THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARTS COMMISSION
ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT POETRY
FOR THE POETRY-IN-THE-SCHOOLS PROGRAM
1972
Measure Me, Sky!

Measure me, sky!
Tell me I reach by song
Nearer the stars;
I have been little so long.

Alice Massey
6th grade
Alice Birney
MEASURE ME, SKY!

Poems from the Poetry-in-the-Schools Program
in South Carolina, 1972

Edited by Dale Alan Bailes

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South Carolina Arts Commission
Columbia, South Carolina
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Editor's Note

The poems in this anthology are testimony to the success of the program; the students' words need not be added to by this editor. I will add two very important words, for another reason than literary consideration. The words are: thank you. To the National Endowment for the Arts, to the South Carolina Arts Commission, the other poets, the teachers, the students—for making the poetry in the schools program a resounding success. To Dave and Treci at Common Sense for "above and beyond" performance in putting this book together. To Frank for a fine cover. To my gang at the J.A. who kept the store while I was away so much, and to a lady named Barbara, who tended to the more mundane matters of my life when I was neglecting them in pursuit of the muse: Thank you!

Dale Alan Bailes, Editor
Introduction

This fall I visited a classroom in a secondary school. In the corner was a floor-to-ceiling “corner collage” made of construction paper with the students’ favorite poems on it. The teacher and I sat down at the side and the poet-in-residence talked with the students. Dale Alan Bailes who, according to one of the girl students, “looks just like Santa Claus,” read poems as examples and then played some music and asked the students to write poems about what they imagine when they hear the music.

Soon everyone was writing poems including the teacher and me! After a while, there was a time to read some of the students’ poems. Everyone took part, everyone shared in the joy of creating something new.

And that’s typical of the South Carolina Poets-in-Residence program. Everyone has been involved in doing poetry, both reading and writing it, and everyone has been enjoying it immensely.

What is the structure of the program? Sixteen schools from ten school districts have participated this year. From the fifty poets who applied, the Arts Commission’s literary committee chose eight to participate this year. All of the poets but one are from the Southeast, and two are South Carolina poets.

The school districts were spread all over the state and varied from large city districts like Greenville to the small rural district of Oconee County. In four school districts the schools were elementary; in one district, middle schools; and in the other five, high schools.

Each school district had a poet for two weeks: one in the fall and another in the spring—with the understanding that the poet would meet the same four or five classes every day for both weeks. In some cases the same poet returned for the second week, in other cases it was a different poet.

At the end, all schools, poets, and teachers were invited to a final climax event for the program—an April poetry festival. At the festival the poets and students both will
read their poetry, participate in workshops, panel discussions, and general celebration of poetry. This poetry anthology will be distributed to all who attend.

A number of things have happened this year to show us that this emphasis on creative writing has resulted in a much more exuberant enthusiasm than we had expected.

When Wes Brustad and I visited Concord Elementary in Anderson where Rosemary Daniell was poet-in-residence, one little girl stayed in from recess of her own accord to write a poem praising Mrs. Daniell. The PTA in that school has taken quite an interest in the program, including paying the school’s portion of the cost, and providing support from home for the children’s interest in poetry.

A teacher tells what she learned from the program herself: “I received new inspiration and enthusiasm for teaching poetry. This reinforced my ambition to inspire a creative learning atmosphere.”

Franklin Ashley, after he was poet-in-residence in Anderson District One, wrote, “I found a great deal of untapped talent there and perhaps some students became aware of the fact that poetry is written by people. When we discussed poems by published authors, I asked the classes to view them as fellow writers and not people to study. It worked.”

Numerous comments from teachers echoed the words of one who said of a poet that “The children were highly motivated by the poet’s ability to read poetry. They were sensitive to his teaching techniques and liked him as an individual, therefore the end results were excellent. Their enjoyment of the program was evident in their request for him to stay another week. Parents made special trips to meet the poet to express their thanks for his great efforts.”

And so it has been, a year of everyone getting involved in poetry and enjoying it a great deal.

Rhoda Gage
Program Coordinator
South Carolina Arts Commission
Forward

"Kids reading and writing poetry with as much enthusiasm as playing baseball? I seriously doubt it."

Well, so did we. The South Carolina Arts Commission only aimed to introduce the art of creative writing to some of the children in our State and to give them a taste of the literary arts. At best, we felt that if the kids could just learn to enjoy some basic elements of imagery and the use of words and sounds, the Poets-in-the-Schools Program would be a total success.

We found out that we were in for a surprise. Through the combination of the platform art of poetry with its creative writing phase where students actually got the opportunity to do the art, a not so obvious thing has happened: the students and the poets have become friends; the students and the schools have found each other more enjoyable. An awareness and liking for poetry and its imagery has resulted in a greater appreciation for school on the part of most of the participating students. Most important, the encouragement of students to channel their energies and imaginations through the exercise of writing has produced some poems we know all South Carolinians will treasure.

We’re delighted to have been the instigators of this Program in South Carolina. Certainly, we must credit the National Endowment for the Arts for providing fifty per cent of the funds to make the Poets-in-the-Schools a reality and for suggesting the basic guidelines of the Program.

When recess no longer exists because children would rather be writing poetry . . . . When high
school kids get turned on to images instead of pot . . . we've got something phenomenal that must be continued. Due to its tremendous reception, the South Carolina Arts Commission anticipates tripling the Program next year in accordance with projected State and Federal funding levels.

Wesley O. Brustad
Executive Director
South Carolina Arts Commission
THE STUDENT POEMS
I Am A Book

I am a book
I treasure my secrets myself.
When somebody reads me
I tell my secrets to them

William Boggs
2nd grade
Satchel Ford
The Chase

quivering in his sleep
his groping toes reaching for a
dew-stained wood
and small throated cries escaping
from his cemented teeth
or from his rising chest
or from both
and his tail shaking sporadically

in pursuit of white rabbits

Jane Melton
Palmetto High School

On chipped china plates,
Intricate needles of bone:
White turkey carcass.

Vanessa Simkins
Camden High School

Coffee

I am some coffee perking away,
I'm always wide awake and have plenty
to say;
After they pour me out of the pot,
I'm not very warm and shiver a lot.

Brenda Nicholson
6th grade
Concord School
Lies

The sky is orange. The ground is purple.
Mud smells like flowers in the spring.
volits are red. Roses are blue. Salt
is sweet and so are hogs sitting
in some mud. When the day is
hot you need a coat. When the
day is cold you put on shorts.

Kathy Allen
Satchel Ford

Infinite October

Nobody ever sees the carnival enter town; it oozes
in the night before.

All the carnival people, doing what they have
done for more than five of my
lifetimes,

They are an evil that creeps from town
to town.

They have committed blasphemy and are now
paying their sentence with external
unrest and movement; eternal torment;
They live in an infinite October, never
seeing any other season, only bleak
October. I pity them.

Walter Harrison
Wren High School
A Better Way?

Straight rows
of gleaming chrome incubators
fill the greenhouse.
Artificial
sunlight filters through the
glass windows over the bulbs.
the 98.6°F
air has no odor of wet dirt or fertilizer,
Piped vitamins determine size, color.
Occasionally,
air, H₂O, and vitamins are terminated.
“Possible defective bulbs
would
mature into inferior plants.”
“Oh Einsteins and Picassos,”
replies the old gardener.

Ann Todd
Camden High School

Dream

I was climbing up a ladder of ice
To fix the roof on a house of cardboard,
When I slipped and almost fell into a pool of champagne,
But a huge bird of glass caught me
And dropped me softly into a bed of ice cream.

Randy Kelly
Hartsville High School
The Ball

These three colors: yellow, orange, pink
Can be taken in my hands
And molded into a ball.
As I watch it, the ball grows
Bigger and greater minute by minute.
Holding my breath, I fling it far and hard.
It reaches into every corner and crevice.
The world is bright and beautiful now.
I walk across the rainbow grass
And into a forest, not dark and threatening
But alive and inviting as a circus.
The yellow squirrels are playing
With the pink foxes and the orange sparrows.
I come out of the woods into an open field.
The colored wheat dances in the breeze,
Rejoicing in its new found life.
I look at the sky. A blue sky was lovely,
But did we see. Now we must notice
Yellow, pink, orange—it’s all so new.

Carol Draper
Hartsville

Blue

Blue is Venus hanging low over bent trees on the horizon.
Blue are the lights which form a rail for soaring Earthlings to return to their homes on.
Blue is a nasty knot on your forehead.
Blue is a circle of loving friends.
Blue is the color of your clothes.
Blue is the color of my eyes reflected in a mirror.
Blue is blood on its return trip.
Blue is my color.

Dickie Crout
Brookland-Cayce
Mary Beth

Mary Beth has long stringy hair
Mary Beth always wears a ragged dress
Mary Beth is very mean looking.
With a long nose and very ugly and mean eyes.
Mary Beth is dead, poor thing,
But I am really glad she is.
If you look in a mirror in complete darkness
You will see her come through,
But first you must call her,
Mary Beth 1, Mary Beth 2, Mary Beth 3,
Until she come.
If you let her come and come closer, closer
She will choke you to death.
That is how mean she is,
Yes that's how mean Mary Beth is.

