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<td>Brewer, Hunter B</td>
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<td>Selbert, Sydney R</td>
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<td>Whitt, Kaycee J</td>
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Hunter Brewer  SW's Poem

The loud music
Thumping and rattling tinted windows
Late at night
In the City
To get attention

The basket ball
Bouncing up and down
Late at night and early in the morning
At Rose Gymnasium
To better oneself
Hate

If hate were a color
It would be black
As black as a stormy, moonless night.

If hate were a taste
It would taste just like acid.

If hate were a feeling
It would burn like a fire with unlimited amounts of fuel.

If hate were a smell
It would be as rank as a week-old diaper.

If hate were a sound
It would be as agonizing as the sound of a million babies burning.
A Teacher

Teaches,

Explores,

Listens,

Grades,

Lectures,

Observes,

and the eights,

A Student

Leaves,

Listens,

Takes notes,

Tests,

Writes,

Interacts,

Talks,

Cheats,

Tries,

and constantly gets Smart
Hunter Brewer Bio-Poem

Hunter
Intelligent, Athletic, Tough, Caring
Brother of Jayden, Granson, of Howard and Friends
Who loves Fishing, Dirt bikes, Life
Who feels free in the driver seat, Bored in a desk, Exhausted on the road
Who needs attention, Wakes me, To wake up
Who gives real hugs, firm handshake, blunt opinions
Who fears losing the ones closest to me
Who would like to See the world, A milkshake, Reese's
Resident of Elkins Road, Canton
Brewer
Hunter Bee
Sonnets

Shall I compare thee to a glass of water?
Thou art more thirst quenching—though without ice.
Rough winds do blow when easterly, it is better
Than be more holy than that of Jesus Christ.

So sacred that one wouldn't waste a drop.
And more filling than all you can eat dinner.
So beautiful and clear unlike that of a dirty sink.
Without you my love I would be a zero.

But my eternal thirst shall never fade.
Even if I live in the ocean the rest of my life.
It will still be there like trees shade.
One day you will be my wife.

So long as one can change,
You will forever be my love.
March 9, 2018

Tyre Briscoe

Tyre
Smart, wisecracks, enthusiastic, diligent
Sister of Logan, Daughter of Darrell & Tiffany
Who loves to explore, read, and learn.
Who feels for others, emotions, & feels it all
Who needs family, friends, and honesty
Who gives help, a hand, and advice
Who fears spiders, loss, and failure
Who would like to see the world, people, and become
Resident of Compton, KY
Briscoe

My Ford Love

My dear love, you inspire me to write.
Oh, how I love the way thy run, sleep, and walk.
Involving my mind at light and dark nights.
Always dreaming of thee gracious thoughts

Shall I compare you to a honest bill?
You are more than funny, caring and superb.
All rains floral the cold strawberry fields of April,
And the springtime has thy audacious blurb.

How do I love you? Shall I count the ways?
I love your overbearing heart and eyes.
How your personality fills my days
My love for you is a break away stallion.
Emotions

If happy were a color,
It would be yellow,
As yellow as a fresh daisy.

If happy were a taste,
It would be just like candy.

If happy were a smell,
It would be as vibrant as your first sight.

If happy were a sound,
It would be as smooth as birds singing.

S. J.'s Poem

A smiling baby,
Kicking in enthusiasm,
In a sunny morning,
Laying in his crib,
To express her happiness.
Happiness is desired by all
All too hard to contain at times
Positive attitudes
Putting yourself first at times
Inside of everyone
Never taking anything for granted
Enjoying all things in life
Seeing good in everything
Staying content
Kallie

Happy, energetic, athletic, caring
Daughter of Todd and Gary
Who loves softball, doritos, and family feud
Who feels happy, hungry, and curious
Who gives smiles, loves, and laughs
Who fears slugs, snakes, and bugs
Who would like to see the inside of every fridge, every beach, and happiness all around
Resident of Homestead Drive, Stanton
Brown
Beach
Sunny, hot
enjoying, loving, burning
makes you feel stress free
Heaven

Life
Fun, hard
laughing, crying, living
throws clot cut you
existence
Shall I compare thee to a flower?
Thou art more elegant and fragile.
Harsh storms do tend to empower,
Yet never to harm the attraction a dabble.

