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I am a shy girl who likes to sing
I wonder if I'll ever stand on a
stage
I hear the auditorium feel with the
excitement of the crowd
I see the seats fill up with millions
of people
I want to be a musician
I am a shy girl who likes to sing

I pretend I'm standing backstage
I feel a little overwhelmed as I
dooman the stage
I touch the mike and it all goes
away,
Because I know in my heart this is
where I'll stay,
I worry I may forget my lines,
then I realize it's my time to shine
I fly when I get a standing ovation,
'cause I know this is my destination.
I'm a shy girl who likes to sing
Vanessa Eflauer

I'm as colorful as a rainbow
I'm as sweet as a honeysuckle
I'm as lovely as a flower
I'm as bright as the sun

I'm as friendly as a puppy
I'm as gentle as a kitten
I'm as sly as a fox
I'm as innocent as a lamb
My sweet boyfriend, you inspire me to write.
I love the way you care, sing, and smile.
Invading my mind day and through the night.
Always dreaming about how you make my life worthwhile.

Let me compare you to a blue jay.
You are more beautiful, sweet, and graceful.
The way they fly around in spring
And autumn time is very colorful.

How do I love you? Let me count the ways.
I love your bright-colored eyes and voice.
How your laughter fills my days!
My love for you rejoices.

Now I must away with a heavy heart,
Remember my words whilst we're apart.
Angry
If angry was a color,
It would be red
As red as a tomato.
If angry was a taste,
It would be just like hot sauce.
If angry was a feeling,
It would be as depressing as a
friend leaving.
If angry was a smell,
It would be as burnt as a charred
burger.
If angry was a sound,
It would be as loud as a sledge-
hammer.
Vanessa Elaine

Sarcastic, Funny, Bubbly, Shy

I am the daughter of Rickey Adams who loves Shawn Mendes, music, and singing. Who feels happy, insecure, and smart who needs friends, family, music, and school who gives love, sarcastic answers, and kindness who fears losing family members/friends, deep water, heights who would like to see Paramore, the Cast of Supernatural, and Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Resident of Pine Ridge, Kentucky.

Adams
Sonnet 3-16-18

I see the sunlight rising over the trees
A warm and humid day in late spring
I hear the buzzing sound of a bee
It's time when all of the birds sweetly sing

And the flowers in the field blow back and forth
They make the air smell oh so sweet
The sun shines from the north
I love the feeling of the soft grass beneath my bare feet

I stop to take in this beautiful view
The day is clear and bright
And hopefully tomorrow will be the same when the day is new
With the sun giving off the same warm light

What a beautiful day
a beautiful day in late May
I am a volleyball player
I wonder if we'll win a regional title this year
I hear the cheers & screams of joy
I see a trophy with our name on it

I pretend to be a professional volleyball player
I feel the pressure and adrenaline after getting a kill
I touch the hands of fans wearing my #15
I worry that I'll fail them
I cry when the final point is scored & we have won

I am a volleyball player
I understand that being great takes hard work
I say I can't wait for those days
I dream the possible
I try my hardest everyday
I hope to never lose my passion for volleyball
I am a volleyball player
bio poem

Lola
Athletic, confident, talented, short tempered
daughter of David & Carrie, older sister to Ava & Jett
who loves volleyball, adventures, days at the lake
who feels empowered, happy, blessed
who needs to win everything, time with friends, sunny days
who gives time to help those in need
who fears spiders, coyotes, losing loved ones
who would like to visit the bahamas, be a teacher and win
a regional title
resident of Compton, Ky
Araja
Acrostic poem

