

# No More

Written by: Matt Forshay

No More

How I looked

How I acted

Yes I relied on you

It made me want to scream

They have always denied me

Regardless of how strong or weak they seem

Always letting them reign free

No more

I will not be judged

I don't care who they think I am

Now they will know how it came to be

The questions that were asked

Ignorant and wrong

Will always haunt me

They will always make me think

From my own path I still will not turn

My final destination now see

And no I will not blink

# COMING HOME

Written by: ROGER SATNARINE

Yes, it is true to life.  
Certain things remind us.

Sometimes it's just not.  
Worth all the fuss.

We then find ourselves.  
Listening to a voice-mail.

Those last living words.  
Would make anyone wail!

You look at the picture.  
Then smell the clothes.

Remembrances of a loved one.  
Who is gone as the story goes.

It will come.  
Something we all dread.

So powerful this word.  
Some refuse to get out of bed.

But it can happen.  
Any where and any time.

The mortal reason.  
To life's rhyme.

We must know these things.  
It will help one keep their cool.

And avoid doing a bad last.  
Then mourn feeling the fool.

# Journey of Love

Written by: Sujish Mohanan

I still remember the day  
When i met you for the first time,  
It was the day of exam  
When we had no time.

Yet we became friends  
With our unmatched trends.  
Along the journey with few bends,  
I didn't know when we became close friends.

With a blink of an eye  
We fell in love with each other,  
It was the most beautiful feeling  
We had than any other.

A little complicated, yet we were  
deeply attached and devoted,  
But destiny had something else in its mind  
As it was already decided.

Our relationship lived for three years  
That left me in tears,  
I don't know what mistake i had committed,  
For which we got separated.

Each day that i spent with you  
Was like a celebration for me,  
Even today i cry with a pain in my heart,  
Thinking of 'you & me'.

# Miss You

Written by: Beverly Vera

They say ....

Do not live in the past

But it's so hard not to when it's where I seen you last.

I miss him so much,

that friend of mine

If only, I could turn back the hands of time

I would go back to the day that you and I first met

Knowing that in the future I would miss you and change what

I now regret.

That moment I let you slip through my fingers

Left with only memories of you that will forever linger.

I Miss You!

# "Embarrassment"

Funny Poem

Embarrassment

© By Sabrina N. Gray

You walk into class and get in your seat,  
But before you get there, you trip over your feet.

You're trying to sit down without being the class clown,  
Then you fall to the ground saying, 'Who pushed me down?'

You try to erase the first moments of class,  
So you get up to ask the teacher for a pass.

Going through class then to the computer room,  
When the late bell rings you've got to use the bathroom.

You get to P.E and then to Math class,  
Trying to go the bathroom but they won't give you a pass.

You sit in your seat but can't stand the heat,  
As you get up you use the bathroom in your seat.

For the rest of the day you are gloomy and gray,  
'Cause you cannot believe what had happened that day.

You go home to tell your parents why you're mad,  
Then they laugh and say it isn't all that bad.

You go to your room and cry the night away,  
Then you wake and laugh at what happened that day.

## Not The Wind

Your body filled with a dreadful chill,  
Stared at your desk, and the white old quill.  
Windy night, the quill moved slight,  
You turned the switch, seeking light.

No light came, the bulb was dead,  
You thought of going back to bed.  
Suddenly noticed, quill moved slight,  
You approached, with all your might.

Not the wind, window was closed,  
Heart raced, a message exposed.  
You read in horror, ink was red,  
"Not the wind, go back to bed!"

## Broken Branch

Night arrived as you fell into a deep dream,  
Outside your window, you heard a loud scream.  
Was it a scream or was it a crash?  
Looked on your arm, noticed a gash.

Seemed forever, as silence came,  
Full moon covered in a flame.  
Never experienced such a dream,  
Seconds later another scream.

Shivering cold, you dared to look,  
Hitting your window, long brown hook.  
You gasped for air, as you woke,  
Broken branch from your oak.

## **Inner Vault**

I just feel so much guilt,  
That my words and actions built.  
I know, what I did was wrong,  
Tried to avoid it, and be strong.

