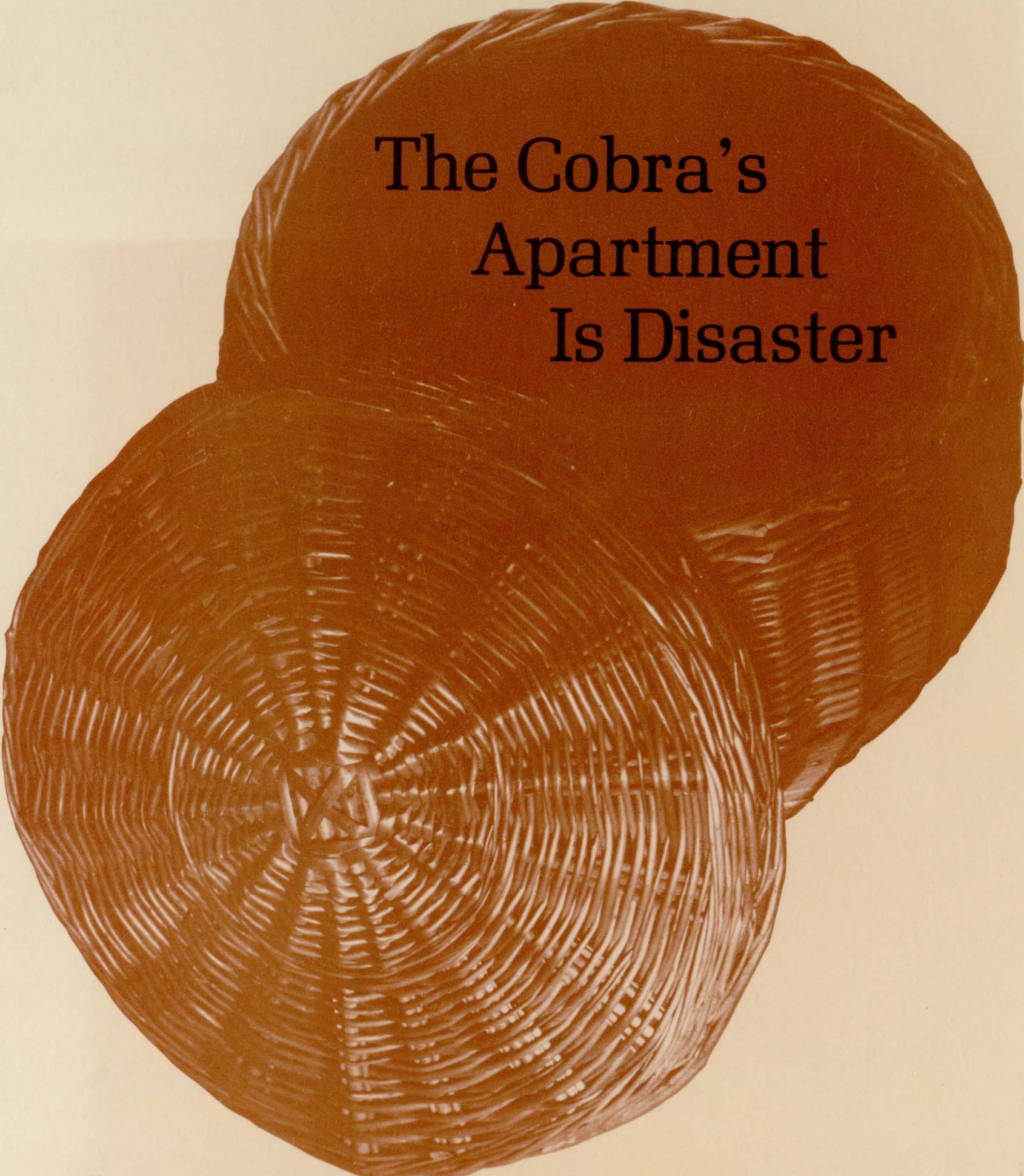


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The Cobra's
Apartment
Is Disaster

A Statewide Poetry Anthology

South Carolina Arts Commissioners

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THE COBRA'S APARTMENT IS DISASTER

Statewide Poetry Anthology
1978-79

South Carolina Arts Commission

1800 Gervais St. • Columbia, South Carolina 29201 • (803) 758-3442

THE POETS

Joanna Cattonar, Columbia, S.C.
Grace Freeman, Rock Hill, S.C.
Bryan Lindsay, Spartanburg, S.C.
Ken McCullough, Columbia, S.C.
Larry Moffi, Simpsonville, S.C.
Bennie Lee Sinclair, Cleveland, S.C.
Newton Smith, Tuckaseegee, N.C.
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THE PLAYWRIGHT

Dick Goldberg, Columbia, S.C.

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Cannon Elementary, Spartanburg
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Chester Junior High, Chester
Clinton Elementary, Lancaster
Conway Elementary, Conway
Daisy Elementary, Loris
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Elloree Elementary, Elloree
Elloree High, Elloree
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Ford Elementary, Laurens
Fort Mill High, Fort Mill
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Heath Springs School, Heath Springs
Hendrix Elementary, Inman
Hickory Tavern School, Gray Court
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Holly Hill High, Holly Hill
Holly Springs-Motlow Elementary, Campobello
Irmo High, Irmo
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Morrison Elementary, Clemson
New Prospect Elementary, Inman
Pee Dee Elementary, Conway
Pelham Road Elementary, Greenville
Pendleton High, Pendleton
Pine Street Elementary, Walhalla
Pineview Elementary, Columbia
Rawlinson Road Junior High, Rock Hill
Sanders Elementary, Laurens
Southside Junior High, Florence
St. Anne's Catholic School, Rock Hill
Sullivan Junior High, Rock Hill
Townville Elementary, Townville
Westminster High, Westminster
Woodruff Elementary, Woodruff

INTRODUCTION

In writing a poem we learn to think anew, to cherish the unforeseen, and to know, to paraphrase E.M. Forster, that we will never know what we think until we see what we say. The poems collected here represent such a discovery. The authors included within are to be congratulated for having accepted the inspiration that so rarely comes to the rest of us.

There is a smattering of genius in these pages. Mostly you will find insight, a mischievous and often ingenious play with language, as well as striking personal imagery. Just how the poems came to be written is a mystery to me. Some were "answers" to a variety of formal poetic exercises. But the imaginative connection that brought the poem to the page remains within the individual writer, which is as it should be.

If these poems seem somewhat rough hewn first attempts at poetry, that is what many are. None of the nearly 3,000 students with whom I worked last year benefited from the sanctity of a room of one's own. All the poems in this anthology were written in class. I can think of very few poets who would submit to such an intrusion of creative privacy. The Muse has found a place in the classroom, and at last report she is doing just fine.

Larry Moffi

THE COBRA'S BITE

The cobra's apartment is disaster.
The enemy of man's leg.
The enemy of man's nervous system.
For the fangs of venom know
That man's end is near.

Dwayne Besser
Grade 3
Morrison Elementary



GRACE BEACHAM FREEMAN of Rock Hill is the author of *No Costumes or Masks*, a collection of poems which has gone through its second printing. A poet who has gained national recognition as a consultant in poetry as therapy, she read at the American Psychiatric Association's 1979 National Convention in Chicago. She has been published in national magazines such as *The New Republic*, *Saturday Evening Post* and *Poet Lore* as well as the literary quarterlies of numerous colleges and universities.

SIDEWALKS

I remember sidewalks
as the twine
that tied families together
in a neat package
called a neighborhood.

Boundaries we children
clearly understood,
sidewalks made us free
to roam from home
in growing stages,
first to the house next door
and right back.
Later we would explore alone
the whole inviting block,
dare to knock wherever
window sill or scent gave hint
to ask for a drink of water
but stay to sample cookies.

Sometimes a sidewalk was
the folk-tale string
to bring out from the tangled
dark of living or dying behind
shut doors and windows
a mother who borrowed a cup
of flour but stayed to cry
and talk way past
her supper time and ours.

Grace Freeman
Sandlapper, January, 1979

RAIN

Rain is like little Martians
parachuting from Mars to see
if they can live on earth.
When they find out they can't,
they send a signal to the sun
and are evaporated
right back up to Mars.

Jennie Parsons
Grade 7
Rawlinson Road Junior High

I AM A TELEPHONE

I am a telephone.
People are always sticking
their fingers in my eyes
which have numbers in them
and letters below.
People yell into my ears
and drop me in trash cans.
Sometimes when I am mad,
I make a ringing sound
and they rip my head off
and yell into me again!

Scott Adickes
Grade 6
St. Anne's Catholic School

OWLS

An owl is a bird
who says "Who-o-o!"
Owls sleep in the day
and are awake at night
to say "Who-o-o!"

Owls live in trees
or in grave yards
and scare people
with their brownish
beige feathers
and their yellow
fireball eyes.
An owl looks like
it can turn its head
all the way around
like a top.

group poem
Grade 3
St. Anne's Catholic School

THUNDER

Thunder is a big band
of mighty drummers pounding,
pounding away on big bass drums.

Thunder is an army of workers
pounding on wood with hammers
as they put the frame
of a house together.

Tony Fowler
Grade 9
Rawlinson Road Junior High

LONELY

When I'm lonely I feel
like a potato staying
on the ground in a desert
without water or trees
in sight.

I feel like the only goat
on top of a mountain
without grass or food to eat.
I feel like the only one
on the moon with no way
to get back to earth.

Ronnie McCrorey
Grade 9
Rawlinson Road Junior High

WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE

I would like to be
an ocean so I could roar
like a lion.
I would creep up
on the shore
and pound my feet.

Regina Sweatt
Grade 7
Sullivan Junior High

WHAT BEING LONELY IS LIKE

Loneliness is like a piece
of candy left alone in a box
and sticking to the bottom.
It is like the only leaf so far
to fall off of a tree.
Loneliness is being best friends
with someone when they find
someone better to talk to.
It is like the only star left
in the sky falling to
its final invisibility.
Most of all, loneliness is
a rejected child without
a shoulder to cry on.

Linda Lordo
Grade 6
St. Anne's Catholic School

PLIGHT OF THE ANIMALS

The animals ate and drank
and lived in the woods,
perfectly innocent,
doing nothing to offend us.
But they are startled
one summer morning
as the roar and rumble
of bulldozers and the cracking
of great trees invades
their seclusion.
As the city grows
and pushes forward
the animals, once again,
are forced to move on
but this time
there is no room left.

Robert Berry
Grade 8
Rawlinson Road Junior High

LONELINESS

Loneliness is like
being locked up in a jar
and no one knows you exist.
Sometimes you just sit and cry
like a baby in pain.

Debra Marshall
Grade 9
Rawlinson Road Junior High

WISH I WAS A TREE

I wish I was a tree
so I could stand around
all day and hear people
talk and tell secrets.
I would listen
when they came to sit
under my cool shade
and talk about
Places, People and Things.
Most of all I would have
someone to enjoy me.

Marvin Wade
Grade 9
Rawlinson Road Junior High

TORNADO

A tornado looks like
a big funnel.
It reminds me of
a hard wind moving things
all over from one place
to another.
A tornado feels like
a broom sweeping me up
and putting me down
in some other place.

Julie Parsons
Grade 9
Rawlinson Road Junior High

FALL

Fall is my favorite time of year.
The trees start to shiver and shake
and lose all their leaves.
The red, orange and brown leaves
fall to the ground, making the yard
look like an art museum.

Donna Preslar
Grade 7
Rawlinson Road Junior High

LONELINESS

Loneliness is like
being the only eraser
that hasn't been dusted or
the prettiest dress in the store,
but nobody wants you
because you're too expensive.

Loneliness is being
the last day in February
but you get left out
because it is Leap Year
or being the only hole
in the cork board
that's uneven.

Carman Carter
Grade 7
Sullivan Junior High

WHIRLPOOL

A whirlpool whirling,
twisting downward,
disappearing water,
boats and rocks.
A whirlpool is like
an icecream cone
being sucked from
the bottom leaving
nothing for anyone else.

Diane Neely
Grade 7
Sullivan Junior High

SNOW

Snow falls like small white
feathers plucked from a chicken
and gathers on the ground
as children come out to play.

Snow is cotton balls bandaging
the frozen ground.
Slowly it disappears
as a ghost would and as it melts
it leaves small lakes
of crystal glass.

Alan Waters
Grade 8
Sullivan Junior High

I AM A BUTTON

Each morning when stars
are faded polka dots
and the day just dawning,
I am taken off my wiry couch
in the cramped living room
of dresses and pushed
through a short tunnel.
At the edge, where the fresh
sun shines through,
I watch the free, windy world.
Sadly, I wish to be a person,
free and happy,
instead of an unappreciated
imprisoned button!

Anne Elizabeth Murdy
Grade 6
St. Anne's Catholic School

LONELINESS

Loneliness is being
a clock without anybody
to wind me if I stop,
a chalkboard without anybody
to write on me,
a sun without any light
to wake up everybody
in the morning
and a dog without
a bone to hide.

April Dilly
Grade 7
Rawlinson Road Junior High

OLD CHIMNEY

A lone chimney
in a wheat field
beside a golf course.
The house it served
is already long gone.
Only the chimney stands
a gnarled and blackened
finger pointing at the sky.
Soon it will be gone, too.
All things pass away
forgotten.

