The Apple
Ferguson Ward
Age: 9, Longfellow Elementary, Grade: 4

I bit and bit
With all my might,
But only left a tiny bite.
Summer is in the air; me with my flowy hair
As I walk along the sea; with you right next to me
The bright sun starts to set; waves with constant unrest
We soon stop to stare; something is in the air
A Peacock!
Lillian Moninger
Age: 7, Shimek Elementary, Grade: 1

A peacock sounds quiet
I wish I could stand by it
It feels soft and furry
I don't know if it worries
ON MOVING

Ruby Gerard
Age: 10, Penn Elementary, Grade: 5

I’ll miss my friends
Won’t see Grandma and Grandpa as much
Will the pets be okay in the moving truck? Will my fish survive?
Will I have any friends when it’s my birthday?
Hard to believe it’s happening
My parents are making me go
But I kind of want to so I can feed foxes from my hand
A Different Survival

Luke Gallagher
Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

In class, that clock ticks and
Nothing in my brain clicks.
The teacher speaks, I don’t comprehend
When she calls on me, I just pretend.
I act like I was paying attention.
If I don’t, I will receive detention.
Love
Claire Kleinmeyer
Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

Look up at the stars
They are afar
But many say
I love you to the moon
And back
But the love here
Does not lack
Frozen Fairy Wings

Sena Graham
Age: 12, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7

Tiny, Frozen, Fairy Wings.
Fluttering, a bare whisper in my ear.
All alone, nowhere to go.
Nowhere except up, to meet the stars.
Up in the indigo smeared canvas sky.
Where the limits are unbearably impossible.
Where my Frozen Fairy Wings carry me.
Ode to My Baseball Glove

Brett Graff
Age: 12, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7

You’ve been with me since I was four.
That way you fit my hand,
we’re meant to be.
You’ve never failed me.
You will never fail me.
You will always be the baseball glove that I will never forget.
A Different Kind of Beautiful
Audra
Age: 13, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7

The missing handle of the laundry basket
The squeaky middle drawer in the kitchen
The famous, “Panda Corner,” spilling with pandas
The porkchop my little sister hid in the closet
The laundry hole that leads to another dimension
The line of rocks on the railing of the porch
The little things in life, that are a different kind of beautiful
Ode to the Smelly Sock

Dalton Lewis
Age: 12, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7

Oh yes, so, so fragrant. You smell like the roses that have died, but you are fantastic. You are what keeps the world spinning. You are the thing that makes my duffle bag smell great if you are a fly. You are the thing I think about in my sleep. I wonder where you are, but you hide because if I wash you then the world will break in half.
Knock, Knock

Rudy Moncallo
Age: 18, City High School, Grade: 12

As I shut one door to open up another to be blinded by the same thing I am seeing, knock knock. To see someone die my age but I'm still breathing, knock knock. I'm brown, he's black, and he's white but we're all named Mark, if you cut us open we all have hearts. So what's the difference, knock knock. Saggy pants, black hoodie with some candy, am I suspicious, knock knock. Can this world be any weirder that the land of the free became the land of the lost filled with colors to be a blank America, KNOCK KNOCK.

KNOCK KNOCK. Who's there? WE ARE.
May’s Café
Kemonte Brown
Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12

Coffee stains to coffee scent, linger on my clothes. Comparing bitter sweet espresso blends to fruits, conversations with customers about being a barista.

John Mayer playing in the background, college students flock like birds. Tribal designs on her shirt, splashes of paint on his paints. We serve Ice Cream and Pastries. Talk about unique. Coffee is Love.
Whineter

Elijah Jones
Age: 18, City High School, Grade: 12

When the world gets cold
and the flavor gets old
you can feel your reality freeze.

But within your mind
(happens all the time)
You should enjoy the setting with ease

‘Cause your life is not like Scorsese
Scars
Debany Jarrín
Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12

Wounded hearts inside burning chests that are thirsty of love but afraid to forgive, to shatter completely our emotions’ nests, to rebuild our broken dreams and believe. Though we know memories are scars we decide to feel and learn to heal because hurting memories imprison our hearts.
When the Night is

Wongyun Park
Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 11

When the night is lightless
Memory of the days
That are now meaningless
Rise from my heart, and gather to the eyes

When the night is soundless
You rise from my memory, that is now meaningless,
When the night is sleepless
Normal
Evie Rozendaal
Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

The nature of being normal is nothing to commend.
What kind of normal person breaks records?
What kind of normal person makes history?
Why would anyone choose to be normal?
But consider our world, and the judgments we live by...
Why would anyone choose to be different?
What is Yellow?
Alexa
Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

YELLOW IS THE SUN IN SUMMER
YELLOW IS FLAMES IN A CRACKLING FIRE
YELLOW IS THE STARS ON A CLEAR NIGHT
YELLOW FEELS LIKE A BEACH'S SAND
AND YELLOW SMELLS LIKE FRESH HONEY
IT CAN TAKE YOU ON A RIDE INTO THE SUNSET
What is Green?

