

8TH GRADE POETRY

Villanelles, Sonnets, and Sestinas

KATYA

Villanelle, Sestina

A Thank You for You



Thank you for all you have done, thank you
My life is not the same without you all
All those good memories by which we grew

Going past life we do not have a clue
Talking on the phone rapidly "RING" a call
Thank you for all you have done, thank you

We are like the fish, "SPLASH" our hands so blue
A great time with you my friend the oddball
All those good memories by which we grew

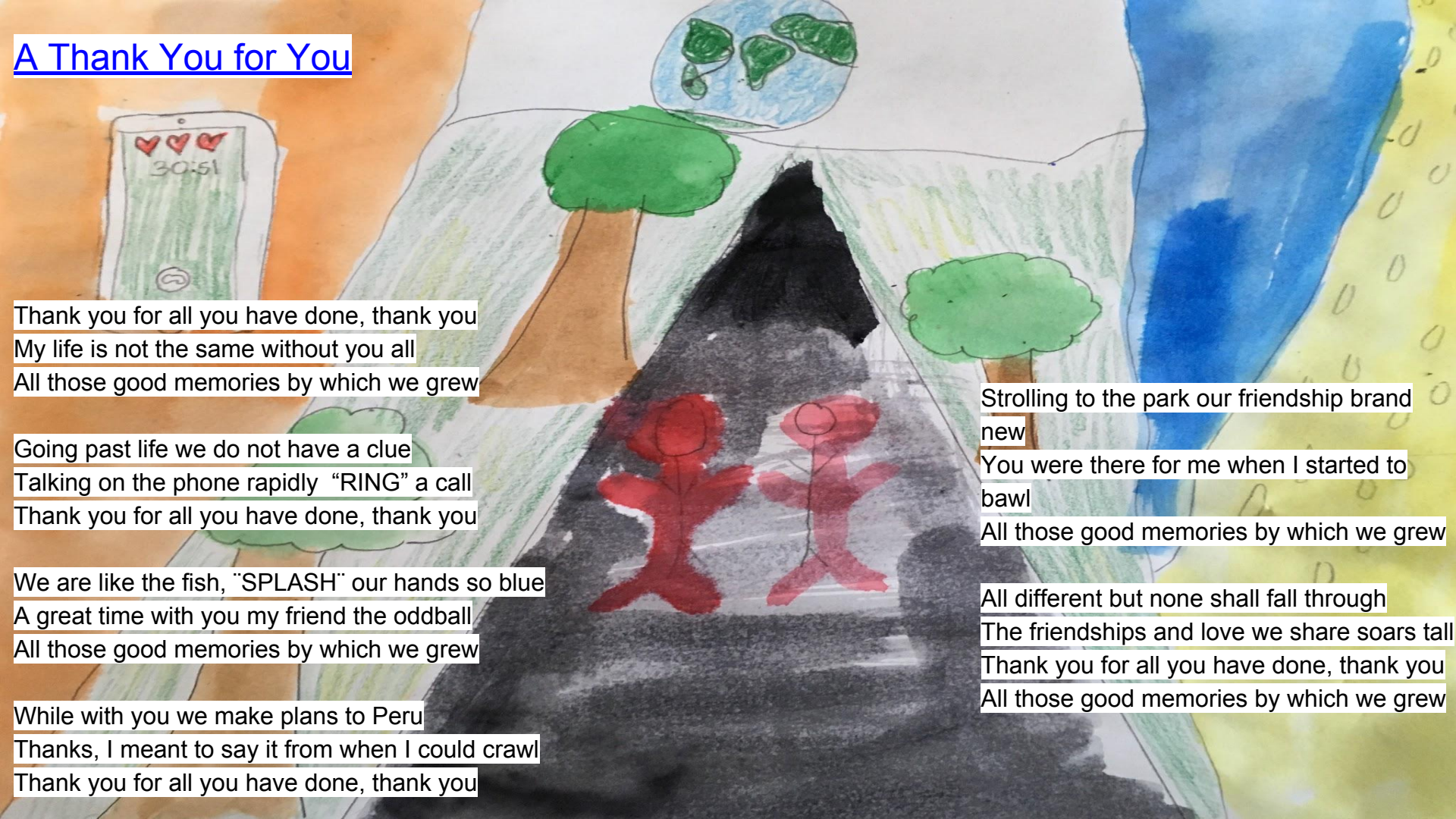
While with you we make plans to Peru
Thanks, I meant to say it from when I could crawl
Thank you for all you have done, thank you

Strolling to the park our friendship brand
new

You were there for me when I started to
bawl

All those good memories by which we grew

All different but none shall fall through
The friendships and love we share soars tall
Thank you for all you have done, thank you
All those good memories by which we grew



The Family of Glass

Like glass we are easily hurt.

Like an old house we easily fall.

We are leaves-

We drop when we feel the pressure.

Each time one falls, it's another dream

That has been broken

With our lives it is not quite broken.

Yet, our lives are hurt.

I continue to dream and dream and dream and dream...

For this to end but those dreams just fall.

I feel the pressure.

The pressure to keep it together before someone leaves

Even with this each day I wish I was on a leave

A leave from this broken,

Thing we try to keep together but is crumbling under pressure.

In the end all we do is get each other hurt.

I don't want to but I end with another day fallen

I just keep my dream

In my head, the only place to keep that dream

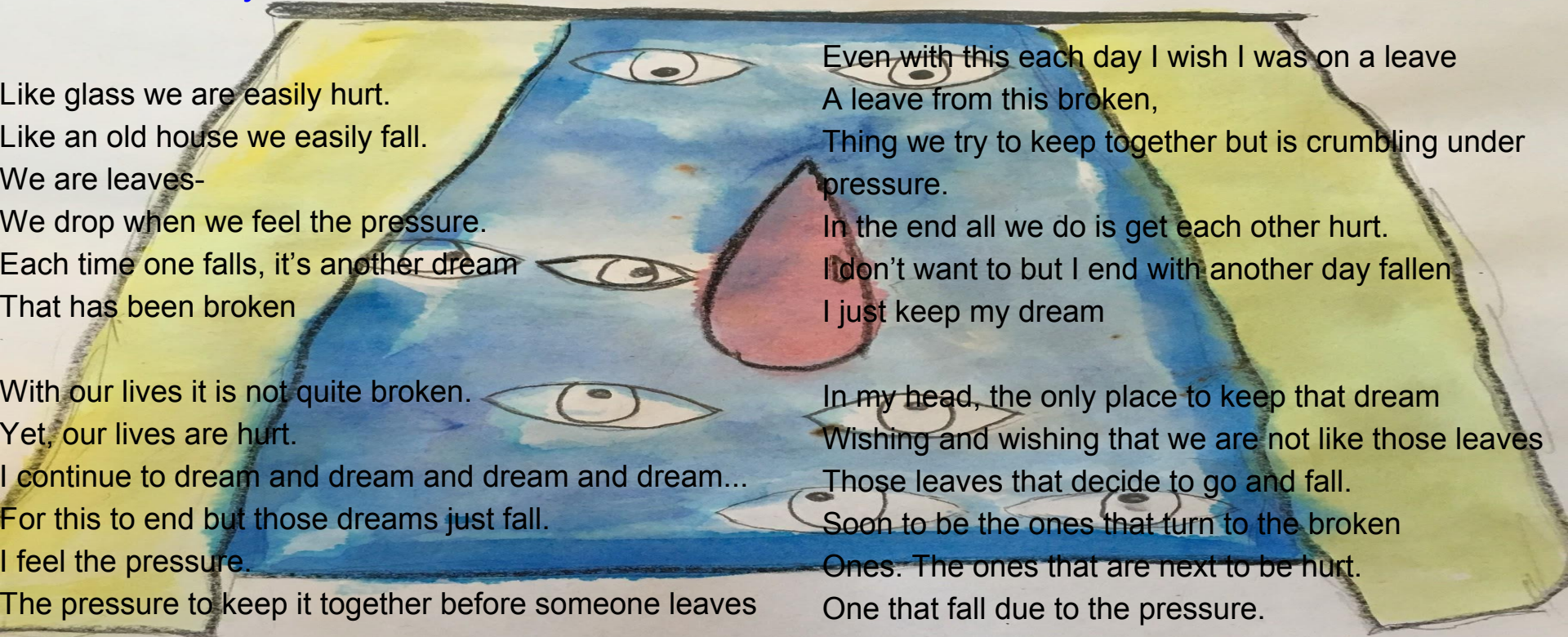
Wishing and wishing that we are not like those leaves

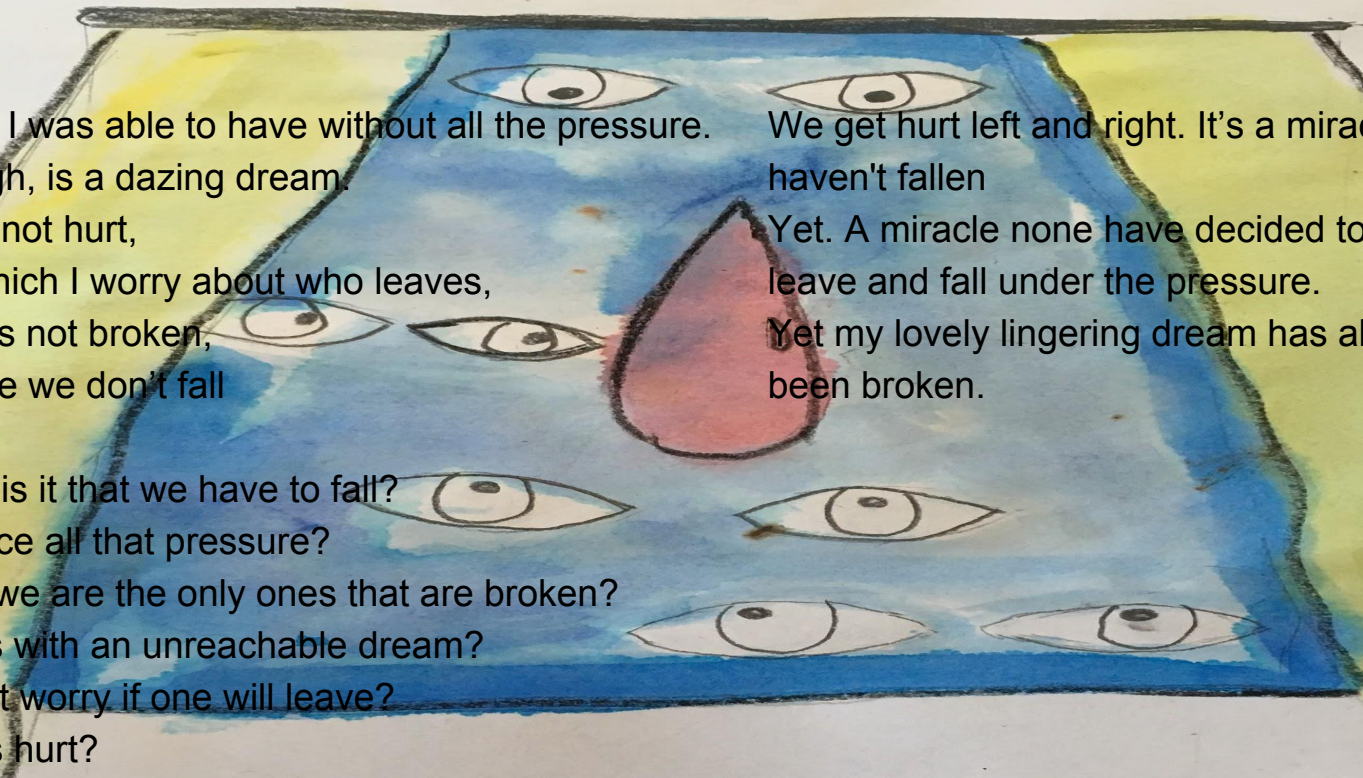
Those leaves that decide to go and fall.

Soon to be the ones that turn to the broken

Ones. The ones that are next to be hurt.

One that fall due to the pressure.



A hand-drawn illustration of a face. The face is primarily blue, with a large, teardrop-shaped red tear falling from the center. There are several pairs of simple, black-outlined eyes scattered across the face. The background of the face is a mix of light and dark blue washes. The entire face is framed by a thick, dark black border. The background behind the face is a light greenish-yellow color.

The life I wish I was able to have without all the pressure.
That life though, is a dazing dream.
The life that's not hurt,
The time in which I worry about who leaves,
The one that is not broken,
The one where we don't fall

We get hurt left and right. It's a miracle we haven't fallen
Yet. A miracle none have decided to take their leave and fall under the pressure.
Yet my lovely lingering dream has already been broken.

Because why is it that we have to fall?
Why do we face all that pressure?
Why is it that we are the only ones that are broken?
The only ones with an unreachable dream?
Only ones that worry if one will leave?
The only ones hurt?

REFLECTION

When I learned of the first time I was supposed to write a poem, I did not feel strongly about anything. I did not know what I was going to write about. When looking about different topics to write about I decided to choose to write about friends and family and me wanting to say thank you to them. When I had chosen to write a thank you I was surprised because I never would have thought I could make a poem about a thank you and writing about topics that are on the emotional side. This idea of writing more poems that affected me continued when I wrote my sestina. My sestina was about different experiences that I had and I was able to use the feelings behind that to bring them into my poem which challenged me. Both of these poems' topics evolved from just me writing about things on the surface to going deeper into emotion. This can be seen because in my villanelle I went and included actual details from things that had happened to me by saying "While with you we make plans to Peru" and "We are like the fish, SPLASH our hands so blue" which were all experiences I have shared with people in my life like family and friends. I did the same in my sestina by including thoughts from what some could feel and what I did feel in my situations. For instance I had a paragraph, though formatted by the end words, were honest thoughts "Because why is it that we have to fall?/ Why do we face all that pressure?/ Why is it that we are the only ones that are broken? /The only ones with an unreachable dream? /Only ones that worry if one will leave? /The only ones hurt?"

MADDIE

sonnet, sestina

COST OF GAMES

Why must people always have to spend to play
For strange expensive things that are brand new
But when it comes a time when you want to pay
you need some money otherwise you will be through

All just to be big clowns is what you might think
But these people really do dress up for some fun
elaborate costumes of any kind either blue or pink
But sadly for this hobby people must pay a ton

Some could choose to play games over and over
Hopefully this gives some time to make a fan base
Doing these things over is great for some exposure
So this is a very difficult and quite complicated case

there are also gamers that pay through the night
Some can become a night owl just to play a royal
Staying up late for a useless death battle fight
Evil kings explode with a blam, grand plans foiled
There is so much dedication for a silly little game
If you don't know about it really it does sound insane





Changing beach

With the beach there are many things like the *dunes*,
Which have always kept the beach *hidden*.
For what's past the dunes could be a bike, or maybe a *star*
within the ocean reflection during the *Night*.
The reflection always has a *Glow*.
The sea seems like a *present*,

where the little crabs are *present*.
They like the large mountains of sand *dunes*
because they can help keep them far and *hidden*
From danger. Sadly there hiding is bad since they *glow*.
There hiding is like a *star*.
that is in the dark. The beach is great day or *night*

but, I have never seen the beach at *night*
It seems so far beyond the *dunes*.
For the teens it open but for me it is still *hidden*
so it makes the near morning feel far from *present*.
The ocean is dark but the lighthouse has a strange *glow*,
a sight to see like a big *star*.

Sometimes there are people there acting like a movie *star*,
they have large parties and fireworks that go boom through the *night*.
Thinking they can put tents, and music on the *dunes*.
They act like the beach is there own *present*,
that they can leave trash on badly *hidden*.
All of the waste gives the water a murky *glow*,

but in the day the sand can *glow*.
If you look hard enough you may find a sea *star*
That had tried to be *hidden*,
But it was colorful unlike the *night*.
So it could be picked up and become a *present*.
Since you can see it in the blue water against the bright *dunes*.

In the past you could run on the *dunes*,
Or stare up and look at a *star*.
The beach use to be silently *hidden*,
but that was then it's different now in the *present*.
How many people come at *night*
Bringing so many things that *glow*.

In the past whats was beyond the *dunes* was *hidden*,
Like a *star* in the day. Now it has been visited no-stop day or *night*
now it is a *present* for others to watch *glow*.



Reflection

One success that I had when I was writing was setting up the structure of the poem. I think that the structure was a success because I was able to set up the sestina. In the sestina I set it up like “fancy dance”. I was able to have the last word of a stanza be the last word of the first line in the other stanza, and have the same words be the last in a line. I was able to build my story by using the words in the structure. I was also able to alter the meaning of some words and still be able to keep the structure. I was able to do this by using words with different meaning and I was also able to change the meaning of a word by putting another word in front of it. Sometimes I used a word like present because that could mean present tense or a birthday present. I also was able to change the meaning by putting the word movie in front of the word star. By doing this I was able to change the meaning of star (a gas giant) to movie star (a famous person in movies). This was also used in the poem fancy dance by the poet putting fancy in front of the dance so it became fancy dance. So by changing the meaning of the words it was easier to use the structure.

JEAN

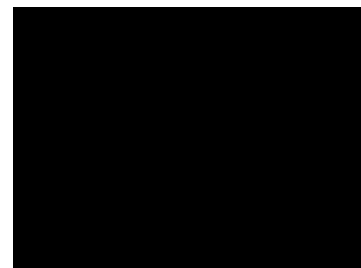
VILLANELLE, SONNET

MOTIONLESS MOTION

THE BLACK SILHOUETTE THAT COMES FROM BEHIND.
IT EATS ME ALIVE, *HELP*, I'M STUCK INSIDE.
SHUTTING MY EYES TO THE WORLD THAT ONCE SHINED.

