

Poetry
Of A
Thousand
Knights

Oak Park High School

Because under this crystal lies my future,
my admiration. Under my future lies a mantle,
a realm, a quest, a statement, and that statement
may not always be in words. Talent doesn't
always make you good or popular; it's a God-given gift
for some of us. We may not see it, but we can
enable it. Just try and practice again
until you see the open door.

Under my crystal lies character and perseverance,
even under my perseverance lies truth,
and the truth isn't always what it may seem.
In reality it may be the shorter things in life
It isn't always determining the larger things,
and you can't foresee the truth for what it is.

Haiku About Tra

D'Angalese Johnson

Like a Sour Patch

First he's sour, then he's sweet

Feels like peaches creamed

Love Heals Mistakes Don't

D'Angalese Johnson

Underneath my shirt

is my glowing skin.

Underneath my glowing skin

is my heart, stainless steel

and popping red.

Underneath popping red

is a little crack.

Underneath the little crack

is tight stitches healing.

Underneath tight stitches healing

is a little reminder to not

let it happen again.

Underneath that reminder

is a snooze button.

Underneath that snooze button

is bold writing,

One more chance.

Underneath that *One more chance*

are the voices in my brain

telling me to be bigger

and better every day.

Satellite

Aysia Laws

The moon is a clock that keeps ticking.
It is my diamond that keeps
shining in the night. It is my ball
that rolls me into the morning.
The moon is the face of the night.

South Carolina

Chatiere' Lee

The sight of the pretty flowers
on the outside of every house.

The beautiful hot breeze that hits you,
makes your hair dance.

The taste of fresh air.
The taste of good food.

The sound of the television.
The sound of birds and people talking.

The touch of nice people.
The touch
of happiness.

Sounds Of Happiness

Travaughn Quarles

My skin is a
pine tree in the fall.

My skin is peach
cobbler on a Thanksgiving day.

My skin is the scent
of a vanilla candle
that's burnt to the wick.

My skin is lion's fur.

My skin is the sound
of happiness.

My skin is a hot summer
day in the middle of July.

No More

A'Cherel Johnson

Abuse
Sad, unfortunate
Hitting, Yelling, Screaming
Crying out for help
Battered

In The Night

Tylena Hill

In the night you hear wind
crying and bottles banging.

In the night you hear the cars
swooshing and the bushes booing.

In the night there is crickets
galloping and grass waving.

In the night you hear the murmurs
of drunk arguing and fatal noises.

In the night you see the moon glistening
as a night light for the world.

Ball Is Life

Kei'Juan Wynn

Basketball is life to the ones that are

worthy

For me to be one of those people

like serving in the army

Everyday I live to serve

It's the air that we breathe

The food that we eat

The fluid that we drink

It's nothing but blood sweat and tears

For every bucket it's a win

Just like every war is a struggle to win