

NORTHEAST TEXAS POETRY IN SCHOOLS



2019
anthology

PUBLISHED BY
YOUNG AUDIENCES OF NORTHEAST TEXAS
TYLER, TX

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For more information on the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Contest, contact:

Young Audiences of Northeast Texas
200 E. Amherst
Tyler, TX 75701
903.561.2787

Visit our website at: yanetexas.org

brought to you by:



RUSK COUNTY POETRY SOCIETY





About Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools

Young Audiences of Northeast Texas is honored to continue a tradition begun by the Rusk County Poetry Society four decades ago by presenting the 2019 Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Contest. Each year, this contest provides an opportunity for students currently enrolled in grades 1-12 to nurture academic growth through the literary arts.

Classroom and language arts teachers are encouraged to submit original poems from their students to be judged by local poets and writers. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners in each grade level receive a certificate, and are invited to read their poems to an audience of family, teachers, and administrators at the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Awards Ceremony.

All winning entries are published in this Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Student Anthology. For more information on next year's contest, please visit yanetexas.org in the fall of 2019.



2019 Poetry in Schools Foreword

The tradition of Poetry in Schools began more than forty years ago when the Rusk County Poetry Society, a chapter of the Poetry Society of Texas, chose to celebrate National Poetry Month (April) by honoring local student poets in Henderson, Texas, with a contest and awards ceremony.

Today, the celebration has grown to include hundreds of students and teachers in dozens of schools across East Texas. The event's current name, the Northeast Texas Poetry in Schools Contest, reflects a creative collaboration between that founding group and several others: Young Audiences of Northeast Texas, Region 7 Educational Service Center and InSpirity. The April contest awards ceremony now recognizes the 1st, 2nd and 3rd grade winners in grades 1-12 with a scholarship awarded to the winning 12th grade poet.

The judging panel this year is a distinguished group of East Texas published writers, award-winning poets, spoken word artists, professors, and educators: Aaron Dunn, Adrienne Pamplin, Anett Jessop, Brooke Kinsman, Justin Robinson, Melissa DeCarlo, Tricia Billington and myself.

This anthology is a presentation of the 2019 winning poets. Here you will find poems that express the ideas, experiences and feelings of students as they explore the world around them. The judges have chosen poems that use the many aspects of poetry: imagery, sound, metaphor, and universal themes to entertain and inspire readers. Our congratulations to these fine student poets!

For many years, I have had the pleasure of helping coordinate the judging of the poems and serving as emcee for the awards ceremony. It continues to give me great joy to recognize our East Texas budding writers. My heartfelt thanks goes out to the student poets, their teachers, the judges, and the sponsoring organizations who believe in the power of poetry and the importance of arts in education.

To everyone involved, Happy National Poetry Month!

Anne McCrady
InSpirity

LIST OF POEMS

FIRST GRADE

Clara White	<i>Cupcakes</i>	Page 9	3 rd Place
Sydney Grace Rhodes	<i>Happiness</i>	Page 10	2 nd Place
Joshua Sims	<i>The Cross and the Crown</i>	Page 11	1 st Place

SECOND GRADE

Aubrey Klein	<i>Clock</i>	Page 12	3 rd Place
Cael Pendarvis	<i>Giant Hybrid Lizard</i>	Page 13	2 nd Place
Blair Schroeder	<i>Valentine's Dog House</i>	Page 14	1 st Place

THIRD GRADE

Lilly Caroll	<i>Save Mother Earth</i>	Page 15	3 rd Place
Hunter Holman	<i>I Am Hunter</i>	Page 16	2 nd Place
Elizabeth Hawkins	<i>The Classroom</i>	Page 17	1 st Place

FOURTH GRADE

Emily Wilcox	<i>The City of Silence</i>	Page 18	3 rd Place
Raleigh Rhodes	<i>It is the Fairy</i>	Page 19	2 nd Place
Bryleigh Mayhan	<i>Words Mirrored</i>	Page 20	1 st Place

