Chassity
Kind, helpful, shy, and forgetful
Daughter of Karen, sister of Abi and Brandon
Who loves reading, Archery, and hiking
Who feels loved by family, inspired by my
Mom, and sleepy
Who needs sleep, hugs, and food.
Who gives Ally rides, compliments, and Positivity
Who fears failure, Dieing, Basments.
Who would like to see Austrailia, California
My future
Resident of hazel green Clark Branch
Back
earth
it's such a simple place
it's round and blue
it circles around a ball of fire
next to the moon
that moves the sea
but it's full of people
that talk too much
but never have anything to say
that's earth
such a simple place.
A Yankee Candle

So much happens to a Yankee Candle
from the smells they make
to the colors they are
they come in all sizes.
Large and small.
They remind me of home
Oh my Yankee Candle
that smells like gramas cookies
with a flickering flame
I'll drift off to sleep.
I found a book
Old and tattered
If you just take a look
You'll see the feather

Writer in Bold
Sit tight now
It might get cold
The books about a cow

Her name is Bessy
She even had a bell
Her owner's name was Jessy
And he had to sell

The cow's milk
While his wife sold silk.
My 2nd period class
It goes by so fast
I have a great teacher
And I hope these points make me a better speaker
It's not really that bad
If I have my lucky pen
I like to read
But not at a fast speed
I can now use a pen
Because I'll mess up again.
And that's my 2nd period class
Tessa
Stubborn, insecure, anxious, loving
daughter of Nina and Clarence, sister of Ed
who loves music, swimming, writing
who feels overwhelmed, stressed, heartbroken
who needs reassurance, love, sleep
who fears failure, getting too close to people, being alone
who would like to see Tennessee, Luke Bryan, my Internet best friend
resident of Wolfe County
Bryant
dying rose

Tessa Bryant

was our love just another dying rose
You've been pushing me away as to say leave me alone,
I cried as I lay there hoping it was us that you had chose
but as you started to speak there was a rigid change in your tone.

Was it too far gone for us to hold on?
I seen you got somethin knew I hope it comes for the two of you.
The petals have fallen like the pieces of my heart because I can't believe your gone.
It's time to start New I hope this one makes it throw.

Hey I've been awhile, couldn't help but notice the rose is dying down.
Oh mine too, slowing fire just enough water and not too much sun.
Oh I'm sorry did she leave and turn your world upside down.
Please don't say you miss me when you're the one who did it to me.

You can't keep repeating and letting them die.
Soon everyone will know your products are faulty.
Forever

forever will fade
love is just a word we say
In the end promises will break
happily ever after is a lie.
Fairytales are doomed to die.
Trusting is a scary game.
Relatioships are a war these days.
Girls are puppets on strings
boys act like their kings.
We promise forever but later find someone better.
Famille isn't famille anymore.
It's like kids and parents are at war.
Kids make adult decisions.
Parents making childish choices.
Baby is having babies with men in there 20.
Missing girl, missing boy, missing baby.
Mommies in jail or baby ran away.
Baby found dead: the mom feels no guilt.
What have we become?
Do our minds need an update, or are we just dumb.
Grandpa

Tessa Bryant

Oh what fun what fun we were so young
Grandpa told us stories as we would run
Even as girls played cowboys with little toy guns
Hearing grandpa sing was like feeling the warmth of the sun

Grandpa always told us the story on how he lost an eye
We would laugh and rub our eyes and granny would say oh my
We would never say it out loud we that it was a lie
Till we saw how crazy and clumsy he was just trying to put on a tie

We never seen him cry till our granny died
A few years later we said goodbye letting our hearts open wide
Camery
Sweet, caring, kind
Daughter of Robert and Sasha Czech, sister of Jody, Carly, Chris
Who loves reading, dogs, softball
Who feels relaxed in bed, inspiration when reading, happy with family
Who needs hugs, encouragement, listeners
Who gives love, smiles, advice
Who fears clowns, being alone, needles
Who would like to see Australia, Italy, California
Resident of Rogers, KY
Czech
I am a caring girl who wants peace in the world.
I wonder what the world is like without violence.
I hear the sound of guns going off in the streets.
I see bodies lying in the streets, covered in blood.
I want peace in the world.
I am a caring girl who wants peace in the world.

