there's a slithering  
snake just waiting to come out.

*Erika Alvarez*

## **The sun is yellow and bright and I**

The sun is yellow and bright and I  
hear the wind blowing and the basketballs  
are bouncing up and down and hearing  
people screaming as if they were being  
chased by someone and people laughing like  
someone was going to faint and smell  
the roses and hear the crickets chirping  
and see the leaves falling down the  
tree.

*Anthony Guadarrama*

## **In the Meadow**

I see a reindeer on the path  
and her baby close behind her  
in a golden meadow and see  
the bees collecting nectar  
for their queen. I feel the fresh  
air through my finger like water.

*Santos Pardo*

## I am

I am a dart flying through  
the air in the winter wind. I  
am a bobcat leaping on its prey.  
I am a rock that got thrown  
across the lake like a BB  
from a slingshot. I am a  
rattlesnake crawling in your home.  
I am a poisonous rattlesnake  
crawling across the sand. I am a nest  
that keeps the eggs warm.

*Darren*

## In the Field

I love to go outside  
and look at the clouds.  
What shape do they make?  
Have I seen this thing before?  
I do not know how  
to stay inside all day  
without going outside.  
I know how to lay in the grass  
and use my imagination  
to make pictures with the clouds.  
If you were outside, would you  
like to look at clouds, catch bugs,  
play soccer, or do you just like  
to do other things? Maybe  
they might look like dogs today.  
Please say, what do you like to do?

*Sarah Long*



Brian Ruiz, Vilonia Public Schools

# **Greenbrier Public Schools**

*Greenbrier*

FACULTY CONTACT: Robin Clark

VISITING WRITERS: Kaj Anderson-Bauer and David Kinzer

## **Crossing the Atlantic Ocean in a Bucket**

A big blue whale shark eats a wooden canoe.

You were crouching in a square bucket as small as a square foot.

The ocean was blue with big sharp waves, the water was salty and clear.

The ocean faded as the sun went down. It almost became white.

The bucket was white and rough on the inside. It was smooth on the outside but not on the inside.

*Gracie Finley*

## **When No One Is Looking**

When no one is looking, the dolphins  
speak to me. They fireflies fill my room  
with light while they teach me how  
to dance. The blue jays teach me to  
sing while they change colors

*Faith Blackshire*

## **Firefly Thoughts**

My thoughts are fireflies,  
Coming at me all at once.  
One second there, the next they're not.  
These lightning bugs will fly in a group.  
On occasions, one will be stranded, all alone  
As it flashes its light on and off as I remember and forget.

*Grady Barnett*

### **The Melancholy Knob**

Turning on the faucet.  
I hear a cry. A sigh.  
I looked upon the sink,  
And found the knob  
Weeping. Friend Knob, why  
Do you weep so? In  
Which he replied  
With a heavy flow  
Of tears: For I am  
Used. Not spoken to.  
The other knob, kind  
As a violet.  
Alas! He cried out  
In the most quivering  
Voice, He is too far,  
For I am but a knob,  
And cannot reach. My  
Sadness is arduous  
For other random objects  
To bear. In which after  
These words, I unscrewed  
The poor knob. I gently  
Put him beside the other,  
And went to fetch a bolt,  
And a pair of pliers.

*Nova Brazier*

### **My Thoughts Are Like Canaries**

They flutter and flit  
As one fluttering flock,  
Until I run towards the lot of them.  
I grope for the soft feathered shells,  
Then find that what they encase  
Can bruise me as they batter me.  
And just like that they scatter,  
And I can catch only one  
As long as I run  
Until my feet are throbbing.  
Then the one that I catch,  
I stroke and nurture,  
Until it grows.

*E. Marie Gray*

### **Moon Diver**

Moon diver  
Cold water  
Thick hair  
Shaking knees  
Tossing trophy  
Kicks table  
Cries river  
Loves others

*Lydia Dunlap*

# Heber Springs Middle School

## *Heber Springs*

FACULTY CONTACT: Mary Propes

VISITING WRITERS: Megan Blankenship, Aran Donovan, Adrian McBride, Alice Otto,  
Hung Pham, and Rodney Wilhite

### Unlike the lynx

I always envision summer  
Except when berries bloom  
and when the whomping willow bends and shakes  
and you wouldn't believe the leaves like wasps  
all buzzing like a kazoo

*Ashlyn Garrett*

### Untitled

Winter is a unique architect.  
Incredible snow structures being built around  
Not knowing any Limits to its creations  
tall or small, simple and unique  
Enormous snow mountains like designed buildings  
Recreating when vicious winds blow

Winter is a unique and spectacular builder  
Like an architect who builds looming  
buildings just like snow mountains

*Miguel Sunga*

### The Wolf

The wolf runs guided by the beating heart of the white forest  
Snow comes down like tiny pillows of comfort  
Snow fills the air with white graceful rain  
The wolf runs guided by the beating heart of the white forest  
Snow drops onto the ground with the rhythm of nature  
Snow powers over the sky and forms a blanket as it hits the forest floor  
The wolf runs guided by the beating heart of the white forest

*Angela Wilson*

### Faith

Take as much hope as you  
like. You will also need a cup  
of determination for a goal. This  
might take a while to heat up but  
it will be ready

Take your determination  
and put it in a mixer with a  
dash of the warming sun to  
start this new recipe. Mix until  
thick like the road you are traveling.  
Pour in the biggest bowl possible.  
Before putting in the oven sprinkle  
some hope on the thick mix so it  
cannot thin out. Preheat the oven before  
you start your journey so your  
heart never burns out. Put it  
in the oven it might be like  
fiery heat but it will become  
ready. You shouldn't run out. Don't  
become discouraged otherwise this  
will not work.

*Ethan Hackworth*

## **Traveling to Easter Island by Riding a Pig**

You can't control where it goes. The wobbly stubs of feet on a pig thudding across the forest. It doesn't run, for I am too heavy. Squeals fill the forest as it searches for the right direction. I tug at the reins carefully, as not to hurt it, and send it in the right direction. The pig is sore, legs failing, tired, and hungry. I jump off at that moment and now guide him to the bubbling, foamy ocean to cool down. Long, heavy, carved faces stacked on one another mark an island only yards away. The pig and I jump, make a splash, smell and taste the horrible salty water, and dash away to Easter Island.

*Steilee McClain*

## **Self-Portrait**

I am a volcano  
waiting to vomit over the earth  
The sunlight stretches far above  
The sickening smell of the crunching  
earth below me  
The taste of the hot rock makes  
my stomach churn and bubble  
At the edge of my mouth I  
can feel the magma rising  
I will never hear the Ocean  
Swish

*Sydnee Morris*

## **Playful Cheetahs (A Recipe of Hope and Peace)**

Blend in the roar of a lion.  
A sprinkle of joy from getting a new pet.  
Measure the length of a cheetah running.  
Add a dash of happiness with baby cheetahs' play.  
As I let my hope simmer I watch the fat but beautiful  
squirrels pick up some nuts off the ground.  
As I bake in the hot sun, I take a journey to Africa and  
see the baby tigers chase each other.  
It's getting dark and I am letting all bad thoughts  
into something better like hearing the owls hooting  
in the cool light breeze. I mix all thoughts in my  
mind, out in the forest there is a cute but crazy monkey  
eating bananas. As midnight hits I chop up my memories  
and put them in my heart and I can hear the wolves  
howling through the night. It's morning and all bad  
memories are gone. I turn my head and see the fattest  
raccoon reach out to me. A pinch of fragileness in the  
baby deer's first steps. Seeing the beautiful doves  
flying in the sky gives me a sign of peace and  
hope.

*Abigail Finkbeiner*

### **Depression**

Like an old flag  
fading more and more  
because of the sun

*Terressa Williams*

### **Unlike the penguin**

I sit on my porch freezing from the  
snowflakes on my eyelashes.  
Except when apples are dancing  
in the night and when I notice  
how much I smile within the day, I  
am making the apples stay still.  
Any you wouldn't believe the beetles  
are vey big, prancing around on their  
tiny legs and the piano plays  
in the cold dark night.

*Olivia McCranie*

### **The Raccoon**

The raccoon stopped and stared like a frozen timeline  
Its eyes looking directly at me  
Its eyes glared by the full moonlight  
The raccoon stopped and stared like a frozen timeline  
Its eyes, never been more confused and scared  
Its eyes, knowing the raccoon had to leave, soon.  
The raccoon stopped and stared like a frozen timeline

*Jaden Evans*

### **Untitled**

I look in the mirror and see  
the mark of my ancestors in  
the way the feathers are braided  
into my hair.

I look in the mirror and  
see the ceiling slowly dropping,  
cutting off the oxygen.

I look in the mirror and see  
a crossroad leading in too many  
different directions to count.

I look out the window and  
see a world cities waiting for  
me to discover.

*Skye Wommack*

### **Dear Guitar,**

I think you sound better  
when it's starting to grow  
cold, and you wouldn't believe  
how you calm my nerves like  
a butterfly's fluttering wings,  
unlike the large roaring lion  
which is never quiet, like during  
the Civil War, and now I'm  
going to eat a piece of cake and  
tune you, while sitting by the  
old tree that speaks.

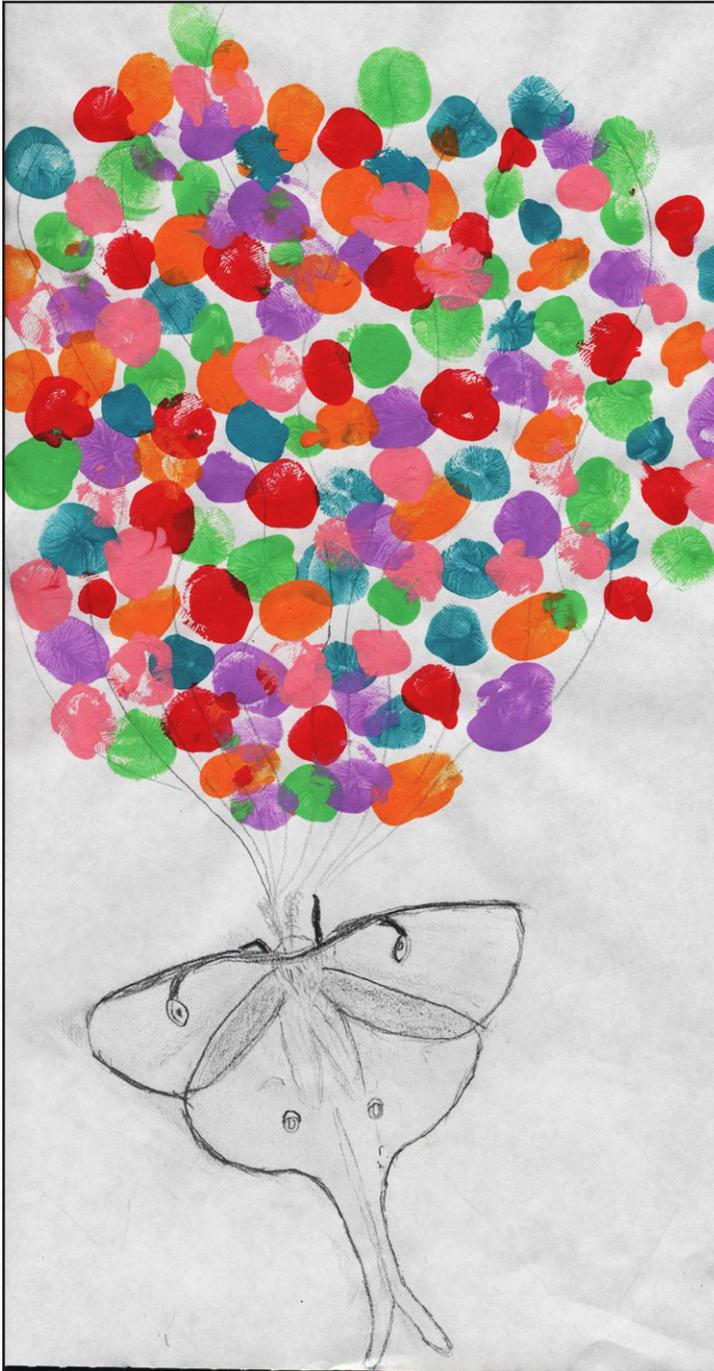
Yours truly,  
Alexa

*Alexa Carlton*

## Untitled

Maddie's smile is made of bees  
yellow teeth and black black lips  
And when she blinks her  
eye lashes look like the bees' wings.

