

[illegible]



AGE OF WAR

Barb Bardo

Grade 9

GRADE NINE

INDIVIDUAL

A snowflake.
Born from a cloud.
Not like any
Since the beginning of time.

Scattering, blithely uncaring
It grows.
Laughing, skipping, youthfully unknowing
It grows

Until it sees itself
Falling to the white world below,
Where a snowflake
Is simply a part
Of snow.

It cries to the sky,
Begs the clouds.

But it
is
already
too
far
down
and
the
wind
is coming
fast

Mary Cohn

WAR TO PEACE

A flash of light, an atomic sound,
A jolt, some screams, a missile ground.
A bomb, a bang, you want no more,
These are the flowers brought by war.

They say it takes all this bouquet
To win the world a better day.
After the battle a world is destroyed.
Yet they have won their peace —
Endless peace.

Vicki Greenfield

WAR

Little ones,
Playing with guns.
Bigger ones playing with war.
Little ones, now in war, die.
Why?

Carl A. Ullrich

BROTHERLY LOVE

In the restless crowd
Each man was a separate
Unit of hatred.

David Schiller

TIME

Winter, spring,
Autumn, summer;
Then back. Endless, continuous
Cycle; on forever, but man stops.
Winter, spring . . .

Carol Richtand

THE HYPOCRITE

The hypocrite,
His eyebrows knit,
As in great thought—
The hypocrite.
And to your face
He takes his place,
Sweet words he sought—
The hypocrite.
But turn your back,
He's got the knack,
His words are sour—
The hypocrite.
And he will preach,
His words will reach
You—don't listen.
The hypocrite
Will only spit
Upon his very words.

Pam Yellen

TO A SMALL BOY

A rusty nail,
A dirty face,
A candy bar,
A turtle's race.

A shiny dime,
A teddy bear,
A glass of milk,
Red, curly hair.

Old dungarees,
A cowboy show,
A story book,
The urge to know.

A paper kite,
A plane with wings,
A little boy
Is all these things.

Barbara Rothenberg

CYCLE

One of many—
Each person of the world,
Each world of the universe,
Each universe of many universes—
Until eternity.

Marilyn Rohl

DOLKA-POTS

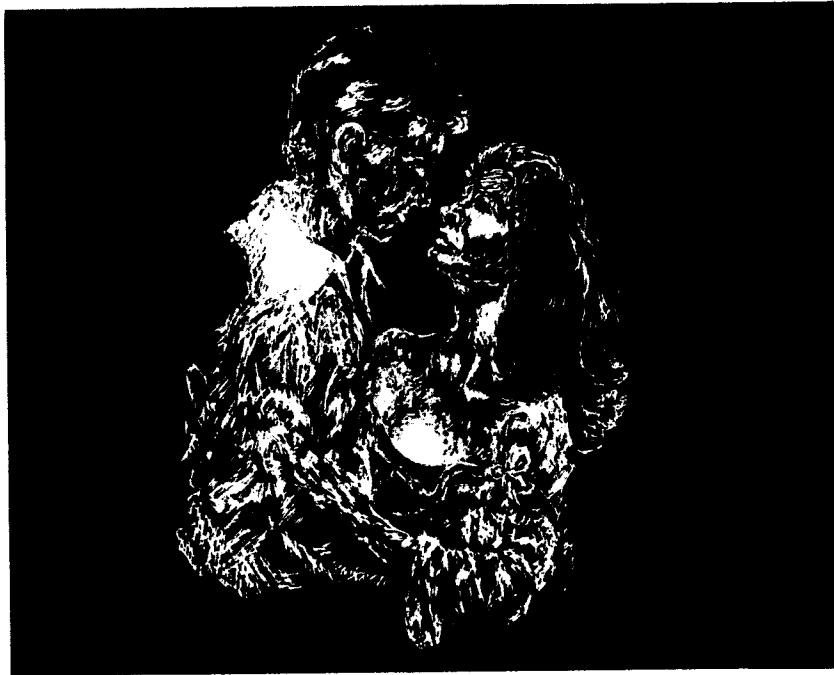
Dot, splot, polka-dot,
Hit, miss, but who cares? Artist's
Conception of Art.

Barb Shafer

CINQUAIN

Water—
Flowing, immaculate—
Meets with an adversary,
Becomes a foe instead of a friend
To man.

Leah Brose



LAST KISS

Joyce Fortner

Grade 9

DAYBREAK

Blackness
Only a light
Dusting of stars to mark
The ending night, bowing out to
The morn.

Sue Graves

HUMAN NATURE

I love,
You love,
He loves.
I hate,
You hate,
He hates.
I praise,
You praise,
He praises.
I scorn,
You scorn,
He scorns.
I'm human,
You're human,
He's human.

Marion Garver

WITCHCRAFT

I wonder why the New England sea was never hanged for witchcraft. In all those years of stubborn and proud superstition, no one has fathomed the spell of that sea; close and alien, yet compelling and wizardous. It seems strange.

There has never been a brew like the brine, bubbling and fermenting under every crested wave. Yet nobody seemed to notice. Salem may have condemned many sorceresses, but somehow that Witch who cackled and chanted endlessly into all the depths of the land was never put to trial. She wouldn't have died anyway. Though she reeked of fish and had many green-hooked noses and eyes of haunting liquidity, not a person convicted her. People had become so entangled in her misty fingers and wispy hair that they had forgotten to look into her foreboding, spellbinding, and deceitful face.