I pretend to be an Olympic swimmer.
I feel the water splashing on my back.
I touch the water with my foot.
I worry what other think of me.
I cry hearing stories about my father.
I am a caring girl who wants peace in the world.

I understand that violence will not end.
I say our good things must come to an end.
I dream of a peaceful nation.
I try to excel in school.
I hope to become the best woman I can be.
I am a caring girl who wants peace in the world.
Mr. Gibbs
Caring and loving
Treats you kindly
As friendly as a puppy
I wish he was still here

Mrs. Baker
Funny and entertaining
As entertaining as the circus
As funny as a clown
I wish she was my still my teacher
Softball is the sport to play,
It starts in spring and ends in fall,
especially on a summer day,
it's my favorite sport of all.

2, 3 Strikes your Out.
I swing the bat as hard as I can.
Softball is what it's all about.
on while getting a farmer's tan.

At the crack of the bat, I field the ball.
I'll get the ball even if I have to crawl.
the girls that hit it is big and tall.
no matter the size, we get them all.

We win and loose together as one.
We work together to get it all done.
if anger were a color, 
it would be red. 
as mad as a hen.

if happy were a taste, 
it would be as sweet as cotton candy, melting in your mouth.

if joy were a smell, 
it would be as wonderful as cookies baking in the oven.

if happy were a sound, 
it would be as soft as a drum in a band.
Carly

If happy were a color
it would be blue
as the sky on a sunny day

If happy were a taste
then it would be as sweet as candy

If happy were a feeling
it would be as good as winning a championship game

If happy were a smell
it would smell like a warm batch of grandma's cookies

If happy were a sound
it would sound like birds chirping in the morning
Carly

I am a caring individual who likes to help others.

I wonder where I will go after college.

I hear a calling to the medical field.

I see a college graduation in my future.

I want to work at Shriners Hospital.

I am a caring individual who likes to help others.

I pretend that I am a doctor.

I feel the pressure of performing surgery.

I touch the tools that are needed for surgery.

I worry that I will not be good enough.

I cry when a patient dies.

I am a caring individual who likes to help others.

I understand that I will not be perfect at my profession.

I say that I am not perfect at my job.

I dream about being the best at what I am doing.

I try to help others.

I hope that I will help people.

I am a caring individual who likes to help others.
Carly

Stubborn, Caring, Athletic, dedicated
Daughter of Robert Scott and Sascha
Who loves Meeting People, Playing Sports,
Going outside
Who feels good when She wins a game
Who needs encouragement, hugs, a push
to do things
Who gives attitude, Smiles, encouraging words
Who fears death, losing somebody I love,
Needles
Who would like to see Australia, Greece,
California
Resident of Rogers, KY
Creech
Carly

Flowers
Colorful, bright
Blooming, roses

School
Public, classes
Boring, loving
High School

Butterflies
delicate, colorful, beautiful
Flying, hovering
Monarch
Carly

In August school begins.
The beginning of our sophomore year
back to the hallway once again
Wishing the end of the year was "Dear"

In August I dread the early morning
Math, Science, and reading take a lot of my time.
Some of my classes are really boring.
I'm trying not to cry and wine.

December comes and snow begins to fall,
I snuggle the covers to keep warm.
I can't wait for the one call.
I'm trying not to cry and wine.

The end of school is here
All kids are celebrating with cheer.

Carly
Bio - Poem

Rose
Kind, funny, respectful, good
Relative of Kevin, Crystal, and Susan Davis
Who loves my boyfriend, family, and friends
Who feels happiness, sleepy, and exhausted
Who needs food, attention, and money
Who give laughs, hugs and stubborn attitude
Who fears death, bugs and snakes
Who would like to see the Dolen Twins, Emma Chambers, and James Davis
Resident of Ruth and Robert Davis
Davis
Five W's Poem

The Crying girl
Listening to Sad Song
On a Saturday Night
In the corner of her bed
Because she's upset.

The happy girl
Singing to happy songs
Outside with her family
Because it's a summer day.
Five W's Poem

The Screaming Kids
Running from dogs
On a Mid May Evening
At a Birthday Party
Just playing Tag

The laughing children
Screaming and laughing at shows
On a lonely June Night
Because they are tired
Emotion

Emotion,
If sadness were a color,
It would be blue,
As blue as a whale.