FIFTH GRADE

Justice Vivion	<i>Amazing Art</i>	Page 21	3 rd Place
Amyah McDougald	<i>My Country</i>	Page 22	3 rd Place
Rory Richardson	<i>Anxiety</i>	Page 23	2 nd Place
Benjamin Williams	<i>The Call</i>	Page 24	1 st Place

SIXTH GRADE

Kasey Lynn Rhodes	<i>Grandmother's Hands</i>	Page 25	3 rd Place
Elizabeth Cockrell	<i>The Way I Feel</i>	Page 26	3 rd Place
Kaycie Grams	<i>Traditions</i>	Page 27	2 nd Place
Madison Duncan	<i>Are You There?</i>	Page 28	2 nd Place
Taliyah Feliciano	<i>Wind</i>	Page 29	1 st Place
Kaitlyn Kocher	<i>Hope</i>	Page 30	1 st Place

LIST OF POEMS

SEVENTH GRADE

Maddie Jones	<i>World Peace</i>	Page 31	3 rd Place
Jakob Davis	<i>The Brother</i>	Page 32	3 rd Place
Jacob Contreras	<i>Coach</i>	Page 33	2 nd Place
Lilly Brumble	<i>Where Happiness Lives</i>	Page 34	1 st Place

EIGHTH GRADE

Victoria Rodriguez	<i>Flying Image</i>	Page 35	3 rd Place
Gabrielle Miller	<i>The Forest Funeral</i>	Page 36	2 nd Place
Joshua Hancock	<i>The Future</i>	Page 37	1 st Place

NINTH GRADE

Ava Scalia	<i>To Build</i>	Page 38	3 rd Place
Shaan Prasad	<i>10 Hour Race</i>	Page 39	2 nd Place
Hannah Slusher	<i>Space Dust</i>	Page 40	1 st Place

TENTH GRADE

Roberto Lopez	<i>Igor</i>	Page 41	3 rd Place
Joshua Daniel	<i>The Deep Abyss</i>	Page 42	2 nd Place
Shea Clews	<i>Grow</i>	Page 43	1 st Place

ELEVENTH GRADE

Angel Hogan	<i>Battles</i>	Page 44	3 rd Place
Devon Jetton	<i>Ivory and Ebony</i>	Page 45	2 nd Place
Olivia Donnelly	<i>Cane in the Corner</i>	Page 46	1 st Place

TWELFTH GRADE

2019 Rusk County Poetry Society Scholarship Winner:

Mary-Beth Brown	<i>Close Your Eyes</i>	Page 47	1 st Place
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Clara White
Ms. Newman
Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Cupcakes

I am delicious
Not nutritious

As yummy as can be
But one can see

I am round
With a crunchy, crispy sound

With sprinkles on top
Crinkle crinkle pop

A strawberry flavor
For friends to savor

Enticing
Pink icing

Creamy
Dreamy

Wrapper
Napper snapper

First Grade



Third Place

Sydney Grace Rhodes
Ms. Rhodes
Mineola Fine Arts HomeSchool Co-op

Happiness

Is the color of the blazing sun.

It happens when camping with your family under a blue sky.

It sounds like a bird singing.

It smells like a fragrant rose.

Happiness.

First Grade



Second Place

Joshua Sims

Ms. Newman

Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

The Cross and the Crown

Squares of different colors

Black and white

Pieces on the board

About to fight

But before you move

Think it through

Or your enemy

Will catch you

The King and the Queen

Taking turns they slide

Run to make a castle

Behind the Rook they hide

Capture their King

Before it's too late

It's the end of the game

Goodbye, Check Mate

First Grade



First Place

Aubrey Klein
Ms. Newman
Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Clock

I woke up one morning. I slept until noon.
And I woke up too soon.
Had time jumped?
Or gone back?