Denise Fields
6th Grade
Greer

Swimming Race

How I love to stretch out when
I start. Splash I am off I am all
most the I touch the wall I
push off going back I am ahead
O no here comes some one up
close I am all most there there
there I touch the wall.

Lee Tremblay
8th grade
Hughes
Smokey

He jumps and runs
He crawls and walks
He prances and dances
My Dog, Smokey

He very frisky
and very risky
He bites and licks
and has ticks

He cries and wines
when we hit him on the spine
My Dog, Smokey

He hates rainy weather
and pillow feathers
He hates cats
and loves mommies old hat
My Dog, Smokey

Gayle Kennedy
5th grade
Satchel Ford

Dogs

Dogs are pretty and soft.
With eyes black and sad.
With waggley tails
And flappy ears.
And big sniffy black noses.

Patricia Bowler
6th grade
Alice Birney
The Old Car

The Old Man sits at the wheel of a rusty mass. The tires are flat, have been for years. I think he is dreaming of when it would shine in the sunlite of a spring day and run as quiet as a cat purring. But now the chrome has turned a tarnished gray and the luster is gone from cold winter days. But it is his and he'll keep it for as long as he lives.

Tommy Smith
Hartsville High School

The Passing

Dainty, daft daffodils laughed their farewells,
Caverns of hells yawned, enflamed.
Blatant blue skies bugled goodbyes,
And eternity whispered my name.

Trundling tree trunks strode, sanctified,
celestial savages beamed.
Steadfast dirt absorbed earthly hurt,
And my soul ascended, serene.

anon.
Camden High School
Buttons

Round, square, or any shape.
They can be anywhere, even on your cape,
The colors so different as you can see,
Some are like flowers that attract the bee.

Sew them on your shirt or blouse,
Pin them on your stuffed mouse,
Let them roll, flat, round, pancakes,
Step on them, crack them, like some stiff cornflakes.

Brenda Yount
Alison Floyd
6th grade
Alice Birney

First Love

Fresh sparkling sun floated into his
bright face.
As the spring breeze blew a soft lock
of pale brown across a tanned forehead.
Our laughter carried on the breeze,
and my brown eyes met a twinkling
pair of blue.
My fingers folded around a bouquet of
daises and we raced up the hill
to watch green fields below us kneel
at the footsteps of lavender mountains.
Teasingly he kissed my cheek,
then we left our silence to play
hide and seek with our friends.

Cheryl McNeely
Palmetto High School
I'm a Bird

I'm a bird spreading my wings
High over a quiet meadow.
All of a sudden a big bobcat
Starts chasing a little mouse!
They're both on the run.
He leaps on the mouse!
He's got him!
A lion is coming.
The bobcat doesn't see him.
The lion leaps!
   Done!
He carries the bobcat and mouse off.
So proud.
I'm a bird spreading my wings
High looking over a quiet meadow.

Lisa Wigington
4th grade
Walhalla

A Wheel

A wheel is like the inside of a tomatoe
A wheel is like a top to a Tupperware bowl
A wheel is like a doorknob
A wheel is like the drain in a bathtub
A wheel is like a can of soup.
A wheel is like a happy-face sticker
A wheel is like the eraser on a pencil
A wheel is like the burner on a stove
A wheel is like an oreo cookie
A wheel is like the design on my kitchen floor.
A wheel is like an ear.
A wheel is like the letter O of the alphabet.
A wheel is like the center of a daisy.

Linda McClain
6th grade
Walhalla School
A Mother's Touch

A little girl once
Experiencing so much
Crying at one thing
But stop by a mother's touch

Making mud pies
And thing that are grimey
Scream to see a snake
So gross and slimey.

Now grown alot
And seen so much
But still comforted
By a mother's touch

Cathy Flaspoehler
8th grade
Hughes

Machines

A thousand people, fire in eyes, anger in hearts, were
Captured by the Fair's spirit.

There:
Children lost their minds on machines--winding and twisting.
Women lost their minds watching children on machines--
    winding and twisting.

Men lost their temper; cursing loudly at a spiteful clown
    who could not be drowned

Strong arms and baseballs--- Useless!

A thousand people, satisfied, left the fair.

T. Carey Merritt
Wren High School
A Sad Christmas

It was a beautiful Christmas Day, and my uncle's eyes were So bright,
But something was wrong and It was a fright.

He left with silent lips,
With gun in his hand,
And hand on his hip.

He was going hunting,
but to me,
Animals were really born to
be free.

Then suddenly it happened
the gun then went off.
We flung open the door,
and there he was, on the pasture's floor.

My grandfather and I
filled with dismay,
Hopelessly, Helplessly,
their he did lay.

Anonymous
6th grade
Greer

Smile

A smile is like where Someone hit you and your face broke.
A smile is a rope that is hooked onto your ears.
At school a smile opens and is like a river, always running.

Joey Morgan
Oconee School
when i was nine years old

when i was nine years old
i killed a bird

because someone shot him and told me to kill the rest

he was black feather
like a liquid night
with only a few inkblots of blood on his wings

but he was dying
i knew because he couldn’t fly

and so i hit him with a rainsoft plank
and crushed his lifeless night into being

oh god

when i was nine years old
i killed a bird

j melton
Palmetto High School

Love

Love shone around us, like a glittering star,
But two seconds later it was gone, so far.
The memories of one still come around.
But my loves seem to jump in leaps and bounds.
The loves seem to double, but ends cut in half,
Will ever one stretch like salt-water taft
I am dropped into space, oh so far,
And blown from her mind like a falling star.

Robbie Bell
8th grade
Hughes
**Whats Inside Me**

People say I have kidneys and lungs inside me,
People say I have a brain and liver inside me.
But really I have a mind and a soul,
And my own thoughts.
People think I have thousands of friends,
They think I have mine and they have theirs.
But I don’t.
I have only one, only one sunshine.
Some think I’m a rich high class kid,
But not anymore.
My wealth is with Phil, Phil my only sunshine.
With him I am rich, without him I am poor.
Why did he go to Virginia?
My Phil lies over the state line.
(Three in fact)
Oh please Phil come back to me.

Steve Whitener
6th grade
Greer

**Red**

Red is what I love,
Red is for night mare!
Red is for the fiery furnace,
When I go down there!

Red is for his pitch fork!
Red is for melting glass!
Red is for that smart alic!
Once I stab him in the———!

Robert U.
7th grade
Alice Birney
Help !! I’m Falling...

Here I am all alone,
in the mist of the night
My mind is empty
asleep at rest, when all
of a sudden I
fall in the dark empty
mind of mine
and just in time
I grab a branch and
climb to my empty
mind again

Michele Hines
7th grade
Alice Birney

My Father

My father
Why does it grieve me so
to talk about him
I think I love him
But how can one really tell
There’s such a big space between us
We hardly agree on anything
He never wants to see my
side of things.
But I feel that I’m
part to blame for that.
What’s happening to us
I used to know him well
But now I don’t think
I know him at all.
Maybe I’m just looking at myself in a mirror.

Johnnette
Brookland-Cayce High School
Retrospect

The polar bear sits on his block of ice
And quietly remembers
When ice was not a block
But a universe.

Becky Jones
Brookland-Cayce
Fair

An immense surge of fully grown "children" traipsing in through the main entrance,
Eagerly followed by "Children" of obviously the same mentality,
only two feet shorter...
Four fences surrounding infantile thrills
Surviving on morbid freak shows
(Babies in bottles, deformed bodies)
A grandstand full of rednecks (and bo's)
receiving hugh satisfaction from
Jeannie C. Riley.
Sounds of high pitched shrieks and
the blur of bulging eyeballs
on the "Zipper."
Creaking of aging stools and benches
Cracking of ice and smell of corndogs,
In the JayCee booth.
4-H'ers shining up their blue ribbon hogs
And little old ladies (who have nothing better to do) guarding their pumpkin pies.

Charlotte Rozier
12th grade
Airport High School

For Christmas

I give you a world made of happiness.
I give you a people made of smiles.
I give you a home made of sunshine.
I give you a storm made of rainbows.
I give you a friend made of understanding.
I give you a tree made of hope.

Susan Rogers
Hartsville High School
The Hawk

The Hawk was a mighty Bird
A gigantic mass of brown soaring through the blue sky
The swoop down upon its prey
With mamoth talons with the strength of steel
He carried it upon a cliff
He flew so graceful
as I layed on the grass and watched
He danced with the puffy white clouds
in the background of blue
He looked so majestic so graceful so light
As though he could dance on through the night

Billy Neilson
Eric Gravat
6th grade
Alice Birney

Like a Cat

I used to be like someone sneaking thru dry sticks.
Now I’m like a cat playing in a paper sack.
I can get out anything I want to.
I seem to be like a squeaky door opening
Really I am a gong!

James David
Huggins
Wish Poem

I wish I was a pilot so I could drop
all the Avon ladies in Russia.
I wish my father's belt had no buckles
when discipline was needed.

anon.
Camden High School

I Wish...