Brent Lanford
Grade 8
Rawlinson Road Junior High

I LIKE THE COUNTRY

The air is fresh as flowers
and silent as a person
who can't talk.
You can ride horses every day,
eat porkchops every night.
Where I live is great
for all my relatives
live next to us.
It's not noisy and birds
sing like the greatest singer
in the world.

Christine Adams
Grade 4
St. Anne's Catholic School

LONELINESS

Loneliness is feeling like
a lost particle of dust
in a vacuum cleaner just cleaned
and you were left,
like a single grain of sand
brought from the beach
on a little boy's shovel
or like a decaying egg lost
under grass in an Easter basket
just stashed in the attic.

Mandy Brooks
Grade 8
Sullivan Junior High



BRYAN LINDSAY is an Associate Professor in the School of Humanities and Sciences at the University of South Carolina at Spartanburg, where he teaches Music History and Art History while developing a band, chorus, and dance team. He is also active in the area of Gifted Education where he serves regularly as a consultant, workshop facilitator, and lecturer. He is widely published as a poet, short story writer, and essayist, with pieces appearing in *Southern Poetry Review*, *Foxfire*, *Epos*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Humanities Journal*, to list a few. He is currently serving as Executive Secretary of the National Association for Humanities Education (NAHE).

NOCTURNE

following the soft sounds
you brought up into the 3 AM darkness
i crept under the sideshow tent
of your too-tight eyelids
and crawled past the cages
of sleeping freaks
on beyond the midway
to where one light burned
in the window
of a boarded-up bungalow—
there quietly i sat and watched
an old alley cat
calling her lost litter
out of the trashcans
as she cursed the well-fed tom
purring through the rainstained glass.

Bryan Lindsay

ALONE AT THE BEACH

Here I am,
Alone at the beach.
The sun is beating down on my back.
I think I will run and try
To escape from its powerful heat!
Maybe the still, lonely water
Would like a friend?
I will go and see.
The sea don't want me,
I'll ask the sky to move
One of the powder puff clouds over me.
The cloud must be hot,
For here the cloud comes to cool
In the sea.
All the clouds think he wants to play
Follow the leader and follow.
Then I am hidden in the clouds.
I walk out of them and find
Only fog . . .

Tiffany Smith
Grade 6
Sanders School

ONE MAKE-BELIEVE NIGHT

One night
the moon stuck in trees
Broken up by limbs
Other trees grabbing out
Reaching, coming
Out for you!

Plants growing
Beyond nature's dreams
Up to the size of telephone poles
Ferns the size of houses

Caterpillars the size of cars
Eating, digging
They are all coming for you!
How can this be?
—it is only a dream.

Earl Wright III
Grade 6
Sanders School

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

I might be the President
Or sing a song called Pepsodent,
Or either have a cow to ride
Or either be a bandit and have to hide.
Or I might be a fire alarmer,
Or be a little farmer.
But I have heard what they said,
I can't be none of these 'cause I am dead!!!

Robert Bigham
Ford School

FROM THE SKY

All sorts
Of things
Come down from
The sky
Snowflakes like
Goose-feathers
Flutter
And fly
Wild wind like
Grey geese go
Whirling
Around
Moonbeams like
Fireflies dance
Over
The ground
Raindrops like
Jewels fall
Down on
The meadow
And last come the shadows
Shadows
Like shadows.

Theresa Jones
Ford School

MY MIND IS FULL OF NUMBERS

Every time I open my mouth
A number comes out,
Like this time I was talking to this man,
And he asked me,
"How old are you?"
I said, "13,"
And he said, "Where do you live?"
I said, "Rt. 1, Box 41, Enoree 29335."
He asked me, "Is that all you think about
is numbers?"
I said, "Yes. Most of all I like
Girls' phone numbers."
And he said, "You are full of horse feathers!"
I said, "No.
I'm full of numbers."

Vincent Jones
Ford School

GROWING

Everyone's growing except me
Even my dog is growing
All of my friends are taller than I am
I don't know what I'll do
Maybe I'll become a hermit
Or maybe I'll just stay in my closet
Or maybe I could kill myself
But I can't do any of these
I'm scared of being by myself
I've got claustrophobia
I'm scared of the pain I'll have before I'm dead
Maybe I'll just wait until I grow

Tyrus Pryor
Ford School

In the darkest corners of my mind
There are words
Words that I have stored away
Since I was ten years old.
One day they started fighting
About who's going to tell me they want out.
All of a sudden my head starts to throb
The words start to fight —
It's a real brawl
And then the emotions join in
I start to scream
My heart stops
I fall down
(Sorry I didn't get to finish but I died because
of a nervous breakdown.)

Tyrus Pryor
Ford School

FUNDAY

A merry-go-round of madness and nuttiness
Surprises popping up everywhere
A Strawberry pie of chaos
An angle of time
A day of racing through the snow—
Like a galaxy of diamonds.
A day for a trip to the pot of gold
At the end of a rainbow.
A day for a ride on the rollercoaster of dreams
A day of wheeling and dealing
Through the pages of the future.

Scott Thompson
Grade 6
Sanders School

MY WILD IMAGINATION

One cold winter's morning
While sitting on the porch
I look toward the horizon
And up out of nowhere
Comes a big reddish-orange monster
It must be a flying saucer
I jump from my seat
I start running
Faster and faster
I look behind me
The flying saucer is getting larger
Then I STOP!
I look carefully at the saucer
I laugh at myself
I holler out loud,
"I'm running from the SUN!"

Robin Franks
Grade 6
Sanders School

THE EIGHT FEATHERED WINGS

One day, sitting on the porch
I saw a thing in the sky
Eight feathered wings
Which were pink with
Two big eyes and
One big beak
Flying in the big blue sky
The eight wings were flapping
Up and down
You would probably call it
An Octobird.

Tammy West
Grade 6
Sanders School

WHEN I WAS REAL SCARED

I'm in my bed—
Warm under the cover;
I left my robe
Hanging on the drawer's knob;
Then I turn over
To the wall,
And then turn over again—
Back to the wall—
My robe is a man!!
He's going to creep and crawl
A- a— and GET ME!
My knees start shaking, my
Face turns white,
Spiders crawling on my arm,
I put my head under the pillow;
My arm slowly cuts on—
Night light;
 The robe is still there.

Tammy West
Grade 6
Sanders School

MY EPITAPH

Jimmy Wade Dougherty
1966-1999
He died when he fell from the moon
For him it was too soon
 Instructions for my Funeral
 To My Mother
Cremate me and put me
in a blue vase on the coffee table
and talk to me every night
except on Saturdays
because that's when you go off—
just remember me,
WILL YOU?

Jimmy Wade Dougherty
Ford School

IF I WAS AN INVISIBLE GIANT ELEPHANT

I can go anywhere I want to go
Blow my trunk in San Fransisco
Eat my grass in Kentucky
Get a drink of water out of the Pacific
Chew tobacco in North Carolina
Spit it out in Old York
Sleep in East, South, West, and North Carolina
Oooops! Almost forgot dessert in Florida,
Then start a new day.

Earl Wright III
Grade 6
Sanders School

MY LIFE

One year from today I hope
That I'm out of the seventh grade —
In five more years
I should be out of school,
And I won't have no boss —
I could finally run my own life.
I would buy my own four wheel drive truck
And live in my own trailer.
After I live the most exciting
Part of my life
And when I die
I hope I'll go to heaven
Where there will still be freedom.
But if I might go to hell
I hope it ain't too hot.

Mike Smith
Ford School

When I was born
The doctor and I did not get along
He smacked me
I was already cold
It seemed like it was winter in there.
When I got home everybody passed me
From one person to another —
I felt like a basketball drill.
When they got through
I was hungry. I cried
But it did not seem to help.
They thought I was wet
But I was not. I kept on crying
So they put a bottle in my mouth.
It was not what I wanted
But it was better then nothing.

Patty Harris
Ford School

THE FIRE

The fire light flickered in the night,
Dancing shadows on the wall,
Gave a whisper and a call,
Making me able to remember all . .

Chris Maxon
Grade 6
Sanders School

LIFE IS

Life is like the summer breeze
That blows on a sunny morning.
Life is like a beautiful swan,
All white as the winter's snow.
Life is like a Christmas morning
When the children receive their toys,
Life is like the smell of honey,
All sweet and fresh, you know.
But life will end —
Then your spirit will float away.
But do not worry
Because your soul will always stay.

Billy Joe Montgomery
Ford School

MY SHOES

My shoes
They look at me
Strangely with those
Big eyes
And those long arms
Sitting in the corner
Staring at me
Sometimes they scare me
At night—
Eyes looking at me
At night—
And those arms
Reaching at
ME!
I just go to sleep,
And I say to the shoes,
"I am asleep!
Good night!"

Sheila Cunningham
Grade 6
Sanders School

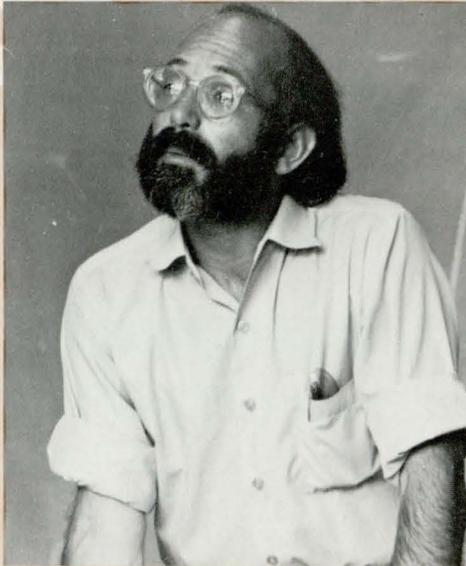
In the darkest corners of our minds are
basketballs,
ice cream cones,
Q-tips,
Shoe laces,
Dirty underwear,
Books,
Ear-rings,
Comet,
Old hamburgers,
Lockers,
Gym shorts,
But best of all,
Secret dreams & memories & special times.

Marie Pulley and Lisa McCarter
Ford School

POET

A funny jester who glides
Through the jungle writing
Down everything he sees.
A person who drains his mind
And fills it with wild and crazy ideas.
He look like a two-hundred pound bowl of jelly
Disco dancing.

Steve Ramey
Grade 6
Sanders School



LARRY MOFFI holds degrees from Southern Connecticut State College, Trinity College, and the University of Iowa. He has worked in the S.C. Arts Commission's Artists in the Schools program since April, 1978. His work was recently featured on South Carolina Public Radio. He is the author of *Homing In* (the Ridge Road Press, 1977).

A CERTAIN ORDER OF DIVINITY

No one believed Miss Ida Mac
to be so hard as to burn
birds or even the nasty bats
that choose to roost in the bobbed
blue hair of ladies of the church.

The ladies of the church believed
Miss Ida Mac to be a sister
and a saint of the most uncommon
order of divinity, though boys and dogs
that kept safe distance had their doubts.

The fault between the caste of dogs
and a saint is doubtless great;
and that between divinity and God,
less than spitting distance.
Miss Ida never spat, but she came close.

The air was close the night she died,
when the God-fearing coroner spat
twice into his palm to rid Miss Ida's
corpse of any evil that might have
entered before he cut her open.

That interval between life and death
is brief as life itself, they say,
and what might enter a body's soul
to divert its flight from heaven
is something like a second death.

But worse. Miss Ida's body shined,
we're told, her soul intact before
it flew. But in the belly
of her stove were later found charred
remains: one bird, one bat,
the dust and ash of Ida's soul.

Larry Moffi

THE HAPPY SIDE OF LIFE

Running
through yellow
rainbows and skies
like having a carwash
with your favorite boyfriend
and your boyfriend wants to kiss
so you kiss and then he says
he wants to take you to the prom
you begin to dream of the prom in store
and you wonder what the devil you've got to
wear
the devil in you starts coming out and you
start kissing
you're kissing; running through yellow
rainbows and skies like
having a carwash.

Julie McKee
Grade 8
Southside Jr. High

THE ANIMAL THAT GAVE OUT SOUND (after William Stafford)

Gave the grasshopper power
to sing like a nice day with
autumn leaves.

Gave to the wolf the skill
to talk to someone like a cat
scratching the paws on a rock.

Gave to the tree confidence
to work his leaves like a guitar
string plucked in the winter air.

Gave to a noisy boy a pile of bees
buzzing around.

Gave to the bird a feather, it was
a gold feather that laughed
like a ghost being tickled.

Gave to the dog a bone the dog
buried. Later when the dog
started to dig it up, he scratched
the bone and it made a sound
like two rocks rubbing together.

Ms. Thompson's 4th grade class
Townville Elementary

EARS

My ears are so soft that rabbits
love to play with my rabbit
ears. They are red like red
flowers in the park where kids
play snake eyes.

Sophia Barnes
Grade 4
Erwin Elementary

RED CHAIR

Run
red chair
run. The house
is like a jail.
Let's go see a tree,
the tree is your relative.
He is a relative not yet sentenced
to his doom. The paper factories. This
relative
will have his brains splintered there, into
paper for
humans to write on, or his brains will become
a
chair, table, or desk for humans to use to
sit on,
eat on, or write on. Run, red chair, run or
the humans will slice your brains into a
blue, purple or pink toothpick, chair
run,
leave your doomed planet, get out of the minority,
trees, gather your brains, leave.

