



Poetry *in*  
BLOOM  
2020-21

cover by Dawn Betner

## Poetry in Bloom Magazine Submissions

**Dear POLers,**

This year would have been unimaginable without the Poetry Club! It's been my salvation getting to know some new people and deepening connections with old faithfuls!

**Dawn**—So glad you joined us and I expect you will carry the torch for us into the next two years.

**Bryce**—It has been a gift seeing your growth as a person in the world and a poetic voice in the universe!

**Megan**—I will always remember your inimitable voice, both in the poems of others and in your own!

**Ria**—So grateful you joined us this year, and your poetry club presence has made up (a little)for me missing your face in AP Lit : }

**Arianna**—What a journey it's been, and how beautifully you represented Eastern at the regional level.

**Rachel**—You're coming back next year! (Not an order, more of a plea!) How delightful to have gotten to know you.

**A Moreno**— I am so looking forward to two more years of your powerful voice and your willingness to bring your whole self to our club!

I will think of you all often and fondly whenever I hear your poems. Actually, whenever I hear any poems, which is multiple times a day. (Special thanks to Melody Dias, a guest contributor!)

Fondly,

**Mrs. Pomerantz**

**Dear POLers,**

Like a beacon in a storm, the members of Poetry out Loud have buoyed my spirits and given me something to look forward to every...single...Thursday! Your consistent dedication to the group has left it better than it was in September. You inspire me, and I am thrilled to see what life holds in store for you.

**Dawn**—It has been a tremendous pleasure to be your teacher this year and to welcome you into the fold of Poetry Out Loud. You have brought so much to the group, and I cannot thank you enough.

**Bryce**—You are a trailblazer, an innovator, and a pillar of strength. You have motivated me to push beyond my own comfort zone. The world beyond Eastern's walls does not know what is in store for them. Congratulations, Valedictorian!

**Megan**—You have a very uniquely mature and realistic outlook; your way with words is like no other, and you can find the right ones when others cannot. Stay sweet...it makes others feel better being around you.

**Ria**—I am so fortunate to have had the opportunity to get to know you through this group. You have a gift for poetry. And your laughter just lights up the room! Never stop writing!!

**Arianna**—I am so lucky to have been both your Sophomore English teacher and to have circled back around to see you bloom in Poetry Out Loud. Your warmth, talent, poise, and gentle nature make others feel wonderful. I cannot wait to hear about the wonderful things you are poised to accomplish. Congratulations, Salutatorian!

**Rachel**—You are such a talented woman...a triple, even a quadruple threat. I cannot wait to see where the next years take you, and I hope you take a greater leadership role in Poetry Out Loud.

**A Moreno**—Your talents blow my mind! I am thrilled that you landed in my English class, Study Hall, AND now Poetry Out Loud. Cannot wait to see you carry the torch for the group in years to come.

Much love,

**Mrs. Steller**

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>livin' the dream</b> by Dawn Betner	4
<b>i'm not sure what to write</b> by Dawn Betner	5
<b>what makes us?</b> by Dawn Betner	6
<b>goodbye</b> by Dawn Betner	7
<b>stabbed in the finger</b> by Dawn Betner	8
<b>the rose bush</b> by Dawn Betner	9
<b>Rytten</b> by Bryce Dershem	10
<b>Still Life Vignettes</b> by Bryce Dershem	11
<b>Hourglass</b> by Melody Dias	12
<b>Crawling Out of the Garden</b> by M. P. Miller	13
<b>Dungeon Song</b> by M. P. Miller	15
<b>To Do or Do Not See the Truth</b> by M. P. Miller	15
<b>The Final Internationale</b> by A Moreno	17
<b>Jar of Dirt</b> by A Moreno	19
<b>His Name is Ernesto</b> by A Moreno	20
<b>He Came in Peace</b> by A Moreno	21
<b>The Spartacus Rose</b> by A Moreno	22
<b>Nothing More Than Rhyming</b> by Ria Raval	23
<b>An Aching Beat</b> by Ria Raval	23
<b>Engine</b> by Ria Raval	24
<b>If I could stop one heart from breaking</b> by Emily Dickinson via A.J. Reischer	26
<b>(Meant) to be or not to be</b> by A.J. Reischer	26
<b>Dust of Snow</b> by Robert Frost via A.J. Reischer	27
<b>Paragraph</b> by Rachel Squire	28
<b>Mirror</b> by Rachel Squire	28
<b>Moon</b> by Rachel Squire	29
<b>The Phenomenon of POL</b> by Ria Raval	30

