

2nd Year Pieces

2007-2008

Winter Transformation

by Margaret Pope

Seventeen degrees:
cold air creates tiny, smooth pieces of art from
small muddy puddles. Frozen air exhales
delicate, skinny spears which
hang off roofs of houses like bats
head down in darkened caves.
Icicles
suspend, steady and still,
in the midst of chaotic
winter storms. Winter proceeds,
spears transform:
new snow melts, latches on, and freezes
into crystalline sculptures. Size does not matter.
Warm spring,
the new intruder, alters
each frozen stalactite:
as fast as they coalesced, they
vanish.

Hidden Inside

by Alex Crogh

Striding along a busy street, I
watch people, thinking of
their clothing and how they act around
each other. Like a line of
chocolate-covered candies in a box:
how lovely they appear
on the outside. Inside, each chocolate
might be rich and creamy; others might be
hard and rotten. Only by crunching through each
hard outer shell, can one ever
find out.

A Nation of Races

by Rachael Miller

The world is a cloak
of brilliant colors,
a blanket of races, personalities,
styles, and cultures.
As the silver needle of concourse
pulls the aqua thread of peace through
fine silk, black
sits by white, scared
and alone.
Woven together, the threads
create a magnificent cloak
which hangs from a hook,
flowing downward as the
colors reflect through the
room. If one string
rips away, the whole
robe falls apart.

Truffles

by Danny Kaiser

You savor the dainty
crinkling noise made
by the wrapper of your
Lindt Lindor truffle.
You take a moment to
gaze appreciatively at your sweet,
and note its spherical beauty.
By now, you are
salivating tremendously, like a
dog staring at a steak that is
just out of reach,
awaiting the luscious chocolate
decadence.
Gently, you position
the ample chocolate
on your tongue and suck
its hard chocolate coating.
A softer, seemingly
perpetually cold inside
instantly melts in your mouth
and speaks to your very soul.
You have naught left to do but to

As Time Goes On
by Garrett Summerfield

Day in, day out:
an arm to throw, an arm to catch.
The perfect tools to devour
a tasty snack.
A finger to
point, a foot to kick
a soccer ball. A hand to
write a fairy tale or even a
sad play. Some
have no one to love;
no friends or family. Some
are blessed with more
than they can handle.

Precisely
by Bennet Roper

Tall, blond, and summer-loving
always reading, sleeping, dreaming, and dancing.
Staring at blue sky, my favorite color.
Born in August,
summer with comfy heat, not snowy chill.
Do not hold me back like a dog:
let me soar like birds
dotting a clouded summer sky.
Bennet Roper.

Reunited
by Margaret Pope

My stomach jumps to my throat as my sweaty hands grip
the armrest. Shutting my eyes, I am as blind as a bat,
hoping the airplane will not nosedive as it lands. Beneath
my aching buttocks, the two back wheels of United Flight
7825 from Boise to Hartford meet the ground. The
airplane's hard landing comforts me, and my hands loosen
their grip on the grimy, plaid armrests. Releasing the
seatbelt I stand up, and wait as passengers file out of the
airplane at a glacial pace. My legs wobble. I make my way
through the small aisle of the puce-carpeted plane and
descend through the tunnel where a loud, busy, and
repulsive airport awaits my arrival.

Looking around, I establish my place in the airport and
follow the very annoying bright blue and red signs to the

gently chew the center of your
luscious chocolate.
A piece of chocolate?
No, a work of art.

Ode to Love
by Rachael Miller

Days on end,
I feel thy warmth, thy compassion,
deep inside my heart.
Oh Love, you sit on a beating
throne of gold and sing
sweet lullabies in my confused thoughts.
How dear you are to me,
whispering how much you care.
I ponder the true meaning of
your words. Although I cannot
express how many people
claim to know you, I know that
each one knows you not. You confide
only in deep crevices,
hiding not in hearts that are whole, but in
hearts' holes. I want to hate you
and make you feel how it is to mourn.
The same agony and pain you laden on me,
must be to thrust back onto your gluttony.
The greater my attempts to dislike you,
the more you travel hither. You
haunt me, stalk my dreams, chase my sorrow. All I want
is more of you.