Patty Wood
Grade 8
Southside Jr. High

AFTER A POEM BY JAMES WRIGHT

I saw a shadow of a man and a shadow
of a horse looking at each other. The
man is writing something about the
horse. The horse is staring at the man.
It is confused. The man understands.
The man and the horse both start walking
down the road into eternity.

Julia Burch
Grade 4
Morrison Elementary

MY POEM

The oceans of lawyers
begin to wave
at the people in the jails of water
who moan for freedom
as they watch
the ships of time sail by.

Janet Wilson
Grade 6
A.O. Jones School

SOCIAL STUDIES

The family extended itself together
Not having any weather
At all. And they didn't have any fall,
Until one day when there came rain
That solved the pain of the family that
Extended itself together.

The nuclear family without a mother
Was odd. The oddest of all was the little boy,
Todd, who sat in the snow and sucked
His toe. Annie was Todd's sister who
Often cried about her mother. Her father,
So old, told her not to cry
About the nuclear family without a mother.

Polygamy is what happens to a man with so many wives
That he like to have died.
They buried him six feet under,
Those wives did. They took his money
And made themselves a bed,
They put fish eyes and flowers around it.
Polygamy is what happens to a man with so many wives.

6th grade class poem
Townville Elementary

INTOXICATED

Drunker than a bird in a berry patch,
Scared to do nothing,
Your mind twisted into knot for you
Are singing by yourself in a dark alley,
And you dread the morning to
Ever come.

Moonshine, I say, moonshine in
The night giving you your only
Light for you have to walk home.

Britt Hothersall
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

INSIDE MY BODY

There was someone I know
that got killed in a fire that
I very much loved and when
I see a fire I get scared and every
one wonders what was wrong and
I always kept it inside of
my body.

If I ever take that thing
out of me it will be something
as if I were free again and
I can become a person but not a
scared person as if I'm
not scared and I'm happy again
and that I don't have any thing
that is scared in my body.

Rose Randolph
Grade 4
Townville Elementary

HAWAII

Hawaii is a sound that donkeys
make when they hurt their ears.
I'll tell you about a donkey who
didn't like his ears so he stuck
his ears out on the side and
when he got to the barn and tried
to go in he cut his ears on a nail
on the side of the barn, and he made a
sound like *Hawaii*.

Jimola Witherspoon
Clinton Elementary

THE SOFTNESS OF FIRE

The softness of fire is
like a leaf falling as
the water sings and lays
in its bed and hums
to the rocking of the
ripple in it.

Valerie Miller
Grade 4
Duncan Chapel Elementary

THE SONG OF THE ORPHAN

I hear them crying
in the room where
they sleep like a waterfall
sleeps in a drought.

I look upon their faces
drooping in the milk of their despair.
As they were in the toy room
they looked so lonesome
they fell asleep and dreamed
of being with their parents
in a little house on a hill
in the country.

I wish that I could give them
all a home like mine
to satisfy their needs
of love, which are great
as a Cadillac on the streets of N.Y.C.
on Christmas Eve in the 5:30 rush.

Mrs. McCrorey's 7th grade class
Chester Jr. High

THE SECRET MUD PUDDLE

The secret mud puddle
I play in is a magic one.
It said play in me,
play in me.

Tony Woods
Grade 4
Erwin Elementary

VARIATION ON A LINE BY RICHARD HUGO

Isn't it wrong the way the mind
moves back.
The ocean's currents go up and
back, pulled by the moon.
The trees sway to and fro,
the wind moves them, bending
them, twisting them. A few of
them break but most are strong,
they snap back. They dare the
wind to strike again. The wind
doesn't care, it comes once more, more
savage than before. It shows
the trees who really rules them.

The swings swing back
remembering the child's face
as it gleefully plays.
Now its chains are rusted red,
the seat rotten.
The adults say how ugly
they look. They've forgotten
the days they played.
Isn't it wrong the way the
mind moves back.

Teresa Rister
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

THE INVENTION OF GLASS

Then the sparkle was a glimpse of Heaven
as it shined like the sun. I looked
across the wild blue yonder and listened
to the shattering sound pounding
in my ears.

Hope Clayton
Grade 7
Chester Jr. High

WAITING ON SATURDAY

On Monday I would get up in
the morning feeling like an elephant
that just stepped on a mouse and
on Tuesday I would get up
and feel like a monster that
just got finished splashing
in a puddle of water and
on Wednesday I would
feel like an ant that just
got stepped on and on Thursday
I feel like a school teacher
however she feels and on
Friday I feel like myself.
But on Saturday I feel
like a new girl and I
would get dressed and cut
wood with my grandfather.

Mandi Merritt
Grade 6
A.O. Jones School

INSIDE A SKATEBOARD

I went into a skateboard.
It was so pretty. Pretty
as red blood and pretty
beautiful flower, as pretty
as an Indian. It looks like
blood vessels and red cherries
and pretty as strawberries
and pretty as a purple muscadine
and like a heart I went into.
A vine that shares its love
through someone else like me.

William Jones
Grade 4
Erwin Elementary

THE CREEK WANDERS

The creek wanders around the trout
Occasionally bumping into
But not apologizing.

The creek leans against the banks
Then dances
As if uncertain of the steps.

Dana Hopper
Grade 12
Westminster High

AT THE END OF MY MIND

The house at the end of my mind,
Was old, scary and sad;
The looks on its face were very unhappy.
Teardrops were dropping out of his eyes;
I thought a moment to myself,
That if I could make that house happy.
So I went inside that old house.
I tried to make it very tidy;
And I saw a painting on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive.
I call that piece a wonder, now: Sharon's
Hands worked busily a day, and there she
stands. Will it please you to sit and look at her?
I said, "Sharon, by design, for never read
strangers like you that pictured countenance.
The depth and passion of its earnest glance.
But to myself they turned . . .

Terrilyn Brown
Grade 7
Southside Jr. High

MISS DOUGLAS'S HOUSE

The chimney feels hot, the roof feels
like a pony's tail is hanging down
long wagging, doing nothing to her knees.

The windows feel cold without frames,
always fussin' in the morning breeze.

The door feels helpful and good and open
to us. The living room feels like the mother
of the house alive, soft, and comfortable
and relaxed as a baby.

The kitchen feels important to us because
it's pretty as a silent rose.

The garage feels big and protective
as a boyfriend's butter knife.

Someone tore the house down
and put a circus in its place.
We feel sad as a duck without a girlfriend.

We want to say good-bye,
so long house, friend.

Miss Douglas' Class
Lewisville Middle School

MIRROR

In case you can't control yourself
Don't look at the mirror
The crack was placed there years ago
To please the rugged landlord.

Walking in the weather worn town
He found himself a mistress, but
Don't look in the mirror
Her lips are like a fire.

This man held a prisoner
In his lighthouse tower
Don't look in the mirror
The skeleton appears there

This man finally won his lottery
He drew the dot starred paper
Don't look in the mirror
He's hanging there.

Nanelle Stokes
Grade 12
Westminster High

YOU DON'T KNOW

You don't know do you, people come up
to me and say something to me and
they don't finish the story and ya
say well what else and they say ya
don't know do ya, and ya keep on
asking them what else happen and all
they say ya don't know do you

Danny Smith
Grade 11
Westminster High

ABOUT MY EYES

My eyes are dark as night.
When it storms my eyes light up.
When it's morning my eyes are dark as
a dark shadow and my eyes are big
as a car, and my eyes can see roads run.

Johnny Baskins
Grade 4
Erwin Elementary

THE MEANING OF SHYNESS

Susan is a little shy girl who lives
in the big city of New York.
She didn't have many friends in the
city.
When she saw someone she would
become afraid with fear, and sweat
rolled on her face, and her blood pressure
would rise and she would run to her
room in their small apartment.
Then that person would think they
did something to her. That person would
carry a burden on them for several days or
months or weeks or even years.

Angie Belk
Grade 4
Erwin Elementary

ALWAYS THE SAME

My old house on Marshall Street,
The light on in the hall,
The dust on the furniture in the living room,
The dirty dishes in the kitchen sink,
The newspaper on the bathroom floor,
The stereo blasting behind the closed
door in my room,
The cold chill of winter outside,
The dead plant on the window sill,
The old heater rattling and rocking as
it comes on,
My sister's empty room,
My brother's muddy shoes on the backporch,
The condensation on the window,
I love my English teacher at school,
she always understands.
My father thought I lied about
my wrecked car,
The mailbox broken on the frontporch,
The little boy from next door
playing in the backyard.
It's always the same.

Russ Smith
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

THE MIRROR SINGS

The mirror sings a lullaby
So soft and catchy
The words fall into place like soldiers.

The soldiers walk in steps that say hi
to the loved ones when they say bye.

When the soldiers walk by the graveyard
The steps were soft as a troop of ants.

They marched by the old folks home and
They cried and cried. They marched for
days and nights. Soon the soldiers' march
came to an end, but when they were
finished there was a very blue sky.

Robby Culp
Lewisville Middle School

WESTMINSTER

We've got five red lights that flash
Yellow at ten o'clock when the town dies
And everyone's wide open on the lake
We've got the law in restaurants
Feeding its crooked face
And flirting like chickens picking
at corn.
Last week the bank was robbed
And the robbers got away
Like a pig on the wing of a buzzard.
We've got Sunday rides to Boatrite
four wheelin'
And the slingin' of the mud
We've got Uncle Joe with his spirits
In that red & white Eldorado
With spittin' duals running out the back
We've got the All Night Station
All night, all day in our town
Selling everything that you need for
your needs.

Mr. Corley's 5th period class
Westminster High

NOTHING NOTHING

Nothing nothing is the creak
That I hear.
Nothing nothing is the shadow
On the wall.
Nothing nothing are the voices
Outside.
Nothing nothing are the footsteps
In the hall.
Just nothing, nothing.

Molly Thornberg
Morrison Elementary

UNTITLED

I'm thinking of my pocket with girls
in it. The girls are tickling my leg.
They are playing a joyful game named
"pick a lover and give a cover."
The girls names are Judy, Laverne,
and Renee. They are midgets.
The midgets were magicians, they built
a ladder and climbed out. I was lying
on the bed and they got out
of my pocket and danced on my stomach.

Leon Randolph
Grade 7
Townville Elementary

SAD ROSES

A vase full of sad roses
They were gazing at one another
They were shaking like a machine

They were dying inch by inch
They were shaking like a machine
They were gazing at one another

They were setting on a sturdy table
They were shaking like a machine
They were gazing at one another

And they were all alone
They were shaking like a machine
They were gazing at one another

Anna Lee
Grade 8
Westminster High

THE BEGINNING

At the beginning, time frosted
my young life aglow as cream
rising on buttermilk. I tossed
in my ferocious bed and dreamed
of life scars.

At the beginning, life began
with the cry of a baby
during the night. I ran
to tell of the shabby
thing.

As the beginning began I wrote
of the ferocious bed
in my room. Outside stood a colt
learning to walk and dread
what the morning holds.

Mandy Phillips
Grade 8
Westminster High

FLIGHT (after Ann Sexton)

You are a four footed wing that
flies into silence like the last
gunshot of an old rusty war.

You float like whip cream
on top of the pie that has just
landed from a heavenly flight.

Now you glide through that
peppery air that cut deeply
into your hair.

You fight your way into
the night like the distant
and solemn moon that cries
for freedom.

Glenn Ham
Grade 9
Southside Jr. High

ROBBERS

Sneaky robbers, creepy robbers.
They can be creeping
In your home.
Don't go anywhere with your
Door unlocked.

Missy Porter
Grade 3
Duncan Chapel Elementary

I LIKE A GIRL

I like a girl dog
Her name is Cindy
She eat bone.

Anissa
Grade 2
Townville Elementary

I HEARD

I heard a sound in the man's pocket
It was the sound of green soft money,
as he went down the dusty road.

As he went down the dusty road
all was to be heard but the
sound of the nice whispering sound
of the green money.

James Hurst
Grade 9
Westminster High

INVENTION OF A WINDOW

The invention of a window,
Why is it there?
It is like someone
had got a hand of
sand from the oceans
and put it together
to form a large see-
ing glass for the
world to see the
out from the in, as
if some animals or
vision had come
to you and told
you what was
going on in the
world near or
around you.

Lana Castro
Grade 6
A.O. Jones School

MY GIRL

My girl likes to eat
I am so happy
I am so cold

Kendra Dendy
Grade 2
Townville Elementary

MY PARENTS

My parents are like a free ticket to paradise.
Like a warm ray of love from God.
Like the first heartbeat of a baby.
I love them so; how I love them.

Chris Brown
Grade 6
Heath Springs School

IN AN OLD TIME

In an old-time melodrama
Where the actors only acted
hilarious
And where the directors were
conscientious
The shows always showed
the villain as brusque
And the hero as brave.
Now things have changed.
The good guys can be
intimidating
Or the bad guy can be noble.

Jan Smith
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

THE LONGEST NAME

Way down low maybe below the ground,
this girl lives. Her name is the longest
name in the world.

This girl is very pretty,
she looks like a happy red flower.

Her hair is gold as cornsilk.

She would ask herself everyday, should
I stay here anymore?

Her little home was very nice,
it had wings to fly, anywhere she
wanted to go.

Everytime you see the sun you will
remember the girl with the longest
name in the world.

