

3rd Year Pieces

2017-2018

The Art of Clowning

by Jaeda Moyer

Freshmen girls should worry more about their looks. Reflecting in the mirror, they would see that they are so incredibly talented they could star in a circus. Freshman girls would make perfect clowns, masking their true identities with makeup. Since their whole lives are already on social media, privacy should not be a problem. In their group chats, they do no harm -- they are simply clowning around.

In their 3-ring circus, spotlights would be unnecessary. The ghostly amount of highlighter these perfect girls wear allows them to shine on any stage. These girls would not be any old clowns, but entertainers who naturally juggle multiple boyfriends. Circus makeup and costumes would be a small price compared to what they usually spend on their artificial hair and nails. The girls would not need a small clown car, because they could pile way more buddies into the brand-new jeep their daddy just bought for them. They have also mastered comedy at high school lunch periods, where they poke fun at the "weirdos" whom they think populate the circus freak show. There are always openings to become a clown, but those big shoes are best matched with big mouths to fill them.

Desire

by Emme Richards

Taste victory:
sweet and addictive
like sweet strawberry soda.
Hard work results in a
nice reward.

Victory tastes like iron;
the blood of fallen
friends or foes.
Winning over competition
offers addictive power.

Shady

by Sarah Morgan

Black understands w
ite,
possessing white's lack, as it
absorbs all colors.
Rainbows disappear in a black sky;
a paintbrush is useless
on charcoal canvas.
White just sits, empty.

White understands black, as it
reflects all colors,
revealing the rainbow.
Everything is visible in white.
Black mourns what it cannot be.

Duplicitous

by Emme Richards

Poverty immerses itself in wealth,
as homeless men
wish they were wearing suit and tie.
Regretting their bad decisions:
wasting money,
abandoning a family,
ignoring advice of school teachers.

Wealth unveils poverty:
tie wearers and suit adorners
wish their lives were as full as
those of street people who
smoke cannabis,
drink exotic liquors,
take Caribbean vacations, keeping
but little money in banks;
enjoying life while young.

Rage

by Jaeda Moyer

Taste anger: trickling
down the esophagus
like a flaming Carolina Reaper.
Smelling like burnt poison ivy, each
pain swallowed, choked down;
every last bit of torturous emotion
boils your insides,
scarring delicate tissue,
leaving only
a tasteless pile of ash.

Cabela's

by Emme Richards

So many to choose, far too
many to see.
Walking briskly down an aisle;
searching for the perfect one.
Perhaps,
the Man in the Moon will
appear tonight. With
the help of this gadget,
hiding in its cold,
quiet,
uninviting store
where lights blink;
electric wires sing.

I am called, my name whispered,
by a bronze apparatus.
Twinkling lens like stars it will find,
a sturdy,
determined tripod,
beckons me to take it home.
Impulsive hands grab. Before you can say,
"Sky Searcher!" we walk into black night.

Ghost Pepper

by Jaeda Moyer

Hot blistering sun strikes down
on dry skin, boiling
charcoal black hair, ruining
all my patience.

pieces

by Jaeda Moyer

Failure knows success.
Every person has something
that seeps deep into their skin
with the word: failure.
Building a home, just
for it to burn with nothing left but
a thick layer of ash,
feels like ultimate failure.
But.
Rebuilding a foundation
over the rubble
is the first sign of success.

Failure unveils the power to withstand a blow;
becoming building blocks to success.
Structures built over scarred ground
contain stories and memories.
Walking into a house
that had once fallen; knowing
you were able to stand back up,
is the ultimate form of success.

Me

by Emme Richards

The sun is my foe,
yet my auburn hair is reminiscent
of all its warm colors.
I blame
that big star
for freckles that pattern my skin.
Arizona heat causes me
to hide like a burrowing owl
during warm summer months.
Turquoise drops of rain
are all my hazel eyes long to see.