Following me has been the truth,  
It was hurting like a tooth.  
A second more, I could not deny,  
Not apologizing was a lie.

I'm so sorry, from deep inside,  
Clearly guilty, my hands are tied.  
It was obviously, all my fault,  
I have opened my inner vault.

## Close Friend

A close friend, I don't wish to lose,  
Sometimes we have different views.  
I had no right to act that way,  
Allow me to apologize, with no more delay.

Sometimes I can be very mean,  
Other times, I may cause a huge scene.  
There's no reason that I should snap,  
I clearly deserve, more than a slap.

You're my close friend, I don't wish to lose,  
Never wanted to hurt you, not even a bruise.  
I really hope, we can be like before,  
I'm so sorry, my heart is real sore.

## I Plea

I may have taken our friendship for granted,  
Many years ago, it has been planted.  
I did not mean, the words that I said,  
Don't know what, got into my head.

Last thing I'd want, our friendship to perish,  
Deep in my heart, I adore and I cherish.  
You have always been there for me,  
If I am a leaf, than you are my tree.

My words are sometimes filled with dirt,  
I'm really sorry, I did not want to hurt.  
Our friendship means so much to me,  
Please forgive me, I beg you, I plea!

## Her Birthday

Today was my girlfriend's birthday,  
and I forgot about her gift.  
I was worried she'd find out,  
with punishment that's swift.

When I heard the door bell,  
my sweat combined with stress.  
Her reaction and disappointment,  
I tried not to think nor guess.

It was way too late to drive,  
to the flower shop or store.  
I wished her happy birthday,  
as I opened the front door.

I told her to sit down,  
and simply just relax.  
While thinking of a plan,  
my brain was at its max.

Said I'll be right back,  
as I ran into my room.  
Quickly went online,  
hoping to avoid my doom.

I ordered that weird looking,  
purple and black purse.  
Printed out a birthday card,  
and added a sweet verse.

Gave her the freshly printed card,  
with a hug and a long nice kiss.  
She was more than happy,  
I knew she was in bliss.

I tried my best to explain,  
the purse will be a bit late.  
She said that it's alright,  
she doesn't mind to wait.

As I smiled in relief,  
I woke up from this dream.  
Realized it's her birthday,  
and began to run and scream.

## Weird Zoo

I woke up this morning,  
and went to the Zoo.  
It was sunny outside,  
and the sky was bright blue.

The first thing I saw,  
was an elephant with small ears.  
He was climbing the trees,  
and I heard many cheers.

The second animal,  
was a very skinny hippo.  
He was an excellent swimmer,  
and the kids called him Flippo.

The third one was also,  
different and weird.  
She was a momma bear,  
with a very long beard.

Then I heard my mom say,  
"Wake up, it's time for school!"  
The weird zoo was just in my dreams,  
but it was still very cool

## Choose Your Sports

Let's turn off our video games,  
and run outside.  
From so many sports,  
we may choose and decide.

Baseball, soccer,  
and basketball are fun,  
Let's grab some friends,  
and play in the sun.

In baseball, you will be,  
running around.  
When you hit the ball,  
it's a beautiful sound.

In soccer, you pass the ball,  
using your feet,  
Drink lots of water,  
and watch out for the heat.

In basketball, the best sound,  
is a swish,  
Making ten in a row,  
is a wonderful wish.

Whatever sports,  
you decide to play,  
Enjoy them with friends,  
each and every day.

## **I Want To Play**

Lisa and Dennis,  
went to the park,  
Where they met,  
Jenny and Mark.

Lisa wanted to play,  
a fun sport like tennis.  
We have no racquets,  
explained frowning Dennis.

How about baseball?  
Jenny proposed,  
We have no gloves,  
Mark shyly exposed.

Dennis yelled,  
Let's play basketball instead.  
We don't have a net,  
Lisa laughed as she said.

Mark asked them,  
can we play soccer?  
Jenny said,  
forgot the ball in my locker.

So they all stood there,  
thinking which sport to play,  
It was certainly,  
a beautiful day.

Then they noticed,  
Other kids begin to run,  
It looked like tag,  
Not a sport but still fun.

