

# 3rd Year Pieces

2003-2004

## Paradox

by Adam Summerfield

Beautiful knows ugly.  
Exquisiteness and repulsiveness are one.  
A person, beautiful like a new budding  
rose,  
Could become rough and worn; a tattered  
shroud,  
that is being blown along in the dirt.  
While a face could have more beauty than  
all others,  
its owner's actions could destroy the most  
glamorous appearance.  
A beauty queen can be ether exquisite or  
horrid  
the choice rests with the onlooker.



Mellissa Dammerman

## Touching Dreams

by Willy Smart

What do dreams feel like?  
Are nightmares sharp and cool: metal  
swing-sets  
passing the time in winter?  
Would they draw blood?  
Are sweet dreams soft and fluffy like small  
animals?  
Are daydreams transparent; a classroom

## SONNETS

The snow falls gently on a starless night.  
A cool breeze kisses cold and frosted woods.  
Soft elegies are whispered in delight.  
Strange eyes shine, staring, as their gaze deludes.  
The moon pierces the dark imbruing haze,  
and somber shadows lace the once benign.  
The pumpkin faces snicker in their blaze,  
while curling smoke from candles intertwine.  
The flagrant spirits rise and haunt the pure.  
As ghosts from broken pastimes devastate.  
The eerie sky is clouded and obscure.  
All hopes of salvation disintegrate.  
If death, despair, malignance do deceive,  
Their potent apex is All Hallows Eve.

-- Kaitlin Crawford



window  
directing views to the cloudless day  
outside?  
Are recurring dreams smooth stones  
worn down by snaky rivers?

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**The Over-Achiever**  
by Marshall Hoke

On my most recent research paper, I decided to go the extra mile and do an exceptionally stupendous job. I did thirty-two drafts of this paper previous to bringing it to my professor. The assignment was a two-page essay on spider monkeys, though I do think the "extraneous" (so my dim-witted brother refers to them as) thirteen pages are quite interesting. And I sequentially looked up all 10,113 words three times to be positive that they were correct. You never can be careful enough. Luckily for me, my professor mentioned the paper at a PTA meeting, which I always attend, two months prior to the date the paper was assigned. I needed all the time I could get to double, triple, and even quadruple check it. I replaced virtually every word (excepting the articles of course, that would be silly) with a synonym, but if there was a single word in that report that I did not supercede with one from the thesaurus, my paper has a small possibility of being ok. I expect to get at the very least a high A on it, hopefully a less mediocre grade. After all, I memorized the last 300 pages of the thesaurus just this year, so I already had exquisite words at precisely the 20th draft. I obtained my information from a small assortment of 400 different books and internet sites. My bibliography is only three pages long, and that is because I single-spaced it, along with the rest of the report. I always say that people who double space will never amount to anything, excepting those few lucky ones. I even had a Harvard law professor check it so my teacher ought to appreciate this report, if anybody does. After all, my parents say that I have a high standard for a fourth grader, but I challenge

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The rocket launched into the dirt this day:  
missile producing great amounts of light.  
It struck the trailer with such force, flung hay;  
the blast seemed like giants began to fight.  
Explosion killing all in atoms? path,  
it had no sorrow for another being.  
Could nothing yet control its crazed wrath?  
This void of wasteland death to all it brings.  
An island barren and rugged badlands;  
A twisted gnarled place: no name but death,  
a hundred years to conquer this dead land,  
for someday to embrace life's ardent breath.  
Silent bloom rosy flowers in rebirth;  
assimilate the scars that laden earth.

-- Adam Summerfield



that; I can think of a thousand ways I could do better.



Kaitlin Crawford

### Lament

by Caitlin Patterson

Sadness is furry and soft: the pelt  
of a newly-skinned rabbit.  
Pity, sadness; a creature pleading for life  
and mercy.  
Tears brush upon distressed cheeks;  
skin underneath soft fur is rigid in death --  
just as  
wrenching emotions stiffen and undergird  
sadness.  
Sustaining, hand reaches out to caress  
sadness as one would  
a warm rabbit.

