

2nd Year Pieces

2014-2015

Sea Salt

by Hazel Yonke

Along the salty coast,
a whisper of wind
carries kites to fly with seagulls.
Tides rise and fall,
leaving bright seashells in soft white sand.
Louder than gulls children scream,
while castles, built for kings,
wait for high tide.

That Time Again

by Maddy Hinson

Apricot sprawled all over the avenue,
cheeks the color of blossoms;
timber shedding summer.
Sky faded from vivid to murky,
having no distinct color.
Clouds no longer feathery,
but overcast and mauve.
Harvesting time was chatted about,
harvesting time was cherished.

Dangling Dunce

by Joseph Yonke

He hangs, hovering over
cold ground, looking lazy
as a sloth. The drag of his body;
opening and closing his eyes and mouth:
flexible. Stretching
from the bendy eucalyptus tree with his head
bent back.
Once a boy, now a droop
of a memory.

Diving

by Nicholas Hardy

Blue, teal, cobalt silence:
nothing but blowing bubbles
and oxygen coming through my air tank.
Descending deeper I could feel the pressure.
as the world changed.
Fish scurried away from me into
green, apricot, teal, amber, yellow, gray and black
coral. A crab
watched my every move.
Around the corner a monster fish
ruled his coral kingdom.
We all grouped together into a ring;
a line shot up; we ascended into
the blaring sun.

There is Always Sun
by Joelle Evard

When all is gloomy,
lungs and mind fill with tempests;
force shuddering coughs at every gasp
spin judgments away from reason.

Behind dark clouds,
hidden underneath crunchy snow,
disguised between gray frozen rocks
tornados will pause,
hurricanes will cease:
dark only cloaks light temporarily.
Pelting rain streams down colorless faces,
mixing with their own salty storms,
fading all at once to soft drizzles
that tickle hair, neck, smile, and heart.

Weather cannot help but laugh,
finally, in glee.
Snow will melt away.

Compelling Emotions
by Tess Billmire

Fire burns in anger; festers
under misunderstood feelings.
Beautiful when controlled,

ugly and dangerous underneath:
never to be touched.
Fire cries in darkness;
lighting the way to disappointment,
left behind in grief and despair.

Moving Statue

by Joelle Evard

The robotic clerk glides out
of the grocery store, ready to
droop wearily into his orange-red Ford, easing
into a soft seat like a train
stopping in a night station. Slumping
in his vehicle, wondering
how he can be so inept to live this life;
dragging himself to work each and every
morning, doing his job
thoughtlessly, following
impersonal programming.

Lazy Bones

by Tess Billmire

Lazy people droop and hang
over fluffy couches,
never giving a care in the world. They watch
television, too lazy and relaxed to move.
Neighbors are invited to dinner.
There is an uncomfortable silence when they
enter the room, look at the pizza hanging
on the ceiling, and wonder why it isn't cleaned up.
Slouching even lower on the couch, the host
watches his neighbors leave while they think about exercise.
They are inept and not flexible. They drag
themselves to the gym anyway.

Flaws 'n Anxiety

by Madeleine Hinson

When I look around, I see humans' smiling faces. At least that's what is on the outside. But you wonder what's truly on the inside. I wonder if people think the same thing about me. I've been torn down, filled with negativity, and have shaken until I can't do

anything.

A while ago I was very concerned about how people thought about me. I was really worried if I were pleasing everyone who scared me. I was pent up inside from not telling people how I really felt. My hands would start to shake; my heart started to beat a million miles out of my chest. People would notice and ask me why my hands were shaking, but I played it off like it was some weird thing that had never happened to me before.

At the end of my extensive, seemingly endless day, I would lie in bed and think about all the things I did wrong throughout the day. My stomach would start to get in knots thinking about my mistakes and how I might have acted in an awkward situation. Kicking the ball in P.E. in the wrong direction is enough for me to think about it for hours.

Doing anything anyone ever asked me, I would immediately be nervous. My face would occasionally get pale, but mostly really fire truck red. If I made the slightest mistake I would clench my teeth with my absolute all. I would get so angry at myself, I couldn't even function. Perfectionist I may be, but this was a whole new level of it.

A sugarcoated life isn't reality, but if you look at life in a landscape view, you have more room to forgive yourself and improve. Mistakes might feel bitter, but it's not the end.