Did my clock lack?
Or did I really sleep til
Noon? Even if I did it will
Happen again my clock

Went crazy and my sister mocks
All of my clocks
And packs up to
Go gotta go see you

Oh and I almost
Forgot I lost
My favorite clock
So now I am done goodbye



Cael Pendarvis
Mrs. McQueary
Birch Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

The Giant Hybrid Lizard

Crashing smashing roaring
Reptile skin smoke lizard snoring

Monster broken buildings broken cars
Flying shards

Ground shaking
Earth quaking

Fire
Pieces of spire

Screaming
Screeching

Big water waves
Bats flying out of caves

Big yellow eyes
A lot of flies

And many mice
Eating bits of rice

Blair Schroeder

Ms. Newman

Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Valentine's Dog House

Take some paper and some tape
And cut it into a pretty shape,
It might be good it might be bad,
But it might just make your
Best friend glad.

Make a card to give away
Give it To someone you love that day
Valentines are so much fun when you get it from someone
I painted with light pink and blue
It was pretty and so are you.

It's a dog house, cute and sweet
Painted on a card that's pretty pink
I made this card special for you to say,
"Happy Valentine's Day"
I hope this card will make your day
Won't you come to my house to play?

Second Grade



First Place

**Lilly Caroll
Ms. Newman**

Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Save Mother Nature

The machine spinning
Feeling my hands hardening
The shape coming together
Starting to curve the sides into a soft watery pot

Playing in mud
Getting back to my work
Tiny spots drying
Asking myself and daydreaming

Curving the sides
What an easy life
A loving heart
And help from mother nature

Let her grow
No burning her out
We need her

So if you want to help her
Plant seeds, trees, and other things
To help her we can try not to litter so much
And recycle more trash

But in order to put this plan to action
she needs to grow stronger.
And if we let her grow
She will be there to watch us grow.

Third Grade



Third Place

Hunter Holman
Ms. Terrell
Bridgemark Center for Learning

I Am Hunter

I am Hunter God's masterpiece
I wonder how we move
I hear God when I say my prayers
I see God in my friends
I want to make books so people could have happiness
I am Hunter God's masterpiece

I pretend that I am in a gingerbread house
I feel the wind
I touch a water fall
I worry about everyone
I cry when somebody hurts my feelings
I am Hunter God's masterpiece

I understand everybody's happiness
I say God is with you
I dream to be a gingerbread man
I try to keep the school nice
I hope my family makes a lot of money
I am Hunter God's masterpiece



Elizabeth Hawkins
Mrs. Mitchell
UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

The Classroom

The classroom
Word charts, graphs, calendars, drafts
Feels like home
Oh so much!
The light is the sun
The roof is the stars
The carpet is where we meet so happily
Like a big family.
We sit ready to learn a new thing
From a teacher we plead
Learning about adjectives, shapes, and more
So happy until we leave the door
One by one
All gone
We all think there will be other days
But we all have to go
For the night will come soon.



Emily Wilcox
Ms. Woods

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

The City of Silence

In the city of silence, there is never a sound
Everyone goes around and around,

wondering why everyone else looks so down
The silence crashes around in the absence of sound

The feet do not pitter and the rain does not patter.
There are no cars, buses, trains, or trolleys

The people shuffle along the streets
There like slugs wearing socks

Creativity left the city without a trace
Silence and sadness were left in its place

Only by trying just a little, can we get it back Shhh!!
Watch out, Silence is on the attack



Raleigh Rhodes
Ms. Rhodes
Mineola Fine Arts Homeschool Co-op

It Is the Fairy

It is the fairy

That walks the woods on warm, summer nights.

That paces the branches of elm trees, teaching the robin to sing.

It is the fairy

That paints rainbows on dark, cloud filled skies.

That scatters the leaves in autumn time.

It is the fairy

That sails in walnut shells down creeks.

That dances to chirping crickets in spring.

It is the fairy

That hangs the Milky Way and constellations.