Competition Day

by Kiki Eckhart

Gliding onto the ice, I could feel my legs start to shake.
Weak and scared, I felt as if one hundred butterflies were
fluttering around in my stomach. I skated to my position,
and all I could think about was what the judges were going

I burst!
Enraged, bursting
like solar flames:
veins bulging,
eyes popping,
fists clenched,
gritted teeth,
I *screammmmm*
a hot blood-curdling yell.
Until.
A subtle breeze blows by,
cooling my charred body,
leaving nothing
but a thick layer of
ash.

A New Day

by Emme Richards

A warm season of rebirth - -
pink tulips flourish;
emerald aspen leaves glimmer with droplets of water;
cherry blossoms fragrantly waft through tepid air.
Bluebirds chirp in whistling breezes;
no chaos; only peace.

Lively, trickling turquoise waters sprint like swift winds.
A spotted newborn fawn drinks.
Dancing prairie grasses nest little mice:
not even angry Mother Nature will disturb them.

Bag it Up

by Jaeda Moyer

Am I supposed to rake up all the leaves?
There is too much homework to go outside.
When dogs attack the pile - - that's my pet peeve!
If this happens, I start to lose my pride.
As I scoop up each colorful leaf pile,
the need to buy some garbage bags looms near.
When they are filled, it makes me want to smile;
then I begin my fun ecstatic cheer.
Successfully, I pick up the large sack,
to tie before it can crazily spill.
Now I must throw it over my worn back,
and climb up every treacherous tall hill.
When this long Monday is finally done,

to say. Had I not been preparing for five months to perform perfectly, I would have been much more nervous.

All of the past few months had been filled with training, comprising four lessons, as well as six one-hour practices a week. Working to get better by always putting in an extra effort, I knew I could meet my goal to skate my best. My schedule was always crammed with all the extra time I needed to spend at the rink. My positive attitude every day before I stepped out on the ice assisted my realizing how well I could do. I persevered through all of this exhausting, hard work to be successful.

The pressure that I put on myself, as well as pressure from my coach, from the judges, from my parents was the hardest part. Standing on the ice, I glanced at all the excited faces reflecting a desire for me to do well. Seeing my coach, my friends, and my family anticipating what was about to happen was impeccably nerve-wracking.

The loud cheers when I landed my first double jump gave me a sense of confidence. Witnessing my coach smile when I perfectly executed my first combo spin diminished my nerves. When it was all over, I realized how much all the hours I had spent skating helped. In the end, the feeling of accomplishment I had was the biggest win of all.

Marshmallow World

by Jaeda Moyer

Light delicate flurries
fall upon my nose,
tickling like down feathers.
A gentle breeze whispers,
cool as Jack Frost's breath.
Happiness warms frozen cheeks.
Beauty in each individual flake;
calmness freezes in my body
like clear crystal icicles,
bring balance and peace.
Still as a snowman, I
watch snow fall.

Hiking

by Sarah Morgan

I enjoy hiking to escape the stress of reality and explore a whole new place all alone. It's also healthy exercise.

it would be great to go for a slow run.

Chaotic Mind

by Emme Richards

Where am I? There's darkness, as far as the eye can see. A light breeze tugs at my hair. It's not unpleasant; it's actually very warm. I catch some noise in my ear and turn around. A vibrant city stands before me and I realize I'm standing on a bridge, which leads to the bustling heart of the city. Now that I'm facing the bright lights and skyscrapers, the honking of cars and police sirens are much clearer. They call me. . . and I'm running. Running across the bridge suspending me above a calm, fast-flowing river. I look ahead but I don't seem to be getting any closer. Frustrated, I keep trying.

The city is unreachable, so I give up. I turn away. Busy sounds drain from my ears, replaced with silence. I don't look back as I walk to the end of the bridge. The ground below me turns from thick wood to soft grass. It's not as dark as I remember. It seems like the bright city has drained all color from the grass. I walk, and in no time I'm surrounded by pastures of the darkest green. The only light is given off by a single constellation: the Big Dipper. No moon, no planes, no illumination. Steeds of night, grazing, lift their heads. When their eyes meet mine, it all comes to me. Why could I walk to this place? Why was entering the city impossible? Why was nowhere achievable? Why does it all make sense?