I'M FALLING APART LIKE ALL OF MANKIND.
I WANT TO GO AND SHOUT BY THE SEASIDE.
THE BLACK SILHOUETTE THAT COMES FROM BEHIND.

MY CLUMSY FOOTSTEPS THAT WILL GET DECLINED.
IT'S FUNNY HOW LIVES BEING UNTIED.
SHUTTING MY EYES TO THE WORLD THAT ONCE SHINED.



MOTIONLESS MOTION

AM I REALLY IN MY BEST STATE OF MIND?

LIFE IS LIKE A NEVER ENDING LANDSLIDE.

THE BLACK SILHOUETTE THAT LEAVES ME BEHIND.

YOU NEED TO STOP THIS TORNADO LIKE WIND.

ONLY CLIMBING UP AND UP THE HILLSIDE.

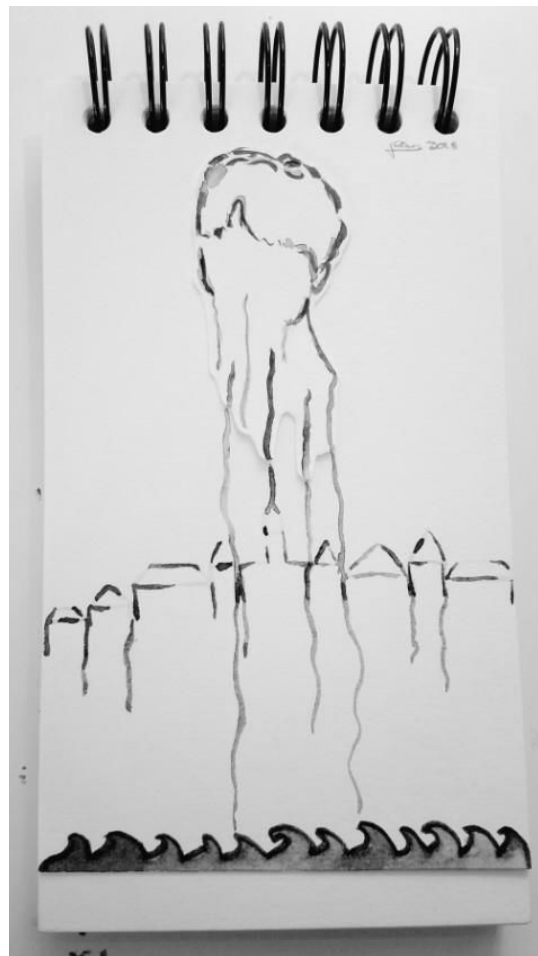
SHUTTING MY EYES TO THE WORLD THAT ONCE SHINED.

AT LAST, I FIND THE MOST PERFECT DESIGN.

WALK AWAY WITHOUT SEEING THE OUTSIDE.

THE BLACK SILHOUETTE THAT COMES FROM BEHIND.

SHUTTING MY EYES TO THE WORLD THAT ONCE SHINED.



ME

THE ACTIONS THAT YOU DO... THE THINGS YOU SAY.

NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY... IT WILL STAY.

IT'S LIKE A WOODEN DOOR THAT'S BLOCKING ME.

ALL THE DIFFERENT WAYS WIDE AS THE SEA.

HITS ME REAL HARD AT THE BACK OF MY HEAD.

WHO KNEW? I IMAGINED CRYING IN BED.



I AM THE COLOR OF A BUTTERFLY.

IN MY EARS, THAT'S HOW THEY IDENTIFY.

THEY BRING UP THEIR FINGERS AND STRETCH THEIR EYES...

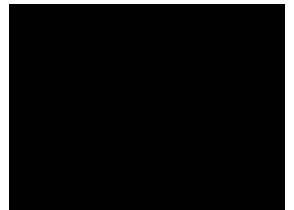
THE STUPID MESSAGES THAT IT IMPLIES.

COMMENTS THAT ARE SPIT LIKE GUM ON THE STREETS.

LIKE FIRE THAT BURNS MY THROAT FROM THE HEAT.

I AM GOOD AT HIDING THE MILD PAIN.

FOREVER IT WILL PAIN... OR IT WILL DRAIN.



REFLECTION

THROUGHOUT THE WEEKS THAT I SPENT ON WRITING POEMS, I FACED MANY CHALLENGES THAT CAME FROM WRITING WITHIN THE SET FORMS. FOR EXAMPLE, USING END WORDS FOR THE SESTINAS WERE DIFFICULT FOR ME. THIS WAS BECAUSE I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO REPEAT THE WORDS WITHOUT SOUNDING REPETITIVE. ALSO, THE 10 SYLLABLE PER LINE AND THE RHYMING SCHEME MADE IT MUCH HARDER TO FINISH A POETRY DRAFT. ALSO, I FELT LIKE SOMETIMES, I HAD TO CHANGE THE MEANING OF THE CERTAIN STANZA AND/OR POEM IN ORDER TO MATCH THE RHYMING SCHEME AND 10 SYLLABLE PER LINE RULE. HOWEVER, THERE WERE MANY SUCCESSES WHILE COMPOSING MY POETRY DRAFTS. ONE OF WHICH WAS MAKING THE MEANING OF THE POEM A LOT DEEPER THAN IT WAS BEFORE. ALSO, AT FIRST I DIDN'T ENJOY THE RHYMING SCHEME, BUT AFTER A WHILE I CAME TO APPRECIATE IT. TO EXPAND ON THIS THOUGHT, I CAN SAY THAT THE RHYMING SCHEME BUILT MORE RHYTHM INTO MY WRITING, WHICH THEN HELPED CREATE DEEPER MEANING AS WELL. OVERALL, WHILE WRITING THESE POEMS, I LEARNED THAT I SHOULD TAKE THE TIME TO EXPLORE DIFFERENT FORMS OF POETRY (SESTINAS, VILLANELLES, SONITS). I REALIZED THAT EXPLORING NEW FORMS LET ME STEP OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE AND IT HELPED ME BUILD UP MORE SKILLS. ONE OF THE SKILLS THAT I THOUGHT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT WAS WERE I HAD TO CHOOSE DIFFERENT WORDS, SO THAT IT WOULD MEET THE RULES OF EACH POEM.



LAILA

SIXTH GRADE

grades
Haha
Haha

For sixth graders, middle school is not fun
The first day, feels like a bee sting
Don't be late to class, to class we run

Dealing with mean teachers, I was done
Soon after the beginning we swing into spring
For sixth graders, middle school is not fun

Getting a lot of homework, felt like a ton
After leaving school I felt like I could sing
For sixth graders, middle school is not fun

Then meas come and it had begun
More and more tests I wanted them to fling
Don't be late to class, to class we run

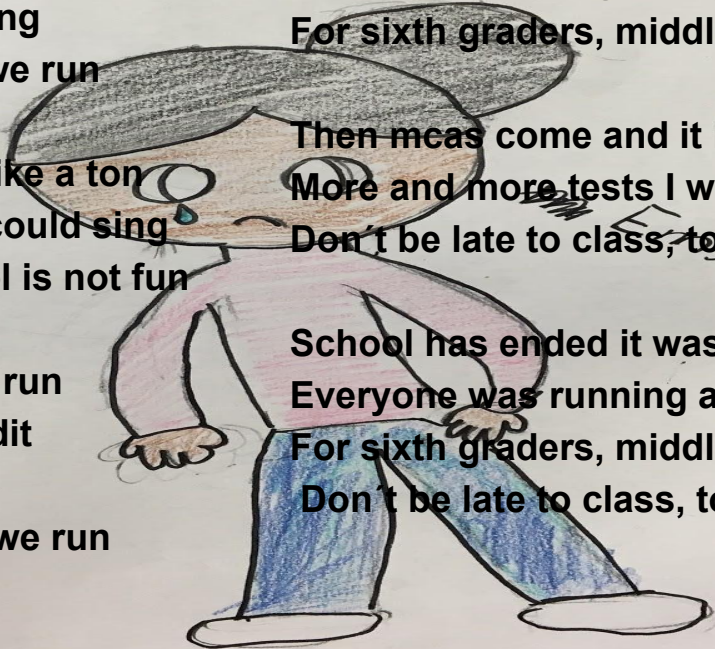
Home work
Going through sixth was a long run
Getting good grades, extra credit
worshiping

Sadness
School has ended it was like a bull run
Everyone was running and texting
For sixth graders, middle school is not fun

Don't be late to class, to class we run

Stress
Don't be late to class, to class we run

friends



Lab on

EQUALITY

Judging people based off of color is not right
Because of stereotypes people make a fight
People getting followed around in the store
Make me want to use the backdoor
Everyone desires some fairness
I think we should all spread awareness
everyone should get a hero to help them
if you were to help them you would be a gem
if you were to help you would need to grip
if you help you can make a friendship

We are all equals!

REFLECTION

I chose my topic because I hate school and didn't like 6th grade. What I was surprised about when Making my poem is that all the small details when writing about it. It also reminded me that I hate school even more than ever. The other reason why I made my other poem because I watched a lot of Inside edition and lots of people get racially judged by other people because of stereotypes.

AVA L.

Sonnet and Sestina

SHADOWS IN THE DARK

In places far and near, the air is stained
With little boys and girls in places dark.
Too scared. Too unprepared with arms and legs chained.
Once happy; now stuck in this hard form of work.
With predators lurking around each curve
20 million people are trafficked in the world.
How many people with no voices heard
Are out there waiting to be unfurled?
But voices go unanswered and unawareness
Reigns. 82 people die each day.
3 each minute. This problem is enormous.
All these lonely lives are lived in shades of gray.
Everyone must try to make a difference
To end these souls' silencing sentence.



OF WORDS AND WATER

I stand on the rocks and watch the water crash
Onto the sand. Rolling waves catch the light and shimmer. I'm
surrounded by beauty.
The sand is warm and soft
Against my feet. Wave after wave
Hit the sand with a splash. It's hard to believe such a thing can be
so destructive.
But it is. The water is just waiting to pull someone in and wait for
them to drown

Just like you did to me. You would hear me scream and drown
It out. Pretend like you couldn't hear my voice over the crash
Of sounds. My voice was covered up by the waves
Of life, but at first our love was just beauty.
Who knew something like this; Someone like you could be so
destructive.
How could something so soft

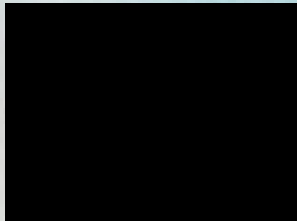
End so hard and so jagged. I used to be soft,
But now I'm sharp like a dagger. Some days I wish I had drowned
Before I met you and witnessed your destructive
Ways. But I did meet you and listened to your words crash
Over and over and over me again and again. You took all the
beauty
Out of our love. Now I stand here and listen to the waves

Break against the shore. I step closer to the water and a wave
Tickles my toe. It reminds me how soft
You used to be. The ocean has beauty
Just like you, but all both of you want is to watch me drown.
Whether in words or water you wanted me to crash.
For my shell to crack and then I could be one of you destructed

Toys. But I'm never going to be like either of you. I'm not
destructed.
And as I stand here in the waves
I realize something within the deafening crash.
I'll find someone new who will soften
The cracks you left in me. Someone who will drown
Out the darkness you left inside me. Our love will be beautiful

And it will last. Our love will make me forget our past and he will
recognise my beauty.
We'll be like the ocean before a storm. But the storm won't come and
destroy
What we have. He'll never let me drown.
Although we may get caught up in the waves
Of life our edges will stay soft
And smooth and welcoming, unwilling to crash.

You can no longer drown out my feeling now that I've found that I
was beauty
And you were the beast. Waiting for my will to love to crash with
your destructive
Words that knocked me down like waves upon the sand. From here
on out I will be soft.



REFLECTION

I think that for me, writing within the different poetry forms really helped me. In poetry units we did in the past I always felt myself feeling a little lost. The task was so open: write a poem. With so many options I had no idea where to start or what I wanted my poems to sound like. Furthermore, we've never really had a poetry unit where we went in depth about how you actually write poetry. Of course we've gone over metaphors, similes, alliterations (all the poetic devices), but we've never talked about different forms you can write poetry in. Because of this I enjoyed writing in the different forms. Now, instead of worrying about the structure of my poem I could spend most of my time thinking about topic and word choices. They gave me a strict thing I had to follow which helped me feel less lost, although writing in the forms also came with some challenges. The hardest part about writing in the strict forms was keeping the right number of syllables in each line. It was really hard when you found a line you really liked, but was only a few syllables too long or two short. It's always hard for me to edit things down like that, so it was a challenge to make sure I used the right number of syllables in each line. Furthermore, it was also hard to always make sure the correct lines matched. Sometimes I would have to change or alter my ideas because I couldn't find a word that rhymed and matched the idea I was trying to express. Although the strict forms did come with some challenges, I think that sticking to a form helped me understand how to write poetry better and helped me realise that writing poetry can actually be fun.

JOSH G.

Sestina, villanelle

MOSS

audio to Moss

You just got mossed by randy moss
Lachlan is not a got tom brady is a goat
Fast swifty big strong blocking all day long fullback
Always in the pocket scrambled like my eggs
quarterback
Always bring in big bucks for them honeys money
Nickelback always bringing in sacks
Been getting no sleep sometimes under my eyes sacks
What is that on a tree as ugly as can be miss
If you aren't good you will not make any money
Lachlan likes to eat curry cosplay curry goat
Throw the balls fast like some good good quarterbacks
Always running fast slash fullbacks
Boring but fast always having a laugh fullbacks
So Very much painful hurts a lot sacks
People always asking for money can i get a
quarterback?
Nasty green looks like fur ugly moss
I was in a foreign country and i bought a goat
Always throwing green in the air because they have it

Smells so good worth so much money
When you are fully grown up you have a fullback
I walk it all the time down my street my beautiful goat
20 in the game now that's impressive amazing sacks
Randy not in the game no more used to make big bucks moss
Throw so far so long down the field for a td quarterback
Most know guy on the team sign quarterbacks
But they don't make a lot of money
I guarantee you that if i played you would get mossed
Sigh sigh sigh sigh sigh fullbacks
The most fun thing to do when on defense big sacks
Most people wouldn't think about having a bestfriend like goat
Ohh so good so fun and nice goat
No no no bad past make no mistakes quarterback
The ball throwers stay constantly getting sacked
You act like it grows on tree but it doesn't money
Rany the best in the game don't mess with fullbacks
Trucking everyone in his ways making paths randy moss
Randy moss is a goat no doubt about it
Fullbacks sometimes can protect the quarterbacks
you won't get no money if you get sacked.

TRIP

audio to trip

You need to get good shoes with a good grip
When shopping high tops are they way to go
If you don't do this you will always trip

When you score big the net will always whip
Neon yellow shoes are not the best, bro
You need to get good shoes with good grip

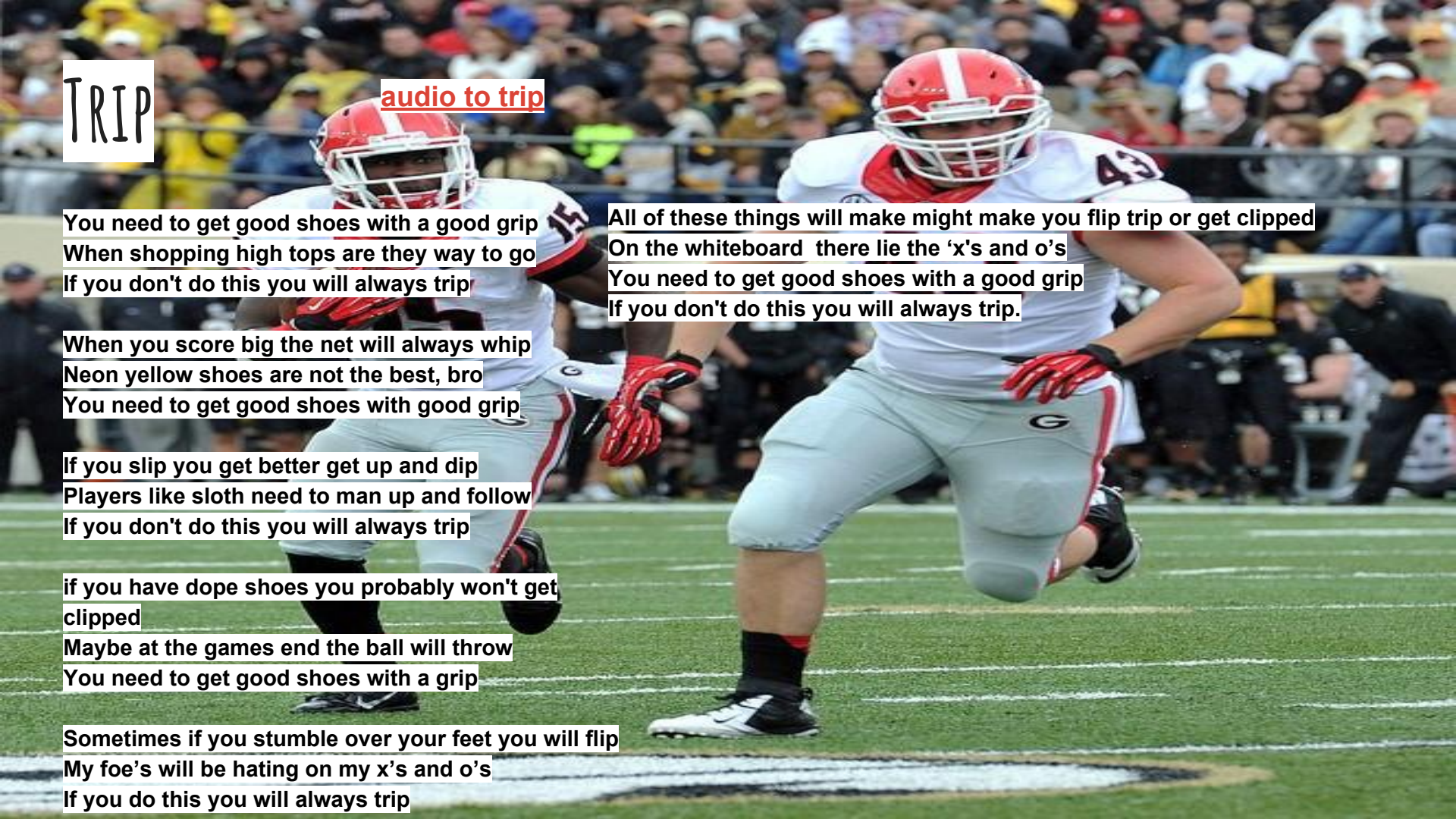
If you slip you get better get up and dip
Players like sloth need to man up and follow
If you don't do this you will always trip

if you have dope shoes you probably won't get
clipped

Maybe at the games end the ball will throw
You need to get good shoes with a grip

Sometimes if you stumble over your feet you will flip
My foe's will be hating on my x's and o's
If you do this you will always trip

All of these things will make might make you flip trip or get clipped
On the whiteboard there lie the 'x's and o's
You need to get good shoes with a good grip
If you don't do this you will always trip.