I wish I was something
That I shall never be,
Half Donald Duck,
Half Marcus Welby.
I'd fly away on a green
magic carpet,
Go back into history
And visit the tar pit.

When I arrived,
I'd hunt for a brontosaurus
And when I had found one
We'd all sing a chorus.

Donald would sing base
Marcus suprano,
Which is very hard
To do
Without a piano.

And when I returned
I would write a book
About the most wonderful trip
I ever took.

Linda McClain
Walhalla
Class Collaboration

I wish I was on a beautiful green island in the Pacific with Pogo, listening to his philosophy on life, man, and the earth.

I wish for a silver airplane to fly to Paris like Charles Lindburgh.

I wish that I was with Beetle Bailey in Camp Swampy wearing a green uniform in cot doin' nothing but day dreaming.

I wish I was Underdog breaking out of a phone booth, as I go to save someone from the black perils of the night...

I wish I was Whimpy sitting in a big red booth Eating fifty hamburgers from Hardee's charcoal grill of Florence.

I wish I could swim freely in the dark blue depths of the ocean like a sailfish.

I wish I could help Charlie Brown when he is on the green pitcher's mount.
I wish I were in the middle of a huge open field covered in beautiful flowers listening to Grand Funk play.

I wish my eyes were as blue as Elvis Presley’s were in *Double Trouble*.

I wish Flash Gordon would land in a crater of soft green cheese on the moon.

I wish I were on the white sand at Myrtle Beach with Schroder’s music ringing in my ears.

I wish I were Daisy Mae living in a pink penthouse in New York.

I wish I could lay around and do nothing all day, just like Snuffy Smith in the brownish green mountains.

I wish that I was Charlie Brown’s girlfriend, so that when we held hands in the movies, his face would turn red.

I wish I could be outside the local pub when Andy Capp came staggering out with his red nose shining in the night.

Class Collaboration
Hartsville High School
The Miracle

The Miracle came one afternoon,  
Heralded by darkening ships  
The air felt it coming and  
    paused, tense,  
Waiting,  
The plants stopped their tossing  
    and turned, as if listening,  
Waiting  
Birds stopped their flights and  
    roosted,  
Waiting,  
Animals stopped, and sniffed the air,  
Trembling,  
Waiting,  
Humans felt it too,  
Some bent their heads and hurried on,  
Others stopped and looked up,  
Waiting,  
The wind built up,  
A tongue of lightning licked the sky,  
A drum-roll of thunder,  
Rain,  
The miracle

Bill Parker  
8th grade  
Hughes

Sleet

Sleet is nice to hear. It reminds me of a bird running on a piece of tin.

Peggy Duncan  
Walhalla
Wind, Wind

Wind wind
there's no place to hide
in the blue sky
   come blow my kite

chasing the fireflies
I caught
only the cool summer breeze

Gently gently the wind blows
dandelions parachutes
into the afternoon sun

Tony Dunmore
Satchel Ford

I am Thunder

I am thunder
I roll through the sky
I am the color of gray.
I like to growl and scare cats and dogs
under the basement of any house
I sound like a cannon being fired
My friends are the rain and the wind and
lighting.
My best friend is the lightning who strikes
schools and burns them down.

Libby Broach
5th grade
Brockman
The Summer

The summer is nice to you and me,
We go outside and sit under a tree,
We look in the tree and we see some
Honey bees.

We see the queen inside the hive,
She laid some eggs, 'bout ninety-five.

We see a bee yellow and black,
It flies around with a two winged back.

We see the guards flying by,
They look at us with staring eyes.

David Roberts
Andrew Holliday
6th grade
Alice Birney

Blue and Pink

blue moves over pink like a cloud
over a pool of flowers
pink moves over blue like a pink butterfly
through a moonlit sky
pink and blue vibrate together, their
borders intertwining
I wish I could drink the pink of sunsets
and nibble on the moonlight of midnights

Chip Hurley
Hartsville
Good ol’ Mack

Good ol’ Mack was a friend of mine,
He was a speed demon,
He got a fine,
The judge convicted.
After a while
He got away
But just for a mile.
It was tragic they say.

Chris Hays
8th grade
Hughes

Uncle Frank

I have an uncle whose name is Frank;
And he’d tell me stories about driving a tank;
And about boats that had sank;
The planes that had been shot down;
And all of the blood that covered the ground;
But that war is over now;
And he has his own corral;
15 horses, 20 steer and one more
glass of his good old beer.

Kevin Mann
6th grade
Greer
Regret

The time has come for the young to die,
The Boys march off as mothers cry;
Replacements must help, no matter how green,
New parts are needed for the war machine.

Someone is always around to start
A war for the land on a General's chart;
Then the telegrams are sent with the words of regret
To the mother's whose sons have not lived yet.

John Lawson
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School

"Hiram"

He's a wierd one, yes indeed
To get his fix, he must sell some weed.

And if he cannot get a loan
Then once more he must fight the Jonses.

The day he can ignore
that monkey on his back,
This town will see one less junkie on smack.

Larry Beach
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
There are so many still forms
lying on the highways
People look and grimace once
or twice
o’ possums cats dogs chickens
birds even
the dead forms lie still
still as a suspended spidered web
many times
have I imagined you dying so
bravely still while escaping a
 crush from drivers
with their respect for the dead
just missing you

and at dawn
just before the light
the wind shuffles over
  brushing your fur with cold toes
of morning
perhaps you even stretch a pressed paw
out at the still air
defying your stillness until you
remember
The vacancy in your eyes
now stuffed with dry red waterpaints
and while the rain spits on your
fur
You live as still as a stopped clock
then
one day
you are gone just like that
rotted by too many still dawning
and god knows how much respect
for the dead.

Jane Melton
Palmetto High School
Racoon

I am a racoon small and gray,
I sleep all day, And sneak around all night.
I have rings around my tail
I live in trees
I donot have a Indian friend
But I do have a mask

John Frederickson
6th grade
Alice Birney

I Wish

I wish I could be a bird for a day
and glide around carelessly
and get lost in a sea of air

Chuck
Hartsville
Horses

Galloping through the snow.
Stumble through the snow.
In the cold air. The sorry horse

Van Swafford
6th grade
Greer

Quangroo's

A quangroo is orange and yellow, he looks just like a Kangarellow. He dresses like a unicorn, expect he has no bright red horn. He lives in a place called callomazoo, he wears some multy colored shoes. He carries only fifteen-cents and spends it all on frankincense.
So that's the story of my great friend; I hope to write about him again.

Cheri Washington
Satchel Ford
The Butterfly

I once saw a Butterfly flutter by,
Flapping its black and gold wings,
It had such pretty colors,
It acted like a king.
She landed on my finger,
To shameful to posses
That through that bright and shining face
She was in deep distress.

Laurie Swinson
6th grade
Alice Birney

Outside

I’m in the shade so far, far, away,
I can hear the mocking birds sing
I taste a blueberry by my side
it taste sower and sweet
I go in the woods for a minute,
it so crowded with leaves and trees,
I find a space where I can sit,
and write my poem with peace and quiet.

Andrew Holliday
6th grade
Alice Birney

The Forest

The forest lay restfully the last minute before dawn.
Imagine you’re a fresh green pine needle pulled
from your joint by some unfeeling human.
How different to be free!

Jill Berry
Hartsville
Sound of Silent Fire

I hear the sound of whisper. The sound of people tip toeing pass the door. The way the wind wishes by. The way the wind talks to the pines. The way pines talk back to the wind. The way the eyes talk to each other.

Craig Mathis
6th grade
Alice Birney

I’m a Marshmallow

I’m a marshmallow fat and plump
I am just a white little hump.

I am usually round and white
I’m also ready to bite.

When you bite me you will find
That I’m really really kind.

Stephanie Oliver
3rd grade
Satchel Ford
Revalation

There it hung, dangling loose.
It was meant for me; a hangman’s noose.
It hung from a tree, all battered and worn.
Where many a widow must have wept and mourned.
Only few watched; just those who dared.
As the platform was carefully prepared.
They came and they took me from out of my cell.
I knew then it was going to be hell.
There was the platform cleanly swept,
And off to the side my poor wife wept.
They slipped the noose on, and pulled it tight.
The hanging must start, for it was becoming the night.
The last thing I saw was my wife, such a wreck.
Then the rope jerked, with a snap of my neck.

Lee Story
8th grade
Hughes

Fair

"Take a ride on the supersonic double ferris wheel!
Full of thrills and chills!"
I paid 75¢ to sit
In a chair where somebody puked.

Charlie Taylor
Brookland-Cayce
I am Bailes the Villan: A Lie Poem

I am Bailes
I am a fake poet, I am really
a long haired freak
I have the heart of a mosquito,
The paceintce of a hornet,
And the disposition of an alligator.
My rhymes range from granulated and
sugar to south and dixie
I feel like when I look at those kids I
am looking at Nazis and Black Panthers.
HELP !!!

Steve Whitener
6th grade
Greer

Dickey

The room’s full of whispers
As Dickey comes in.
The whisper from Moffat,
“Oh, he’s had a little gin.”
I felt a big chill like absolute zero,
Alas, I have found my new Super-hero.