And I awake.

Nightmares are dreams gone badly. My nightmare might be the least of someone else's worries. Sometimes I'll wake up sweating, unable to recall what happened. Many a time I've woken up with tears in my eyes and I'll know it was emotional. I've become so accustomed to these unusual, scary dreams that wake me with a jerk. Those are my "night terrors." While these dreams are less common, many of my nightmares are recurring. I've never thought about why these dreams choose to infect my nights. Perhaps my imagination chooses to run wild while I'm sleeping. The attention I have during the day is all directed towards learning, so when it's time to rest, my mind is free. The cage in which it was confined is gone and, sometimes, it chooses to wreak havoc on my senses.

As if wanting to make me miserable when sleep is supposed to be peaceful, my dreams take a toll on my energy. The events of the day that were most memorable

Recently, I went on a hike to Crystal Mountain with my mom and our two dogs. We began our hike and instantly noticed all the vegetation, like huckleberry and willow bushes. I soaked in rays of sun shining through the holes between aspen leaves and pine needles. It felt so natural to be out alone in the wilderness. The sound of dogs' feet thumping down the trail warned me of their approach; along with the cloud of dust that would clog my mouth and nose. It made me cough and stumble around, and I tripped over rocks and roots.

A small stream that the dogs loved to splash in ran near the trail. In one place, it ran deep enough to wade in, so I took off my socks and shoes and sat on the bridge that carried hikers over the creek. Cool water smoothly running over my hot, dusty feet felt so refreshing. Sounds of ripples flowing underneath me soothed my mind. A splash in my face snapped me out of my peace as the dogs rushed through the stream. As we walked, I held out my hand and let branches of rough evergreen trees and berry-less huckleberry bushes brush against my skin. When we stopped to take a break, cold water rejuvenated me. I was disappointed when we had to turn around, because that meant our trip was close to ending. We couldn't finish the hike as there wasn't enough time, but what we did get to trek was breathtaking.

Sonnet

by Emme Richards

Small finches perch upon the windowsill:
the rising sun warms every little head.
A hungry robin searches for its kill;
each worm stares down at hungry birds with dread.
A line of evergreens stands tall and firm.
The bright star lies against the rising sky.
A spider's web glistens at every turn;
the falling dew ruins where she will lie.
A den of rabbits starts to move and stir - -
some rays of light shine down upon the world.
My little house cat licks and grooms its fur;
the carpet hosts the dog with tail curled.
The sun rids earth of dark and quiet night,
beginning to make way for each new light.

replay themselves or are put into a simulation where I have little, or no, control over my actions. I feel terrible afterwards. I'll think about them for days at a time until they're nothing but a memory. Even when these nightmares are at their worst, it's not the dream itself that makes me scared; it's how it will toy with my emotions. Dreams throw me onto the most unstable roller coaster. They contort my thoughts in the worst ways. My feelings reach a peak of happiness, then are thrown to the ground where sadness resides.

Nightmares come and go. They have no cure or prevention: in fact, the most unexpected ones hit me hardest. Dreams of death, unfulfilled potential, and failure make me weary, but more aware of how I treat others. Nightmares have enhanced my senses and creativity.

Reading

by Sarah Morgan

Each story fills my summer days with joy - -
away from deep heat of the blazing sun.
I'd rather read than go play with a toy;
but other kids are outside having fun.
A daydream, to me that's what reading seems:
surrounded by each scene inside a book.
I follow characters through every scene.
and by the end I usually am shook.
Most other kids think libraries are bleak.
When I hear this, it puts me in a rage.
They read, then they think they'll become a geek
I tell them to go try just the first page.
A state of mind that thinks books are so dumb:
I'll make you try them and you will succumb!