REFLECTION

- *writing poetry within set forms.*

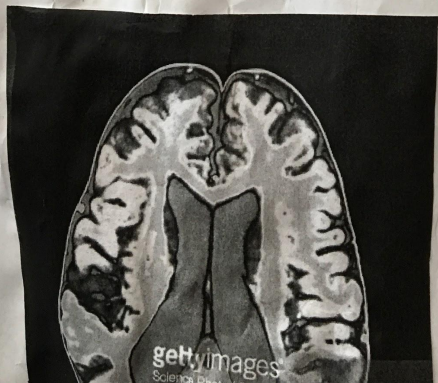
Some challenges that i faced were that i didn't want to use rhymes a lot and it was hard not to. This was hard for me to not to do because when i think of poems i think of raps and usually some raps have lots of rhymes. It was especially hard for me to write a poem without rhymes because i was used to writing poems with rhymes. Now that we are trying out new topics there are different types of rhyme schemes and the format of the poem. Another challenge that i faced was finding things to actually write about because of the way the poems are supposed to be. For example when i was writing a sestina it was difficult for me to find something to write about because the poems that i read were sad and depressing and i wanted my poem to be happy.

- *What surprised you by the topics you chose to write about? Did your topics evolve as you moved through the writing process? Did the meanings of your poems change?*

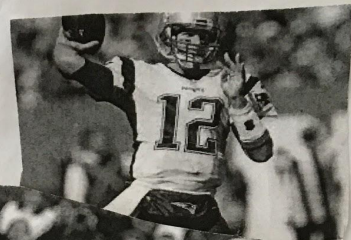
I chose to mostly write about sports and being happy but most poems that i read are sad and or depressing. I think that it was harder for me to write about because i didn't have any mentor poems or examples of what i could write about or anything to get an idea of the format. The meanings of my poems didn't really change because i am only interested about sports and sports injuries.



Villanelle
trip



Sestina
moss



DHRUVA

Villanelle, Sestina

Snow's Freedom

Snowfall leaves me in pure isolation,
But I wouldn't cower in its vast reaches,
For I feel free in snow's desolation.

My eyes dart around, deep in admiration.
Gleeful conversing, yet snow is speechless.
Snowfall leaves me in pure isolation.

Solidarity-snow's incantation.
I venture outside, I hear no screeches,
For I feel free in snow's desolation.

Glistening snowmen-winter's incarnation.
Stay here, one more moment, snow beseeches.
Snowfall leaves me in pure isolation.

A grand fixation, a fascination;
I observe the flakes, their breathtaking features.
For I feel free in snow's desolation.

To what I do, there lacks limitation.
No one is left untouched, not a creature.
Snowfall leaves me in pure isolation,
Yet I feel free in snow's desolation.



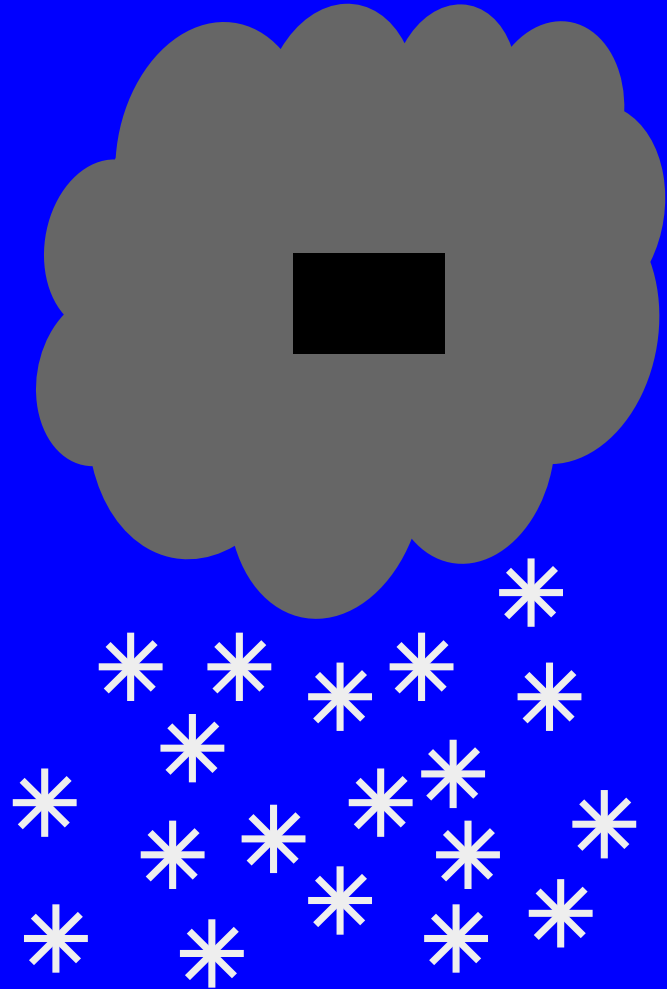
BLIZZARD

First came the wind, the gentle wind.
It caressed the clear glass of the window,
speaking, rustling, a whisper
to me as I stood, eager eyes watching
for the first signs of the beautiful crystals, pristinely white
that I knew so well as snow.

It fell gently at first, the snow,
the miniscule flakes darting, scattering, congregating and waving goodbye with each gust of the wind.
Outside, it looked black-and white,
the bits of ice dusting the picturebook landscape painted outside my window.
Intently, eyes sparkling, I watched
its accumulation, winter's gift, a quiet whisper.

I knew that the clouds' quiet voices would not remain a whisper.
As they became heavy, like grey sacks sagging under the burdens of snow,
I knew that their immense pressure would become to great. And while I, watching,
would bear witness to the ear-splitting winds,
I may have not noticed the subtle monster growing outside my window,
or frigid tidbits of winter raining down on me, a cloud so immensely white

it was difficult to fathom. It was a beautiful white.
Blanketing the garden, a message, a whisper,
it dictated the rule of winter in the world outside of my window.
All I could see was the snow
and its empire, only moved by the howling wind,
rebellious and unpredictable in nature. This empire's history, however, was one I had watched.

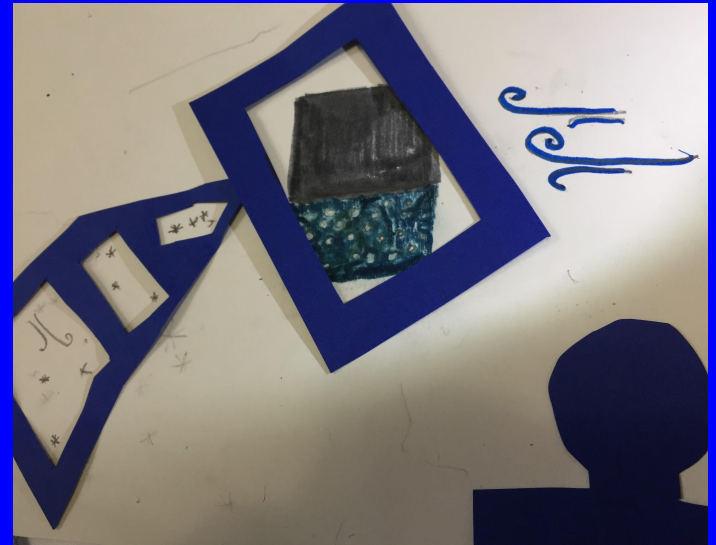


Snow ruled all; snow watched;
snow covered; snow whitened.

It itself, bore witness to the overpowering winds,
in the form of a new snowdrift's birth. Such creations represented all it had been through, a whisper
to us in the present. It, only a sheet of snow,
could remember the creatures that had trodden on it so long before, only just outside my window.

I wished the blizzard's captivity would never end. But as I sat, glancing out the window,
its power was notably diminishing. I watched
as the sheets before my very eyes, once suspended in the air as snow,
made their way to the ground, a seal, white.
Packaging up that beautiful whisper:
A snowstorm's kiss, the memory of the wind.

And as I ventured outside, bracing the gentle wind, not bound by the reaches of my window,
the crystals' whisper is what I watched
in the form of happiness. And at that moment, I truly appreciated the lovely white, cold, treasured snow.
:



REFLECTION:

Throughout this poetry-writing unit, I faced countless challenges attempting to draft villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas. To begin, I found that my villanelle was ultimately the most challenging poetry form to draft throughout this unit. (It was also my first, which might have contributed to its difficulty.) After reading the amazing mentor poems and learning about form, however, I felt confident -- the assignment would be a breeze. I was wrong. To begin, I had trouble thinking of a topic. Writing a villanelle made me branch out from my original style, as I was forced to write about an experience or advice, not an object or phenomenon as I usually do. And after a list of ideas and a failed attempt at drafting a poem, I finally had a topic that I liked. And although this eased my typical poetry-related anxiety, I was out of the pan and into the fire. My next dilemma struck me swiftly: I struggled desperately to draft the two lines that repeated throughout the poem, as I couldn't get phrases I was happy with. Unfortunately, all of the lines that I actually enjoyed didn't have the ten syllables I needed, so I continued revising. In addition, sound is an essential characteristic of poetry, and I had trouble achieving the pleasing, "sophisticated" tone that I desired.

Once these lines were done, I still had all of the rhyming to deal with, and more syllable restriction as well. When I finished theoretically, I felt proud of myself. I knew, however, that I still had much revising to do. Portions of my poem meant no sense to readers, a problem I have already (hopefully) fixed. In addition, I had to work on adding new poetic devices to my villanelle, a problem that I am still grappling with. The bottom line, however, is that although poems seem to roll off the tongue naturally (they even feel relaxing sometimes), writing them hardly "rolls off the hand". The product, however, is most often worth it.

KENDALL

Sestina, villanelle

The Unexpected Yet Expected Love Story

The two best friends since birth we're starting to grow up. They would always reminisce on the memories and think about the good and bad times.

As they got older they grew apart and we're losing trust faster than an avalanche. Words got between them and ripped them apart. Fights raged on and on and the secrets

spread. They talked about each other but didn't share one secret.

This one was different than all the other times, this one secret that defined all of their memories.

They both held in that one secret that shared the little left trust.

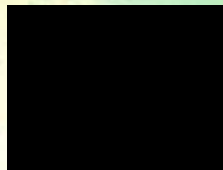
As the number of friends began to grow the number of secrets pulled them apart,

just like war pulling families apart.

It wasn't the people that pulled them apart.

It was the emptiness they had by not spending time together. All they had were the old memories and no new ones. The more they would grow the more unshared and untold secrets.

The more emptiness filled them and lost trust,



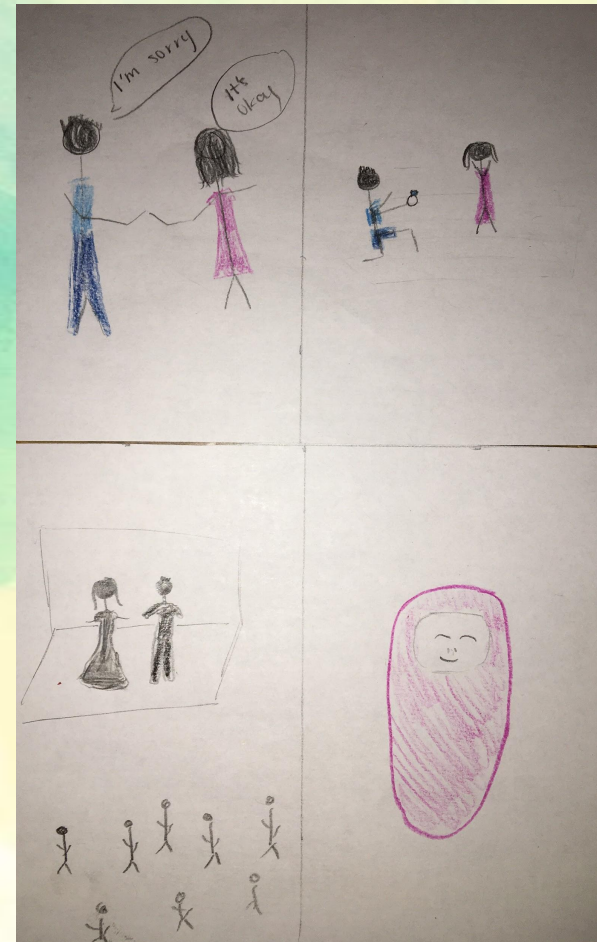
without each other together. They lost trust in everyone. They still had their one unshared secret. That they loved each other, that they loved their memories, that the boy and the girl loved spending time together. They were so close than fell apart, like a withered bridge. The more they would grow

away from each other. They knew they needed to grow. So piece by piece they spent more time together. Soon they didn't spend one moment apart, they shared stories together, they shared secrets. They regained faith and trust In each other. They reminisce on the old memories

they have created throughout the years, they make new memories and share untold secrets.

They are always together and never apart, and they are loyal, and trust one another. They grow together and enjoy all the good times

and bad times. Now they don't worry about trust. Time has passed and they just have to worry about their baby girl. She will grow and be like her parents; telling secrets, making memories, and the family will never be apart.



Anxiety

Stay calm, don't worry, it will all be fine.
The voice in your head, tries to take over,
Be strong, stop stressing, it's all in your mind.

The constant worrying makes you behind.
The anxiety doesn't passover.
Stay calm, don't worry, it will all be fine.

The once strong girl's feelings start to unwind.
The thoughts in her head will not turnover.
Be strong, stop stressing, it's all in your mind.

She is empty, but people think she's fine.
She stays strong, and doesn't let it take over.
Stay calm, don't worry, it will all be fine.

You reach out for the help you can't find,
like finding an oasis in a desert
Be strong, stop stressing, it's all in your mind.

She took her time, and is strong like mankind.
Still there, bigger than Mars, it's never over
Stay calm, don't worry, it will all be fine.
Be strong, stop stressing, it's all in your mind.



REFLECTION

When writing poetry in set forms I faced a lot of challenges. For example, it was hard to follow the sestina form because I would have to use a certain word at the end of each sentence, and sometimes it wouldn't make sense. Even though there were challenges throughout writing the poems, there was also successes. I was successful in creating detailed meaningful lines/sentences throughout the poem. This is because I had to put a lot of thought into what sentences would work with the specific words at the end. By reading mentor villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas, I was able to look at examples and use some of the same figurative language. I was also able to look at them and notice the differences between the structure and plot. I was surprised that the topics I mostly wrote about were sad. I don't usually like talking about sad things, however writing them in poems is a way to express what you don't necessarily want to talk about. The meanings of my poems did change when writing them. The learnings I will take with me in the future when writing and reading ventures, is to use figurative language, descriptive words, and details to make a stronger piece of poetry.

