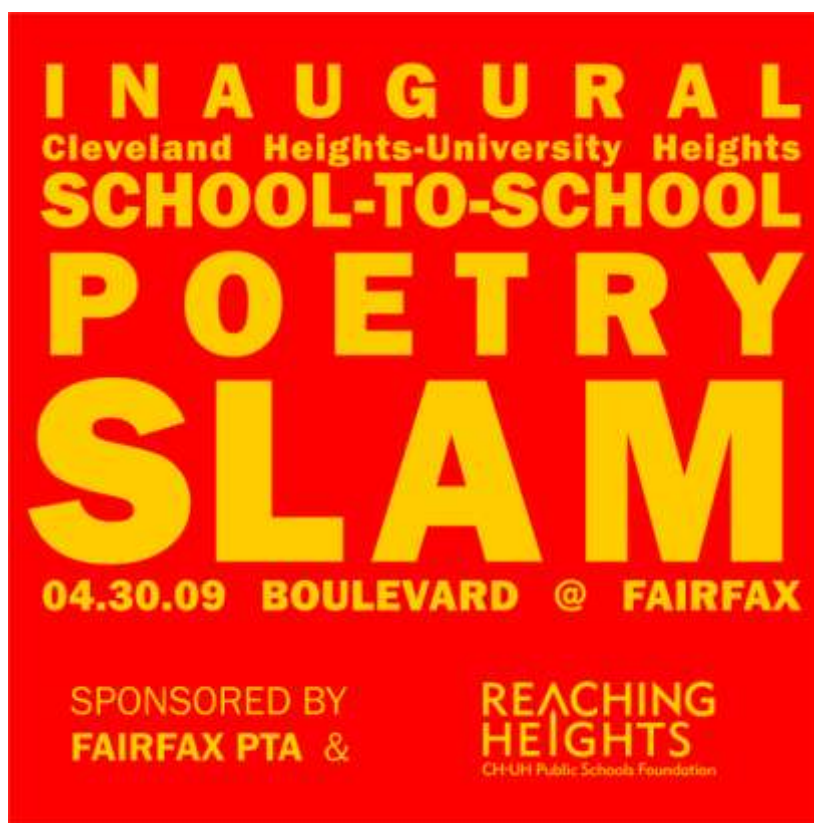


POEMS FROM THE 2008-09 BOULEVARD POETRY CLUB

as presented at the



I N A U G U R A L
Cleveland Heights-University Heights
SCHOOL-TO-SCHOOL
P O E T R Y
S L A M
04.30.09 BOULEVARD @ FAIRFAX

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My Friends

My friends are sweet,
awesome,
lovely,
cool.
My friends are leaders
and surely not followers.
My friends are mar-r-r-r-velous and I
Don't care what anyone says.
My friends stand up for me
and that's what I love!
My friends--stand up!
Let them hear your
Fa-a-abulous voices!

By Krista C.

Made Up

You're fake,
You're a cartoon.
You're made up.
You're imagination.
You're colorful.
You're made up.
So what you're perfect
And always proper?
And so what you're never boring
Or annoying?
But guess what?
You're popular mean
And I mean mean!

No.

Don't cry!

By Krista C.

Safe

I feel safe and comfortable. I have everything I
need.
There's no work to be done.
There's nothing to worry about.
I'm relaxed and all comfortable
In my fabulous house.

By Hal R.

B-Ball

Shooting up in the sky
Hear the crowd chant my name
Run back and forth
Down the court
In my super cool sneakers
Nobody is the same
At my game!!
11...
10...
9...8...
7...6...5...
4...3...2...1...Aggggg!
He scores!

By Cory H.

Alien Poem

Yeah
I'm an alien
You got a problem with it?
Don't mess with me or my homeboys.
I will mess you up.
I will make you as ugly
As me.

Now what?

That's what I thought.
WIMPS!!!!

By Cory H.

Leopard

The leopard leaps
while the person sleeps
and into the forest it goes
for it knows...
that in the jungle he can never be found
he can walk with no sound.
it's a place...
to be safe.

By Maddie S.

Blood

Blood, blood, beautiful crimson
runs out of raw venison.
Cuts, scrapes, lashes and whip marks,
Arrows sticking out of dead wood larks,
All bring blood.
Blood, blood, smashed in the mud
of a freshly used battlefield
echoing with the screams of those left to die
one, last, shuddering sigh.

By Maddie S.

CREEPY!!