Sting
by Bennet Roper

I walk home in a snowstorm.
The wind chills me,
but I take no notice of the cold.
I just watch, with awe,
the whirling flakes all around me.
They brush my cheeks with a *whoosh*,
then a soft sting melts
softly on warm lips.
Small puddles like tears condense,
dripping, barely perceptible,
on rosy cheeks.
Stubborn ground refuses to allow itself
to be covered by the intent, falling ice:
small puddles appear everywhere to catch

U.S. Airway Gates, where I will find Chloe. I am anxious to see Chloe, as she flew all the way from Kannapolis, North Carolina to meet me. Standing at her gate, I wait for all the first class folks with their McDonald snack bags to move aside. I spot Chloe, who is hard to miss with her bright green shirt and her blue bag. Chloe spots me and we exchange hugs, her distinct scent of strawberry perfume filling my nostrils.

Walking down the hall of the Hartford airport, we talk about all the new gossip going on in school. Chloe says something about a guy in her P.E. class, but the throbbing shoulder caused by my duffel strap distracts me from her babble. The arrows directing passengers to the baggage claim confuse us, and we make several wrong turns and climb a few unneeded staircases as we discuss the new season of *Gray's Anatomy*.

As we reach the baggage claim, I spot my bag riding on a conveyer belt about two stations down. Sprinting over like a confused chicken, I push through the antsy crowd and grab my bag before it disappears through the dark tunnel that weaves through the airport's core. I return to Chloe's side, and we examine every satchel that passes us as we wait for her black roller suitcase to appear. Spotting it before she does, I hand her my bag, and lift hers off the belt. We trade bags so we each haul our own weight. It is only fair. Together we weave through stoically standing travelers, slip out the sliding doors, and embrace the fresh Connecticut air, ready to explore this new region.

Dreams
by Mary Parker

The battle-hardened soldier weeps for peace he will never know. He rises
to battle at his Captain's command:
dueling with grim determination;
detached from his soul. Slaughtering
the enemy he thinks: "I shall never
know these people
I slay; never meet
their families, nor see their homelands.
I shall never hear of the hardships they
overcame; or live the peace we all crave."
Contemplating enlightenment, his head
is cleaved in half by an enemy soldier.
The battle-hardened soldier
rises to meet the peace he fought for
but never knew.

the white intruders.
The ground must give in to
brisk, sharp
snap of fresh wind.
My shoes slap
wet pavement;
leaves of aspens litter my path.
I disappear into a whirlwind of
flying flakes.

Bliss
by Danny Kaiser

I was thrilled when I received my first acoustic guitar two Christmases ago. All that I ever wanted to do was play the songs that were in my songbooks. Four months later my parents started to pay for guitar lessons for me.

Playing my guitar started to be more fun than ever, especially when I joined a band. Soon after I joined the band I got an electric guitar. The guitar is truly my instrument.

My guitar teacher is top notch. His name is Chad. He has an entire studio in his house which is where he teaches students and plays guitar. I have been taking lessons from him for about a year and have learned much. Chad has helped me to take my guitar playing to a new level.

Rewind is the name of the band that I helped to start. Its members include me, Niles Thommason, and David Garrison.. Niles is a drummer and David is another guitarist. We are not very good yet, but we are getting better. We usually meet at Niles' house to jam. David has pushed me to greater heights because he is a better guitarist than I am. Being in a band really makes me feel more mature.

Last August I earned my first electric guitar. The amp that my dad bought to accompany the guitar is powerful, with a delay and a reverb, which distorts the sound. So varied is the array of settings displayed by the amp that you can make the electric guitar sound like an acoustic guitar. My guitar and amp rock.

When I look back at instruments that I have played over the course of my life, guitar really stands out. My electric guitar has enhanced my guitar experience. I just plain love my guitars.

ZZZZZS

by Bennet Roper

My eyelids droop,
my relaxed body slumps.
The chair is so comfortable;
sleep is but an inch away.
An incoherent groan
escapes my lips.
Then a snap of paper on my desk
from my teacher.
I drag myself to wakefulness
to finish my poem.

