

How Poetry Comes to Me
By Cole K.

It comes slipping and sliding
Down into a bowl
Trying to get out
But not being able
Jump up altogether.

A Rage of Poetry
By Jacob M.

You turn
It's all the way up
So loud
Your ears bleed
And scream
Until your
Lungs fall out
And jump
Like the ground
Is lava
Wave your
Hands in the air
Until the
Raging
Is done.

How Poetry Comes to Me
By Miranda S.

It comes striding towards me,
any time of the day,
extending its hand
for a good, hearty shake.
Not shy,
but bold and welcoming.

A Pickle of Poetry
By Nate B.

You pickle
The pickle
Of wisdom
With
The vinegar
Of age
And soak it well
With all your heart
And hold it there
With all the seasonings you can
muster
And then
Leave it there
Until
It shrivels
Smaller
With its own leathery skin
And then
Soak it again
And
Season it
Into a wizened form
And chill it
In the refrigerator
Of your heart

Raven
By Ella M.

Hope is a raven,
Lurking in the shadows.
Then darting out,
Like a bolt of lightning.
Quickly tiptoeing back,
Waiting for another storm.

A Smile of Poetry

By Rachel

You curve
The edges
To a
Point
Leaving a
Friendly welcome
Or a
Warm hug
And you
Love it
And care
For it
And
It is filled
With details
And you store
It in
Your heart
Or
Mind.

How Poetry Comes to Me

By Evi

Poetry comes to me
Like
Chocolate and peanut butter
Goes together
The nice
Creamy of it
It is like a poem.

Nature's Watchtowers

By Hannah H.

A tree is a tall statue,
Standing higher than the houses,
Like a watchtower,
Reaching out to the people in
need,
Helping them by.

Song

By Sophie

A song is a butterfly
That lifts you into the air
Like a dandelion seed in the
wind.

Mask

By Ella Smith

I know there's love
In his heart,
But how do I know
If he's telling the truth
From his soul?

Sadness

By Alena Schwob

Sadness is a crushed flower
Wilted in a garden,
Stinging like a jellyfish
Forever searching the waters.

War

By Matt Cota

War is a fire,
Burning like the devil.
Screaming to be let loose,
All across the world.

Clark

How Poetry Comes to Me

It comes quietly,
Creeping along the halls of my
mind.
Peeking around the corner as I
come close.
Then it jumps out at me,
Startling my conscience.
It was there all along.

A Mountain of Poetry
By Vaughn

It starts with a base,
Simile, metaphor, personification.
As words pile on,
And emotion gives it a warm,
rough coat.
As periods and commas inhabit it,
And unwanted thoughts topple
down,
Creating a mold of life.

How Poetry Comes to Me
By Eli

It comes sneaking over
mountains,
Swimming through the seas.
Wandering in the waving grasses.
I cannot see it until
It walks down the block.
Rumbling into my house
And that's when we meet.

How Poetry Comes to Me
By Tova

Reaches out.
Grabs my feelings.
The words enclose around my
mind.
Poetry comes
Drifting across the world.
To tell me
How to speak.

The Wielder of Joy
By Billie

A sister is
A book full of jokes
Like a remedy for sadness,
She is always there for a hug
Where forgiveness grows on trees
And leaps out the moment you
say sorry.

How Poetry Comes To Me
By Megan

It comes on the wind
Running as if in a marathon.
It knocks on my door.
With a confident rap,
It's telling me
I have mail.

How Poetry Comes To Me
By Michelle

It comes on the train
Rushing as though in a hurry
It rings in my ears.
Looking at me through the mirror,
Telling me to stand tall and proud
As though I am allowed.

How Poetry Comes To Me
By Max

It comes to me in flashes
Laughing, dancing, taunting
Until tired then it gives itself up
To mind, to pen, to paper.

How Poetry Comes to Me
By Elijah

Poetry comes climbing
Traversing across the walls
Its bleeding hands on slopers and
and crimps
But then it finds a jug
Something clicks inside it so now
everything is clear
Solutions are simple and flowing.

How Poetry Comes to Me

By Vova

It comes to me in a 500-power
fuel jet.
It thunders into
A thunderclap and rains into
earth.
I go to meet it everyday.

The Hair of Poetry

By Calvin

When you are a baby it is in your
head
But as you age
It starts coming out
So others can see it
No matter what
You say
It'll be there
Slowly growing
Until you want something new
And you get a haircut

A River of Poetry

By Doug

The water gurgles,
As it goes down the falls.
It sloshes around,
It's never the same.
When it rains
Ideas fall into the stream.
It grows into a river of words.

A Basket of Poetry

By Nadine

A plan is made or it's just an idea
But the thoughts are collected,
Cut shaped and chiseled
Like sticks, to form words
And be woven into carrying case
For a story
To be pasted with the glue of
knowledge
And literary subtleties
Like alliteration, metaphor and
rhyme
At last the handle is woven
Its title to be known and held by

A Special Thing

By Selene

Comforts me
In a way
I can't explain
Holds me like
A joey in a pouch
Telling me stories
Never told before

A Herd of Poetry

By Mimi

There is always a leader;
The one that stands out,
The one that is superior.
There are always the followers;
The ones that exist
But don't show themselves.
They stay side by side,
Sticking together from some
Unknown force.