Monday
by Thomas Yonke

Dreadful papers passed, poor
boy obtained his just instants
before relaxing. Even
eloquent equations slouched, slumped,
slurred themselves on the devilish snow-
white sheet, perfectly-
tuned bodies, producing
one answer,
and one answer only.
Fear, bribed by stiff confusion,
took him over with lazy intent.
He stretched, with a yawn,
a moan, a sigh,
dozing off,
to the fading sound of his teacher saying,

. . . Zzzz.

Just A Tad
by Maddy Hinson

Today, nature seemed sluggish.
Rays did not radiate;
chirps were not obstreperous;

leaves did not glow emerald in morning sun.
Instead, rays relaxed into gossamer clouds,
chirps awkwardly sounded muffled,
leaves slouched slightly to the left.
Oh, nature,
having a bad day?

Joelle

by Joelle Evard

Short brown hair, hazel eyes, four feet
eleven inches tall. Does
that alone define me?
I think not.
I live in Massachusetts; born
in Illinois, but that isn't
quite me.
Karate, hip-hop, writing:
Karate helps me to
build up strength, mental
and physical. In hip-hop, all of the motion
makes me able to concentrate, to be able
to think no thoughts, as if my mind were a rock.
Putting all of my confusing thoughts on a blank page,
lets me live day-to-day without
distracting thoughts running wild
throughout my head. I believe these,
can begin to define
me.

Wi-Fi

by Thomas Yonke

A normal day of school is sometimes spent sleepily in my pj's. The other two kids in my class don't seem to mind: they mostly exhibit the same status quo. In the past I've never had the experience of using Skype, let alone using it to meet people or have an English lesson. This isn't like the English class most eighth graders have day to day. During this class I may be hundreds or thousands of miles away from my peers or teacher. Yet it feels as if they are all sitting at a table with me discussing our current topic. The odd thing about it is, they are! While they are not really here, my computer is. For the time being, that is where they exist.

Skype functions as the platform through which we participate in lessons. It's a great way to learn because we can Skype in on an actual classroom almost like we were sitting in a chair next to another student. People often ask how we turn in assignments, and keep up with the current reading for our studies without a screen full of tasks or reading selections each day. Our class consists of eight students, four of whom are actually in the classroom. Students who attend class via Skype (including me and my two

siblings, and another fellow classmate) are mailed books and worksheets to read and complete as they are assigned throughout the semester. We are challenged with goals for our number of revisions, which are improved drafts of current essays, as well as a number of edits which we correct and annotate for fellow classmates. Most of our assignments are transferred between our homes and the classroom through technology such as email, Dropbox, fax, and Skype. This makes for an awesome combination of learning and flexibility.

Class over Skype is a different form of learning for me. For the two years I've been enrolled in homeschool I've never had any communication with my teachers or with the other students who took part in similar classes. However, I like this idea of online classrooms so far; it brings a sense of learning in a classroom as well as having valued feedback from not only your teacher but also from your fellow peers. Skype also makes things a bit more entertaining than just staring at a computer screen full of dull words you don't have much interest in. I prefer to listen to people share their ideas. This online schooling has helped my learning by fitting to my schedule, and offering me things such as commutative learning, and being able to work at my own pace.

Unbreakable

by John Stapp

The pound of a hoof,
the step of a foot:
striking hard ground as a hammer strikes the anvil:
shaping a bond, a double link.
Two creatures; two different
languages.
Giving him the voice he does not have;
giving me wings I yearn to possess.
Brothers, or
father and son. . .
partnership is the Goal;
riding to reach the sun.

Blossoming

by Hazel Yonke

Deep Creek Lake each summer's day,
shimmers like a mirror,
reflecting freedom and laughter.
A bridge to the past; every
rock hits still water,
blurring our connection.
What was once so peaceful and calm;
now disrupted and torn.

Family

by Tess Billmire

Having a brother with a disability is different than being in an average family. My brother Ethan has cerebral palsy and his personality is as large as life. He takes his own time on everything: I have to wait patiently for him to finish eating at restaurants. He has a routine in the morning and at night that he has to follow, like turning off the Christmas lights in the laundry room and getting a cup of water before bedtime. Ethan is always happy and he claps and laughs loudly when he gets excited. He will talk about the same thing over twenty times a day, which gets annoying. The only time he stops is when he remembers the answer to his own question, or my parents tell him to stop and be quiet because they are trying to listen to the news.