Hmmm. I don't like the looks of this place.
It's all covered with graffiti.
It's all ragged
Windows broken...
Roofs.
The entrances are dark and creaky.
All the gutters and pipes are leaking
And dented and broken.

COME ON

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!!!!!

By Hal R.

Hockey Star

He steals.
He passes.
He shoots.
He scores!
Whoa!!
When you see that guy
Skate, pass and score
It looks like blinding lightning bolts
Shooting at 200,000 miles per hour.
I hear the crowds chant my name
When the puck is constantly flitting
My puck is always hitting
What...huh...gasp!!!
We won, we won!!!
Well, that's obvious
We're always winning.

by Hal R.

Life in a Deep Damp Forest

Life in the deep
damp
forest.
I feel a sudden breeze in the air.
I see trees and the sun going down.
It is almost night time.
I hear birds chirping
Owls hooting
and frogs ribbiting.
I smell the murky waters
in the deep damp forest.

By James R.

My Dirty Room

My room is a tornado of dirty dirty socks on the
floor,
Three blankets unfolded,
Dirty clothes on the floor unfolded
Toys everywhere,
Beds unmade
With an aroma of
Moldy cheese biscuit

By James R.

This Bitter Earth

Cold cruel and evil
Mean and reckless
But it is still
Where I will reside
Until the evil eats me alive.

By Taylor J.

Alone in a Dark Corner

Alone in a dark corner
crying out loud
yelling and screaming
in agonizing rage
How could someone leave me to rot
in this cellar
to die in pain
Maybe if I had changed
my cruel and twisted mind
alone in a dark corner
crying out loud
for a person who was never there.

By Taylor J.

How Did I Get Here?

How did I get here
in the middle of a raging fire
crying and trembling?
The fire turned my skin to ash,
ash filled with black deceit.

By Taylor J.

A Dream Potion

I am making my potion
just one more thing to add
to my recipe.
Then you all will give me
sparkling jewelry.
You all will follow
my commands.
If not I will shave your head
and you will look like an old bald man.

By Treazurefaye W.

Racing For My Life

I am running like lightning
Nobody can beat my speed.
All of a sudden
I am tripping.
I fall to the ground like a stone
From a waterfall.
The next thing I know
My elbows are bruised
So is my leg and my side
My head is bleeding
But I don't really care
The thing I care about
Is winning this race.

By Treazurefaye W.

Rain

Cold, sad,
Falling, freezing, splashing
Makes puddles on the ground
Wet

By Brendan M.

My Family

My family is sweet
They act like my friends
They know what I'm thinking
They know what I'm smelling
They know what I'm tasting
So I think we have a big connection
And that's why I love them
I hope they mind
I'm leaving for the summer
But for them
A bummer.

By Selena V.

My Mummy Case

My mummy case is unique.
My mummy case is special.
My mummy case has snakes.
My mummy case has a necklace
My mummy case loves me
so do I love him.

By Selena V.

My Friends

My friends are awesome
Unique
Special
Kind and nice
Don't forget
They forgive me right away
I just hope I can see them all the time.

By Selena V.

Ghostly lake,

sun and moon
trees silhouetted
on horizon
autumn breeze
and water reeds
are all here

By Brendan M.

Seasons

Spring—pink blossoms bloom in the green grass

Summer—dark blue lake

Fall—crisp colorful leaves fall to the ground

Winter—white crystals lie gently on the ground.

By Nina Y.

Winter Wonder

Winter wonder

A chill for a deer

Get a coat or a bear

You will not get feared

Winter in the moon

A bright little lagoon.

By Blaine L.

Goose feather

Churning water

Blank paper

Moon light

It's white

Ocean,

Sky,

Rain and

Dew

It's blue

Leaves in spring,

Turtles,

Trees

And grass

It's green

Yellow

Gold

Topaz

Autumn leaves

And the sun

And now

My poem

Is done

By Isabel M.

Lying in a hammock drinking

Ice cold lemonade

A book is dragging me into a story

A breeze blows in my hair

Lying in the sun,

Drifting to sleep

By Nina Y.

Why?

Why does it have to be rainy?

Why does it have to be snowy?

Why does it have to be sunny?

because of mother nature.

By Katie B.

Instructions on how to use a Brendan

Follow these instructions

or Brendan will break.

To recharge Brendan apply sugar in mouth.



Do not apply more than one cup of sugar or
Brendan will bounce around.

Keep out reach of homework.

Make sure Brendan gets his daily food and water,
and by food we mean candy.

By Brendan M.

