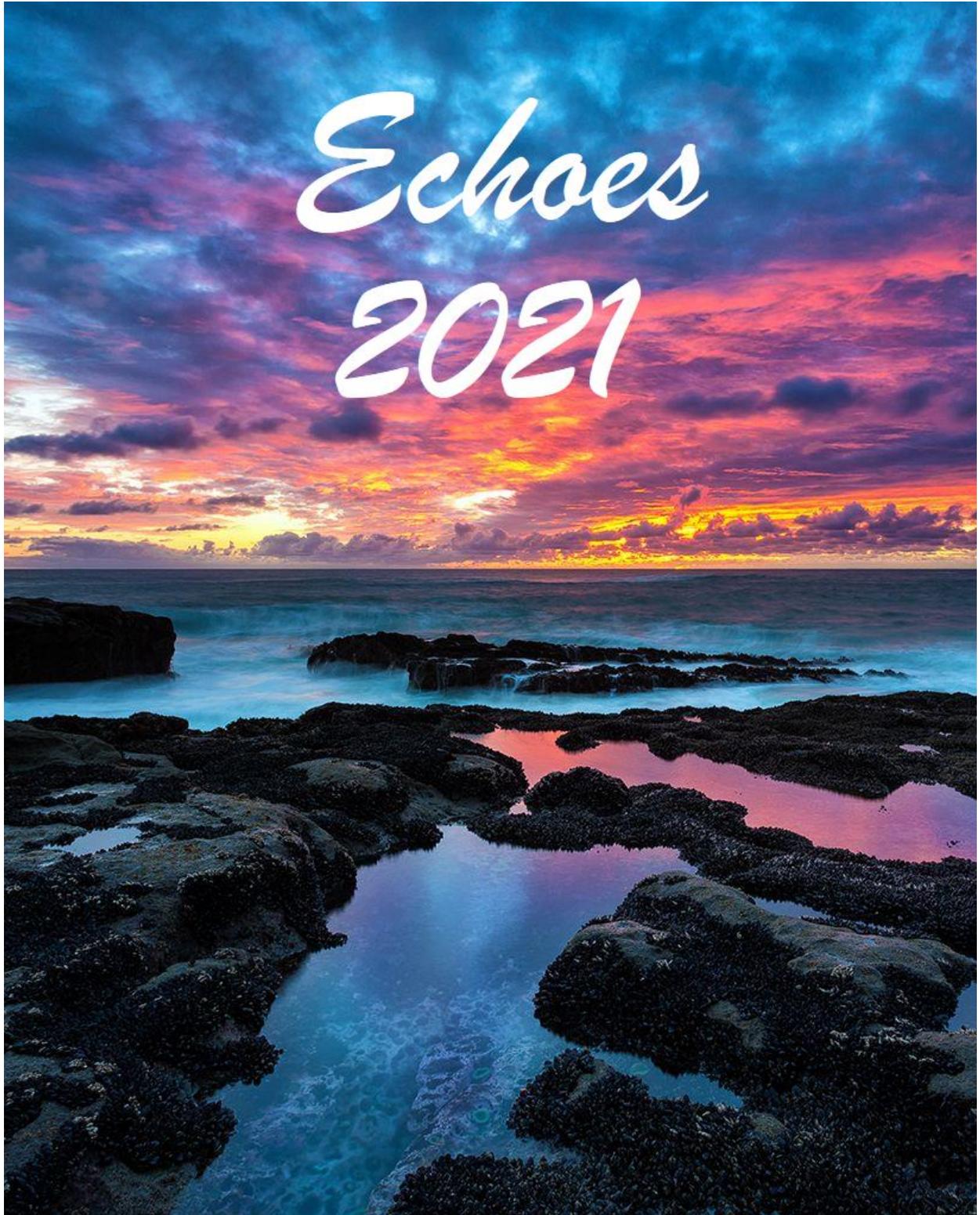


# *Echoes* *2021*



# ECHOES 2021

## Poets

Anonymous  
Gabi Ayd  
Emily Enlow  
J. Gaehle  
Hannah Krivelow  
Nicole Lindberg  
Tim Lopez  
Brian Rubin  
Nandhini Sivabalakannan  
Skylar Tiggard  
Gwen Treasure  
Bradley Wunderlich

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This publication is a compilation of works by the Creative Writing course  
at Parkway Central High School.