## livin' the dream

*by Dawn Betner*

it's 10:30  
i close my eyes  
i see myself  
walking down the hall  
the rumble of the stampede  
the laughter and overlapping conversations  
being carried on by those who  
are trying to get through  
they try to keep a smile on their faces  
they say,  
"just take it one day at a time"  
but how is that supposed to help  
when i can barely get through an hour of the day?  
i keep my head down  
airpods in  
drowning out the intrusion of  
the phony smiles and laughter  
i look up every once in a while  
to see a cute guy smile  
or my cousin's friend stop and say hi  
i try to keep moving  
as fast as possible  
the sooner i reach my destination,  
the sooner i can leave  
i continue this routine 8 hours a day  
180 days a year  
i tell myself it'll get better  
but it never does  
now,  
i open my eyes,  
look over,  
it's 7:30 a.m.  
and now it's time to live the dream  
once again

## **i'm not sure what to write**

*by Dawn Betner*

i'm trying to write.  
but i can't think.  
i mean i can think,  
but nothing comes out.  
well,  
a lot comes out,  
but nothing worth writing.  
while i sit here and think,  
my mind wanders to fighting.  
not like a war,  
well maybe the war in my mind.  
but more like the people  
that try to find  
the person who is not me,  
but who they want me to be.  
i won't let them.  
i will stay strong.  
i won't be dragged along  
the path where dreams go to die.  
why would I let them do that?  
i want to get out.  
to escape and thrive.  
for once in my life,  
i want to be alive.  
here i am rhyming.  
trying to put words on a page.  
but at the end of the day,  
will i escape this cage?  
to be held back,  
and stripped of my energy  
takes a toll  
both physically and mentally.  
maybe i'll make it out.  
like a dog under a fence.  
but if not,  
i want you to know  
this is not the end.

## **what makes us?**

*by Dawn Betner*

letters make a word.  
words make a sentence.  
sentences make a statement.  
we make a statement.  
whether it be big or small.  
it could be a solution to poverty.  
or even just a compliment.  
words also make a question.  
questions come from curiosity.  
We question life.  
we ask,  
“Why is this?”  
or  
“What is that?”  
we ask to learn.  
learning.  
we go to school for 12 or more years  
Why do we go to school?  
to learn.  
But why?  
what we learn in school, can't we learn in life?  
life.  
living.  
to live we must feel.  
what do we feel?  
anger?  
happiness?  
sadness?  
or is it deeper?  
maybe we don't feel at all.  
maybe it's just something we're taught  
but it's not reality.  
reality.  
R. E. A. L. I. T. Y.  
to be real.  
not fantasy,  
which is a place our mind takes us  
to escape what we fear  
or what makes us upset.

What makes us upset?  
or even better,  
What makes us?  
limbs.  
genes.  
atoms.  
No.  
What makes us?  
personality.  
logic.  
intelligence.  
character.  
Maybe.  
words make up sentences.  
words don't make us.  
we cannot be stripped apart by adjectives  
or the people who use them.  
we make us,  
we choose who we are.  
we cannot be described  
we can only be us.