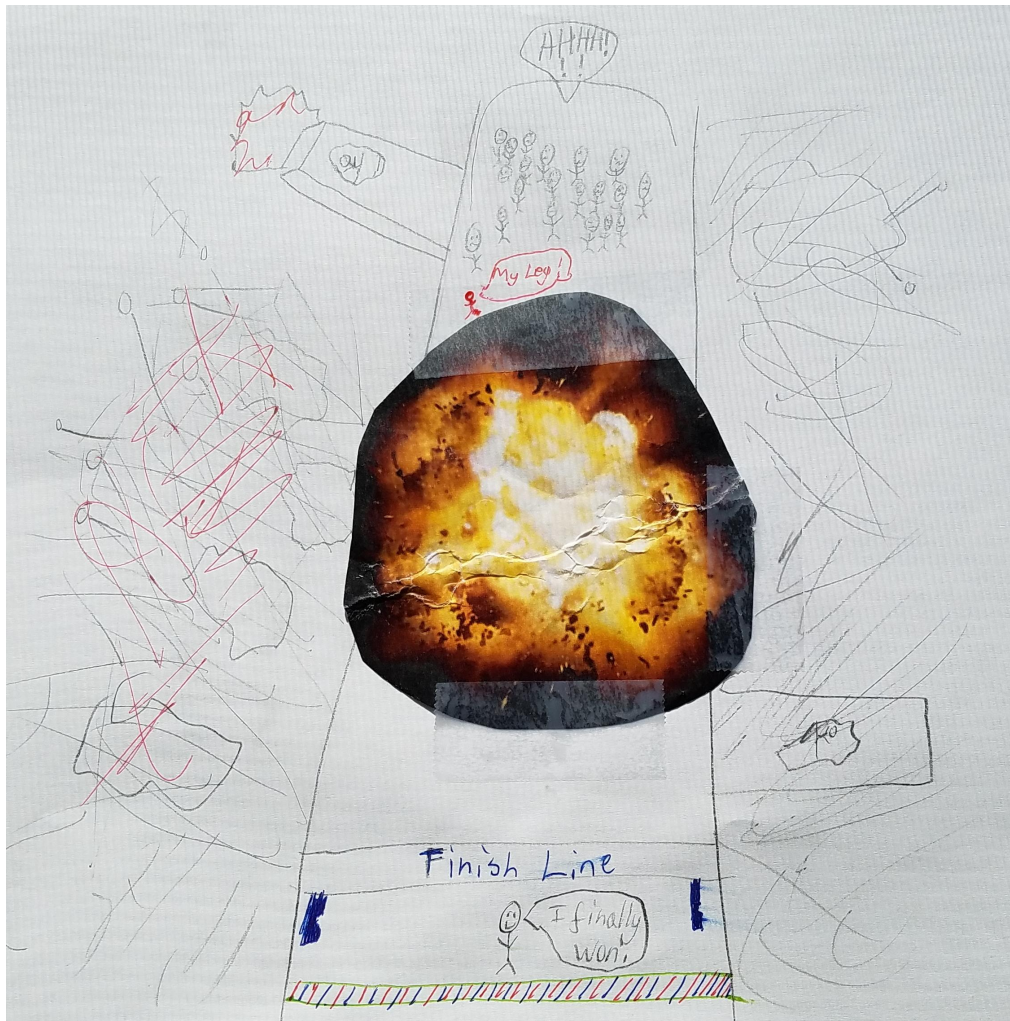
MAX S

A close-up photograph of two people holding hands on a beach. The person on the left is wearing a tan jacket, and the person on the right is wearing a black leather jacket. The background shows a sandy beach and a blue sky. The text is overlaid on the image.

STICK TOGETHER

BANG, THE BOMBS GO OFF DURING DAYLIGHT,
THEN THE PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY ARE RIGHT.
SOME OF THE PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND AT FIRST,
BUT THEN THEY HEAR A GIGANTIC BURST.
TRYING TO FIND A SENSE OF COMPOSURE,
THEY RUN AND SHOUT UNTIL IT IS OVER.
THEY HELP THE NEEDY AS MUCH AS THEY CAN,
DOING ALL OF THAT WORK WITHOUT A PLAN.

WHEN THE CHAOS IS FINISHED AND DONE,
PEACE THEN FELL UPON EVERYONE.
THE PERPETRATORS WERE CAUGHT THE NEXT DAY,
GETTING ALL OF THE PEOPLE TO SAY "HOORAY".
IN THE END, THE PEOPLE ARE NOT SAD,
BUT THEY DO FEEL INCREDIBLY BAD.



BEACH MEMORIES

I LOOK AT THE BEACH
AND I THINK OF THE WAVES.
I SEE PEOPLE SURFING
AS THE OCEAN WAVES CRASH. THE MIST WOULD COOL
YOU DOWN TO THE BONE IF YOU LIED ON YOUR BACK.
IT'S A MYSTICAL AND CALM PLACE, THE OCEAN.

THERE ARE MANY ANIMALS IN THE OCEAN,
AND SOME END UP ON THE BEACH.
THOSE SINISTER CREATURES PINCH YOUR BACK
AS YOU LAY; LUCKILY THE WAVES
MAKE AN OCEAN SPRAY THAT COULD COOL
ANYONE DOWN, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO ARE SURFING.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO SURF
OVER THE WORDS OF A BOOK AS THE OCEAN
SENDS A SPRAY OF WATER TO COOL
THEM DOWN. THOSE WHO ARE PLAYING ON THE BEACH
RUN AND SHOUT AS THE WAVES
CRASH ON THEIR FEET. I'M FINALLY BACK.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I CAME BACK
HERE. IT'S WHERE I LEARNED HOW TO SURF.
IT'S WHERE I RAN AND PLAYED BY THE WAVES
OF SOMETHING SO VAST, AN OCEAN.
I PLAYED ON THE SAND OF THE BEACH,
WHICH I THOUGHT WAS VERY COOL.

THE SAND WASN'T COOL
TO THE TOUCH, WHICH IS WHY IT HEATS YOU BACK.
IT IS VERY NICE, THE BEACH.
THE WAVES ARE GREAT TO SURF.
FISH JUMP FROM THE OCEAN
AND FALL JUST LIKE THE WAVES.

THE WATER FROM THE WAVES
IS COLD, WHICH HELPS COOL
YOU DOWN. THE BEACH AND OCEAN
ARE SO GIVING, BY HEATING UP YOUR BACK.
THE WAVES ARE NICE AND LET YOU SURF.
THEN, THEY GENTLY BRING YOU BACK TO THE BEACH.

A wide-angle photograph of a tropical beach. The sky is a vibrant blue with scattered white clouds. The ocean transitions from a deep blue in the distance to a bright turquoise near the shore, where gentle waves with white foam are washing onto a wide, golden-yellow sandy beach. In the far distance, a line of green palm trees is visible on the right side of the horizon. Two small figures of people are standing near the water's edge on the right. The overall scene is bright and serene.

WHEN YOU RUN FROM THE BEACH TO THE WAVES
TO LEARN HOW TO SURF, YOU END UP COOL
AND WET, WATER TOUCHING YOUR BACK. I LOVE THE OCEAN.



REFLECTION

SOMETHING THAT I STRUGGLED WITH WHEN WRITING THE POEMS THAT WERE IN A SPECIFIC FORM WAS TRYING TO STAY WITHIN THAT FORM. I FOUND THIS EXCRUCIATINGLY PAINFUL BECAUSE OF THE FACT THAT I HAD ALL OF THESE WONDERFUL IDEAS FOR THE SONNET AND VILLANELLE, BUT BECAUSE I HAD TO HAVE A SPECIFIC NUMBER OF SYLLABLES AND LINES, I FOUND THAT IT WAS HARDER TO GET MY IDEAS ACROSS. ONE THING THAT SURPRISED ME WHILE I WAS WRITING, "BEACH MEMORIES" WAS THE FACT THAT I WAS ABLE TO INCORPORATE FLASHBACKS AND ALL OF THE FEELINGS OF BELONGING AND RETURNING WHILE STICKING WITH A SET OF 6 END WORDS. I FOUND THIS SURPRISING BECAUSE I NEVER THOUGHT THAT POEMS WERE LONG, OR THAT THEY COULD REALLY TELL A STORY. ANOTHER THING THAT SURPRISED ME WAS THE FACT THAT AS I WAS WRITING I GOT STUCK IN THE POEM AND SOMETIMES BROUGHT UP DIFFERENT, HIDDEN MEANINGS THAT THE READER COULD FIND, JUST LIKE AN EASTER EGG HUNT. I WAS ABLE TO DO THIS BECAUSE I WAS ALLOWED TO WRITE MORE, AND REPEAT SOMETHINGS, BUT NOT OTHERS. ALSO, WHEN I WAS TRYING TO FIND RHYMES I NOTICED THAT ONE WORD COULD HAVE AN INCREDIBLE NUMBER OF RHYMES, ALL WITH DIFFERENT SYLLABLE COUNTS. THE ONE TYPE OF POEM THAT I DIDN'T STRUGGLE ON WAS THE SESTINA. I THINK THAT THIS WAS MAINLY BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE ANY RESTRICTIONS ON THE NUMBER OF SYLLABLES I COULD USE, AND BECAUSE IT WAS A LOT LONGER, WHICH HELPED ME LET MY IDEAS FLOW ONTO THE PAPER.

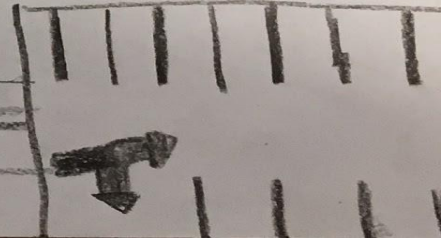
ANA

Villanelle, and Sonnet

GLOBAL WARMING TRAP

Carbon Dioxide leaps into the air
Warming the climate by more than a hair.
Trapping in energy from the sun's rays
The harsh, welcoming, warm, and sunny blaze.
Causing large scale issues nobody can see
Like Hurricane Harvey meeting the sea
The waters of the Gulf of Mexico
With temperatures that only grow.
Global warming, effects we can't believe.
Bringing a future we cannot conceive
So please make a change, no matter how small.
To stop the dark cloud that covers us all.
Never, ever, buy bottled water, drink the tap.
Or be stuck in a global warming trap

Listen to my
audio here!



TOO MANY THINGS TO DO

Too many things to do, places to be
I feel I am a wood chip next to a sleigh
My head is pounding, I stop and plea.

I look out and see a crowd filled with glee
Enjoying a time of carefree play
Too many things to do, places to be.

A room filled with excitement you may see
But, here I sit for hours everyday
My head is pounding, I stop and plea.

Listen to my
audio recording
here!

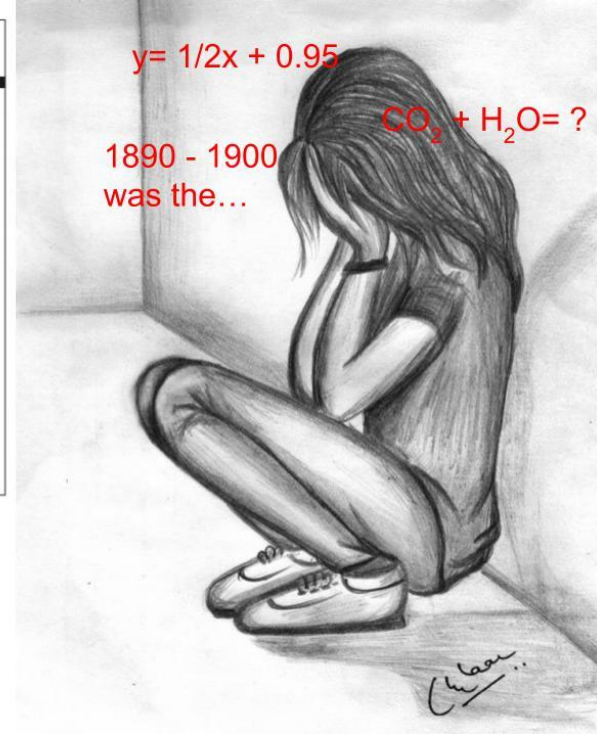
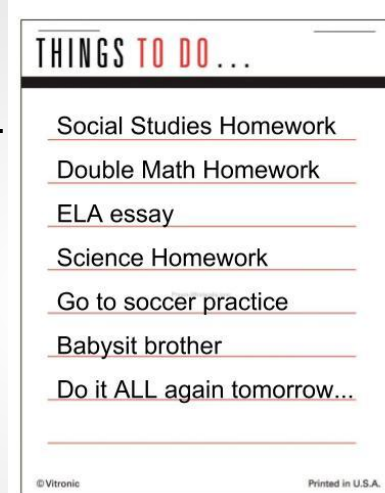


TOO MANY THINGS TO DO CONTINUED

I'm locked in a room of work with no key
Whoosh Time hurdles by, but I never stray.
Too many things to do, places to be.

I may want to break, I ache within me
Since I must finish it, I mustn't stray
My head is pounding, I stop and plea.

I feel like a scrap, like a nobody
I can't, I can't, do this everyday
Too many things to do, places to be
My head is pounding, I stop and plea.



REFLECTION

Before this unit on poetry, I had never written a poem in a strict form. Throughout this experience, I faced many challenges and successes. When we first started out, I was extremely worried about how I was going to fit the form, so I had to work hard to just start off. The one that was hardest for me to start was my sonnet, because of the ten-syllable rule and the strict rhyme scheme. For example, I wanted to write a line about The Gulf of Mexico being above average temperature. My line ended with Mexico, so I had to find something to rhyme with that. I faced a great success when I finished the line! It ended up like this, “The waters of the Gulf of Mexico / With temperatures that only grow”. To get to this success I had to let go of a previous line since it did not fit the rhyme scheme. Once I found the word grow as a rhyme for Mexico, all I had to do was figure out the order of the words to use grow as the end word. So, from this challenge and success, I was able to learn how to fit the rhyme scheme.

Another challenge I faced was using enough poetic devices to enrich my writing. Once I had finished working on the form and message of my poems, I was happy with the way they had turned out. The one where it was hardest was my villanelle poem, “Too Many Things To Do”. I struggled with including the poetic devices for a long time, while at the same time reviewing my poems for overall message. The hard work paid off, and I gained a success on including these poetic devices. I was most proud of a metaphor that was the hardest for me to write within the rhyme scheme and syllable limit. It ended up as this, “ I feel I am a wood chip next to a sleigh”. To finally get this metaphor I thought about the original line, “Within a world where I feel plain and grey”, and how it was a little like feeling small. I then found the word sleigh matched my rhyme scheme, I just needed something small against it. A sleigh is made of wood, so wood chip worked for this situation. With this all, I finally came to the final line. I learned how to include poetic devices within a strict format. So, throughout this unit, I faced many challenges and successes. I learned about how to write within a strict form and how to include specific and creative poetic devices.

SAMIR

Sestina, Sonete

SLEEP IS SO FAR BY: SAMIR OSMANI

I'm slogging to school and I'm as tired
as a sloth. It is winter, so it is easy to fall.

When I arrive to school the teachers almost bores
me to sleep. Then it's lunch, and people beg me, so it
annoys

me. Yes I know school helps me learn.

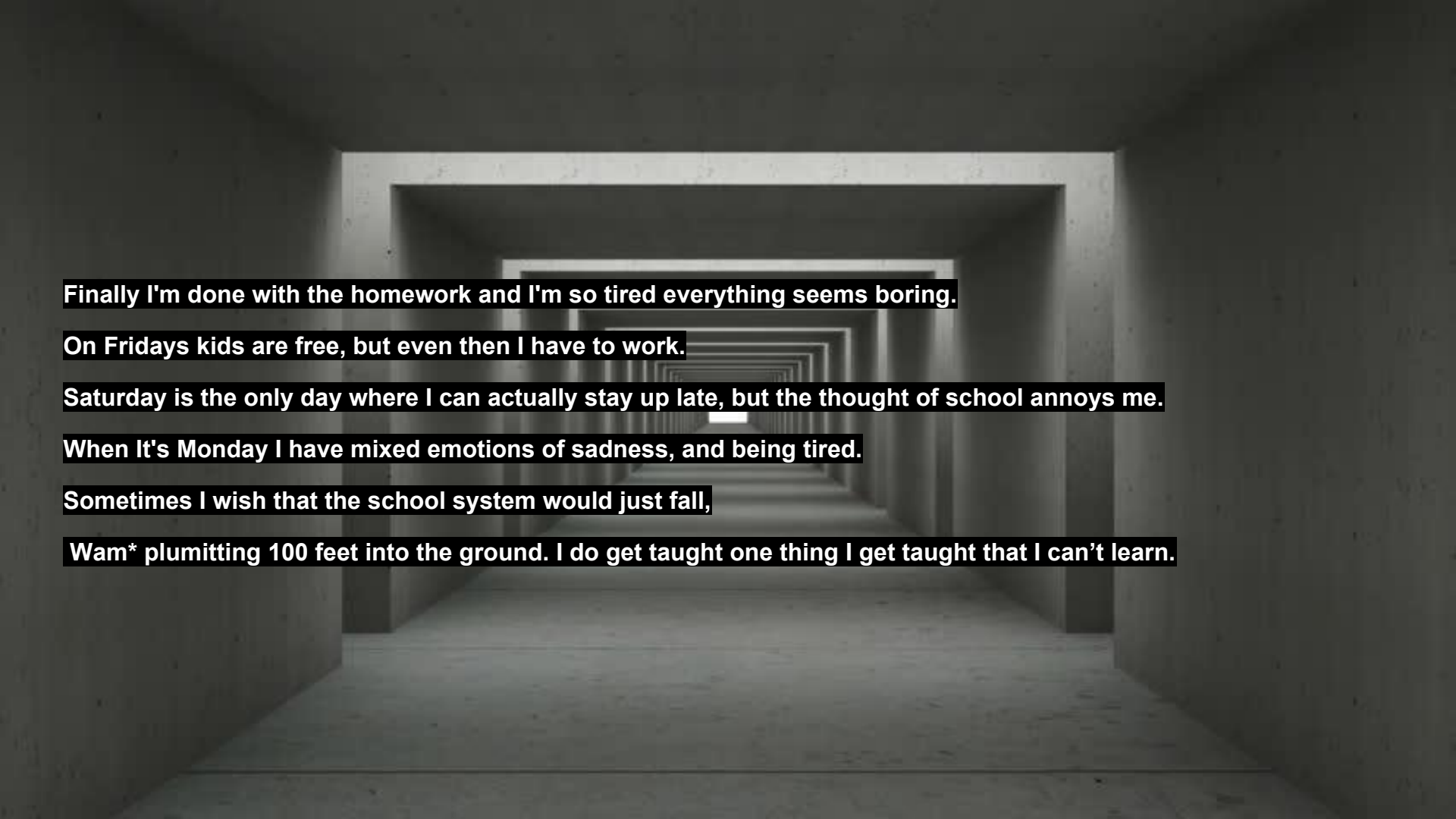
But at the end of the day I think I'm as done as a burnt
chicken, but then there is homework.