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Chesterfield, MO USA

## **Wish Upon A Star**

By Hannah Krivelow

Each night I go to bed dreaming a dream so deep;  
    when the sun goes down,  
    and the stars come out,  
    I wish upon them.

Each morning I check the clock  
    and watch as the hours tick by.  
    I wait patiently.  
    When the clock strikes 11:11,  
    I squeeze my eyes tight  
    and make my wish.

Each day as I apply my mascara,  
    eyes opened wide,  
    my eyelashes turn darker,  
    and wonder how long they'll last.  
    On the days when one lash can't seem to hold on any longer,  
    I put the small, curled hair on the tip of my finger,  
    and I make my wish as I blow it away.

Seventeen years of wishes,  
and I am still forced to dream.  
My imagination runs wild,  
and sometimes it seems like the genie will never come out of the bottle.  
But I keep on wishing,  
though I know the clock will turn from 11:11 to 11:12,  
and sometimes the stars will be covered by clouds.  
For I believe  
that on the day it's meant to be,  
my wishes will come true.

## **Civil Rest? Never heard of her.**

By Nandhini Sivabalakannan

MLK Jr. once said that "Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that.  
Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that".

Poor guy.

Has anyone informed him that no one listened?

It was my kindergarten teacher who said that *all* colors, tints, shades, and tones must be used to create a masterpiece.

Our politicians are no Da Vinci.

Gen Z living in America.

We've been fed a steady diet of Mcdonald's and lies from birth.

Home of the brave?

Maybe. Sure. I can compromise.

Land of the Free?

Don't be delusional, my dear.

Born into eternal chaos, a positive parabola of madness.

The aftermath of 9/11?

Left us a coming-of-age present of increasing Islamophobia.

Can you hear TSA calling out for a "random check", my love?

Mass school shootings traumatized us, our consciousness now numb to firing bullets.

Did you rub shoulders with a toxic friend named violence, sweetheart?

Murders of children of color at a nearby Target?

Like. Comment. Repost.

*Move on.*

It's just another day livin' the American dream.

Let's take a roll call, shall we?

Darkness, anger, anarchy?

Present, miss.

They reply with private school prim voices and suicide blade grins.

Light, hope, justice?

You could hear a pin drop.

Absent.

Reason? Deported. Unlawful immigration.

You need both the white and black keys to play music on a piano.

But what difference does it make when the notes fall on deaf ears?

## What Words Have Meaning

By Skylar Tiggard

There's a lack of language in texting  
or so I've been told.

You can't connect to another person  
if you are divided by space.  
For what power is there in the written  
word?

We are told to make our essays concise,  
to keep our ideas within a word count,  
but a character limit is absurd!  
How can you convey complexity  
with finite expressions?

And tone -  
the monotone  
of a text  
prevents sarcasm.  
How would we ever know Catch-22  
was a work of satire just by reading it?

Can you really mean your words  
when they are spoken mute  
to an invisible face?  
When has anyone said something they  
didn't mean,

## Winter at Mulbury Chapel

Anonymous

The trees are perfectly dead  
so that the deer can keenly hide.  
The sun is brutally shining,  
though not much heat resides.

The leaves are displaced from their  
branches -  
they make me go on in crunchy trances.  
The glitter from the sun falls to the  
snow,

and wish they would have taken the  
time to think?

To confront their own words  
and ponder their effects  
before casting them out to the world?

Oh our precious language!  
Perverted by abbreviations and  
symbols.  
Why would anyone  
vandalize this treasured language?  
It is  
forever stoic in the face of evolution.  
Pure in the sense of its  
never-changing nature.