That tells each flower when to bloom.

It is the fairy...

Bryleigh Mayhan

Ms. Newman

Parkway Elementary - Pine Tree ISD

Words Mirrored

I **See** I could **Wish**.

Backwards is always **Everything**

Word to spell a **Try**

But **me** doesn't work for **It**

Stares just **Everyone**

Weird think I'm **They**

IT I did again.

AT ME laughs **Everyone**

I **In** can't fit **Just**

I go down I come up

Or is it I go up then I go down?

I was **think** the first time I **right**.

Me wish everyone was like I

Always I get **confused**

Vision don't I my

Goodbye well



Justice Vivion
Mrs. Simmerman
Yantis Elementary - Yantis ISD

Amazing Art

The crowd sat watching as
The artist grabbed the brush
And dipped it in a bright yellow.

As he stroked the canvas the
Crowd was astonished with
The colors and patterns.

Then he grabbed a new brush
Dipped it in a peachy red and
Off he went painting more.

Then as the artist rose from the
Canvas the crowd saw a
Beautiful sunset.

Filled with colors and patterns the
Artist said 'thirty dollars for this
Magnificent artistic painting.

Fifth Grade



Third Place

Amyah McDougald
Ms. Woods

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

My Country

When is it over? The hunger and thirst
When is it over? The pain and suffering
Water from the creek
No water in the house
Bread and cheese No meat

I heard life is smoother in America
In my country there is smoke smoke smoke
We had to leave or we would be next
So we left leaving all we had behind
The sun attacked our skin as we walked
My father was taken while we were running
Everything is falling apart mentally and physically
This is my country and I'm not proud

I heard the president was building a wall
Surely the wall wasn't finished yet
But it was.
I could feel the hate
The hate coming off the wall
We failed to climb,
now we are pets In a cage with other like us
We are starving for food But nothing will come
My country was falling apart We took a risk and got away
But it wasn't what we thought We didn't want to live this way



Rory Richardson
Ms. McDonald & Ms. Bagley
Northside Elementary - Henderson ISD

Anxiety

This is anxiety

Anxiety smells like when you

Go to the doctor's office to get a shot.

Anxiety feels like that nagging feeling in your gut

At your mom's gender reveal party.

Anxiety looks like your teacher looks when she grades your
test.

Anxiety tastes like the new food your mom makes you try
called Escargot

Anxiety sounds like the principal announcing the winners of
Student council offices.

That is Anxiety.



Benjamin Williams
Ms. Williams
Mineola Fine Arts HomeSchool Co-op

The Call

Summer turns to fall, winter moves closer.

Nature paints the leaves red, yellow and brown.

It calls the birds to the warm south,

the frogs to the mud at the bottom of the lake,

and the snakes to their burrows to sleep the winter through.

Just like it calls birds south,

Nature calls me to itself.

Fifth Grade



First Place

Kasey Lynn Rhodes
Ms. Rhodes
Mineola Fine Arts HomeSchool Co-op

Grandmother's Hands

That old armchair. Sitting. Still. Listening.
Me on her lap. Her hands in my hair.
Those hands. They were beautiful.
I sat. Listening to her breath, in and out.

Me on her lap. Her hands in my hair.
I traced those veins many an afternoon.
The swallows building their nests in rafters.
I sat. Listening to her breath, in and out.

I traced those veins many an afternoon.
Trading stories, hers antique and wise.
Mine young and questioning.
I sat. Listening to her breath, in and out.

I traced those veins many an afternoon.
Those hands were beautiful.
I sat. Listening to her breath, in and out.
That old armchair. Sitting. Still. Listening.



Elizabeth Cockrell
Ms. England
Spring Hill Jr. High School - Spring Hill ISD

The Way I Feel

Down, down as I plunge into an abyss of dismay

In a minor key as I regret everything.

I'm obscured from the world contemplating what comes next.

Suddenly the track changes as I begin to rise from the abyss as the notes climb the staff.