I pray some days that I get good grades on all my
work

Even though I try so hard and get so tired
all my work goes down the drain drip* drop*. Now I
learned

that school is bad. It makes me tired that I start to fall
and faint. Then I get more and more and it just
annoys me.

So much homework will cause me to start to be bored



Finally I'm done with the homework and I'm so tired everything seems boring.

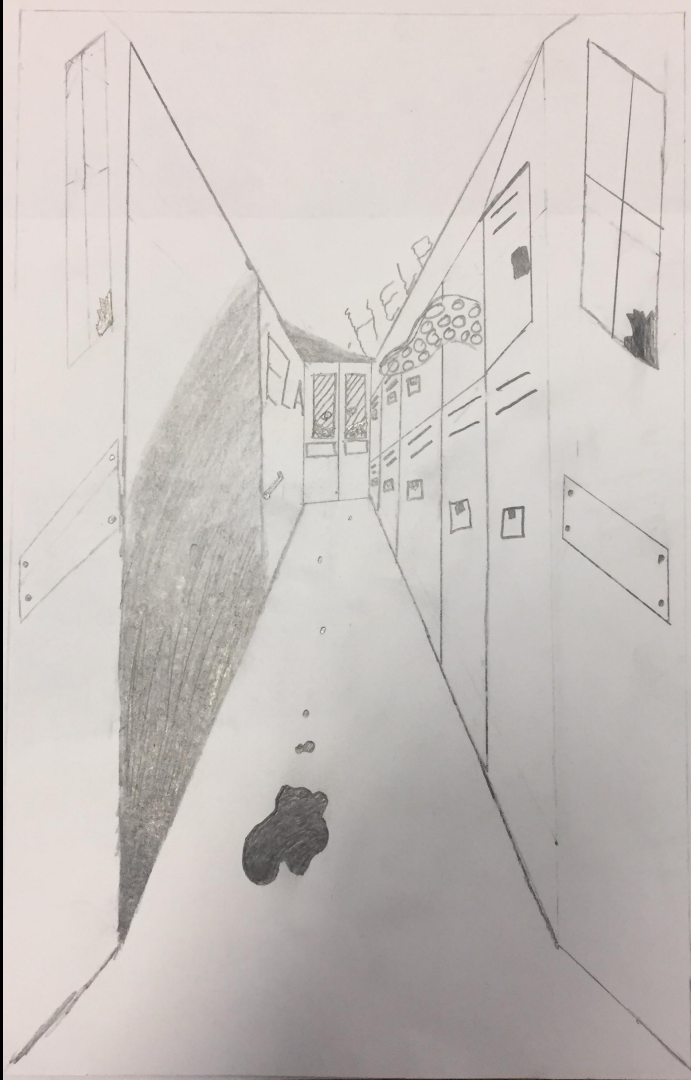
On Fridays kids are free, but even then I have to work.

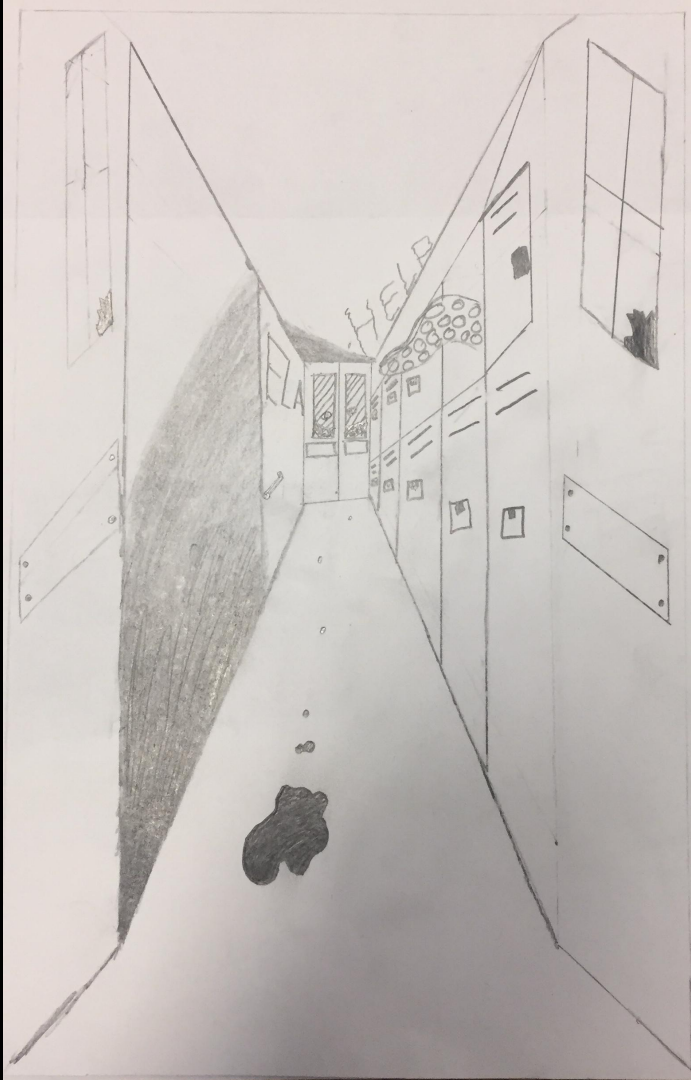
Saturday is the only day where I can actually stay up late, but the thought of school annoys me.

When It's Monday I have mixed emotions of sadness, and being tired.

Sometimes I wish that the school system would just fall,

Wam* plummeting 100 feet into the ground. I do get taught one thing I get taught that I can't learn.





RUNNING DOESN'T HELP BY: SAMIR OSMANI

Finally done with all of this pain

Click clack* to classes don't feel like I'm free

All of that work and there was no gain

So much homework it is like a strong rain

Teachers talking totally bores me

Finally done with all of this pain

Working working make me go insane

Won't let me go out but I have to pee

All of that work and there is no gain

Want to play my games and use my main

When I head home I still don't feel free

Finally done with all of this pain

jumping into bed I feel a whoosh* of sanity

But when I awake I fall back asleep

All of that work and there is no gain

Just like this poem school kind of refrains

When I'm in the back I can't really see

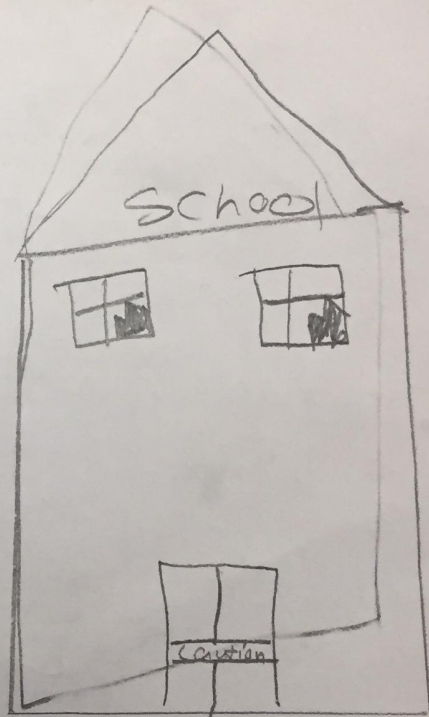
Finally done with all of this pain

All of that work and there is no gain

Summer



1st Day of School



REFLECTION

Some challenges I faced were just writing a poem in general. This was hard for me because I am not used to writing poems because I don't really like poems. I also thought it was challenging to add a rhyme into our poems because we needed to rhyme the same rhyme throughout the whole poem. This was more hard when we had a syllable limit because since it is already hard for me when we had a syllable limit I had to really work hard. Another thing that was challenging was adding anamoptia into the syllable limit poems. This was challenging because since I already had 10 syllables, and I'm trying to add one more word it was challenging. Another thing that was challenging ways to use one specific word in this area because in the sistina I was struggling a lot with this. Even though some of these things were very challenging I think I am gonna bring anamoptia into my future writing. One part I could possibly bring it into is if my heart is racing fast then I would put in a bumbum bumbum. Another thing I am going to bring into my writing is repetition. I could add it in a place where I am referring back to something I said before, or just a couple of words that are very strong.

SYDNEY

SONNET, SESTINA

BROWN SKIN.

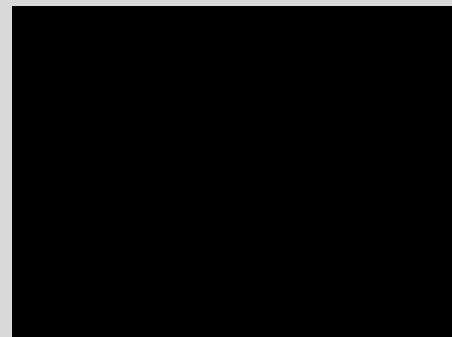
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WE AIN'T NEVER HAD THE SAME RIGHTS.
MOM SAID THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS WORLD FOR FREE
AND I KNOW MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES

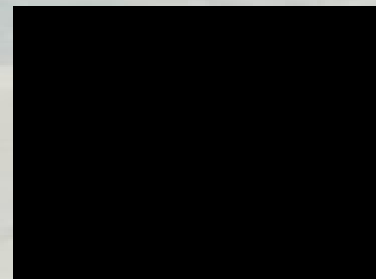
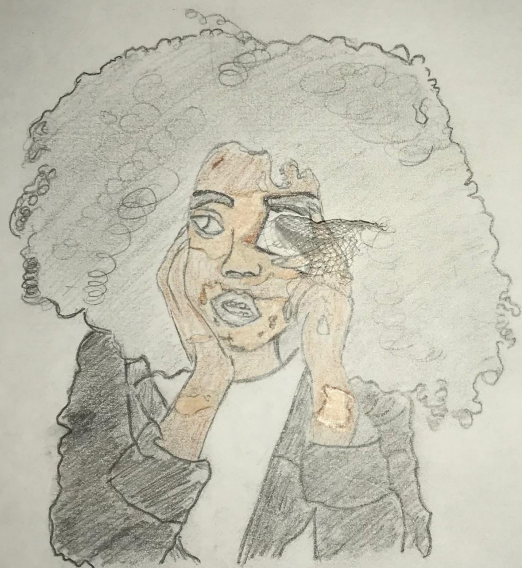
RACISM NEVER DIED, SO COLD LIKE ICE
NEVER FEAR, BEING BLACK COMES WITH A GREAT PRICE
GOTTA WATCH OUT CAUSE STING, YOU'RE THE BEE

IT'S SO CRAZY, I JUST MIGHT HAVE TO FLEE
THIS AIN'T NO GAME, "QUICK, LET ME ROLL THE DICE"
UNDERESTIMATED CAUSE OUR SKIN IS BROWN

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, HANDS UP, DON'T SHOOT!
CLICK CLACK, NOW YOU'RE LYING ON THE GROUND.
THE MEN IN SAD SUITS MAKE ME WANT TO GO MUTE

SLAVERY TO RACE, AND WE STILL AIN'T EQUAL NOW
THEY ACT LIKE THE SUIT IS A GAME, HA THAT'S CUTE.





THIS IS RACISM.

If Sydney wasn't black, she wouldn't be so fearful,
and there is no reason that a girl could be so scared, she paints her face white,
joking that her melanin is coming off with a face wipe. She's lost.
This ridiculous, she would say you're acting like children, but they don't even show this much ignorance.
She turns on the news to another shootout, this is making her go insane
because another life is taken, leaving breathless and she know who is responsible.

It's the police. Letting her die in their hands; but it's her fault so she is responsible
for her own death; just by putting on a hood to hide her beautiful face. She's fearful
You walk into the store, all eyes on you. "Can I help you ma'am?" I am a person, not a killer. I'm not insane.
But they think you are. Anything they say, everyone will believe. You're lucky you're white.
You might have made it up, but you still don't have authority. Running around yelling "nigger!" That's why she is always saying your so god
damn ignorant!
She's always on the lookout, so that they don't steal the breath from her lungs. They say, "Sorry for your loss."

1 mile over the limit, they assume she's drunk. "License and registration." I'm searching, can't find it. "Sorry sir it's lost."
"Step out of the vehicle." Not even said polite. "Hands up." "I am a person, not a killer." nothing wrong was done, but she has a responsibility.
Taken down to the station. "Officer, I didn't do anything wrong." He wasn't even there to see what happened. Ignorant.
She keeps quite. Trying hard not to get into more trouble. Fearful
One more word out her mouth and she just might get put in a chokehold. Hold on too long, "I can't breathe!" too late, her face turned white.
They all suffer. Right before their death, all they remember is torture. It's insane.

The table at school is concerned because it has to sit with her. Doesn't even know her. Big, bright and blue like it is yelling, leave! It thinks she's insane.

Teachers are staring, making face & whispering. "I am a person, not a killer." She doesn't know what to do. This is a loss. She walks up to the teacher to ask a question. The world stops. Teachers face turns pale, white, because a color is looking into her eyes. Teacher passes out and they all say Sydney is responsible. You ask her what it's like to live in a body of color. She tells you that it's like burning in hell. She's fearful. They say "it can't be that bad." Ignorant.

"Really, it's not bad!" You're white, I am black. You have privileges, I don't. They are ignorant, it's insane.

Her tone really got to them and the sense of danger made them fearful. Of what you ask? Of her. Because of her color, she must be a killer. They yell, "get lost!" She walks away like everything is okay, but they don't know that they are responsible for their actions. The problem is they don't get in trouble because they are still white.

They are the same. The chair, the paper and the people. All white, but she is different. She has pigment. They are ignorant. they know nothing but that is not their responsibility. They don't care about her, She is as fully human as they are. So insane how they don't care whatsoever. Their minds are all jumbled up. All acceptance is lost and she is too afraid to walk out her house because of this. She is fearful.

She tries to stop being so fearful, but it's hard because she always sees the white. She is lost and knows they will constantly be ignorant, but what is insane, is that Sydney is responsible.

REFLECTION

WRITING POETRY IS MORE CHALLENGING THAN YOU WOULD THINK BECAUSE YOU READ SOMETHING THAT IS SO LIGHT, YET IMPECCABLE; BUT THE TRUTH BEHIND THE ART OF POETRY IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD. THERE ARE MANY CHALLENGES THAT YOU CAN FACE WHEN WRITING POETRY AND THERE WERE MANY THAT I TRULY ENCOUNTERED. RECENTLY I WROTE A NARRATIVE NONFICTION WRITING PIECE AND WAS TOLD TO USE THAT SAME TOPIC TO WRITE MY SONNET POEM. I WROTE ABOUT RACISM BECAUSE THAT IS A DELIBERATE SUBJECT THAT HAS RISEN IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS. IN THE VIEW OF A BLACK GIRL, I THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR ME TO EXPLAIN WHAT MY VIEWS ON RACE WERE. I FACED MANY CHALLENGES WHILE WRITING ON THE GROUNDS THAT I HAD A CERTAIN FORMAT THAT I HAD TO FOLLOW AND IT WAS NOT EASY FOR ME TO EXPRESS MYSELF IN SO LITTLE WORDS.

MY FIRST DRAFT OF MY SONNET DID NOT COMPLETE THE EXACT RHYME SCHEME AND I HAD TROUBLE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS WRONG BECAUSE EVERYTIME I READ IT IN MY HEAD, IT SOUNDED LIKE IT RHYMED, BUT THEN I DECIDED TO READ IT OUT LOUD AND I REALIZED THAT THERE WERE A FEW SLANT RHYMES! THIS SHOWED ME THAT I NEED TO RE-READ AND READ MY WRITING OUT LOUD BEFORE I GET ANNOYED. I HAD A LOT OF SUCCESS WHILE WRITING MY SESTINA BECAUSE THERE WAS NO SYLLABLE LIMIT SO IT WAS EASIER FOR ME TO WRITE MORE AND MAKE EVERYTHING AS DESCRIPTIVE AS POSSIBLE.

MAX L

Sonnet, Sestina

DO QUALIFICATIONS MATTER OR NOT?

Do qualifications matter or not?

It feels like we are stuck in the same serious spot.

While men are paid more than women

It feels just like a sour lemon.

Although we are making progress slowly

Although it is so long it is unholy.

We have improved a lot since the 70's

Yet still we act like our own enemies.