The text,  
digital communication.  
A new form of words that  
cannot be progress  
just by nature of its newness.  
Words are only worthy in their  
original state  
even if "original"  
never existed  
at all.

creating a pounding glow.

Chipmunks, their cheeks so full,  
scurrying, storing - a little too late...  
For there's already snow glistening on  
their plate.  
And with the air crisper than an apple,  
I know it's winter at Mulbury Chapel.

## A Rose in the Ash

Anonymous

A spark ignites a leaf  
that creeps through the shoulders  
of the plentiful blades  
of once green grass.

Fire spread through the forest,  
taking with it all that stood in its way.  
Flame of the burning sun,  
destroying any memory of what was  
before.

The screams and cries  
echo through the seething planet  
drowned out by the heat  
of the past fading away.

Sirens wail in the distance, shut off  
by a dense cloud of smoke,  
replacing the sun  
with gray. Sifting through

rock and rubble,  
there lay a wasteland covered in  
miles of ash. Through it all,  
a patch of green emerges.

Stooped yet standing,  
charred yet living,  
lay a single white rose.

## I Am -

Anonymous

I Am-  
Peaches      Like apples and honey  
Baseball in my backyard  
    The gym  
Ups and  
Downs  
Far and      Wide

Clumsy. A little crazy  
Always loud yet      often Quiet  
Rolling with it  
    No plan  
always inspired  
Early morning with late nights

Ancestors      lost

Under my bed  
A mess  
    Empty-      Wrappers

Broken  
Before  
Fixed

Leaping forward

## The Poetry Of Art (Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*)

By Nandhini Sivabalakannan

The sun had set, and as if the clock had struck the hour,  
the girl had become a woman -  
a phoenix rising from the ashes once more.  
The pearly shell covers opened, revealing the goddess to the world.  
Waves of water lapped at her unadorned feet, like eager puppies waiting to be petted.  
For those who dared a closer look, they would be rewarded with the glow of creamy  
irradiant light that seemed to seep from her skin.  
A subtle indication that she was not merely mortal,  
but *something else* entirely.

Her coral waist-length hair, oblivious to laws of gravity, gently floated around her in a  
phantom breeze.  
It framed her angelic face and gave way to her radiant smile.  
The villager's feet moved closer,  
drawn in by her cruel enchantment.  
Who was she?, some wondered.  
Who should we thank for her presence?, others asked.  
All questions would be answered as father time deemed necessary.  
Venus held out her hand and introduced herself to the villagers,  
now and forevermore, her loyal subjects.

## Acoustic Guitar

By Tim Lopez

Somewhere in the corner  
lies an object  
with silvery knobs on its head,  
a long neck,  
and an hourglass body.  
Strings are attached  
from its head to its base.  
When played,  
A mixed wave of sounds appear -  
voices indistinguishable.  
The strings' voices fabricate  
a sublime sound.

Lonely as it seems.  
Seductive as it sings.

Pairs well in groups.  
Just as well in solo.

Strings could be tapped,  
strummed with a finger,  
Or plucked individually.  
Nothing can beat it  
especially when played  
with a passion equipped.

It quietly sits  
right there in the corner.  
As it waits for its master  
to jest with it.

## **That Vegan Preacher**

By Nicole Lindberg

I see her almost every day.  
My For You page is overrun by her  
stupid songs  
and other creators ridiculing her stupid  
songs.  
I see her painted t-shirts everywhere I  
go.  
Her gifs dance in my eyes whenever I  
close them.  
Her voice sticks to my eardrums  
whenever I hear it,  
and I want to bash her ukulele over her  
head.  
She constantly preaches that  
“meat is murder”  
and we shouldn’t eat milk or eggs  
because of the inhumane treatment  
shown to the animals.

Now, being vegan is all well and good,  
but when you start shoving it down my  
throat,  
that’s when it’s less about activism  
and more about harassment  
and bullying.  
But for all the talk about not eating meat  
or eggs  
or milk,  
Imagine my surprise  
when I head to my local McDonald’s  
and see her  
sitting at a table  
chowing down on a Big Mac  
and some chicken nuggets.  
Interesting isn’t it?