## **goodbye**

*by Dawn Betner*

i loved you  
i love you  
there's nothing to change that  
maybe what we did was wrong  
but we can't take it back  
i want you in my life  
no wait  
i need you to survive  
and now that you're gone  
i just want to die  
you aren't even dead  
just not completely alive  
we don't talk anymore  
we don't even say hi  
and you're leaving soon  
so i know,

we're done for sure,  
i guess you can call this  
our final goodbye.

**stabbed in the finger**  
*by Dawn Betner*

a friend,  
who isn't really a friend,  
but is a friend.  
or so you think.  
the ones who  
say they have your back  
when in reality  
they just stab you in it.  
maybe not your back,  
maybe your finger.  
when sitting with a  
DVD and a  
pair of scissors,  
Which do you expect to cut you?  
well,  
if you are cutting the DVD,  
you carefully watch the scissors  
you move your hand  
to fit each twist  
avoiding harm.  
what you don't think about  
is what happens when  
you have tiny shards of  
broken plastic  
sitting around.  
sharp but invisible.  
you think that the dangerous foe has been defeated  
you let your guard down  
not realizing what you have to face next.  
you continue with your project  
when suddenly  
your hands begin to feel sticky  
you look at your hands to find  
patches of a red liquid

you soon recognize to be blood.  
you clean yourself up  
and go back to work.  
not even realizing what you did  
and how you let yourself get hurt.

## **the rose bush**

*By Dawn Betner*

life is like a rose bush  
different paths,  
each with a beautiful ending.  
but on the way up,  
it pricks us.  
shall we not bleed?

## Rytten

by Bryce Dershem

they hate fish, the (no) uncarcasses 'ièd a 'up, stac' 'wenty onto 'wenty unstol' from tractèd des moth(er)fath(er)s, les sist(er)broth(er)s, (no) flounders 'hrusting 'hemselves 'gainst 'hemselves, unchokèd par la (not) uncircumcisional air, 'urn prom(un)etheus laszt lapping 'owards the unbottom, une unescape penumbral dommeans de 'uickly 'iftèd 'nd 'orcèd le wnerfkin regarde as hoverèd sur la obscure spamfloor griminey, pure? alors des (car)ts' (car)ps 'wim a'new tile like an 'ngorgèd, (not) undefinnèd knadinsky (m)onterray (m)ange 'ang' pulverizèd 'nto la can, unpus festering in unpustules und' scales b'ause (m)aggots (not) usually seep les reek of alexandro' 'summer staleness antioch et the 'oming the eagle eyes or eye (n')est orpheus a eurydice "burning with anguish 'nd anger" crumbling irise 'nd irise unflaying corneas caresses 'orever (no) sculptcarving sour stare the "bluish slate color" of beast o'eye o'je o'eye unknow (not) the 'wollen jugula' (no) molds to crack a (sli)t a (sli)ce a (sli)ver de 'oetic passionality prose wingèd Icaru' j'(n)ow of unmirrors nh's rc avec fecal cro-matter unsplattering "derevaun seraun! derevaun seraun" (not) comme nicoma' 'tote insomniatic asthmatic post-traumatic asymptomatic (not) ma(n)ybe pike 'ike 'chilles-lov' patroclus dimmid dim mid après pederasty flashing flies unturning dust 'nto dust noir raven bodies bulge 'ith (s)mokey fresh, (s)weet fest, (s)weaty flesh milky poe-eyèd centi-doe-eyèd bambièd (no) salv(os) les larv(o)e(s) tearrip tearrip tearrip sinew 'rom ossein unchunk unbegets 'alf voirea pilin' owly 'owards the lusto' nor (not) revena' nor (not) kero' moira' moira' moira' rothko co coupletbubplet porpandscorp gizzard (no) et giblets unyolks gnats 'eason ant en anthills undevoir anthills de flies, une mnarc echo? no narcissus de dabassy aural atresia lint therehere diaphanous, please please diaphanous, psychedelic l'enema (not) ejectamenta baathavan moana sweary six 'ermaphroditus rimming feculence sur buckets, unnot unknot the bucket but buck it (no) mais de dove de kooning quixotic cytotoxique inj(ect) ins(ect) 'hrow la turnip 'haps flee more fleas 'ause 'member the victuals unfirèd for fixin' the folkèd on "their wayward and flickering existence" tinctures (not) p(ush) bl(ush) more mimy mome grating grunt wristing 'way en hemic ocean les 'nwards swobbls' herethere juste thigh scissor thigh (no) uraniel unprostr(ate) unmictur(ate) plus pan (kras)ner (cras)s canine flamingo stev' pickl' 'o many many dm cherry, hesperidian 'ree 'wimming qu'est magenta la moonligh' cars rustin' la roadkill 'axidermied opossum squirt, flat decomposing on h(ooves) r(ooves) (no) pearls et pearls et pearls (no) et o'pals knlee tender jnh whl vap crimson cry ai bi cy dye omit fi meat slirpèd sur gloomèd hyacinth pollock potluck uncadaverous (no) arro(yos) 'nd cordur(oys)? non lic lic 'lato (not) 'ither/o'kierk caesura assurance anemic ataxia turpentine 'nd acidic heroin unliturgies 'eaning (not) chaos: mobocracy 'nd edibles langelo popèd 'bort storky g(naw) (nah) g(naw) (not) ninety-jawèd pandor'boxièd ttraanssceenddennt quiple chapan biple quarple magician unjerks magnets 'ares 'airs choking del phoeni' pilasio gibbet gibbet bedim autum(nal) uriel the unskimmèd 'arbor What's for my dinner?, i ate fish