S - Sunshine & sandals
U - Up all night
M - Memories
M - Music & dancing
E - Eating watermelon with salt
R - Roads stretched out far ahead
T - Taking the scenic route
I - Iced tea & lemonade
M - Marshmallows toasting
E - Everyone loves summertime
Emotion poem

happy

if happy were a color
it would be yellow

as beautiful as a sunflower

if happy were a taste
it would be just like a cold, refreshing glass of lemonade

if happy were a feeling
it would be like laying in your hammock, looking at the sky

if happy were a smell
it would be like sweet honeysuckles

if happy were a sound
if happy were a sound

it would be as joyful as hearing a loved one's laugh.
Bio-poem

Jonathan
Son of Rick and Tammy, brother of Ruthie
Who loves country music, firefighting, and being with family
Who feels proud to serve the community, sluggish on Mondays,
and energetic when the tones drop
Who needs more time, money, friends to support
Who gives advice, time of my life when the tones drop, help when needed
Who fears death, tornado's, and heights
Who would like to see the 9/11 memorial, the community clean,
and California.
Resident of Hazel Green, Kentucky
Crase
Friendly
Intuitive
Resourceful
Empathetic
Fearless
Intelligent
Giving
Honorable
Trustworthy
Educated
Ready
Shelby Crase  3-6-18  Bio Poem

Shelby
happy, loving, caring, understanding
daughter of Kathy and Charles, sister to
Kristen, Tyler, Travis
who loves adventures, new foods, flowers
who feels happy when with family, tired
after school, scared when it storms
who needs peace, an open mind, a lot of
attention
who gives long hugs, friendly smiles, great
advice
who fears death, failure, loneliness
who would like to see peace within the
world, people spread more love, happiness
within myself
President of Wolfe County
Crase
If angry were a color,  
It would be red,  
as red as a ripe apple.  
If angry were a taste,  
It would be as hot as Blair's Ultra Death Hot Sauce.  
If angry were a feeling,  
It would be as frustrating as finding out you're allergic to your favorite food.  
If angry were a smell,  
It would be as choking as burnt food.  
If angry were a sound,  
It would be as aggravating as your favorite song skipping.
Shelby Crase  3-6-18  Acrostic Poem

Dark days come faster than we think
Everything is gloomy
Cardinals are singing in the distance
Everywhere snow is falling
Many, more months until summer comes
Bundled up by the fire
Everyone is sniffling and sick
Roads are very slick and icy
Shelby Crase  3-6-18  Cinquain Poem

Kathy
Funny, sweet
hard-working, understanding, uplifting
She is always there for me
Mom

Annie
Hyper, kind
Caring, entertaining, loving
She always makes me laugh
Dog
Shelby Crase 3-6-18 Sonnet
I loved you so dearly,
But I had to let you go,
And although this touches me nearly,
It's for the best and this I know.

When we first met,
We were young and in love,
But I'm not going to fret,
Because you're no longer the one I'm thinking of.

I wasn't as happy
As I was in the beginning,
My love for you used to be class,
But perhaps this is the ending.

So this is it. I'm setting you free,
I'm sorry my darling, we just weren't meant to be.
Maggie Creech
4th Period
3-6-18

Maggie
Sarcastic, Athletic, Comical, Stubborn
Mother of two cats
Who loves Netflix, Volkswagen Beetles, and music
Who feels hungry all the time, loves her cats, and happy with her friends
Who needs sleep, attention, and money
Who gives honest opinions, funny comments, and her brothers a hard time
Who fears death, losing her parents, and being alone
Who would like to see a regional basketball title, world peace, and the Bahamas
Resident of Hazel Green, Kentucky
Creech
Envy

If envy were a color,
It would be green.
As green as a viper.
If envy were a taste,
It would be just like mouth-puckering lemons.
If envy were a feeling,
It would be jealousy as you feel when someone has something you want.
If envy were a smell,
It would be potent as a skunk's spray.
If envy were a sound,
It would be disturbing as a small child's cry is.
Haunting ghosts on the prowl
A black cat, sly in the night
Lots and lots of candy
Little children trick-or-treating
Old houses creaking in the wind
Witches flying on brooms
Evil-looking jack-o-lanterns on doorsteps
Eerie fog creeping around
Night time masquerade
Maggie Greech
3.9.18
4th Period