Sometimes too bright, though I don't look away
Its beautiful colors come to dimmin'
Due to the Sun going down at the end of the day
These beautiful colors no longer glissin'

But the beauty never seems to perish
Nor lose the beautiful colors of itself
Such beauty it's sometimes too hard to bearish
That once you see it, you cannot ever forget oneself

So long as trees grow and the Sun shines
The beauty of thee will never be declined
Tabby
Caring and Strong
Loves me unconditionally
As beautiful as a sunset
I wish to be as amazing as her

Hunter
Strong and Dependable
Pushes me to my best
As selfless as can be
I wish to never be without him
Shakespeare was a great poet. He really didn't know if he being tickled. Shakespeare loved to eat pickles. He hated being clean. He loved to leave a dish without rinsing. He also loved beans. Shakespeare really loved to leak. He always got a date. Shakespeare hated to cook. But he wouldn't eat too late. Shakespeare only did it for money to buy him something.
Every time he picks up pen, magic happens.
Really is the best part.
Everybody knows loud and he is.
Everyone adored him.
Pretty much the best.
So very cool.
Very girl loves him.
Always does so cute.
Has a lot of talent.
Super good at party.
Cameron

Calm, lazy, intelligent, forgetful
Son of Donny, best friend, Steffen
Up late, gaming, sleeping, dogs
Who needs love, encouragement, dogs
Who gives love, family, support, friendship
Those who like to see more, common sense, intelligence

Wisdom
Prescott of Canaan, Kentucky

Carley
I am a carefree game.

I hope to improve.

I try to be the best & forever in league.

I dream about beautiful beaches.

I say every one suffers.

I understand the world is full of lies.

I am a carefree game.

I cry when I'm upset.

I worry that I'll lose someone important to me.

I touch the fur of my dog.

I feel the wind flying around me.

I pretend to fly planes.

I am a carefree game.

I want to fly a plane.

I see my dogs running.

I hear dogs barking.

I wonder how strong I am.

I am a carefree game.
Bio-poem

Pam

Happy, funny, caring, impatient
Daughter of Lynn and Adam, niece of Angie
Who loves her friends/family, animals, independence
Who feels loved by her friends and family,
    nervous about growing up,
Who needs to spend more time out of bed, to
    learn patience, to chill out
Who gives advice to friends, milk to her cat,
    high fives to cool guys
Who fears rejection, failure, spiders
Who would like to see new places, herself succeed,
    a better world
Resident of Wolfe County
Clapp
Laughter
Little snorts razzing.
Appreciative murmurs repartee.
Unintentional puns afebrile.
Goofy emotions desire.
Happy people giggle.
Triumphant whoops transmitted.
Empty-headed homies lampooning
Ragged cheers shout.
Kittens
The energetic kittens
Drinking silky white milk
After a long day of playing hard
On the old porch
They have worn themselves out

Bumble Bee
There is a small bumble bee.
It has landed on the leaves.
I think I’ll just let it be.

Sunsets
Sunsets
Colorful, beautiful
Soothing, calming
Nightfall
Dark House
There is a house,
So dark, so deep.
Quiet as a mouse,
You won't hear a peep.
They creep, they crawl,
They lurk, they loom.
But the house just sits,
Like an old dusty book.

Lost
Like a dog in the wild,
She didn't know what to do.
Like a bird in a cage,
She never flew.
Like a deer in the headlights,
She became froze.
Like a car on ice,
She finally broke.
Only Impossibilities

getting tired for awhile
and our eyes all start to close
but in these crooked moments
there's things for us to know.

you can't climb mountains
without your first step
you only gain everything
when you have nothing left.

darkness exposes
the light that is there.
it's hard for us to notice
in the moments we won't share.

the highest high
you'll ever be
is when you kneel
and hold up a ring.

the loneliest
you'll ever feel
is when you're surrounded by people
that you just cannot heal.
Only Impossibilities

there's one thing to take away
something you shouldn't forget
nothing is impossible...
you just haven't done it yet...
Nearer to Death than Ever Before

I always dreamed of adventure and glories untold.
I had never once imagined the source of my
adventure would be so old.
He had scruffy hair as white as January's snow,
Though his eyes twinkled with the spirit of
a young colt.

Our paths crossed in the dead of the night,
When there was no sound and no source of light,
With a large sedative injection in hand,
He put me into a deeper sleep until we arrived
at his victim's funeral hand.

When I awoke, I awoke with a start
Only to discover my kidnapper hid a bloody art
Through four nights of screaming and pain,
I finally realized that death was my only gain.