## Still Life Vignettes

by Bryce Dershem

### *Vignette I. (Still Life with Skull - Cézanne)*

Perseph un P(aul) sk(aul)  
Congen' imperm' (not) on rosem'  
Napk' on plim(ento) plac(ento)  
Marina violeta l'ast crédençe  
'Urn (not) grekda hydr(a-o) de table?



### *Vignette II. (Violin and Candlesticks - Braque)*

J'ai(n't) singin' sierra de orpheatic ocean  
Nor oira (not) 'ay siaza violine, luteful  
Or'allure a lure, 'astin'  
Burnillow, (ch)op 'cr(oss) (ch)ip "ch(oss),  
Auroral 'tacama pass-to ob'tèsé cubi?



## Hourglass

*by Melody Dias*

Autumn relinquishes its captives,  
Bound by Mother;  
Cries of defeat ring out as  
Drops of life seep through the sands  
Ever so slow.  
Friends rejoin  
Guided by grief  
Handshakes and niceties exchanged  
In seconds comfort lacks  
Just an empty hourglass remains.  
Keys are now covered in dust,  
Lights remain off in one room,  
Morning beams are the only solace to the dark now.  
Never does their warmth reach the room.  
One still allows silent weeps each sunrise  
Perhaps...?  
Questions for a time were posed, answers are  
Refused, remiss, and recycled  
Staunchly repeated with perseverance as intense as a dog guarding its young against attack,  
Til no questions can be asked.  
Undisturbed the sands now stay except for the occasional rain  
Vanity melts with the frozen air, then,  
When the Sun dares to rear its damned self again,  
Xeranthemums are no longer placed.  
Yet, yesterday  
Zinnias bloomed in their place

## Crawling Out of the Garden

by M. P. Miller

I.

Now begins the 18th chapter.

Here. Let me tell you a story about a girl.

Perhaps an apt introduction: harbinger of the leeches.

She stands on the precipice, perilous

Resonance of the chrysalis when it shakes.

Overlooking a Brave New World and she trembles when she awakes.

She wields honesty like a weapon, sharp and biting

And isn't it exciting?

She stands still on a timeline unfulfilled.

II.

There it began,

with a *well intentioned* man.

Legs give way when the moths

Ingest her stomach.