If sadness were a taste,
It would be just like watered down lemonade.

If sadness were a feeling,
It would be as depressing as your first heartbreak.

If sadness were a smell,
It would be as disgusting as rotten eggs.

If sadness were sound,
it would be a pig screaming.
Hayden Drave

Bio-Poem

Hayden
blunt, athletic, talkative, moody
daughter of B.J. and Holly
who loves hiking, playing volleyball, and family
who feels blessed, thankful, and hopeful for the EHH
who needs attention, physical activity, and chicken
who gives advice, opinions, and encouragement
who fears my kidneys failing, frogs, and critters
who would like to see a cure for cancer.

Drave
I am

If happy were a color
it would be yellow
as yellow as the sun on a summer day
happy were a taste
it would be as sweet as a juicy strawberry
if happy were a feeling
it would be a day on the lake
if happy was a smell
it would be as sweet as roses
if happy was a sound
it would be as loud as gumballs crashing
Hayden Drake
Christmas

On Christmas we open gifts, eat, laugh, pray, talk, spend time together, play games, give thanks, and love one another!
Hayden Drake
Butterfly

The smell of lavender attracts me to it
The sun beaming down on my wings
I reach my destination and inhale the smell
My body relaxed, as I fly about
Enjoying my feast of freshly bloomed flowers
I catch a glimpse of something colorful
I sense a different smell close to me
Something is moving in the limbs. I rest upon
I'm lifted off my limb, my wings clinched
I can only hear what a beautiful butterfly
Hayden Drake
Sonnet

Tonight the night, which will it be?
A gym full of fans chanting as loud as they can,
We have to make perfect plays and show no mercy.
Cheers, cheers, and more cheers from the fans.

As we run onto the court, out the door,
Looking at the stands, fans want to see no wrong.
Each of us bouncing balls against the floor.
Thinking in our head, we must play strong.

The timer goes off, the games about to start,
Coaches last words pass, pass, set, return.
We walk onto the court, going to fight with all our heart.
This team, knowing, losing is what we want to learn.

The place is wild, full of crying, happiness, and laughter.
WCHS volleyball girls takes the stage to receive gold medals thereafter.
Shelby Halsey April 10, 2019 Bio - Poem

Shelby

Poem 1. Adventurous, Compassionate, Human, Caring

13 lines

Reserve of inner and outer, daughter of Brian and Victoria...

Halsey

Who loves friends, drawing, Austin

Who feels fear, joy, trust

Who needs attention, love, self-confidence

Who gives love, encouragement, appreciation

Who feels losing the ones dearest and, getting

hurt, loneliness

Who would like to see peace, forgiveness, world change

President of Wolfe County, Kentucky

Halsey
Always knows what to say

Poem 2: Unique in his own special way
10 lines: Says he loves me

I thought I was lovely

I include me in his favorite activities

Never leaves me when he goes to festivities

Loves me to the moon and high

Urges me to go far and wide

Keeps me near, lets freedom dawn

Eventually, he'll tell me to turn sides from you as well
Shelby Halsey April 17, 2019

Page 3

Christmas is the best
because you get to rest.

There are presents under the tree
Oh, boy! I am filled with glee

I hope this day never ends
because you get to be with your friends.

The Christmas Dinner is from the oven.
For some reason, I feel like I've found life!

Now, I hope that you can see
why Christmas is the best time.
Poem 4
12 lines

Bullying is a big deal
It is a serious matter
You should be in a box with a coin
You're just like a mad batter

Bullies are people who make fun of someone
They call people a name
You make them think they're a no one
But you have to see this isn't just some game

Bullying isn't cool
All they do is turn around
It makes you look like a fool
But sadness will eventually come for...
Poem 5
14 lines
School is boring
My life stinks when I'm there
I hate waking up in the morning
Rhyme:
I don't have any friends anywhere
A, B, A, B
I make good grades
C, D, C, D
Good grades are easy to make
E, F, E, F
I sleep for days
G, G
I need my mom to send me a cake

We are forced to do Study Island once a day
But I just want to go home and sleep.
I wish I could chromebook all day
The more I sleep