As my kidnapper left me for the night,
I hesitantly took my life before searching for
that pleasant light.
The warm little light I had heard so much about
That, from this world, would lead me out.
Bio - Poem

Haley

Soft spoken, gentle, protective, understanding
Daughter of Claylene Connor
Who loves art, music, and people
Who feels accomplishment from helping others,
Awe from the world around her, and determination
In tough situations
Who needs a listening ear, a quiet spot, and
The ability to make good choices
Who gives an open mind, a bright smile, and
Encouragement in the hard times.
Who fears the dark, public speaking, and failures
Who would like to see more harmony in the world,
More love shared, and more memories made
Resident of Campton
Connor
Locked Box

Are you my beautiful, lost locked box?
With you, gooey emotions fill me inside,
I know I have the brains of a rock,
but I think I'm ready for the rollercoaster ride.

As the sun shines its heavenly light,
a small locked box lies by the way.
It holds memories, fond and bright,
Waiting to be unlocked another day.

I will never let you go and always hold you close,
and treat you like a jewel,
and pet your red hair decorated in bows,
and show you off at the Ball of Yule.

Forever and always, my love for you
I can only hope, you love me too.
Think For Yourself
In this world of variety,
we have so many different beliefs,
that, despite our many struggles,
change the way you think.

Come! Come! One and all!
Have our thoughts for free
We have many different opinions
And that’s all you need.

Don’t think for yourself.
That’s our golden rule.
Listen to us,
We’ll make you into a fool.

Wait! No! You’re drifting away!
We lost you to your own thoughts.
Fine... we’ll let you go...
But our business of thoughts will not rest
on Death’s Cot.
Shall I write this sonnet
For my words are showing
But I find under my bonnet
None are flowing

This could never be boring
For it is too much fun
Yet inside I find myself snoring
I think I should go for a run

I am back now
It is time to write
But I must say chow
For it is already night

I have finished this poem
I can't wait to show 'em
Love
If love were a color,
It would be red
As red as a passionate flame.

If love were a taste,
It would be just like the icing on cake.

If love were a feeling,
It would be as fulfilling as learning to ride a bike.

If love were a smell,
It would be as delicious as a field of roses.

If love were a sound,
It would be as lovely as the most beautiful symphony.
Bradden French

I do love summer
winter is such a bummer
and spring has thunder.

I have had so much fun with this rhyme
But now I hear the clock chime
It appears I am out of time.
Braedon French

Braedon
Considerate, unassuming, sensible, rational
Brother of Cameron, Maddie, and Maverick
Who loves Netflix, food, and the beach
Who feels alive, optimistic, curious
Who needs ale & sleep, good grades
Who gives advice, a hard time, and evil looks
Who fears the unknown, losing my freedom, and Disappointment—
Who would like to see the world, what the future holds, and love
Resident of Wolfe County
French
Braedon French

Out the door.
Into the yard.
Across the street.
Through the creek.
Down the hill.
Without a fear.
In regard to being brand new.

Aboard the ship
But throwing a fit
Onto the deck
By means of some steps
Into my chest
Despite some checks
Owing to my best
To the girl I strive to be,
I know there is a lot of pressure to be perfect.
But between you and me,
In the end it will be worth it.

Remember to hold your head high,
You have inexperienced minds that look up to you.
Sometimes you will ask yourself why you still try,
It’s because you still have much to do.

There are many trials you have yet to face,
There are some you already overcame.
Don’t lose sight of what’s important while trying to pick up your pace,
Or you’ll never be the same.

To the girl I strive to be,
There is a lot waiting for you in the future; you’ll see.
If joy were a color,
It would be yellow.
As yellow as a field of sunflowers in the middle of July.

If joy were a taste,
It would be as sweet as the first bite of a homemade strawberry pie.

If joy were a feeling,
It would be as exciting as your first time watching fireworks light up the sky.

If joy were a smell,
It would be as enticing as your favorite perfume.

If joy were a sound,
It would be as harmonious as a choir of angels singing your favorite song.
Sipping sweet tea
Under the sun
Making great memories
Miguel's Pizza
Eating watermelon
Raspberry slushies
Trips to the Gorge.
Independence Day
Many adventures
Each day is filled with laughter
Gardenias
delicate, fragrant
blooming, budding
Flower

Jaden
smart, silly
loving, entertaining
Brother

Fall
colorful, chilly
relaxing, captivating
Autumn
Paige
Charismatic, genuine, friendly, anxious
Daughter of Amanda, Sister of Jaden, Kaedan, Kolten, and Piper
Who loves laughing, music, Stand By Me (the movie)
Who feels nervous for my first job, love for my family, excited for what the future holds
Who needs my momma, summer break, my friends
Who gives love, laughter, hugs
Who fears spiders, failure, losing someone important
Who would like to see my siblings do great things, the world, more kindness
Resident of Wolfe County, Kentucky
Friend
Asia
Caring, nerdy, clever, blunt
Daughter of Debra
Who loves chocolate, reading, sleeping
Who feels tired, sad, hungry
Who needs love, support, sleep
Who gives laughs, support, love
Who fears spiders, heights, and being left alone
Who would like to see a better world, better food, and the world
Resident of Campton, Kentucky
Alessa Tellez  My Walls (sonnet)