*Dylan McErot*



*Emily Forrest, Heber Springs Middle School*

## Sharpness

J meat hook from a butcher shop  
A nail from a tool shed  
M mountains of Colorado  
E Icicles hanging from the roof  
S a slithering snake from Florida.

*James Bull*

## Haiku

leaves fallen like winter snow  
sunlight beaming through the dark woods in  
Virginia  
green spring smelling like bubblegum

*Landon Jones*

## Untitled

My Mother never taught me to do a  
cartwheel, so I can't do cartwheels like  
the other girls.  
My Mother never taught me to put my hair  
up so my grandma has to do it every day.

My mother never taught me how to write  
in cursive so I write in print.

I felt like a hyena who couldn't  
laugh.

*McKenna Hodges*

## **The Fox**

The fox slyly creeps along the open field  
The wind whispers a sweet secret song  
The wind's cold breeze cuts like knives  
The fox slyly creeps along the open field  
The wind howls like a wolf in the distance  
The wind cries like a child in danger  
And the fox slyly creeps along the open field

*Madison Julian*

## **How to Speak the Language of Fire**

Even the slightest whisper can cause a ball  
of ash to float.

A burst of flame, evolving from the movement of the  
tongue fills the air. With every word, a ball  
of orange flame wraps around it, sending a  
chill down the spine. A perfect piece of charcoal,  
waiting to be mine.

*Gabrielle Stogsdill*

## **Untitled**

I follow the road to winter watching  
my reflection in the ice-cold snow.  
Everything so brightly white it  
feels like I'm staring at the sun.  
Seeing tiny walls of snow build up  
and tumbling down like the twin  
towers of 9-11. I follow the road  
to winter by looking back and  
seeing no tracks at all.

*Allison Holland*

# **Helen Tyson Middle School**

## *Springdale*

FACULTY CONTACT: Claudia Allgood and Jessica Elledge  
VISITING WRITERS: Jane Blunschi, Alice Otto, Lizzie Paulus,  
and Eszter Takacs

### **My Monster**

My monster looks like a blueberry  
that ate a lion. It tastes like  
melted oak trees after a forest fire,  
and it smells like a starfish in  
the deep ocean. It sounds like  
a president after an election.

*Lillie Laney*

### **I Heard a Rumor about Soup**

I heard a rumor about  
soup. The apple told me  
it was first made in a bath tub,  
made with bark from an old  
oak tree, metal from the Eiffel Tower,  
and water straight from  
the ocean. When mixed together,  
they called it soup.

*Omar Fuentes*

### **Inside My Pocket**

Inside my pocket, the odor of year-old bacon fills my nostrils.  
I can touch Australian sand  
and hear a parrot calling.  
I see a lizard from the middle of a jungle.  
I can touch gilded wings  
and hear a monster growl.  
A Thanksgiving dinner rests next to some nail polish.

*Reannon Ray*

### **Simple Things**

Things that should be simple  
riding a horse hold on  
washing a cat water gun  
growing fruit bonemeal

*Joshua Levy*

### **I have an Imaginary Friend Named Granny Smith Apple**

Granny Smith Apple wore shoes as his mittens, and  
mittens for his shoes. He waddled like a penguin, and  
every step, he made a small squeak. Granny Smith Apple  
could be found walking the edge of the flowing Mississippi  
River. You could tell if he was near by the distinct  
smell of crispy apple pie, you could smell him  
miles away. If you couldn't smell, you would know  
him by color. He looks as if a rainbow sneezed on  
him. If you couldn't smell or see, you wouldn't know  
him by touch. He had fur as long as meter sticks,  
and if you touched it, you were surely to  
fall asleep. Granny Smith Apple is special to me.

*Maddie Holt*

## Sweet Things

scarlet strawberries speckled  
with sugar  
The fragrance of a freshly  
bloomed rose  
a brisk glass  
of water on a sweltering day  
victory after  
a good game  
A slice of watermelon under  
the fireworks  
The first slice of cake on  
your birthday  
A s'more near the campfire under  
the night sky

*Benen Chen*

## Karaoke Crawdads

People dream bout driving to work  
in a beige car  
and typing on a manila keyboard  
in an eggshell-colored cubicle.

People don't dream about visiting  
a land of perpetual excitement and  
meeting cobalt trolls that eat tomato-  
colored apples and drinking sky-blue milk.

I dream about clouds that rain  
diamonds, gold and money, and people  
chasing me and telling me  
to give them their Teddygrahams.

*William Gay*

## How to Fall in Love

Move your arms smoothly through  
the water, kicking your feet hard, making  
the water tumble down like rain during  
a thunderstorm. Take easy breaths, letting  
it out while your head is under water and  
watch the bubble fly up popping at the top.  
Touch the wall hard and forceful,  
so you know that your time has been counted.

*Fiona Turek*



*Carlie Wattigney, Buffalo Island Central West Elementary School*

## Me at 23

Me at 23 seeing men that won't  
be seen for a while I hear gavels  
and chains clanging against each other  
I feel the cold sorrow winds  
from the prison cells  
I see the prisoners' tears of joy  
when they see their family  
I touch my black leather briefcase  
with wrinkles  
I smell my half 'n half coffee  
and my brand new Mercedes  
All I would tell myself  
is study hard, it pays off in the future

*Carlos Rivera*

## Bright Things

A gently used golden ring,  
The consistent flashing of blue and red,  
Newly mined diamonds,  
A newborn star,  
The neon lights on a Christmas tree,  
A multicolored rainbow,  
Melted butter on a baked potato,  
These are things that should  
be bright.

*Devan Toor*

## Tsunami

I am a tsunami,  
I come alive when the ocean churns,  
I am mighty and powerful,  
I swallow surfers that try to ride me whole,  
and eat houses big or small.  
I obliterate anything and everything in my path,  
My voice is tidal waves hitting dry  
land, but when I am finished with my work,  
the ocean returns to normal level, as  
I store my energy until I strike  
again.

*Malcolm Garcia*

## Waterfall

I am a waterfall of abundance

Water dripping off my hands and feet

I flow all year round until I turn  
to ice in the winter

You hear tinkles and drops a  
mile away

My voice roars when I am  
near to your heartbeat

My long hair of water dropping  
from my head hurtling down to  
my feet transforming to white  
foam

Puffy and soft like a blanket  
covering my blue skin

Rock lay beside me blocking  
me to spread

The crisp feel coming up your  
nostrils, blending in with oak and  
green grass, and blooming flowers

I create what surrounds me

*Vanessa Gonzalez*

# Hugh Goodwin Fine Arts Academy

*El Dorado*

FACULTY CONTACT: Monica Nash  
VISITING WRITERS: Jack O'Neal and Josh Peterson

## My Sorrow

My sorrow smells like rotten eggs. He looks like he didn't shower. He has two sharp teeth. He has four eyes. He has two arms, no legs and his eyes pop out when he's scared. He looks wet and greasy. His nose is long. He wears a shirt that says "Sorrows are Cool."

## My Fury

My fury is ugly. It lives inside of my closet. It has three eyeballs and huge hands. He smells like a trash can. He whispers at night. He sprinkles salt

## Lunchtime Rodeo

One time I went to a rodeo but it was kind of weird. The horses were hot dogs. Bulls were chili pies. Every time the riders got on their pants were a mess and then the horses' neighs

## Star Fruit

A yellow shooting star waiting on a picnic table take a bite of a star careful for the ashes you don't see a person eat a star everyday.

*Sophia A*

## Disruptive Stove, My Only Friend

I have just one friend and it's the stove. I like being his friend But he's not my type. The reason that I just have the stove for a friend is because nobody likes me and I never made another friend in my life so the only friend I have is my stove. I'm happy that I have one friend at least. I took a lot of pictures with my stove and put it on Facebook and I got five comments and do you know what kind? Mean comments. I'm just out of plans. It was prom night



*Kassidy W., Westside High School*

### **Crossing Arkansas By Screaming**

I crossed Arkansas by  
screaming. I screamed one  
time and a helicopter saw  
me screaming, so he picked  
me up and took me half  
way past Arkansas. I could  
see the whole view from  
there. Then the  
man  
realized that I was

# **KIPP: Blytheville College Preparatory School**

*Blytheville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Eric Dailey  
VISITING WRITERS: Stu Dearnley and Josh Peterson

## **Vulture Happiness**

littered bodies everywhere  
the motionlessness of other animals  
dead weight, fat and meat  
the pungent odor of death  
my feathers rustling and my snapping beak

*Bryce Tribble*

## **Abandoned Party Panda**

tall, thin and delicious bamboo  
the gusting wind breezing past me  
a mouthwatering pie in the distance  
the hard-works sweat from fleeing  
a disco party without me

*Amita Panda*

## **Helicopter Christmas**

During Helicopter Christmas  
I saw the floaty balloons  
Falling from the sky.  
It's gray kangaroos  
Sitting on a chair of presents

*Darnell Hopper*

## **Untitled**

My friend Zeus cuts in line at

the store all of the time.  
Wonder Woman is cutting in line at the mall.

Wolverine is eating my apples.  
Batman is eating my friend's steak.  
Catwoman is eating my hotdog.

Captain America is haggling over the price of grapes.

*Billy Morris*

## **Mouse's Nightmare**

moldy cheese dancing  
warm lava rocks  
turkey in the oven  
hamburgers with ketchup  
crunching and munching of chips

*Alexis Bivens*

## **Equation**

An ancient riddle on the playground  
plus nasty mummy gummy escape  
plus tons of alien booger evasion  
plus Dracula's nasty razor-sharp teeth  
plus King Kong's horrible game of ping pong  
equals a breakfast alien disaster.

*Tomas Lozano*

# **KIPP: Delta Collegiate High School**

*Helena-West Helena*

FACULTY CONTACT: Stephanie Graham  
VISITING WRITERS: Josh Brown and Adrian McBride

## **Gradual Disappearance**

It's funny now I look on today  
with the broken up roofs, slowly running,  
running away  
but who could care less about the roofless houses?  
Before children choose their separate paths  
the pregnant streets, the bass of various voices  
the wind happy to cool us off on days the summer was angry  
who could ever forget the night  
perfectly illuminated with boisterous stars  
yet gradually, the streets begin to give birth  
only half remain, the bass of voices only half effective as before  
slowly but slowly she finished  
and now, the deathly silence of past voices.