Aden Hageman
Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Life filling the lands
Pan flutes, peaceful noises
Hard crunchy pickles
Ooey, gooey slime
Seaweed growing from the bottom of the sea
It sprouts the world
There once was a horse named Jack,
He was quiet and very laid back.
Except for one day,
He ran far away,
‘Cause he wanted to gallop the track.
If I Were A Superhero
Garion Opiola
Age: 13, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 7

If I were a Superhero, what kind would I be?
Would I be Marvel or would I be DC?
I could fly fast at supersonic speed
Or I could use my super strength to help those in need.
I could travel to space in my iron suit.
Or use a mighty shield to give bad guys the boot.
I could shapeshift or wear a masked hood but mostly, do all that is good.
Fire

Hans von Rabenau
Age: 14, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 8

Gives life and takes it away in an instant
Catches everything trying to love it
But only destroys all it touches
Warms us in the coldest hours
And dances in the ashes of chaos
Moves as if telling a story
Is it good or evil?
The hunger is real

Jayla N. Williams
Age: 12, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 7

Some people say life is what you make it
I say life is trying not to fake it

Millions of people are living on the street
No place to eat no place to sleep

Not by choice by force
Robbing Peter to pay Paul

They thought they had it all
Whispers to the Wind

Samantha Deatsch
Age: 14, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 8

He was gone too soon, ripped away too fast
The things I never got to say, never got to do
Are now stuck in my mind as just a mere thought
I don’t know if he can hear me or not
Still every night on the verge of sleep
Hoping the wind will find my words to carry to him
I whisper, “I love you grandpa”
Needs

Lauren Schuchard
Age: 13, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 8

Kids grow up without parents,
People grow up without homes,
Children grow up without television,
Teens grow up without phones.
Some live on the streets in the rough side of town,
Some are raised tough not to show a frown.
What we think we need we don’t, what we really need is a reality check.
Rambo Dog

Gabe Bergeon
Age: 12, South East Jr. High, Grade: 7

The pitter patter on the kitchen floor
The constant stare while I’m eating
Being pinned to the couch when you’re tired
Your company while dinner is heating
You’re perfect ball of fur and slobber
And as my lap warmer you are hired.
That mountain which spirals into endless nights
I wanted to stand upon, to rule the world.
So now, that mountain is a stone throne
And I am the king who sits upon it.
But when I look down for my subjects, I cannot see.
This mountain also spirals above blinding clouds
And when I look up, I’m lost in an endless night.
Migrating

Tula Bloom Bróckel
Age: 9, Longfellow Elementary, Grade: 4

Soaring far past the clouds past the trees and mountaintops.
Flying far never stop until we reach our migrating spot.
Past the wind, past the rain, past the hail and snow.
Here we go, here we go, and back again we go.
Snowy Owl

Ava Smithey
Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

White, spotted
Soaring, flying, darting
Florida, California, Texas, Iowa
Fluttering, flapping, wandering
Wide eyed, pretty
Snowy owl
Arctic Fox

Zoe Scott

Age: 9, Weber Elementary Grade: 3

Lovely, fierce
Hunting, running, devouring
Arctic, lemming, snow, survive
Sneaking, spying, sleeping
Small, proud
Arctic Fox
Gray Wolf

Arun Dixit
Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

Thoughtful, colossal,
Scurrying, dashing, watching,
Predator, carnivore, fur, pointy ears,
Hearing, catching, chasing,
Blissful, benevolent,
Gray Wolf
Winter

Cooper
Age: 5, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

I smell salty snow.
I taste snowflakes on my tongue.
I touch the soft snow.
I see shoveling snow.
I hear crunching snow under my feet.
I Am

Margaret Moon
Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

I am funny and nice
I understand that I can’t get my way
I say the world is great
I dream of a monster
I try to do a handstand
I hope there will be no war
I am funny and nice
I love me

Romy
Age: 6.5, Willowwind Elem, Grade: 1

Romy
Fun and kind
Helping, loving, caring
A Kind girl helper
Bologna
You know that place on the side of the road?
Some call it a sidewalk?
We call it a simple road with no dotted line where nothing grows.
So you think it’s small? Not us.
We think it’s huge, but that’s because we are smaller than your nose,
smaller than a leaf, and about the size of your teeth.
That’s because we are BUGS!
Poe-Tree

Melissa Uc
Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 3

“Poe-tree” is a seed growing in your brain
And when it grows there is no telling how big it can be.
It may be trash or world famous,
But when it grows you can feel it.
So do not let that big idea go or you will be sorry.
Beware of the dangers of losing the “poe-tree” growing in your brain.
Get it down on paper right away.
Night Mare