Up high in my palace walls
I stayed behind a locked door
Hoping they would not fall
Praying evermore

But then you came
And climbed those walls
Approaching ever tame
And then I heard your calls

You got into my castle
But my walls still didn’t break
You came without a hassle
Why must you make my heart ache?

You make me want to forget
But it may be a regret
Aus tainly Why I keep Dreaming

As my head rests tonight
I go into a haze
Still awake, but slightly dreaming
I think of a better place
Where a world is not angry,
Sad, or without meaning
Because this world we live in
Is a horrible thing
And there is no point
In even trying
to improve my life
What's the point?
Where's the light?
I see none
So I keep dreaming
Days Passing By

Sometimes days are slow
Moving like a snail
Empty, depressing, lonely
On and on without fail

Other times they're fast
Too fast, without warning
Racing, full, too much,
It gives you anxiety

And then there are days
Where everything is perfect
Not fast, not slow, just right
Those are my favorite days
Sometimes I wander off
To a place of rows and rows
Of puppies, candy, and jellyfish
That like to tickle my toes
Who don't want to sting
My skin
Or tangle me in its limbs
But instead bop its head
Against the water
With its puppy friends
But, alas, I cannot stay
Nor is it real
I have a life I have to live
Where jellyfish will sting you
And tangle you in its limbs
But it's ok
Because I really hate the ocean
Gonzalez
Resident of Wolfe Co.

His/Her Parent

Who would like to see The World Live NBA Game, A
Who fears closing the future; a living alone
Who gives alive compassion & love
Who needs love, music, a food
Who feels worried, curious, nervous for the future
Who loves Basketball, food, a His Family
Brother of Austin, Anthony, a Briona

smart, happy, loving, caring

Enrique
Everyone goes on with their day & never knows my pain.

Quiet is how I'd prefer it.
Under the mask of a smile or laugh is the reality of my life.

Right there in front of everyone, no one knows it goes on.

Everyday this happens.
Everyday I see you walk by
now I realize you don't care
I've never done you any good
I won't hold you up anymore

Everyday it happens, you end up farther and farther away
Everyday I wonder what it’d be like to have an activity that was carefree.
Under the hot summer sun at the park,
Quite possibly when I was still a boy,
I still wonder what it’d be like.
Really it gets annoying but,
Nighttime is when I really wonder.
Every second I wonder who you really are.
I am a hardworking guy who wishes his life had been different. I wonder what I'd be like today if I had had those 2 special people as a boy. I see them standing there like they really cared. I want to know what it's like to hear them there. I am a hardworking guy who wishes his life had been different.

I pretend that I don't really care. I feel the weight of the world on my shoulders. I wonder if I'll ever be good enough. I cry when I'm alone wondering if I'm the reason they left. I am a hardworking guy who wishes his life had been different.

I understand that I'll never really get to know them. I say, what if we never, I've learned this long. I dream of being them, together. I can be a hardworking guy who wishes his life had been different.
If you've ever been in love,

You know how it feels,

But sometimes it can be surreal.

I found it a young age,

At times it kills me,

I feel like I'm always on stage,

Where I wonder who I can be.

But I love the feeling,

So much it's like a drug,

That leaves me feeling

But I'll continue until my grave dug.

End

Oh, how I love her,

I'll never need another. 
Shall I compare thee to the sun,  
Thou art more bright and hot.  

Your brightness may draw her.  
I love you a lot.  
Your beauty shines through.  
Your personality shines bright.  
I think highly of you.  
I look for you in the stars tonight.  
You are my now.  
And even my past.  
I want to make a vow.  
I want us to last.  
I'll always be here.  
Because I love you dear.
Eight

Happy, outgoing, athletic
son of John and Lori
who loves football, food, and cars
who feels stressed about these poems, anxiety, and worry
who needs more time to write this, better grades, and more sleep
who gives up poems that need to change, and loses the need for
who fears rats, wasps, and big bugs.
who would like to see the Great Plains, California, and his legs.
Resident of Crafton.
Hansey.
Sad

If sad were a color,
It would be black.