*Mercedes Mooney*

## **The Diminishing Memories**

I watched them  
I watched them  
And I watched them  
As they withered away  
Like sweet dream in the early mourn  
My memories.  
They coasted away  
As ghosts  
Going into another dimension  
I failed to keep them in my mind  
Forgetting everything I've ever known  
Now it's devoured like an innocent lamb  
that's lost  
My memories were diminished  
As if I were never here.

*Kendrick Lamar Allen*

## **Store**

You barely see me but I still think of you  
My father, living in another city that is unknown  
Because you leap around from city to city like  
A frog going to the other side of the lake.  
When we do meet I give you my gift  
To show that we still care  
You gave me life, but momma delivered me  
Like the mailwoman taking good care of the fragile box.  
It's not enough for even five minutes  
But every poor person gets real excited  
When they see it.  
So here dad, call me Johnny Taylor  
Because these are my last two dollars  
That I'm giving to you.  
Got to the store and get me and you some  
candy please.

*Courtney Beckwood Jr.*

## The Life of My Uncle

He was born in Ohio with red  
hair and an odd-shaped head  
As a toddler he ran around chasing  
the chickens at my great-grandmother's  
house  
His occupation was creating counter-tops  
for houses although he never maintained  
a sturdy house  
He spent his time riding his motorcycle  
around town whenever he could  
I never understood how he managed  
to get a wife  
He died in jewelry store.

*Briana Williams*



*Misty Owens, Westside High School*

## The Diminishing Photograph

There it goes again  
That photo of my dad and I  
My favorite photo of all time  
Our smiles as bright as the sun.  
I look at it everyday.  
I laid it under my pillow.  
Of course the photo started to wrinkle.  
The actual frame was long gone  
There were spots that were torn and worn  
As I got older, of course the photo did too.  
The smiles had faded, it was more like a piece of  
trash  
Even now you can barely see the two of us,  
but we're there  
I'll keep that photo to remind me of what was.

*Aaron Gepmany*

## Untitled

Me the big guy who made it.  
The neighbors who would cry waterfalls if you  
stepped on their lawn.  
My mom who made ends meet for us.  
Dad the spoiler, but not of a car.  
Sister, out chasing her nurse dream.  
Uncle, lost but is always in sight.  
Devil, trying to hold you down like gravity.  
Brother, who was their every footstep.  
Coach, who got what he wanted.  
Girls, like scabs on your knees.  
God, the figure from above.

*Jaterius Montague*

# Manila High School

*Manila*

FACULTY CONTACT: Robin Baugher  
VISITING WRITERS: Jack O'Neal and Josh Peterson

## Summer is a Lifeguard

Summer is a tanned little number, with  
brunette hair who walks along the  
beach in a vivid red swimsuit, looking  
out towards the water with binoculars  
searching for those in need, and listening  
for the screams of "help."

*Alli Lambert*

## Jefferson, Texas

Trailers scattered in my neighborhood  
We locked the doors every night  
I had a brick house  
that some people want to rob  
railroad tracks everywhere  
travelers all throughout the downtown  
they come and go to see the sights.

*Chase Stiles*

## Lemon

Yellow twerp  
in the basket  
squirt the juice  
be refreshed

*Charlie Smith*

## Windswept Sandwich

The windswept sandwich blew  
out of the house and into the open  
city streets, falling apart to pieces  
tumbling downtown in the heavy  
traffic.

*Jake Archer*

## Over and Over

Buildings of war  
streets were  
green and red  
green to white to brown over and over  
Traffic like mammoths

*Scott Eubanks*

## The Sailor Aches

Waves constantly beating his boat  
the storm wearing on his crew  
the crabs nowhere to be found  
without a profit  
without hope  
the sailor aches

*Zac Riley*

## The Storm

The lightning skin threatens,  
The poofy face rolls and twists,  
its darkness leaves a wet scar  
its breath rips the land to oblivion  
the lightning skin is deadly and dark.

*Michael Edwards*

# Mount St. Mary Academy

*Little Rock*

FACULTY CONTACT: Maureen Stover

VISITING WRITERS: Kaj Anderson-Bauer, Adrian McBride, Scott Ray,  
and Josh Peterson

## **Anxiety**

Anxiety is a shaking leaf,  
about to fall from the flimsy tree above.  
I hear it whine as it attempts to  
grasp for dear life.  
The air is thick, breathless as it  
plunges toward the icy ground.  
The leaf finally descends with  
a soft thud, never to hear its cry again.  
As it shrivels and perishes, all  
becomes clear and calm.

*Audrey Woody*

## **Untitled**

Anger is the pot over a fire.  
Boiling over the side,  
And hurting all who try to help  
Anger is the mad-eyed bull,  
Frenzied after seeing the coyote  
Anger is like the pounding surf  
during a storm that leaves the coast in ruins.  
Anger is the smell of food, burning in the  
unchecked pot.

*Darcy Collins*

## **Popcorn in Microwave:**

I'm spinning in circles, around and around  
Slowly getting warmer  
The first kernal pops, hitting me in the arm  
Another two burning my leg.  
I'm rapidly sweating now  
Dizzy from so many circles and rotations.  
Drowning in fluffy, white, buttery popcorn  
And I'm relieved to hear the dinging sounding my cooking is completed  
the bag opens and I'm blown over by fresh air.

*Caroline Cline*

## Untitled

From this position, I feel closed-in  
I look up, and see a cloud of green,  
below me, a nesting owl  
I can feel bark on my skin,  
and a splinter in my arm  
Insects are crawling through the wood,  
trying to escape that hungry, pecking bird  
The scent of pine fills my head,  
as I sit inside my tree.

*Maria Parker*

## Untitled

Oklahoma's dirt was gray  
And spiders hid in the house's corners  
why did such a thing happen?  
1890 was alright I guess  
The old square house stood tall  
And the slippery rocks sat in the creek  
Oklahoma's life was gray in pictures I'd seen  
And all that's left of that life is dust.

*Katie Z.*

## Inside a Camera

My vision focuses in and out  
snap, snap, click, click, snap  
the world is sharp and colorful  
I have seen the most beautiful sunset and  
the greenest meadow  
People change and are frozen in time  
everything is perfection, even that with deepest  
flaws  
I am constantly moving, focusing on the finest huge detail  
I take the photograph of time.

*Anna Bliss Dean*

## The Queen of Arkansas

The oppressing rule of the Queen of Little Rock is plain to see.  
Like winter she causes death in the city.  
The trees and beautiful flowers that once made it natural  
are replaced by the hard ground and the scent of decaying plants.  
The spontaneous weather is gone.  
The never ending cold takes its place leaving the people bored  
and tired,  
The laughter and happiness replaced by silence.

*LeAnne Roberson*

### **Overcoming Anger with Twinkies**

Whenever you're mad, go to a gas station.  
Once you're there take your shoes off,  
then put them back on.  
This slows you down,  
which allows you to calm down.  
Go inside and get a Twinkie or two or three.  
Buy them.  
Go back to your car and take a moment  
to admire how soft they are, how sweet  
they smell. Doesn't that automatically  
raise your mood?  
Take a bite, chew slowly.  
If you're still angry at this point,  
Throw half of it at the nearest squirrel  
then look at how cute it is.  
Now go chase it.  
Once you've made a fool out of yourself, stop.  
Laugh  
Just laugh.  
Then, now go eat another Twinkie/  
You won't be angry anymore now  
You're welcome.

*Anna Clare Burnett*

### **Blue**

Salty-filled air at the ocean in the  
summer  
while craving a midnight snack,  
the taste of a sour candy,  
the rubber on a fresh bought tire,  
a calm night.

*Shelby Yates*

### **Ariel, Paying in Pennies**

Shiny copper appeals to a foreign eye.  
The salt hides the sweaty human lives.  
The scents of these meals are so different.  
She can get green paper and dull brown confuses.  
Her fiery red fountain flows over her shoulder.  
She offers the jewels to her neighbor.  
A scratchy scaly man shouts harsh new words.  
The river born in her finally breaks the barrier.

*Wendy Darr*

### **Untitled**

In the night, the sounds of pony mischief ring.  
Heels click and clack on the moonlighted pavement  
windows letting in the midnight breeze.  
Fences grabbing at clothes, not giving up without a fight.  
The noises of the town die down as shoes removed are left to cry.

*Sydney McEwen*

## Fall is a Mother

The tree begs her leaves not to go.  
The innocence departs as they flutter  
away. She thinks to herself, they can always  
come back to visit her but she knows they never will.  
They are buried by the outside world, how  
could they be so naïve. The golden knowledge of yesterday  
has far been gone, as they darken and crumble  
into nothing at all. And sad is the mother,  
but she won't cry. She is strong, and sturdy.

*Carel Lawlar*



Kate Gosnell, Root Elementary School



## How to have a good party in a nursing home

Gather all the old jazz players,  
the hippies, the flappers,  
the old band members.  
Gather all the old marines and  
navymen. The lifelong cooks and  
all the retired entrepreneurs.  
Gather them all and mix them  
together, lifelong stories can be  
shared in one room. All the  
memories and fun times. As the  
different eras' dance moves clash,  
while walkers and wheelchairs  
glide, this is a REAL party.

*Carly Mann*

## A Concert

Eyes are watching, their eyelids are fluttering,  
like a thousand wings a-beating.

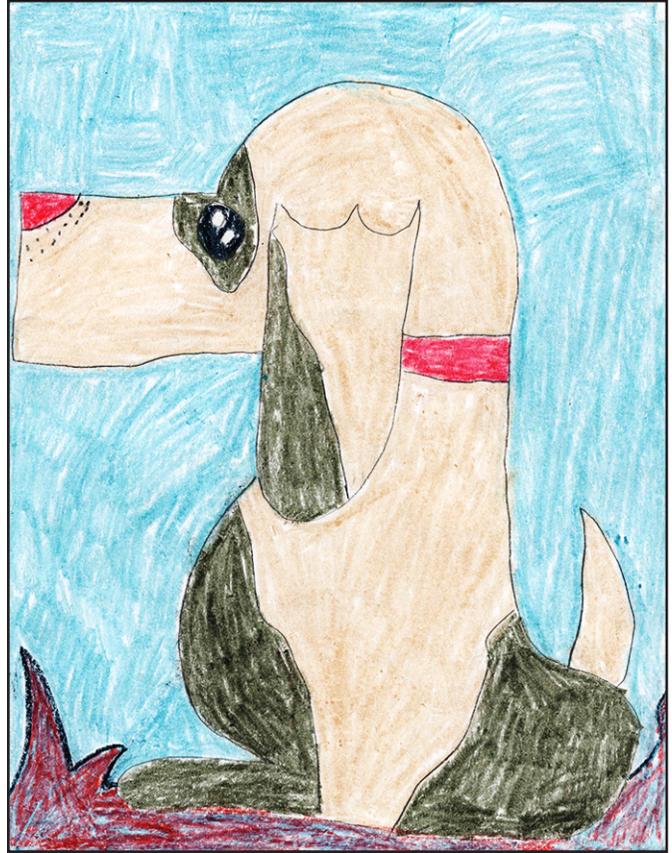
*Penny*

## Untitled

I sing with the birds,  
I walk against the wind,  
the soft warm feel of freedom,  
walking the streets of New Orleans,  
seeing instruments on almost every corner,  
the rhythm is soft, flowing, and light.