Lips like a cadaver

All too moist and close

But he thinks he can have her

And in that moment she is

So small.

No— Round cheeks and clumsy paws

Withstood in the excitement of belonging.

Here, I'll tell you.

Gasping suffocating breaths.

Grasping the rushing wind.

Skinned and dimmed, wading further

With reluctant hands over eyes, ears.

I can't see through the blur.

Shaking lips curl back, exposing teeth.

III.

Ah! Cue the sardonic score! And

*I'll* score once, twice

Five times a score in the room— close the drapes—

In the room with the casts of geometric shapes, hovering.

Don't be stuck in the moment while

she's stuck in her head and

he's in love with a feeling and

not with the girl.  
I am silent of my own accord;  
Struck by the fist of fear.

IV.

In a vision I sneer at my indecision.  
Upturn my head, aim with unyielding precision.  
It's a different kind of friction.  
I'm making a new decision and here's what I envision.  
My mission: make him know that he does not see me.  
He will not get my submission. You do not have my permission.  
You lie and cry—which you cannot deny—and do not make me the bad guy.  
Don't put me in that position.  
It's a strange juxtaposition between the supposed good and bad.  
The elation I'd feel from the pain on his face.  
My face I see reflected in his.  
I turn away to a rainbow of colors.

V.

Cracks are visible in the grey.  
Today I smelter in a tv static sort of way.  
Retreating further into myself I wonder  
As I plunder and dolly over my own folly: How do I proceed when all I see is the reeds among  
the strong?  
My solace,  
and my undoing.  
Hey, I mean, now you know don't you?  
With a strap around my back with new convictions.  
Making faces in the mirror,  
a snarl. A *predator*. And a smile.  
Lopsided.  
Alight that spark and ascend as a  
Monarch in chosen solitude.

## **Dungeon Song**

*by M. P. Miller*

I am a towel hung out to dry  
I am but a face among many— claim me!  
Break me and I will bend, pull off my petals and tear up the soil. Ignore the thorns.  
Dig until you find the roots.  
I am but a flower, waiting to be plucked from the ground, arranged into a bouquet.  
You bastards, when will you realize it's all yours anyways.  
It's yours.

## **To Do or Do Not See the Truth**

*by M. P. Miller*

Henceforth, what am I going to remember?  
Onward we go, in wonder  
The rain has frozen  
Wide  
Speeding, slipping  
Breathing sharp and stinging  
A puzzle forced to finish with a piece missing  
An empty valley in the cavity of my chest, but my mind is whole  
What must I leave behind to keep going forward?  
Just a girl, daunted by the whole world

I am a mindless being  
Like a dog, rolling  
Exposing my belly to the world  
I'm lain open so obscenely  
I proclaim!  
How can trust exist without vulnerability?  
How can bravery exist without fear?  
Sing! loudly my accolades  
Shout, scream from the topmost point in Fairy Glen like a siren  
Preaching her stories  
Eyes closed and far away my voice carries...

I'm earnestly spoken, narcissistic and thoughtful  
The Envy of scholars and men  
Perfection, yes perfection  
There are so many exceptions to the lesson of perfection.

I hold all the words in the palm of my hand  
Tell me, who will reach salvation? Who will be damned?  
Don't look too close or it will devour you  
Beauty, not because nor despite the horror  
I'm an admirer, anew  
Subdue the conscious through the slaughter  
And though I am afraid, I am not brave

You're not kids anymore  
We're 18 now  
they'll send us off to war  
And— hey what are you doing?  
Don't embrace it, it's a disgrace  
It... it's futile isn't it?  
When even standing on the edge you peer and hardly feel a whisper of fear.  
Here.  
Cant we just go back to the bookstore? It's our safe place.  
I don't want to be here, what for?  
I'm sorry that this is the way the world is.  
Tell me, when the evening falls under smoky grey,  
with none of the warmth  
Say when you wake everyday with the person who tried to kill you,  
Tell me— Do you honestly like being the victim all the time?