## **Our Legacy**

We are a team,  
of courage and heart.  
Every member,  
holds a critical part.

No matter what,  
we shall never quit,  
Tough and determined,  
with plenty of grit.

Now is the time,  
for us to excel.  
Forget about past mistakes,  
no point to dwell.

Only one thing,  
should remain in our mind,  
Victory!  
and how we shall find.

It's all inside of us,  
obvious and clear,  
There is nothing,  
we should hold back or fear.

Let's go out there,  
and release our fury,  
We won't need a judge,  
or a jury.

Through our victory,  
justice shall be served,  
At the end of the day,  
our legacy,  
will be forever preserved.

## Homerun

Strike one, swings  
the current hitter.

Tricked by,  
a vicious splitter.

Pitcher releases,  
a beautiful curve,

Strike two,  
clearly deserve.

Down in the count,  
he brings the heat.  
The bat and the ball,  
miraculously meet.

They all watch,  
as the ball sails,  
Pitcher's bench,  
biting their nails.

Forget about it,  
it's completely gone.  
They'll be celebrating,  
right until dawn.

## Creepy Pizza

by Neal Levin

I'd like a pizza topped with cheese  
then sprinkled with some gnats and fleas,  
some centipedes and slimy slugs,  
and other creepy, crawly bugs.

I want to add some fingernails  
and oyster ooze and crunchy snails  
and chicken bones and spoiled meat  
and smelly socks from dirty feet.  
I want it topped with lots of mold  
and goey boogers (not too old),  
a lot of snot, a little spit,  
and guts with grimy, grainy grit.  
I want the most disgusting crust  
with spider webs and day-old dust  
and dirt and mud and blood and gore  
delivered to my sister's door.

## Sweet Dreams

by Joyce Armor

It's always been a wish of mine  
(or should I say a dream)  
to scare my sister half to death  
and hear her piercing scream.

That's why I squished four bugs until  
they all were very dead,  
then took them to my sister's room  
and put them in her bed.  
After we had said goodnight  
my heart began to pound.  
I waited and I waited, but  
she never made a sound.  
And then I got so doggone tired  
I couldn't stay awake.  
I climbed into my own warm bed  
and shrieked—there was a snake!  
It wiggled, and I leaped and fell  
and bruised my bottom half.  
Then I heard an awful sound—  
it was my sister's laugh

**Hey, Ma,  
Something's  
Under My Bed**

**by Joan Horton**

I hear it at night  
when I turn out the light.  
It's that creature who's under my bed.  
He won't go away.  
He's determined to stay.  
But I wish he would beat it, instead.

I told him to go,  
but he shook his head no.  
He was worse than an unwelcome guest.  
I gave him a nudge,  
but he still wouldn't budge.  
It was hard to get rid of the pest.  
So I fired one hundred  
round cannonballs plundered  
from pirate ships sailing the seas.  
But he caught them barehanded  
and quickly grandstanded  
by juggling them nice as you please.  
The creature was slick.  
He was clever and quick.  
This called for a drastic maneuver.  
So I lifted my spread  
and charged under the bed  
with the roar of my mother's new Hoover.  
But he snorted his nose  
and sucked in the long hose,  
the canister, cord, and the plug,

and vacuumed in dust  
till I thought he would bust  
then he blew it all over the rug.  
Now this made me sore,  
so I cried, "This is war!"  
and sent in a contingent of fleas,  
an army of ants  
dressed in camouflage pants,  
followed closely by big killer bees.  
But he welcomed them in  
with a sly, crafty grin,  
and he ate them with crackers and cheese.  
I screamed, "That's enough!"  
It was time to get tough.  
"You asked for it, Creature," I said,  
as I picked up and threw,  
with an aim sure and true,  
my gym sneaker under the bed.  
With each whiff of the sneaker  
the creature grew weaker.  
He staggered out gasping for air.  
He coughed and he sneezed  
and collapsed with a wheeze  
and accused me of not playing fair.  
Then holding his nose  
with his twelve hairy toes,  
the creature curled into a ball,  
and rolled 'cross the floor  
smashing right through the door.  
I was rid of him once and for all.  
The very next night  
when I turned out the light  
and was ready to lay down my head,  
I heard my kid brother  
cry out to my mother,  
"Hey, Ma, something's under my bed."