I am a giant wintry blizzard

I whip and whine and storm

Go inside your house now

To be safe and warm.

Some nice hot cocoa will do the best.

The nice hot feeling will warm your chest.

Snow builds up around your house.

Compared to me you're just a tiny field mouse.

My winds are fast and dangerous and have great
force.

Don't go outside, you know that of course.

Don't worry the storm will leave

Then hats and gloves you will retrieve.

Goodbye I must leave now.

Don't worry, I'll come back I promise and vow.

By Nina Y.

My Weird Life

I wash my feet in my sink
And my laundry with purple ink
My socks are my clothes
And I have butter up my nose
I bake cookies on the floor
And I eat them on my door.
I put gum behind my ears
And when I prick my eye there are no tears.
I just sit and stare
at my favorite chair
Even though my life is such a bore
My one favorite chore
Is having such a weird life.

By Nina Y.

Cheetah

A cheetah
Feels soft and furry
smells salty and dirty after it hunts
looks cute and soft but really it's bloodthirsty
sounds fierce
is ready to pounce at any moment!

By Katie B.

The Golden Dragon Ring of the Evil Eye

In a witch's house lives a witch's grave
And a chest with a golden ring
It has the eye that the witch dropped on
a murdering trip. She brought
Back a heart as a souvenir.
It was golden and had a dragon body tattoo.
She never spoke.
She had no name.
She lived in silence and never changed.
But one day she got so bored
Because she couldn't make any torture
So she stared into the eye and broke her silence
To only say, "Ahhhh."

By Alexis S.

Clock Poem

As the time goes by the clock
Goes tick tock. I sit and think
And then I freeze. Nothing moves.
No sound. No movement. Everything
Was absolutely silent.
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

By Alexis S.

Water, Wind, and Fire

Water drip drop drip dro
Wind whoosh whoosh
Fire, crick crackle crick crackle

By Katie B.

Spirit

My spirit is
Organized
All full of light
Dancing, laughing, caring,
Sharing, different language
Same me,
Running, prancing daring,
Nice, and also super
Cool. I laugh, she laughs.
She's like a shadow in the moon
Light, 'cause I know my spirit is
Just like ME!

By Alexis S.

Winter Night

A cool snowy place on the ground for snow angels
made by me.
A calm land with a pink and purple sky.
The trees blow and the snow in your face.
Bundle up for a few months and then here comes
spring.

By Anissa M.

Silly Poem Song

Sing, sing, sing a song
That will be great.
Ding dong, pin, pong,
A silly one I make.
He have, me ma,
Get a stamp, you make.
Yes, no, maybe so,
The song does not start to sing,
It starts to get a beat.

By Anissa M.

Dreams

I dream of hopes and things.
I dream of fairy tales of love.
I dream of a gum-drop land with lots of candy.
I dream of funny things and dings.

By Anissa M.

The Stranded Island Trip

I am on a stranded island.
I am surrounded by monkeys.
All I hear is oo oo ah ah.
I feel furry bodies and tall itchy grasses.
I smell plants and smelly monkeys.
I taste nothing but grass and water.
I am scared and homesick.
I miss my mom.
I am dehydrated
Then everything goes black!

By Amelia O.

Pancakes

Pancakes are good,
Flat and fluffy.
Pancakes are good,
Warm and right off the stove.
Pancakes are good,
In my opinion with syrup is the best!
Pancakes are good,
I love pancakes!

By Amelia O.

The Peaceful Poem

This poem is peaceful.
This poem is calm.
It is lying on a hammock reading a book.
It is just about to drink a lemonade.
It is picking up three ice cubes just as we speak.

By Amelia O.

Feeling

Fear of love
This is the chore of my mind
Not yours
But wait
Is it my love of _____?

By Blaine L

Spell of Banishing

Silent tear
Leave here.
Troubled sky
Go high.
Torn heart,
Be smart.
Single wish,
Grant thee.
Dark shadows night
We shall fight
And when the sun rise
Tell no lies
And purify this earth.

By Isabel M.