Mary Cohn

THE PECULIAR TASTE OF DEATH

I have stayed,
And you have gone;
I live on,
And yet you die.
I hate life,
And you loved it.
I seek peace,
And you have found it.

Gary Arnold

HOUDINI'S SUPERIOR

"Oh, the tyranny of these walls. Oh, the ceaseless oppressing cold, straight fascism of a wall. Day after day I lie in this cold, white bed and stare at the merciless walls."

"Please don't talk this way, Andrew. You've been ill too long I know, but don't talk of the tyranny of a wall. Perhaps you'll be out of here soon."

"Of course, I will be out of here soon. Death will take me. It will finally release my soul from this stupid, sickly case someone so wrongly named 'body'. No, it's a prison. I wish I could be unbound. To be an angel . . . to be God! To be everywhere and nowhere with no bounds of restraint."

"Andrew . . ."

"No, listen. Look. Look at that bird out there trying to fly itself away from itself. Silly bird. The smart ones fly straight into the window and break their necks. I have to wait. Oh, to be a bird!"

"Andrew, rest. I'm going now, please rest."

"I'll be out of here soon, I know; very soon, don't worry. I'll come home with you soon, very soon. Goodbye."

She walked down the huge whitewalled corridors of the huge hospital toward the door. He walked beside her, and in front of her, and above and behind, right through the door into the open spring air, but the head nurse didn't see.

Mary Cohn

THE FLOCK

Blaring
The speaker's voice
Compels, cajoles, coerces;
Herds dazed masses—a human wave
Conforms.

Steven Parmett

HAIKU

Oh, Emperor grand,
We kneel to thee as a god
Only to touch a hand.

Sandi Poole

A man in a crowd
Is with many, yet alone.
This is loneliness.

Amy Rosenberg

How many times have
You looked into the mirror
And not seen yourself?

Gail Shister

A shield of darkness;
A black dress studded with gems—
Beautiful—the night.

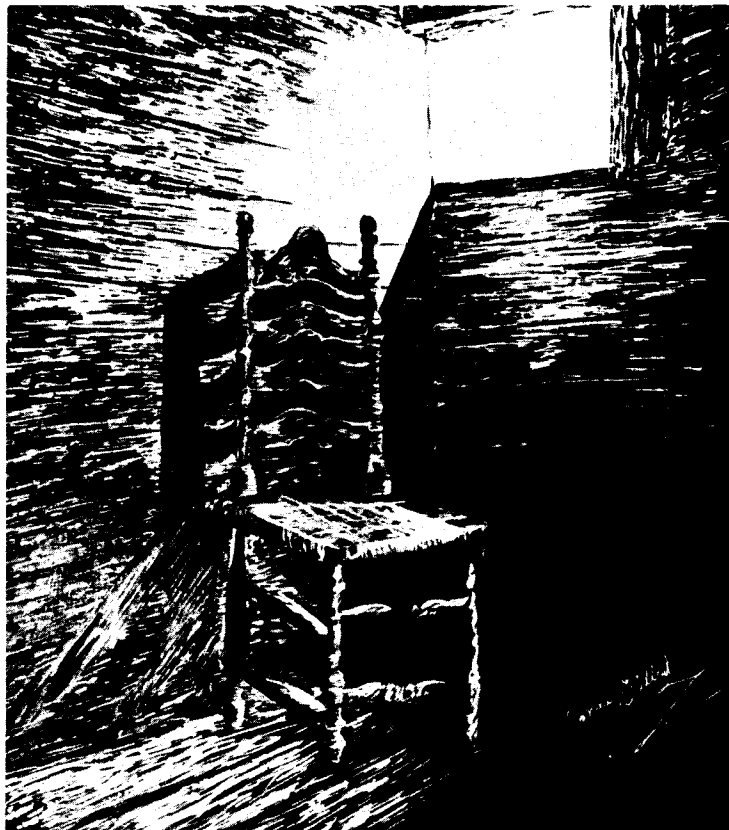
Bonnie Postmantur

Brilliant water,
Hard from Jack Frost's stinging bite.
The vain moon's mirror.

Paula Clody

A whirling snowflake
Twists and turns, then lights. It fades.
Just so, carefree youth!

Barb Brighton



SECLUSION

Ronna Gilbert

Grade 9

BERLIN

A boy,
A leap,
A shot,
A fall.
He's free
At last.
Despite
The Wall.

Amy Rosenberg

JOHNNY

He stood like a man
But he did not fit the time.
He was just a boy.

Dan Jung

ON THE ANCIENT MARINER

An old
Marine once
Shot an albatross with
His crossbow and found its taste was
Bitter.

Dan Murphy

THE SPIDERS

Those horrible freaks of nature,
The Spiders.
Their ghostish webs like shining snares to
clutch at my hair,
The Spiders.
Their eight hirsute limbs twitching like
blind men's canes,
The Spiders.
Enveloping their helpless victims
with gummy, glutinous, silken strands;
The Spiders.
Draining life-blood from victims' bodies
for their own,
The Spiders.
What of all abominable artists are worse than
The Spiders?

Mark Stengel