## All My Great Excuses

by Kenn  
Nesbitt

I started on my homework,  
but my pen ran out of ink...  
My hamster ate my homework...  
My computer's on the blink...

I tripped and dropped my homework  
in the soup my mom was cooking...  
My brother flushed it down the toilet  
when I wasn't looking...  
My mother ran my homework  
through the washer and the dryer...  
An airplane crashed into our house...  
My homework caught on fire...  
Tornadoes blew my notes away...  
Volcanoes rocked our town...  
My books were taken hostage  
by an evil killer clown...  
Some aliens abducted me...  
I had a shark attack...  
A pirate swiped my homework  
and refused to give it back...  
I worked on these excuses  
so darned long my teacher said,  
"I think you'll find it's easier  
to do the work instead."

## Today I Had A Rotten Day

by Kenn  
Nesbitt

Today I had a rotten day  
as I was coming in from play.  
I accidentally stubbed my toes  
and tripped and fell and whacked my nose.  
I chipped a tooth. I cut my lip.  
I scraped my knee. I hurt my hip.  
I pulled my shoulder, tweaked my ear,  
and got a bruise upon my rear.

I banged my elbow, barked my shin.  
A welt is forming on my chin.  
My pencil poked me in the thigh.  
I got an eyelash in my eye.  
I sprained my back. I wrenched my neck.  
I'm feeling like a total wreck.  
So that's the last time I refuse  
when teacher says to tie my shoes.

# **Katie Kissed Me**

**by Christine  
Lynn Mahoney**

Katie kissed me!  
Yuck, it's true!  
My face took on a greenish hue!  
My knees, like jelly, started shaking!  
Then my stomach started quaking!  
Slobber slithered down my cheek!  
My consciousness was growing weak!  
My ears were ringing, my head was spinning!  
But, all the while Katie was grinning!  
My heart was pounding through my shirt!  
My tongue felt like I just ate dirt!  
Though you may think I've lost my brain!  
I wish she'd kiss me once again!

## Food Fight

by Kenn  
Nesbitt

We'd never seen the teachers  
in a state of such distress.  
The principal was yelling  
that the lunchroom was a mess.  
It started off so innocent  
when someone threw a bun,  
but all the other kids decided  
they should join the fun.  
It instantly turned into  
an enormous lunchroom feud,  
as students started hurling  
all their halfway-eaten food.  
A glob went whizzing through the air,  
impacting on the wall.  
Another chunk went sailing out  
the doorway to the hall.  
The food was splattered everywhere—  
the ceilings, walls, and doors.  
A sloppy, gloppy mess was on  
the tables and the floors.  
And so our good custodian  
ran out to grab his mop.  
It took him half the afternoon  
to clean up all the slop.  
The teachers even used some words  
we're not supposed to mention.  
And that's how all the kids and teachers  
wound up in detention.

## The Proper Way to Eat

by John Frank

The way to eat your lunch meat  
is to roll it into tubes.

The way to eat your Jell-O  
is to jiggle all the cubes.

The way to eat your Swiss cheese  
is to nibble it like mice.

The way to eat your water  
is to chew the chunks of ice.

The way to eat your doughnut  
is to try to save the hole.

The way to eat your ice cream  
is to overfill the bowl.

The way to eat your pudding  
is to suck it through a straw.

The way to eat your peanuts  
is to store them in your jaw.

The way to eat your apple  
is to munch it like a hog.

The way to eat your spinach  
is to feed it to your dog.

The way to eat your noodles  
is in one unending slurp.

The way to end your meal  
is with a record-breaking BURP.