### The Texture of Night and Day

by Marshall Hoke

Hear the Sun:  
a siren of brilliant light  
sizzling and crackling  
on a popping fire.

Feel the moon's  
lonely complexion, delve

How golden are those graceful autumn trees,  
in season of migration for the birds.  
They're always flapping, humming, swarming bees.  
The animals move 'round beneath in herds.  
In early season, rain can wash trees clean,  
Those trees extending their limbs very tall.  
At first the leaves are fully vivid green.  
They slowly die all through the chilling fall.  
From lively lime, leaf-lets change to yellow,  
Adjust to orange; directly to red.  
They can be brilliant hues or quite mellow,  
posthaste leaves will find themselves to be dead.  
Precipitous tall trunks wear blazing crowns;  
after a season, change to languid browns.

-- Caitlin Patterson



into vast craters to find secret scars.  
Smooth from a distance,  
its faint glow soothes the mind from  
rough reality close up.



Alina Everett

**Deadly Rebirth**  
by Melissa Dammerman

Life brings death:  
awakened hidden evils  
destroy all life in every path.  
Like molten magma  
bursting from ice-capped volcanoes,  
destroying all it touches.

Death brings life:  
a soul who destroys its selfish side  
causes generosity to rise: seeds in a barren  
desert  
waiting for life's hope in spring rain.

**Declining Upward**  
by Willy Smart

Up knows down.  
Stones tossed from a cliff  
will always return to solid ground.  
No grassy hills or rocky mountains  
ascend endlessly.  
To reach the top,  
you must begin at the bottom.

My life seems like it speeds up every day.  
Work gets left behind which can relate,  
to work undone which really makes you pay.  
Through my life I quickly navigate.  
And now im home and no one else is here,  
which leaves me lone to solely sit and think,  
and question life upon the bads and goods.  
And sanity, of which im on the brink,  
of knowledge lost, things like this cant be fixed.  
My homework really should apply the brakes!  
My intake of this learning is quite mixed.  
But all the tests I failed I took retakes  
so maybe my good grades are a tall tale.  
Annoyance, called schoolwork shall never fail!

-- Marshall Hoke



Down knows up.  
The lower class often exceeds  
the upper in knowledge or ability.  
North is South of  
somewhere. All skyscrapers begin  
from where insect cars appear as  
dangerous wild animals.

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Willy Smart

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**Lonesome Illusions**  
by Caitlin Patterson

A fox crept by, one moonless night.  
I would have liked to see,  
that reddish hue.  
I smelt his presence;  
faint wind whispered of absent moons,  
and of times long-abandoned.  
Looking above I wondered that  
the jealous moon would hide herself  
so that her fox and I could not forget her  
in newfound companionship.  
On the whim of Lady Moon, clouds  
dispersed;  
a glow filtered through solemn night air.  
I believed that the moon would sacrifice,  
would release her jealousy to  
show me a comrade.  
But where I thought  
the fox should be, he was not.  
From her perch in the sky,  
the moon smiled,  
beckoning the wind to support her solitude.  
Grass swished like a bushy tail;  
the breeze tantalized with hints of fox.

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**Friendship**

by Melissa Dammerman

A rainbow envelops the heart in colors of friendship:  
ruby love; gold smiles.  
Amber laughter, amethyst trust, jade generosity;  
sapphire chivalry. Such treasures  
paint life's pot of gold.

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**Next Saturday**

by Caitlin Patterson

If I could do anything next Saturday, I would read a book. There are various other activities that may be more exciting, such as going to a foreign country, playing a sport, or visiting with friends. Many of these are far more radical, but reading a good work of fiction or nonfiction is a nice break in my usual schedule. When reading, one can escape into another world.

I would enjoy being given a Saturday just to read. The concept is not extreme but somewhat probable for this Saturday; there is a chance that I may spend Saturday with a book. Someone may think, "Why not watch a movie for more relaxation?" But this is not about relaxation. When a person reads a book, the mind is stimulated. It must create the sounds, smells, looks, tastes, and personalities inside the novel. The mind can adjust to the unreal in a book more easily than to the illusions in a movie. When watching a movie, strange creatures are written off as simply being special effects. A well-written story exercises the mind, makes the reader yearn for more, and erases thoughts of anything else.