Prayers of God for get me through the day
When I get home I just want to sleep nightly every
The Five Ws

1. The crying child
   Reading their poems
   On a warm April day
   At the Leith County High School
   To try and get a good grade

2. The laughing teacher
   As the kids cry out in pain
   On a warm April day
   At the classroom smart board
   To try to move the kids better day by day
1. Happy
   If happy were a color
   It would be yellow
   As yellow as a flower

2. If happy were a taste
   It would be just like pizza
   It happy were a feeling
   It would be exciting as a shot of adrenaline
   If happy were a smell

10. It would be sweet as a piece of candy
    If happy were a smell
    If would be long as a herd of elephants
Why must it rain?

Feeling the water on your face.
Rain causes pain.

Is this just nothing more than a disgrace?

Rain is cold.
Rain cries.
Rain is all.
Rain dies.

Why it won’t go.
It is such a bore.
I don’t really know.

Even as I speak.

Even as I rhyme.
The rain comes back time after time.
I love music when (or I say),
When I listen to music it puts a smile on my face.
I listen to music everyday,
Music always takes me to a happy place.

Music is the best.
They say it since we all the time,
I listen to music before I read.
Singing along with the rhyme.

Music cannot die.
I listen as longer.

If I said I don't listen to music that would be fine.
I listen while I do my homework.

Without music my life would be a bore.
Without music I would be no more.
Jacob

Small, smart, skinny, shy
Brother of Grace, Jace, and Haven
Who loves video games, playing guitar, and music

5. Who is very loved, very tired, very hungry
Who needs food, sleep, friends
Who gives advice, Laugh, Lied
Who fears not going to college, not being happy in life, not enjoying life
Who wants to visit Japan, Italy, Metallica concerts

10. Resident of Gallery, Well & County

Khirao
Tariq
St. Louis, Nice, Caring, Forgiving
Son of Michelle and Eric, brother of Austin
Who loves fishing, spending time with his family
Who loves his grandpa, eating some fish
Who needs coffee, encouragement, more time
Who gives advice to people, time for family
Who fears Manning, nice, being alone
Who would like to see more jobs, less violence
Resident of your city
Long
Happy
If happy were a color,
It would be golden
As golden as a pancake in the morning.
If happy were a taste,
It would be just like syrup.
If happy were a feeling,
It would be exciting like the first time you had candy.
If happy were a smell,
It would be as wonderful as pancakes cooking on the stove.
If happy were a sound,
It would be as soft as a strum from a guitar.
Dark skies lit up by the bright stars
Sound of an owl's screech on a quiet night
The wind blowing through the trees
The sound of a rooster crowing early in the morning
The smell of fresh cut grass on a warm spring day
The smothering heat of the sun beating down
The sound of a sparrow singing through the day
The sunset so beautiful and bright
The cool water on skin after a hot day

I love nature and all of its beauty
The yellow hue above the mountain top,
Sitting on the porch watching birds while I sip on tea.

The sound of the campfire, the crackling of the wood,
A perfect moment of peace.

Being outdoors, so fresh and pure,
I feel a sense of freedom.

Erasing stresses, I breathe in the air,
A moment to just be.
April
Kind, loving, stubborn, outspoken
Daughter of Fronie and Andrew Lykins
Who loves animals, music, art
Who feels pain, love, happiness
Who needs devotion, hugs, respect
Who gives advise, a listening ear, opinions
Who fears failure, being alone, the future
Who would like to see more smiling people; Greece, Tate
President of Hazel Green, Ky
Lykins
Sad
If sad were a color,
it would be black
As blank as a canvas
If sad were a taste,
it would be like lemons
If sad were a feeling,
it would be as clammy as clay.
If sad was a smell,
it would be as stagnant as sourd water.
If sad were a sound,
it would be as moany as a mummy.
Tate
Strong willed and stubborn.
He encourages me to live life to the fullest because tomorrow isn't promised.
He was as loving as daisy.
I wish wish he had more time.