Lisa Pressley
Grade 7
Westminster High

ODE TO MY PENCIL

I respect my pencil
for it is not a pencil,
it is a mass of water
flowing endlessly into a dark jungle.
It ends only at the end of eternity,
rushing endlessly angry,
angry as the fire of hell,
hot as the pavement on a summer day,
never to stop till the end of the
universe.
Never to stop.

Wesley Fredsell
Grade 5
Duncan Chapel Elementary

MY BIKE

Riding my bike it feels like I'm going
to the moon. The moon gives the
prettiest light in the world.
It shines up ahead. The sky gets black.
It's so pretty I can kiss it.

Jane Starnes
Clinton Elementary

AFTER A LINE BY JAMES DICKEY

The air split.
Birds began to fall.
Nowhere came to be seen,
Then a wall,
Then another wall.
It almost seemed
To be heaven.
Flowers and birds
Guarded the gates.
Bodies began to rise up.
I became scared,
I turned and ran,
I fell over a rock . . .
I was one of the
Bodies rising up.

Mariette Pieters
Grade 6
Morrison Elementary

THE STALKER

In the dense bushes
He prowled,
His hunger imperative,
Poised to strike.

Watching his prey
In the dense bushes
Ready to run,
His ability ready to perfection.

His hunger imperative,
He watches the prey
Start to drink
In the dense bushes.

He moves ever closer
Stalking and watching,
His hunger imperative.
He runs and he leaps.

But he misses by not much
In the dense bushes,
His hunger imperative.

Mike Wit
Chester Jr. High

I AM

I am a million dollars
in the hands of a thief.

I am the loveboy
kissing the Queen of England,
becoming the King.

Willie Wat
Grade 8
Townville Elementary

RISE OF SINS

The rise of sins' shadows
creeped up the dark tall
mountains with a face of
threat and harm. It made
its way through the land
and lives throughout the day.

Cindy Saverance
Grade 7
Southside Jr. High

EAR DOG

The ear of a dog
is all red
with hair all in it
and an earring clipped on
the ear.
He scratches and scratches
but it won't come off.

Sharon Hester
Grade 6
A.O. Jones School

A SINGING TREE

It is an eye of a tree and
that gets me out of bed
when I can't sleep and I
sing me a song and each night
it sings me a song.

Michael Duncan
Grade 5
Duncan Chapel Elementary

THE TORNADO

The tornado arrives like a young man dancing
with blue pants and shirt and with small shoes
twirling about so wildly and neatly scratching
the floor with fast twists. The music
is strange and very loud and exciting.

Jeff Hilliard
Grade 6
Heath Springs School

LOVE TREE

There was a man
and a woman, they saw this
big tree and they both went
to the tree and a heart fell.
The man looked at the heart
and said we have discovered
love and the woman said
Oboy.

Billy McAdams
Grade 4
Townville Elementary

THE HEART

The heart is building a house in our
body. It has a moon in our body. It has
a sun that shines all the time. But your
heart never stops building that house.
In morning to the evening the heart is
still building.

Greg Cooper
Grade 4
Erwin Elementary

THE MOON

The moon arrives like a monster
above my bedroom window. The
moon looks at me very mean.
It hates me. It puts a dark
chill over my body. The moon
is bad luck. I hate
the moon. It is ugly.
It hates people.

Samantha Thompson
Grade 6
Heath Springs School

THE GREAT PUMPERNICKLE

The Great Pumpernickle machine eats clothes.
Yes, he loves to eat clothes.
He eats blouses, skirts, dresses, and pants.
You better watch out or he'll leave you
naked.
He's creeping around and looking for you.
You better watch out or he'll eat your shoe.
He's dining in the clothes store.
He's crawling on the floor.
This craving makes him say, "More, more, more!"

Chuck Ussery
Grade 6
Heath Springs School

THE BEE, THE TREE AND THE BIRD

A bird, a red bird of a sort.
A bee, a mean bee of course.
Convinced to use a blade so harsh.
A tree, a green tree of a sort.
The bird had been free
To live in this tree
Until the mean bee
Moved into the tree.

Eric Taylor
Grade 3
Duncan Chapel Elementary

VARIATION ON A LINE BY JAMES SEAY

Each Sunday from my window
I sit and watch the stars shoot
by and the thunder become quiet
and lightening stay still and the sun
goes to sleep and the moon waking
up. And I dream of the heavens as
I fall deeply in love with sleep.

Vicki Gibson
Grade 6
A.O. Jones School

LOVE

I stand in front of the mirror,
and she looks back at me with joy and happiness.
I watch her come close to me and I smile
at her, and she smiles back at me. Her clothes
are crystal clear, the hair is long and silky. She
comes closer and points for me to let her
inside of me. She wraps her arms around.
But I'm afraid of her, but I shouldn't
be. Because she is love. She doesn't hate or
kill. She is beautiful. I accept her into
my heart, and her love is now my love.

Angie Adams
Grade 8
Heath Springs School

THE LAST NOTE

The story of the dead boy
as poor as a mud house
on a lonely cold night in a casket
sleeping on a haybed of bristles.

He was lonely as shoes without socks.
The story of the dead boy
Goes on to say his soul went to the
"widder-man" on Fantasy Island
on a lonely cold night in a casket.

He tried to fill his need
but couldn't succeed with
a young lady.

The story of the dead boy
fades away like a love note
burning in a fire in a mansion
in Ohio.

On a lonely cold night in a casket.
I'm tired of this dead boy
who could never talk. Let him fade
on a lonely cold night in a casket.

Mrs. Edmunds' Class
Chester Jr. High

I CAN FEEL GOD'S PRESENCE

All the children are excited.
Prayers are prayed by the women.
They pray our boys will not be in combat.
Children are skating on frozen water,
and cookies are being baked by the women.
The family is excited
when they see little tin soldiers in combat.

Mark Simpson
Grade 6
Lewisville Middle School

THE WIND

The animal that tasted the smell of my life
tasted the smell of nothing but trouble.
It was bad, pretty very bad like a barn
of wet hay at midnight. When the rain stopped
the wind blew harder, harder and harder
like 1000 flies rushing over
the cold gumdrops of dew in the morning.

5th grade class poem
Townville Elementary

MARS

Mars is a far away fairytale to most everyone. People talk about little green men, but they won't persuade themselves to believe in them.

People who are in the looney hospital believe in them, and some of them think that they have been to Mars or seen little green men.

People who have some sense won't let themselves believe. They are scared to think that there is life on another planet, that may be of threat to this planet. Sometimes I think crazy people aren't all that crazy, because they face up to reality like Mars and little green men.

Ruthanne Jolly
Grade 7
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

THE INSANE PERSON

This is a picture of my room nothing but a black hole nothing but darkness and it is lonely in here where I am. They feed the leftover from the guards and workers. I tried to escape but I couldn't so I am still here in my black hole.

Mike Carroll
Grade 7
Townville Elementary

EVERY POET NEEDS ONE

I
always remind
the Poet
to offer what she's eating
cross her t's
dot her
i's.

Mamie Snider
Grade 10
Ellore High

REFRIGERATOR

Milk, eggs, jelly,
Coke, cheese, beans,
meatloaf, bread, butter,
what a way to
please each other.
Steak, pizza, liver.

Todd Carrouth
Grade 9
Fort Mill High

THE FACTS OF LIFE OF FLOWERS

In May the flowers bloom
And French women have love fever.
In the day the women work
But at night they go wild!

I know you know I speak French,
But if you speak it you know it.

I love the French women
I know every one in Paris,
And they know me too.
I know they love me,
Because they're around me
Right now.

Stephen Smoogen
Grade 4
New Prospect Elementary

SMALL PEOPLE

The small people standing just beyond the window waiting for the bus, their brown clothes stand out. You notice them in a snap.

The people are just standing there, not doing one thing at all. They are just standing there, the ground below them stands still, the sky above them stands still. Just beyond them stands a road; it's still also.

I hear them whisper in the wind, "I love you." Their love is passionate, their love is true, their love is also beautiful. Here comes the bus, their world has driven away.

Shannon Valentine
Grade 6
Hendrix Elementary

THE WORLD OF DONKEYS

In Donkey City donkeys walk
Happily home — the men in coats
The color of grass, and ties.
The shape of pumpkins
The women dress in sissy dresses.
When they pass each other
They hee "Hello" and haw "Goodbye."

In Donkey Country donkeys grow
Bigger and bigger tomatoes.
And babies and puppies, too.
They all dress in brown
And gray because they're poor.
When two donkeys pass
In the country they speak
Spanish — "Adios Amigos"

Ms. Necker's 2nd grade class
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

A CAMP FIRE

It is 12 o'clock, a new day
and the sun is shining so brightly,
like a camp fire in the black night.

A cold day in the winter time
with everyone outside sung together
like a camp fire in the black night.

Once I was walking, walking so fast
I saw some leaves burning
like a camp fire in the black night.

It was on a summer day, but still
so cold, so I snuggled up with heavy fur,
like a camp fire in the black night.

James Jordan
Grade 6
Woodruff Elementary

THE SONG OF THE STARS

We are the stars which sing,
We sing with our light;
We are the birds of fire,
We fly over the sky.

Our light is a voice;
We make a road for spirits,
For the spirits to pass over.

Among us are three hunters
Who chase a bear;
Where never was a time
When they were not hunting.

We look down on the mountains
This is the song of the stars.

Bruce Hammett
Grade 6
Holly Springs-Motlow Elementary

HANDBALL (a painting by Ben Shan)

There are six boys playing
handball, two boys are watching
and the others are playing. There
are buildings, houses, and stores.

Boys scoring points. They
are playing on a brick wall. They are
playing for a world record.

I am trying for a record. I am
trying for a record and I hope
you will too.

Brian Emery
Grade 5
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

THE MEADOW IN THE MEADOW

There's a woman in the meadow
and she is thinking about an
angel in the sky. She wishes
to go there when she dies. And
some birds went flying through
the air and then she saw a flower
in the meadow and picked it up
and said, this flower I'll keep.

Paulette Hall
Grade 5
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

PICTURE

I see a girl in white,
dancing under her golden crown.
She floats in space
against the blackness.
As she dances I feel
myself inside her
graceful body
and we both dance together
at once in the emptiness
of the field. We all feel
lonely as we walk alone
through the dark green
of the dew.

Ms. Hammet's 6th grade class
Holly Springs-Motlow Elementary

BUTTERFLY

Now the butterfly has
awakened and is flying around.
Now the butterfly is
flying among the cowbells
and is listening to the
sweet chimes that they
make and the other
animals around are
listening to the sweet
chimes also. Now it
is dark and in the
background you can
hear someone playing
a guitar and someone
singing. Now you can see
a flame from an open
fire and now it is
getting late and you
can hear people
saying good-night.

Nancy Rhodes
Grade 6
Woodruff Elementary

PERSUASION

Try to persuade the flowers
to move and the wind to
blow them far away and
the rocks to move back where
they came from and the
sun to just shine on the earth,
the tree to stop being noisy
and take a bath with the
wind. When you get out get
one of what you can and
put them in a museum and
persuade them to do what
you want them to.

Pamela Fowler
Grade 4
Cannon Elementary

I'M HAPPY

I am happy being a pumpkin
with my green hat
on top of my fat orange
body sitting in a tree
as tall as I am.

All I want now is a honey
with a good sense of humor,
a smile, a good body,
a good stem and a candle
to light me up.

Ms. Gaither's 6th grade class
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

MOVING ON WITH THINGS

Moving
means exploring
around and seeing
what's around you and
seeing what is happening around
you. The trees have red leaves
in the fall and it's like having
a giant box of colors and a book
about the land of colors, dark and light
with trees and sea and houses, dark people and light
people with cars, boats, and farms and trees with cherries
and ten pounds of grapes.

Dickie Simmons
Grade 5
Hendrix Elementary

GRADADO

I like to go to Gradado. People
say they make corn liquor down there.
I would like to meet these people who
are very far off and like to know how
they make it. I guess
they are just old timey.

Randy Gullens
Grade 7
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

HERE

They bring the roses
of my garden to my house.

They step on the steps,
knocking on the door.

I answered the door in
a great mood for love.

They pulled the roses from
their backs and gave them to me.

It felt like giving me
a ring on our wedding day.

They said, "Bye!" and ran
out down the street.

I never saw them again.
There I was standing,

In front of my house,
with roses in my hand.

Beverly Gillespie
Grade 6
Woodruff Elementary

THE WOODEN BOY

Sitting like a tree
on a table
in the shop
in a corner
of the woods
down the road
peacefully quiet
and thinking of
loving a goddess
of sweetwood, maple
and cedar.

Ms. Lolley's 5th grade class
Cannon Elementary

THE FAMILIAR FACE

Suddenly I felt something
on my face, but I didn't
know what was wrong,
so I went to see. I found
a speck of ketchup right
on my cheek. I got it off,
and then what did I see?
Someone just like me.
I touched him and he touched
me; I moved, he moved.
I went on my way, I stepped
about twice. And then
what did I see? Another
just like he and me.

Charles Woodruff
Grade 6
Woodruff Elementary

A GIRL IS A FLOWER

I know a girl as pretty
as a flower or a bee.
She is so pretty she can float
in the sky and stop on a cloud
to watch a bird.