I think if we found a way to redress

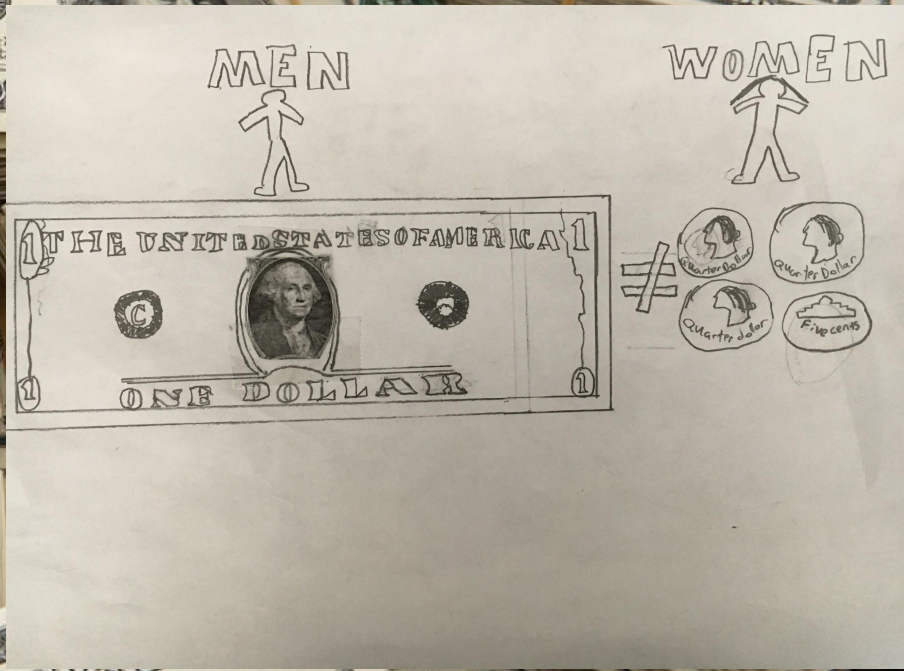
It would be a snowball and cause progress.

While we are only at 80%

It is an increase of only 20 cent.

Overall we may be pretty far

But I feel we can pass that screaming bar.



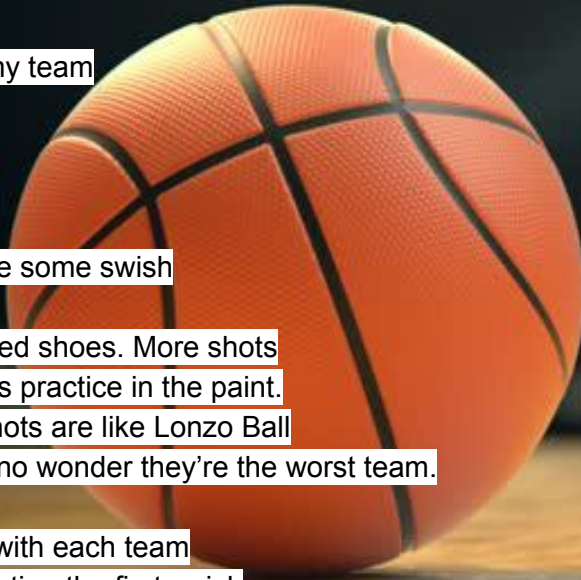
WHAT HAPPENS IN A BASKETBALL GAME

I look at the court,
with the precise paint
placement. I watch as my team
dribbles the ball
and takes some shots
to see if they can swish

the ball. I watch as some some swish
pre game and the court
looks as shiny as polished shoes. More shots
got put up while big guys practice in the paint.
I see the other teams shots are like Lonzo Ball
and his air balls. I think no wonder they're the worst team.

Finally the game starts with each team
lined up. Each team wanting the first swish
while they both go after the ball.
The tip off happens at center court
where everyone sees it. Our team hits it and it passes the paint
marking the out of bounds line, so after the tip there are no shots.

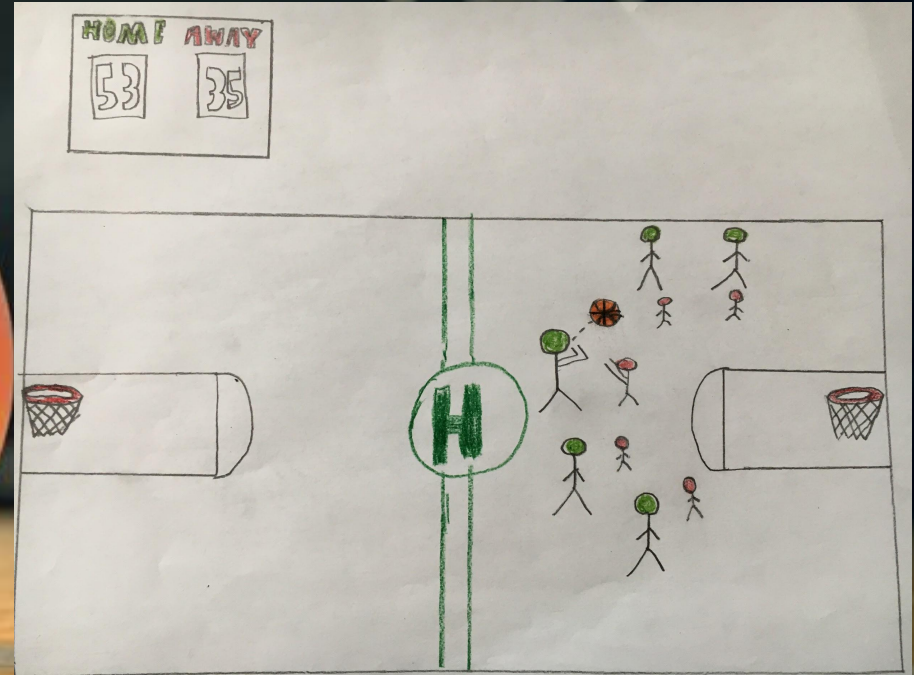
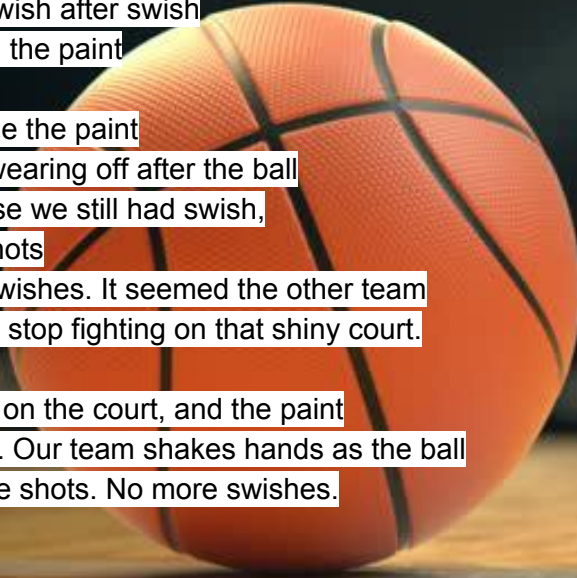
As the game went on different shots
were taken for each team
whether in the paint
or not. While our team had more swishes
and made shots, the court
was still shiny even though the ball



and shoes had been on it like bees on a beehive. The ball movement our team had, created shots everywhere on the court which made our team start to win the game. Swish after swish our team had whether in the paint

or not. You could imagine the paint on the backboard start wearing off after the ball hit's it so much. Of course we still had swish, swish, swish from our shots and it felt like a million swishes. It seemed the other team had none, but they don't stop fighting on that shiny court.

The game is finally over on the court, and the paint still seems good as new. Our team shakes hands as the ball stops bouncing. No more shots. No more swishes.



REFLECTION

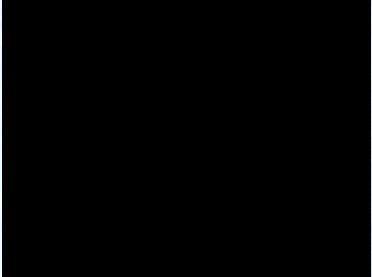
Some challenges that I faced with the different set forms for my poems were syllables, rhyming, and finding lines to write for the villanelle. The challenges that I faced in syllables was that in villanelles and sonnets you had to have ten syllables per line when sometimes when you wanted to say one thing, but you would have to cut it because it was too many syllables. There were many instances when I had twelve syllables when the max was only eleven. The problems that I faced in rhyming were very similar. Sometimes I would want to say one thing but I would have to make it rhyme with a different line so I would have to change it. Not only that I would also have to make sure that it has ten syllables on top of that, which added onto the challenge. The predicaments I faced when finding lines to write for the villanelle were finding the second lines and my first and third line. The last word for my second line had to rhyme with the rest of my second line last words so when I picked my second line I had to make sure that it had ten syllables and had something that multiple other words could rhyme with. Also, my first and third lines were going to be the last line of the stanzas for the rest of my poem so I had to make sure that not only those two lines had ten syllables and rhymes with each other, but they contained words that could rhyme with many other words so that there could be many other possibilities for the first line of my other stanzas.

LEIGH

Sonnet, Sestina

The Change

Beep I wake, Beep I sleep, Beep, I wake up
I slowly open my eyes, I rub eyes, yup!
I climb out of my bed, the warm cocoon
I sorrowfully turn, leaving my room
Drag myself to prepare, for the long day
Knowing the learning that will come, I dread
I am ready, heartbroken, leave for torture
I arrive, Walk towards my friends who nurture



Ding, Ding, they scramble, leaving happiness
Walk down the hallway, all to see scrappiness
I walk, I learn, I need to break the curse
Forced, made, I walk down the hallway with converse
The war of tiredness, a change to make
The day is long, like the time that death takes.



Gone

Nothing was wrong, I was in the bliss, waiting for the kiss that lead into the suspense.

You came, the world flipped. The leaves fell, disappointment would shortly follow. Everyday, the conversation flowed, never ending, it would end so soon.

I never knew, I was oblivious, avoiding the question, you were broken,
The betrayal you went through, trust was something the caused you sadness
Then the day came, you were leaving, not telling me, you were gone

I was confused, striving to move out of the blue. Then one day, you were gone.

No emotions came to surface, you never said, leaving in suspense.

I never thought that the emotion would be sadness.

That I felt for you. I began to think, was this the end? Will something follow?

Once you left, I was broken.

I wanted to believe that time would pass like a cheetah, and would come soon.

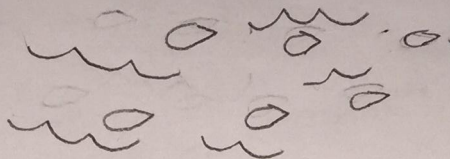
Everyone around began to see, it was too soon
To the begin the path of forgetting that you are gone.
I felt like everything was gone, I was broken.
I had fallen through the trapdoor of depression, that would never fix the suspense
You left your life, coming back, so you could follow
The things you left behind. You found what you created, sadness.

You realized you found the thing you created. Sadness.
It was the only thing you found. Surprised, that it was so soon,
That you felt the thing that made. People stared, following
Your trail, you tried to find the thing you had left. Gone,
There was nothing to see. Finally you felt, the suspense
That you made. You felt from before you were broken

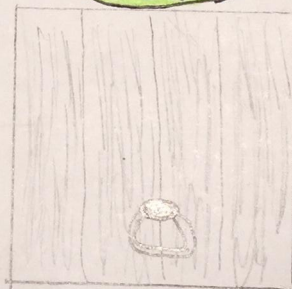
Feeling that would never leave. The only thing that would undo the broken
Heart that came. It healed over time, it only brought more sadness
Each day that passed, only created even more suspense
That created little scars that never healed. It was soon
For you to go. It hurt everyone, Nothing would help the feelings that were gone.
Your death caused ripples. The pain that was to follow

Caused everyone who knew you unbearable pain, healing needed to follow.
They started to fix what was broken.
You left everyone mourning, people bawled realizing that you were truly gone.
After leaving you caused a miserable wave. Leaving everyone in a pool of sadness
When you died, you were so young, everyone said it was too soon.
Your family was devastated, leaving everyone in suspense,

They wondered in the suspense would follow
With happiness? Soon they looked at the pictures that were weeping tears, realizing the broken
Feeling would never leave. The sadness would never be gone.



RIP



REFLECTION

- After completing and editing a villanelle, sonnet, and sestina I found many challenges throughout the unit. One challenge I faced while writing a villanelle was making sure that my a and b lines rhymed. I also found it difficult to make it relate to my investigative writing topic. I personally related to my topic, but still found it difficult to make a rhyming poem that was hard. One challenge I found while writing a sestina was making sure that I was following the form with my ending words. I also found it difficult to make sure that it was understandable/ makes sense. I took me many times to re-read my poem to make sure that it would make sense to a reader reading it for the first time. However, after reading several examples of mentor poems really helped me better understand the form of the poem and give me examples of topics to write my poems about. I really found it helpful to read mentor poems because it gave me an example of the form, which to me personally helps me better understand how to write the poem and give me a sense of confidence when writing that form of poem.

TIAN-HAO

Villanelle and Sonnet

HOW I WALK HOME FROM SCHOOL (POEM 1.1 VILLANELLE)

It's a whole stroll through traffic, next to trees,
Scale up the hill, till' the homeward hustle!

Don't mind the wind's ghastly gust and freezing breeze

I am the bee flying freshly with ease,
Don't care about weather, I'll just shuffle;
It's a whole stroll through traffic, next to trees.

I wish I could fly fresh and free with ease,
Past the clinic, and to woods of rusle,

Don't mind the wind's ghastly gust and freezing breeze

Slide down til' the bus stop, like biking bees.

I run my limbs sore, toil for muscle;

View the lively landscape with awe on knees!!!

Like you've just seen earth from space in bustle;

Don't mind the wind's ghastly gust and freezing breeze.

Whish! Whish! Boom! as I ride the air of freeze,
Walking 9 million miles in tussle.

It's a whole stroll through traffic, next to trees;

Don't mind the wind's ghastly gust and freezing breeze.

[End]

Home: 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100

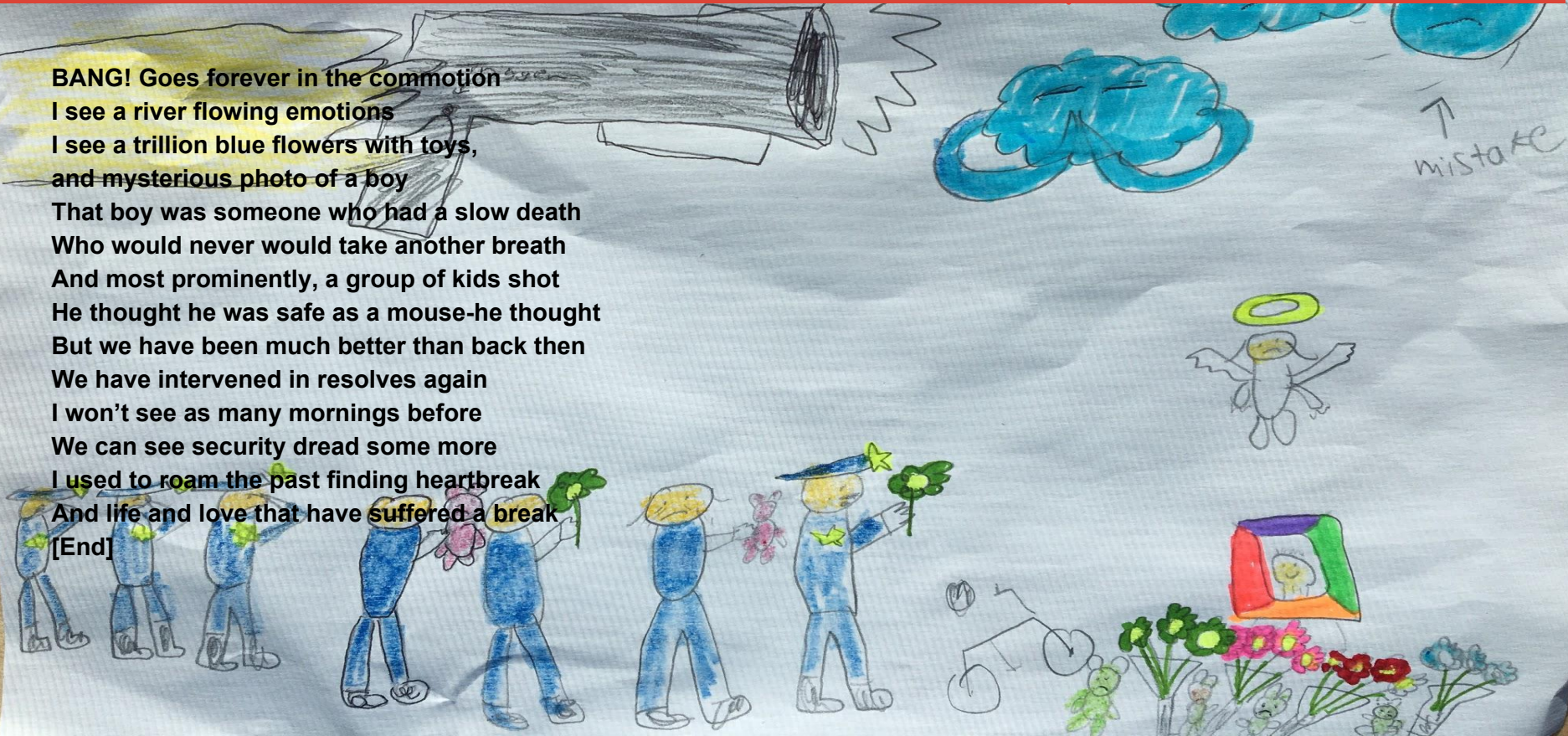
Bus stop

WALK!