"Ethan, let's go," my mom says. I wait patiently while she prepares to strap Ethan in the car so I can go to school. Thirty seconds later Ethan comes out in his blue electric wheelchair, steering his way towards our grey van. Everywhere my family goes, we have to take the van so Ethan can fit his electric wheelchair inside the car. It takes us ten minutes longer than most families to get ready for an excursion. We have to strap the wheelchair in so it doesn't turn over while my dad is driving. Sometimes when we are out, Ethan will shout out things he remembers and strangers stare at Ethan. It used to bother me since their attention was also directed towards me, but I'm used to it now and barely even notice.

During snack time, Ethan always has the same thing: a plate full of chocolate chip cookies. He has to eat every single one of them even when he isn't hungry -- if you take them away, he will get sad or irritated. He also watches shows from Nick Jr. which are meant for preschoolers, and I have to watch them too when I sit down on the couch. When it is time to go to bed, Ethan stays up, watching the clock in our bedroom until 10:00 PM before he finally goes to sleep. He will talk to himself in bed, and we share a bunk bed, so I am right above him and I can hear him laughing to himself. He can get quite loud. Ethan is as brave as a lion and finds something happy in any situation we are in. Even though he isn't like my friends' brothers, I still love him the exact same no matter how different he is.

Acquisitive

by Maddy Hinson

Golden spring sun beams through open windows.
The living room freshly tidied up, looking superb;
novels staked precisely on the coffee table,
beside them the family Bible.
Five polished pennies lie peacefully on the testament.
Shiny coins noted,
copper filling the eyes of all ages at first sight.
The Bible hides invisible.
The importance of each luminous treasure,
swapped.



Da Vinci's Smile

by John Stapp

Art is more than individual expression; it's a personal taste, and a visual language. In drawing and painting or film and photography, I pick genres to draw or shoot for a reason: I might like a bird and want to draw it realistically, or tell a story in swirling colors. For telling a story or conveying a mood in a visual form, art is a medium nothing else can match.

I make artwork because I love the language of art; I am always learning as I draw or use a camera. Painting fish against a white background tells a simple story; painting it against dark swirling blue blends the fish into its environment and adds confusion and depth. It is entertainment in a very unusual way; not just a joke or a drama. By controlling light, color, shape, lines, and framing I can reveal exactly what I want the audience to see.

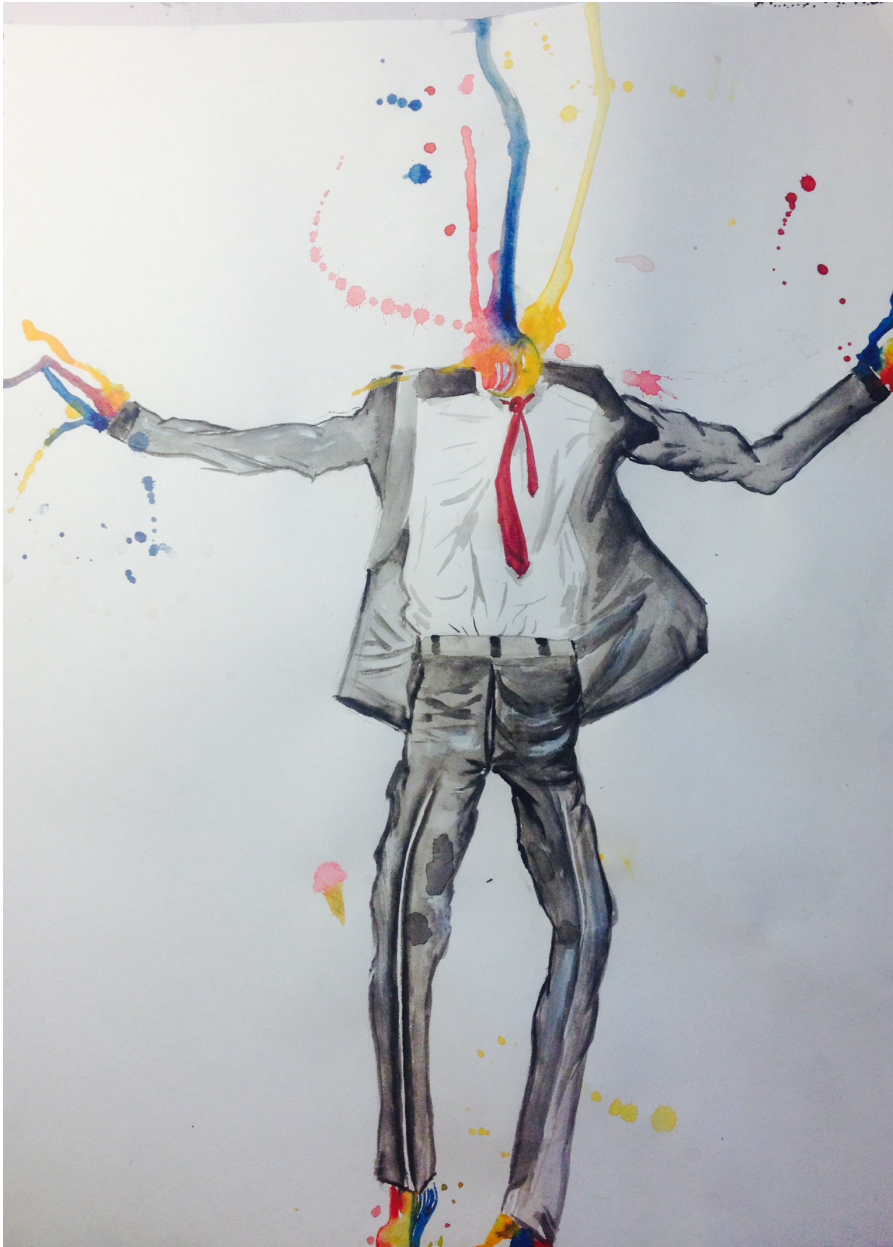
Art can be expressionistic, showing what I'm feeling. But in the end, it is more than that. A realistic painting, or a comedic picture: I'm the one who chooses to create it, making it my art, my masterpiece

