

## **My Smile is My...**

**by: Anna Sundholm**

The foundation for every morning is to do this,  
It conceals everything that I don't want to see  
And gives me a new identity full of bliss.  
A creative and wonderful way to be.

My blemishes disappear from sight,  
Covered by the layers of confidence  
That lasts through the day, and to the end of night.  
This war paint, it is my shield and my defense,

It is primed and blended to perfection.  
To be forever creaseless and on fleek.  
The product was from a specific selection,  
That ranges in colors and tones of unique.

With wings sharp as a knife, I fly.  
And contour so flawlessly edgy  
The angles and shadows are unclear to the eye,  
But it is a masterpiece, set and ready.

It lets me both disguise myself and have fun,  
As it magnifies the beauty that is already there.  
The highlights show and it glows from the sun,  
And stays until it's time to be washed away from here.

Once it was a mask to hide under for comfort,  
Now it's a creation of joy, an exquisite art that lets one express anything.  
It is a natural thing for most to do with no effort,  
But now look, my smile is my makeup.

# **Basketball**

**by: Matthew Koscho**

The whistle blows

The ball flies up

The ball is slapped

The ball goes to me

My wrist snaps

Follow through

The swoosh

The crowd screams

The whistle blows

The ball goes boom

Like the pounding of my heart

Sweat drips from my face

The whistle blows

I weave past defenders

Left and right

Easy basket

The whistle blows.

## **The Sea by the beach**

**by: Drew Campbell**

Like the lush forests she  
Shelters her many children  
Hidden in the depths.

She reflects the moon's light.  
A mirror in the sky.  
With a livid temper.  
She strikes.  
Leaving a trail of despair

Blue eyes glittering.  
Like diamonds.

She is the sea by the beach.  
The destroyer. And the designer.  
Designing a gorgeous blue landscape to follow.

## **The Dust**

**by: Casey Pelaez**

I am a piece of dust on your shoulder

I wonder if you will ever push me off

I hear the rain crying

I see the light in your eyes

I WILL become someone

I want you to open your eyes to see

I am a piece of dust on your shoulder

I pretend you can see me

I feel I matter

I touch the doorknob to your life

I worry it won't make a difference

I cry to sleep thinking the next morning will you finally see

I am a piece of dust on your shoulder

# **I am the boy that reads books with his hood on**

**by: Brandon Herrera**

I am the boy that reads books with his hood on  
I wonder what will happen on the next page will it be exciting  
I hear the sounds of the pages  
I see the pictures of the pages  
I want to know what the book is about  
I am the boy that reads books with his hood on  
I pretend I'm in the book  
I feel the feeling of the paper  
I touch the pages of the book  
I worry that i will not understand the books  
I cry when I think that something terrible is going to happen  
I am the boy that reads books with his hood on  
I understand that every book will not make sense  
I say the words of the book  
I dream everyone reading  
I try to read as much as i can  
I hope i can read more than i do now  
I am the boy that reads with his hood on