## **Goodbye My Color**

By J. Gaehle

Questioning blue eyes peer in the room,  
“What is it?”  
The white figure pulls and twists a stick of gold only to reveal a cylinder of pink roses.  
“Its a stick of color.”  
“Why do you wear it?”  
“It gives me color.”  
The air conditioner buzzes with restless silence, as a young face scrunches in confusion.  
“But why? You look fine without it.”  
“I am old; my color is gone, so this gives it back.”  
“But you already have color.  
Your eyes are brown, your hair is a marvelous white and your skin like mine is pale but  
still living.”  
*If only young eyes understood.*  
“No my dear, my eyes are plain like a dirt road, my hair has lost its life, and my skin  
hangs like window curtains.”  
*If only old eyes understood.*  
“But!”

"Hush."

"A little extra color never hurt.

A little extra color can turn a tulip into a rose.

A little extra color can turn pale skin tan, or tan skin pale.

A little extra color never hurt."

The conversation now repeats like a broken record, never ending like an earworm to a catchy song.

Now the muddled golden stick rests in small smooth hands.

Its bright golden belt outweighs its yellowed cap and skirt.

The once pink cylinder of pink roses has wilted into a stub that will never see the bright lights of a mirror again.

The legendary golden stick that once brought life to one and memories to another is now crumbling like old runes.

Goodbye my color.

## **Incomplete**

By Gwen Treasure

There you play,  
day after day  
without a care in the world.

Except "Who's it?"  
"I don't want to sleep"  
And "Is dinner ready yet?"

Until one day  
your eyes grow dim.  
You look at me and say,

"I won't make it.  
You have to move on."  
And you delve into a coughing fit.

We cry and weep for what could've  
been.  
A life lived incomplete.

Your hair, once curled with the sun,  
now gone, and I'm left with just one.

My child, my baby,  
My sweet darling light,  
Taken away much too quickly.

By hands that reached out,  
wrapped up your soul,  
and fled to a place I can't touch.

The house is so empty,  
as is my heart.  
Now all I feel is heavy

with grief and despair.  
I remember your wish  
as the taste in my mouth turns bitter.

How to move on?  
Without your smile,  
Your jubilant cries of glee.

I can't, I won't.  
For without you  
I am incomplete.

## Where Has Nature Gone?

By Brian Rubin

A baby robin goes bobbin  
for worms out of their mother's mouth.

And a deer rests near clear blue water,  
drinking on a hot day in the Amazon.

The world is changing, leaving sloths  
hanging  
for their lives and a chance to survive.

Suddenly, a roaring fire breaks out -  
SNAP CRACKLE POP -  
But there are no rice krispy treats.  
The Amazon is burning and there is  
nothing near.  
The Amazon is burning and the animals  
fear.

And after all of this, who did we hire?  
Firefighters come to the rescue.  
But it's too late.  
Acres of this forest gone. Great.

Now how are we going to survive  
if those around us don't care about the  
planet?  
We caused this but we didn't plan it.

## Dyslexia

By J. Gaehle

I will admit,  
My brain is weird.  
But it's still my brain,

It's here but now it's there

But when I read I go to the realm of  
words

This isn't the only fire.  
California went into flames, gosh darn  
it.

What are we going to do?  
There is plastic in the oceans too.  
I want to live to see 2022.

But we have a choice.  
If we just use our voice -  
But where to begin?

Cut down on plastic.  
That isn't such a horrible task, now is it?

Animals are dying.  
Birds aren't flying.  
And we are all lying  
to ourselves.  
It will affect the lives of the ones who  
come after us  
so stop acting like global warming is no  
fuss.

The deer, birds, and snakes could live  
once more in harmonious sound  
so once again the Amazon can be found.

It's...  
Well... I'll just show you!

See the word *dog*.  
Well now it's *bog*.  
No! Not like a wetland.