Dean Halford
Grade 4
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

THE REDCOATS WHO NEVER CAME

I see giant people with one leg each.
They just seem to stand there
like they all just froze in their tracks.
There are so many they look like an army
that froze at Valley Forge.
They saw their own kind dead.
They bundled their feet in blankets.
They could see each other all so brave
waiting and waiting for the warm dressed
redcoats, but they never came
and this army never left.

Craig Davis
Grade 5
Hendrix Elementary

FORK

It is an eagle's claw that is
trying to catch me.
It came out of nowhere for revenge.
It is a shark in the deep deep deep
red sea of hell.
The shark is a devil trying to
catch me and kill me for revenge.
It is now a COBRA!
It is trying to stab me for revenge.
It is now your fingers trying
to knit or sew.
It is a spider trying to make
its web.
It is in the universe, it shines
at night like little lanterns
lighted up with pointed ends.
It shines upon the earth
that has pointed ends trying
to burn me.
It gives us light.
It gives us life.
It grows up plants.
It helps us to find our way when
we are lost.
It is our source of energy.

Gita V. Patel
Grade 5
Hendrix Elementary

THE WAR

Clark's uncle was in the war.
He saw men fall to the grass.
He wanted to go back to work.
At the end he stood like an eagle.

Bill Jackson
Grade 6
Holly Springs-Motlow Elementary

UNTITLED

My brother loves to walk
around our big house
in the tall green grass,
with our big pet eagle
and forget about work.

Jimmy
Grade 6
Holly Springs-Motlow Elementary

PLAIN SONG FOR MY MOTHER
after a line by David Wagoner

You are a hard worker mom
and you work too much
it makes me sad
as you say
you are digging your own grave

one day it will be finished
and you will be finished too
it is sad that you are gone
but before long I will be gone too
just like you

James Alvin Staggs, Jr.
Grade 5
Holly Springs-Motlow Elementary

YOUR POCKET

It's a baby crying. It is
a circle dying. It is the sun or
the moon high in the sky. It's a dark
hole in your yard. It is a junk yard
without junk. Or a barn with no
end. A tub with a block at the end.
How do you know what it is?
A plane without a motor? A tent
with no roof? What is it, do you
know? Guess, guess, you don't know . . .

Johnny Tanner
Grade 5
Hendrix Elementary

THE LOVE OF THE SEA

As the sun rises behind the
sea, the sky is filled with colors
of the sun, and a boy and a girl
watch it as it rises slowly
falling in love with the prettiness
of the still sea and the beautiful
sunset behind it. Soon the sun
is all the way up in the sky
and the sunset is gone. The sea
sits there still with the reflection
of the sun on it, while the dolphins
and whales turn flips in the water
far off into the sea.

Diana Stahley
Grade 5
Cannon Elementary

BUTTON HOLE

It's a lion's mouth
with the trainer's head
that is shaking like a leaf
on a tree that is crumbling.

The lion shuts his mouth
and the man screams and his
scream fades away.

Artie Quinn
Grade 5
Hendrix Elementary

THE SOUND OF CRYING

As the sound comes over the mountain
with blue birds gliding over it,
the sound of a woman or child crying.

As that sound reaches my ears
and echoes through the valley across the field,
the sound of a woman or child crying.

That sound makes me feel like hiding,
but I stay where I am and continue to listen to
the sound of a woman or child crying.

I run to help that person, but as I reach
to help, it is only a tin can in the breeze making
the sound of a woman or a child crying.

Tammy Melton
Grade 6
Woodruff Elementary

BEAR

Brown is the bear
who lies in the waters
while the blue sea
flows down the river bank
gently and smooth and the green
grass in the background grows
like cities and the sun
shines so bright like the brightest
light and the grass so green
and the eyes of the bears so black
oh how
I want to be a bear

Demitra Young
Grade 4
Cannon Elementary

VARIATION ON A LINE BY WILLIAM STAFFORD

Tonight in my secret town
I will listen
to a deaf dog.
He will bark very loud.
He will bark at the deaf moon.
It is very yellow and pretty.
It will die sooner or later.

Mark Fisher
Grade 6
New Prospect Elementary

VARIATION ON LINES BY WILLIAM STAFFORD & RILKE

Tonight in our Secret Town
Life is walking around,
Which, of course, is a very white liquid
in a saucer without a cup.
Three friends and I drank its liquid
And lived on and on until . . .

Tonight in our secret town
Death is roaming around,
Which, of course, is a very black liquid
in a cup without a saucer.
Three friends of mine drank its
liquid, but no, not I.

Timmy Williams
Grade 6
New Prospect Elementary

RAVENEL

I want to go on a ride on
the big ravenel to a lost
place where the big ravenel
took my friends so I can be
with them. I want to go on
a ride with the big ravenel.

Clara Miller
Grade 7
Campobello-Gramling Elementary

THE UNKNOWN

He is the man who is Unknown
He needs the love which there is none of
He is the snake which does no harm
but is killed because of hatred
He is the sheep which is slaughtered
by the wolf
He is the horse whose leg
has gone lame
He is the man who is Unknown

Sammy Pratt
Grade 7
Campobello-Gramling Elementary



Photo by Don Lewis

BENNIE LEE SINCLAIR is author of two books of poems, *Little Chicago Suite* and *The Arrowhead Scholar*, and is recipient of the 1978 Winthrop College Excellence in Writing Award for Poetry. She and her husband, potter Don Lewis, live in the mountains of South Carolina near Cleveland.

AUREOLE

Into the shaded yard
a stroke of sunlight falls
upon the small white hen,
causing her to glow

there among the dark hedges.
And, though it is only the everyday sun
and the chance of her being just there,
the curious effect

as she stands tactfully, aglow,
is that such art is her own,
the radiance her making.

Bennie Lee Sinclair

TALLULAH GORGE

Swirling white waters
At the bottom of a green and gray gorge
Thousands of feet down the waters move white
And gather in dark, deep pools
Waters leaking from the walls of green
Crashing on the rocks of gray
The mist of the early morning
Easing through the air beneath
The air cool and fresh
The soft sounds of waterfalls far below
This one of nature's wonders
Caresses my mind and cleanses my soul.

Paul Sins
Grade 10
Irmo High School

DAY OF SUN

Summer begins here
Green expanses of yard
Stretch to the river

All sound lost in the sight
Sails and waves
Cut by ski wake

Pounded by sun and surf
Take a swim
Leaping arcking dive into the pool

Emerging into the sun
Sun beating your shoulders
Controls the sky dominates you

Responsibility is lost like the breakers
on the shore
Haze in the light the golden light
that turns you the same
Summer begins here comes to me again.

Alex Nelson
Grade 10
Irmo High School

THE TWIN TOWERS

Towering about the confusion of Manhattan
In their steel and plexiglass glory
Making the rest of the Empire State
Feel inadequate in comparison
The World Trade Center
Twin guardians of New York
Reach above the filthy smog
And give a breath of fresh air
To the fortunate few on top.

John Komlosy
Grade 10
Irmo High School

THE MAGIC BOX

A boy in China we often see
One day he drifted off to sea
Fish all day to only find
But one sacred turtle who bit his line
He said a prayer and let him go
Back to the Ocean where he could grow
The God was pleased so he sent a girl
Blessed with beauty, jewels, and pearls
They both rowed the boat from time to time
Back to the Island where life was fine
Three years had passed on Ura's clock
But back in China he was in for a shock
He left from the Island his parents to see
But the Beautiful lady did not want him to leave
She gave him a box said not to open
He would find his way back as she was hopin
He did not listen an opened instead
Turn 400 years old and found himself dead

Jon Freeman
Irmo High School

UNTITLED

Oh, how my family has moved,
from place to place,
from east to west.

My grandparents' home stays the same,
with the smell of old
from long ago.

It has always seemed safe,
with Grandma's preserves
and Grandpa's stories.

I've watched the pecan trees grow,
and helped harvest their crop,
and smelled them roast.

But maybe the security comes
not from these things alone,
but from people who make that house
their home.

Marshanne Blackwell
Grade 10
Irmo High School



NEWTON SMITH is published widely in poetry magazines such as *Southern Poetry Review*, *Carolina Quarterly*, *Foxfire*, *Ann Arbor Review*, and *St. Andrews Review*. A former professor of English at Western Carolina University, Smith now owns an advertising agency in the mountains of North Carolina. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

A Father Confesses

It's their eyes
and the softness of their flesh—
as if filled with warm water,
a bathtub splashing
with toys and little squeals.

They cry,
Faces wet and red.
I hold their wetness to me,
their warm yielding bodies
like hot water bottles.

I remember rocking:
late nights singing
to a sleepless child
songs of the world
I want for them.

"Let me sing you a song
about the world you'll own,"
I whisper as I kiss them
in their sleep dreaming—
dreams I'll never know.

They grow: bodies
firmer, their eyes
more fire than water.
Still I hold them to me
burning as they slip away.

I hold them close,
dear bodies, warm comfort,
a solace humming against
the ache of an aging world
and the night's bad dreams.

Newton Smith

SPRING WATER

The glittering of the water
Moss clinging to the rocks
Sand particles flowing away
Weeds bent by rushing water.
The sound of stillness
lies in the air,
and a rainbow flowers
along the bank.

Barbara Brock
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

WATER HOSES

Like hundreds of wild rattlesnakes,
Hissing,
In hot weather they come and
Attack.
They are so calm until
Someone comes up and touches them.
The sprinkler is like spitting Cobras
Circling around and around and around.
They bite coldly.

Kathy Quinn
Grade 5
Pelham Road Elementary

THE WIND

When the wind blows like sea waves
And when blossoms fall,
The wind will pick them up
And then blow them across the plains
And it will smell like roses
And look like snow.

Then trees bend over
To the ground
Like brooms sweeping
All day, in and out.

Angie Clinkscapes
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

EMPTY BOWL

Bare
Holds nothing within it
Blow into it
It blows back
It's there
Yet, it is not.
It stares at you
And dares you
To stare at it
Here is an empty bowl
That holds nothing in it.

Catherine Kirby Smith
Grade 4
Pelham Road Elementary

OLD LADY

Old lady rocking back and forth
Screeching and yelling and
cussing at the people
around her.

Old lady rocking back and forth
Blind lady does not
know who she is talking to
and talking about.

Old lady rocking back and forth
Sitting in her second childhood
going crazy.

Angie West
Grade 4
Arrington Elementary

VOICE

Her voice was like an old piano key.
She was a woman in tune with people.
But now I can't hear the harmony of her voice
going through my ears
nor the gentle sound of her shoes
walking down the scale of stairs.

Barbara Brock
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

AN INSIDE WONDERLAND

Crops of gold and silver.
The air smells sweet and fresh.
Ponds of clear water.
Fish of silvery scales.
This place is silent.
This place is a dream world.

Bobby Dover
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

MY DEAD GRAY GRANDMOTHER

Oh grandmother,
Gray grandmother,
why did you die?
Can you smell the
roses, can you see
the roses, can you
feel the roses?

My grandmother,
Gray grandmother,
loved children
like roses, and
I loved her,
and she loved me.

Monica Williams
Grade 4
Arrington Elementary

FIREFLY

A little light is going by.
It's going up to the sky,
a little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it,
to have a little bug all lit
and made to go on wings.

Mandy Moody
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

ALONE IN THE WORLD

I feel nothing around me.
It's like a dark, dark cloud
that I can't escape from.
All I can do is look straight ahead
until my dream is gone.

Susan Cobb
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

PLOWING

Plowing the
earth is
like unzipping
a dress, so
plants can
grow, and
open up
and reach
for the sky.

Missy M. Younce
Grade 4
Arrington Elementary

MY DEAD GRANDPA

When I look at pictures of him,
I have a feeling that I know him.
He looks like a piece of peppermint
with a tie.
He had grey hair
like real silver.
He had a pot belly.
He looked like me.
His glasses looked
like steam rollers
coming at you.
That is my Grandpa.

Kelly Rainey
Grade 4
Arrington Elementary

MEANESS

This old man was mean as the Devil
when he was cast out of heaven.
His eyes were like pinballs,
his nose was like an arrowhead,
His voice was very mean and gravely
He was also too well fed.
He didn't like to travel much,
not even into town.
All he did was stay at home
and try to cut you down.
One day he found an alligator
in his carburator
Then after all these years,
he was finally chewed out.

Stephen Newton
Grade 4
Arrington Elementary

THE DEVIL'S SWEATING

Water from the morning dew
Like the devil's waking
And beginning work,
Sweat coming from below—
Cool water.

Ronnie Vergnolle
Grade 4
Pelham Road Elementary

THE COUNTRY

The United States sits on that globe
and goes round and round as if it were
on a basketball player's fingertip
spinning on its axis.
And the player's face is the sun
shinning on the spinning earth.

Johnny Parker
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

DRAGONFLY

The little fly is flying with a paint set on his back
Painting the sky so blue,
The grass green,
All beautiful colors for me and you.

Lynn Tripp
Grade 3
Pelham Road Elementary

CORNER

Dark and cool
Brown with shadows around
Small and empty.
I sit on warm
brown shapes.
Time passes, pauses, goes.

Stephanie Ramey
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

THE COUNTRYSIDE HORSES

Here is my special place
Where high wheat
blows in the wind
Miles from
people.
Look, over the cliff
you can see
the wild horses
galloping
with tails and mane blowing.
You can hear their hooves
sounding like gentle
thunder.