Midnight Storm

by Margaret Pope

Rainbow comforter
covering frozen body: warmth
comforts me
as tender ears are filled
with reverberations of thunder.
Like carnival lights
changing a dark, quiet night
into a place of color and laughter,
lightning fills my room
with flaming yellow and crimson.
Steady patterns of barbaric
booms and brilliant gold flashes
keep me awake, eyes like
huge red apples. With a slow,
steady motion I reach to diminish the steady
beams of bright rays
coming from the light bulb.
In the dark of my room I fall asleep
as thunder and lightning move on
to torment others trying to
catch some rest.

Cryptic

by Margaret Pope

Chilling wind rushes through
tall, delicate aspens
creating tornados of yellow
leaves. Banging
old wooden shutters wide,
mysterious wind
pries
oak doors
with a loud *creeeeeeeee*.
Frosted wind slices through each
shivering body: forcing them to
scramble under downy
blankets.

Surprise

by Bennet Roper

Fancy wrapper, dolled-up look:
dainty curves and twists.
Pull apart
glittering fancy paper: judge
what lies underneath that frilly attire. Loving
treat, with a taste fit for Kings
or a waxy fifty-cent chocolate with
no meaning. Beneath the glitz and glamour,
unmasked truth shines like bitter
disappointment.

Get Happy Tour

by Gerrit Egnew

Corey, Danny, and I were standing in line to enter the Big Easy in Boise. *This is gonna be sweet*, I thought to myself. *The first concert that I've been to*. Danny said something and Corey laughed. *I wonder what they're talking about*. I pulled out of my introspective reverie and joined in the conversation as we headed inside.

My first thought as we walked inside was how different it really was from how I thought it would be. "This is pretty cool," I remarked to my friends. We walked down a flight of red-carpeted stairs into the concert hall. There were tables and chairs in front of the bar, which faced the stage. Immediately in front of the stage was a low section of bare floor called the mosh pit. My mom went upstairs to

Exclusion
by Bennet Roper

She rests her head
on the grimy
bus window
as a brilliant harvest moon
shines in her eyes.
Effervescent chatter of girls around her
draws her to look at the half-empty soda resting beside her.
She is just like the soda:
flat of bubbles
half-gone and closed
to comprehending:
flat and
disappointed.

Summer
by Garrett Summerfield

I had all the plans, camps, and trips scheduled for the best summer ever, when all of a sudden my summer came to a crashing halt. On the first day of summer, I was excited to be out of school, and then suddenly, I hit the counter top with the bottom slab of a glass jar. At first I was thinking that my mom would kill me for breaking the iced tea jar. The only thing she was worried about was me.

Everything happened so fast I did not notice the cut that covered my big toe. Slowly my mom pulled me away from the broken jar so I would not step in the glass that covered the ground. When my brother noticed the cut, it was slowly gushing blood. I started to cry because of the pain that filled my foot.

We quickly loaded into the car. My brother sat in the back holding my foot up, to keep the blood from circulating. The car ride was the longest and most painful ride ever. By the time I arrived at the hospital, I was settled down. Then Dr. Dardis came into the room. He looked at my toe and then left. After ten minutes, he was back with a needle full of medicine. He began to suture me up, and said that I had cut my tendon in my big toe. I knew that all my summer plans had been destroyed.

The summer nights were the worst because of all the pain I had in my toe. In spite of the fact that I could not train for skiing, I was still able to go to California to see my grandma. We came back on a train and my grandma stayed at our house for a month. During my grandma's visit my

get some food and we made our way to the pit.

After about twenty minutes of waiting, the mosh pit was packed, the crowd ready for the first band to come out, wanting to be as close to the front as possible. I was in what was roughly the front row, and Corey was right behind me. Danny was beside Corey and was having difficulty seeing the stage...

Then the opening band, called *Army of Freshmen*, came on stage. They had upbeat songs and got the crowd really pumped. And when that happens the crowd gets louder... Imagine 100 people screaming while a ten-foot tall subwoofer pounds away three feet from your head. And then the frontman starts singing. Yeah, it is LOUD!!!