In this realms context it's the word dog  
but with a b (I know it's crazy!)

One minute we're on this line

.  
. .  
. .  
. .

HELLOOO!  
Now we're down here!

One second its the word *because*,  
now it *beacuase*  
or the word *bed*  
becomes *deb*.

In this realm, b and d are twins.  
was it D and B or B and D? I can't  
tell!  
The only real difference is seen when we  
are old and grown.

That's just the unruly realm of this  
world...

Sorry (not really) there's more to see!

In theory Black and white text is a good  
combination  
Its aesthetic is a masterpiece!

Welp!

NOT HERE

Black and white is now the bane of your  
existence! (like mine)  
On this page it's truly a fright!

Its chaos,  
Destruction.  
Laser beams  
with the remains of a blown up  
rainbow.  
(For goodness sake, change the color  
already!)

The puked colored rainbow flows like a  
filter covering the stubborn white  
background  
while black text remains untouched;

Well, until it starts to refashion as time  
goes on,  
they shake as strong as an earthquake  
or the lettering will start to jump out!

This is my realm of words.  
I know, I know, its a bit messy.  
But I understand it.

My realm of words may confuse.  
But to me, it's home.

This is my brain's design,  
this is the realm only I and others like  
"I" can visit.  
Sorry, this poem is your only peep  
hole.

Hopefully you can see it again, if only  
for a second.

## **Orchestra Of Wind**

By Bradley Wunderlich

"Picture yourself, for a moment, standing over an open field of wheat, corn, or some other crop of large abundance. Do not picture yourself in it, but rather as a bystander, perhaps from a place of elevation, like a road. Now look. Hear the wind brush upon each plant.

Did you in your mind picture exactly how many plants, or did you just picture a sea of green grass? A few rows before your brain got bored, copy and pasting from that point forth? The wind does not get bored. Rather, it remembers to brush against every one. It shows us scale, like a shadow's size. The scale of the many.

The wind is an orchestra, like the shadow is a painting. The wind has not its own one sound; saying as such would be labeling the sound of an orchestra the sound of merely one violin. We in our singular conscious mind only hear one note of this ever encompassing melody. The sound of the wind we hear is a miniscule fraction of what this orchestra is playing. To us, it is perhaps as simple as a single note, from a single song, from a single violin. To us, the soft breath blowing past us is the wind. But that is the violin. Not the orchestra."

## **My Sketchbook**

Anonymous

Dear Sketchbook,  
Bigger than my face, almost brand new,  
your yellow cover hides secrets inside.  
You stay in my backpack for now,  
or maybe you lay on my desk, just waiting.  
With you I can feel complete,  
but you are far from that.  
A new idea comes to mind and I grab my pencil to begin.  
Big and small markings cover your off white pages.  
I can see your potential to be great.  
A doodle or a big idea, you are ready.  
I continue to ruin your pages and crumble your cover  
Because you are my freedom, my getaway.  
A break from reality.  
An escape.

## **Blink of an Eye**

By Gabi Ayd

All it takes is a blink of an eye,  
and everything can change.  
This millisecond can make you cry,  
feeling different and strange.

You get one shot at life.  
Find self-love.  
Don't make your journey about finding  
a wife;  
find something to be proud of.

## **T-Shirt**

By Emily Enlow

Walking into my room,  
I lay on the scratched, deep brown,  
wooden floor.  
Your black, oversized T- shirt rests  
inside-out and wrinkled from being  
worn.  
Light as a feather,  
yet weighted by the memories of you.  
  
It smells as if you could be in the same  
room.

## **A Cottage in the Middle of the Woods**

By Nicole Lindberg

There is a cottage  
in the middle of the woods.  
The women who live there  
don't have wifi,  
or phones  
or even a computer.  
Their only contact to the outside world  
is the little boy that delivers the paper  
every morning.

Live only for yourself.  
You are important and have so much to  
give.  
How do you want to remember oneself?  
Let all of your goals become outlived.

Everyone has things to stress.  
Stop and focus on the now.  
Don't let life feel like a mess.  
No human is perfect anyhow.

