Follow you to the bathroom
really want your food
incomplete texts from them
earn your trust
never tries to break it
decides on where to eat, sleep, and what video game
stay with you till the end
Jasmine Adams

Winter is the best

Because you can never come the cold
its the first time to rest
But you have to be bold

Why stick when you could ski
But you must be right
You could hurt your knee
Then your parents say stay in sight

Run from the hail
It's staying till dawn
The marshmallows are rain
Yet more from the barn

Winter is the best
Lay your head to rest
Jasmine

Kindly, many people love,
Relative of Katrina Adams
Who loves, believes, money, justice
Who feels, sadness, hatred, desire
Who needs, patience for another
Who gives, doesn't ask for love
Who looks, ideally, forever
Who builds lines, longer, before the end, and ends
President of MasterCure

Adams
I am a carefree girl who loves video games.
I wonder if there ever have been dragons.
I hear the gun shot from a Crusader.
I see the fight of Gotrek and Vanrak.
I want to be an esports player.
I am a carefree girl who loves video games.
I pretend to be a character from the game.
I feel like I could do the game's arts.
I touch a unicorn.
I worry that I get too attached to the game.
I cry when my favorite character dies.
I am a carefree girl who loves video games.

I understand that, I plan to live.
I say that girls can play videogames too.
I dream about saving the fallen characters.
I try to beat all the levels.
I help to get new games.
I am carefree girl who loves video games.
Feelings Poem

Sorrow
Sadness
If sadness were a color,
It would be blue,
as blue as the ocean.
If sadness were a taste,
It would be just like ice.
If sadness were a feeling,
It would be sad as a raindrop over the head.
If sadness were a smell,
It would be as sad as a heart locked up and forgotten.
If sadness were a sound,
It would be as quiet as a mouse that never leaves its hole.
"Back Pain"
Dorah Barker

I wake up another morning, of course I am so cold.
Although I remain 16, my bones ache like I'm old.
I drag myself down my steps, walk 74 a mile.
My stomach speaks of hunger, it has been a while.
I cough, sneeze, and hack.

There's also some pain in my back.
I have clear memories of my dog, meat age 4.
I recall only these things, my hearing and sight is poor.
I haven't been around long, 16 years bold.
Despite my youth, I still ache and carry on like I'm old.
Like Forest Gump once said, they're the fruit of the sea.
They can be pan fried, deep fried, stir fried.
I like them with noodles, rice, maybe sweet tea.
It can be the main course, a snack, or simply a side.

There's kabobs, creole, and gumbo.
Even soup, salad and stew.
They come small, medium, large and jumbo.
Without this precious food, oh what would I do?

I'd eat it every day of the week if I could.
Vegetarians, I tell you, they're really missing out.
If you've not tried this holy meal, I recommend you should.
People who haven't tried it, they just don't know what it's about.

While some would travel miles, for that thing they call hemp.
I'd drive to Georgia, just for some fresh shrimp.
"A Pet Bird"
Dorin Barker

I'd like a pet bird
A cockatoo perhaps
A feathery small friend
One that speaks and flaps
Blue red or black
Green Grey or white
They're all so colorful
Such a beautiful sight
A feathery friend is what I'd like
I'll have a bird one day I just might
"My Dawg"

My bestest friend
My happiness and peace
My heart you mend
I love you and me
Sweet candy to my eye
Warm milk for my heart
I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine
My whole world from the start
Your pretty eyes, never mean any wrong
I would do anything for my sweet dawg
Dorah
Undeceitful, artistic, irritable, random
Sister of Isaac and Abigail, daughter of James and Shyra
Who loves tea, shrimp, Matt
Who feels angry, carelessness, mellow
Who needs sedation, attention, motivation
Who gives love, loyalty, stress
Who fears wasps, failure, dishonesty
Who would like to see Egypt, end of global warming
President of
Barker
Sonnet

John Brand

I love my family dearly,
I must let my love last forever
My love fluctuates yearly
I will let no one change, ever

I love you like a heart needs a beat
It makes me so happy that we met
You look like a delicious treat
We can fly on a private jet

I left you in a dead run
It was a fun delight
But I am so glad it is done
We will never see again in the night

My fancy taste will never be mistaken
But you seem to be unshaken
I am Poem

John Brand

I am caring, and sweet.
I wonder what heaven looks like.
I hear voices.
I see a never ending sight.
I want to make my family happy
and provide for them.
I am caring, and sweet.