Lori Foxworth
Grade 5
Pelham Road Elementary

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT

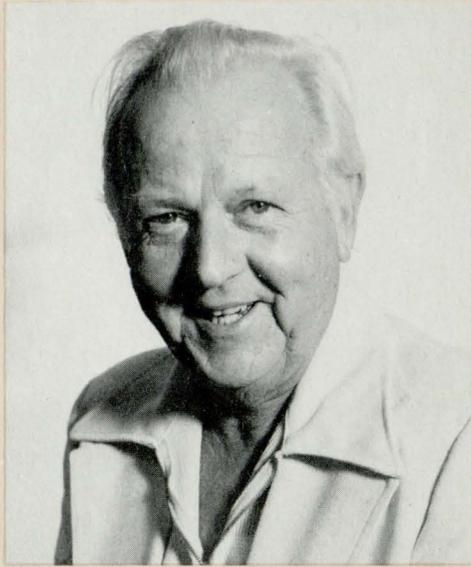
The baby still cries at night
in a crib of ashes.
Her mother tries to find
the baby
but she finds nothing
but ashes.

Joyce Rice
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary

RAINDROPS

The leaves are covered with glass bubbles.
It looks as though someone has just popped
a string of crystal beads.

Angelique Haggerty
Grade 5
Pine Street Elementary



WILLIAM E. TAYLOR lives in Deland, Florida and is professor of English at Stetson University. He holds three degrees from Vanderbilt University and has published four books of poems, the last of which is *20 Against Apocalypse*. His poems have been published in various anthologies, including *Southern Writing in the Sixties*, *Poetry South-East*, *A Decade of Poems*, and *New Southern Poets*. Taylor has given numerous lectures and readings in the Southeast.

THE RUNNERS

He is fashionable, this old man,
Jogging doggedly along low tide
Into sunset, wishing to stay alive.

He splashes his way in the surf, puffing
A cigarette, stops to look at a crab
Lying on his back, dying—trots

To the dunes for a stick, turns the crab
Over, faces him to the sea. Imbecile!
He keeps moving one empty claw to his mouth.

Later, no one is immortal except a young
Runner who passed him in both directions
With long music that could last till doom.

The crab is still there, eating air,
But the sea has turned him around,
As if to say, No, you can't come in.

William E. Taylor
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SUE AND LOU

His name is Sue, her name is Lou.
She's a brick layer. He's a house maid.
He cooks dinner while she watches television.
This is the story of Sue and Lou.

David Pitts
Grade 7
Hickory Tavern School

A GLIDER

I am like a cloud on a summer day.
I seem to have yeast to make me rise.
I move like a feather in the wind.
With the thrill of a midway inside me when I
flow, I could go on forever.
I run like the water in a
clear blue stream.
On my way I pass masses
of whipped cream.
When my fun is over I
go down like a blown out
tire.

David Kitzmiller
Gray Court-Owings School

DEATH

I am the end of all life
There is no getting around me.
Men have tried
But they couldn't
Most fear me
But they can't avoid me
I will always be
For all eternity
Where ever man goes
I will be there
For I am Death.

Billy Weathers
Gray Court-Owings School

Books on the shelf are like people stashed away and forgotten.
The light switch is like your mind, turning on and off your memories.
The chalk board is like pages with something written on every one.
The windows are like your eyes looking out on the world.

The human body is like a complex railroad, where each
part must do its job or everything gets upset.

A cabinet is like your memory, filing away things in your mind.

Angela Rogers
Grade 8
Hickory Tavern School

SONIA WITH A BROKEN LEG

I'm a horse, lame from a horseshoe.
A dog with a splinter in his foot.
I'm a pirate with a wooden leg,
My leg is a document, signed all over

Neal Collin
Gray Court-Owings School

I am something you see week-days
If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't get a job.
I am greatly abuse. People put heavy things on me.
People think of me as a rock. They write all
over me.

They put their feet on me as if I were a footstool.
People get mad at me and slam my parts.
Sometimes I am like a three-legged dog.
I have a broken leg and they don't fix it.
They cut it off.

I am like a miner in a caved-in mountain,
Cluttered, suffocating not able to breathe.
But people forget my importance.

Jeff Craddock
Gray Court-Owings School

I taste a Bitter Wind,
The Colors of Baby Blue,
It was sharp to cut your throat,
I hear a muffled sound,
The taste of the salty sea

Lamar Mundy
Grade 8
Hickory Tavern School

I tasted a *bitter* lemon
A salty *sharp* lemon
It was a *muffled* lemon
A pretty *colored* lemon
and that's the story of
the lemon

Ronny Davis
Grade 7
Hickory Tavern School

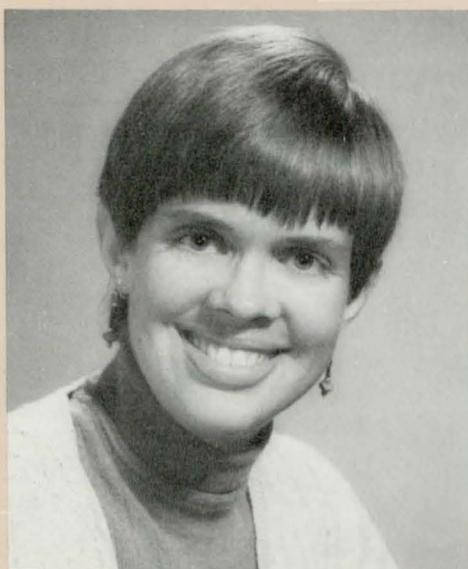
Across and around the large, wide plate
as if the thing was a race car with legs.
Going around the oval circle.
No stopping until it reaches the gate.

A distance ahead of the runner
nearing the creature like an armed gunner.
Now the thing has found the door
The door to his room
To which he'll rest. The feet that are sore.

Donna Weathers
Gray Court-Owings School

His voice is of the roaring lion,
Always very harsh, never soft,
When he yells, you hear him on
Mount Zion,
Even ten miles away playing golf.

Renee Chapman
Grade 8
Hickory Tavern School



SUSAN THOMPSON has degrees in creative writing and literature from The University of Texas. She has taught at The College of William and Mary and assisted at the Women's Writing Workshop at Hartwick College in New York. She has published poetry, academic articles and book reviews in academic and feminist journals.

YOUR BLESSING SEASONS THIS IN ME

The clock in your car is broken
you do not wear a watch
you do not look back.
You move in the breeze of every season
without definition.

One night on the terrace when I was ten
I said "I've decided not to die,
don't you die either."
"Agreed, let's don't" you answered.

Time does not tell me
as I count it up away from you
what the softness of your gray voice
tells me when I see you again,
the bulging belly, crooked fingers,
sounds rolling up, fingers knowing what they touch.
Asking kindly, when familiar things confuse me
"Did you forget?"

And I, whose clock is never broken
who always wear a watch, who always look back
do not know how to answer, and fear the day
when the voice no longer rumbles in my ear
and fingers do not touch
and the clock ticks
but the hands
stop.

Susan Thompson
First appeared in *Thicket*

I FEEL

I feel like a cat swimming underwater
I feel like a blue bird in the north pole
I feel like an astronaut
I feel like a book in the stone age
I feel like a hunger in the desert
I feel like a small tent on a city highway

Maurice Webb
Grade 9
Pendleton High

LAST YEAR

It was the summer of 1978
when I was in New York
and the worst thing
that ever happened to me
happened.
I got lost
in New York.

It was getting night
and I had no place
to go. I was meeting
all mean looking faces.
When I smiled
no one would smile back.
It seemed as if all the buildings
were begging to look alike.

So I got on the bus
and I told the driver
to take me
to the nearest police station.
And I got off the bus
and walked inside.

And they wanted to put me
in a shelter home.
And the police took me
around New York
trying to find my house.
And finally I found my house.
And I wasn't hurt
but very scared.

Clarence Gumpster
Grade 10
Elloree High

THE ANT

The ant
moves up
the wall
with his
six feet
side by side
his little head
moves
like
the tick
of
a clock.

Stober Lee Evans
Grade 9
Holly Hill High

DANCING

The body moves round in circles
going to the floor like a
giant whirlwind.
The hips be swinging from
left to right like a bell.
With the lights flashing all
around with all different colors.
The fingers snappin with
the beat.
Just Dance, Dance, Dance.

Deneen Wiley
Grade 9
Pendleton High

POINT OF VIEW

I
have sat
on top of
500 elephants
that were on top of
each other.

Rosa Minnigen
Grade 11
Ellore High

MORNING SOCKS

Slowly she sat up
and went step by step
to her drawers.
Then she picked up her socks
and carefully walked back to her bed
to make sure she wouldn't trip.

Then she sat down
very quietly
as if not to disturb
anyone.

She put her socks
on the bed
and very gently
and gracefully
she put her knee up
to her stomach
and carefully stuck her sock
on her toes
sliding over her heels
her ankles
and then up to her knees.
Then she put that foot on the floor
and did precisely as she did the first leg,
sliding closer to her knees.
Then she slowly got up
as if she were too delicate
to make any harsh moves
and walked carefully
downstairs.

Betty Rourk
Grade 7
Holly Hill Middle

FUN WITH YOU

You are like a soft pillow filled with feathers
And you are as green as a cup.
And I will always like kissing
you because you give me goose bumps.

Ivy Jenkins
Grade 4
Holly Hill Elementary

THE COLD

People with colds sound like
the Th's are changed to T's
they sound like babies learning to talk
or like Sylvester Stalone.
They sound as if they had grown up in the Bronx.
They sound as if they are using a clothes pin
on their nose.
They sound as if they had no nose at all.
They sound like people who wear glasses
far down on their noses.
They also sneeze and cough
like explosions.

Kathy Collins
Grade 9
Pendleton High

THE SMALLEST SOUNDS

Sand coming down in an hourglass
A feather floating through the air
The flapping of a butterfly's wing
Mice playing
A pin falling to the floor
A plant growing
Flowing water
The wind blowing through your hair
A snake slithering through the grass
A spider spinning a web
Smoke coming out of a chimney

group poem
Mr. Walker's 9th grade class
Pendleton High

MEMORY

I used to be quiet
But now I am noisy with laughter
I used to be shut off from the world
But now I am exploring it
I used to be afraid of dying
But now I know it's life
I used to be not loved
But now I'm experiencing it.

Jackie McCord
Grade 10
Ellore High

THE GAPING HOLE

There was a sleepiness over the boy.
His hand moved cautiously toward his face.
There was a tiny opening coming over his mouth.
The hand coming ever closer to that opening.
There was a strange bellowing
like a walrus or a seal would make
seeping out of the opening.
The hand has now covered the opening
And the small opening is now
a gaping hole covered by a hand.

Ray Collins
Grade 10
Holly Hill High

BUS HORN

A bus horn sounds like a cow's mooing.
Or a trumpet player with a stomach ache.
Like a pig snorting in the mud.
Like Dolly Parton with a sore throat.
Like Tarzan when he stumps his toe.
Or like a vulture after he has eaten
some stale meat.

Maurice Webb
Grade 9
Pendleton High

THE FORK

Headed on a collision course with the mouth
the fork
piled with food
strains to support its load.
Suddenly,
like a garage door
the mouth
opens and the fork pulls in
and parks gently on the tongue.
The mouth opens slightly, and the fork,
now relieved of its load,
backs out gently in reverse,
ready for another trip.

Mark Spaulding
Grade 9
Pendleton High

EMPTY

I
am like
a zebra
without stripes
when I feel
empty

Emma Mattress
Grade 11
Pendleton High

DEAR WALL

I wrote to let you know
how I feel about you.
You are ugly, hard headed
and very disrespectful.
You let people write you up
and you look very ridiculous
without a response. You take
in all those dirty words.

But Wall, do you here me?
There is something great about you.
You are part of my house.
You help my house stay up and warm.
Wall, you got to stop being shy
and let the world know
they are taking advantage of you
because you stand still
without a response.

Ethel Hauser
Grade 11
Ellore High

THE PLAYER

He takes long wide steps like a giraffe.
With the speed of a tiger.
The player leaps high into the air,
as though he were a squirrel.
He comes down like a butterfly landing.
He starts to run back the other way
as though he had just seen a ghost.

Kevin Addison
Grade 8
Holly Hill Middle

THE SKY VACUUM CLEANER

It stands in an open field at night
about 12 inches tall. But when night falls
it grows up into the sky
and the wind rocks it back and forth.

Each state has one
it takes all the garbage out of the sky
but sometimes the wind blows so hard
that one sky vacuum cleaner hits another
and then they melt.

And then the President of the U.S. comes
and pulls each one out of the ground.
Then the children at school have to pay
a penny to buy another one.

It was invented by all
the housewives
of Ellore and Santee.

Jacqueline Thompson
Grade 11
Ellore High

I CAN

touch the sky
when I put on
high
heel
shoes.

Brenda Sellers
Grade 10
Ellore High

JENLU

Jenlu loves to party
Except when she doesn't.
Never does she tell who with.
Like the other day. Wait,
Uh-oh I better hush.

Jenlu Chalker
Grade 9
Pendleton High

SLOW MOTION

He moves his arm toward
the cabinet
Silently, he opens the cabinet
door
He reaches in on the second
shelf
Removing a blue toothbrush that looks
almost new
He carefully washes the brush with
warm water
Now he puts toothpaste on very
gently
Finally, with toothbrush in hand
he brings it up to his mouth and
opens it
Now I think he's ready to brush his
teeth.