Yet, you're a hundred miles away.  
I wonder if you know I still have what  
was once yours -  
that I wear it every night.  
It hugs my body, tightly, like you used  
to.

I was wearing it while we said our final  
goodbye,  
to the love that is now gone.  
You left. Now all I have is your T-shirt.

He walks to the door,  
knocking softly  
in the newly risen sun.  
One of the women answers.  
"Good morning!" he says  
in childish glee.  
The woman smiles back.  
"How are you doing today?"  
she asks the boy.

"Just fine Mrs. Greene!" he always replies.  
He hands her a rolled-up paper from his carrier sack.  
The woman hands him a dollar and a fresh croissant, as per usual.  
"My wife baked them this morning" she says as the boy takes a bite.  
"Thank you so much!" he says, skipping away.  
The woman waves as he goes down the cobblestone trail.  
This is the routine - they never miss a day.  
The boy comes to the door, one of the women answers it - they take turns every day.  
One day, however, when the boy knocked on the door, both of the women greeted him.  
"Hi, Mrs. Greene's!" he greeted in joy, pulling out the paper.  
Both of the women smiled.  
"Do you know what today is?" The boy frowned.  
"Tuesday?" he asked, a little confused.  
The women laughed.  
"No silly!" the other woman said.

### **A Wordless Argument**

By Skylar Tiggard

The house stood small and vigilant among a row of identical houses.  
Paper dolls linked by manicured lawns sweeping the street.  
As night fell,

"It's your birthday!"  
The boy's eyes widened.  
"I thought you'd forget!" he exclaimed in surprise.  
The women shook their heads and held out a vanilla cupcake with red frosting, rainbow sprinkles, and a candle on top.  
They lit the candle and sang him a birthday song.  
"Make a wish!" they said, holding the cupcake for him.  
The boy closed his eyes before blowing out the candle.  
The women took the candle out before handing him the cupcake.  
"Happy birthday, sweetie!" the women exclaimed.  
The boy gave them both a hug, being careful with his cupcake  
"Thank you Mrs. Greene's!" he said, smiling so wide.  
The women gave him a five-dollar bill instead of just one.  
"Go have a very happy day!" they said as he skipped back down the path.  
The wives watched him with a smile, knowing that they had made the boy's day.

closing curtains and locking doors,  
one porch light winked in the darkness pretending that its secrets were still pent inside,  
not flooding the eager ears of gossipers

who were listening carefully on either side for the latest update on the events shrouded between its walls.  
If they listened very carefully, and kept very quiet, shouts could be heard, seeping from white trimmed windows where the curtains were open just a sliver.

A flash of red goes by, a glimpse of the red sweater inside as its wearer rises from her chair, arms sweeping out in front of her deflecting words back at her adversary who continues to scream, ponytail bobbing, wisps of hair coming loose from their confines, and spinning around her head like a lion. She pauses just long enough to gasp for air, but Red Sweater pounces, taking the space to spit out years of pain long buried within the deep lines of her face, identical to the one across from her except for the weight of age. With her stolen eyes wide in frenzy, Ponytail tries to cut in, and wedge her words between syllables

just to be heard in the conversation. Red Sweater waves her arms, frantically now, trying to make her presence bigger. Big enough to have the final word.  
She succeeds.  
The red sweater woman cuts off Ponytail in a shriek.  
The room is still.  
She opens her mouth to try and pull the words back in - moving her lips around sentences that would take it all back - but no sound comes out.

In one brisk movement, the ponytail girl yanks her coat off the back of the sofa and leaves in a flourish of slamming doors.  
Red sweater shuts her mouth knowing that even if she could gather words, no one cared to hear them. Slowly, she sinks down into the adjacent chair, a silent leather witness, and stares at the spot Ponytail once stood.  
Colors bleed through a kaleidoscope of tears.