I pretend to read.
I feel like I'm in a huge world
that no one knows all about.
I touch people's hearts.
I worry about dying and not knowing
what happens after.
I cry when I feel like no one
is there for me.
I am caring, and sweet.

I understand how life and work works.
I say we aren't the only people in the universe.
I dream about having a good wife and supporting
my kids.
I try to make others happy even when
I am not happy myself.
I hope we can fix problems in the world
and well care for my family.
I am caring, and sweet.
Emotion Poem

Angry
If angry were a color,
It would be red.
As red as the floor of hell.
If were a taste,
It would be just like eating ghost peppers.
If angry were a feeling,
It would be emotional and awful.
If angry were a smell,
It would be stinky as a fart.
If angry was a sound,
It would be loud and obnoxious like a crooked politician.
Bio Poem

John

Funny, Nice, Sweet, and Caring
Relative of Mackenzie and Charlie
Who loves family, welding, baseball, and the outdoors
Who feels sad during the school year,
Feels happy during the summer
Who gives love, kindness, and teaching
Who fears my mother, and nothing else
Who would like to see
Resident of Campton, Kentucky

Brand
Fire W's Poems

Mr. Hill
He is welding.
8:30 am
Lee County ATC
He is teaching his students.

Baseball games
Two teams fighting to win
6:00 pm
A baseball field
It is America's pastime
William
Shy, caring, aware, forgetful
Son of Shannon and Grey Campbell
Who loves Germany
Who feels confused
Who needs mental help
Who gives help
Who fears loneliness
Who would like to see Germany
Resident of Coysell
Campbell
Will C
Sometimes I sit and wonder the reasons why,
Sometimes it feels like my heart is broken,
The entire world seems to pass me by
The words inside will soon be spoken,

At night I lay in bed and think,
How can someone take my happiness away,
Tattooed on my heart is your name,
I hope it will heal someday,

Sometimes the brightest emails fill my head,
They keep me awake,
The most memorable is every red
I wish my thoughts would stop and let me sleep

I think too much with my heart
Sometimes in my life I feel I don't take part
Being sorry can be hard, even when we are overwhelmed.
A meaningless sorry is a broken insecure thought,
like an act of mercy misunderstood.
Sorry serves no useful needs.
No matter the struggle,
out of pride or fear.
Not being able to say it,
Not being able to forgive.
Some say it’s divine,
But it sets you free.
Sometimes the best kind of friendship are the people you don't see often. I can go and talk to them without fear. I never have to do anything so we can talk. You are always there for me. Always with the unconditional support. I have such great friends. We share many days. We laugh, joke and cry. But I love you all anyway.
Anger,
If anger was an emotion, it would be red,
it would be belligerent,
as mad as an animal trapped.
If anger were a taste, it would be salt,
it would be like putrid, the contents of a salt shaker in your mouth.
If anger were a feeling,
it would be sadness and frustration,
if anger were a smell, it would be like rotting,
it would be as hot as a ghost pepper,
if anger were a sound,
it would be the constant swishing of waves on the shore.
Burton
interested, stubborn, deep-thinking, dedicated
son of Carla and Jack, brother of Melly and Nathan
Who loves music, books, history
Who feels tired in the morning, content at home,
dressed in crowds
Who needs time alone on occasion, food to
function, a quiet place to work
Who gives death glares, the cold shoulder, the
occasional smile
Who fears dementia, persecution, loss of freedom
Who would like to see a calmer world, my
efforts rewarded, the British Columbia
Resident of Pine Ridge, Kentucky
Collier
Apple of my Eye

Auston Collier
You're in my eye like a golden apple
Suspended a league above the ground.
And with many thoughts and emotions do I guggle
As the air sits still, free of my sound.
The sun's yellow beams execute your command.
Few drops cling to your impermeable form.
Its shadows wrap you in flattering gradients.
True from the surface stuff and seem.
But brine and bramble cling to your tree,
Malicious thorns that all hope of a climb.
If these are summarizable, I cannot see
How it could be possible in this lifetime.
I feel like Tantalus, doomed to grasp,
But never to taste, to hold, or to disp.
Hickory

Autumn Collier
Hickory nuts, hickory nuts,
Scattered on the ground.
Hickory nuts, hickory nuts,
Laying all around.

Hickory tree, hickory tree,
Reaching toward the sky.
Hickory tree, hickory tree,
Stretching up so high.

Tommy owl, Tommy owl,
Sitting on a limb.
Tommy owl, Tommy owl,
Signified and grizz.
Cold

Austin Nobody
Cry inconsolable
Reaching in,
Chill my blood and
freeze my skin,

Stiffen finger,
Moisten eye,
Make teeth chatter,
Bring desire.