Army of Freshmen was really good, and when they were done, Corey and Danny held out spot in the crowd and I went and bought an *AoF* CD.

After *AoF*, a band called *Quietdrive* came onstage. They were ok, but they only played songs by other artists. About halfway through their show, we went to find food. The third band was called *Melee*. I was upstairs for most of their show, so I didn't hear very much of them.

Finally, the feature band, *Bowling for Soup*, came onstage, and cheers filled the room. They played some of their best songs, and sometimes would stop a song halfway through, crack a joke or say something, and then keep playing. During the concert, I got a guitar pick that Jaret, the frontman, threw out into the crowd. At one point during the performance, *BFS* stopped a song, and Jaret decided that he wanted to go crowdsurfing. Everyone surged toward him and some people were trying to take his shoes off...Lucky for him, they failed.

After the concert was over, the mosh pit cleared out. There was a pick on the ground between two people and I rushed in and picked it up. I gave the pick to Corey since I already had one. We walked around the pit for a while, when another pick came flying out of a crowd of people. I stepped on it, and then took my foot off and picked it up too. This pick I gave to Danny.

On the way back to McCall, we listened to the *AoF* album and talked about how fun the concert was. It was the first rock concert that I had been to, and it was one of the coolest things that I think I have ever done.

boot cast came off my leg and I was able to go to a hockey camp for my birthday. My summer was eventful even without going to ski camp. Ski camp was changed to November and this time I am ready.

Danny
by Danny Kaiser

Running through woods that smell of
broken pine needles, alive, a
twelve-year-old boy
from McCall, Idaho, loves to
alpine ski.
Seventh grade resembles an airport,
every forty-five minutes he has to be
somewhere else.
After school daily, on arriving at home,
Sasha the dog attacks.
It's as if he'd been
gone for a year.
Oh, but to play the electric guitar,
received quite recently. His priority.
But his arm, fractured; and the guitar
silently sleeps.

Lift off
by Margaret Pope

The roller coaster swings around a bend;
it's like a snake along the sky so dark.
The screaming, laughter echoes through dark night:
all lights and colors, games of every kind.
Beneath the roller coaster boy looks up.
The boy's sad face is different from the rest;
he's like a horse in herds of wildebeests.
The lights so bright, and laughter start to blur.
The ride turns one more corner, making pace.
Phenomenon is realized by boy.
The wooden platform acts like launching mat,
as roller coaster flies into dark skies.
It's soaring like an eagle to the moon,
the boy looks up as carnival moves on:
Reflecting coaster's motion on his face.

Figaro

The Dark Storm
by Rachael Miller

Brilliant green trees sway
towards each other, back
and forth, as if they were an
infant's crib, rocking a baby
slowly to sleep.
Inhabitants of the forest
scurry to cozy homes.
White-tailed deer hop frantically
through pines, while frightened
squirrels scramble. Heavy clouds
roll in; hovering above
dense woods, as if stalking
the cryptic forest.
The smell of wet pines
rises through the woods.
Rain *pitter-patters*
on soft, brown dirt, turning
flat ground to thick mud.
A flash of lightning brightens
the entire county, like God
turning on a lamp.
A burst of thunder rings
through deep woods. Twirling wind
begins to whisper into
the forest's ear:
whistling then screaming,
like a clarinet playing a
sweet melody. Then the clarinet
hits a high note. A squeak flies through.
Voices of the storm cry out:
bursts of thunder bang
from damp sky. BOOM!!!

My Exciting Job
by Alex Crogh

After a violent shake, I open my eyes not knowing who it is. My mother tells me that, if I don't get out of my bed, I am going to be late on the first day of work. Thinking about being late makes me hurry to leave. As we approach Camp Pinewood, I feel anxious to get there.