## Sick Day

by Kenn  
Nesbitt

I'm feeling sick and getting worse.  
I think I'd better see the nurse.  
I'm sure I should go home today.  
It could be fatal if I stay.  
I'm nauseated, nearly ill.  
I have a fever and a chill.  
I have a cold. I have the flu.  
I'm turning green and pink and blue.  
I have the sweats. I have the shakes,  
a stuffy nose, and bellyaches.  
My knees are weak. My vision's blurred.  
My throat is sore. My voice is slurred.  
I'm strewn with head lice, ticks, and mites.  
I'm covered in mosquito bites.  
I have a cough, a creak, a croak,  
a reddish rash from poison oak,  
a feeble head, a weakened heart.  
I may just faint or fall apart.  
I sprained my ankle, stubbed my toes,  
and soon I'll start to decompose.  
And one more thing I have today  
that makes me have to go away.  
It's just as bad as all the rest:  
I also have a science test.

**The Curse of  
the Foul-  
Smelling  
Armpit**

**by Trevor  
Harvey**

The curse of the foul-smelling armpit  
is the one thing it's best to avoid;  
it's a HORROR that lurks unsuspecting  
and has many a friendship destroyed.  
For people no longer stand near you—  
they throw back their heads in despair  
and rush away looking quite frantic,  
the shock is just TOO MUCH to bear!  
When questioned, nine out of ten people  
agreed they would much rather spend  
a night in a CREEPY OLD CASTLE  
than next to a 'foul armpit' friend!  
The president said in the White House,  
"It's the very best WEAPON we've got!  
Much stronger than onions and garlic,  
or cabbages starting to rot!"  
If thousands of men with foul armpits  
could parachute down from the sky  
right onto an enemy army,  
they'd force them to curl up and die!  
No weapon could match this performance;  
we'd win without firing a gun!  
Defense cuts would run into BILLIONS—  
and fighting a war would be fun!  
To people with foul-smelling armpits  
the message is clear as can be:  
BUY A SPRAY and your friends will be glad that  
you don't smell as grungy as me!

## I'd Rather

by Bruce  
Lansky

I'd rather wash the dishes.  
I'd rather kiss a frog.  
I'd rather get an F in math  
or run a ten-mile jog.  
I'd rather do my homework.  
I'd rather mow the lawn.  
I'd rather take the garbage out.  
I'd rather wake at dawn.  
I'd rather dine on Brussels sprouts  
or catch the chicken pox.  
I'd rather do most anything  
than clean the litter box.

■ Bear

■ Rottweiler, 09/07/92-12/26/92

- Oh, my gosh, what's this I see?  
Another two legged creature standing over me.  
Maybe, this time, I'll be the one,  
As I have watched my litter mates go, one by one.

At ten weeks old, I know nothing of humans,  
But I'm going to like this one, at least I'm assumin'  
She knows how to love me and keep me safe from harm,  
And I know, with this family, I'll be happy and warm.

My family loves to go camping and so do I,  
So much freedom and peace under the clear, sunny sky.  
I'd rather do nothing than play in the sun,  
Long walks, lots of love, and I just romp and run.

Tonight, as we do my next favorite thing,  
Which is taking a walk, I'm so happy I could sing.  
Please let me take Girl's leash in my mouth,  
I can walk her ... which way? ... north or south?

Gee, mom and dad, this is fun, but I'm so tired,  
I can't seem to walk, my feet seem to be mired,  
Just let me rest for a minute, I plead,  
I'll be ready to go real soon, your voices to heed.

What's wrong? Why can't I get up and play?  
Mom's crying so hard, I hate seeing her this way.  
She's holding me and I want to tell her it's okay,  
But Rainbow Bridge is calling me this day.

As we ride in the car on the way to the vet,  
I slip quietly away and yet,

I wish I could stay with this family of mine,  
Fourteen weeks is just not enough time!

My breeder didn't care about such things as good breeding,  
All she wanted was money...all the warnings not heeding.  
I hope she knows all the grief she has caused,  
For the humans who loved me from my nose to my paws.

It is at Rainbow Bridge I now wait,  
And when my family finally comes to the gate,  
I will be whole again, and so will they,  
In the meantime, we just wait for that glorious day.