How they grip me!
How they hold!
How they make me
Feel
So
cold.
Behind a Face

Austin Allen

What is a face
But a mask that hides
The true person from
Baring eyes.
Mouths that grin
From ear to ear,
Yet tell only half
The story.
Brows that crease
And crinkle,
But are so limited
In their expression.
A face is simply
A façade
That conceals
Vulnerable persons
And their secrets
From a hostile world.
Allison
loud, extremely pale, rude at times, gregarious
Daughter of Priscilla Collinson
who loves archery, food, sleep
who feels stressed from school, exhausted, relaxed
when I'm home
who needs sleep all the time, a job, and Taco Bell
who gives emotional support to everyone, good advice, and hugs
who fears spiders, losing my mom, not being able to do archery
who would like to see Kane Brown, George Strait, Bahamas
Resident of Hazel Green, KY
Collinson
Summer is finally here.
We can stick our feet in the sand
Winter is finally gone and we shout with cheer.
School is about to end.

The sun is bright
out by the pool, having fun
we're back to warm nights
we just don't want to abandon the sun.

No more school, no more books
we can enjoy the summer time
No more teachers, no more jocks
I don't have to hear my alarm chime.

Hanging by the pool
It's warm and cool.

Allison Collinsworth
Happy
If happy were a color,
It would be yellow
As yellow as a sunflower.
If happy were a taste,
It would be just like a popsicle on a hot sunny day.
If happy were a feeling,
It would be as warm as the first day of summer.
If happy were a smell,
It would be as sweet as roses.
If happy were a sound,
It would be as relaxing as the ocean.

Allison Collinsworth
Archery
Bows, targets
Concentration!

School
Stressful, lots of work
Kind of tough!

Migraines
Painful, stupid
Not fun!

Allison Collingsworth
The arrow slinging girl
shooting targets
on a warm sunny day
at a school gym
to relax and clear her mind

A country girl
riding four wheelers
on a hot summer day
at an old farm
to cool off

Allison Colliesworth
Sonnet

Tanner Cooper

The hallways are boring
I'm about to fall asleep
First period snoring
Teacher won't hear a peep

I'm not sorry but I stayed up late
to catch up on some work
Like I'm running in a race
But I'm placed in third

I messed up don't send me to alternative
My grades a little low
'Cause I was the one hurting it
I already know.

There may be a problem but don't be rude
It's no secret that I have an attitude
Tanner

dumb, smart, funny, caring

brather of Jordan, brother of Canada, brother of Andi

who loves to play video games; hangs out with family and friends

who was tired at school, happy in the bed, exhausted at night

who needs clothes, food and water

who is sick and needs to rest, smart mouth

who is rude, talk and bad grades

who would like to see my parents, a concert at the lake

Reside at Zacharia

Cousins
Temper Corner
Houses
Many, brown
Running, jumping
They run not
Yearning.

Giraffe
Hollow, orange
Eating, walking
Long necks like to eat
Cameleopard,
Tomorrow Coconur
The mad people
working on a hot day
On a hot warm day in May
On the big farm
To make money

The Happy Kids
fishing in the lake.
On a hot day in March
At my favourite pond
To have a fun day.
Tanner Cameron

angry
if angry, what a color
it would be red
as red as a apple
as yellow were a fruit
it would be just like lemons
if tears were a feeling
it would be used as a football bar
if color were a smell
it would be truth as a part of popisicle
it would be sound as a sound
it would be hard as a rock.
Jacob

Funny, energetic, spiritual, ambitious

Son of Jess and Jason

Who loves friends, family, and God

Who feels happy, tired, and sad (sometimes)

Who needs fun, water, and oxygen

Who gives love, jokes, and support

Who fears Commies, Socialists, and Nazis

Who would like to see more love and liberty

Resident of Earth

Dickey
Through the mist many men find malice
In the mist most men spill blood
Under the mist souls are sipped from a chalice
From the mad mist most men thud

Away from the mist most men find glee
Most of those many men are comfortable eafs
Those exploiters sip their blood spoiled tea
And see those lost men as only stats

The mist comes when our men divide
The mist stalks when we lose our faith
The mist lingers when humanity does subside
The mist comes from hell like a wraith

We must question our leaders this, and many more
Why must our men die in the mist of war
The Dog crept around the barn
He trotted solemnly at midnight
The mutt stomped like he owned the farm
No cares within his sight

But he wasn't the hen who lays the eggs
Or the cow who gives milk and meat
But he tricked the rest who helps us all
"The bourgeoisie we'll defeat!"