Diane Shaw
Grade 10
Holly Hill High

ANTICIPATION

a mare watching her newborn colt
intensely hoping it'll rise to its feet
a dog forced to stay inside and watch frolicking squirrels
. . . until halftime
a snake suddenly seeing a rat approach
waits for the right moment
a teen-age girl having to walk down the long empty
hallway,
alone,
with no sound other than the clunk, clunk
of her spike heels
towards the principal's office.

Lea Crandall
Grade 9
Pendleton High

DOORKNOBS

Carefully
the
index finger
floats
away from
the middle finger
leaving
the others to
flap gently in
the wind
while the thumb
gallantly
leads
the outspread
hand outward to
encircle
the glittering gold
object that is
being drawn closer.
Finally
as though tons
of time has passed
the door opens.

Cindy Martino
Grade 10
Holly Hill High

PENCIL SHARPENER

The sound of a pencil sharpener
is like bones in a blender.
It's like a dead leaf being crushed
in your hand or ice crunched
between your teeth.

Gracie Evans
Grade 9
Pendleton High

GOOD SOUNDS

A cricket chirping
A bird eating something crunchy
A squirrel running up and down a tree
A fish swimming
A racoon doing the back stroke on a sunny day
A rooster crowing
A rat snoring
A pencil breaking
A tic drowning
A gnat ice skating
A cat drawing
A piece of paper burning
A pencil writing
A worm smoking

Clarence Revell
Grade 7
Holly Hill Middle

AT NIGHT

At night I hear . . .
the shadows
creeping up on me
the sheets laughing
the faucets dripping
the wind howling
my clothes mingling
the floor holding
a pleasant conversation with the
ceiling
my books reading
themselves
my shoes flapping
their tongues
my windows yawning
my mattress grumbling
my cards shuffling
themselves
my records singing to
themselves
my room gently lulling
me to sleep.

Cindy Martino
Grade 10
Holly Hill High

SOUNDS

The sound of a paper clip hitting the floor
The sound of an ant scratching his head
The sound of a centipede walking across the ground
The sound of the springs working inside a watch
The sound of an amoeba coughing
The sound of a bird chewing up its food
The sound of roaches at a rock concert

Ricky Hunger
Grade 9
Pendleton High

DREAMS

As I lie there I hear a distant moan
Everything is dark now

I see nothing

Then a blinding light hits me in the face
A strong wind picks me up
And carries me away

I see nothing

My eyes open and before me lies
a deep jungle

Again I see nothing

My eyes open and I am standing
In a field with flowers up to my knees

I see nothing

Bobby Brothers
Grade 9
Pendleton High

UNDERWATER

The biggest sounds you can hear underwater are:
A boat roaring by.
Somebody jumping in the water.
Somebody slapping their hands on the water.
Rain trickling on the water.

The smallest sounds underwater are:
A fish swaying in the current.
A fish building its place to lay its eggs.
The sand moving with the current.
A duck floating on the water.

Steve Gaskins
Grade 8
Holly Hill Middle

PEELING POTATOES

At first the peeler tears at the skin,
It shaves the potato with an unfinished obligation,
The strokes downward cut away at it,
As the departed layers fall deeply
Away into the garbage pail,
All the skin has gone
The peeler stops,
Has reached his destination,
For the potato once full of skin
Is bald.

Donell Hanks
Grade 9
Pendleton High

LIES

The earth is flat.
My house is not on the earth.
My ship is sailing in the ocean.
I left my million dollars at home.
I have several types of late model cars.
Last year after I graduated from Harvard,
and after I finished my PhD at Yale,
I decided to dig ditches for a living.
Before I finish my acting career I would like
to do a couple of shows for Walt Disney.
I have a friend that is 13 ft. tall,
has green skin and can tear apart a car
like it was a piece of toilet paper.

Rey McClain
Grade 11
Pendleton High

FOR DINNER

I ate
bat burgers
frog fries
and
cricket cola.

Johnny Gates
Grade 11
Ellore High

THAT UNEXPLAINED NIGHT

I became drowsy and drifted off to sleep
My mind was wide awake
Two family friends went downstairs
I went back to sleep
When my eyes were open there were people
People in my room
There were thirty beds in my room
One person to each bed
They were all lying flat on their stomachs
And talking aloud
In the living room there I was
Dressed to leave for the evening
With a friend of mine
We turned around and the bathrooms were flooded
But one plunger didn't help

Tawannah Waddy
Grade 9
Pendleton High

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I came from a very heartwarming person
I came from beyond where any man has dared to go
I've passed the devil coming here
I've seen the inside of the moon on my way here
I came from around the corner
I came from a thank you note
I came from the letter E

Ernest Davis
Grade 10
Ellore High

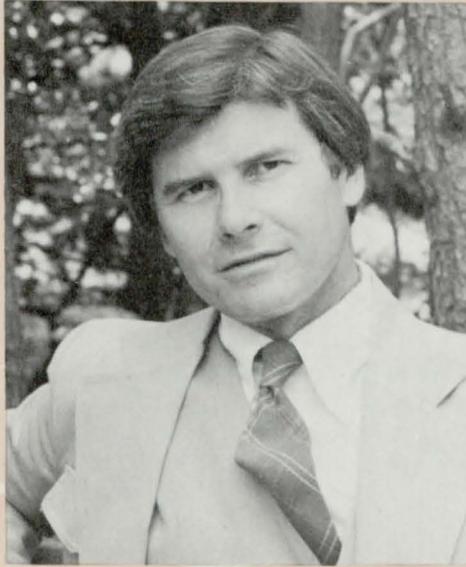


Photo by Linda B. Walters

THOMAS N. WALTERS, poet, professor, filmmaker, grew up on a farm in Edgecombe County, North Carolina. He attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where he received his B.A. degree in English. After serving in the Marine Corps, he returned to school at Duke University, where he received his masters and doctoral degrees. Walters has published two volumes of poetry, numerous literary articles, and several books. His work has appeared in numerous periodicals, including *Southern Poetry Review*, *Epos*, and *Red Clay Reader*.

CIRCUS
(an Italian Sonnet for Federico Fellini)

Within our tent a waste of wars was cried—
Bengals and bears were banged from their cages.
The wolves left buzzard bones of our sages.
Through spangles, painted smiles, we clowned, we died.
The tanbark earth, had we heard, simply sighed;
Canvased, gessoed, mountains, three-ringed ages,
Pigments crazed again to human rages.
Our sawdust spilled, we laughed the tale—we lied.

Now crowds stare silent up as jesters mourn
Our world and the trapeze star's broken back.
The same ringmaster cracks his whip; we leap.
New creatures prance and prowl, strange festers borne.
No gains made, we discover central lack;
Circuses must eternal circles keep.

Thomas N. Walters

THE ATTIC-LESS PAINTER

The yellowful sky-heart (and hammer) throbbed "Morning!"
through night-muddied eyes
to swell a sleep-swollen brain.
Gutter air fouled/bloody/
crusted nostrils.
Failure-festered infected fertility of
A sole (once wept for Paris)
dragged a rotting away leg
tracking grit-sprinkled concrete.

Jeff Holmes
Laurens District 55 High

MIND

In my World,
Crystal hurricanes move massive mounds
of six point.
Each piece toils for a whole, each whole toils
For a peace.
A knight on a board
Of solid white,
I am.
I wing my way in the calm,
In fury,
Sea of night, Madness,
In hope, love,
Lone despair.
Life, here will never cease.
I should know, I am a piece.

Martin Power
Laurens District 55 High

REALIZING US

Along we walk
My brother and I
A companionable seance broken only by the distant cry of a seagull,
And the whisper of the waves as they roll up the sand
shyly tickling our toes
only to run away again.

An occasional drop falls to wet the sand beneath our feet
A child's face
peering out the window
waiting for the rain to go away.

Along we walk
My brother and I
Gifts from the sea scattered here and there
A half-finished sand castle captured by a wave.
When
A finger of the sun reaches out and flicks the dark cloud away.

As
Along we walk
My brother
My friend
and I.

Mary Jane Childress
Laurens District 55 High

DOMESTICATED BEACH

Bleachy blond Grit
Wind like a 1200 watt Blow Dryer
A red hot eye in the middle of that stove called sky.
Blue rolling water that resembles the bowl cleaner
left in the bathroom closet.

People like jawas walk like giants in this enormous
domesticated world.
Peoploids make their way down a brown ribbon
that floats over the water undulant as the pantyhose in the
kitchen sink.
The "Sheer Energy" gives way.
The people are flushed in this world's cesspool.

Dull bland sand.
Wind set on style.
The heat replaced by "Frigidaire."
The Tidy bowl has all gone.

Jerry Goodwin
Laurens District 55 High

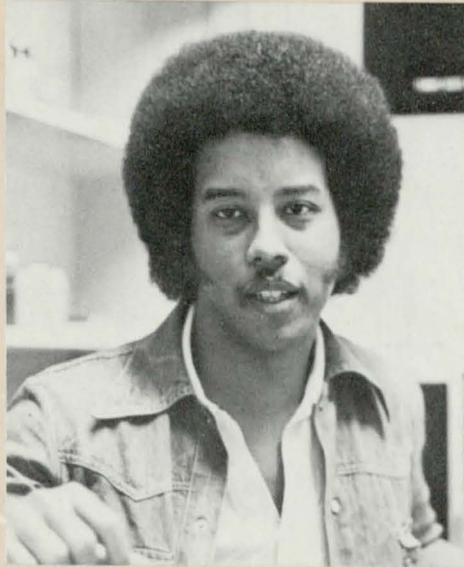
MOLECULAR PARTS (after seeing "Cosmic Zoom")

The eye sees stars, planets
moving closer
then away

A boy in a boat
rows across shining molecules of water
Mosquito on his arm
The mosquito
draws blood

I, too, am an instance of time
A pilgrim, just passing through.
Will I ever be back?
I doubt it

Susan Youmans
Laurens District 55 High



TOMMY SCOTT YOUNG is executive director and founder of Kitani Foundation. Since its inception, the foundation has been responsible for exposing approximately 60,000 children to professional performing arts events. Young's varied background in the arts has led him to participate in many programs of the South Carolina Arts Commission. A graduate of California State University in Los Angeles, he has appeared on South Carolina Educational Television as a poet and actor.

WALKING

to the moon of me
i sleepwalk the number
i count the lines
i walk the number
i do not remember when
gray became sunlight

to the sun of me
i sleepwalk the number
i count the sides
i walk the number
i do not remember when
purple became moonlight

walking
on gray and purple
strings of sun and moon
i am shattering
the number

walking
i am the shattering

Tommy Scott Young
from *Black Blues and Shiny Songs*

THE SWING

The swing in my
backyard looks like people with
broken arms and
the eyes popped-out
of its steel chain
The swing has vine
legs, its legs look
like a pencil point
and its feet is
bigger than a
Hippo's baby
Its stomach is a
piece of string
And its head
is a beaver two front teeth
I hate the personality
because its freaky.

Jezreel Marvin Sweat
Grade 5
Ellore Elementary

JELL-O

Jell-O is all kinds of colors
It shakes like Jelly, and rocks
and rolls its easy to eat, but hard to
hold
Jell-o wiggles jiggles and make my
tummy beg for you.

Karen Dickson
Grade 5
Ellore Elementary

LIFE

Life is whirlpool of emotions
And you are a tiny boat
Trying to survive in the treacherous
water
of your mind.
Feelings are white-capped waves
Crashing in on your inner self,
Trying to drown you with
Overwhelming strength and ferocity.
You reach for your only lifeline
Your sanity,
Grabbing it with a death-like grip,
And you emerge victor over all.

Marrye Mack
Grade 8
Ellore Elementary

THE PARADOX

I sit on the edge of the universe,
And ponder through the realms of time,
On the greatest creation that has ever existed.
For it is a paradox,
The turntable of our world,
Something on which everything is based.
And is yet so close to nothing.
It is a galaxy within itself.
A galaxy which blends with every other,
To create something greater than itself,
And yet,
It is the greatest.
It marks an individual
One who is by himself,
But combines with everyone.
So I sit on the edge of the universe,
And ponder through the realms of time,
On the greatest creator that has ever existed.
For it is the paradox,
And he who has it,
Is dangerously close to having nothing,
And yet he has everything,
Because one who doesn't,
Has Nothing.

Glenn Lightsey
Dreher High School

PEOPLE

People are sneaky
they think they are slick
Some people are nice as a butterfly
And then there are people that are
meaner than the Mean Joe Green
Some people should go to the
Mountains because they are so mean
The nice people should stay down
on earth and they should never
go up in the mountains.
Some people are good looking
like Mr. Tommy Scott Young

Valorie Denise Bradley
Grade 5
Ellore Elementary

The old owl sits high in his tree,
Keeping watch as far as he can see,
Hooting at each movement and sound,
He can send alarm all around,
Sleeping by day, keeping watch by night,
He will protect his friends with all his might.