Mira Kumar
Age: 11, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 6

Rearing, bucking, tossing like a turbulent sea—the Night Mare!
Long its search, finds an innocent creature dreaming peaceful in the nightly gloom
Eyes closed, smile painted on its face in the ghostly shade of moon, the divine painter looks up, dips and swerves around the Night Mare, painting it in the day
It shines, the Sun Steed now, shies and falls to the east
Titian mane, streak of yellow rising from the horizon
Fears the night, revels in the light.
Lonely Log
Krisha Kapoor
Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

I saw a lonely log near a lonely street,
I felt lonely myself with my mom in the front seat,
Poor log I thought without a family,
Poor poor log on the lonely street.
The Gymnasts
Andrea Belding
Age: 10, Van Allen Elementary, Grade: 4

On the bar they do their tricks
Round and Round, Flippity-flip
First they mount and then they twist
Round and Round, Flippity-flip
Then they jump and tuck and spin
Round and Round, flippity-
LAND!
Purple

Caroline Vander Weg
Age: 5, Kate Wickham Elementary, Grade: K

Purple flowers and purple stripes,
Purple zebras and purple knives.
I can name more rhymes, can you?
So flake a snake,
Or make a shake!
I Really Want a Pet

Molly Riepe
Age: 8, Horace Mann Elementary, Grade: 3

I really want a pet, but I haven't got one yet. My dad says only a fish, but that isn't what I wish. I really want a cat, but he says no to all of that. I might get a cat when I'm in college. But I think I'll need some more cat knowledge.
Shutter Aperture

Madi Genz

Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12

Forgetting someone’s face is a spooky thing.
First their haircut is fizzled, the style not quite right and the color not as vibrant.
Then the freckles, wrinkles, the mole on their jaw, the perfect imperfections
Smear as their nose molds into their cheekbones. The smile shines less, the eyes aren’t as bright.
The lenses of your memory can’t seem to focus.
Until you’re sitting there, brows furrowed, eyes squinting into the past,
Wishing you had taken a picture.
Potato

Jacob Ají
Age: 8, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2

If I were a potato I would bury myself six inches and grow underground. When I grew older, I would get moldy, and as I grew moldy, the ground would get older and colder and older and colder until new potatoes show.
LIVE! TONIGHT
the fluttering sheets proclaim,
weathered by months of rain
A telephone pole,
glittering with staples,
keeps time better
than any calendar could.
My Sushi Addiction
Claudia Chía
Age: 12, Horn Elementary, Grade: 6

I eat sushi.
Just thinking about sushi makes me woozy.
If I don’t get sushi I get moody.
If I get sushi I get groovy.
Too much sushi makes me looney.
I love sushi………absolutely.
Fire Girl

McKinley Quinn BarbouRoske
Age: 16, City High School, Grade: 10

The girl of fire in a world of grey
She stands alone, alone and proud
A warming spark seen through the ashen haze
She sings her song to the monochrome crowd
A boy looks up with golden eyes now alight
Cats

Ella Gilbert
Age: 8, Lincoln Elementary, Grade: 2

White cats, bite cats, look like snow fright cats
Purr cats, fur cats, cold winter burr cats
Hairy cats, wary cats, look out for scary cats
Small cats, tall cats, chasing ball cats
Shy cats, sly cats, Snowy my cat
A condensed pantoum for the lost
Ella Ostedgaard
Age: 16, City High School; Grade: 10

waiting in line / no one knows for what.
but still we stay / endless, infinite, forever.
no one knows for what / we are waiting on.
endless, infinite, forever:
no one seems to mind.
we are waiting on / a dream, a song, a love.
no one seems to mind / waiting in line.
Man's Pride

Ted Park
Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 11

In his empty heart, there is a little glass
There are many scars on the glass from other's insults and ignorance
Spears and Hammer, hitting it, and trying to break it
It might break but it doesn't
A man, keeping his glass in his heart, takes it as responsibility and it becomes heavier
It seems to never break, however
When he meets her whom he loves, the glass slowly changes into ashes
Dragonia
Kellen Warren
Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Extirpating foes
Pernicious creature
Magical colors
Persephone

Calliope

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

My sister, Persephone

Playing

Outside

When dinner is getting fixed

It is going to be a long time until dinner is ready.
Spain
Ginger McCartney
Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

The first day you arrive, you go to the beach
Then, it's time for lunch.
You go to an Italian restaurant.
You either get noodles or pizza.
Then you go back to the beach.
Later, it's time to go.
Butterfly
Kirin Yamada
Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

I saw a butterfly.
I sat down to look for another butterfly.
There was no more,
so I ate the first butterfly!
Winter
Theo Prineas
Age: 14, North West Jr. High, Grade: 8

It is cold enough to freeze even the warmest of hearts,
And the wind bites more heartlessly than the cold,
Blowing up a cloud of snow, writhing like a nest of serpents.

But an owl still calls to another,
And the other calls back, an echo.
A long forgotten song.
Or perhaps a song that is all around us.