All the animals believed the lies
They listened to Mutt's stinking breath
They voted him in. Now they're doomed
They'll all starve to death
I feel the embrace of my great Nation
who cares none for race or rite
Liberty is our Second Salvation
And for my brothers and freedom I'll fight

No one will ever destroy our liberty
Come commie or Nazi
Our freedom will never be trampled
Threatening our Rights is a gamble

All americans, all races and religion
Come together for our freedom
For no one can defeat a United America
No one
Water is setting in around my castle
The curtain closes around my head
It's causing within my head a hassle
I would soon rather be dead

The call to All is answered by none
The choice is mine but I cannot stop
The manufactured Ice is empty and done
From the bottom of it to the top

It's like the Titanic
But I could leave if I want
and I can't help but thinking
I continue adding the pain
Why must I force myself to keep sinking
America, you inspire me to write,
Your actions so bold like your history.
Like in WWI, when young boys took flight,
No-one has ever seen a boys hands so blistered.

Or in WWII, when we sent them to Italy,
Many soldiers died.
Some came back sickly,
When their mamas found out, they only cried.

Skip a couple decades, when the twin towers got hit,
Many of your children died left and right.
We felt like we wanted to quit,
Most still recall when Osama Bin Laden was killed that night.

America, you beautiful spirit,
When you call, we all hear it!
Talented, funny, chill, down to earth
Son of Michael & Tammy Guthrie, brother of Kevin Deno
Who loves music, law, and history
Who feels good around friends, laughing, and fishing
Who needs music, laughter, and friends
Who gives smiles, support, and encouragement
Who fears a world without friends, laughter, and love
Who would like to see Eric Clapton: a better world, K!
Resident of Campton, Kentucky
Guthrie
Love
If love were a color,
It would be red,
As red as a heart.

If love were a taste,
It would be as sweet as strawberries.

If love were a feeling,
It would be as romantic as your first kiss.

If love were a smell,
It would be as wonderful as the smell of roses.

If love were a sound,
It would be as smooth as a whistle.
Basketball is the game for me
The gym is the place to be
Boots are what I like to see

The band playing so loud
Fans cheering so proud
Ball players vault in through the crowd

Cheerleaders on each other's shoulders
Ball players screening like boulders
Soon to be forgotten as they get older

Those were the years to remember
When we all did things a little better
Now we sit in chairs and watch the weather
Cat
- fluffy
- cuddly
- meowing
- running
- eating
- They love to sleep
- Maine Coon

Reptile
- Slimey
- Ugly
- Hissing
- Eating
- Biting
- They hate people
- Snake
My love for steak and shake

Have you ever ate at steak and shake
I enjoyed it so much I almost died
They have great burgers make no mistake
When I finished it I almost cried

The bun was so soft
The meat was so tasty
without the fries I would've felt lost
The bacon was so crispy

I had a shake it was so good
It was flavored Oreo
I had to thank the cook
If you love food I say you go

I love you steak and shake
All my money you can take!!!
Maryla Jones

Maryla
Happy, kind, caring, intelligent
Sister of Lise Jones
Who loves volleyball, friends, family
Who feels pressure and stress
Who needs acceptance, encourage, and love
Who gives, advice, friendship, hugs
Who fears rejection, disappointment, insignificance
Who would like to see more happiness
Resident of Campton, Kentucky
Jones
If love were a color,
It'd be light pink,
As pretty as spring in Kentucky.

If love were a taste,
It'd be just like the first bite of your love kiss.

If love were a feeling,
It would feel as if you're wrapped in a warm hug.

If love were a smell,
It'd smell just like freshly-picked flowers.

If love were a sound,
It'd sound like a puppy's yawn.
McKenna Jones

Love

If love were a color,
It'd be light pink
As pretty as spring in Kentucky.

If love were a taste,
It'd be just like the first bite of your favorite snack.

If love were a feeling,
It would feel as if you're wrapped in a warm blanket.

If love were a spell,
It'd smell just like freshly picked flowers.

If love were a sound,
It'd sound like a puppy's yawn.
Makayla Jones
A poem to my dog

Dear Arby,
You are as sweet as can be,
You do nothing but make me happy.

Your snoring never gets old,
And you always cuddle me when I'm cold.

You're pretty trained
And very well behaved.

You cheer me up when I'm sad
And get so excited when I'm glad.