Blue is the color when Dickey stops reading,
The pleasure of seeing him was seeding
A new thought to all.
But red is the color of old ladies’ faces
As he uses “THOSE” words in such public places.

Terry Black
Palmetto High School
Before He Came

I used to be happy before he came
But now I’m frozen and can’t write
a thing.
It’s that longhaired poet and I can’t write a
stitch
But I’ve got a very terrible itch.

Henry Bouton
6th grade
Greer

Revolution

Old bonds pop like rubber bands
  on Joe Fraser.
Old truths churn into buttermilk:
Progression from total ignorance
to semi-ignorance.
A blind bat thumping at my chest
Blooms into a blood-red pointed-petalled
metal flower called WHY.
Stench of death and waste as its perfume.

Sherri Wilson
Wren High School
I Wish

I wish I were a caterpillar so
I could make a cocoon.
I wish I were a butterfly so
I could fly to the moon.

I wish I were a Kangaroo so
I could jump very high
I wish I were a Giraffe
So my head could touch the sky.

I wish I were a mermaid so
I could swim away.
I wish I were a pretty girl so
I could marry some day.

Cheri Washington
5th grade
Brockman

Check Mate

Move, capture pawn, castle
Move, check, pause, block
As the battle travels across a checkered board
One reaches to the outskirts where the knowledge
is stored
It’s like an endless war of slaughter and
engagement
And always to the purpose of killing your
assailant
Move Capture pawn castle
Move, check, pause, move
Check mate

Princess Peters
8th grade
Hughes
The Rock

Worn and dented
With ever-present green clinging
How will it last?
The daggers of green reach toward the heart
A little more . . .
A little more and it will be done
No more will it be whole
Torn
Torn asunder
By forces no substance could bear or endure.

Jane Cook
Palmetto High School

A Flower

Swishing slowly, back
and forth, lifting up
its soft, petaled face;
leaves out like a high
rise bustle, I
love
Swishing slowly, back
and forth, lovely like
a bride in white;
Admirers passing and
smiling at this site,
this one springy site,
I
love.
Swishing slowly, back
and forth, in the warm
spring-like wind, suddenly
like a stone on an ant, a
foot smashes my flower
at once. This one innocent
flower, dead, I
loved.

Valoria Mack
11th Grade
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
The Live Oak

The live oak  
Uncurls her hair  
and lets it dry  
on the porch roof;

The living room  
windows are thrown  
open, as mother  
fluffs the pillows  
and the coverletts  
of the dune-couch;

The step-boards  
perspire,  
reducing their  
winter-soak selves  
down to summer weight,  
their splintery  
body hair  
curls up  
while rheumatic  
limbs and fingers  
crack and stretch  
under the sun’s  
chiropractic eye.

The shore rinses  
out her white sand slip,  
leaving it to  
dry on the line,  
Then reclines to  
wait for the gradual  
lightening  
of her eyes  
of her hair.

James Banks  
Palmetto High School
**Storm**

The lightening is like an arrow shooting out of the air and the thunder roars like a lion and the sun is like a fireball and the earth rumbles like an old car and the planets are as big as a dollar and the moon looks like someone mad.

Robert Perry  
4th grade  
Walhalla School

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**My Four Seasons**

When summer is gone the autum is here,  
And all the leaves are shaped like spheres,  
Laughter lowers down and down,  
It seems like the world is upside down.

When winter is here the autum is gone,  
And snow becomes a beautiful dawn,  
Boys make snowballs as big as the moon,  
They start their fights every afternoon.

The winter is gone and spring is on its way,  
It seems like showers every other day,  
When the corn has already died and grown,  
It seems like spring is really unknown.

When spring is gone summer is next,  
All the lawnmours have to be fixed,  
When books have gone and so has paper,  
Theres no more learning about water vapor.

Brenda Yount  
7th grade  
Alice Birney
What People Think of Me

People think I am very content
People say I am usually smiling

But I am very shy around many people, and my mind all ways wonders off to my own little things

People say to my father, I look just like him,

But I have my own looks, and nobody's going to take them

People think I am just like my brother, a hippy

But really I'm not accept maybe sometimes

Rita Parris
6th grade
Greer

The Factory

I know a factory that produces
Guns made of chocolate,
and bullets of marshmallows,
Sea shells made of love,
and sand made of peace;
Ocean grass made of smiles
Waves made of happiness.
And then my magical factory
Vanished into the clouds,
And though I never saw these things,
I'm glad they came to mind.

Chip Hurley
Hartsville High School
Breathing faster, moving on her nest,
Little White hen nightmares
Of the Farmer turning on the damned light,
His cold hand under her.

James L. Banks, III
Palmetto High School

All desks are empty;
the chalkboard is clean;
the pencil trimmer is hungry.

Ann Todd
Camden High School

The weeping willow
Standing by the water's edge
Sheds its lonely tears...

Cindy Kearse
Camden High School

Changing

I used to be like a dripping faucet.
But now I am like the hammering of a nail.
I seem to be like the clamor of a pantry.
But I really am like the bang of a gong.
As I growing as a weed, physically and mentally
Sturdier every day. Set in my path.

Robert Harrison
Hartsville
Group Poem

Fear is like running from your shadow.
The sea is like a wet box of salt.
Snow is like a wet bunch of feathers. They stick to you.
A cow is like a four-wheel drive milk truck.
  Happiness is like a grandmother with a mouth full of snuff.
  Snow is like a clean mouthwash.
Happiness is like the laughing wind.
A star is like a sparkle in a child's eye.
The moon is like a beacon in the night.
The sea is like an eternally moving mass of strangeness.
Snow is like quiet marble.
A cow is like a kindly, loving, old dog.
  Love is like a pat of gold: hard to get and hard to hold.
Love is like a day in heaven.
Happiness is like September 11th.
A pumpkin is like a clown in an oven.
A star is like a pin in an elephant.
  Happiness is like a dog when you feed him.
  Anger is like a fox that runs through your blood.
Happiness is like an ant that wins a fight.
Sadness is like a cow who's sorry he is a cow.
The moon is like a ball of cheese that a mouse cannot eat.
  A pumpkin is like an over-sized football.
Love is like a hail storm.
Lonely is like a mad woman at night.
  A cow is like a cotton picker only it picks grass to feed and water.
Fear is like breaking your neighbor's car glass.
A star is like a light that lasts all night.

Mrs. Blaskowitz' Third Period Class
12th grade
Camden High School
Camden, S. C.

This is my city,
Filled with old white houses, and wisteria,
and
hysteria
Over the newest spring fashions at the
Idolized Belk's
of Camden.
Who cares if we all wear the same clothes?
In my city we put our money on our backs
where it will
show.

Camden works at Dupont, and we
save
That Dupont money to buy a
Grand Prix
Le Mans
Mercedes-Benz
Or at least an electric blue Olds-98;
(at least!)
So we can drive our money, as well,
Money's the most important thing
In the
World.
And in Camden a girl gets married at
sixteen, so she won't be an old
Maid.
She has a huge White Church Wedding,
and invites everyone in Camden,
(more presents, ya know)
And the bride wears a white lace gown,
and she's beautiful,
As all pregnant women are, supposedly.

On Saturday nights Camden gets drunk,
And on Sunday morning Camden
Goes to church
with a
Hangover.
As a good, Christian, Camden should.
We want to go to heaven, ya know.
Heaven is a great big shopping center in
The Sky.
And every day God gives you a
Million Dollars
to
Spend.

Yes, this is my city.
But if heaven's like that,
I'm goin' to hell.
Ain't it a pity?

Maureen O'Rourke
Camden High School

Foiled

Last week I planned to go to heaven,
But it didn't work out.
So here I am getting older & older &
older & older & older & older.

Ellison Jones
4th grade
Concord School
Long may she wave one nation under God divided ripped and torn and burn your draft card rah rah. Ban the bra the bomb the pill and cigarettes are hazardous to your health. Along with breathing, walking at night and eating tuna fish sandwiches. Clap your hands Olympics in the poor house with the rest of us. Clap clap you’ve got the clap rah-rah-yawn so what else is new? China will break unless handled carefully who cares? better red than ooh pardon me my apathy is showing. Viet nam what a bummer I’ve had a crawful of that, let’s move the war to a more interesting location like L. A. or New York, who would ever notice just a new gang of junkies to liven up the neighborhood rah. Walk right in sit right down have a beer watch the dirty movie write ---- on the bathroom wall, I’m only thirteen but I had a buck fifty so I got a ticket rah rah. Make out in the car, the woods, the hall at school cause man oh man sex is really where its at, just open any book or magazine or your eyes you got proof right there. Pop a pill have a drag or two I roll my own, a nickle bag is worth price but what a hassle. Give us this day our jelly bread amen it makes mom happy, why not, I can always sleep in the balcony if I manage to beat everybody else to a seat halleluja. I’ll get my ass kicked and mom will bleed to death those stupid ulcers I’ll be the death of her yet. I wish this school would kiss off I’ll spend the rest of my life burried under books on the stock market and Dear Old WWII. Who gives a John Wayne anyway? Freedom freedom it ought to be in the dictionary with a see also fairy tales. rah.