I ascend into a stratosphere of enthusiasm as a rhythm enters my soul.

I begin to dance.

The melancholy of previous melodies forgotten.

As the song begins to end

Reality consumes me

Wondering what comes

Next.



Kaycie Grams
Mrs. Egan
Cushing Jr. High School - Cushing ISD

Traditions

Some people just don't get it
They think owning cows makes no sense
It takes too much time
Too much equipment
Not to mention the expense!

I love watching the calves prancing
People might think this is funny
But the fondest memories of my life were made
From working cows with my dad
Because he spent the time and the money

Do you see the most important lesson
Is helping the values grow stronger?
From loving cows so much
And passing the tradition on longer
Forever and ever

Sixth Grade



Second Place

Madison Duncan
Ms. England
Spring Hill Jr. High School - Spring Hill ISD

Are You There?

I walk through the field
The October breeze goes down my neck
As I step on the crunchy leaves
In the path to the grave.
As I step into the graveyard
I feel the presence of my mom.
I pull my hands out of my jacket
As she grabs them.
I observe her beautiful blue dress
As we start to dance in the moonlight.
I see her smile fade
As she lets go of my hands.
A tear rolls off my face
As my mom fades away.
I step away and pull my hoodie over my head.
Tears fall.
As the October weather fades,
Cold settles in.



Taliyah Feliciano

Mrs. Hicks

UT at Tyler University Academy Longview

Wind

Where does the wind go?
It rises high above the mountains,
With a graceful flow,
As it dips into valleys low,

It weaves in and out the tall oak trees
Like a child playing a game,
Zipping and buzzing like a bee,
While it rushes past you, tickling your knees,

Sometimes you can hear her sing,
On cold winter mornings,
When the school bells ring,
Her voice is still heard above all other things,

Over rocks, hills, and plains,
And in the cricket-filled meadows,
Through the sleet and rain,
And hurricanes,

She persists on,
Flowing in and out,
Singing her joyful song,
From dusk til' dawn.



Kaitlyn Kocher
Ms. McDonald & Ms. Bagley
Henderson Middle School - Henderson ISD

Hope

Scouring this world for something
 Something worth a fight, I know
 H for the honored,
 The ones with the hope to stand and fight
 They are Honored

Out of this crazy world,
 Out for the world, I know
 O for the outstanding
 They will brighten the world with hope for tomorrow
 They are Outstanding

Presenting a future for the world,
 Playing the part of the people.
 P for the people
 Those who go for the change.
 They are the People

Enlighten the hearts of the world,
 Enduring the pain on their own.
 E for the encouraged,
 Enveloped in passion.
 They are encouraged.

Hope is in the air
 The honored,
 The outstanding,
 The people,
 The encouraged.
 They are what makes the world
 Full of light, power, and compassion.
 They make this world *Full of Hope*.



Maddie Jones
Mrs. Rutledge
Bridgemark Center for Learning

World Peace

I am a girl who sees the world a different way and wants to see the world grow.

I wonder what would happen if there was no pure hearted people.

I hear people helping other people in this cruel world.

I see a poor man being helped by people that are rich.

I want this world to be a better place for me and everyone else.

I am a girl who sees the world a different way and wants to see the world grow.

I pretend that I am a mayor of a small town, but doing big things.

I feel the beating hearts of everyone I see.

I touch the warm hearts of this country.

I worry that this won't be a safe place for the next generation.

I cry for the ones we lose from a battle.

I am a girl who sees the world a different way and wants to see the world grow.

I understand that this isn't going to be a perfect world.

I say, "If the world won't change, be the change that changes the world."

I dream that I can see the world for who it is.

I try my best to see if I can change this cruel world.

I hope that now and in the future, this world will change.

I am a girl who sees the world a different way and wants to see the world grow.

Jakob Davis
Mrs. Williams
Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

The Brother

I spent five years all alone
and dreamt of a sibling to call my own.