Cease

by Jaeda Moyer

I wake at 5:30 a.m. Roosters are not crowing; the grass is lightly frosted; birds are silent. Crawling out of bed feels like being slapped with a cold, dead, prickly cactus. This year is a new beginning: new school, new friends, new teachers, new classes. I used to see new students come and go. Being the new one makes me realize how strange those students must have felt. Struggling to fit in; seeing if you fit with the jocks, nerds, know-it-alls, athletes, artists; whether you are shy, pretty, anti-social, popular, or even mean. I do not fit into just one category. These

Time to Eat

by Jaeda Moyer

Relaxed, the groundhog sleeps lightly:
a tiny, white snowflake sprinkled on dry ground,
hidden, innocent of cruelties in the world.
Awakened, she musters enough energy to lazily
peep a light brown, hairy, sleek head out
of her den, searching for a bite to eat.
Sniffing thick, dusty air,
she spots a hanging bunch of red
juicy berries. Slumping her shoulders back, she jumps
out of her den. Racing safely
to the food, she dodges
a mosquito,
tumbles over a tree branch, and awkwardly
hits
the berry bush with a loud,
booming, *THUD!*

King of Sleep

by Emme Richards

Tired from ruling all day.
Slouching on a cushioned,
red velvet throne
is heaps of work.
A royal bedroom: destination for inept legs.
Each awkward limp accompanies pampered feet.
Teeth brushing can wait;
sleep calls from a perfectly-made bed.
Deep slumber awaits.

Picture Perfect

by Jaeda Moyer

Up
down
forwards; sideways.
Infinite ideas swirl inside my brain:
twirling, spinning in various directions.
Neon yellows, fuchsia pinks, electric lemon splash upon
white cloth canvas,
darkening soft corners
like thunder clouds
booming in black sky.
Vibrant golds, ruby reds, and banana

people do not know me. Sometimes I wonder how well I know myself? Nerdy, shy, and athletic describe me at the moment.

Going to a new school must be like being adopted. I do not remember, but when I was a one-year-old, everything I knew changed into the unaccustomed. My nannies handed me over to unfamiliar people. My brain did not recognize these strangers, who would soon be the people forming the base of my world. I walk into high school now, see unfamiliar faces, and think, these are going to be important people in my life.

This year has made me realize I do not want to count down the days until I graduate. I enjoy high school; these next four years are going to be easy compared to my future. Food, clothing, everyday items, gas, are all paid by my parents now. People tend to wish away special moments, and regret not having savored them in the future. I do not want to have to go through life thinking about what should have happened compared to what actually happened. Waiting for future moments makes time feel like it is standing still; but living out my memories builds who I will be.

Campfire

by Sarah Morgan

Bright orange flames flicker
like ballet dancers lighting a dark stage.
A subtle glow lights our faces.
We all lean close,
hoping warmth will travel through cold bodies.
Late into the night, when the moon is high,
dancers tire. Slowly lessening,
each warm glow fades;
darkness consumes us.

fill blank space,
like spilled coffee
stains
thin
paper.
Once creativity starts,
there is no
end
to flowing bristles.

Sonnet

by Kiki Eckhart

It feels as though I'm not able to breathe,
the things around me shove me in the cold.
Although I want to see myself as free,
the thought of failure is becoming bold.
While secret thoughts show how I can excel,
this childish mind still has a lot to learn.
But sometime in this life I will do well:
success is something that has to be earned,
and when it comes to that I'll do what's right.
To catch myself as I am falling down,
I have one goal, and that is I will fight,
to get my feet planted on solid ground.
So my short life will be a constant test,
Accepting that will let me earn success.

Tranquility

by Jaeda Moyer

Peace is white; calm.
Light fluffy flurries of snow
dancing over ice skates.
This presence of all colors
excludes nothing.

Peace is blue: a riverbed
in early spring, smoothing every rock
with a soft touch of fresh whitewater.
Clear blue aqua quiets all except
baby tadpoles.