Cats
Furry and cute
Purring, scratching, meowing
They take naps frequently.
Feline

Time
Sweet and limited
Waiting, pacing, counting
It ticks away unknowingly
Moments
Shall I compare thee to a Freshly Bloomed Flower?
Thou art more beautiful and more lovely.
Gloomy weather takes away its power,
And they are certainly not as bubbly.
Sometimes the petals will droop,
And often the sun takes its hue.
But I can surely pick you out of any group,
No one can compare to you.
But thy eternal youth will not fade,
Nor will you lose your glory.
Or thee glow won't be strayed,
We will be a continuous love story.
So long as people can see your face,
Your beauty can not be erased.
Bio-Poem

Hunter Dickey

Gnarly, honest, trustworthy, and American
Son of Ward and Becky, and brother of Lucky and Gunner
Who loves hunting, fishing, and motocross
Who feels loved, good when doing good deeds, tired at no time
Who needs a fishing pole, hunting rifle, dirtbike
Who gives love, encouragement, inspiration
Who fears clowns, spiders, the ocean
Who would like to see L.A., Canada, Alaska
Resident of Cave Road, Campton

Dickey
The Five W's Poem (X2)

Hunter Dickey

Big ol' bass
Swimming in the deep
During a hot summer day
In a Kentucky lake
Just waiting on his prey

Riding my bike
Fearing through the woods
On a cool spring day
Down by the Kentucky River
Because this what's right for me
Sonnet

Hunter Dickey

Standing on a hardwood floor
Lebron James is ready to put on a show
The fans cheering "We want some more"
His defender is scared and everyone knows
He drives to the right
As he jumps over
The camera's flashing are so bright
Now everyone's checking to see if they're sober
All the defender is thinking
Is what he will look like on a poster
All he can is his career is sinking
On how it went up and down like a roller coaster
As the defender wakes from his dream
Guarding Lebron is as scary as it seems
Emotion Poem

Hunter Dickey

Angry
If angry were a color,
It would be red;
As red as a hot fire.

If angry were a taste,
It would be as spicy as B-dubs chicken wings;

If angry were a feeling,
It would be what you feel when your sibling gets you in trouble.

If angry were a smell,
It would be as hot as something that makes you sneeze;

If angry were a sound,
It would be as anything that makes you cover your ears.
Triplet (x 3)

Hunter Dickey

My buds and I cast our bait
Down by the river we sit and wait
On the fish who have not ate

Hunting is what's right for me
In the wood is the place to be
Big bucks are good to see

Sitting high in a tree
Looking just as far as I can see
I hear something crunching leaves, oh I wonder what could it be
Daniel Dickey

During the snow
The creek still flows
Although it snows.
Everyone knows
The creek refuses to freeze
moving as if swept by a summer’s breeze
No words can describe, not even these
The joy given to me by a summer’s breeze
Sleep
Daniei Dickey

I have problems sleeping.
I can't tell if it was something I have dreamed.
or actually something creeping.
And sometimes I can't remember things as they seemed.
It's a disorder without order.
You have that the thing you saw
is real,
And then it hasn't crossed the border
Between real and surreal
It's a personal hell of confusion and
despair.
But how can I tell if that's real
or just an illusion?
Sometimes

Daniel Dickey

Sometimes I wonder where it all went wrong.
As if my whole life wasn't just
out too long
Sometimes it gets hard to tell right from
wrong.
Or if it had even happened at all.
And sometimes there's not at all.

I wonder if it's all in vain.
If we suffer pain only to return
from pain,
only to return to that inexorable
pain.
And sometimes there's nothing at all.
She

She's Perfect.
She's what I look forward to everyday
She's the only thing that has an affect
on the way I think, hate, and pray.

She's who I want to spend my life with.
She's my insurance coverage.
She's what makes me want to take a breathe.
When everything takes its toll.