The first day at Camp Pinewood, I went to the kitchen to learn what to do. My summer job would be working with a crew in the kitchen. Mike Churchill and his wife are the cooks. Sometimes they hire other cooks when they want a break. The other dishwashers were Dixie, Bethany, and

by Bennet Roper

Figaro, formerly known as "Figgy Pudding", is my cat. She is as soft as the tea cozy that I used to wear on my head as a child. She is as sweet as a caramel apple sucker, sweet then sour, but always enjoyable. Also, I must add that I strongly believe that she is totally and completely crazy. But best of all, she is mine, all mine: I picked her out, I paid for her, I feed her, and so I own her. My Figaro is the best.

The day I got her I knew she was perfect. My brother and I sometimes visit McPaws animal shelter, to play with the animals. All this summer I had been preparing to get a pet, so the day I saw her she was mine. She was rubbing her skinny body against the bars of the cage in exhilaration, as though she were queen. The second she was out of her cage, she was totally rubby and snuggly. I took her home in a white cardboard box marked "Figaro Roper." After that you could not scrap her off me with a spatula.

Over the weeks we have had Figaro, she has been a great part of our family. Like I said I still believe that she is completely and totally crazy. For example, today she spent the night outside, and spent the day locked in the closet. That was my fault, though it sure gave us a scare. Boy, my Figaro is the best!!

Prom

by Rachael Miller

Tears sit in the corner
of her coral blue eye.
To her, every image
is just an unimportant blur.
Warm water drops past her
once-perfect eyeliner
down over glossy lips.
Tastes of salt and warmth
merge into her
constricted throat. Mascara runs down her
pale face, like a clear stream
with a mucky streak. Her face is
the earth, with streams, rivers,
and ponds flowing into the sea.
Her runny nose
tries to escape a dense
and dark cave.
Lips quiver on a blotched face.
One more tear. One more

Bart. I learned to operate the equipment, to clean the trays, and to put them away correctly. There are stages in dishwashing. The first stage is the cleaning at the sink with a sprayer. The second is the taking out after the dishes go through the dishwasher and the putting them away. The third is the washing of the counters and mopping the kitchen.

My boss was surprised to see me doing my job right away because he wanted me to watch first. The part my boss assigned me was to wash the dishes and to sometimes take them out of the dishwasher. I worked two meals every day for the first week. After the first week I was there for three meals a day. I would work on the weekends too. I had very awkward schedules.

After every meal I could play games outside with the other dishwashers between meals. I would go skating at the rink to practice or play on the computer in the office. The most fun part of camp was getting to know the counselors. Travis was my favorite counselor. He is a college student who is funny and he likes to pull pranks. There were two good pranks he played on me. He would hold a water gun up really high so I could not get it. Then, when we were playing capture the flag and we were stuck in a big thistle brush, Travis wanted me to go his way instead of my way which would have been a lot safer. When we got out of the brush we were scratched and in some spots we were bleeding. Travis thought it was funny when we were done.

On top of having a well-paid job, nice counselors, and lots of fun, I got free food too. My summer job was the best. Next year I hope to be a grounds crew member and a dishwasher.

Stealthy

by Margaret Pope

Hazy fog
creeps like a villain over
vacant lakes: wandering blind, I miss even
slight actions of sand beneath
calloused feet. Soft moisture
glides like slippery fingers, transforming
damp silky hair.

little whimper.

City Street
by Gerrit Egnew

Honking like geese,
cars scream by,
injuring the eardrums of pedestrians.
Smog and car exhaust
drift around:
a venomous cloud,
drifting through alleyways like
a silent assassin.
Clouds of smoke
pour out of tailpipes,
stinging the eyes of hapless passerby.
Crowds of busy people
hurry like ants
from place to place.

Misty Morning
by Rachael Miller

Rolling hills
gaze below at deep valleys while
a thick cloud of fog climbs:
a sneak attack. Vermillion grass
drips with morning dew
(whispering condensation on
green water bottles).
Scents of luscious, blossoming
purple horsemint engulf
meadow air.
A crimson hummingbird
zips past: *hummmmmm*.
Mist fades away, bright
sun rising higher, higher
into cool sky;
wet grass dries
like a pond slowly evaporating.
The fog keeps rolling
into thin air:
morning has ended.