This is my city. It isn’t Historic Camden, or the parks, or the weather. It is this nation, this world, this mess we live in. This city is me, and the way I react to it. This is my city.

Donna Ross
Camden High School
Meditations of a Retired Elf

Two weeks 'til Christmas,
And the Mad. Ave. elves are still
 cranking out their breathless-eyed ads:
 "Thumby Lou,
 Just right for you!"
 "Be an Indian-buster
 With your friend Cowboy Custer!"
Whatever happened to dolls that didn’t
 Dance
 Sing
 Cry
 Grow eyelashes
 Or get pregnant?
Dolls that were loved?
No one ever wants red wagons anymore,
 Hand-carved
 With spiralling wheels.
 Only minibikes
 "Certified unsafe for use on public roads"
 Dangling from a small tag beneath the price.
Thank Ford for the assembly line;
Magic doesn’t work anymore.

Jennifer McCall
Hartsville High School

The snow covered fields
 pines bowing down to the ground
 falling, falling, falling...

Cheryl Bruce
Camden High School
Crimson Matter

The faucet of my heart
drips its crimson matter
in unending patterns
through the vessels of
my life.
  I am sinking in
the damned heart’s
blood
  awaiting the black
clot of time.
It is choking the rhythms
of its beat in pulsating
throb
  stabbing,
yes stabbing down
into the folds of my
mind.

Cheryl Morrow
Palmetto High School

Where Is Hell?

Napalm, Megaton Bombs, Atomic Bombs, Chemical Warfare;
Disease, Poverty, Drugs, Over-Population;
Free Sex, Homosexuals, Transsexuals, Lesbians;
Black Power, White Power, Red Power, Yellow Power;
Young vs. Old,
Democracy vs. Communism,
Democrats vs. Republicans vs. Independents,
Catholics vs. Protestants
And yet the Philosophers still ask:
WHERE IS HELL?

HELL IS HERE!

Wilbur Glover
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
america the beautiful?

oh beautiful for spacious skies, saturated in filth, stench, smog.

for amber waves of grain, blatant aluminum, brown bag, garbage sores on skin of gold.

for purple mountains’ majesties shrouded in a cloak of desecrating waste.

above the fruited plain, marred, blemished by industry, population, fire.

America, America, God shed his grace on thee, be thankful for this and crowned thy good with brotherhood, aside from racism, bigotry...prejudice.

from sea to shining sea.

Bill Moser
Camden High School

Spring '71

Rain touches my cheek
What a strange thing,
A portion of sky.

Mary Heller
Palmetto High School
The House

The house with flowers lined up along it,
The house with the bird flying around it.
This house is really wierd, as you can well see
Because of the stupid buzzing bees.
This house has brightly colored shutters.
This house has one child that stutters.
A piece of glass lying in the dirt,
A shoe in the road and an old t-shirt.
One day I saw a dog playing with a fat hog.
The butterflies hurrying places
With pollen smeared in their faces.
This house as you can well see
Is just as wierd as can be.

Donna Lantz
Bret Fisher
Laurie Swinson
6th grade
Alice Birney

Three

Three is the number for the 3 Musketeers
Three is the number for Balentine Beers.
Three is a number that can’t be beat
And three is the number of our first naval fleet.
And remember the story of the house of twigs?
You know, the one of the Three Little Pigs?
Don’t forget the rhyme that was oh so nice.
Remember the tale of the Three Blind Mice.
Another story that’s not too rare
Is the story of the Three Little Bears.
Three is a number that can’t be beat
Think how you’d walk with three different feet.

Lee Story
8th Grade
Hughes
A Morning Garden

The morning glories are rising,  
a beautiful blue and white,  
With the beetles dancing frantically,  
when the sun rays break the night!  
The roses uncurl their beauty,  
with the aroma seeping out,  
The bumblebees buzz around them,  
in numbers you could not count,  
Lady-slippers dangle,  
with dew-drops on their feet,  
When the June Bugs scuttle down,  
to look for things to eat,  
The grasshoppers join in,  
jumping and leaping,  
While the crickets sit there chirping,  
almost as if they were speaking,  
The dogwood blooms are twinkling,  
like a diamond in the sun.  
But these are just a few of the wonders,  
The day has just begun.

Joe Thomas  
7th grade  
Alice Birney

St. Bernard

I used to be a puppy  
but now I am a St. Bernard. I  
save people in the snow. I pour  
wine and hot soup on the people.  
My wine and hot soup is in my  
jug. Now it is spring. I play in  
the flowers with my puppies.

Kenny T.  
3rd. Grade  
Satchel Ford
Sounds

I am a drum
Pitter, patter, pum
I am the sound of good, good, food
Yum, yum, yum
I am a guitar
Strum me with your thumb
Titter, tatter, tum
I am the sound of people walking
Clat, clap, clat
I am the sound of a person crying
When they knock me flat
I am the sound of all the things
Not a one to miss
But I am the sound of everything
Of this and this and this.

Rebecca L.
5th grade
Satchel Ford

give
a tower of dreams
a book made of gold
a flower made of jewels

get
the sky full of happiness
the rainbow full of colors
a room full of secrets

Karen Anders
Hartsville High School
National Holiday?

Everyone who reads this
Everyone who can read knows this holiday
Everyone who can listen knows this holiday
Everyone who has survived this holiday knows
Knows it all to well
Every nation that has been involved
Knows this holiday all to well
Everyone to come will know this holiday
all to well
Everyone knows this holiday as the
National War Holiday

Harry Rountree
Brookland-Cayce

Ant

An ant is like a pea with legs.
Cotton is like a fuzzy caterpiller rolled up in a ball.
A baseball is like a large bullet when a pitcher throws it.
A tornado is like mother nature doing the twist.
A pumpkin is like a juicy basketball.
Water is like melted gold.
String is like streched gold.
The sun is like a lighted pumpkin.

Steven McFall
Concord School
Drooping Flower

A drooping flower is like a girl
that was kicked out of a football game.
A drooping flower is like a team that lost.
that lost. A drooping flower is like a
child that had to go to bed with
out supper.

Rickey Pope
4th grade
Concord

Little Big Time USA

Williamston our loom
Our people, all seconds.
S.C. The weave room.
Some yarn is waste,
The rest $40 a yard.
The prime and the seconds
Poured together have little worth.
The south the center of
This world,
What good comes to
Surface in this sea of sewage?

Carlton Phillips
Palmetto High School

Old Man

I used to be a half-track,
I used to be a tank,
But now I’m just a T-model—
I wish I had the crank!

John Lawson
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
Dying With Lucifer

Lecherous eyes
peer through feigned-grief
raindrops
watching, waiting for our climax

Why do they show fear
for we are experiencing the ultimate
of human achievements
or perhaps super-human

Our love-making
draining my very soul

With you as my ever-constant companion
I become—
I come.

Julia Mize Smith
Palmetto High School

The Living Death

Serene in his thoughts of times past
The old man sits with hopes of death at last.
His pride and power reduced by the years
He has long before conquered his fears
Of Death, for you see, he leaves nothing behind.
He’s seen life at its fullest and in its decline
And now he complacently awaits his Master’s call,
But what does he care? The old man has been through it all.

Jeff Lakey
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
A Touch

My Great grand-aunt died today.
What shall I do; What shall I say.
I’m not afraid
but...
Yes I am
Maybe a touch will take it away
or...
Wake her from her tireless sleep.
So still, so morbid, so quiet,
Not breathing: Just there.
A touch will take it away...
I Know.
My brain says GO!
but...
My hand says NO!
A touch... a touch... a touch...
Cold, hard; artificial.
It is still here and here...
It will stay.
No touch...
Never a...
touch
Will take it away.

Cynthia Ferguson
12th Grade
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School

A Radio

A radio is like a brain,
If left alone it will just collect dust,
But turn it on and it will entertain.

Cathi Cuttino
11th Grade
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
Hate

The Walls look at me;
Pencils rise up
Rebel! Rebel!
The stereo runs 'round and 'round,
Go to hell! hell!

Doors pick up arms;
Ceilings rally together;
War! War!

Mirrors stare harshly
Cars revolt,
No more! No more!

Trees sneer
Poles shout?
Run! Run!
Why me? No harm have I done.
Death comes slow this way.
I’m the last. Why me?

Frank Miller
11th Grade
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School

red leaf
dying earth
a resting time.
cut grain
moving soil
a reaping time.
worried man
living on.

Mary Heller
Palmetto High School
Shell

It feels like the bottom of a tennis shoe, rough with ridges. Fragile like a potatoe chip. Shapely and beautiful. I wish I was a shell. I would live in the cool green water and stick to rocks. When I tired of that I would play hide and seek with the minnows. Free, nothing to earn nothing to spend. Unaware of the future, no past. I could roll on my back and see the hot green emerald called the sun. What is rain? The wet sand would be my bed. The songs of the mermaids are more beautiful than the birds. Totally free. To travel for miles without tiring, whenever my mother the sea wills.