## **Taking care of Gaia**

Anonymous

The chair made a rattling sound  
as she rolled swiftly around.  
A speedster on those valiant wheels  
chiming her laughter and puerile  
squeals.  
I hold her handles as we make pace,  
for on her own she couldn't win the  
race.  
And when it comes time to head to bed,  
you'll see an understanding look of  
dread.

## **Business is Boomin'**

Anonymous

Freezing rain made its way  
onto streets and sidewalks  
overnight. Unaware, groggy  
townsfolk woke up bustling to work,  
with  
  
clear, slick ice cascading the streets.  
Early in the morning, cars backed  
out of driveways and tires skid.  
Bumpers collided with trees,  
  
curbs, and other cars. Panic spread  
throughout the town as more  
and more damage was done. Thousands  
of dollars worth of destruction piled up  
  
and immediately so did calls. The man  
picked up his phone as he was fixing up  
the last  
things he could before business went  
under.

For each night she must plea,  
"Can you please help me?"  
I pick up the little girl from her cursed  
throne  
and carried her up the stairs of her  
home.  
Every day she needs more help than  
most,  
for, you see, the little girl's legs were  
toast.

A look of surprise spread across his face  
  
when he had to put the first caller on  
hold.  
The second call was followed by the  
third, fourth,  
and so on. Within minutes, he had tens  
of  
calls placed on hold, rushing to write  
  
the names of the needy on his notepad.  
His look of surprise became a wide,  
toothy grin after the last call was dealt  
with.  
He wasn't sure the last time it had  
snowed  
  
but there was one thing he knew.  
There was only one mechanic in town.

## **Ants: "No Risk, No Brisk"**

By Tim Lopez

Small and tiny,

yet never whiny.

Collects scraps of food.

Sometimes under wood.

All day and all night.

Works till it's alright.

There's a scout, server, soldier.

What more can you ask. A  
butler?

Their armies are complete.

None would dare to compete.

Fragile bodies can thrive.

Just don't destroy their drive.

Laziness is not an option.

Nor is it in their diction.

All they do is work.

Even as predators lurk.

## **Sad Therapist**

By Emily Enlow

Everyone goes to her for advice.

And she knows exactly what to say.

Her phone lights up with a slight

dinging noise:

"I need you."

and she drops everything to make sure  
they're okay.

Blue and white bubbles,

back and forth.

You're glad she is there

to take the weight off your shoulders

and put it on her own.

It gets heavier and heavier,

like bricks piling on to each other.

The same girl who gives advice to

others,

lays in her queen-size bed,

in an empty room,

with tears streaming down her face.

She laughs until she can't anymore;

she smiles until it's imprinted on her  
face -

a mask that won't come off,

to hide the pain everyone ignores.

"Text me if you ever need me."

She considers the proposition.

Her hand picks up her phone when she

can't breathe,

but always sets it back down.

The wise words she gives her friends

are words she doesn't take in.

She doesn't want to feel like a burden

to those who say they care.

"Dont cry,"

"You got this,"

"Everything happens for a reason,"

"I'm here for you,"

she says with tears in her eyes.

## COVID-19 Satire Poem

By Brian Rubin

January 21,  
Just 365 days before the Inauguration,  
The First American contracted COVID-  
19.  
So what is the reasonable response to  
something like this?

Wait until March - I'm sure it will go  
away, one day.  
I'm sure we won't be affected in  
anyway.  
Keep your hands clean.

*2 months later*  
Okay don't panic  
The date is March 13<sup>th</sup>,  
And who knew Shakespeare could be so  
right?:  
"Beware the ides of March!"

More Americans come down with  
COVID.  
But what should we do?

A tweet comes out of the blue:  
*Have no fear for I have an idea*  
*Everyone quick*  
*Put bleach in your arm*  
*It shouldn't do you much harm*

Some side effects may be nausea, fever,  
and in most cases death.  
But how can we stop it?  
Use those handy dandy nose rests that  
you put on your face.  
What are they called?

Months go by  
But time doesn't fly.  
We aren't having fun.  
Not even girls, and that's all girls wanna  
do, according to Cindi Lauper.