Currently, I am engrossed in The Sword of Shannara. It has a flowing plot; I am a third of the way through and it stills draws me on. The characters are off on a quest to find the Sword. If I had seen this story as a movie, I would have dismissed many characters as simple special effects, and might have skipped their roles in the story. Reading a book is a welcome break in my active and athletic lifestyle. I would prefer to read a well-written book, with an interesting plot, on Saturday than do anything else.

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**Not my Fault**

by Willy Smart

I might be fat, but it certainly isn't my fault. It isn't a crime to be a connoisseur of food. It's not my fault that some places serve really good food. I didn't know that it was going to make me fat. If you order



Caitlin Patterson

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**Personal Best**  
by Willy Smart

Hiking to the top of Sawtooth Peak last summer was a moment of personal achievement for me. I would share credit for achieving the hike with my dad, who helped me the entire way. From the start, we had a time limit and needed to hike rather fast to finish on time. From the way my dad had described the climb, I did not think it would be very long, but by the halfway point I had used almost all of my energy.

Once the actual peak became visible, I became discouraged and was almost certain that I would not be able to make it. From my view the base of the peak where the hard climb began looked a mile away. Even if I made it to the base, it seemed like another mile to the summit. I managed to hike to the base of the peak by talking to my dad and trying to keep my mind off the hike. I was somehow convinced that we could make it to the summit and began to climb.

The ascent up the peak was very precipitous and involved climbing jagged rocks. During the whole climb up the peak, I wanted to stop and go back down. My dad kept telling me it was only a little farther. This pushed me to move my legs and try not to concentrate on my exhaustion. While I was busy putting one foot in front of the other, my dad, who was a little ways in front of me, shouted down that he was on

something that makes you fat, the food should come with a warning saying you might get fat if you eat it. I never have enough time to make something myself and it is so much easier to drive in my car five minutes than it is to cook something. My friend said that her friend burnt herself when she tried to make food for herself. The best thing about fast food is how little effort it takes. I barely even move a muscle. With that kind of convenience, who needs to waste time in a kitchen? The food I can get at McDonalds's is so much better than what I could make even if I cooked all day. Right now it only costs twenty-five cents more to double the size of my triple-cheese double-bacon half-pounder. I never want to finish it all, but it tastes so good. I don't know why I have gained so much weight, I only eat there three times a day. Fast food restaurants are the only reason I am fat, it has nothing to do with me.

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**SONNETS**

There once lived a superhero named Phil.  
Answering peoples desperate needs and cries.  
Bad guys, he would have to brutally kill.  
He used his mind instead of his small size.  
His brain was the most powerful weapon.  
Whoever took on Phil was just insane.  
Once he defeated a war zeppelin.  
Large armies were no match for his tough brain  
Phil as a kid, was a computer nerd.  
The idiots who stole his lunch money,  
later died in a manner quite absurd.  
As they died, bullying was not funny.  
Out of all heroes, Phil was most clever.  
He was indeed the greatest nerd ever.

-- Willy Smart

the peak. I completely forgot my deadened legs raced to the summit. Once I stood on top, it was amazing to see the rocks and everything I had climbed over.

Unfortunately, we were not rewarded with being able to rest for as long as I had hoped, because there were swarms of bugs and we were still on a time limit. On the way down, I started to notice that my shoes were too small for me. Every step, my toenails were slammed to the front of my shoe. The knowledge that I was on the way down, however, provided me with enough energy to make it back.

Reaching the car, I felt great and in need of a swim in the lake. As I was taking off my shoe, I noticed a bruise under my left toenail. It has just started to fade, and every time I put on my shoes, I am reminded of the hike to the top of Sawtooth Peak. As I jumped into the cool lake a half hour later, I felt as good or better than I had all summer.