As black as a chunk of coal.
If sad were a taste,
It would be just like tar.
If sad were a smell,
It would be slightly as a fart.
If sad were a sound,
It would be depresses as a baby cry.
A teacher

enforces

arrest

lately orders

Give orders

traffic stops

and gets the bad guys.
B. H. Hagy

The tiny pigs
rolling in the mud
on a hot summer day
in their pig pen
trying to cool down

The screeching chickens
pecking the ground
on a cool winter day
in the chicken coop
trying to find food.
Shall I compare thee to a rainbow?
Thou art more colorful and beautiful
Rough winds do blow when I am low
For a day without your smile is anything but wonderful

Sometimes too bold so we must take a break
And after a day turns into a struggling week
But a moment without your love makes my heart ache
By chance our paths to cross and we begin to speak

But thy everlasting beauty shall never fade
Nor lose the joy you bring to me
Nor shall another fill you be made
When the gates of heaven open, I hope to see

So long as men can breath, and songbirds crying
Your love will forever be the most important thing.
Ellie
Athletic, stubborn, humble, and loving
Daughter of Arjie and Chris Halsey
Who loves animals, sports and food
Who feels happiness, love and support from family and friends
Who needs attention, may and friends
Who gives love, support, and smiles
Who fears snakes, large rodents, and being alone
Who would like to see, Hawaii, better school lunch, and Las Vegas
Resident of Mill Hill Road
Halsey
Graduation goes on line the hall
Ready for the next step in life
Auditoriums packed with family and friends
Diplomas ready to be presented
Unified as friends, preparing to part
A mosaic memories we hold
Together for the last time
I infused with knowledge from the twelve years of schooling
On this day we stand hopeful
Never to return as a high school student again.
Happy

If happy were a color
it would be yellow
as yellow as the hot bright sun on a warm sunny day

if happy were a taste
it would be as sour as a fresh cut lemon

if happy were a feeling
it would be as exciting as scoring the winning point

if happy were a smell
it would be as wonderful as freshpicked strawberries

if happy were a sound
it would be as loud as a splash in the pool.
The volleyball girls
Serving balls over the net
Mounts before a game begins
In the hot highschool gym.
Preparing to win the regional tournament

The softball players
Loading up the bus
On a warm Saturday in May
At the teams field
Heading out to play
The cow goes moo
I like milk
It jumps over the moon
It feels like silk
You can make butter
Yogurt and cheese
Just squeeze the udder
Be gentle, please
Just be careful
Make the right call
It may be dreadful
You could grab a ball
Cows are cool
They really rule
Caitlyn
Cynical, artistic, childish
Daughter of Jeff, granddaughter of Kelly and Nellie
Who loves plain sheets of paper, 90's movies, opportunity
Who feels right even when she's wrong, strong-minded;
Inspiration randomly
Who needs noise all the time, a forever friend, a life
full of laughs
Who gives love to family, puzzled looks, hugs to friends
Who fears the dark, being alone, Child's Play
Who would love to see my mamas, a great future, smiles
President of Pine Ridge
Hellen
I am from flowers
from marigolds and daisies.
I am from under the kitchen table
(dusty, dark, my secret place).
I am from Saturdays with my dad,
the Ford truck he drove
whose reefer was loud
as if it knew.

I'm from Jo's burgers and Bug Juice bottles,
from Jeff and Lois,
I'm from crop happens
cut laugh alouds.
From Sit down! Get up!
I'm from Church with my dad
with heavenly songs
and heavy eyes.

I'm from Shop Street and Hazel Green
C and C's pizza and a pop to go.
From the mother who was never there,
the father who never left.

The closest full of secrets
silence but calling,
I will one day know.
I am from those things no one will say
the lies it's ok
the family tree so small and sad.
Super strength helping stop trains
Uranium giving powers
Power used for saving mankind
Everyone they can't save haunting them
Racing to save the day
Hard choices to make that can change the world
Enemies waiting to end them
Rays shooting from the eyes
Our saviors in times of need
Endless fighting
Simply super
I am a strong-willed girl who loves to draw
I wonder if I'm washing time
I hear people laughing at my weakness
I see a comfortable, happy future
I want to laugh everyday
I am a strong-willed girl who loves to draw
I pretend that I know what I'm doing
I feel as if I am in quicksand when I'm stressed
I touch the ground to make sure it stays under my feet
I worry that my hopes will be for nothing
I cry when I think about my past
I am a strong-willed girl who loves to draw
I understand that you have to work for what you get
I say if today was perfect there is no need for tomorrow
I dream of a good life
I try to overcome what they said I would be
I hope that I could make something of myself
I am a strong-willed girl who loves to draw
Kylene
Caring, Thoughtful, Genuine, Sarcastic
Daughter of John and Janelle, Sister to Allie
Who loves my family, friends, Netflix
Who feels happy, loved, exhausted
Who needs money, more time to get things done
Encouragement
Who gives love, smiles, advice
Who fears snakes, losing a loved one, failure
Who would like to see Paris, Hawaii, Bahamas
President of Wolfe County
Lear
If love were a color
it would be red
as red as a rose
If love were a taste
it would be just like chocolate
If love were a feeling
it would be fierce as a storm
If love were a smell
it would be as sweet as a flower
If love were a sound
it would be as peaceful as the ocean
A mom
cares,
loves,
teaches,
disciplines,
listens,
cooks,
provides,
and works hard