My best friend
Kind, but outspoken.
Guides you in the right direction by helping and giving advice.
Shes as brights as a sunny day.
I wish greatness for her.
Tiger
Orange, cute
Running, roaring, jumping
They are fast runners
Bobcat

Monkey
Hairy, black and white
Climbing, swinging, eating
They eat lots of fruits and insects
White-faced capuchin
Bio Poem

William
Generous, respectful, tall, large
Son of James and Teresa, brother of Kenneth, Abby, Jamie
Who loves basketball, fishing, dogs
Who feels warm in the summer, cold in the winter, tired at night
Who needs to graduate, sleep more, get this grade up
Who gives looks, Bad advice, stuff away
Who fears death, heights, alone in the woods at night
Who would like to see Australia, what the future holds, a dinosaur
Resident of Wake County
McPherson
Sonnet

Step back, set my feet, and let it fly, splash.
Defenders can't guard me, they run in fear.
Everything I shoot goes in, they call me cash.
I get the ball, crowd so loud I can't hear.

The way it feels to dribble up the court.
The swish from the net when you sink a shot.
The intenseness is what I love about the sport.
Don't leave me open at three, that's my spot.

It started in the driveway, all by myself.
Practiced everyday, I never did stop.
Since before I could reach the top shelf.
Cross over so hard, I make the defense drop.

I'm like James Harden, the way I score.
The sound of the crowd is a loud roar.
Cinquean

Snake
Black, Scaly
Climbing, weasling, creaking
They make tracks on the ground
Rattlesnake
Dragon
Strong, Fierce
Fly, walk, eat
A dragon is fierce and scary
Creature
Acrastie

Many different creatures walk around
On a night like tonight
Not because it's Christmas
So let's all stop singing jingle bells
It's because it is Halloween so
Everyone knows
Real monsters walk around
Scaring trick or treat everywhere.
April 11, 2019

Mirenda
Organized, frank, stubborn, lazy, loner
Daughter of Tony, sister of Alyss and Tricia
My mom, sisters, and my brothers
who feels, love, hate, and respect
who needs her mother’s love and respect
who gives honesty, respect, and love
who fears the dark, spiders, and silence
would like to see Africa, Asia, and the desert
Resident of my home
Gracious
I Am - Model

I am an organized girl without dreams
I wonder what England looks like
I hear birds chirping
I see books in a classroom
I am an organized girl without dreams

I pretend to be happy
I feel loved
I touch pencils
I worry too much
I cry after an argument
I am an organized girl without dreams

I understand death
I say I love you
I dream about going to the ocean
I try to be social
I hope to gain many friends
I am an organized girl without dreams

By Nicole Spencer
If fear was a color,
It would be white
As white as a mountain peak

If fear was a taste
It would be like a sour candy

If fear were a feeling
It would be as terrifying as a thunder storm

If fear were a smell
It would be as terrifying as rotten eggs

If fear were a sound
It would be as rigid as a chalk being scratched

By Miranda Spruce
By Miss. Spence

Loud, loud, is the weather in the pool.

The breeze calms and cools.

The sun's glare is shine.

The weather began to clear.

The farmer went high, their work is done.

The bees began to swarm.

The blue sky has gone.

The animals run away.

Someday, some felt, some just fly to run.

Rain leaves a mark like a mirror.

Clouds cover the sun.

The days have become clearer.

What changes.
BIO-POEM

Sydney
Strong, Brave, Stubborn, Emotional
Daughter of Tabitia and Jamie, Granddaughter of Gladys
Who loves cats, Reading, Anime
Who feels hopeless with stuff, Sleepy at midday, inspired with music
Who needs support, Freedom, Space
Who gives support, Wisdom, Care
Who fears being alone, ignored, death
Who would like to see Australia, Japan, What the future holds
President of Wolfe County
Spicer


Shall I compare thee to a Test
Thou art has Choices - I'm still confuse
Rough Thought Still work when It's not the Best
For a Test that head -- I still blow a fuse.
Sometimes hard, so I must want them easy
And often it's their questions to understand
But only when comes to a essay
By chance of that I can't stand is
But thy eternal question isn't Answered
Nor words can be Spoken
Nor Shall questions be unanswered
Which in the question is woken.
So long as men can breathe and the brain at work
Your unanswered questions will not be spoken but put with a cork.
Terqueih Poem

BasketBall
Running, Bouncing, and Shooting
Good Game
A Birthday Poem by Ted Hooser