She's bossy
And stubborn as can be.
She's spoiled and a little too talky
But she's absolutely perfect to me.
There is a time, coming near
Sometime within the next two years
That the bells will ring a final time
And the world, only then, will be mine

More so, I am unaware
Of what the world will bring me, or where
Though when night falls at my door
No matter if I am rich or poor
Will I be bright, or that day?
Or walk towards the night and say
"My life is coming to an end."
And for a final time I will take
the bend
Back to an old house, near the creek
The grass rustling beneath my feet.

I now sit, watching the creek
Alone and at peace, I try to think
But I only hear the indefinite
And I am about reckoning
The silence is indeed deafening

Oh yes,
Silence is deafening
Abigail
Loving, clumsy, curious, caring
Daughter of Teresa and DJ, Sister of Halley
Who loves tacos, Supernatural, my cat
Who feels loved, happy, and sometimes sad
Who needs food, movies and more sleep
Who gives hugs, smiles, love
Who fears spiders, heights, losing loved ones
Who would like to see the ocean, my mom to get better, Disneyland.
Resident of Campton
Lawson
Abby Lawson

Shall I compare you to a butterfly?
Thou art more colorful,
Rough winds do blow but you still fly,
Thou art more wonderful.
Sometimes has broken wings,
But thou shalt fly,
Thou shall shed your cocoon in the springs,
Thou don't cry for broken wings.
Thou more strong,
Thou spread your wings to be free,
Thou fly long
Thou never let bees beat you.
So long as men can breathe and see,
Thou will always be free.
Abby Lawson

Halley

Annoying, funny
Fascinating, amusing, uplifting
Talks 100 mph
"Dipper"

Milo

Snuggly, fluffy
Comforting, entertaining, charming
Sleeps a lot
cat
Abby Lawson
Mom
Loving, Supportive
Beautiful

Friends
Caring, honest
Lovable

Dad
Hardworking, stubborn
Protective
Take me back.
Take me back to the good ole days.
Take me back when mom was swell.
Take me back when they lived in the same house.
Take me back when I didn't have to dry her tears.
Take me back when I didn't have to meet his new gal.
Take me back when we didn't have to split our days.
Take me back when you acted like you cared.
Take me back when mom was swell.
Take me back to the good ole days.
Take me back.
Maddison Neeley

Horse
Shinning, brown
Running, eating, playing
They make a great pet
Stallion

Heart
Blood, red
Pumping, racing, filling
Keeps your body alive
Organ
You ever hit a point in life
that is such a struggle
you try and try but it's just not right
I feel lifeless just like mud in a puddle

The demons I fight with take it to the extreme
I just don't know what to do
I just wish they will mend up like dreams
I speak without thinking of thought flows

It's like the food in a bin can
there is no escape
I lift my head to make it look like I see a
But my mind is trapped with sadness

People toss and toss in despair
And I set back to myself... thinking why should I care
Basketball
Screams, shooting
Nough!

Softball
Fielding, batting
Exciting!

Soccer
Kicking, scoring
Tiring!

Golf
Putting, Silence
boring.
I am as fluffy as a fluffy bunny.
I am as friendly as a bear.
I am as cuddly as a polar bear.
I am as happy as a baby bear.
I am as funny as a kangaroo.
I am as fast as a cheetah.
I am as brave as a fire fighter.
I am as tall as a giraffe.
And I am as smart as Bill Nye.
Madison

Happy, forgetful, Funny, stubborn
Daughter of Alex, Sister of Kylea
Who loves Basketball, dogs, adventure
Who is Happy, Tired all the time, eager
Who needs Encouragement, hugs, sleep
Who gives advice, love, happiness
Who fear spiders, first getting broke, failure
Who would like to see more positivity, Germany, less school

Resident of Jurie County

Neely
Coltyn Parks
Baseball
fun, interesting
hitting, throwing, running
A great game

Athlete
Healthy, Energetic
Sports, fun, Dedicated
entertainment
Player
Colton Parks

I am a hardworking young man who loves baseball.
I wonder who created baseball.
I hear the crack of the bat as the ball is hit.
I see the crowd get on their feet.
I want to hit another home run.
I am a hardworking young man who loves baseball.