You wait for me to get home
I love you with all my soul.
Shyler
who is smart, creative, outgoing, and funny
who is the sister of Jaiden and Philip
who loves summer, family, and shopping
who feels calm, excitement, and joy
who needs sleep, attention, and love
who gives hugs, advice, and friendship
who fears losing loved ones, failing, and bears
who would like to see my mom, James Charles, and Reba
resident of Campton, Kentucky
king
Mom, how I miss you,
Day after day your memory never fades.
The tattoo on my arm makes me feel blue.
Sometimes at night my heart really aches.

I moved in with nanny and papa,
They have done so well.
When I think about it, it leaves me in awe.
They never leave me alone so I don't have time to dwell.

I'll be a grown woman soon,
I'll have a place of my own.
I'll have kids that act like goons.
I'll show them pictures off my phone.

Mom, how I'll miss you
I'll just stay blue
Dog
Small, soft
barking, running, jumping
They love to play
Chihuahua

Soft furball
fluffy, cute
Jumping, Climbing, running
They love attention
Chinchilla
I am loving and carefree.
I wonder if people will be able to live on Mars.
I hear snakes talking.
I see pigs flying.
I want to be a doctor.
I am loving and carefree.

I pretend to be a Chef.
I feel purple rain.
I touch the sun on a sunny day.
I worry about failing a class.
I cry when I talk about my mom.
I am loving and carefree.

I understand I won’t be good at everything.
I say, it’s fine.
I dream about the day I graduate highschool.
I try to be the best Sax player.
I hope my family is proud of me.
I am loving and carefree.
If happy were a color,
It would be yellow.
As yellow as the sun on a sunny day.

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

If happy were a feeling,
It would be like the feeling when you're on the beach.

If happy were a smell,
It would be like fresh cut grass.

If happy were a sound,
It would be as calming as waves on the beach.
Bio-Poem

Elizabeth
Short, sensitive, trustworthy, helpful
Daughter of Kelly, sister of Kelby and Robin
Who loves cats, flamingos, and painting
Who feels blessed, loved, and tried
Who needs attention from cats, more time
   in the day, and more hanging space
   on the wall
Who gives out undesired hugs, the best
dedication towards archery as possible,
   and time for making things perfect
Who fears of the future, driving in big
cities, and hurting people's feelings
Who would like to see the world, everything
   work out in the end, and success in
   the future
Resident of Wolfe County, Kentucky
Osborne
Flowers

The way you grow from the ground above,
Spreading your petals to let in the buzzing bees.
You grow so delicate and not so tough,
And sometimes the smell of you makes me sneeze.
I love to reach down and and pick you,
Then give you to my mom.
Although, I only pick a few,
So all of you are not soon gone.
You may be given to express affection,
Or displayed on a table in a vase.
You're sometimes used as a confession,
And I give you away to light up a face.
Through all the ways you give and grow,
I'll always remember the beauty you show.

Elizabeth Osborne
"I AM"

Elizabeth Osborne

I am an artistic person who loves to see things differently.
I wonder what goes on inside my cat's head.
I hear the sounds of all the painted flamingos hanging on my wall.
I see ten million rainbows in the sky.
I want to conquer my fears.
I am an artistic person who loves to see things differently.

I pretend that I don't care when I fail.
I feel the weight of stress on my weak shoulders.
I touch the stars with my fingertips.
I worry about what to do after high school.
I cry during the sad parts of movies.
I am an artistic person who loves to see things differently.

I understand that life isn't always fair.
I say I will do my best.
I dream about owning a Jeep.
I try my hardest in all of my classes.
I hope to be a fun aunt.
I am an artistic person who loves to see things differently.
Cinquain

Cats
lazy, adorable
jumping, snoozing
Tiger

Spiders
creepy, fast
crawling, frightening
Black Widow

Birds
beautiful, migratory
flying, eating
Chickadee

Elizabeth Osborne
Verb Poem

An Artist
discovers,
creates,
paints,
designs,
gets messy,
makes mistakes,
decorates,
and imagines!

A Teacher
teaches,
listens,
gives,
learns,
prepares,
advises,
studies,
and dedicates time!