Then one morning, I was tying my shoes
Mom came in with wonderful news.

I was so excited when I found out
I was having a little brother without a doubt.

Months went by with great anticipation
Until there was a complication.

He had to come out eight weeks too soon
He had stopped growing in the womb.

It was three weeks until I could see
What God had in store for me.



Jacob Contreras
Mrs. Williams
Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

Coach

Your dedication and direction
Have put fire in our souls.
You have inspired us to do
the best to reach our goals.

Your lessons will be remembered
long after the game is won.
For the lessons you taught us
Have only just begun.

You've taught us about commitment
perseverance, and hope.
And as we go through life
We'll be better able to cope.

To cope with our struggles
Our failures and success
Because we had you for our coach.
One of the best.

Thanks Coach.

Lilly Brumble
Mrs. Williams
Kilgore Middle School - Kilgore ISD

Where Happiness Lives

The sun shines down on my sunkissed face as I wander
aimlessly through the trees,
feeling every branch,
taking in each flower,
finally I stop,
looking at the towering magnolia and open field that
conquers the thicket,
birds fly and sing in the treetops,
and bees hum with the sound of whispering willows,
at last I know where true happiness lives;
It's not in items or riches,
not in fame or glory,
but right here with the bird and the bees,
under the sun and the trees



Victoria Rodriguez
Mrs. White
Explorer's Homeschool Co-op

Flying Image

The horses are at the post.
The starting gate opens.
They break together, mud flying.
Bolting for the outside rail.
Hot, sweating, surging bodies pressed together.
Waiting for their move.
Forging along in magnificent strides.
Eating up the track.
Jockeys urging and asking for all they can give.
The crowd silently stilled,
As the winner's flying image,
Sweeps under the wire.
The stands explode!



Gabrielle Miller
Ms. Wallace
Cushing Jr. High School - Cushing ISD

The Forest Funeral

The bumpy bark,
on the massive tree,
used for Noah's Ark,
larger than the eye can see.

The taste of the sap,
running down the leaf,
straight into the monkey's lap,
who was under a pained grief.

The ugly sound of silence,
the nasty smell of death,
all because of violence,
the box made of wood, all for Seth.



Joshua Hancock
Ms. Wallace
Cushing Jr. High School - Cushing ISD

The Future

As I walk through the blackberry patch

In the chilly spring morning

The dew on the grass reflects the shine of the rising sun

And as I watch the shiver of the humming bird as it wakes

I look to the Harrison and wonder what today will bring

But I can't even imagine

For the future is inevitable

And ever changing

So I wait in the middle of the blackberry patch

In the chill of the spring morning

With the humming bird

And the dew and the rising sun



Ava Scalia
Mrs. Ward

Harleton High School - Harleton ISD

To Build

You tarnished
my hope, spirit,
ability to love, trust,
and forgive naturally

After you realized
what you had done
guilt was evident
in your eyes

Lies passed through
your lips as water
flows through a river

There is no repairing what
you have done
I am a stranger who
you shall see as such

We must build something new
not fix what is
and forever broken

Ninth Grade



Third Place

Shaan Prasad
Mrs. Tokoph
Bridgemark Center for Learning

The 10 Hour Race

At Road Atlanta,

The engines rev and roar over the start line for the
10-hour race,

Different cars zoomed by

Like flashlights flickering off and on in the night sky,

Burnt rubber wafts up in the stands

By the roaring mechanical machines.

Some cars were torn like pieces of papers,

Some cars spun out like they were on slippery ice,

Some cars were mean looking

Others were nice looking.

Some cars were street cars but were upgraded,

Other prototypes are 1 seated that go lightning fast.



Hannah Slusher
Ms. Weiblinger
Hudson High School - Hudson ISD

Space Dust

The colors splashing against the inky dark are the most beautiful.

The plumes of pastel and pigmented smoke curl into tendrils that wrap around the pure face that hosts them.