A dog
barks,
eats,
sleeps,
plays,
chases,
fetches,
comforts,
and protects.
Turkey roasting in the oven
Hungry for the meal
Asking to share recipes
Needing the pumpkin pie
Kneading the dough for the rolls
Socializing with family
Giving thanks to God
Inviting guest
Voting on the best desserts
Ice cream and lots of desserts
Neatly preparing the table
Gathering around the table
Shall I compare thee to a lovely rose?
Thou art more ugly and oh so rare.
Rough hands, big teeth, and gaint nose,
And words can't describe that awful hair.
Sometimes when we meet in the grocery store
And often when we pass in the halls of school,
And every time you're such a bore,
I find it hard to remember the golden rule.
But I must go on for there is more,
Nor can I stop quite yet;
Nor tell how your voice is more of a roar
And your eyes so closely set
So long as you don't step on me with those giant feet
We'll get a long, we'll say hello, just stay out of my seat!
Erica Mattingly

"Logan"

Shall I compare you to me
You are prettier and more fair
You are dreamy
With your flowing black hair
You remind me of joy
Your smile never fading
Is your love for him a decay
I feel as if though I'm degrading
Maybe it is time for me to move on from him
He clearly has you
His feelings for me have become dim
This is my cue
The happiness you bring him makes me grieve!
The two of you meeting was plainly fateful
Erica Mattingly

"Corey & Cole"

Cole
Sick and manipulative
Kills you internally
As conniving as they come
I wish your family wouldn't of died at dinner

Corey
Talented but arrogant
Had the opportunity to leave but complains about being stuck
As inconsiderate as Hitler
Sometimes I wish I was the favorite child
Erica Mattingly

"Me"

I am unseen, unheard
I wonder if there is a god
I hear the same things every day
I see sadness
I want to be happy
I am a waste of space in a faceless crowd

I pretend to care
I feel nothing
I touch my heart to see if it is beating
I worry I will never leave here
I cry for those I do not know

I understand many have it worse than me
I say I am tired
I dream of the big screen
I try to make it through each day
I hope to be someone else
I am unseen, unheard
Nothingness
If feeling nothing was a color
It would be white.
As a rabbit dead on the road
If nothing were a taste
It would be just like water.
If nothing were a feeling
It would be the nurse before she revealed the news.
If nothing were a smell
It would be the dissected kitchen you fail to use.
If nothing were a sound
It would be the sound a second after you hit the ground.
Erica Mattingly

"Myself"

Erica
Innovator, rebel, peaceful, illusrious
Daughter of Shannon, Sister of Corey
Who loves dreaming of elsewhere, being alone, and yellow
Who feels trapped, unheard, and bored
Who needs to leave, travel, and be happy
Who gives time to those undeserving, second chances, and ideas
Who fears staying in the same place, small towns, and the truth
Who would like to see the world, rockstars, and love
Resident of nowhere, nowhere, no one
Mattingly
Dillon Mayse

As I creep toward the box of letters
I smell the faint scent of ham.
The guardman grabs me by the hand
I think to myself, "Isn't this stellar?"
The guardman throws me in a cell
I say, "Why do you smell of pork?"
He says "Shut your pie-hole dork."
Then we hear the ring of a bell
The guard says "Well, my shift is done.
I hope the next guy is mean to you."
A leftern door the next comes through.
He says, "I hope you got thick skin, son
I'm the best interrogator they could pay."
I say "Go ahead, give it all you got."
He stabbed me with an iron; it was hot;
So hot, in fact, that I die in my cage.
And now I'm here to tell you the tale
Of how I died stealing another man's mail.
My name is Dillon
Hey, that "D" should be big.
"Dillon?" Yes, like that

My bones are quite weak
Because I lost my milk cows
Where are my milk cows.