I feel I'm in the right place,  
I taste Cajun food with a spice,  
gumbo, and brass instruments,  
all feeling like home, a place I miss...  
A place filled with love and excitement,  
as if there is no end, laughing people,  
and happy faces...  
All a reminder of just one instrument,  
the saxophone with a nice smooth feel.

*Cody Holthusen*



*Amelia Fuller, Root Elementary School*

## What I heard on a subway in New York

I heard the soft whispers of two  
young boys.  
The new mother talking and cooing to her  
baby.  
A jingle of a homeless man's cup  
asking for spare change.  
A boss telling his employee where to  
pick up his dry cleaning.  
I heard the purse on the floor  
slide as we came to a stop.  
The brakes screeching and grinding  
trying to stop us.  
And the slide of the doors as  
they opened to let us out.

*Linsey Polly*

# Norphlet High School

## *Norphlet*

FACULTY CONTACT: Clare Heffner

VISITING WRITERS: Katie Nichol and Diana Reaves

### **Wildwood, 8:00 PM**

two cars  
two women fighting violently  
father yelling  
brother crying  
white truck  
busted window  
bloody fist

*Katharine Langley*

### **Women at Thirty**

A mind so full of questions,  
so many choices they could make  
at this point.  
Like a young child in a library  
searching for that special book,  
but not sure where to start.  
The sweet smell of lavender that  
reminds them of their mother,  
they now smell on a daily basis  
because it is in themselves, becoming  
what their mother once was, a  
woman at thirty.  
The life of partying, so wild and  
free like a beautiful black stallion  
galloping through a field of vibrant  
green grass is now coming to a halt.  
Everyone is saying it's time to  
grow up. Maybe so...

*Kelcy Roberts*

### **My Mountain**

In the eye of the beholder, she looks dim.  
Like a rock, so common.  
But her eyes, like sapphires.  
The way they glimmer at dawn.  
The way her body curves  
like an hour glass.  
But she is feisty. She refuses to dance.  
The wildflowers sway, but she stands still.  
At times, whole days pass and she won't make a sound.  
She just stands, tall and full of glory.  
Alone she will stay, for an eternity it will seem.  
To you, she may look like a crappy rock.  
But I hope you see the way I see.  
It's been years, and she still refuses to sway.  
Her beautiful curves against the wind.  
And her eyes, delighted and pleased.  
She wants to dance, and be in sync with the wild.

*Alyssa Anderson*



*Erin, Vandergriff Elementary School*

## Men at Thirty-Five

Raising six boys  
as loud as a missile crashing in your yard,  
fearless as a Japanese kamikaze pilot,  
willing to do anything,  
learns how to take control.

He learns it takes as much energy as an MMA fight,  
the behavior of a drill sergeant,  
and the compassion only the best dads have.

He learns how to help,  
how to control them,  
how to help one with sports  
while another wants to play house.

No matter what they realize—everything—  
the fact that something is filling them,  
something that is like a General  
watching his army as they learn,  
as they figure out how to work together,  
as they win their battles.

They are proud of the first thirty-five years,  
and they want their kids to be proud of their thirty-five years  
while he lives his last thirty-five years  
planning to be able to relax as his little army goes to the world  
and shows what their dad has taught them.

Men at thirty-five  
raising six boys  
sit outside, watching his boys play-fight like ancient warriors  
training,  
as sweet as the sound of a warm country night in Arkansas.

*Andrew Odom*

## The Last American Dollar

The last American dollar  
opens up to me  
telling me  
where she has been.  
When she's angry,  
she crinkles,  
creasing her forehead  
and retreating  
to the cold, dark space  
of my blue jean pocket  
and then hides,  
refusing to talk,  
later showing up  
in the washer.  
She is also  
sick a lot,  
her old wrinkled  
skin always green.  
When she is  
better though,  
I touch her  
and she tells me  
more about  
her long years  
of travel.

*Jenna Means*

## Love

Love. As simple as holding a baby, or as complex as saving a life. When you feel a warm hand on your shoulder, knowing someone is there for you. Whenever your friend stands up for you. It comes in from a birthday card to a vow for someone

to spend the rest of their life with you. Love is just amazing. I remember, the first word I said, showing affection to my father. "Da-Da." His excitement was overwhelming. My love for him showed in a simple phrase. I remember, I was ten, I was in the super-

market, reaching for a green apple. I was not big enough to reach it. A worker helped me in that situation. Love for his job. And him caring enough to help me, enough to get that delicious apple.

*Jace Vance*

# Richland Elementary School

*West Memphis*

FACULTY CONTACT: Gwen Looney  
VISITING WRITERS: Aran Donovan and Corrie Williamson

## Spring Break at the North Pole

All you can feel is the coldness of the ice. It feels like 1,000 nails in your body. I see parts of ice breaking and floating away into the water. I hear polar bears in the distance. I smell ice. I taste snow drops falling into my mouth. It's so cold. It's like I've never been to the south.

*Adam Sorrell*

## My Former Me

Dear you,  
When you were born, you looked like glass, strong yet fragile. When you were born, you sounded like birds cawing in the trees. You were competitive and good-spirited, but always had a knack for trouble. You made strong friends, who you will have forever. Soon you will accomplish more than your imagination thought possible. Don't forget to always be you, and don't let anyone get in the way of that.

Love, me.

*Hannah McCall*



Baylee Rose, *Buffalo Island Central West Elementary School*

## Ode to The Fork

You are as shiny as a crystal ring. I stick you in the meat like a lion's teeth in the deer. Without you it will be hard to eat my steak with a covered bent spoon. I also will not be able to eat my spicy hot spaghetti.

You are bright like diamonds in the sky.

Your tangles are as sharp as a knife.

*Jaylan Allen*

## Ode to The Paintbrush

Oh paintbrush, you're as colorful as a disco spinning in the dark. You light up my world more than a headlight on a car at midnight. Your bristles are as sharp as a bee's stinger. Your beautiful, long, even strokes across the wall, smoother than a glass table. Without you the world would be as dim as a black and white movie.

*Ethan Evans*

## Sunrise is a Thousand Miles Away

A bear is yawning while his cubs fall asleep. The tomato is getting its last bit of sunlight. The heart of the world is watching the stars appear in the sky. A dog is pacing around in a circle looking for a comfortable place to fall asleep. A willow tree is waving goodbye to the sun, saying See you in the morning. The mockingbirds swoop into their nest to feed their young.

*Layton Scarbrough*

## It's a Panda's Life

I am a beautiful creature. I am pink, and I do not have fur. My mom keeps me safe from the dangerous humans burning and tearing down my home. Everyday I smell fire and see smoke. I hear chainsaws through the night. They sound like a puppy that's leg is broken, and that's screaming in agony.

I now have fur that is black and white. I was saved, and I am now inside a clear box. Everyday people come and see me. I guess humans aren't so bad. It might just be my life. My life is a brick wall. It will build up, and sometimes it will break down.

*Cali Freeman*

# Root Elementary School

*Fayetteville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Diane Carpenter

VISITING WRITERS: Aran Donovan, Diana Reaves, Chris Tamigi  
and Corrie Williamson

## **The City Inside Us**

My heart is a hospital.  
My brain is a school. Near the harbor.  
My stomach is a park. With a pond.  
My blood is the harbor.  
My bones are the road where  
traffic goes.

*Jillian Bonacci*

## **Mad**

Sour Mouth / Shaky hands /  
Smells sour / Face Red / mean  
Face / angry eye / yelling / not understood /  
cramped fist

*Ely Caldwell*

## **Untitled**

Our city is made of words.  
The words grab your attention.  
They yell at you. You freak! Our city  
is noisy all the time. There is a shop  
on Wordy St. called "Words." You can buy  
words in the shop, like big words.  
AMAZING! ELECTRIC! SCIENCE!  
Our café has words to eat. They yell  
them into the kitchen. The cooks jump  
because the words are loud. Even  
the people are made of words.  
They scream random words.  
Our city is made of  
Words.

*Olivia Walsh*

## **Red Dog**

A red dog in the sunset  
gleaming appearance he stops  
to sniff then simply moves on  
that red dog in the meadow  
I wish he was mine.

*Tori Thomson*

Monday is a Vulture

Monday is a vulture.  
It ate me whole.  
Monday is a vulture.  
It spat me into Tuesday.

Gracie Benham

## **The Owl's Bedtime Story**

The mom sitting  
in the chair, the child  
wrapped up  
in her arms, the owl  
in the window  
and the owl listens,  
listens  
to the bedtime story.

*Sophia*

### **Jerry the Mouse**

*inspired by Tom & Jerry*

My mouse hole is made of cheese.

Cheese is what I eat, and  
cheese is where I sleep.

Cheese

Cheese

Cheese

I break off a piece  
of the cheese, as  
crumbs drop on the squishy  
cheese floor Yum, Yum,  
delicious

Cheese

Cheese

Cheese

I wear this delicious  
food when I feel like

getting fancy, I especially like

wearing my American cheese

hat. Cheese, Cheese, Cheese.

*Kate Heinzelmann*

### **Dear Boredom**

The clock ticking, your foot  
tapping, you resting your  
chin on your hand, waiting  
like a cold night waiting to  
be day, a silent whisper  
from the clouds, the bell  
ringing like the rain  
crashing on the ground, an  
earthquake to the ants

*Rachel Stanford*

### **My Heart**

My heart sometimes goes crazy  
after I run, it beats as loud  
as a cricket's legs, but sometimes  
it sounds just perfect.  
It's like a tiny planet  
in my body, or it's sitting  
in a tower.

You can draw a heart  
in the bath then wash it away  
with water. Sometimes I draw  
my hearts electric blue  
or red as an apple. I'll draw  
them the size of a nickel,  
but boy sometimes my real heart  
makes me tremble.

*Isabella Compton*

## Ode to the Chopsticks

O chopsticks  
you are as wooden  
as George Washington's teeth.

You are as useful  
as a hippo with a cart.

You sound like two cabbages  
hitting each other.

You are my guide  
to picking up noodles  
and fried rice.

You help people  
all around the world  
by picking up cereal

to puppets and so  
much more.

Without you  
my brain would turn  
to spaghetti sauce.

*Amelia Peters*

## The Dinner Party

I invited Amelia Earhart  
to dinner on the condition  
that she didn't obsess  
over planes like she always  
does. But that promise  
didn't last long  
because she showed up  
in her flight suit  
and she made mini airplanes  
out of her mashed potatoes  
and all she talked about  
was her flight trips and  
then at dessert she left  
for the bathroom  
and came back in an airplane  
made of toilet paper.  
You ruined my party,  
I yelled. Why didn't  
you just stay missing?

*Caroline Killian*

## When my dad was 11

My dad would wake up bright  
and early. He would be so  
anxious like an alligator  
getting ready to snap on his prey.  
He would wait for his friends  
like they were a flock of geese.  
He smelled like creek water  
and was drenched in sweat  
like he had just gone swimming  
in the ocean. He would always  
go to the store with his friends  
to get some candy. Now my friends  
and I have iPhones and lots  
of electronics but my dad  
didn't have that.  
My dad would always  
wake up bright and early.

*Eliza Williams*



*D. Calhoun Cullen, Taylor Elementary School*

# Southside High School

Batesville

FACULTY CONTACT: Teri Kimmer

VISITING WRITERS: Aran Donovan and Adrian McBride

## Untitled

The wind stole the air from my lungs  
I watched as it rushed from my mouth  
and higher and higher it flew  
As I choked more wind snatched my  
warmth  
and higher and higher it flew  
As I shivered more wind robbed my  
hearing  
and higher and higher it flew  
As I stood deafened more wind took  
my wits  
The tornado has left me a shell.