Greg Jordan
Hartsville

Little House

Little house;
Palm-fitting,
Thumb-hollowed,
Sun-smooth,
Spray-rough,
Little bits of theorems
Swirling in mathematic exactitudes.
Pink-tinged,
Serenity-yellowed,
Senility-browned
Accomplishment-glazed,
Fragments of dreams
Crystallized.

Jennifer McCall
Hartsville
A Giant

A giant drinks an orange sun for breakfast. His glass is a humongously large buttercup. (The biggest flower ever grown.) He fills his dish, made of the moon, with white stars. Over this he pours rain and scoops up ocean water. When he is through with his meal, he burps out thunder. Now he strolls, carefully stepping on the remaining planets to make dust the solar system. And he invades another galaxy.

Brenda Easterling
Hartsville

Square

I wish the square was a circle
Unbounded by the sides of life.
A square is like a diamond;
It just depends on how you look at it.
The blue is the other side of a cloud,
Endlessly reaching towards the stars.
Imagine every round object square.
Try to get around them if you can.
There is one unique thing about a square,
It can never be mistaken for what it is.

Chandler Stith
Hartsville
The Invisible

The invisible is a clear animal.
The invisible lives all around the earth.
No human eyes have ever seen it, but it’s there.
There is only one known invisible.
Its age, no one knows.
Its color, no one knows.
Its parents, size, weight, or shape,
no one knows.
But It’s there.
The invisible is very lonely.
Sometimes I hear him crying and howling.
Sometimes he would play in the leaves
just to pass the time.
The invisible is there.

anon.
Camden High School

February

February is like lime sherbert with Sprite
poured over it.
February is like seeing your breath
when standing in front of an
open freezer.
February is playing football one
Saturday; basketball the next.
February is playing hopscotch and cutting
out valentines with your little sister.
February is like touching your tongue
to an ice tray.
Februarys are like week ends— they
never last long enough.

Jill Berry
Hartsville
Nothing

Nothing.

A shoe box with the cardboard sides stripped away.

Red ballons with skins peeled back.

The inside of your mouth without the tongue and teeth.

Nothing.

The universe without the stars and cosmic dust or asteroids or planets or their moon.

What are you thinking when somebody asks you what you are thinking.

Donna Ross
Camden High School
Alice

Is love moments of blind happiness
divided between spaces of sinking doubt?

Is this disappointment I feel at times
a slipping of my love that will either grow
or melt into the past?

Or
Is it that I have formed a wonderland
of love in my mind and am merely falling
out of my looking-glass into his room?

Sally Wood
12th Grade
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School

Bottom Drawer

I would hate to be a bottom drawer.
Always the last one to be taken at camp.
Stuffed full of too long shorts and
too short pants.
Guardian angel of the simulated silver
sandwich tray inscribed with
"Souvenir of Laredo, Texas"
Given you by Aunt Julia for
High School graduation.
Jesus, never let me fill with junk!

Ann Todd
Camden High School
Nature Killing Nature

Nature is the grass and land,
Nature is you and me.
It is in the horizon as far as the eye can see.
It is in the winter when birds fly to their Southern homes
Nature is in the forest when deer begin to roam.
Nature is as common as the movement of waters from shore to sea
It can be as beautiful as people living peacefully.
Is nature really construction sites tearing up grass and land
and filling up our sea?
Buildings piled upon buildings is all we can see
Clouding out our horizon, what a comedy!
Is it something bought at a price, as shells for a gun?
Like anxious hunters crouched in the brush with dogs ready to run?
Is there nothing as dangerous as this human race called man?
No one wants to be the first to take the other's hand.
Men killing men, dying for what they believe.
When all nature has to ask is to open our eyes and see,
Is nature killing nature what was meant to be?

Sally Wood
12th Grade
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School

Hollow Jail

trying to interpret
the expression
of the expressor

out with it
graphite this emptiness

i find
expression

Sam Smith
Palmetto High School
The Ticking of a Clock

The ticking of a clock 
sounds like a person on 
his tiptoes going through 
hard cement.

The ticking of a clock 
may be the ticking of 
a bomb, but of course, 
you never know until 
the last minute.

Joan Edwards
Walhalla

Hair

Hair is long,
Hair is short,
Hair is sometimes out of sort
Hair is sometime out of shape
Which makes people stare and gape.

Sherri Malone
Denise Blake
7th grade
Alice Birney
The Others

Look into their eyes. They glare, and quickly move about As if they were examining a dirty picture. They are afraid to open up. They are afraid to touch. The wheels turn and they Label you... FREAK

But I am an individual

ME.

Kathy Kirby
10th grade
Airport High School

Listening to Music

Sweet, love, sad, helpless, no home, good, Green, happy, slow, fast, spooky, excitement, dead, western, swining in a tree, horses marching.

Leepolian Turner
6th grade
Greer
In April
Kids fly kites
at the beach,
roll down dunes,
slap flat feet
on the puddled mud,
make foot houses
for fantasy frogs;

I watch painters
scrape off winter--
weathered paint
that curls like parchment
on the cypress faces
of beach houses;

Keepers replace
rusty screens
with the new nylons;

Grandfather chews,
fish for blues
that are running;

I sit and gaze
Into the sun
wishing for it
to be summer near.

James Banks
Palmetto High School
If I Had Wings

Oh mighty eagle, master of the sky;
So free all day with nothing to do.

Please share your secret on how you fly,
So I can sail away with you.

The heavens will be our playground;
We'll never sleep or eat.

Our hearts have sorrow for the earthbound,
With their pitiful feet.

The summer breeze, or ray of sun
Will be our highway, which never ends.

There'll be nothing, except fresh air
and fun;
With no time for greed and sins.

Larry Beach
Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School
Bedtime

I have some crazy feeling inside
That my dad must cover me up
when I go to bed
I could never go to sleep at night
Even when we sleep in sight
of each other.
I try to break this feeling
because it causes many problems
I lose many nights of sleep
while he is away
I think I have cured my problem
in a simple way.
I turn up the heater so I don’t
need a cover.

Tom Yarb
8th grade
Hughes

Reality

I dreamed one night the world had died
And in my mind flew dread;
Of all the things that once had been
Alive but then were dead.
I thought about the kinds of things which once
Had roamed the earth.
It hit me hard and caught me off guard,
For then I went bezerk.
I paced around, ran down and about
And I feared again and then,
Said Satan in loud, clear shout,
“Welcome to my den!”

Melissa DuPuy
8th grade
Hughes
The Paratapus
(The paratapus is part oocupus, part paramecium.)

The paratapus is not a kitten,

Nor is it related to a mitten.

The paratapus is one obsolete,

For it made up entirely of feet.

All it does is walk around,

Setting all 300,423,321 foosies on the ground.

The paratapus eats only Crunchy Granola,

While sitting peacefully on a gondola.

The paratapus lives only in Venice,

But there he is considered to be quite of a menace.

There is one advantage to a paratapus,

He never does bellow very loud like a moose.

Dianne Tyler
8th grade
Hughes
5ive

Five is the number of your little bitty toes
Five is the age you learn to blow your nose
Five is the age when you have to go to school
Five is the age when you hit your teacher with a tool
Five is the age when you get an older
From trying to spell Leo Degrocher.
Five is the age that you start to grow
Five is the age when you stump little toe
Five is for the girls that I hate
Five is for the pieces of pizza I ate
Five is the best number of all
Five is the number of a ferocious fall.

John Frederickson
7th grade
Alice Birney

Sun Rise

It is dark now
With few clouds lingering
Barely visible above the horizon.
The trees, like shadows of spirits,
Of long forgotten centuries.
The wind is a long lost soul
Moaning as it passes over.
Then there is a great flash of light,
As the sun peeps over yonder ridge.
Everything is illuminated,
It is done.

Stanley King
8th grade
Hughes
Father

My father, sweaty and drunk lay on the floor
Frightened, I ran down into the dark confines of the basement.
Shivering, I heard the clouds weep from sorrow, and I cried,
"Father, Father."

anon.
Airport High School

Colors

the black realism in the white emperor's head sounded yellow as he made an orange fingerprint in the blue-green rectangle.

Susan Howell
Brookland-Cayce

Spectrum

Green-a forest bathed in light,
Black-a silent, cold, winters night.
Rose-the color in a young girls cheeks,
White-like a cloud where from behind the sun peeks,
Blue-like the water of the oceans tide,
Purple a color in which I confide.
Yellow-the sand along the beach,
All these colors within my reach.

Jennifer Bolt
6th Grade
Alice Birney
Motorcycles

Motorcycles are very fun, they glide pretty fast under the sun; Use the cluch and pour on the gas, and boy will she rip right through the grass. Change the oil and fix the points, and it will really fly you to our joint. People wonder why we must, burn the gas and raise the dust. When we tear up the road, and the cops have another big load. Then we burn up the rubber, and baby we’re not talking about mother humbered, Now the tires are very low, since we ran over an elephant toe. Somebody pulled a gun, and shot our two-wheeled fun. And now we’re done.

I think we should have really won.