Elizabeth Osborne
Happiness
If happiness were a color
it would be yellow
as a sunflower.
If a angel were a tree
it would be just like Bob.
If black were a feeling
it would be sadness.
If love were a smell
it would be delicious.
If colors were a sound
it would be a shrill of angels.
A teacher
instructs
reeds himself
cal. questions
selects his head
questions his students
questions himself
questions his class & profession

A nurse
checks
feeds
checks
hides
loves
cares
Hagen
Caring, friendly, outgoing
Son of Steve and Vonda Parks
Likes sports, basketball, soccer, music
Says feels better when playing baseball, feels torn a little tired after games
Likes needs more help stuff to do in the
Likes being around family
doesn't want
Likes to be with family
Likes what he puts holds for an Alaska
List of stuff to do:
Parks
Bio poem

Elizabeth
Bubbly, gregarious, kind, quiet
Daughter of Tonya and Jason and a sister of
Matthew and Brandon
Who loves Archery, animals, sleep
Who feels sleepy, happy, and hungry
Who needs food, more money, and more hoodies
Who gives happiness, trust, peace
Who fears, death, losing my mom, and snakes
Who would like to see LA, California, Dallas Texas,
and New York
President of Hazel green, Kentucky

Elizabeth
Pelfrey
Fall
My favorite season is fall
Where the leaves change colors
But the best of all
Is riding fourwheelers with my brothers

Red, orange, and yellow
The Sun still smiles
When the wind are mellow
And when booties come back in style

When its warm on most days
And cool on others
It puts you in a place
When the wind howls

Summer, winter, Autumn
It's all Peggy bottom

Elizabeth

Pefrey
The archery kids on the bus
Singing along to the music
On a warm April day
On a bus going down the street
Archery tournament

The basketball crowd in the stands
Watching the basketball game
A Friday night
In the gym
A basketball game
Trust
If trust was a color,
It would be blue.
If trust were a metal pie and a figure with a knot,
It would be just like ice cream.
If trust were a feeling,
It would be as happy as a dog.
If trust were a smell,
It would be as you as the smell of roses and spices.
If trust were a sound,
It would be as good as cheering crowds.
Happiness
If happiness was a color,
It would be yellow
As bright as the Sun
If happiness were a taste
It would be just like candy
If happiness were a feeling
It would be as exciting as driving for the first time
If happiness were a smell
It would be as wonderful as the smell of
cookies baking
If happiness was a sound it would be as good as
arrows hitting a target
Michelle

Smart, kind, loyal and understanding.

Daughter of Comic Perry, sister of Roy & Melissa.

Who loves overwatch, overwatch league & loves her friends even tho she hasn't met.

Who feels like she's not good enough, who feels tired & who feels like a mom who needs sleep, support.

Who gives support, good ideas, unconditional love.

Who fears people touching me, drowning, losing my friend, who would like to see internet friends, France & Canada.

Resident of Wolf Co.

Penny.
Ode to Chicken nuggets and Jarrett

Shall I compare you to a chicken nugget?
Nah, you are more perfect and crisp
You're more beautiful than a 30 pack of chicken nuggets
To be with you would be worth the risk

For you are not more glorious
And to amazing
While it would be a risk, I'd be guiltless
Your appearance isn't hot, it's blazing.

Your personality might be a little kinky
I see it as a way to protect your heart
I guess your sarcasm surrounds your heart like创业
Just like your face your sarcasm is art

In total you are too amazing to be some type of kind
I love you more than the skies altitude.
my Sunshine

He has his own way of making my day.
He makes all the terrible things go away.
The second he says Hey, he turns my brain upside down.
When I hear his voice my heart skips a beat,
when I see him, I smile like an idiot.
If only he could see, if only he knew,
Oh how my heart skips a beat when he's around.
He has his own special way that no one else does.
Dangers could surround us and he'd still be my sunshine.
I'd protect you no matter what.
I'd take a bullet for you, my treasure.
For a person like you it's hard to find,
close to heart,
You're worthy for love me,
But I love you more.
Dear One,

I understand. I know how you feel.
Just let it out,
I will listen.
I will relieve you of your problems.
Never letting go,
I'm dismissed.
Your sadness, frustration, and pent-up anger.
Falling out of your mouth.
The words you carry,
To your points releasing from your shoulders to mine.
Cry onto me.
It's okay to cry.
sincerely,

Ghost
The works of Freuenstein
You are a bud of lifelessness;
your limbs seize the world;
But nature clutches you in the palm of a shell like a creature;
your being, properties grips yours fearful ways.
But Dawn girls you, Dusk,
Dusk is a box,
A box of isolation, despair and suffering.
Pitied by nature,
Molded into a depressed being.
Soothing murmuring:
"what is love to me, or even him?"
If I were a butterfly, with languish wings;
I would spread my visions.
To the walls, proud master.
Who yank and pin you against another stereotypical beast;
Live a man tending amaranth buds;
To live and thrive, to be withering in an eternal slumber
without the hellwindings of your Dusk...
Katie Spencer Sonnet

longer days and longer nights,
Louder music and wilder friends.
Darker shades and brighter lights
No need for pencils, or for pens.