*Kinze Sutton*

## Untitled

A hard table, hard headed  
like a strict father.  
To hold things up and  
to help you grow. As smooth  
as sand paper. No one  
can grow conversions without  
a dinner table.

*Madison Salter*

## Batesville

Many slow nights, bright lights  
Turn around, drive through town  
Blink an eye, pass by

*Baylee Keller*



Devin Warren, Woodlawn High School

### **When I was a Butterfly**

I started off as a caterpillar  
Then went into a cocoon.  
I was small and fragile  
Pink, yellow, black and orange  
I sprouted out into colors  
The smell of roses  
The look of trees  
I'm flying high above all  
Everything looks so tiny  
I feel so large  
No one can judge me anymore.

*Savannah Blaxton*

### **Under My Skin**

Piano, Pianissimo, quiet and subtle as I lay down  
in bed,  
Molto e tempo, I travel at my own pace, when I'm  
lost inside my head.  
I'm joking around with my friends, crescendo,  
louder, louder.  
I constantly drink energy drinks and coffee,  
where we arrive at forte.  
Decresecendo, for sometimes I'm too loud.  
The orchestra grows quieter but continues to  
play on,  
The tubas play so low,  
The clarinets vibrato,  
The violin bows arch,  
And the song repeats.

*Chad Connelly*

### **High School**

As I walk these halls all I think of  
is my passion. The copper wire spliced here,  
braided there. Ideas simmer and mix, boil  
off, as I contemplate. My decisions cost  
money, a lot of it. More than a vase,  
or even an acre of land. We compete,  
gambling tons of money and effort, all in  
the hopes that one winter evening we might  
walk away wealthier men. My money? I  
would buy a house on the river where  
I might sleep the day away, sit on a  
deck under the moon, and find the constellations  
of the horoscope.

*Tyler Whitson*

# Taylor Elementary School

*Taylor*

FACULTY CONTACT: Karen McMahan

VISITING WRITERS: Josh Brown and Adrian McBride

## Advice to a Coral Reef

It won't even listen to me  
He'll just stare straight at the ground  
waiting for his prey to come  
If I touch it, I gone  
Looking nice, but such pitiful  
She he might as well lay in his water tomb  
Probably making faces I don't even recognize

*Seth Gray*

## On The Occasion of Heroic Cat Rescue

Snow was covering  
every footprint. My nose  
turned as bright as an red  
cherry blossom. I started  
to tear up, then my eyes  
froze solid. The blizzard was here.

*Gracie Claire Lee*

## Advice to a T-rex

T-rex do what you have to do  
to survive. When the comet comes  
run for your life. When the volcano  
erupts, catch a flying dinosaur and  
fly away. When the flood comes  
surf away. This what you have to do to  
survive

*Rayne Cranford*

## My Monster

My monster smells like rotten deer bones.  
She tastes like my great dead grandmother.  
She can't hear  
and sounds like a freaky elephant.  
Her nails are filed and painted.  
She sleeps on my fan and falls  
off every night.  
When she wakes me up she  
screams in my ear

That's my monster

*Kim Hill*

## Advice for Crystals

Shine like the sun of day.  
Be found by the best. Be the colors  
of a rainbow. Go where  
you want. Find your place.

*Jack Hoyle*

## Summer

Summer is like a  
welder igniting a blow  
torch to start.

During the welding  
he burns us, all till  
we melt and get stuck  
to the ground.

Near the end of summer  
the welder starts to leave.

*Jonah Jenkins*

## What is a Soul?

There is a peaceful pond behind  
my house where the wind  
whistles in my ear  
where little hungry scaly  
fish nibble on my line  
they bite my hook and  
I pull it in but  
but feel to bad  
so I let it go  
back to it's underwater home

*Kate Collier*

## How to BE eaten by A Monkey

Don't run too fast  
Don't run too slow  
Just let him eat you  
soon it will be over  
he'll throw his banana  
and try to trip you but  
just let him eat  
you soon you will  
be fine in a big  
monkey's stomach  
Don't follow my rules  
cause you will be  
eaten anyways

*Precious Leaks*

## Museum of Shark teeth

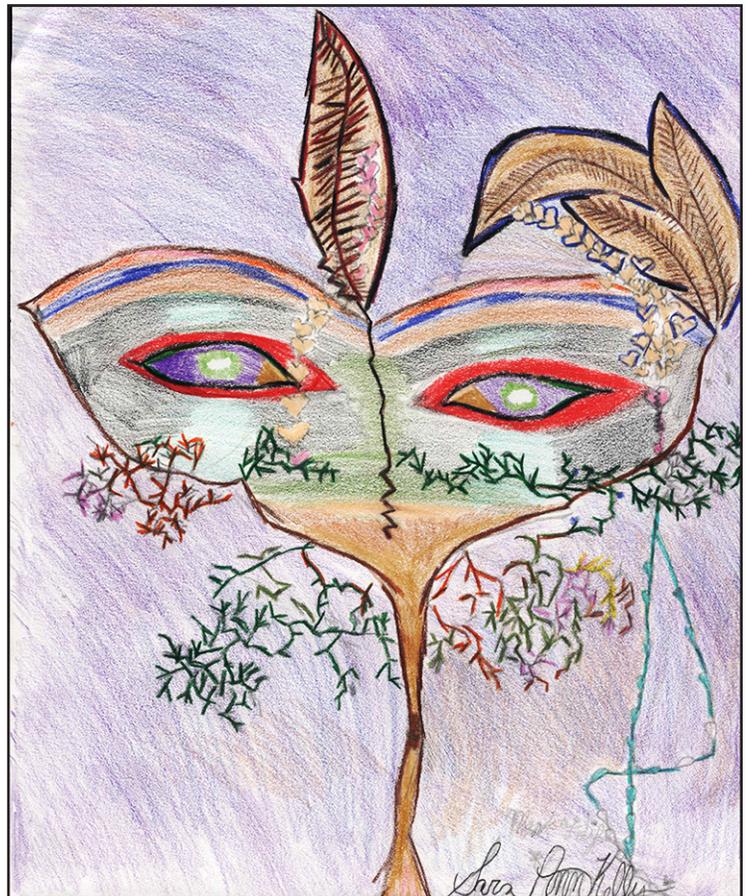
all shark teeth tell a story  
and as the jawbone of the  
prehistoric beast opens the story  
is told as myths and legends of  
dinosaurs unfold and we are baffled  
by stories it tells as yarn after yarn  
after yarn unwinds we wait anxiously  
for the last to be told but nothing comes  
the last tooth is missing and the last  
story will never be told

*Anonymous*

## On The Occasion of Kim Kardashian's Divorce

Thunderstorm comin',  
cattle grazin',  
wind is blowin',  
got dust in my mouth just  
like an avalanche,  
thunderstorm happenin',  
cattle stampedin',  
sounds like thunder under their hooves.  
I can feel the rumblin'.  
I can see lightin' over yonder,  
finally the storm is over.

*Jake Elmore*



Sara Ann Kelly, Heber Springs Middle School

# Vandergriff Elementary School

*Fayetteville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Marci Tate

VISITING WRITERS: Stefan De La Garza, Kathleen Heil, Katie Nichol, Jack O'Neal,  
Lizzie Paulus, and Joe Trimble

## **Eating Poetry**

Chewing words to letters  
and swallowing descriptions whole  
I give out a burst of laughter  
when the word giggle hits my stomach  
as I digest similes, metaphors  
racing down my throat as  
I take another bite. I was  
getting paper cuts all down  
my throat but the juicy taste was  
worth it. The poetry traveling  
inside me was the strongest  
feeling I had ever felt. It was  
so happy it was dangerous  
my legs gave way and I blacked out.

*Sara Johnson*

## **My Superhero**

You will never believe  
who I saw cutting in  
line Wonder Woman acting all sassy  
flying around thinking  
she's the boss and  
I said man I  
thought she was  
good. She was always  
saving my life  
now I will have  
to save hers before  
she goes to the principal's  
office. My superhero

*Brennan Smith*

## **The Door to Winter**

Soft breeze fills the air,  
as the white blanket covers  
everything, white rabbits  
hopping, leaving prints  
in the cool air.  
Ponds have frozen,  
and the air smells  
delightful. And your  
breath fading, as the  
day is done, you go  
in for hot chocolate.

*Chris Brown*

## **How to fall in love**

Make sure that  
the tires are aired up. Also  
check the chains you need to  
see if it fits. Always wear a helmet.

*Jackson Smith*

## **Blackberry**

Small & chewy, a sweet  
sour taste, little  
black dots.

*Aidan Garrison*

### Early bird on a weekend

Yeah schools out for the weekend.  
6:45 ... I'm out  
side looking and  
listening to all  
the birds and  
taking some  
pictures. At 7:15 I  
am usually inside  
my outdoor club  
houses. My out-  
door club houses  
are little places  
inside our gardens  
that I go in and  
make stuff out of nature  
at 8:00 I go inside  
to fix myself some  
good breakfast. I fix  
myself either oatmeal  
or a toaster strudel.  
After it's 8:15 and  
I go back into my  
club house. That's what I do.

*Savannah Taylor*

### I Am...

I am not writing a poem.  
I am dancing in the sky.  
I am doing gymnastics on the Great Wall of China.  
I am bungee jumping on the moon.  
I am playing basketball inside a pumpkin.  
I am swimming inside a giant water bottle.  
I am riding on a horse in a canyon.  
I am doing cartwheels on a tightrope.  
I am dancing on a Jell-O house.  
I am walking on the sun.  
I am inside a video game.  
I live in a gingerbread house.  
I am dancing on top of water.

*Isabelle Moss*

### Creamsicle Toothbrush

People don't dream about green oranges  
falling.

People don't dream about toothbrushes.  
People don't dream about "hellos" and  
"hi's."

People don't dream about witches  
melting.

People don't dream about sticks glowing.  
People don't dream about "goodbyes" and  
"see yas."

People don't dream about squash being  
squashed.

People don't dream about floating 8s.  
People don't dream about "please to meet you."

People do dream about orange pumpkins  
sitting.

People do dream about lizards sleeping  
at night.

I dream I swallowed a fly;  
it tasted like Jello.

I dreamed I swallowed a butterfly  
and it tasted like pizza.

*Caleb Garner*

### Potatoes

A monster  
with several eyes,  
gets fried  
on a skillet.

*Bailey Griggs*



Lena Tuedten, Heber Springs Middle School

### What does paper taste like?

Paper tastes like candy corn on Halloween night. Paper tastes like a house on fire one December morning. Paper sounds like a crying baby screaming with all its might. Paper sounds like the screaming of fun one summer day. Paper looks like a Z which looks really weird. Paper looks like an October pumpkin getting ready to be carved. Paper feels like a white board when used by the teacher. Paper feels like a globe when it is spinning like a top. I hear paper like cars, truck, and motorcycles. I hear paper like hogs going wild on the treetops.

*Trusha Liyanage*

### Ode to My Toothbrush

Dear toothbrush,  
I love you so much you keep my teeth clean so when I go to the dentist I don't have a cavity that is why I do not have any cavities. You were a gift to me from the factory. You clean me like nobody else does. So you clean me again and again.