Bev Raby

In “My Walk to School” by Andrea Wilson (found [here](#)), the poet describes in poem about bullying the feeling of getting physical bullied as she begins a typical school day:

*Fist punch.*

*Foot crunch.*

*Hand hit.*

*Mouth spit.*

*Eye swells.*

*Can't see.*

*Please,*

*Please,*

*Let me be.*

*Rips my homework.*

*Steals my money.*

*Grabs my lunch.*

*Thinks it's funny*

*Sticks and stones may break my bones...*

*Sissy*

*Prissy*

*Four-eyes*

*Geek*

*Fatso*

*Stupid*

*Nerdy*

*Freak*

*..but names can really hurt.*

*Through the doors.*

*Up the stairs.*

*Face is bloody.*

*No one cares.*

*In the washroom.*

*Clean up the mess.*

*I'll be safe*

*Until ...recess...*

Here is an anti bullying poem written by Jon Evans:

*Identity–The Bully*

*They all try to look the same  
all try to give themselves a name  
pick on the boy who is all alone  
just because his identity is his own  
what has this world come to?  
all this wrong that people do  
just for the image they want to show  
down the evil path they seem to go*

*The next person you go to hurt  
or try to make feel like dirt  
instead of trying to look cool  
feel for the guy you make look a fool*

*A cool identity isn't a need  
let those you bully be freed  
Your identity should be your own  
A better person you will be known.*

*Shame*

*There's a girl at school*

*We teased today*

*Made jokes and called her names*

*My friends all laughed*

*Called it harmless fun*

*Said it was just a game*

*But now I'm home*

*Feeling terrible inside*

*Long gone that thoughtless grin*

*How will I face her*

*Tomorrow at school?*

*I wish I hadn't joined in.*

## Where the Sidewalk Ends

from the book "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1974)

There is a place where the sidewalk ends  
and before the street begins,  
and there the grass grows soft and white,  
and there the sun burns crimson bright,  
and there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
to cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black  
and the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow  
we shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow  
and watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
to the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
and we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
for the children, they mark, and the children, they know,  
the place where the sidewalk ends.

# Whatif

from the book "A Light in the Attic" (1981)

Last night, while I lay thinking here,  
some Whatifs crawled inside my ear  
and pranced and partied all night long  
and sang their same old Whatif song:

Whatif I'm dumb in school?

Whatif they've closed the swimming pool?

Whatif I get beat up?

Whatif there's poison in my cup?

Whatif I start to cry?

Whatif I get sick and die?

Whatif I flunk that test?

Whatif green hair grows on my chest?

Whatif nobody likes me?

Whatif a bolt of lightning strikes me?

Whatif I don't grow talle?

Whatif my head starts getting smaller?

Whatif the fish won't bite?

Whatif the wind tears up my kite?

Whatif they start a war?

Whatif my parents get divorced?

Whatif the bus is late?

Whatif my teeth don't grow in straight?

Whatif I tear my pants?

Whatif I never learn to dance?

Everything seems well, and then  
the nighttime Whatifs strike again!

I WON'T HATCH (*Where the Sidewalk Ends*)

Oh I am a chicken who lives in an egg,  
But I will not hatch, I will not hatch.  
The hens they all cackle, the roosters all beg,  
But I will not hatch, I will not hatch.  
For I hear all the talk of pollution and war  
As the people all shout and the airplanes roar,  
So I'm staying in here where it's safe and it's warm,  
And I WILL NOT HATCH!



## Messy Room

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!  
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.  
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,  
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.  
His workbook is wedged in the window,  
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.  
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,  
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.  
His books are all jammed in the closet,  
His vest has been left in the hall.  
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,  
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.  
Whoever room this is should be ashamed!  
Donald or Robert or Willie or--  
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,  
I knew it looked familiar!

# 'Because I could not stop for Death'

by [Emily Dickinson](#)

Because I could not stop for Death -  
He kindly stopped for me -  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves -  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove - He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility -

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess - in the Ring -  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain -  
We passed the Setting Sun -

Or rather - He passed Us -  
The Dews drew quivering and chill -  
For only Gossamer, my Gown -  
My Tippet - only Tulle -

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground -  
The Roof was scarcely visible -  
The Cornice - in the Ground -

Since then - 'tis Centuries - and yet  
Feels shorter than Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were towards Eternity -