The stars freckle the bridge of the nose belonging to the universe, bringing attention to the smallest dimple of the time adorning the line of

which is intertwined into the space accompanying it.

The sounds of the world slowly creep their way out of the lips of the most precious and expansive smile that the forgotten darkness has to offer.

Let us not neglect the windows to the souls

of which inhabit the features of the little space pocket,

whose eyes gleam with the wonder every explorer has to offer.

The answers that will quench every adventurer's thirst for knowledge

are all expertly packed away inside the irises

of the most awe-inspiring minute sliver of space.



Roberto Lopez
Ms. Guerrero
Woden High School - Woden ISD

Igor

Igor is my German Shepherd.
Today is his birthday, he is three years old.
He likes to play fetch with me.
“Let’s go Igor.” I tell him, he knows that it’s time to go play.
His fur is soft as a sheep’s coat.
Igor has brown and black hair.
Igor has two sisters, Cookie, and Lilo.
He respects the two little dogs,
even when Lilo can get a little too grouchy.
He has a heart of gold.

He is nice to everyone, and he likes to get pampered.
Igor is the sweetest and wisest dog you will ever meet.
Igor also likes to wander off into the woods.
He may even bring in dead animals inside.
Mom does not like when this happens.
Igor is so big he can eat about 300 pounds of food a day!
Igor is involved in important dog classes.
At night Igor likes to get his blanket and play with it.
Once he is asleep it is total silence inside the house.
Igor is more than a pet, he is family.



Joshua Daniel
Mrs. Tokoph
Bridgemark Center for Learning

The Deep Abyss

The reflection of the moon

Bouncing off the water.

Propelling into the deep abyss,

Slowly rising to the surface

Swimming through the glass.

The crisp wetness brushing against my skin

Enjoying the splattering and splashing.



Shea Clews
Mrs. Egan
Cushing High School - Cushing ISD

Grow

Flourish in the turning of new leaves
 Bask in the brightness that dwells deep within
 Stop hiding from your peers
 Put an end to the cracks in your feeble voice
 That makes you seem unnatural
 A bore to speaking, a bore to acquaintances, a bore to life
 Why are you jealous?
 Jealous of the outgoing; those who thrive
 “Why are they happy, and not I?”
 Break through the suffocating barriers
 Break the habits
 Pushing away, choking on words, closing off.
 You are not a cage, trapping and diseasing
 It feels as if you are a vexation, a nuisance.
 You are not.
 Those who see, see the vibrancy, the thunderous individuality
 Let it through
 Through your withered skin, let the brightness glow outside
 of you
 Like it never has before
 Don't be afraid
 To laugh, to smile, to speak.
 Not anymore.
 Grow.

Tenth Grade



First Place

Angel Hogan
Ms. Guerrero
Woden High School - Woden ISD

Battles

I desire something desirable for dear life.
Something out of reach to stop the battles in my heart.
I try to catch it and lock it in a jar.
When I reach for it, it's far.
So I chase after it and let it exhaust me.
I jump across bridges and seas.
I fight battles within my head.
Who knew it was right there in my hand.
Happiness is what I want.
I can feel it in my gut.
My battles are as strong as my gratitude.
I count my blessings until my life becomes unglued.
Happiness is realizing what's there.
I'll chase for it until all odds become clear.
I'm trapped by tiny bands.
We need to stop holding on by tiny strands.
If your heart is sinking in quicksand, fight your way to land.
You are enough even when the going gets tough.
Happiness will become you in loving arms.
I promise you don't have to be alarmed.

Devon Jetton

Mr. Brown

Harmony High School - Harmony ISD

Ivory and Ebony

Fluffy ice floods the skies,
Ivory white and crystal glow.
Shrubs and trees all have died
Under layers of melting snow.

The man emerges from his den,
Ivory eyes reflect decades past.
He's out to harvest meat and skin
For Spring has finally come at last.