*Rebecca Jane Brennan*

### I Am...

I am not writing a poem.  
I am playing football on the sun. I am climbing New York City. I am moving the sun. I am going to dance with the moon. I am shaking the planet Uranus. I am flying. I am dancing with my bed. I am talking to the grass and it talks back. I am dancing with a cloud. I am driving a piece of paper. I am going to the sun. I am talking to a cloud. I am eating the sun. I am eating the pencil sharpener.

*Stephen LaBranche*

### What people dream

People don't dream about ponies riding people in the Milky Way. Or you on a tightrope going to Pluto. Or you riding a dog that can fly.

People do dream about tying your pink shoe. Or eating lunch with no friends. Or doing homework. Or staring at a butterfly.

*Elizabeth Erwin*

## **At Home Lying in Bed on Sunday Right After Riding My Bike**

Lying in bed,  
listening to the trees rocking side to side,  
wind howling on the Sunday afternoon.  
Smelling the sweet smell of dinner.  
Seeing the windows with curtains.  
On that one day, tired, calm, and restless.  
The blue sky out of the window.  
The warmth of my blanket.  
The brown walls, the blue sky with birds.  
Falling asleep listening to the wind.

*Ellen Zhang*

## **My Grandmother**

Her breath is smoke. Her eyes, bright stars  
in the distance. Her grip, a vice never to  
let go. Her hair a campfire. She is the  
roof, and I am one of the many poles  
in her life.

*Ethan Jones*

## **Terminal Pumpkin**

Terminal pumpkins  
just rot and shrivel into  
pieces. When you decorate  
them and design them  
they're beautiful. Ten days  
later you go to look at  
the pumpkin, and it decided  
to give nutrients to the  
earth and not giving me  
the pumpkin seeds.

*Whitney Waitsman*

## **The Problem of Describing Color**

Wet cold water, wet cold rain  
above the clouds, but below space.  
The sky rumbles day and night.  
The color of your face, when  
you can't breathe.  
The color of crab's blood, washed  
upon the shore.  
The shore washes it down  
back into the ocean, changing  
its color.  
I remember at the ocean, the  
water had a specific color.  
The color of blueberries.  
It smells like water and blue-  
berries.

*Luke Charboneau*

## **8 Ways of Looking at a Ghost**

1. a figure of white going through the night
2. sheets of the bed floating above the ground
3. a noise in front of you you can't see happening
4. a bright light in the dark at midnight
5. a transparent person trying to scare you
6. a costume to get candy on Halloween night
7. a human dancing in a white dress
8. I know it's white, I know it's from the sky

*Andrew Freeman*

# Vilonia Public Schools

*Vilonia*

FACULTY CONTACT: Chere' Beavers  
VISITING WRITERS: Stu Dearnley and John Scott

## **Polar Bear**

polar bears  
freezing snow  
meat  
the fresh air  
footsteps

*Farrah Hopkins*

## **Wood**

Wood, you can make a cabin.  
Animals can live in you  
Like a squirrel in a nut factory.

*Maggie Landry*

## **People Dream**

People do not dream about bright white  
stars talking in an Australian accent,  
People do not dream about sycamore bark taking over the world.  
People do not dream about large, purple cows jumping  
over a green cheese moon.  
People do dream about being a billionaire eating  
seafood off of gold platters.  
People do dream about a cold, February night by  
the fireplace drinking hot cocoa.  
Even though people dream about being in a gigantic  
pool on a hot July day, you can dream about  
eating milk chocolate till you're stuffed.  
People dream.

*Gabriel Goodwin*

## **What We Dream About**

People dream about daisies and tulips turning into monsters.  
People don't dream about a book that closed you inside.  
People dream about zombies coming and trying to bite you.  
People don't dream about a bad genie who grants you  
the opposite of what you wanted.

*Elizabeth Craigen*

## Why Do Cows Moo?

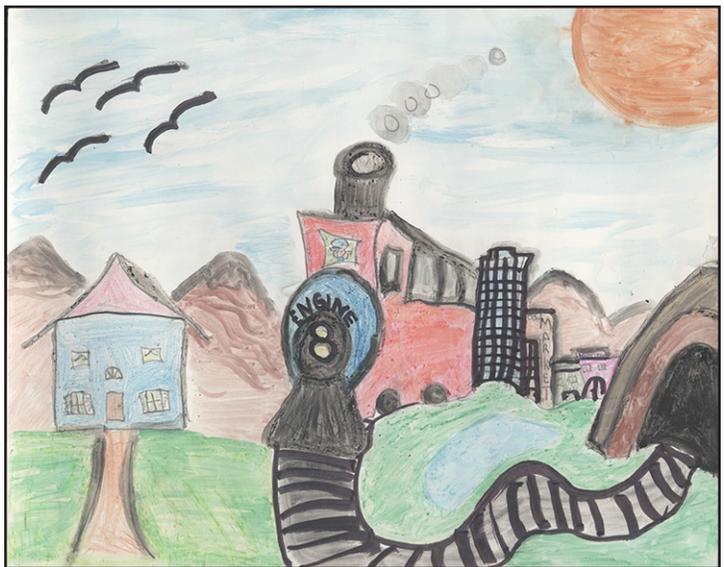
About 100 years ago, cows could talk.  
But one day a cow said, "Why don't we  
come up with a new language?"  
So they came up with all animal languages  
like cluck, meow, oink, and then they said moo.  
All the cows liked moo so much  
they all started mooing.  
But still, the other day my cow talked to me.

*Erin Nolan*

## The Merbra

Smells like dead fish  
Looks like a mermaid with a  
zebra tail and hooves for hands.  
Tastes like a hairy foot dipped  
in pickle juice. The sound of it sounds  
like a cat getting run over and it feels  
like a baby lion who sat in the air conditioner  
for a year, but every time the merbra  
saw water it ran toward it  
and the part zebra would feint.

*Abbie Kelsay*



Leena Quarles Butz, Taylor Elementary School

# Washington County Juvenile Detention Center

## *Fayetteville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Jean E. Mack  
VISITING WRITERS: Katie Nichol, Joe Trimble, and Rodney Wilhite

### **Mean at 40**

A mean person at 40 would be a strict person. Like if someone kicked a ball into his yard he would come out yelling "Get out of my yard!" He would be yelling that because he would keep it really clean and perfectly cut. To us, we would think that his yard is his girlfriend cuz he takes good care of it and that was the only thing he cared about.

*Jesse B.*

### **The Mall**

The eager faces on Black Friday,  
water racing to get to the end of a waterfall.

*Miguel S.*

### **Poem Addressing Boys, Age 17**

This poem can whip up some fire food, make you get any girl you want. This poem can give you whatever you please, any car or anything you can imagine. It also does all your homework for you and keeps you out of trouble. And if the law tries to get ahold of this poem, it catches on fire. It can only be used by teens.

*Mason H.*

### **Things My Mother Never Taught Me**

How to get in trouble  
How to curse  
How to use the Lord's name in vain  
How to lie  
That werewolves don't come out at full moons  
How to treat a woman badly  
How to break someone's heart

*Mason H.*

## Things My Mother Never Taught Me

My mom never taught me how to tell jokes.  
My mom never taught me how to play basketball.  
My mom never taught me how to tell time.  
She never taught me how to skate  
so when I was little I looked like Bambi!  
She never taught me how to tie my shoes.  
She never taught me how to keep my  
balance so when I jumped or fell off  
something I looked like Humpty Dumpty!  
She never taught me how to sing so  
I sound like the penguin from Happy Feet.  
Although things don't go the way  
you want you have to forgive & move  
on but still love.

*Darius C.*



Braxton Norton, Heber Springs Middle School

## Teen Boy at Age 16

To be so young but to  
feel much pain & thinking of  
things he never thought he would.  
His pain comes from everywhere,  
family, friends, thoughts, worries, but most  
of all his own.  
His pain is so much in him it runs  
through his tender feet & cold toes. His leg  
bones feel so much pain, but not from  
workouts but the fears he tries to run  
from. His back is in so much pain his  
spinal cord feels like one big noodle, not  
from the bed he lays on but from being  
stabbed in the back so many times.  
His arms have so much pain because of  
all the blame & repent he holds.

*Darius C.*

# Weaver Elementary School

*West Memphis*

FACULTY CONTACT: Shiela Grissom  
VISITING WRITERS: Katie Nichol and Eszter Takacs

## **The Diminishing Bike**

The bike that was brand new.  
Used daily and daily by the  
same person. The person got tired  
of the bike and gave it away.  
More and more people got tired  
of the bike. Why do we keep riding  
it for years? Years and years  
gone by and laid in someone's  
home, no fun for the  
bike at all. The bike rusted  
and was broken from the  
tire to the handles down  
to the warm seat. The house was  
burned but the bike  
still remained like it had  
a bubble around it to protect  
it. The bike would ride down  
every street with no one  
on it ever again. It  
was diminishing.

*Jkia Jeffries*

## **Found Haiku**

She was a good woman  
Money inspiration something special  
For classroom sessions

*Elise Brazile*

## **Poem for Helen Keller**

The word wind, meaning

What you feel when you  
step on your porch.

What you feel when the  
leaves are blowing from  
your tree.

What you can't see but  
you can feel.

What you need to fly  
your kite.

(Helen, imagine wind.)

*Cu'Shaun Gillum*

## **In Memoriam of Pluto**

I Miss the old Dinosaurs.  
They could fly around, breathe out  
fire hopefully, and the t-rex was  
a vegetarian. I want the flying  
ones to come back and pick me  
up. They can take me 1.2 million  
miles away. I want to be able  
to smell the pickles and tomato  
space of the wind. I miss Dinosaurs.

*Anterious Traylor*

## Underneath My Bed

I just throw all kinds  
of random things  
underneath my bed.

I see: Zeus' lightning bold  
from the summer I saved him  
from Hera's jealousy.

I feel: The dirt under my fingers  
because it's been a long time  
since I've been under here.

I smell: The mildew in  
the air because I sprayed  
it under there to mask the  
smell of flowers.

I hear: The screams  
of people that the Snow  
Queen captures in Narnia.

I taste: The strawberry  
cupcake that I lost under  
there 6 months ago.

*Desirae Bowen*

## Ode to my Snow Globe

With glitter rain  
Instead of snow.  
A woman and a horse.  
Stranded on an istland.  
Trapped in a glass ball  
Unable to move.  
Carefully crafted flowers  
Surround the ball.  
A pre-Christmas present  
Wrapped in a box  
With golden ribbon.  
The best present ever  
But the smallest gift to give.

*Desirae Bowen*



Jenny Munday, Berryville Middle School

# West Junior High School

*West Memphis*

FACULTY CONTACT: Frances O'Dea

VISITING WRITERS: Josh Brown, Willi Goehring, Max Thompson,  
and Rodney Wilhite

**Dear Banjo,**

When I hear you, I hear crickets  
and you are like the Taj Mahal  
and a singing bear and an  
oak tree and two brothers  
throwing explosives out of  
the windows as they are  
driving around.

Love,  
Guitar

*Sean Skjefte*

**they eat they grasshopper**

out of the moon-shining fields  
from the blood-shedding pastures  
out of farm equipment and sweat  
from the old barn shed  
out of the plastic buckets to the sharp hooks  
from the tree to the tree  
out of citrus-bearing buckets  
out of the long, mild bearing fields  
from the evergreen tree tops  
out of the swamp-covered toad stools  
from the fog-infested workers  
out of the hawk-infested mazes  
they eat they grasshopper

*TJ Foster*

**What is a Soul?**

There is a restaurant  
where hot wings sleep in  
the grease during the  
busiest hours. People all  
around create interminable  
conversations that drift off  
as soft hums of a Sunday  
church choir.