Just past dawn, the sun stands
With its heavy red head
In a black Stanchion of trees,
Waiting for someone to come
With his bucket
For the foaming white light,
And then a long day in the pasture.
I too spend my days grazing,
Feasting on every green moment
Till night calls,
And with others
I walk away into the night,
Swinging the little tin bell
Of my name.
Alyssa
Stubborn, funny, forgetful, caring
Sister of Elizabeth, Daughter of Starla
Who loves chocolate, dogs, being outside
Who feels sleepy, happy when I'm with my nieces, calm outside
Who needs listeners, hugs, my family
Who gives love, smiles, advice to friends
Who fears spiders, failure, death,
In the warm sun of the Bahamas, more caring people, more acceptance
Resident of A.R. Vasconce Road, Camper
Whitaker
Little kids
Running and playing
A hot August day
In the yard
to have fun,

My niece
Playing
A warm August day
At the neighbors
to play or to

Alyssa Whitaker
If happy were a color
It would be red,
As red as a kid's face on a hot day.

If happy were a taste,
It would be as sweet as cherry pie.

If happy were a feeling,
It would be like hearing a kid say you were fantastic.

If happy were a smell,
It would be the smell of summer.

If happy were a sound,
It would be the hearing someone say they are loved.
"If only" poem

(xD)

1) Elizabeth
   funny but nice
   treats you nicely
   as friendly as a dog
   I wish I could see her more

2) McKenzie
   kind and lovely
   treats you with respect
   Amazing as a puppy
   I wish she would smile more
"I am" poem

I am funny and brave
I wonder how I got so brave
I hear people talking
I see my braveness
I want to see more brave people
I am funny and brave

I pretend to be braver than anyone
Feel like people compensate me
I surf the sky
Worry about having fun
Cry when family gets hurt
I am funny and brave

I understand life
Say be successful
Dream of saving a friend
Try to help everyone
Hope people would help me
I am funny and brave
Bio-Poem by Zachary Florence

Zachary
Hunter, fisher, funny, cool
Brother of Kayla and Jade
Who loves dogs, hunting, and fishing
Who feels sleepy at school, bored and always tired
Who needs mtm. Dew, Ale8, and pop tarts
Who gives funny looks and smiles
Who fears big snakes, failing, and crashing
Who would like to see Cali, Seattle, and Vegas
Resident of Cumpton, Kentucky
Florence
I am Poem by Zachary Florence
am good at hunting and fishing
wonder what space is like
hear ringing noises
see trees that look like deer
want a Duramax
am good at hunting and fishing
pretend I am paying attention
feel tired
touch my pencil
worry that I'm gonna fail
cry when I think about dead family
pretend I am paying attention
understand everything in the woods
say I'm gonna kill a big one
dream that it happens one day
try to find that big one
hope I see the big deer
understand everything in the woods.
Emotion Poem by Zachary Florence
If sad were a color,
It would be black.
As black as a night in the middle of summer.

If sad were a taste,
It would be just like eating vegetables.

If sad were a feeling,
It would be just as tasty as cabbage.

If sad were a smell,
It would be as bad as a skunk.

If sad were a sound,
It would be as loud as a band.
The 5 W's Poems by Zachary Florence

The dancing deer
Playing in the water
In the middle of summer
In the middle of the woods
Trying to stay nice and cool until night

The roaring bears
Hiding in a cave
In the middle of winter
In the mountains of Tennessee
Trying to stay cool until summer
Sonnet Poem by Zachary Florence
I like my boots like I like money.
Without money I wouldn't have boots.
I like to use my money on boots and honey.
My boots smell like fresh fruits.
Some people prefer boots over shoes.
The other people are crazy.
My boots are blue.
There kinda like the navy.
I need a pair of boots that are new.
Old used boots are nasty.
I like them blue.
They are very vasty.
So as long as I like fruits.
I'll like boots.
Poem 3

Dylan McKay
I love playing Fortnite,
I play it till midnight;
I would play it even if I had frostbite,
I think I will play it tonight.
Dylan McKay
I love money,
It smells like honey,
Even though it's smaller than a bunny,
When I have money I feel like going somewhere sunny.
Poem 1

DYLAN MCKAY
I love my boots,
they make me feel as strong as a moose,
they protect me if I step in poop;
I feel like Godzilla when I move.