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit

## **The *Final Internationale*** *by A Moreno*

Do you know who are we?  
Of course you do.  
It's silly to think that you don't.  
You pretend to build empires  
From a scrawny little map  
While we actually break our backs

Because you see in this reality,  
You fear a certain word.  
A very certain word that will forever  
Go down in world history  
As the name of our mighty endeavor.

...

In this world full of a darkness  
Dictated by the dictators  
On this heavn'ly plane of greatness  
We are and've always been creators.

For we built this Mother Earth  
And onwards we shall save her  
From this darkness you have birthed  
For we are one another.

We are the people  
United and free  
For we are strong  
In a friendship  
That has been tried by fire  
For our mighty hearts shall  
Continue to inspire  
Shining in a glory  
For all those to see

Cause' through days dark and stormy  
Where we fed each other  
We never stopped looking far  
Above and Beyond

For the dream to end  
Man's exploitation  
Will be our final Declaration

This is our Earth, and our mighty journey  
This is not the fifth  
But the final Internationale!  
For we let racist ignorance be ended  
For kindness and humanity makes you  
The oppressors  
Collapse on your indecency

You create more depressions  
In the name of capital  
You sell us more possessions  
To be more tyrannical

But we are conscious of your slavery  
And we have foreseen your misogyny  
And we'll remember your unsavory  
Contempt for all oppressed peoples alike.

This is our Earth, and our mighty journey  
This is not the fifth  
But the final Internationale!  
For we are the people  
United and Free  
So comrades, come rally!  
The future will be ours.  
This is not the fifth  
But the final Internationale!

For time after time  
And mind after mind  
The collective human spirit  
Will never begin to end.  
For since time began  
The human spirit reaches far beyond the stars.  
For the human imagination  
Always forever rampant  
Exceeds all expectation  
Of universal enchantment

**Jar of Dirt**  
*by A Moreno*

(This was a legitimate conversation I had with a friend, explaining why they are not dirt).

I am a jar of dirt.  
Comrade, no you are not.  
Believe what I assert!  
Can you explain aught?

I am just nothing  
But a large jar of dirt.

Okay, dirt is special!

I'm but a glorified jar of dirt.

Consider me a worm.  
Worms like dirt!  
Waiting to find a firm.  
Like a jar of dirt.

Better reassert!  
Consider me a plant.  
Waiting to grow from the enchant  
Of said lovely jar of dirt.

I'm but a lonely jar of dirt.

I see a home!  
I see a beauty!  
You're a cosmodrome  
Waiting for the next line of duty.

I'm but an empty jar of dirt.

Except that tiny, little flower  
Waiting to bloom!  
Ready for the sunny hour  
And ready to assume.

Can you shut up for once?  
No I can't, I am not sorry.

Stop it, please.  
I am but an iron jar of dirt  
Sealed with cement made of the Moon.

Oh but don't you see?  
I see a thing.  
Something that fills me with glee.  
A future that will bring  
A new dawn of thee!

You are special to me.  
That is all that matters.  
Comrade, you make me free  
And I will continue this chatter...

Comrade, you are my jar of dirt  
You can never make me feel hurt  
With all of your friendly whims  
You make my limbs  
Feel a bit weak  
From the amazing friendship that continues to speak!

## **His Name is Ernesto** *by A Moreno*

His name is Ernesto  
But you can call him Che.  
His name cycles the Earth  
And it shall not decay.

From the Argentinian  
To the U.S. of A  
He fought for the people  
In a new kind of way.

He heals the people  
And fights the tyrants.  
From Cuba to 'Nam

He shall galvanize us.

“Hasta la victoria, siempre!”  
Comrade Guevara has told us.  
Because through time after time  
And mind after mind  
Ernesto fought to unite-  
All of mankind!