*Kyros Rodgers*

**The walkway in the garden**

These sickly-sweet couples on the benches;  
Honeysuckle's scent blowing in the crisp, summer air.

*Lolly Riley*

**Reasons We Fell in Love**

Metal melting like chocolate  
A rod grasping like a baby  
A metal rod burning like wood  
An ice cube freezing like glass  
A cat screaming like a child

*Kenaiza Watkins*

### **In my room**

The ring of silence;  
A wrinkled silk dress lying across the floor.

*Bailey McGuire*

### **Outside the bridge**

The cars racing through at once;  
A tornado, rushing home.

*Tatyana Lewis*

### **In the bleachers at the stadium**

The applause from the people in the stands;  
Crashing symbols of the band.

*Braylin Smothers*

### **Untitled**

I saw a tulip when I woke.  
She danced at my ceiling.  
Her lean made me sway and  
we moved together.  
She effortlessly tugged my heart, gleaming  
With royal purple and blue,  
for that beauty was so strong  
that I just had to rise and begin  
the journey of another day, and that presence  
never faded.

*Ebony*

### **To Forgive, but to Forget**

The art of forgiving is not hard to master, but the art of forgetting is. As though losing a bracelet, but always remembering the feel of it against your wrist. Looking out at a fading sunset, yet feeling the glow and warmth on your cheek. The art of forgiving is not hard to master, but the art of forgetting is, like dropping a glass and piecing it back together, but still seeing its cracks. The art of forgiving is not hard to master, But the art of forgetting is.

*Lolly Riley*



Faith Capwell, Root Elementary School

## How to Write the Great In-Between Novel

To write the Great In-Between Novel, first you must feel wrong.  
You must sound wrong. You must look wrong.  
The hero of your novel must also be wrong.  
The hero must be as wrong as a dust cloud in a concrete world.  
They must also be right.  
In order for your hero to be right, they must be confused.  
Confused like a child in a man's body.  
But they must be right.  
And also wrong.

*Nicole Clark*

## A Ghost Haunts My House

It smelled like a hug from Mommy. I covered with it to sleep at night when I felt melancholy or lonely. I had this item when I came into the world. I was mesmerized by the little things. Just as she put on her lipstick, oh so carefully when she called me for breakfast just down the stairs. She cooked oh so horribly. I hated the way it tasted to my tastebuds. I miss you most when I think about my departure from my mother.

*LeAnn Merideth*

## Untitled

I jump, scream, and...eat!  
only to express this gleamly bunnyfound feeling.  
It's apples on sticks and my mind cries tears shaped as watermelon seeds that will sprout into huge patches, and from there I reach God to whisper in his ear a small "thanks" because I don't wanna damage his ear drum with my "True" emotion. It's hard to contain, a giant in a Water bottle. Impossibilities that I can worship a toad, make him king of the lake...complete exhausted in the greatest way ever!

*Ebony Day*

# Westside Elementary School

*Hartman*

FACULTY CONTACT: Rebecca Elms

VISITING WRITERS: Kevin Corbett, Stefan De La Garza, Willi Goehring,  
and Rodney Wilhite

## How to Fall in Love

You come to games  
with me. You entertain  
me with your metal hitting the ball.  
Your metal handle gives me grip  
when I use the ball  
named after you. You protect  
me when I'm in trouble.  
I can't say who you  
are, but I can say what  
you are when I swing.

*Ciara Bissell Young*

## Poem Addressing Girls, Age 16

This poem can blow your mind  
like a pedicure! This poem  
feels like a nail crunching.  
It makes me mad! This  
poem will not allow it to  
do that! When people hear this  
poem it sounds like a relaxing  
massage. This poem looks like  
an awesome new fingernail polish.  
This poem is so cool it makes  
a boy being punished for something  
you did funny!

*MacKenzie Patton*



Leslie Bonner Elkins, Taylor Elementary School

### **What people dream about**

People don't dream about a blue zebra named Marty who flew to outer space. And a pink giraffe named Sally was his girlfriend. And he said I love you. And I will never forget you. And then they kissed.

People do dream about their pets shredding trash everywhere. And then they had to pick a lot of trash up. And the dog hid. And when they saw the dog they said something. Kind of like hi. Instead of why are you Hiding?

*Cenyann McMillan*

### **What people dream**

People don't dream about a ghost in a haunted house. With a witch and a skeleton with a monster. And three vampires with a werewolf too. And a little girl who smells like rain.

People do dream about typing on the computer with a cat that sits all day long. And does nothing all day long. While the people type on the computer. That is all.

*Lara Hicks*

### **Sadness**

Sadness is a pain in the neck. My sadness grows like hunger every single day. It hurts like when you get a sharp needle stuck in your spine. Something that will not quit like a team working together.

*Peyton Estep*

### **What people dream**

People don't dream about a unicorn Playing basketball after school. A monster boy or girl writing a page. A girl going to night practice. People eating bugs.

People do dream about a horse. A dog. A person in a market. A girl. A boy. A book. A math sheet. A science page. A box. A farmer's market. A barn. A gate. A tie. A show. A piece of candy. A bunny. A house.

*Angelina Jade*

### **Fear**

fear is like a thunder cloud in my chest. Every pain of fear is like a lightning bolt sticking me in the heart. fear is coming faster and faster until it catches you.

*Evelyn Foster*

## Hunting

Nature is so calm.  
And all of a sudden, Boom!  
And large deer goes down.

*Bradley Buck*

## Poem Addressing Girls, Age Five

This poem can bring fantasy princesses alive!  
This poem looks like magical unicorns soaring  
above the sky.  
This poem smells like a cup of wamr tea and fresh baked cookies  
with cherry velvey creamy sprinkly cupcakes.  
When people hear this poem it sounds like  
rainbows that are sparkling, have given cute  
puppies and kittens a new charm in life.

*Ashley Morrow*



Kendall Dykes, *Hugh Goodwin Fine Arts Academy*

# Westside High School

*Hartman*

FACULTY CONTACT: Chase Carter

VISITING WRITERS: Willie Goehring, David Kinzer, Max Thompson,  
and Hung Pham

## Untitled

I know I'm home when  
The door creaks its welcome,  
When the smell of lemon cleaner  
Hits my face,  
When I see the old, but comforting  
Rug hugging the floor,  
When the natural light from the  
Windows outshines the light bulbs.  
I know I am home when my  
Family embrace me in their arms.

*Gina Vannoy*

## Untitled

So much depends  
upon  
my old shotgun  
Sitting in my  
gun cabinet  
Caressed in mud and  
fingerprints

*Emily K.*

## Extravagant day

The quirky smile on people's faces  
Greenest grass of all the lake glistens  
At the sight of the sun like vampire  
When out at day the children running  
Playing like today might be their last  
While I sit back and watch the clouds  
Roll by like a bus. The sun burns the sand  
Hotter and hotter as I go to the water and  
Dive right in with my smile as bright  
As the sun. I wear my sunglasses  
As I look up but the water is cooling  
And refreshing as I rehydrate when needed.  
The day must end but I don't want to go  
So I say my lovely goodbyes and  
I walk slowly away.

*Paige*

## At the football game.

Hulking masses take up a sodden field.  
Elephants moseying in the African plains.

*Morgan*

## Untitled

Fireworks exploding  
A box of crayons

*Lara Kasper*

## **Sadness**

Waterfalls down your cheek  
All the sun hidden forever  
Salty tears are your only warmth  
The empty room showing your heart

*Gina Vannoy*

## **Untitled**

Before I wake in the morning,  
before the dew all fades away  
I wake up to hear my mother singing, softly  
cooking, with her long, blonde hair down

The smell is as of food, on a king's table

*Taylor Vance Tollison*

## **Blaze**

I have played with fire

which you probably  
wouldn't want me to

but it was warm  
pleasant and frighteningly exotic

*Cody Perrine*

## **Love Sonnet Lost or Found**

I'm thinking about my future  
I knew what he meant  
Gory, blue as a bruise  
Here is what he said  
Glory bled from my veins  
Thought you were my victory  
She's dying to see you  
You sting with bladed cries  
Teers fell down her face  
How, how have you won?  
It's good to see you  
A scary knot of desires  
A life of pain, of terrible suffering  
A father's words caused her  
pain, diffused from my soul.

*Austin Hayes*

## **Riding Rough Stock Isn't Easy**

Riding rough stock isn't easy  
Bucking bulls and bareback horses are violent  
Yelling screaming fans intensifies the stress of the rodeo event  
Riding rough stock isn't easy.  
When the chute gate swings open and I feel the  
Power in my hand, I bear down and ride.

*Trenton Nichols*

## On first planting a garden

The velvet grasses fringe this freshly tilled  
plot of mine

That which can belong to no one else – only I.

Cold clay be cast aside in pursuit of a  
better start, a new home for fledgling plants.

I feel what I assume to be the sweet tragedy  
and hopeful pleading that a God would experience  
on his eve of creation.

Prayers humbly cast up to the sun, the clouds,  
the earth itself

“Please – grant me life and growth, grant me  
the smell of tears and sweat spent toiling  
for success. Grant me warm rain, gift me  
bitter roots, bless me with the soft black soil.”

Seeds sown with shaking hands.

*Kassidy Williams*

## By the River Sonnet #1

When the river is ice  
I kept still saying nothing  
Ask about mistakes I’ve made  
I heard a slight groan  
I will listen to you  
I knew the sound well  
You and I can look  
The minute hand moves quickly  
At the silent river wait  
It is nothing but the wind  
That is what I say  
So we sit in silence  
Until the sun goes down

*Nusi Dunn*



*Avery Thomas, Root Elementary School*

# Woodland Junior High School

*Fayetteville*

FACULTY CONTACT: Angela McCutcheon  
VISITING WRITERS: Stefan De La Garza, Stu Dearnley, Kathleen Heil,  
and Diana Reaves

## Poem About Being Outside

The silvery leaves of daisies twirl like spokes on the wheels of  
bicycles as the breeze ripples through an emerald sea of grass  
My pale hands encircle a china-blue teacup as I inhale  
the warm, sweet scent, taking a small sip and feeling  
spices dance across my tongue  
Sunset falls, and I watch as the tangerine beacon descends below  
the treeline  
How did I find the time to be lazy like this? To unknit my  
ever-furrowed brows, to lay down the weights on my  
shoulders?  
The natch musik swirls around me like mist, creating an  
effortlessly beautiful ghost opera, sewing together beads of  
bird chirps and the lacy bassline of the breeze  
I do not know the song, but I hum along anyways, adding my  
own harmony

*Hanna Lewis*

## Certain objects that won't bounce

Watermelons don't bounce  
they never have  
and they never will  
if they try,  
they will explode into  
billions of bit  
and spontaneously combust.  
Fireworks and confetti will pop out  
that is why they don't bounce.  
Because everyone would drop them  
And there would be parties everywhere.

*Courtney Cross*

### **Some dreams are nightmares**

People don't dream about fairies that dance the salsa,  
a man with ten legs or a manticore that sings,  
a peacock that's a Russian spy, or if Queen Elizabeth were a rock star,  
or my drawing of a dragon.