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## A Season of Joy

by Caitlin Patterson

It's the season of Spring,  
and time for soft rain.  
Bluebells will ring,  
beside every lane.  
People walking will hear,  
some gentle drip-drops.  
They might lend an ear,  
to the splashing kerplops.  
The fastidious girls,  
and the play-ready boys,  
will giggle in curls,  
and bring out their toys.  
And all shall be happy,  
in light rain or bright sun.  
Rain beating tap-tappy,  
while children have fun.  
For it's the season of springing;  
the time of living things' gain.  
People are singing,  
in the beloved spring rain.



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Free-skating on smooth ice unlocks my mind.  
Carefree the world zips by at lightning pace,  
sweet rhythm of cool skates ne'er hard to find.  
tough leather boots smell rustic, tightly laced.  
The frigid air taps harshly on my nose,  
I try to brush the ghost of wind away.  
Now striking up a slightly different pose,  
The wind attacks my eyes, to my dismay.  
Long gone are thoughts of school and play and work,  
and walking is a mystery dismissed.  
all other sports and games I mean to shirk,  
my scintillating ice sheens bright like schist.  
So part me not from my beloved realm,  
This task, so bold, would call for quite a helm.

-- Alina Everett



Kaitlin Crawford

**Summer Willows**  
by Melissa Dammerman

Drooping willow branches hang carelessly:  
a tire  
swing without a rider. Leaves  
hover over careless, lazy humans,  
relaxed on soft, summer green grass.  
Quiet breezes drag branches  
back and forth over  
shaded ground.



Kaitlin Crawford



On these bright, empty pages I must write,  
a sonnet rich in lyric and in rhyme.  
Flowing verse coming not without a fight.  
I conquer words and make them truly mine.  
Within my weary mind a sonnet grows.  
A water sprite at play in fields of verse.  
Does only God in heaven really know?  
These thoughts of mine: a blessing or a curse?  
Will my words heal the broken heart of man?  
Or rather to the garbage swiftly go.  
To bring them to the surface is my plan.  
A sonnet as my friend, and not my foe.  
This weight of verse I now longer bear;  
To finish, and be done-my only care.

-- Melissa Dammerman





Willy Smart



Alina Everett



## Gathering Flocks

by Caitlin Patterson

Spinning on the axis of blinding sun,  
 my youth is in question; it cannot be that these distant ones are quite as old.  
 They act like little children:  
 alien to me, dim-minded,  
 hunkering near, but not quite attached to that dull, solid, unimaginative earth, the center of their flighty horizons.

Foreigners dive towards the earth, in faulty games,  
 squawking with awful laughter, looking for the circus:  
 it is easy to pinpoint.  
 Those low-sky dwellers below entertain me. From far above and outside their realm, I see only ravenous hyenas; inside their  
 warped circles, they are blind  
 to all foolishness.

I wish that I could draw some of that miserable populace higher, above their thick hazes,  
 to show them my map of a thousand miles.  
 Sometimes, several would take up residence with me  
 in my drafty universe. Nevermore  
 are there kind visitors. Those few would rather be amid fluttering numbers,

than exchange talk with one who knows  
many things,  
and the sky.

Someday, I will descend towards earth,  
and find a calling there. But I aim to return to these limitless  
depths of effortless sky, to  
fly higher than ever before.

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### **Frigidity**

by Caitlin Patterson

Frost-bitten ground amplifies all in the chilled forest.  
Drowsy deer, sedate skunks, repressed raccoons,  
slink in long shadows of trees.  
A squirrel races by, feet brushing crumpled leaves;  
its breath a small puff of white cotton.  
Sharp, shrill, obnoxious birds penetrate stoic silence.  
A crow circles the landscape, looking for a perch like a bee searches for the perfect flower.  
Sparrows settle for the evening in a distant tree.  
Thrice hoots a calm owl, its realm of dark soon to come.  
Like shreds of gold, the last drops of sunlight filter through trees and ragged brush:  
Winter serenity, deathly calm, a reminder of what soon will prevail.  
Dead, naked, shriveling trees survey bleak, friendless forest; an occasional creaking branch defies the wood's secrecy.  
Winter is not far away.