## **He Came in Peace**

*by A Moreno*

He came in peace, for all mankind.  
He was no billionaire, but he was kind.  
He was a fellow worker, a revolutionary no doubt.  
Our first representative to the stars was no plutocrat  
But a fellow working proletar-iat.

His home destroyed by fascists, his family taken from him.  
He never stopped, until he was unified with them.  
He learnt to read, through war and peace.  
He learned to forge, since he never ceased.  
Until the day came, when he saw the release  
Of fuel pumping through his vessel  
To the stars on his mighty endeavour.

Comrade Gagarin, launching on Vostok One  
He gave us the dream of something won.  
A future bright, filled with hope.  
Cause he gave us his scope  
To see a humanity, unified with each other,  
Because he came in peace, helping one another.

## **The Spartacus Rose**

*by A Moreno*

Darling red flower,  
Whom I call Rosa.  
Your beauty in thought  
Brings 'pon a nova  
Of camaraderie  
For all those to be.

Darling red flower,  
Whom I call Rosa.  
You are powerful,  
More than you'll know!  
You're the Spartacus Rose  
Rising for freedom  
While helping those  
That shall need'em.

Darling red flower,  
Whom I call Rosa.  
You may be long gone,  
But your dreams shall live on  
For you shown us a way  
To fight for  
Our new May day.

## **Nothing More Than Rhyming**

*by Ria Raval*

Books today  
Far away  
Into the mountains  
Over the streams  
Past the starlight  
Into the dreams  
Despicable children  
Powerful women  
A booth with a phone  
A family at home  
A train to work  
A collared shirt  
A pen to write  
Whiskey at night  
An elegant feather  
From a bird lost in time  
A dulling candle  
Instead of a light meant to shine  
Educational institutions  
Standard tests and delusions  
Creativity and fun  
Supposed lack of income  
Meaningless rhymes  
You're so sure  
But maybe you should take another look  
Just in case there's something more

## **An Aching Beat**

*by Ria Raval*

An ache every beat  
Every beat hurts to breathe  
Every breath a step  
Further from what i need What i believe  
A facade just perfect  
Are the breaths even worth it  
A heart in a cage  
Unseen for days

A lifetime so short  
But pain entrapping so wide  
Held up by right morals  
No matter morals are lies

An ache every beat o  
It hurts me she hurts me  
A dagger twisting in  
Twisting words in I mean  
A bond. Unbroken by lies  
For that's what it's made of  
Only broken by truth  
But broken ashamed of  
Hatred unseen unheard  
The daggers of truth  
Victim deserved  
But the strength of truth  
Yet to be seen  
Truth simple to twist  
An angel to a fiend  
Gates of heaven open to a house of hell  
*Lies* control this house  
*The Truth?* Only but a shell

## **Engine**

*by Ria Raval*

Every place an escape  
Escape means too much  
A fire, Reliant defiant  
Left behind in the exhaust

Burnt rubber, burnt spirit  
Every second going near it  
The key that holds power  
To hurt her to harm her  
Switching on a flame  
And the fire now burns  
The roar of the engine not heard  
Far off the road that owns her

Unhooked

The chains binding her to culture  
Unscathed but over looms a vulture  
Watching every step every breath  
Every breath inching closer to death  
Every inch closer to having a meal  
Desire ending in dirt on the wheels

Every action to serve an opposite  
To the picture in the mirror  
A hole burnt by boldness  
Left as she disappears

## **If I could stop one heart from breaking**

*by Emily Dickinson (via A.J. Reischer)*

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

## **(Meant) to be or not to be**

*Cento poem by A.J. Reischer*

Yes yes yes I do like you. I am afraid to write the stronger word.  
I don't love you as if you were a rose of salt, topaz;  
I love you as misfortune loves orphans, as fire loves innocence, as justice loves to sit and watch  
everything go wrong.  
No, I wasn't meant to love and be loved.