I look at the stars.
They seem to be so far gone.
Just like my milk cows.
I like to eat cheese
But the cheese does not like me.
Poetry is hard

I do not like snow.
It's snowing on Mount Fuji,
Do not take me there.

Oh, where am I now
I do not see my milk cows.
Where are my milk cows.
Dillon Mayse

Tall, intelligent, funny, and crooked footed.
Son of James and Rhonda
Who loves friends, milk, lifesavers, and Arizona Iced Tea
Who feels optimism, joy in a book, and anger at math
Who needs peanut butter crackers, glasses, and his hat
Who gives encouragement, bad advice, and dumb haikus.
Who fears centipedes, the ocean, and the inability to grow sideburns.
Who would like to see Mars, M&BII: Bannerlord, and long distances.
Resident of Wolfe County
Mayse
I love the taste of cold, fresh milk. Delightfully running and spreading Smoothly through my mouth, like silk Like silk of the rich, that the people send running, It wonderfully outshines soda-pop For it will not cause tooth pain. Though uncommonly found in a gas stop, My 2% is what I main. Every morning, when I wake up, I must sit down and have a glass I shan't make do with one small cup Only a whole jug shall pass. Whether or not I want a drink, It is only of the milk that I can think.
Bio-Poem

Erica Miniard 5th Period 3-6-18

Erica
Caring, Supportive, Funny, understanding
Daughter of Elaine Spurgeon and Roger Miniard
Who loves animals, family, friends
Who feels happy with friends, relaxed when
listening to music, shy when with animals
Who gives sarcastic replies, confused looks,
genuine smiles
Who fears spiders, failure, being alone
Who would like to see the world, what
the future holds, success
Miniard
Sonnet

Erica Minciad      5th Period

The way your eyes shine so bright
The way you move quietly through the halls
And when we move all through the night
When you're oh so far and I hear your call
The way you piece it all together
And now you help my thoughts wonder
I know that we will be forever
Although my emotions plunder
Your embrace is oh so sweet
Though I am used to you my stomach knots
Just like cool water beneath my feet
The loud sounds ring like shots
You are my special place
Even though it is my heart's race.
Once you were a beautiful soul
But you fell down a deep hole
You used to be a pretty color
But now you are merely a wonder
I seen you standing in the crowd
And once you even bowed!
You were always here for me
I'm sorry that I could not do the same for you
You understood
Of course did not
Now you're not here anymore
But I am still here fighting to make you proud
I scream your name so loud!
Hoping you can hear me somehow
But when I look into the crowd
I don't see your face anymore
I know this is so dated!
But it is as if you have faded
The Other One

I have always been the other one
Not one to have been chosen by some
The other friend, the other me
But I wonder how it would be
To be the chosen one for once
What it is like for me to see the sun
But instead I sit inside the house
Sitting inside as quiet as a mouse
But today my time has came
To step out and claim my fame
Today is my day and no one can take that away
Now my reign is here to stay
Haunting
The ocean waves quiet and calming
And in my head I hear them calling
My name is soft sweet whispers
Ever so soft though it lingers
The sun will shine down on me
I in my time have come to see
Gentle whispers more than thee
Are always there
Short and sweet
But haunting me just like a ghost
Are the secrets I can not keep

Erica Minardi  5th Period
Suns Warmth Sonnet

The suns warmth is at play
Warming the hills and valleys of this place
Rain and clouds challenged my day
but the sun has brightened my face

The suns warmth mirrors our life
Seeking joy when days are sad
Slicing gloom and doom like a knife
Floods our hearts and making us glad

Life bombards the sound soul
With malicious attempts on our pride
but we valiantly pursue our goal
and forget not our guide

I wish the sunny day in May could stay
but the rain and clouds have pushed it away
Corps

Shelby
Roberts

Sonnet

Shall I compare you to a corpse
rotting and smelling like fish
I bet you died because you didn't endorse
I bet you use to look like a dish

Before you died I hoped you prayed
Bet your family had a good cry
If you didn't you'll get played
I'll bring your family a pie

There were attempts on your pride
I bet you didn't have goal
But because you didn't have a guide
That's probably why you don't have a soul

Hope you don't deal with greed, Todd
because you'll have to deal with God
Bio-Poem

Shelby
Hardworking, nice, smart, warm, sunny
Daughter of Shawn and Daniel
Who loves animals, family, candy
Who feels awe at night, reading, listening
Who needs encouragement, friends, wifi
Who gives advice, happiness, love
Who fears report cards, failing Act
Who would like to see Ireland, Pandas, Paris
Resident of Yellow Rock Road, Beattyville
Roberts
Emotions