Only a select few have gotten the news.  
A vaccine is made but some will refuse.  
Only 80% need it  
Before masks go away and we beat it.

But what about those who we lost?  
It is those families who have been hit the  
most.

Now back to March.  
513-thousand deaths. Is there no end in  
sight?  
Maybe if we wear masks, socially  
distance, and be cautious  
we can win this fight.

## **The Ship Set in Time**

Anonymous

What strength to take to the seas.  
Three tall pillars with five sheets to  
each.  
A beautiful ship sails along the frothy  
waters.  
The sky is blue with small clumps of  
clouds,  
with swirls of purple and pink and  
yellow,

The ship's hard wood is fortified with  
metal.  
And the cunning design cuts through  
the waves.  
The sails are a beautiful cream color  
with shading of grayish blue.  
The colors all work together  
harmoniously -  
a wonderful work of art.

## **A Good Poem**

By Bradley Wunderlich

"A good poem should have purpose  
to make one cry like a drama, or laugh  
like a circus.  
A good poem should have good  
phrasing.  
A poet uses words or diction as their  
plaything.  
A good poem should have an effect,  
like a sword does slash, or a shield does  
deflect.  
A good poem should not drone,  
lest it get annoying like an alarm, or a  
cell phone.

A good poem should use techniques,  
a strategy to words, like the Romans, or  
the Greeks.  
A good poem should provoke thoughts,  
take a closer look at its words, or untie  
its knots.  
A good poem should make a mark  
Like a stain on a shirt, or an axe on fresh  
bark.  
A good poem should have all of this  
within it.  
Then this isn't a very good poem, now is  
it?"

## **Cookies And Hellfire**

By Gwen Treasure

Bertha is old  
but she has been told  
that she can make anything true.  
  
So she set out  
to open the mouth  
of hell just to see what comes through.

Out popped the devil  
so she got to makin'  
a cookie for him to try.

It was delicious,  
so he wasn't vicious  
when she went to hades when she died.

She lived (so to speak)  
on a mountain at its peak  
in the fiery depths of the pit.

With the devil next door  
there was nothing more  
that could bring her more joy after  
death.

## **Roller Coaster**

By Hannah Krivelow

The palms of my hands  
    Sweating,  
up and down my body,  
Goosebumps,  
every few seconds,  
Shivers.

I hear the click of the buckle pushing into place,  
then a siren,  
and suddenly I feel the cart begin to move forward.

My hands,  
gripping the handle bar so tight -  
my knuckles have gone from pale white, to bright red,  
and my body begins to shake  
faster than my dog after he gets out of the bath.

Questioning when the drop will come,  
    I keep my eyes forward,  
    and though a part of me wants to get off the now speedy cart,  
    I hold on.

“WOOOO!”  
    The crowd screams as my stomach drops  
    and suddenly my nerves turn into thrill  
    as a smile creeps onto my face.

The next drop,  
    Unknown.  
when the ride will end,  
    there’s no way to tell.

    I let go a little bit,  
    allowing the blood to flow back to my hands,  
and my smile grows.

**Time Flys**  
Gabi Ayt

Four years ago we started Central High,  
but now it's time to say goodbye.

We've learned a lot and we've had some  
fun.  
It really feels like it has just begun.

Our freshman year we found our way.  
Trump became president, but he's not  
today.

Sophomore year people said #Me Too.  
We also saw a Super Blue Moon.

Junior year we were ready to rule,  
then covid came and ended school.

There was racial injustice and people  
mistreated;  
we are still left wondering, will racism  
ever be defeated?

Senior year came and we thought things  
would change,  
but here we are and things are just as  
strange.

We can view the glass half empty or  
view it half full.  
It all depends on you and if you're cool.

We've learned a lot like how viruses  
spread.  
We know how to distance and fight for  
bread.

We know Dr. Faucci and we know how  
to Zoom,  
so when you think about it it's not all  
gloom.

Central High we are just about done.  
Always remember the Class of 2021!