Marlin Smith
Shawn Strunk
8th grade
Hughes

"My World"

I have my own little world
Deep, Deep, Down inside me
My world is full of good things
And no bad things at all
No pollution, no bad guys,
No bad things at all
But sometimes my world
Is interrupted by my mothers call

Vickie Allen
6th grade
Greer
Her Walls

Silent, still, are the sounds now,
Absent is the knock, knock, knocking of her walk.
No more will I wake to her early walk through the house or
Her banquet breakfasts.
For everyone there is a time to live,
a time to die.
This was her time.
Fly, she will now do, instead of struggling with three legs,
For she always said she was meant to be a bird.

Mary Ann Young
Airport High School

Poem

Here I sit in a/room/of/
people writing some junk about animals.
Here I sit, with a bunch of college-prep students, the best.
Here I sit, by myself, alone,
I guess I always will be.
I don’t even know why I’m writing this.
A rebellion, that’s it.
Now I hear echoes of my parent’s poetry.
How I know the rhyme.

Chris Bruton
10th grade
Brookland-Cayce High School
Drawing

I love to draw, I love my art;
It expresses things from the inner heart.
My favorite thing is a tear-dropped eye
I laugh outside, but in, I cry.

Cindy McNeely
Camden High School

Accessories After the Fact

The pigs dream of being stuffed in their afterlife.
The minks dream of their immortality on some lady’s coat.
And all day long the moose dream of the days when their heads and antlers will finally be warm hanging over some hunter’s fireplace.
And the birds fly peacefully over, not knowing that the last shot is still yet to come.

Lori Pereira
12th grade
Airport High School
I am

I am a maple leaf bright and red,
I fell upon a little girl’s head.
The girl walked by a little river,
In I fell then like a sliver.
I floated past a cow who almost lapped me up,
Then who came along but a little white pup.
He led a boy who was happy and spree,
He bent over the river and picked up me.
He put me between a sheet of wax paper,
And arranged me until I looked neat and dapper.
And now I just sit here every day,
Feeling very happy, spree and gay.

Mary Ann Boggs
5th grade
Brockman

Snake

I am a snake,
And my home is in Hartwell Lake;
Some people don’t like me,
Because of my friends,
And the rattlers on their tail ends;
Some people hate me because I’m quiet,
And because I slide around, But it’s fun;
You’ll see if you try it.

Kevin Mann
6th grade
Greer
Black

Black is really dark and I am Black
I know. Some say that Black is beautiful
but they know that Black is dark they just
say Black is Beautiful to square off the light
colors

Leepolian Turner
6th grade
Greer
THE POETS-IN-RESIDENCE
Exchange

In the gym
   Above the hoops
The girls are leaving
   Yevtushenko--
In blue jeans
   With unbent volumes
While below he vibrates
To the murder of Jews and foxes--
   Young girls blank
From Russian
From reading dust jackets
From hearing
   Music without guitars
Ascend, descend
   To the bathroom
And to the counter of ice cream.

Franklin B. Ashley

Performing as Scheduled

Wife and I on third row
Violin and peeyano
Thirty fill the room of sixty-five
Friday night
   Movie change
   Steeplechase
   Junior League
Culture vs. Culture movements
Tenuously expanding
Wife and I,
In tribute to reign of gray-white
Aunts of the early fifties,
Donate an evening
   To yellow leaves
   Victoria-Albert-Bach
Stringing line through point
On the hearts-of-pine floor.

Franklin B. Ashley
Crossing the Country

If you start at beaches
    Then the wet strips of salt and air
    Are with you
Until the tobacco takes the engine
    And the
        Dull spray of the crop plane
        Asserts itself
And to do it
    You leave the large four
    Lanes
        Sponging up the sun unfairly
You move across
    Toward the pines without shadows
In the heart, the heart of
    Renovation
You know
    That even
        The round-top pumps for gas
Cannot
    Be built again
Much less the moss
    Under the A&P
    Or the house
        With the half-story used for
        Afternoons and tea

It is these thoughts
And the
    Lift of the
        Unnumbered roads
That pull you
    Through the state
        As if the lines were
        real.

Franklin B. Ashley
The Trick

Thinking of you in terms of two-over-light was easier. That way you shared my morning rite and left me to the idle pleasure of my day. Now, having seen you trundle from a lonely man-filled bar your shoulders slouched against the weight of darkness I know you more than I care to; know your crumpled single bed and barren room; know why your ten-hour-day is comfort to you. Now instead of leaving me to my own tight rare existence you take me trembling with you into your lonely night.

Dale Alan Bailes
from St. Andrews Review
Vol. 1, No. 4
Spring & Summer 1972
With A Cast of Thousands

for Ennis Rees

Some time ago I would have felt it tragic
to come upon that blue-remnanted patch.
Feathers, tedded casually about, testify
that here he brought his catch
in fronted night’s seclusion
and stilled the yawping heart
with strong and practiced champs.

Not out of need. Not food anyway.
He has his fill of canned
and granulated products, and
padded box to sleep in where
night noises can’t disturb him.
Perhaps the morning sounds I
take for joy perturbed him: may
mean to him intrusion
in his own kind territory.

Or the song the jay sang
may have struck a primal chord
in some ancient feline cell
that until then had lain unknown
and dormant, as it does now when
I stroke his purring belly. Too rough
a rub will trigger those strong
hind paws yet, and he’ll seek
to disembowel my testing hand.

I’ll watch him for awhile,
remembering that a band
of my ancestors and that pride
of his once played a bill
together in the Colosseum,
hoping that his new knowledge
will not throw him out of time.

Dale Alan Bailes
from South Carolina Review
vol. 4, No. 1
December 1971
To Barbara, at Her Potter’s Wheel

I am jealous of your craft.
Intent, you kick the wheel
to spin the shaft
that turns the head
and mold the clay to shape
your new creation.

Those quick hands
molded subtler clay
a while ago.
Long hair you loosed then
for me falls in the way
of clay and wheel and vision.

Eager to share all your worlds
I gather back your hair again
stuff it down your smock
and wait.

You notice only
the absence of annoyance
and do not feel
the yearning touch.

Much relieved, you kick
the wheel again
and so I am set spinning.

Dale Alan Bailes
from Cherry Stones
Old Maids

Hens are staid & feminine —
each day their joy is the round thing —

patiently, they wait on nests, on eggs,
on white doorknobs of porcelain.
Setting, their feathers are smooth.
They neither clack, cluck nor scurry —

but in their peaceful, spinsters' world,
rest upon ovals of children.

Rosemary Daniell

The Wild Field

in the butter of petting, asking
only an occasional freedom of lust
to make more cats for us. For us,
the cats allow themselves to be

reborn in great litters, allow
us even to watch the grace of their coming.
And with each new life, the cats give us
a new chance to look into that wild field

of clam and endless purple. To regain,
for a moment, our lost animal honor.

Rosemary Daniell
How a Child Finds Fare

Pear, sunlight is
caught in your skin
and when I bite,
juice goes tickle
down my chin.

Fish on the platter,
your scales are silver,
your smile is bright.
When Daddy serves you,
please don’t bite!

An orange is filled
with secret juice—
you cut a little hole
to let the magic loose.

Spinach tastes limp,
and stringy and dead—
not as good as a weed
in a crisp green blade.

Please take this stew away;
it reminds me of a dead dog
I saw on the street today.

Rosemary Daniell
Anne Skin-Diving

She dives
    and swims along the ripples,
the sand of coarse shell
as white as coral
    in the ripples of the light
playing on the ripples
    made by the ripples on the surface.
And pokes among occasional
sponges, watching the sea slugs or
diving into little basins between the tilted
shelving rocks where fish glide
    into the shadows
    as she approaches.
She watches dead men’s
fingers flexible and handling
the currents where little fish swim, starting
and stopping with curious quickness--
darts-- like hitting a glass wall,
their tiny bodies looking
    through their skin, the flesh open to the light
and listening,
    their eyes
moving and their fins,
while all the rest is
motionless as though dissolved,
while holding
    quite distinct,
its outline, like a soul.

P. B. Newman
Floating

The water gets saltier in August, the waves
warm and filled with silt,
the wind driving
   a strong current
along the beach and smashing against your mouth
burning in the hiss and the rush and the roar
and jumping and diving again and sinking
beyond the breakers
   lying on your back and floating
hearing the silence in the wind floating
   you like a gull
beyond the reach of anything important
but death
   and that is not important.

   P. B. Newman
Pain, Light and Darkness

The pain circles like a rock drill
evenly sinking in her mind.
It begins
   in a sound of water dripping
and becomes light
mysterious, intense.

It is
an experience
   that never loses its freshness.
It is an experience like swimming at night.

The smell
the cool like water in a wind
drying
clean like sand all over,
sheets smelling clean hands
brushing smell of light from darkness
dark kind hands.
   Like waves filled with light.
Like waves the darkness
washing.

P. B. Newman
For James  
(1926-1965)

May there be basketballs in Beulah and you bouncing arpeggios looping in rainbow arcs under hosannas of saints.

Let there be hunting in heaven, too, persimmons with possums like fruit and under your steady bead bucks bearing trees of lightning to fall in pools of blood, rising painlessly over and over.