Angry
If angry were a color
It would be red
As red as Hades
If angry were a taste
It would be like peppers burning your mouth
If angry were a feeling
It would be mad as a sinner in Hades
If angry were a smell
It would be rotten as a tomato
If angry were a sound
It would be loud as heavy metal band
My Future

I am strong and worrisome person
I wonder what I'll accomplish in my life
I hear dreams of my ancestors
I see my future as bright as the sun
I want to help people who are in need
I am strong and worrisome person

I pretend to be a young lady
I feel as free as I'll ever be
I touch the linings of my future
I worry about the outcome of my life
I cry when someone close dies
I am strong and worrisome person

I understand college is not that easy
I say let's reach our dreams
I dream of the day I'll walk across the stage
I try my best in school
I hope to retain knowledge
I am strong and worrisome person
Sydney Seiberth

"Alone in Monotone"

As you looked into my eyes
I felt into the outside
Everything was so different...
Now that I had you in my life
As you stood by my side I knew...
everything had changed now
From the inside.
You'd stay and we'd be as together,
but you left this world with a bottle of pills.
Not worried about the hundreds of bills,
You're gone now and I'm all alone.
Yet I can't stand this monotone..
Sydney Seibert

Shall I compare thee to a dirty liar.
As the truth shall be told,
Your lie was my heart's bane.
The truth is剂量ing but the lies were to bold.
As my love for your hell raised,
I looked into your eyes.
The truth was trapped in a steel cage.
I knew you were full of lies.
I stay up and cried over what was desined.
As the hurt was destroying me.
The truth wasn't even outlined.
Yet the lies were made to be.
Your behavior is unforgettable,
Yet I'll forgive you though I am miserable.
Sydney
Funny, caring, supportive, sarcastic
Who loves video games, memes, and Doctor Who
Who feels insecure when around others, happy when listening to music, and depressed when not good enough for myself
Who needs motivation, friends, and music
Who gives support, frowns, and funny looks
Who fears ladybugs, being left, and staying broken
Who would like to see more support, generosity, and

Some dank memes
President of Highway 15, Wolfe County
Seibert
Sydney Seiberth
Cage rage
My hate for you rages
like hell in cages
You swore you'd bother
Yet you never played for
Truly unForgivable, but I'll forget.
Though it was honestly predictable.
As you laughed I cried,
Today was the day my feelings died.
Yet stuck in the cages,
The rage will be free to fade.
Sydney Seiberth: Silence the Guidance

As the silence is now my guidance,
I stand weep over true love's by one.
As life is shorter everyday, this is just a say.
Some live long and consume the air
while some perish not knowing what is truly there.
As I look into the sky I realize it's thy.
I've messed up; please forgive me.
Yet it shall be.
It's you not me.
It has to be.
Time has away of throwing it all in your face

The Past, she is haunted
The future is laud
Every Small sin will have you-haunted

Sometimes you’ll wish for-failing
When the doubt creeps in like the cold
But when you hear this-failing calling
Don’t be scared of the power it holds

In times of great heartache
There need not be show
This spell of hurt will break
You will keep this doubt tame

As long as there’s love for yourself in your heart
You will never be able to fall apart
If sorrow were a color
it would be grey
as grey as the sky on a cold winter’s day

If sorrow were a taste
it would be just like unsweetened cocoa

If sorrow were a feeling
it would be as dreadful as the calm before a storm

If sorrow were a smell
it would be as stink as a clinic

If sorrow were a sound
it would be as lonely as a pen dropping
Sitting in a field in a halo of light
Under the glow of the moon in the cloud of night
Never shielding themselves from the harsh shine
Following the path to grow from the heaven's divine
Laying their heads when the world grows cold
Over these weeks their lives have grown old
Whenever the sun shines warm again
Every flower will join in
Rising again to their halo of light
Kaylee Whiff

Paige
hilarious, lovely
loving, laughing
sister

Hailey
Silly, kind
annoying, caring
best friend

Mom
Strong, ruthless
hardworking, giving
hero.
Kaylee

honest, sweet, anxious, pessimistic
Daughter of Samantha and Joey
Who loves reading, cats, and smoothies
Who feels tired in the morning, inspired when reading,
curious about the world.
Who needs validation, a cup of tea, a hug
Who gives advice, love, smiles
Who fears failure, spiders, the dark
Who would like to see a world at peace, Scotland,
and the world's largest ball of twine.
Resident of Whitt County

Whitt