But people do dream about an old black dress at a funeral,  
a solitary chair in the corner, or a teacher that talks like a robot.  
Yeah, they dream about Hemingway's worst works,  
And a priest at a sermon.

*Ayesham Khan*

### **Scent of stars**

The smell of stars,  
like no other,  
old blankets and fresh cut grass,  
Christmas and holidays,  
summer and sunsets,  
Fourth of July and fireworks,  
every star different,  
pretty and bright,  
so bright it gives off smell,  
the brand new scent of stars,  
like no other, beautiful stars.

*Payton Shy*

### **The taste of friendship**

The taste of friendship tastes like the sweet crystalized sugar  
from fluffy cotton candy.  
It tastes like the perfect ice cream sundae, that you know you'll  
regret later.  
It tastes like a creamy, smooth chocolate bar that melts  
right on your taste buds.  
Friendship tastes like the gooey and slightly burned  
marshmallow that leaves a little mess on your lips.  
Friendship tastes like that fun moment you  
have with your friends.  
And friendship can be experienced by anyone,  
the experience of perfection  
the taste of friendship.

*Lindsay Ho*

## **The Rat Speaks of Truth**

You are nothing. Your own definition spins a lie of unimaginable proportions, a reality of dreams beyond. For you are but a fragile reflection, disturbed by the slightest whisper, only to be a hope. Some fear you, but what is there to fear, but a small child's singsong declarations, irresistible and joyful. Our nature as humans predispose us as enemies to you, in a constant feud against the quiet but persistent voice chirping nonstop in our heads. You, a harbinger of the nagging, troublesome guilt, what keeps me awake at night, the shadow tapping on the door, giggling, wanting to be let in. Sometimes, in curiosity, I open the door, but there is only a blank corridor, and when I again close the door, the torment resumes. For you are the worst nightmare that haunts me, my enemy truth, truth that is the lie neverending.

*Albert Xu*

## **Inside My Sleep**

All alone at sunset  
The colors in the sky look like fire  
I feel the earthy sand between my toes  
How I love the sounds of the rushing waves  
The sun's last rays of harmony kiss my cheeks  
Then flicker out into, beneath the black sea  
I fall into the cool grains and stare into the twilight sky  
Knowing I am infinity  
La luna comes out to give the night light  
The boy in the boat rows out to the middle of the sky  
He climbs to the moon and fills up his jar full of stars  
And the radiant moon fills with shining, lucent  
Seeing its stunning beauty fills my heart with bliss  
And as I lay  
My mind wonders many thoughts  
And I think, "Combien j'aime la luna"  
How much I love the moon

*Olivia Evans*

## Poem About Being Outside

The silvery leaves of daisies twirl like spokes on the wheels of  
bicycles as the breeze ripples through an emerald sea of grass  
My pale hands encircle a china-blue teacup as I inhale  
the warm, sweet scent, taking a small sip and feeling  
spices dance across my tongue  
Sunset falls, and I watch as the tangerine beacon descends below  
the treeline  
How did I find the time to be lazy like this? To unknit my  
ever-furrowed brows, to lay down the weights on my  
shoulders?  
The natch musik swirls around me like mist, creating an  
effortlessly beautiful ghost opera, sewing together beads of  
bird chirps and the lacy bassline of the breeze  
I do not know the song, but I hum along anyways, adding my  
own harmony

*Hanna Lewis*



Shayla Preston, Norphlet High School

### Poem Addressing Penny, My Dog

Who's gonna read this poem?  
Who's gonna get all excited about this poem?  
Who's gonna go crraazy!?!  
You are! Yes you are!  
Who's a good reader?  
Who's a hungry reader?  
You! Yes you are! Yes you are!  
Scratch.  
Scratch.  
Yes you are!! Oh yes.  
Who's done? Who's done with the poem?  
You are.

*Shiloh Bemis*

### What people don't dream

People don't dream about  
red polkadot balloons, escaping the hands  
of innocent children, climbing into the unknown  
limits of the angelic atmosphere,  
or  
wearing your favorite t-shirt for pants  
and your denim jeans as a shirt.

People dream about dull pictures  
keeping their place in the frame,  
they dream about pencils being used  
for paper alone.

*Baylor Griswold*

### To Swallow a Lightning Bolt

Have you ever swallowed a bolt of lightning?  
Searing, sizzling, and cackling like a green  
witch's laughter as she stirs an ugly brew,  
It shoots down your throat like a knife.  
Then, it fails to go away, buzzing  
around your feet like a bumblebee,  
Only quicker than a rabbit, and flashing  
like police sirens.  
You are paralyzed, unmoving, unthinking,  
Only a cauldron of emotion—fear  
boiling,  
Shattered nerves under the pressure  
zipping through your veins.  
The sky is below you, then above, then  
far out of sight  
As you struggle to stay conscious,  
dizziness swirling around your eyes,  
Until at last the cold dirt wraps you  
up,  
And you hear the crackling thunder.

*Mara Toscano*

## **The Owl Speaks of Love**

You are an imageless specter, mysterious and forbidden  
You stem from the soft flowing mountain streams fed by glinting snow  
And travel through marred landscapes dominated by man  
Yet you remain pure, peaceful, patient  
You are the smile on a baby's rosy face  
The light in a tiger's eyes after it finally brings home a bloody carcass for squealing cubs  
Fear resides next to your grace, shadowy tendrils reaching out  
And it is elegant as well, always opposing and balancing  
Becoming yin and yang swirling in eternal torment  
Like a game of hide and seek on a rainy afternoon  
Seeming to be under the sink but instead in the coat closet  
We often run from your outstretched hands  
Afraid you will change us, craft us into a mold  
Turn us from a ruthless creature covered in ink and clothed in darkness  
Into a dancing ballerina all pink and white standing on tiptoes  
But you only bring out the truth  
Who we hide under the bed, in the shadows, hoping never to be found  
It does not matter who the flowers are for  
As long as the blooming roses and winking tulips are handled with hope  
For hope is tender; hope is the warmth of dawn after a cloudy night  
From a laughing man to a giggling girlfriend, soft lips whispering words of affection  
From the grasp of one man to another, hands clasped together through seas of hatred  
What is the difference we make so plain between these loves?  
The essence is the same: two people making each other happy and whole  
Throughout thick and thin you are there  
Clear in some lights, murky and vague in others  
But you are always there, constant as human greed and destruction  
And while you are sometimes unfair, you will never leave, like space itself  
A gentle smile one can wake up to and stare at forever

*Meagan Olsen*

## **Tasting lightning**

A sensation of electricity dancing on my tongue begins,  
my brain thinks I'm eating hard, burned bread.  
I know better.

It now tastes like smoky fish,  
that has been sitting over wood planks for hours,  
Then it is suddenly nothing but a small pile of ash sitting on my tongue.

*Alise Crippent*

# Woodlawn High School

*Rison*

FACULTY CONTACT: Michelle Mercer  
VISITING WRITERS: Josh Brown and Kevin Corbett

## They Wabble They Swan

out of trees  
out of pond water  
out of cattails  
from an egg  
like a duck  
from mother swan  
come out the lovely den  
come like a cougar  
they wabble they swan

*Chase Fleetwood*

## On the Occasion of the Release of Scary Movie 5

Darkness hits the town.  
The smell of smoke fills  
everywhere. Ash  
gliding into my mouth  
as I scream.  
Loud buzzing in  
my ears. Toxic air  
and pain.

*Bethany Herring*

## What is a Soul?

There is a river  
Where fish swim  
Under the surface  
Waiting for bait

*Jacob Wright*

## They Run Thy Dog

From the meadows thy dog run.  
From the couch thy dog sit.  
From the heavy water thy dog jump.  
From the pond thy dog chase fish.  
From the fish thy dogs gets tired.  
From the bed thy dogs sleeps.  
From the bed thy dogs snores.  
From the snore thy worm crawls.  
From the worm thy bird eats.

Tyler

## They Trot They Horse

Out of the red metal barn, they come  
out of green pastures they go  
from the fresh stream water they trot  
from the wide open prairie they come  
out of the rain storm they gallop  
out of the sprinkling water they run  
from terrible weather to safety  
out of the open to the metal barn

*Matthew Conner*

## untitled

So much depends  
upon  
a black wheel  
glazed in grease  
by the  
mechanic

*Justin Weight*



Samantha Stover, *Mount St. Mary Academy*

## WITS 2012—2013 Visiting Writers

Kaj Anderson-Bauer

Hung Pham

Megan Blankenship

Scott Ray

Jane Blunschi

Diana Reaves

Josh Brown

John Scott

Kevin Corbett

Eszter Takacs

Stefan De La Garza

Chris Tamigi

Stu Dearnley

Max Thompson

Aran Donovan

Joe Trimble

Kimberly Driggers

Rodney Wilhite

Willi Goehring

Corrie Williamson

Kathleen Heil

David Kinzer

Adrian McBride

Katie Nichol

Jack O'Neal

Alice Otto

Hank Pate

Lizzie Paulus

Josh Peterson

## Schools Visited in 2012—2013

Academics Plus Academy ( <i>Maumelle</i> )	1
Arch Ford Education Service Cooperative ( <i>Plumerville</i> )	6
Bayyari Elementary School ( <i>Springdale</i> )	8
Berryville Middle School ( <i>Berryville</i> )	10
Blevins Public Schools ( <i>Blevins</i> )	12
Bragg Elementary School ( <i>West Memphis</i> )	16
Buffalo Island Central East Elementary School ( <i>Leachville</i> )	19
Buffalo Island Central West Elementary School ( <i>Monette</i> )	20
Cooper Elementary School ( <i>Bella Vista</i> )	22
Eagle Heights Elementary School ( <i>Harrison</i> )	24
Elgin B. Milton Elementary School ( <i>Ozark</i> )	26
Emerson Elementary School ( <i>Emerson</i> )	29
Grace Hill Elementary School ( <i>Rogers</i> )	31
Greenbrier Public Schools ( <i>Greenbrier</i> )	33
Heber Springs Middle School ( <i>Heber Springs</i> )	35
Helen Tyson Middle School ( <i>Springdale</i> )	40
Hugh Goodwin Fine Arts Academy ( <i>El Dorado</i> )	43
KIPP: Blytheville College Preparatory School ( <i>Blytheville</i> )	45
KIPP: Delta Collegiate High School ( <i>Helena-West Helena</i> )	46
Manila High School ( <i>Manila</i> )	48
Mount St. Mary Academy ( <i>Little Rock</i> )	49
Mountainburg High School ( <i>Mountainburg</i> )	53
Norphlet High School ( <i>Norphlet</i> )	55
Richland Elementary School ( <i>West Memphis</i> )	58
Root Elementary School ( <i>Fayetteville</i> )	60
Southside High School ( <i>Batesville</i> )	63
Taylor Elementary School ( <i>Taylor</i> )	65
Vandergriff Elementary School ( <i>Fayetteville</i> )	67
Vilonia Public Schools ( <i>Vilonia</i> )	71
Washington County Juvenile Detention Center ( <i>Fayetteville</i> )	73
Weaver Elementary School ( <i>West Memphis</i> )	75
West Junior High School ( <i>West Memphis</i> )	77
Westside Elementary School ( <i>Hartman</i> )	80
Westside High School ( <i>Hartman</i> )	83
Woodland Junior High School ( <i>Fayetteville</i> )	86
Woodlawn High School ( <i>Rison</i> )	92