I wish you basketballs and deer, James, you who left our hearts like old leather unlaced, this chilly season unfit for game or chase.

Guy Owen  
from The Journal Review  
Spring 1971

My Father’s Curse

My father strode in anvil boots  
Across the fields he cursed;  
His iron fingers bruised the shoots  
Of green; he stabbed the earth.

My father cursed both sun and rain;  
His sweep cut corn and weed,  
And where his firey plow had lain  
The ruined earth would bleed.

Yet though he raged in bitter brew  
Thick oaths that belled his throat,  
God rammed his springing juices through  
And fleshed Himself in fruit.

Guy Owen  
from Southern Poetry Review
Deserted Farm

I took a walk through woods and snow
Until I came to a garden row
Gone to sedge, then a gate of boards
Rotting beneath two martin gourds.

A roofless shed, and old turn plow
Said men were here, but not here now.
"Where have they gone?" I asked the pump
Rusting beside the light’ood stump.

Its handle swept toward the sky
(Whatever that might signify);
Its mouth was dry as chimney clay—
And if it knew, it didn’t say.

Guy Owen
from The White Stallion & Other Poems
Copyright John Blair, publishers, 1969
The Muse

You were the liar
stabbing your laurel to the vein.

It was the reason above the others
and it was the only reason
you did not tell
until the end
when there was no reason
to tell of anything.

There are the silent worlds
we touch invisibly.
You saw your father in the stone and passed him by.

Not even this will fade,
not even now
would you alter your refusal.

This is what they meant when they said
forgiveness;
Or the moon that groans with blood.

Your wish was always for control,
always for the human god, and always
you were the mad woman
changing at the eyelids of the world.

Where they came for you, like snow,
those moths that burn
fixed upon the splendors of their instant.

Hugh Seidman
from Westbeth Poets
Spring 1971
Oedipus

the disaster, the acrid throbbing darkness
the lurid, the whore-charged
the roiling of water

in the all-time, in the endlessly present
in the parable, in the mind

the explosion at ultimate azure
at Attis, the exhuberant
the final incompleteness, or lost

from its affect, its anger
from the actor who is exegete
what could I have said that was knowledge
that would be so, to you, of the darkness
that is alive, the elision

from that time into this, that is substance
in the brilliance of the noon, the disaster
when touched is untoward

the last of the civilized, uncivilized
projecting nothing but the blackness

Hugh Seidman
from Salmagundi
Fall 1971
At the Pole

Those of that dark and their parts
who are drawn to the evil of men

Who came in the dark that was mine
with their hands that work faeces and slime
until I was their art

And I begged
Lord
why am I vile in this that is theirs

And why does time humiliate
the time that is before and the time that is after

And why do their tongues elude
to entice me and strike

But what is the answer for those who are forms
when the sun slants
and the creatures cry out for breath

I give them my strength
I live for them
I repeat each road from the dead for them

And then I must speak for them
as an echo speaks
or the blind men dreaming that they see

Hugh Seidman
from Salmagundi
Fall 1971
Clay and Stone

Clay hills are pliable.  
They stand to tempt poets, potters, sculptors.  
Clay hills yield many shades and shapes of beauty  
To dexterous, probing fingers. But even  
The loveliest molded clay is fragile.  
Stronger, or careless, or predatory hands  
Break the shapes, for better, or from malice,  
And sling them forgotten down dead-end streets.

Below clay, rock lies unseen,  
And I wish I had chipped away at obdurate rocks,  
Or just one piece of strong and stubborn stone  
With all my hours muscles, dreams  
To hammer one vibrant, robust shape.  
Then I'd have placed it on an uncluttered table  
To keep reminding me of the bed-rock power  
Of undiluted desire. Later, if someone had put it  
In a museum, it would not be good and true  
Because it was picked for perpetuity. It would be picked  
For perpetuity because it was good already, the same way  
A phrase isn't valuable because it's in a dictionary.  
It's in a dictionary because it was good and valuable  
Before it was ransomed for safekeeping.

Thad Stem, Jr.
Inside Story

My tombstone, the inspiration of my beloved wife, Julia, Has become a miniature Pisa. The top's too big and when The wind blows it wobbles as crazily as Jerico's walls. The inscription's as crowded as two lovers in a hammock, To say nothing of two comma faults and a split-infinitive. But, bless Julia's soul, she's proud of it and I don't mean Just having the last word. Six times each year She brings fresh flowers and tells anyone who'll listen About the shines she says I cut. But here where It's early to bed and never to rise only tired bones Are beneath Julia's precious, tottering stone. Confidentially, My manhood, creative, virile, and brave, Rests in another country in another grave.

Thad Stem, Jr.

Crisis

An old man leading his jackknife horse Around the fringe of darkening woods, Mumbling about the accursed wilt And wild grass running as ravenously As a gang of vampires. The season's terrible, crops are worse, And idiot papers speak of dark troubles Somewhere off beyond the horizon. Trouble is it! By God, they ought To tangle awhile with downy mildew That kisses young plants with the lips Of the devil himself. Wonder what's for supper now? A rasher of lean, fine side meat? He clucks to his horse excitedly-- Flying sparks from steel on stone Send fireflies sailing to Settles Lane.

Thad Stem, Jr.
On Sundays We All Sat Around and Just
Looked At One Another

The orange trees are threadbare
By a sudden 24-hour freeze.

That’s the way with winter in Florida.

Not the snow my grandfather knew
From his fruit market in Newark, New Jersey,
The cold gold chain looped across his vest,
Gray bristles frost on his New England mouth
And Grandmother in the parlor
Counting her money.

Grandfather finally made a fortune
Selling Florida oranges and real estate
And didn’t worry too much about the weather.

Later Mother, in high Southern style,
Spent every shining dime.

William E. Taylor
from Southern Poetry Review
Vol. VI, No. 1
Winter 1965-66

Area Code

The telephone wires start here in Florida
And go all the way to San Francisco.
They are so complex a system
It takes two minutes to hear your voice.

“I am going to kill myself,” you say.

My hand is resting on a basket of California oranges.
I feel you breathing out of the orange skins.
There is moisture on my fingertips.
I smell the tang of the juice.
I hear a strange voice shouting into the telephone.

William E. Taylor
from Road Apple Review
Vol. II, No. 2
Summer 1970
Considering the Lilies of the Field

I cannot understand
What my feet are doing.
It seems the grass
Grows right through them.

I would be afraid
If I didn’t know
How tall and strong
And full of leaves
Are the trees.

William E. Taylor
Franklin B. Ashley, who was poet-in-residence in Anderson County School District One and Lexington County School District Two, is chairman of the English Department at the USC regional campus in Aiken. His poems have appeared in literary magazines and anthologies.

Dale Alan Bailes, a Columbia businessman, was poet-in-residence in Greenville County Schools, Charleston County Schools, and Richland County District One Schools. He has published a book of poems called Cherry Stones. His poems have also appeared in several literary magazines.

Rosemary Daniell, directs the Poetry-in-the-Schools program in Georgia. Here in South Carolina, she was poet-in-residence in Anderson County School District Five, in Kershaw County School District, and in Oconee County School District. Mrs. Daniell’s poems have appeared in numerous magazines. She lives in Atlanta and is poetry reviewer for the Atlanta Journal-Constitution. She also leads a weekly poetry workshop for private students, several of whom have now been published in national periodicals.

P. B. Newman teaches creative writing at Queens College, Charlotte, N.C. He was poet-in-residence at Hartsville High School. He has had three books of poems published: The Cheetah and the Fountain, Dust of the Sun, and The Ladder of Love, as well as numerous poems published in literary magazines. Dr. Newman has recently returned from a trip to Italy, Greece, and Spain where he wrote a collection of poems for a new book.
Guy Owen, who was poet-in-residence in Orangeburg School District Five and in Kershaw County School District, is also a novelist, editor, and teacher. He teaches in the Department of English at N.C. State University, Raleigh; and he is editor of the *Southern Poetry Review*. He has published several books of poetry: *Cape Fear County and Other Poems*, *The Guilty and Other Poems*, and *The White Stallion*. He has also written several novels. One of these, *The Ballad of the Flim-Flam Man*, was later made into a successful movie.

Hugh Seidman, who has been leading a seminar at Yale University, is now teaching at City College in New York City. He was poet in residence in Lexington School District Two. His poems are published in literary magazines and anthologies, as well as in his book, *Collecting Evidence*. He is co-editor of the poetry magazine *Equal Time*.

Thad Stem, Jr., is a professional writer living in Oxford, N.C. He was poet-in-residence in Richland County District One, and in Oconee County School District. He has written ten books of prose and poetry. His most recent book of poetry is *Journey Proud*, the most recent prose book is *Entries from Oxford*. He also writes editorials for the Raleigh *News and Observer*.

William E. Taylor, poet-in-residence in Orangeburg School District Five and Anderson School District One, teaches English at Stetson University in Deland, Florida. Besides having poems published in literary magazines and anthologies, Dr. Taylor has written three books of poems: *Man in the Wind, Down Here with Aphrodite*, and *Devoirs to Florida*. He has also edited several magazines.