The parties are turned up,
Make these days the time of your life.
The grills are burnt up,
And make the nights just as right.

The time only comes once a year,
So take the chance,
And live it up don't have any fear
Show some romance.

Everyone's happy, and the weather's fine,
You already know it's summer time.
Bio Poem

Katie
friendly, caring, strong willed, stubborn
Daughter of Robert & Mendy
Who loves animals, outdoors, talking
Who feels tired at school, happy with family,
hungry all the time
Who needs attention, time, and support
Who gives love, smiles, and friendly advice
Who fears death, clowns, and being alone
Who would like to see more love, less violence,
and - New York City
Resident of Wolfe County, Kentucky
Spencer
Katie Spencer

Happiness

If happiness was a color, it would be yellow;
as bright as the moon.

If happiness was a taste, it would be just like a steak.

If happiness was a feeling, it would be joyful as could be.

If happiness was a smell, it would be as good as fresh cookies.
Katie Spencer

buzz, buzz, buzz,
cried the bee,
i am stuck in the fuzz,
someone please help me,
i don't know what to do,
but i need some food.
here comes some help,
and i am now free.
time to go back,
to being a busy bee.
Katie Spencer

green, yellow, blue,
the sunshine is well overdue,
summertime is coming soon,
late nights out by the moon.
the children laugh and play,
they can tell it's almost may.
the flowers start to sprout,
and we have no doubts.
summertime is finally here,
so have no more fear.
A Softball Player
plays,
practices,
swings,
runs,
pitches,
catches,
throws,
WINS!!

A Volleyball Player
sets,
passes,
serves,
digs,
hits,
jumps,
shuffles,
WINS!!
The angry girls
Playing softball
On a cool February Day
At the field
Trying to win the game.

The happy girls
Playing volleyball
On a snowy winter day
In the gym
Trying to win the game.
Hate
If hate were a color,
It would be black
As dark as night.
If hate were a taste,
It would be just like dirt.
If hate were a feeling,
It would be angry as a bee.
If hate were a smell,
It would be as nasty as garbage.
If hate were a sound,
It would be loud.
The Lake (Sonnet)  

The lake is my favorite place to be,  
To watch the morning sunrise.  
The lake seems to never end like the sea.  
The lake makes me feel alive.  

The sounds of the fire crackling,  
Laying under a blanket of stars.  
Sitting by the fire roasting marshmallows and laughing.  
Tanning in the sunshine on the sand bar.  

When I ride on the boat, I love the feeling of wind in my hair.  
Fishing gives me peace.  
When it's time to leave, I can hardly bare.  
The lake is a beautiful masterpiece, that everyone must see.  

there's no place I'd rather be.  
So it's so long until we meet.
Lauryn
Hateful, unfriendly, athletic, respectful.
Daughter of Chuck and Amanda Terrill.
Who loves softball, family, and animals.
Who feels happy, anxious, feisty.
Who needs love, respect, confidence.
Who fears spiders, death, snakes.
Who would like to see the world, my future, everything.
Resident of Hazel Green, Ky.
Terrill
My Jolly Rock
by Wilger Fitchen

My jolly rock, you inspire me to write.
How I love the way you bounce, hop, and skip.
Crossing my mind day and sometimes night.
We get along like a gunman: his pistol grip.

Let me compare you to a good dinner,
you are more pleasant; pleasing.
By far and wide you are the breadwinner.
The sound of you, to me, is far more pleasing.

How do I love you? Let me count the ways.
I love your style and your tempo.
Thinking of you puts me in a haze.
My love for you continues to grow.

Now I want to thank you for being so sharp,
And letting me listen to you with all my heart.
Acrostic

Balls bouncing and thumping
Acceptance that every shot won't be made
Skill and ability clash fill the court
Killer instinct in all the competitors
Everyone is trying their hardest to win
Teamwork makes the dreamwork
Balls bouncing and thumping
Advancing into the final 5 seconds of the game
Lovingly, a shot is hoisted for the win
Ludicrous, it barely rolls in a everyone goes wild
Emotion Poem

By Wilgus Tokson

Rage
If rage were a color,
It would be red.
As red as lava.

If rage were a taste,
It would be hot pepper burning your mouth.