Fear

Sharpening it's claws
Its bloodstained claws.
Hunting for prey
To test its abilities.
Fear has no real shape.
It hides in the shadows waiting
To strike.
Howling in the night.
Some call it the Prince of Darkness.
Others call it Monsters.
I call it
Fear. *By Evan R.*

Death

Death is like an icy wind
Reaching out its bloody hands to wring someone's
neck
causing much pain
making people cry.
Why do people have to die?
What'll happen to you
When you are dead?
Will you forever lie
down in your bed?
Or will your soul fly out?
To fight the ghost of death
The ghost who has literally ruined many more than
one million lives?
Do you believe in magic?
'Cause if there is heaven or you-know-where....
there must be magic.
Who has felt the cry of death?
None alive of course.
Is there any pain stronger than the pain of death?
That I cannot say.
Which is stronger the pain of death or...
the pain of a loved one's death?
I'm stumped on that too.
Man, the wonders of awful death.
Think about murderers.
Serial killers.
Black widows.
How do you live with guilt like that on your back?
Think about suicide.
How can you do that?
How can you be so brave?
Why would you do that to yourself?
Death is a mystery.
But the dead need to have a heart.
They need to try hard to come back
to tell us what happens when you die
to tell us where you go when you die.
But can they think at all to tell us?
Death is curiosity.
What does death look like?
I dunno.
Is anyone really dead or...
do people get buried alive?
Is death just an illusion?
What if...

I am dead.
That doesn't make any sense whatsoever.
But you can feel dead inside.
I feel dead when people around me fight
and I accidentally get in the way
then they yell at me
so I run away and write a poem.
Have you ever felt captured?
like something's gripping onto you and won't let
go?
something that feels like it'll own you to your dying
day?
But will you really ever die?
Or will you live in people's minds forever?
This is what I hope.
This is what I believe.

By Mariah M.

Riddle Poem

First I was clean.
Then I was bought.
After that I was chewed
on his teeth I was caught.
After five minutes
he went to a diner.
If we hadn't gone there
I would've lived finer.
He ordered a hamburger
reached his hand in his mouth.
I was so scared when
he pulled me out
stuck me down
on the bottom of the table
I would've done something
if I were able.
This is all right
but, okay, fine,
this isn't the life
that I had in mind.

By Mariah M.

My Feelings are Trapped

My feelings are trapped
Deep down inside of me

No one knows
The way I feel

I feel so angry
Look what you've done to me

No one knows
The way I feel

Down in my heart
Something speaks to me

It seems to know
The way I feel

Here it was
speaking so softly but what is it telling me?

Do you know
the way I feel?

What's that you say?
Heart down inside of me

Tell people
The way I feel

Wait— who are you?
Thing down inside of me?

What? You are me?

That was me telling me?

To tell people the way I feel?
By Mariah M.

Dragon of Death

The Dragon of Death
flying through the underworld
searching for prey. Its eyes
red like the flame of the underworld,
its wings made of the lava from
the most active volcano, its
power comes from the
roaming spirits.
Its skin may be from burning metals,
its teeth and claws as sharp as a sword
that cuts through everything.
When it lays its eggs, its rock hard eggs
it starts to fade away.
That's when the eggs hatch and
a new Dragon of Death
appears.

By Evan R.

High Peak—What do you Seek?

Here, up here,
Cold winter winds blow.
I taste only snow.
I hear the whistling winds
And smell a breeze of ice
That scurries like mice
Across the sky.
I see, I see, the world, its
Dips crannies and crooks.
Here, up here,
High into the sky.
I stand and look down,
Down, down all the way to
The ground from this high peak
You can see what YOU seek.

By Isabel M.

April

Joy of the sun
Room of the pond
The flowers
Of the earth rising
In the sun
April the 30th coming on
The run Farewell the chill of
The sun's welcome.

By Blaine L.

Comfort-ment or Not

I feel comfortable when
I'm drawing except when
people watch me. Then they
Jump to conclusions
And say it looks nothing like it.
I feel comfortable building with my Legos.
But then I run out of them.
Then I get worried.
I feel comfortable when I am asleep.
Then there's nothing to worry about
No one to tell you anything
Comfort-ment at last.

By Evan R.

Boulevard Poetry Club 2009 Student Poets

Fourth Grade Poets

Nina Yao
Treazurefaye Whitthorne
Selena Vidal
Alexus Spencer
Halling Roosa
James Ray
Brendan Mullen
Anissa Monroe
Mariah Mendes
Cory Hicks
Krista Cobb
Amber Briggs
Katie Baron

Fifth Grade Poets

Maddie Shutt
Evan Rinaldi
Amelia O'Donnell
Isabel McGaugh
Blaine Langsdale
Taylor Jones

Cynthia Larsen, a Boulevard parent, has been teaching many of these young poets since they were in first, second, or third grade, but this is our first year having a poetry club at Boulevard.

We want to thank Reaching Heights for funding our poetry club, including a performance poetry workshop with guest poets, the poetry slam, and this poetry anthology.