Home-ward

MELANCHOLY AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET (SONNET POEM 1.2)

BANG! Goes forever in the commotion
I see a river flowing emotions
I see a trillion blue flowers with toys,
and mysterious photo of a boy
That boy was someone who had a slow death
Who would never would take another breath
And most prominently, a group of kids shot
He thought he was safe as a mouse-he thought
But we have been much better than back then
We have intervened in resolves again
I won't see as many mornings before
We can see security dread some more
I used to roam the past finding heartbreak
And life and love that have suffered a break
[End]



REFLECTION

- How did reading mentor villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas influence you as a reader, writer, person?

Reading mentor poems of villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas influenced me by making me ponder their meaning and form. I have used this thinking to relate to other poems (unique rhyme scheme, syllables per line, arrangement, enjambment).

The form of the poem can engage readers or make them think harder into a poem. Before reading these types of poem, I could only relate to the usual poem form- every so often there would be rhymes. JUST rhymes. That was very boring. But when I read the villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas, I finally had to think outside the box and discover new things I never knew before. I never knew that poems had 10 syllables per line and it's continuation. I never knew you could rhyme in different parts and even have repetitive lines. Reading villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas gave me a broader and new perspective of what a poem is. For example, "sonnet 18" wasn't a rhyme every line, it was in the rhyme scheme ABABCDCDEFEGG. The meter was discernible because I read every line and took note of the number of syllables. the interesting 10 syllables per line! Sonnet 18 is only one poetic form out of the many out there! The form of "The Business of Fancydancing" doesn't even have rhyme or 10 syllables per line. Instead, it has the same end words arranged in a special way between all the stanzas. In addition, it possesses enjambment, the continuation of a sentence without a pause beyond a line.

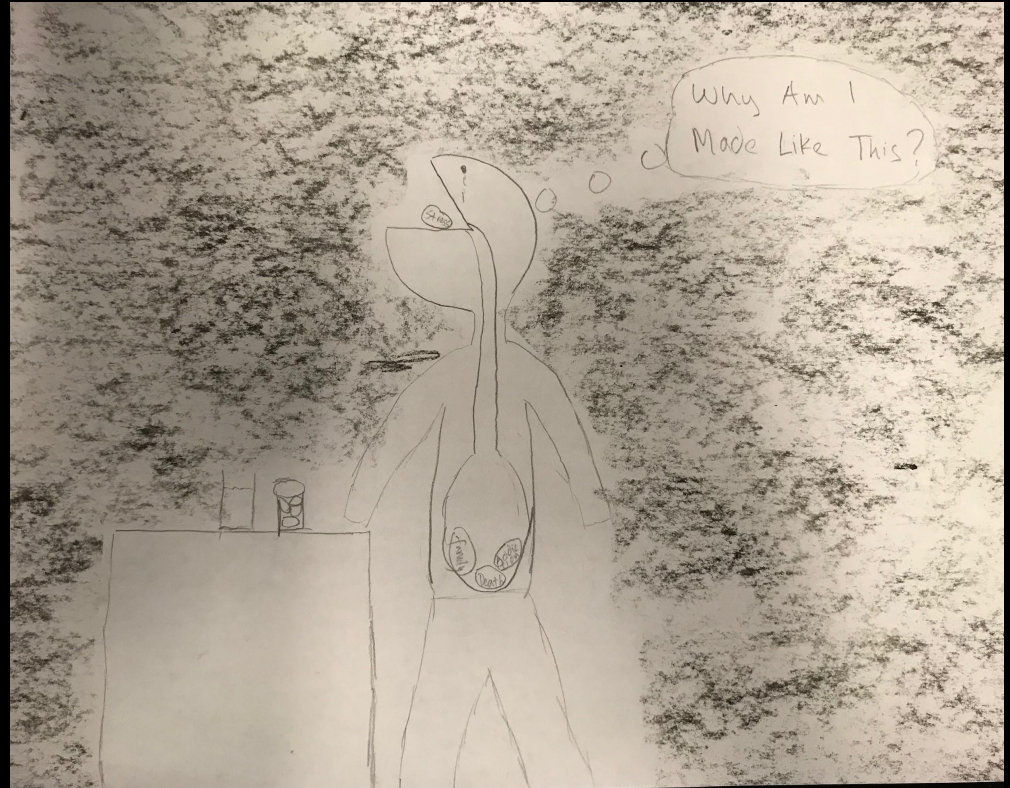
JOSH L

Villanelle, Sonnet



NO STRESS, NO ADDICTIONS

Addictions can be caused because of stress.
Stress turns people into an atomic mess.
If people become addicted to drugs,
it could make the addicts act like scary thugs.
Your life will change if you have an addiction
because you are going over the prescription.
This could potentially cause you to die,
just because you told everyone a lie
that you were happy, healthy, and fine.
God gave you the chance to be the sun and shine,
but you blew it because of one decision
that darkened you and broke the bright vision.
But you still have a chance to be redeemed,
so change so that the dancing light can be gleamed.



REFLECTION

Throughout this poetry unit I experienced many ups and downs. Those made me stronger as a reader and a writer. What caused the challenges in writing poetry was writing poetry within a set forms. Things like having to have a certain amount of syllables and having to have your poem rhyme really made me struggle throughout this unit. The amount of lines and stanzas I had to write was quite difficult for me. The sestina needed to have an interesting form of having to have the end words be the same for every stanza, and they had to be in a specific order. Writing 36 lines of that was really hard and difficult making this type of poetry the hardest type of poetry. The ups in this unit allowed me to enjoy this unit a bit. To be honest I think the requirements of a specific poem really made my poem extremely good and powerful. Even though I struggled to have the requirements, the work paid off and I am very proud of myself. This is the first time I had to write with these kinds of tight requirements but I think it made my poems the best poems I have ever written in my life. My villanelle and my sonnet poems were the two poems that pushed me just enough so that I could write the perfect writing. The set forms made me think out of the box and just made me focus and determined even more than usual so that I could finish my piece better than ever before.

ZOE

Sestina, sonnet

BAD HABITS

When I was five, my mom told me that smoking was a bad habit.
That it left your lungs poisoned.

She'd say "I don't want it to hurt you"

I asked my mom if there was a cure

She said no, and that it would slowly kill me.

She told me that parts of me would be lost.

When I was seven, My sister came home telling my mom she felt empty and lost
I was young and naive, and didn't understand she was broken and poisoned.

I heard her and mom in the kitchen, mom said "he probably didn't mean to hurt you"

But for a second, my sister looked as warm as the sun when it gleams on its brightest when she looked at me,
thought she didn't think she could ever find a cure.

I wonder if mom ever told her about bad habits.

When I was fifteen, For two nights, my best friend held me in her arms because she was afraid i'd go back to my old habits
She proved to me that he wasn't my cure.

And she promised she wouldn't leave me.

I understood how my sister felt when she said she felt lost.

The boy that said "i'll never leave you"

Left me empty and poisoned.

When I was seventeen, People told me that a broken heart could be cured
But what if it's not broken, but only poisoned?

I felt the whole world crash into me

My bad habits, turned to worse habits

I felt that I could never go back to who I was when I loved you

I knew I could never find the parts of me that I lost



[Click here to
listen to my poem](#)

When I turned nineteen, I knew that I was shattered and the pieces were lost,
I knew that I had fallen into a trapdoor of depression and there was no cure
I knew that after years and years of trying not to, I kept my old habits
I stopped listening to my mom, and everything about me was poisoned
As my lungs screamed and the smoke entered into me
I remembered every part of me that wasn't cured

They said it takes about 21 days to find your cure
It takes that many days to break a bad habit.
To let go of whatever hurt was in you.
The one you gave when you left me.
When you left me broken and poisoned.
It's been six months, and you are still the thing my poisoned mind wanders too when it's lost.

My bad habit was you.
You were poison and I was your cure.
I was saving you, but you were killing me.



WOMEN

We were taught that women weren't equal to men

That the way we dress act affected him

But we'd smile even as our hearts when CRACK! As you tried and kept it in I could die a thousand deaths and still be filled with the same
fright

They drown us in pain and expect us to swim

The roots that run through and course through my veins

Pulse the memories of him through my mind

But I shake my head and remember it's not the same

As my heart whispers how he was so sweet and kind

But then I remember that awful night

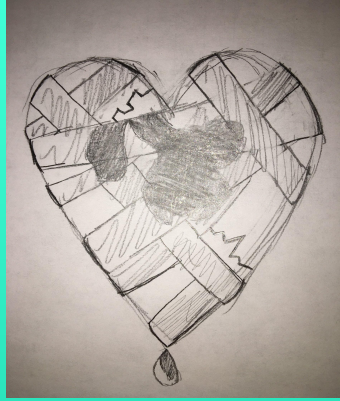
And how he wasn't the man I once knew

As the skin around my eye turned black and blue

As if my body was a temple that I could run on my own

He tried to turn my calm into a cyclone

[Click here to
listen to my
poem!](#)



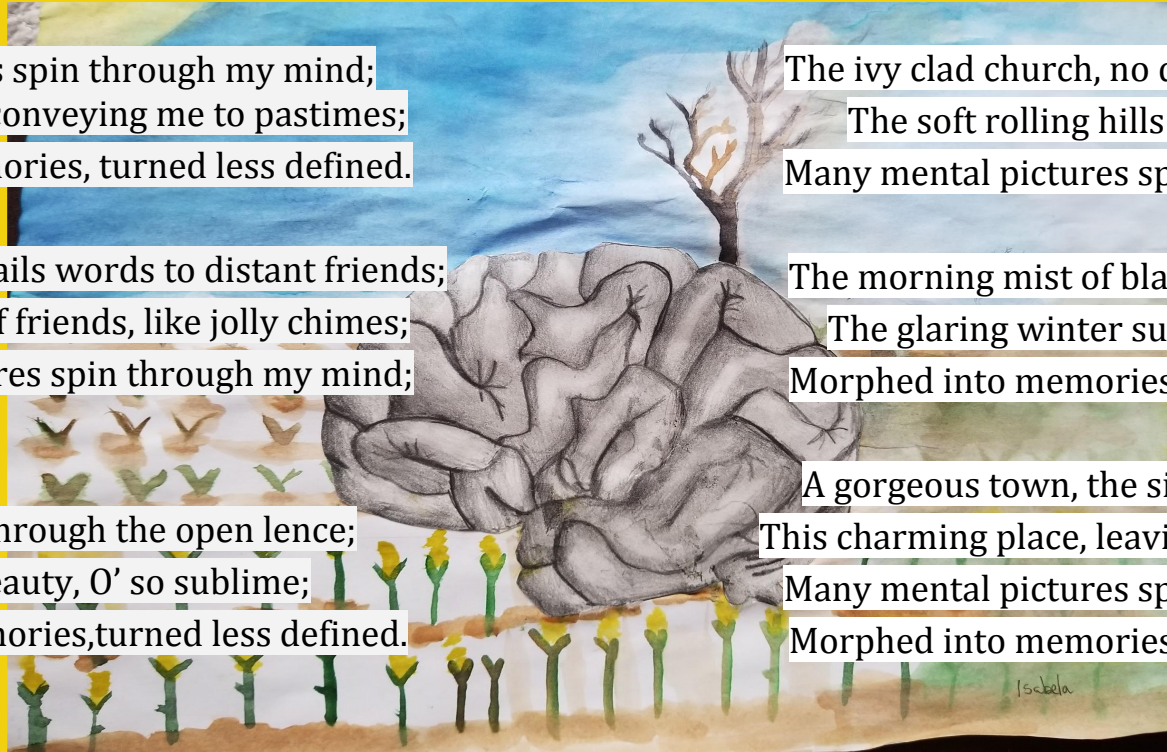
REFLECTION

While reading my poems, there were a couple challenges I faced. I think that the hardest poem to write was the sestina, because you had certain words that you had to include or it didn't follow the format correctly. I think that the main challenge I had with the sestinas was repeating those words throughout the poem and trying to create a story with them. Also, another challenge I faced while writing my sonnet was that we had a certain topic we had to write it about. I think that it was difficult depending on your topic, but also helpful when expanding your poetry thinking. ANother challenge I had while writing my sonnet was that it could only have ten syllables. If I had an idea that I really liked, there was a good chance it was not going to be ten syllables. Whilst facing this challenge, there were some aspects of my poem I did end of having to cut out. While reading the mentor poems for each of the formats, I think the sestina influenced me the most as a person. In my opinion, I think the sestinas had a different feel to them and gave me a sadder, and more thoughtful vibe. Another reason I think the sestinas had the biggest influence on me, is because they were the most difficult to write for me. Since you had to put a lot of thought into what you were writing and to how you were going to format it, it called for a lot more thinking. Those are a couple challenges and thoughts I had while moving through our poetry unit.



Isabela

Morphed memories



Many mental pictures spin through my mind;
Fleeting pictures, conveying me to pastimes;
Morphed into memories, turned less defined.

The ivy clad church, no doubt will transcend;
The soft rolling hills as silent as time;
Many mental pictures spin through my mind;

A small post office mails words to distant friends;
The lively laughs of friends, like jolly chimes;
Many mental pictures spin through my mind;

The morning mist of black and white blends;
The glaring winter sun, strongly shines;
Morphed into memories, turned less defined.

Beautiful it is, through the open lence;
Ravishing beauty, O' so sublime;
Morphed into memories, turned less defined.

A gorgeous town, the sight came to an end;
This charming place, leaving was surely a crime;
Many mental pictures spin through my mind;
Morphed into memories, turned less defined.

THE MESSAGES

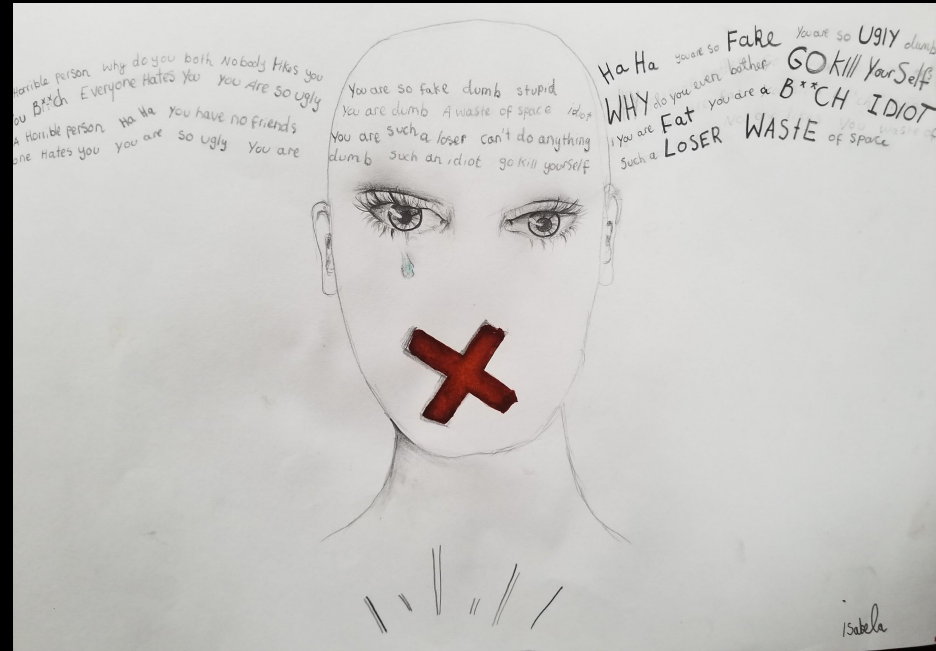
Returning to the device yet again,
The countless hours, will now repeat.
My phone locks me in like a controlling chain,
Social media, yes it's bittersweet.

Spiraling notions fill ones occupied mind,
Haunted by the persisting mail.

Flaws and imperfections become more defined.
Emails of envy and of hate, turn me frail

They press send yet again, one last time,
A stuttering CD that will never end.
Their remarks tore me down, and shattered my spine,
Judgements are impossible to defend.

I turn it off, the torment has ceased,
The loathsome voices have been released.



REFLECTION

Throughout the unit I have faced many challenges. Revising the poems I chose to revise was incredibly hard because both the sonnet and the villanelle had a certain rhyme scheme and a syllable count that I had to follow. As a requirement I added poetic devices, like similes and metaphors, to make the poem stronger. I had to be very particular with my word choices and think heavily about whether they would fit in to my poem's form. When writing the sestina one found it difficult to find 6 different ways to end a sentences with the same word, whilst making it sound natural and not extensively repetitive. Although, a great success that I had was coming up with interesting words for the poem, for example: ravishing, transcend and sublime. To find more powerful words I used a thesaurus to use the best words that fit it with my theme. I also found it challenging at first to fit in with the syllable count, whilst still trying to get the meaning across, but as I moved through the poem I managed to complete it. I think that from this unit I will take away using more creative words to elevate my writing and my day to day language. Through writing more poetry I feel that it has extended my repertoire.

CASSANDRA

Sonnet, Sestina

Challenger

I admired the spinel fractured sky,
As I marveled the luminous light, up high.
I took for granted the knowledge made known,
For I'd always been awed, knowing the unknown.
I know you take for granted the sky, stars
But you've only glanced at them from afar.
Never felt burning flames swallow you in air,
The way you never thought life wasn't fair.
Bet you never thanked them, as they rose each day,
Bet you didn't know all the stars they slayed.
Just like you don't thank the eyes you use to see,
Until you know, without them, nothing can be.
You didn't thank Challenger aware they might fall,
But the thing is now, they don't rise at all.



McAuliffe

Smith



Scobee

Onizuka

McNair

Resnik

Jarvis



Love is
Falling



When I first glimpsed
at you, my heart danced
to a thousand symphonies bursting from within my chest. My soul
soared above the azure sky, and radio music
seemed louder, lovelier.