I have manipulated everyone who has ever fallen in love with me, but you said  
*Tell me every terrible thing you ever did and let me love you anyway.*  
So, in a thousand delicious, ill advised ways  
We were together; and we danced by the light of the moon.

Day by day and night by night we were together,  
and those woods were lovely, dark and deep.  
But we had promises I could not keep, a love I could no way repay.  
Yet can I just say how much I wanted you to stay?

When nobody wakes you up in the morning, and when nobody waits for you at night, what do I  
call it, freedom or loneliness?  
I miss you more than I remember you.  
I think I made you up inside my head.  
Please forget your scarf in my life and come back later for it.

## **Dust of Snow**

*by Robert Frost (via A.J. Reischer)*

The way a crow  
Shook down on me  
The dust of snow  
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart  
A change of mood  
And saved some part  
Of a day I had rued.

## **Paragraph**

*by Rachel Squire*

How does one go from the top of the world  
To rock bottom in seconds  
With one click, my life unfurled  
And yet my heart still beckons

Right from the very start,  
I felt warmth like I'd never known  
The fear of feeling tore us apart  
Life is colder when you're on your own

It 's over before it truly began  
In my dreams you're beside me  
Never have I met a man,  
As perfect for me as thee

As I sit here and miss your smile  
While tears fall on my notepad  
I know that it will hurt for a while  
But I will never regret what we had

With me, I still believe you belong  
To my heart, I hold your photograph  
My love for you is far too strong  
To be destroyed by a paragraph

## **Mirror**

*by Rachel Squire*

The woman in my reflection is finally me  
On the outside I look the same, on that I can agree  
Why mimic another when myself comes built-in?  
The sight of my soul is what lifts up my chin

An image of perfection is not what I strive to be  
I fix my heart not my hair which is better I guarantee  
No need to apply products, like I had been  
My appearance digs deeper than the clearness of my skin

Before your world shatters, just try to see  
Vanity is a mistake to every degree  
A bit of glass won't show who a person is within  
Beauty means nothing, goodness will always win

## **Moon**

*by Rachel Squire*

The space between us is astronomical and wide  
There is a crater in my heart that is left unoccupied  
When night falls I think of only you  
Gravity binds me to you like glue

It feels as though you are light years away  
The tides will turn and we'll be together someday  
Nothing in **all the** cosmos feels as good as your embrace  
When I look up at the sky, in the stars I see your face

The celestial world is so vast and great  
Out of everyone on Earth for you I will wait  
As my heart **rotates** around you **I** know in my soul

We'll find each other in the end and my life will be full

## **The Phenomenon of POL**

*by Ria Raval*

Created from the compassion of those behind the scenes  
Recognition of the point beyond my means  
The little “love you”s and  
“Where have you been?”s  
Reading through facades  
Composed of common sense  
The “I don’t like poetry”s and “I’m too nervous to speak”  
All the while coming back  
Not obligation but connection

A focus on humor  
An effort to ignore what matters  
Until you realize you’re falling  
And there’s no coming back  
But it’ll catch you  
No doubt about that  
Catch you in lies  
In “I’m Fine”s  
Catch you  
Save you  
From yourself  
Read  
Not words  
But right through you  
Especially when you least want it  
But most need it

Us  
A composition of different minds  
Laid out on the same page  
A creation of something bigger  
Made of one hour Thursdays

To give your time to art  
My mistake  
Not to art  
To people  
Give time to words  
No not to words

To hearts  
Hearts seen with scars  
Accepted with burns  
A place a time and a moment to learn  
Not to paint over pain  
But to let it overflow  
And eventually through words  
No,  
People.  
You finally let go

Strangers sharing laughs  
Friends. Among painful days  
Unexpected trust  
Unnoticed  
Too late  
To realize you'll miss it  
Them  
They'll never realize  
The imprint they had  
But perhaps they can still hear me  
So, just once. I'll shout it and make them proud in my poetry  
Out Loud. ;)