I pretend to walk out into a big stadium.
I feel the adrenaline rush through my body.
I grab the bat and step up to the plate.
I don't worry because it's baseball.
I don't cry because it's baseball.
I am a hardworking young man who loves baseball.

I understand not everyone is perfect.
I believe if you give it your all then you are perfect.
I dream of the day I play college baseball.
I try my hardest and will never give up.
I hope one day I will be playing in college.
I am a hardworking young man who loves baseball.
Colton
Energetic, healthy, charming, determined
Son of Steve and Jan Parks
Who loves exercising, money, killing
Who feels dedicated, happy, healthy
Who needs food, water, shelter
Who gives encouragement, good times, good advice
Who fears mom dying, dad dying, brother and sister dying
Resident of Campton, Kentucky
Parks
Cotton Parks

If you were a color,
It would be green.
Green as the tall grass in that free, open field.

If you were a taste,
it would be sweet as honey.

If you were a feeling
It would be peaceful as a Carolina beach at night.

If you were a smell
It would be the scent of lavender on a summer day.

If you were a sound
it would be the sound of rain hitting the roof as you lay down to sleep.
Melissa Perry

Bio-Poem

1. Melissa
2. Caring, helpful, stubborn, loving
3. Child of Connie, sibling of Michelle
4. Who loves stories, adventure, cats
5. Who feels depression when alone, empty when thinking, and anxious about everything.
6. Who needs someone to talk to, a word to live by, hugs
7. Who gives compassion to others, love to my girlfriends, and warm hugs.
8. Who fears not being accepted, betrayed, lonely
9. Who would like to see my girlfriend’s smiling face in Japan, if I ever amount to anything
10. Resident of Campton, Kentucky
11. Perry
Sonnet

You are like no other
For everyone is not the same
Though we all come from a mother
And we all have a name.

Some are strong; some are weak
Some are gay; some are straight
Some are loud; some are plain
Some are bad; some are great.

But we are all not the same
Each has a different part
And everyone plays this game
Everyone’s life is their own art.

For all the people in the world I said be
There is no one who’s more suited for I than are.
of Seven billion People
I am only one.
A single fish in the ocean. Caught in this current
of life.
Like a bird in a flock
or a pebble on the river's side
or a grain of sand on the beach
always there, like any other
not yet unique to be called my own.
I lie alone in the dark,
Hours before my dogs will bark.
Dark and alone.
My thoughts are deep,
Though I know they will not keep.
An hour passes
Then another
My eyes are heavy
But still, I do not sleep
Dark and alone
My mind still it wonder.
Haley Varvel
Beautiful and Caring
Treats you lovingly
As pretty as cherry blossoms in spring
I wish I could hold her in my arms.

Hailee
Lovely and Strong
Treats you accordingly
As stunning as a summer sunset
I wish I could be held in her arms.
The modern Road

The modern road is made of asphalt
The force in the road is still there.
But now it just a curve you take in a car.
It's also not the only one.

Both roads have their own difficulty.
Both roads many people have used.
Both roads are constantly changing.
Both roads use modern vehicles.

One road is polished and shiny.
The other is cracked and bumpy.
One road is convenient with stores & fuel.
The other has less stores and fuel.

One road has many promises with few rewards.
The other has no promises with as much reward as you need.
One road offers many acandies.
The other offers friends to the end.

Both roads are connected at the beginning and end.
There are no return's stop signs or traffic lights.
It's your choice. Don't choose wisely once it's done.
There is no changing it.
Have you ever?

Have you ever Dis-connected?
Have you ever Left Society?
Have you ever Listend to a real creak?
Have you ever Listend to Silent nature?

Have you ever watched the wind Blow?
Have you ever Walked by yourself in the woods?
Have you ever Looked at a Stary night?
If you have did you notice the beauty of it?