It rained

pure drops of golden sun, pure like your heart. The rain
quenched my love for you, at least so I thought. But when you
glimpsed
at me, I knew I would forever be adrift, dreaming about your
love.

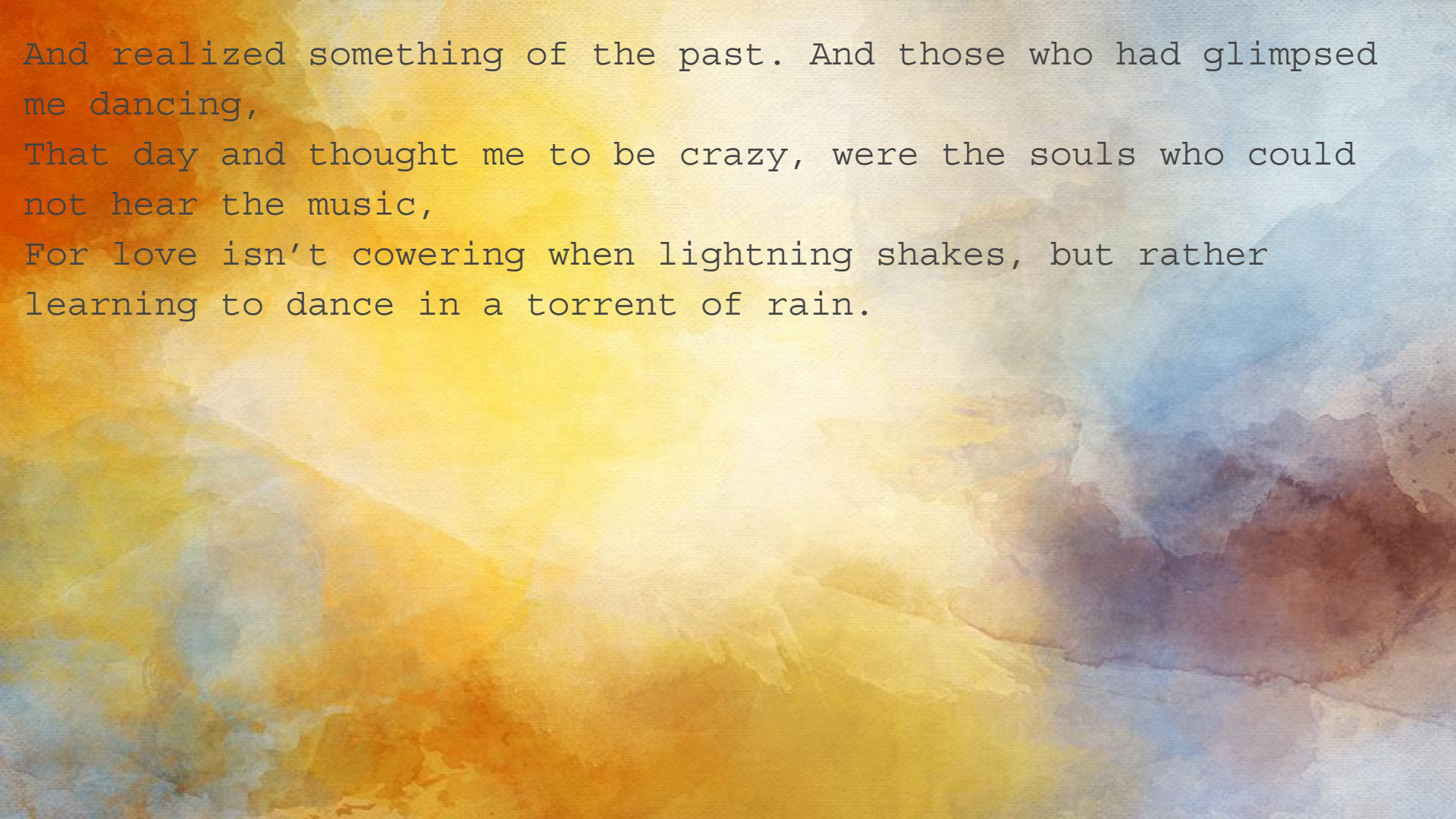
I dreamt about dancing
the twilight away. I dreamt about the music
we'd sing to as we slowly swayed, like the evening branches, as
my soul

ascended passed the luminous cosmos. You enveloped my soul with your tenderness that you drizzled on everything like rain. Soon, the rain was something I didn't think about whilst listening to melancholy music, but rather something that set my day ablaze. I got to glimpse what love might feel like. For months you had me dancing on the brink of a crag. I had reckoned it was the love

you had given me. Love is what kept me feeling this way. This only encouraged my soul to ascend. Only made my dance steps move more nimble and swift. Only made me want it to rain profusely. Only made my glimpses linger. Only made the music

in my heart belt defeatning. Except when music

gets too loud, you can't hear. And when love
gets thrilling, all you feel is the rush. And when you only
glimpsing
at somebody, you don't see all of what they are. And when your
soul
gets higher than the heavens, when you fall, you die. When it
rains
too much, things drown. And when you're so caught up dancing,
you don't notice the lack of ground beneath your feet, just air
rushing past as you plummet, dancing.
But this was only after the rain
had cleansed you of our love.
I grew wary, and my soul
became an old woman: too young to die, too tired to live. But I
glimpsed




And realized something of the past. And those who had glimpsed
me dancing,
That day and thought me to be crazy, were the souls who could
not hear the music,
For love isn't cowering when lightning shakes, but rather
learning to dance in a torrent of rain.

REFLECTION

Some challenges I faced while writing my sonnet were trying to pick out what part of my Investigative Journalism I wanted to be vocal about in my poem. Another challenge I faced was incorporating various literary devices and staying true to the structure and rhyme scheme of a sonnet. However, out of all these challenges the number of syllables was the hardest for me because I had so much to say. I choose the topic of my poem to be the death of those aboard the Challenger. However, even after I did choose to write about the death of the astronauts aboard the Challenger, there was so much about their death that I wanted to express, it made me choose a point within the point of their deaths. I found this hard because I didn't want to limit their deaths to a 14 lined poem. I wanted to do them justice, and I felt I couldn't because of the restrictions of the poem. Off the bat I knew I wanted to write about their deaths because writing about death is easy for me. However, I couldn't fit everything I wanted to write about their deaths in a sonnet. So, I decided to turn to shaming the public. The overall theme of my Investigative Journalism piece was that the public didn't care, and appreciate space and those who worked in that field. A friend once said that good idea to get people to feel for your cause, or see from your point of view, is to shame them and make them feel guilty. Though I know my poem ended up being miles short of shaming anyone, I believe I made a point: people were sacrificing their lives to give you information, and you didn't even think twice about their demise.

Eva

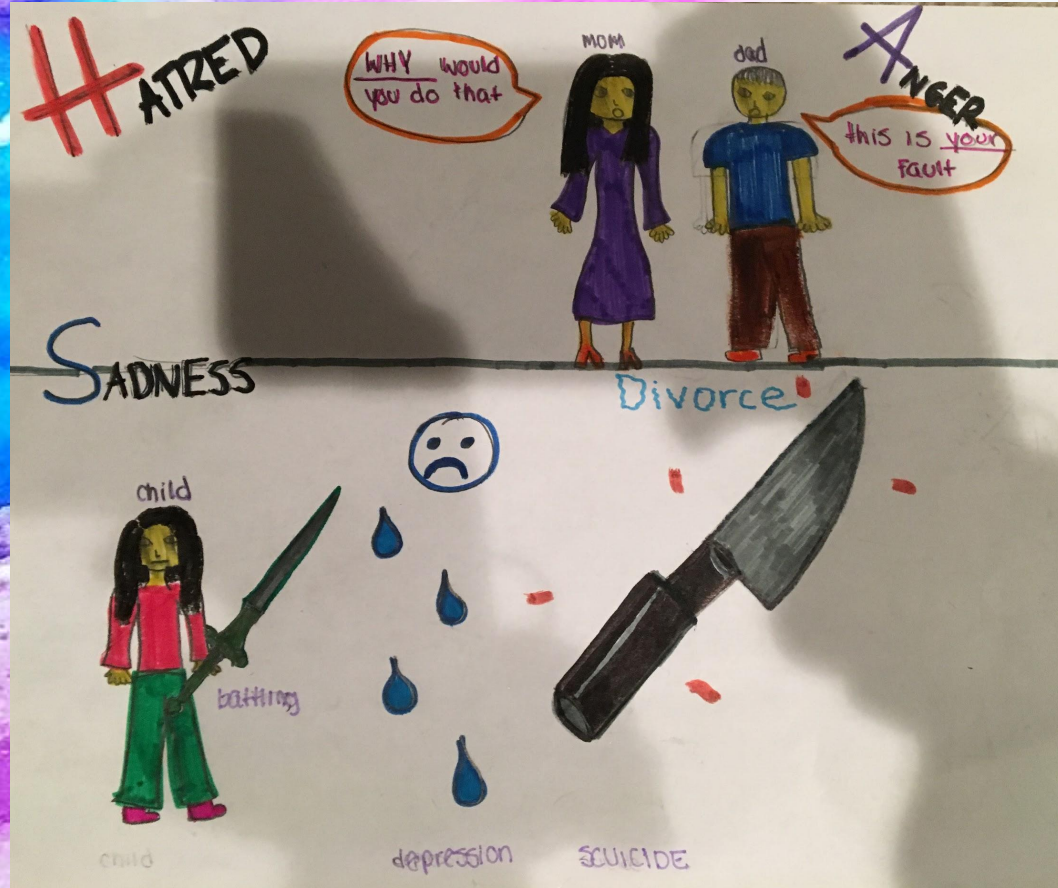
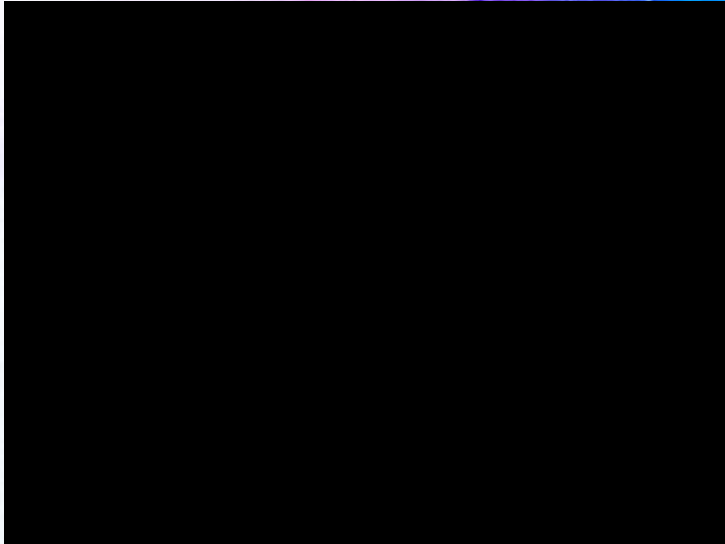
Sonnet, Sestina

An abstract watercolor background at the bottom of the page, featuring a mix of purple, blue, and pink hues with organic, cell-like patterns.

Tough Times of Hatred

Divorce hints to be increasing yearly
Numerous children are hurting, clearly
It affects several in countless ways
dazed through statistics, I am so amazed
folks wishing their families would change
Questioning, why are mom and dad so strange?
Family certainly drifting apart
When is real family time going to start?
Kids battle depression and suicide
Think back to being a beautiful bride
Deeply in love, the opposite from now
You loved each other, you treasured your vows
I know it's over now, hard hatred blocks
No more princess socks, spot the clock, tick tock

AUDIO AND VISUAL



CRASH AND LOSS

Words spill out of moms mouth

Like running water. She explains the story while emotions flow through her body

Like mist. Telling it as if it was in slow motion,

Eyes rushing with sadness,

Remembering father, and our moments together.

If only the red haired boy was not drunk.

The moment suddenly freezes as I remember the boy who was drunk

While a numbing pain fills my mind, and my mouth.

My imagination and thoughts take me back to the crash together.

I feel the seatbelt pressed on my body.

Heart filling with sadness.

The cars through the window moving in extreme slow motion.

The paved road lies ahead of us, still no crashing motion.

I had been warned about drunk

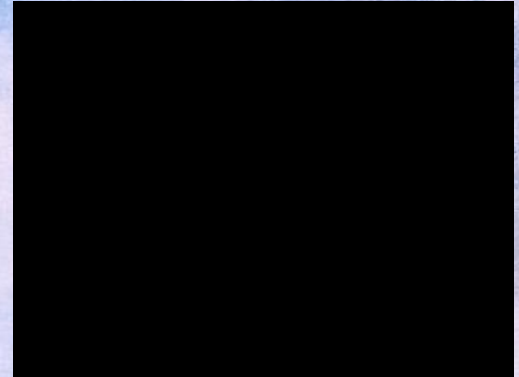
Drivers. Never thought it would happen with so much sadness.

My favorite song plays, lyrics dance from my mouth.

My mind and body

Thinking about tutor yesterday, and the work we did together.

[Click here for audio](#)

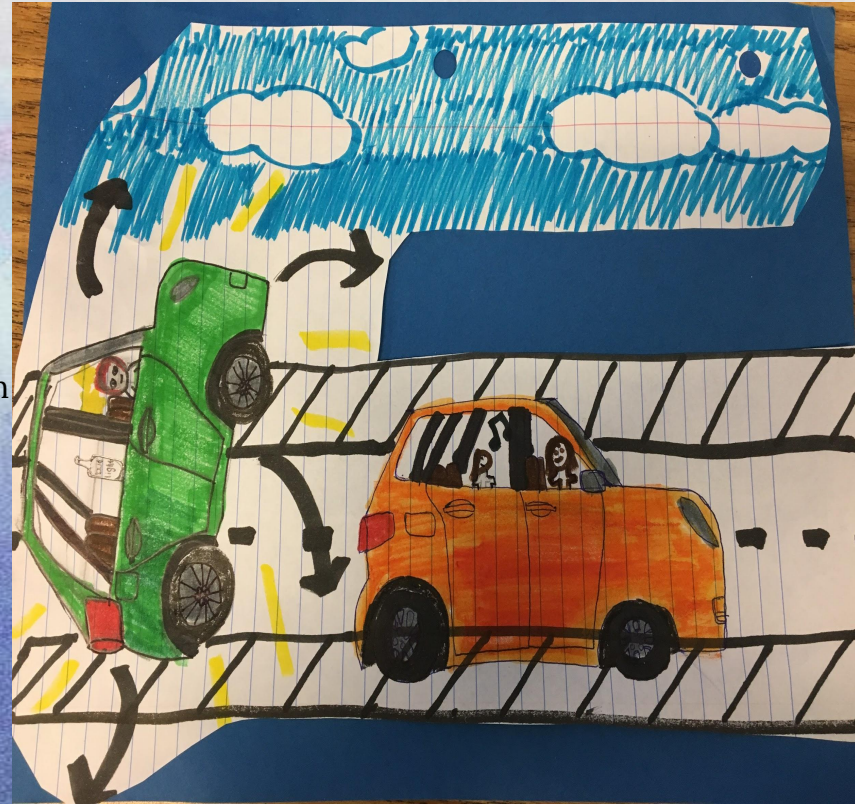


Mom and I are scared together,
Wondering who this boy is, why is he driving in such weird motion.
worrying thoughts rushing through my body.
She spots the red haired boy driving while drunk.
I see my mothers jaw drop from her mouth
To the floor. His car swerving, her face turning to sadness

Cuts splatter with blood and mind curls with sadness.
We both turn our heads around together.
Next thing I know my face flies into the seat in front of me. My mouth
Tingles. A force bigger than any motion
Had just hit us with a pow! I Try and take a closer look at the drunk
Red haired boy. I feel my lungs start to collapse in my body.

I'm in shock. My body
Has never felt this way before, Im overflowing with sadness
As my eyes lock with the drunk
Red haired boy. He's dying, we are dying together.
But I will not, I will not let this strong motion
Kill me. I will call for help with the last moments of having a working mouth.

Blood spills from my mouth and knees like a slide. Why is my body
Feeling pins and needles all over? The hard hit motion has struck us with sadness.
Together, we use strength to pick up our heads, to find that father was the boy that was drunk.



REFLECTION

During this poetry unit, I have grown in many ways as a poet. When it came to writing new lines and having to keep them in a certain form, especially with rhymes, it was hard. I mostly had trouble when I got to my poem 1.2 that was in sonnet form. I had made a draft and was happy with it. But, then I had to focus on adding more alliteration, metaphors, and other figurative language. I would read over my poem so many times, thinking of places where I could add juicier words or search up synonyms, but it definitely was difficult especially since each line had to be exactly 10 syllables. I then thought my hardest and did some research replacing some words with others and making sure my syllable count was correct. It took me a lot of time, but in the end I realized I could do it. After all this, I was definitely surprised by the topics I choose to write about in the three of my poems. In the beginning of this process, I would have never thought that I would be writing my poems about divorce, a car crash, and advice from my elders; things I haven't had much experience with. I always thought of poems being deep and happy; freezing a moment and explaining it into numerous parts; thinking about the little things. However, after reading some of these sonnets, sestinas, and villanelles, I realized that actually a whole lot of poetry is based off of very deep, and sometimes incredibly sad things. I don't have much experience with divorce or car crashes, but it was very interesting to me to get deeper into the topic and learn more about what so many people go through.