The House on the Left

by Maddy Hinson

Driveway abruptly elevated:
made for ludicrous remembrance.
Kitchen lit up, pleasant voices permeate,
lovely honeyed smell, throughout.
Living space surrounded with grins,
and giggles,
back porch hosting lively cookouts,
peering into an exquisite forest.
A wooden swaying swing,
holding all of the memories,

that exist forever.



Tess

by Tess Billmire

Bronze hair, cinnamon eyes,
green rectangular glasses. Chemistry
teaches me about atoms
and molecules. Math is
everlasting and challenging
at times. Playing video
games helps me solve
puzzles when I have time
to play.

Painted Emotions

by Paige Robnett

I feel lost when I first start a painting, not knowing anything but the little image pictured inside my head. Anything can trigger my drive to paint: a man's wrinkled hands with stories of hard labor; a girl's broken smile; the dawn of day. Actions and objects cause the heart to feel.

To me painting is notes written down on a piece of paper. It could be someone's life story in a more beautiful, personal, intricate style. It might as well be my neighbor's grocery list. Unknown emotions lead to a piece that nobody can explain: a

psychedelic piece that my mind's manifesting ultimately explains. It's hard to figure out how I feel until I stain the untouched paper, releasing thoughts, concerns, and sentiments toward the world. I can finally systemize exactly how I feel.

Painting when I am inconsolable can be the most beautiful thing any mortal can do. My emotions circulate smoothly from my scrambled head to the canvas like a waterfall with an everlasting flow of clear water that never runs out of its emotional source. I fear feelings will drive me too far. We all have something to hide, some dark place inside us we don't want the world to see. So we pretend everything's normal, wrapping ourselves in rainbows. And maybe that's all for the best. Some say artists are miserable people, which to an extent is true. Most focus is mistaken for misery: artists are always looking, curious about how the weirdest objects could become a masterpiece, then turns into money to put food on our tables. No ingenuity eventually leads to no food.

Any musician who creates a song that reaches out, grabbing my soul and wrapping it in peace and serenity, is an artist who is my partner in crime, my inspiration-giver. Any song expresses a story, important or not, which transfers from the song onto my canvas. I wish the musician could see the finished product, to see joy of his song in art form. Giving away that emotion to an almost complete stranger is an unsatisfying, yet blissful feeling. It's a loss but also a gain.

Giving someone the finished product of either my emotion or his, and seeing his never-seen-before happiness light his face, is definitely an unutterable delight. To know and accept that he will hang my painting up on one of his beige-colored walls and admire it: that is why painting is my life.

See below: Joseph Yonke: *Arches*



Joseph Yonke -- *Arches*