Jay Wynn

Waterfall

Legs flailing with terror

Gushing rapids like fists assail me

The river’s cacophony an ensemble of anger

A deep drumming swells as I drift

That sound

The mist

Falls

Every second like a creaking floorboard

Branches snapping as the shore draws near

Slipping. Shaking. Sorrowing.

The icy riffs of those Falls become clear

Weakened hands find something to grasp.

Emma Martin

**Sleep**

The world was fading, chasing, darkness was taking over my eyes like the black moonless night does to day.

The roaring thunderous growl of the plane was transforming into the constant purr of a drowsy kitten.

Incredible peace and comfort consumed my soul as the tranquility of sleep came crawling in.

No sight.

No sound.

Only ebony ink consuming me.

Then Snap!

A noise a loud shock.

As a karate master cracks a board this noise had fractured my mind.

It was over.

My precious sleep like a glass shattering on the floor had been destroyed by the shrill voice of the flight attendant.

I jerked my head up burning with irritation but now incapable of returning to the much desired world.

Jackie Brooks

**The New Beginning**

Never ending hallway ahead,

Seeming to stretch for miles and miles,

Leading to the sounds of chattering people.

The girl walks slowly,

Cautiously,

Nervously,

Finally enters into the room filled with new faces,

She subconsciously pulls her bag closer.

The people paid her no attention,

As she walked to an empty table,

Everything here was so different,

So much bigger,

More intimidating.

Like being meat for the awaiting predators,

The silence around her struck her hard,

Small beads running down her face.

New school,

New places and faces,

New star.

“Hi” rang out the first word,

Ringing louder than a church bell.

That was all it really took,

That was how it started,

That was the new beginning

Hannah Lovegrove

**Journey to Freedom**

His uniform was crisp as the solid sky.

He was a head taller than me,

His hair dark like mine.

With hand as steady as I could manage,

I thrust the fabricated passport between him and myself.

He accepted it,

Glancing at it,

Turning, fingering,

Opening,

Flipping,

Rotating,

Locating the picture

The noise of his fingers on the pages

Echoing the ripping of my pulsing heart.

Every movement,

Every moment,

Drawn out for scrutiny by my speeding brain.

I shoved my arms behind my back,

Shaking,

Quivering,

Trembling,

All control lost

To complete fear.

Eyes locked on wooden planks

Of the dock beneath my feet,

And the water below.

Focused on

His shoes,

Shiny as steel.

I tired to act

As casual as he seemed,

But I could feel my breath

In my chest-

In my throat-

In my lungs-

Heavy as an exhausted bird.

It felt like

A nuclear reaction

Scorching inside.

He asked me to

Look up.

The icky, sinking feeling of fulfilled dread

Drowned what was left

Of my soul.

Yet,

As I tilted my head against the bright light of the sun,

I realized

That his voice had lacked

The harsh tone I had expected.

The harsh tone I was used to.

I still know

The immense feeling

That drenched me when he closed the little booklet,

And handed it back-

*With a smile.*

I could’ve collapsed right then.

I could have melted inside-

*With relief.*

But I didn’t.

I calmly stepped

Away from my life of fright,

Across the dock,

And onto

My boat of freedom.

Emma Younce

**Go to Sleep**

You start to feel drowsy,

The lethargic,

You know its’ coming.

You can feel yourself

Tipping, drifting,

Sliding, tumbling,

Weakening,

Subsiding!

Yawn.

Plunging, sinking

Over the edge

You’re hypnotized,

Your mind is blank.

Snore,

Like death.

Sleep.

Spenser Illsley

On the first page learn the names

Forming the characters in your mind

The wheels start turning as you slowly enter the world

Pressing on towards the next chapter

The plot begins unfolding

Engine releasing a puff of steam

You find your self no longer skimming

The train tracks click by

Then the pages turn without your noticing

Stories playing out in your head

The track becoming steeper

Some passengers falling out

Researching the peak

Then the words run together

And the scene is in your mind

Flowing

Racing

Finally piecing together

Screeching to a halt

When you realize you’ve read the lost word

In the midst of the train crash

You realize the next book comes out

In a year.

Hannah Kuzmic

**Stargazing**

Silence stifles, an owl hoots,

Far away appears a hole,

The black velvet slowly rips.

God pricks the fabric of the night.

Angels fill the gaps with light,

Glowing fires of comforting warmth

A diamond showcase,

Twinkling and glittering,

Winkling shyly,

Swirling like magic,

Softly growing,

Myriads of stars above the night,

Outshone only by a bright full moon.

Daniel Hudson

**Migraine**

“Oh, what is in my head?!”

A monster awakes inside me to begin his torment;

He laughs.

He begins to do his calculated, processed cruelty by starting off with a throbbing, increasing pain.

It is focused—cold, but hot as an iron.

Where did this monster come from?

It does not matter; just make it leave.

With movement the pain whooshes to life in an explosion that I alone feel.

Unashamed, deliberate, rebellion pain.

*Split!*

My head feels as if it were opened and the worst, most intelligent pain released inside.

When will deliverance come?!

The porcupine in my head explores, testing its creativity.

The monster prepares the next calculated incision—don’t worry, it’s designed for maximum pain.

The new resident in my mind is unmerciful, unexpected, unwelcome;

He’ll have to go.

There’s only one thing for it:

I rise to go to the cabinet—oh! He fights back as if he knows my plan.

But struggling through seared vision I wrestle the lid off the bottle, and gulp down this little plastic capsule our culture trusts so much.

Wait for it . . .

Oh, sweet relief—my monster is gone,

Or is he only dormant?

Angelica Wilkie

**Orphans**

Little helpless, hopeless orphans,

Hated and despised,

Misunderstood and rejected.

They care, they hate,

They love, they cry,

They laugh, they play,

They are starved, they are abused,

They wait for someone to love on

They wait patiently to have happiness and joy,

But when they do they remember and cherish,

They love they share with family.

They soring for joy and excitement, as if they were getting a puppy,

Hoping to be taken,

To be loved, and to be adored,

To have friends.

The day comes,

They pack up.

All excited to be free,

From hate, disgust, and fear,

Of all the ????

Scott Thompson

**The Broken Rollercoaster**

As we locked into the chair,

We cruised into the open air.

Our sweating brows, our hands were mopping.

The tension rising before our dropping

Like a crook before the noose.

The coaster will soon cut loose.

The rollercoaster changed upward

Like the chariot of fire,

All eyes turned downward,

Our situation; most dire.

We strolled on up,

At an easy pace.

But everyone,

Could feel their heart race.

We then reached the top,

Of our demise.

Did my heart just stop?

Oh, that drop I despise.

The intercom came on,

And spoke some words I dread.

“Technical difficulties!”

Were the words that he had said?

We sat there in the sky,

Just hanging by a thread.

If we had not been stopped,

We might just all be dead.

Matthew Rushing

**The Last Play**

Set! … Hike!

The football leaps into the quarterback’s waiting hands.

His fingers grip the ball as he steps back to pass.

4th quarter, and only 3 seconds let on the clock.

The quarterback prepares to pass.

The piston pumps and the ball shoots skyward.

Up it goes…

Spiraling,

Souring,

It reaches its peak, then . . .

Plummeting like a meteor, it shoots towards the ground.

The defender springs up and tips the ball.

It goes flipping,

Spinning, like a boomerang

Bounces off the receivers fingertips.

The receiver fumbles the ball,

His feet land just inches from the out-of-bounds.

The crowd goes wild!

TOUCHDOWN!!!