He holds his bow with hardy grip,
Ivory skin meeting sunny day.
As he lets his bowstring slip,
His arrow chases down its prey.

He winces as he thrusts the blade,
Ivory dagger pierces in.
He works efficiently in the shade
As he harvests meat and skin.

He treads the path of dirt and grime,
Ebony pupils with pinpoint stare.
As soon as the sun finds the time,
It sets and settles rustic glare.

Creaky door and smothered flames,
Ebony smoke of chimney soot.
Darkness claims silence untamed.
An evil presence lurks afoot.

Life slows down to unsettling still,
Ebony night shines like shattered glass.
The very bones of the body chill.
Winter has once again come at last.

Olivia Donnelly
Ms. Donnelly
Mineola Fine Arts HomeSchool Co-op

Cane in the Corner

*Cane in the corner,
 Just sit there silently.
 Your owner's dead and gone,
 And he don't need you no more.*

"Why, he's been gone goin' on ten years now, honey."
 In my childlike brain I struggled,
 Grappled with the unthinkable - that confusing phenomenon of
 death.

He didn't even like that cane, I tried to tell her.
 But that doesn't matter to her.
 Some people are hard to say goodbye to,
 Some things are hard to let go of.

I still struggle with it, too -
 I hold onto the things,
 As if they could bring back the people.

She knows he won't come back some day,
 Pick up that cane and say,
 "Well, thanks for holding onto it for me!"

But nonetheless, we refuse to let go,
 It's why grubby, tear-stained little children keep their lost dog's
 collar,
 It is why we hold onto first-grade friends and high-school playbills -
 We have not learned how to let go, yet.
 But one Day, we'll see the futility of it all,
 And realize the Only Thing that really matters.

*Cane in the corner,
 Just sit there silently.
 Your owner's dead and gone,
 And he don't need you no more.*



Mary-Beth Brown
Ms. Maxey
Carthage High School - Carthage ISD

Close Your Eyes

“Close your eyes.”

You told me that you were planting gardens at my feet,
When you were wrapping my ankles in chains
And tying boulders to them.

And when I questioned the pain,
You told me

“Everything hurts...”

“It’s normal.”

I could hear the waves behind me;

But when I asked,

You said

“You’re just being dramatic.”

You told me to open my eyes,

And when I did,

The first thing I saw

Were your hands pushing me to the water underneath.

And despite the fact

That your only intention was to watch me drown,

I still only came above water

To reach for your hand.



Rusk County Poetry Society
Scholarship Winner



2019

Twelfth Grade

First Place



Young Audiences of Northeast Texas is honored to be able to continue the great tradition of Northeast Poetry in Schools. The literary arts are critical to the development of students and provide the opportunity for them to find their voice.

Young Audiences is committed to using all art forms to enrich the lives of children and enhance their education. We believe in a three part approach to a comprehensive education in and through the arts; Arts Education - the pure teaching of the arts; Arts Integration - using the arts to reinforce non-arts content; and Arts Exposure - helping students to see that art is all around them. Our experienced teaching artists partner with teachers and administrators to bring the arts directly to the students - right in their schools and classrooms. Our artists bring arts instruction to schools where not all forms are taught. They also work with teachers to integrate arts learning with other content, expanding understanding in both the art form and the paired content. Additionally, we pair with other arts organizations to expose students to all forms of art in their communities.

Research has proven that investment in arts education results in improved academic, social, and civic outcomes. In addition to those outcomes, access to the arts is invaluable in helping students gain the life skills necessary to find their passions.

The poems presented here are a vivid testament to this.

We join you in celebrating these talented students.



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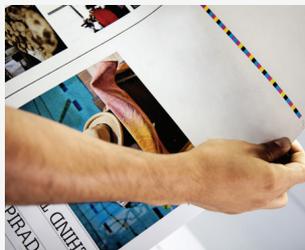
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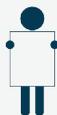
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