Did you notice the Smooth stones in the creak?
Did you notice the Branch's wave at you?
Did you notice the Soothing sound of the water flow?
Did you try to count the stars of night?

When you resting did you notice Something new?
Have you notice the Sheep and the Sheapards?
Have you see what we have done?
Do you see the beauty of the Disturcation?

If you see the beauty try to show others
If you see the Disturcation try to change it
If you see both realize they Balance out and are equal
Are you a Sheep or a Sheapard?
Anthony Randazzo

Trade-off: the act of giving up one Ben to gain another

"Guns or butter" phrase expressing the idea that a country that decides to produce more military goods has fewer resources to produce consumer goods and vice versa.

Opportunity Cost: the most desirable alternative given as the result of a decision.

Thinking at the margin: the process of deciding whether to use an additional unit of some resource.

Cost/Benefit Analysis: a decision making process in which you compare what you will sacrifice again by a specific action.

Marginal Cost: the extra cost of adding one unit.

Marginal Benefit: the extra benefit of adding one unit.
Snow falls gently to the ground with grace and beauty. The flakes stick onto the ground forming a white blanket as the water freezes, making a dazzling display which is its duty. But, the wind barely blows enough to add the story of snow which is rely.

As the sun rises, so does the glow of the snow. Out with all this beauty is a double edge knife. The cold of the snowy day witnesses the beauty of the summer's grew the ice with its beauty also hardens the function of life.

If the wind blows too strong it blocks the eye's view. If there is too much there can't enjoy it's enchantment. If too short it makes them blue. If too long it makes them want to abandon the attachment.

As there is beauty in a snowy day there is also destruction and the want for the warmth of a summer's day affection.
We live in a digital world
Where pixels and waves rule supreme.
We blindly follow our hand-held rulers.
Surveillance is everywhere and position
passes by.
Messages go around the world and back in
the blink of an eye.
Money runs through are new rulers with
no form.
The most powerful people make and control
are obsolete rulers.
Presedents and queens are under there
control too.
If you don't have one your not in
society.
They generate simulators for your entertainment.
You can control your home with one
button.
You can watch people live there lives.
You can't create without a license.
This is your. Buy your boards for hundreds of dollars
And if you break it you go crazy until you
replace.
Then buy hundreds more to keep them alive.
Hailey Smith

Hailey
Athletic, opinionated, hardworking, caring
Daughter of Jennifer and David, sister of Sarah and Kristen.
Who loves Pre-8, Reese Cups, sports
Who feels anxious for summer, stressed at school, relaxed in the gym
Who needs her sweatpants, hugs, and reassurance
Who gives her opinion, energy, advice
Who fears growing old, failure, the unknown
Who would like to see a cure for cancer, the Wildcats win the national tournament, the world
Residents of Wolfe County
Smith
Hailey Smith

If love was a color,
It would be red.
As red as a freshly picked rose.

If love were a taste,
It would be warm like a cookie fresh out
of the oven.

If love were a feeling,
It would be everlasting like the bond of a mother
and her daughter.

If love were a smell,
It would be as delightful as a freshly cut
Christmas tree.

If love were a sound,
It would be soft and soothing like a
quiet summer shower.
Hailey Smith

The stereo's up, the windows down.
I've been set free.
And I'm cruising town.
I drive around and all I see is my friends waving at me.

The days are filled with lots of fun.
No more long days inside.
Now I can lay in the sun.
With sunscreen always applied.

The grass is growing.
The trees are swaying.
The creek is flowing.
And the children are playing.

I'm just ready for summer to come.
Then I can be a beach bum.
Hailey Smith

Basketball is the game for me.
The court is where I like to be.
Nothing but net is what I like to see.

Sarah decided to walk to the lake.
While she was on her way,
She suddenly stumbled upon a snake.

Standing at short stop,
With my glove ready,
Hoping for no bad hop.
Hailey Smith

Beach
Sunny, Breezy
Paradise!

Christmas
Stockings, Presents
Joyful!