Kelley Jaco
Grade 10
Dreher High School

THE SNOW AND I

In the bed I Lay, Lay, Lay!
Wanting to go outside and play play play
I'm laying in bed with a frown on my forehead
While the snow is flowing down, down, down
Oh! Mommy please Oh! Mommy Oh!
Please! Please! Please! Please let me
GO! GO! GO!
But the only thing she says is
NO! NO! NO!
P.S. I went outside anyway
PPSS But I got a pow!
pow!
pow!
Boom!
Boom!
on my back side.

Rose Marie Adams
Grade 6
Ellore Elementary

FORKS

I feel like a fork sometime
Forks are like a pitch fork
Forks are forks
Spoons are spoons
gold and silver
But sometime forks make me sick
I went walking down a street with a fork
And everyone started yelling
Forks

and
Sarah
walking
down
the
streets
alone
and
laughing.

Sarah Robinson
Grade 5
Ellore Elementary

FLOWERS

Flowers are nice
Flowers are pretty
Flowers are so sweet that they smell sweet
Flowers are like my cousin and friends

I told me some side
my flowers sugar and boy
to go set them laugh
get out laugh

Regenia Jackson & Sandra Sumpter
Grade 5
Ellore Elementary

FEELINGS

Sometimes when the birds
are singing the flowers are
blooming I feel good inside
of my heart, when the children
are playing in the sand I feel
good on the inside and outside.

It's so good when you have a
boyfriend that cares and thinks
about you. Have friends that play
with you. It feels good to have a
mother and a father that cares
when you are sick and can take you
to the doctor and can solve your
problem and that makes me feel like
a just born baby.

Emma Jenkins
Grade 5
Ellore Elementary

JIMBO CARTER

Jimmy Carter is my name,
I am known the world over
With a great deal of fame.
But as long as I am President,
Of these United States,
I think people like me
About as much as they hate.
But as soon as I finish
This horrid job,
I'll go back to farming
and Billy the slob.
With Rosalyn in one hand
And Amy in the other, we'll
Go back to Georgia to
Live with my Mother.

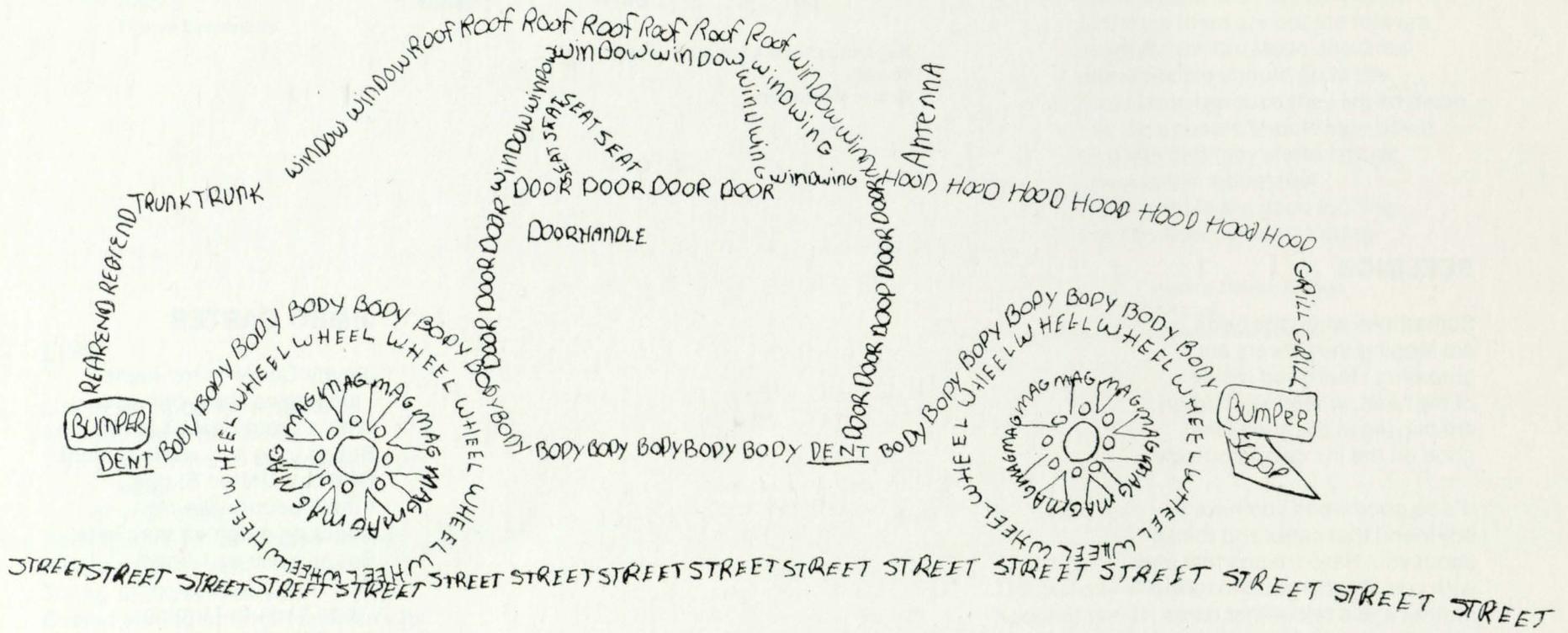
Hubert Riley
Dreher High School

My name is Ralph,
 I met a girl who came from the South.
 She didn't like to dance
 and she didn't like to sing,
 and she didn't like to do anything
 But I had this dog Blue,
 and he could draw things with glue.
 He was one of a kind,
 I would say in my mind,
 and I really loved that dog, Blue.
 So Blue, I made this rhyme just for you.
 "Pink pigs dance in silk,
 little fruit flies glide on milk."

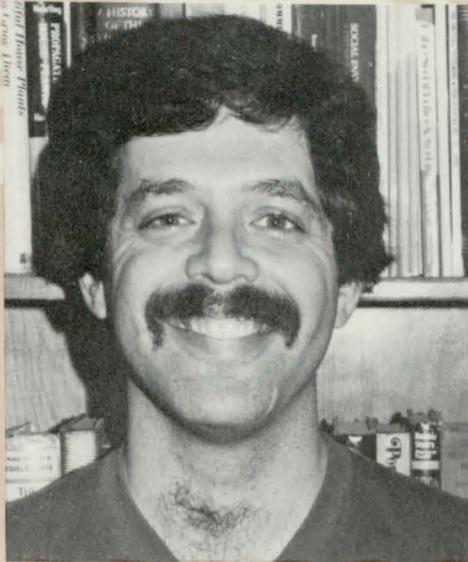
Melinda McDonald
 Dreher High School

I watch everything from up here day after day
 It gets boring
 Seeing the same old things
 Eating the same old things
 Watching the same old people
 Go through the same old routine
 Every winter I go south and every spring I come back,
 It bores me
 But when I see my friends put in cages
 I look at me
 And I am glad.

Karina Branham
 Dreher High School



Jim DeRose
 Grade 10
 Ellore High



DICK GOLDBERG is the author of *Family Business*, which ran for over a year off-Broadway and appears in the anthology *Best Plays of 1977-1978*. He has also written the screenplay for the forthcoming movie *24 frames per second*, and the book and lyrics of *Swamp!*, a musical presented last fall by Stage South, the theatre component of the South Carolina Arts Commission. A former producer of Stage South and director of the Commission's Professional Arts Development Division, he is the recipient of a 1979 Guggenheim Fellowship for playwriting. Mr. Goldberg lives in Columbia.

SWAMP BY NIGHT*

The swamp by night
Is really quite invitin'
With just moonlight
The night is so excitin'
The swamp by night
Now some find it fright'nin'
But other folks
It's somethin' they delight in . . .

You say you're lost?
Well, isn't that a pity
But better here
Than somewhere in the city
Cause when it comes
Down to the nitty-gritty
You'll find the swamp
Is cozy and it's pretty . . .

You'd like to eat?
How 'bout some sweet blackberries?
We guarantee that they're
Extraordinary
And after that
A dish dined on rarely
"La rabbit stew"
You'll find it very "harey" . . .

You see that tree?
Go lie there in its hollow
You need a pillow?
There're leaves there you may borrow
To fall asleep
Look up and count the stars, oh!
You'll find your way
Back home from here tomorrow

Dick Goldberg

*Excerpts from the lyrics of a song from the musical play *Swamp!*, book and lyrics by Dick Goldberg, music by Amy Rubin; © copyright 1978 by Dick Goldberg and Amy Rubin; Broadcast Music, Inc., 40 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10019.

YOU ONLY DIE TWICE
A Play by the Sophomore Class, The Catawba School

Scene 1: A Park Bench.

GERALDINE: Albert, you mean so much to me.

ALBERT: I love you too, but you deserve somebody better than me. I wish there was some way I could get enough money so we could get married.

GERALDINE: Ah! But there is! *(Raises her eyebrows, laughs evilly.)*

ALBERT: Tell me your plan.

GERALDINE: Do you remember the wealthy widow, Eunice Watson? Well, her first husband isn't dead like everyone thinks. Eunice inherited all of his money, and now, he's come back to get it.

ALBERT: But we can't get our hands on that money.

GERALDINE: Albert, if you really love me, you'll marry Eunice, and we can set her up to murder her first husband. Everyone will believe she killed him because she has the perfect motive—wanting to hold on to the money he “left” her! Then when she is sent to jail for his murder, *you'll* get the money.

ALBERT: And at that point, I can marry you!

Scene 2: A Church.

PREACHER: *(After “Here Comes the Bride” has ended.)* Do you?

EUNICE: I do.

PREACHER: Do you?

ALBERT: I do.

PREACHER: Place the ring on Eunice's finger. I now pronounce you man and wife. Albert, you may kiss your new bride, Eunice.

GERALDINE: *(After walking up to Eunice.)* You don't know how happy I am for you.

Scene 3: Geraldine's Apartment

ALBERT: All right, let's go over the plan.

GERALDINE: Okay. You need to find out where her first husband, Lester, is.

ALBERT: I'll tell you where he is. He's on his way over to Eunice's and my place. He's your date for tonight.

GERALDINE: What?

ALBERT: He'll get there a little after we do. I've told Eunice that I'm going to pick the two of you up and bring you back to our place. But I think it would be better if the “ghost” showed up on his own, don't you?

GERALDINE: Yes! Oh, Albert! I can't wait!

Scene 4: Eunice and Albert's Home

EUNICE: *(After Albert and Geraldine enter.)* Hi! Where's your date, Geraldine?

GERALDINE: He was . . . held up at the office. But he'll be here soon.

EUNICE: Good. Come sit down and we'll have something to drink.

GERALDINE: *(After they all sit)* Eunice, are y'all happy now that you're married? I know there are always little problems at first . . .

EUNICE: Yes, I learned from my first marriage about those "little problems."

GERALDINE: Oh, you were married before?

EUNICE: "Unfortunately, yes. He left me several years ago. I've heard rumors that he's dead. I haven't seen him, and I wouldn't care to— for obvious reasons. *(There is a knock at the door. Eunice goes to the door. Albert and Geraldine are behind her. Eunice opens the door and sees Lester.)* Oh, my God!! *(She faints. Albert fires a gun at Lester and kills him, then Albert and Geraldine leave.)*

Scene 5: Eunice and Albert's Home.

EUNICE: *(Still holding the gun. Lester's body remains on the floor.)* No, I don't think I killed him. I didn't hate him! Why would I kill him? Lester, who killed you? You know. And you know it wasn't me. We had a good life together. Why should I kill you, honey? *(She faints again, slumping to the floor. A moment later there is a knock on the door.)*

OFFICER: Police, open up.

EUNICE: *(Jumping up.)* No, no, go away! No one is here! *(Two policemen burst in. One grabs Eunice. She pulls away.)* I didn't shoot him. It wasn't even loaded. The gun wasn't even loaded.

OFFICER: Yes, yes, we know. Come along.

Scene 6: A Courtroom.

BAILIFF: Eunice vs. the State of California!

JUDGE: Prosecutor, call your first witness.

PROSECUTOR: I call Eunice to the stand. *(Eunice goes to the witness stand. The Bailiff also approaches with a Bible.)*

BAILIFF: Place your hand on the Bible. Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

EUNICE: I do.

PROSECUTOR: Eunice, where were you on the night of May 4, 1979?

EUNICE: I was at my apartment with my husband.

PROSECUTOR: Would you explain to the court what happened that night?

EUNICE: Albert, my husband, and I invited Geraldine and her date to have dinner. When Geraldine came, I saw that her date was my first husband, Lester. I fainted. When I came to, there was Lester lying on the floor dead. And there was a gun in my hand.

PROSECUTOR: Did you kill Lester?

DEFENSE
ATTORNEY: Your honor, I object. The Prosecutor has no right—

JUDGE: Objection overruled. Eunice answer the question.

EUNICE: I didn't kill him. At least, I don't remember killing him. I'm so confused.

PROSECUTOR: Did you love Lester?

EUNICE: Of course not. Albert is my husband now.

PROSECUTOR: And Lester's coming back, and possibly demanding that you stop spending so much of his money—you wouldn't like that, would you?

EUNICE: Of course not, but—

PROSECUTOR: So you killed him!

EUNICE: *(Bursting into tears.)* I guess I did! Oh, Albert, I loved you so much! When I saw Lester standing there, I guess I went out of my head . . . I guess . . . I just couldn't help it.

JUDGE: *(Banging his gavel.)* I sentence you to—life in prison!!
(Geraldine and Albert embrace.)

THE END



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