If rage were a feeling
It would be mad as a hornet.

If rage were a smell,
It would be as pungent as gunpowder.

If rage were a sound,
It would be the sound of a volcanic eruption.
Self-analysis  By Wilgus Tolson

Wilgus
Funny, Respectful, Cool, tempered
Brother of Elijah, Jason, Hunter, and Alex
Who loves basketball, All Star, ICSDC
Who feels loved by family and humble by basketball
Who needs friends, family, music
Who gives a smirky grin big laugh
Who fears drowning and failing at life
Who would like to see Europe and Alaska
President of Lakeview Ln, Campton

Tolson
"I AM" - Model

By Wilger Toker

I am a goofy kid trying to live life.
I wonder what it feels like to be an NBA player.
I hear the crowd cheering when the shots are made.
I see the smiles on everyone's face.
I want to feel that feeling just once.
I am a goofy kid trying to live life.

I pretend to act like I care.
I feel the joy that is to come.
I touch the future with eager hands.
I worry I will disappoint someone.
I cry when I think seriously about it.
I am a goofy kid trying to live life.

I understand you can't please everybody.
I say try your best and what happens just is.
I dream about being rich and happy.
I try my best to be successful.
I hope to get rich and take care of my family.
I am a goofy kid trying to live life.
Katherine
Short, clumsy, picky, smart
Daughter of Heather Martinez and Jimmy Adkins
Sister of a lot
Owner of dogs, ferrets, and a snake
Who loves dogs, ferrets, and elephants
Who feels tired all the time, anxiety, and inspired
Who needs more time, patience, and love.
Who gives love, hugs, and advice
Who fears spiders, losing people, and pain.
Who would like to see my parents, siblings, and the world.
Resident of Campton, KY
Katherine Riddell
Ellie

I call you my little "bug."
You were given to me as a present,
You're always ready for a hug.
Having you in my life is pleasant.
You make my life feel like a treat,
You are so very, very sweet.
You love to run and play all day.
You love it when I rub your belly.
I wouldn't have you any other way.
You are my little Ellie.
Ferrets
Deno is my baby,
Who likes to lay around;
And Pedro is a wild one,
Who never settles down.
They love to play
With Ellie Mae,
And their toys too.
They're such sneaky little things,
You never know what they'll be into.
With them I'm never blue.
Truffles
Oh, how did I get so lucky?
I have such gratitude.
And to think I found you in Kentucky.
With your cute little attitude.

You wake me from asthma attacks,
Always ready to give cuddles.
Forever following me in my tracks,
But never into puddles.

Staying by my side,
And always in my mind.
Your love for car rides,
I could never leave you behind.

With all my cries you've muffled
You'll forever be my Truffles.
Storie

I can't believe how you've grown,
Already 4 years old.
Running around on your own,
No longer needing my hand to hold.
Watching you grow before my eyes,
It makes me want to cry.
Look how far you've come,
From when we played baby games.
Our entire lives you've changed,
And all our love you've obtained.
Joa Lyhias
I am thankful for -

A profession that I like
Much appreciated days

Time, when I find extra
Having good strength
A window in my bedroom
Neighbors and their friendliness
Knowing too much knowledge
Family and their company
Unknowning after a long week
Lots of siblings in my family
Jon Lylkias
I am as gentle as a new-born baby
I am as friendly as a deer
I am as colorful as a sky
I am as frisky as a raccoon

I am as fast as a jet
I am as fresh as a newly baked pie
I am as brave as a knight
And I am as smart as Martin Luther King Jr.
Jon Lykine

So it's set with me as with Muse,
Stir'd by a painted beauty to do his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair cloth rehearse

Making a couplet of proud Compose,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gens,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things fair
That heaven's air in this huge roundure bans.

O' let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.

Let them say more than like hee-say well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.
Sonny kids

Jonathan
I am ignorant, lazy, quit and funning
I have six brothers and sisters
I love to go hunting, fishing, and mudding.
Feels anger, sadness, and happiness
Needs food, water, and shelter
My mom gives a roof, food, water, shelter, and clothing
I fear rats, lady bugs, tornadoes, and death
I'd like to see Hungary, Egypt, and Titanic
Resident of Kentucky

Lykins
Jon Lykins

Hate

If hate was a color,
It would be Black
As black as a midnight sky
If hate was a taste,
It would be just like a Carolina pepper
If hate was a feeling
It would be salty as an ocean
If hate were a smell
It would be strong as a dead skunk
If hate was a sound,
It would be loud as an explosion