Camping
Camp fires, Bike rides
Enjoyable!
Angel
Kind, smart, stubborn sometimes, introvert
Sister of Chris and Bryanna and great great niece of Elsie Hash
Who loves chocolate, reading, and helping others
Who feels loved by others, ugly, happiness
Who needs hugs, to be strong, encouragement
Who gives smiles, advice, hugs sometimes
Who fears heights, clowns, dolls
Who would like to see Egypt, the world, family
Resident of Wolfe County
Taulbee
Love Sonnet

When I look into your eyes I think of the future.
Every time you talk to me my heart beats a smile.
You're always full of humor.

You're like sunshine.
You're always full of laughter.
Sometimes beautiful like moonshine.
Sometimes you act like Casper.

When you smile you bring joy to the world.
Sometimes you even take my breath away.
Sometimes I feel like I am in a dreamworld.
We even celebrate Valentine's Day.

We will always be together.
We will always be there for each other.
The Shy Girl Who Thought That She Was Ugly

I have always been a
Shy girl who thought
That she was ugly
Who has always been
A nerd and sometimes Funny.

I have always been a
Shy girl who thought
That she was ugly
Who always read books
And who always does her work.

I have always been a
Shy girl who thought
That she was ugly
Who has a lot of
Responsibility.

I have always been a
Shy girl who thought
That she was ugly
Who always studied
And very rarely grumpy.

I have always been a
Shy girl who thought
That she was ugly
Who always helped others
And stood up for herself.

I have always been a
Shy girl who thought
Silent Sounds

I lay on the floor with
Nothing to do but adore
The silence and the cold floor.
Then I hear the sound of
Birds singing and the sound
Ringing through my ears.
Then everything went quiet
As I walked up to the to
The balcony carrying a
Box that had a little lock
And a key I laid it down with
My goodbyes and I jumped and
Thought that I was a bird
Singing through the sky.
A Simile About Me

am quiet as a mouse.
am happy as a jay bird.
am stubborn as a bull.
am short as a garden gnome.
am smart as a tac.
am brave as a eagle.
am cuddly as a teddy bear.
can be mean as a rattlesnake.
am ugly as a ugly jungle animal.
am lazy as a cat.
like reading books like a bookworm.
Sonnet

Luke Thompson

I let loose the arrow
after viewing my sight.
It is swift as a sparrow
flying through the night,
Before this, I process the shot,
As if overseeing an assembly line.
The perfect form is sought;
String and arrow must align.
And so, the flight begins,
But in the blink of an eye,
The distance from the target thins,
And no longer does it fly.
Hitting the bullseye is no small feat.
But in the end, the process must repeat.
Bio-Poem

Luke Thompson

Luke
Intelligent, procrastinative, friendly, quiet.
Brother of Sawyer, son of Glen & Beth Thompson
Who loves archery, family, friends
Who feels relaxed at home, inspired when listening
to music, peaceful when outdoors
Who needs a day off school, less drama, a
good laugh once in a while
Who gives pencils to Blake, Rico, advice to
Friends, love to family
Who fears the next test, rejection, not reaching
full potential
Who would like to see the country, success,
hard work pay off
Resident of the house on the hill by the
middle school
Thompson
Luke Thompson

Football
aggressive, exciting
sprinting, passing
America's game

College
difficult, but enjoyable
studying, partying
Transition

Mountains
awesome, intense
skyscraping, inspiring
Peaks
Luke Thompson
On the pasture
Into the slaughterhouse
Across the knife
Through the processing
Into the grocery
Onto the grill
Into my mouth

Somewhere in the cosmos
Through the dust
Towards the Milky Way
Past Saturn's rings
Across the Asteroid Belt
Piercing the atmosphere
Into the night sky does this meteor fly...
Luke Thompson

Bees
Black, yellow
Buzzing, building, stinging
They make a sweet treat
Pollinators

Clock
Quiet, then loud
Ticking, tocking, ringing
We need them, but hate them in the morning
Alarm