

Annika Nygaard

Mrs. Thompson

English 11

18 Dec. 2024

Greedy Understanding

Crowds and bunches,
Squished but grouped like severed canopies.
Words, clothes, and skin all blurred together.
You don't differentiate, it's too overwhelming.
Like banana bunches, they all look the same.
You tear away at their skin anyway.
Their peels begin to split like overripe fruit,
Spilling their juice to you.
Beneath the protection, once they're stabbed and ripped by blunt fingers,
They're bruised, and sweet, and stringy, and mushy.
Your hands are sticky, you're grinning.
You're greedy,
You eat, and eat.
Until...
Finally...
You know them to the core.
You jabbed through the thick outerlayer.
Now, the depths of the crowds and bunches are in you,
They're familiar.
You tore until the pulp that tastes appeared.
What a joy it is to understand the core of the fruit.

Annika Nygaard

Mrs. Thompson

English 11

20 Dec. 2024

The Mischievous Beast

Wet nose, stinky toes, and ginger fluff.
I scratch the warm belly of the beast.
He squirms, then melts at my touch.
I release the beast.

I scratch the belly of the beast.
It was a trick, his eyes sent a mischievous warning.
I release the beast.
Excited, he snatches a dirty sock.

It was a trick, his eyes sent a mischievous warning.
I stiffen, and he relaxes.
Excited, he snatches a dirty sock.
I capture the waggy-tailed beast.

I stiffen, and he relaxes.
He bows and sways his tail.
I capture the waggy-tailed beast.
He licks and pleads, I forgive.

Max Severson

Mrs. Thompson

English 12

17 December 2024

may 16th.

my father was a drug.

when he was there, you felt a rush
excitement and nervous euphoria.
intoxication for five minutes.

then it wears off.

and you start to realize how dizzy you are,
how your body feels weak.
acid burning on your tongue once those few seconds of hope disintegrate in your mouth.

results may vary when mixed with alcohol.

my father was gunmetal.
cold and resentful.
cruel.
carrying the weight of killing dreams,
an unshakeable grief once it's fired.

my father was the cancer.
it festered within and grew more deadly.
when he spoke, his voice shook pictures off the wall
he destroyed a home with words alone.

my father was not deserving of the morphine dripping into his veins

while i sat sober and wished for a dad.

my father is not deserving of my forgiveness.

maxwell severson, december 2024.

edens secret

i envy summer
effervescent rays of gold
her gentle breeze
an innocent bliss

effervescent rays of gold
soft flowers in your hair
an innocent bliss
the turning of tides

an innocent bliss
her gentle breeze
the turning of tides
i envy summer

maxwell severson, december 2024.

Wyatt Westervelt

Melissa Thompson

English 10

3 January 2025

My Best Shot Yet

Nervous and excited trying to hit it well

In the middle of the fairway grass soaking wet

Trying not to lose my ball seems impossible

Hitting left is becoming irritating

In the middle of the fairway grass soaking wet

Coming up to the green almost at the end

Hitting left is becoming irritating

Chipped, ball soaring like a bird in the sky

Coming up to the green almost at the end

Breath in, breath out, WHACK, Whistle

Chipped, ball soaring like a bird in the sky

Found the hole like a magnet, gasps and claps

Breath in, breath out, WHACK, Whistle

Trying not to lose my ball seems impossible

Found the hole like a magnet, gasps and claps

Nervous and excited trying to hit it well

Wyatt Westervelt

Melissa Thompson

English 10

3 January 2025

-Christmas Day

Snowfall heavy like a weighted blanket, the wind whips whistling loudly.

The loss of feeling in your hands, and toes. The sting of breathing

Your nose is as red as Rudolph guiding Santa's Sleigh.

You waddle like a penguin careful not to slip, every step could make a scene.

Wiping your snowy shoes against the welcome rug. Playing Jenga with your

Jacket and adding to the puddle of wet shoes

Being inside warms every part of you

from your feelings to your frozen fingers

The beautiful glow of the tree takes over for the sun

the ornaments hanging like stars in the night sky

sweet smells of cookies and pie

the fiery taste of hot chocolate that you didn't let cool off

The comforting static of loved ones talking in the back. The taunting gifts call your name.

You can wait, but the little kids beg anyone they see to open just one gift.

The cook makes a loving meal fit for a family.

Jokes and teasing of family you haven't seen for a while.

Eli H.

Mrs. Thompson

English 10

Dec/20/24

Lifeless bodies

The first time I saw a body so lifeless
In summer's heat, oh how nice it is
Walking up ahead
Away from the future dread
I hear a soft crash
Soon after those worried gasps
You can see them stare, petrified and scared
Wondering if what they saw was truly there
I stand, stunned, with nothing to say
Wanting to run, to run away
No one moves to help
They all listen to that last yelp
With blood red, gushing like a waterfall from her head
Pooling on the floor
The car opens its door
I watch the janitor trying to save a life that was already gone
This time it seems as if this time the car won

Landon Turner

Mrs. Thompson

English 11

2 January 2025

Personal Percussion

Music was a way to unwind,
Being able to play it was almost healing.
The drums were exciting and cool
Even though I wasn't great I kept going

Playing songs that I loved
With lyrics that read my mind
Creating and being different was made possible
and felt right
Endless possibilities that were controlled by me
With drum sticks that almost felt like a magic wand
With the endless sounds
Made by just hitting a different surface
A sound that was so familiar
Was now made by me

The drums let me release rage and sadness
When I put on the headphones
I seemed to change
They seemed to hide the growing pains.

The pop of the snare
The click of the high hat
distracted my worried mind
Soothing it till it no longer mattered
When I'm happy
When I'm sad
They make me feel heard and muffle the heart ache
Playing fast metal songs
Or soothing rock ballads
and everything in between

The music,
Like an eternal friend
That's there till the very end.

Kaitlin Anderson

Mrs. Missy Thompson

English 11

20 December

One day you're here one day you aren't
You can't be scared to live
Spend time with family
Be courageous

You can't be scared to lice
Open up to the person you have feelings for
Be courageous
Go to your friends

Open up to that person you have feelings for
Tell them you love them
Be courageous
Go be yourself

Tell them you love them
Spend time with family
Go be yourself
One day you're here on day you aren't

Braelyn Gonshorowski
Mrs Thompson
English 10
03 January 2025

A couple years left I say
Walking out the door
Dropping in my bag in my locker
Not a care of what's coming next

Walking out the door
Waiting to see my classmates
Not a care of what's coming next
5 years left

Waiting to see my classmates
Trying to be be a different person
Instead of 5 years now it's 4
I didn't want to go to school anymore

Trying to be a different person
Dropping my bag in my locker
I didn't want to go to school anymore
A couple years left I say