

## Poems Written and Shared During Bay School Poetry Month

### Shattered

Alex Kinsella

An aura of dread accompanies the mess of broken glass at your feet  
A frame, shattered into countless pieces by careless hands  
Accidents happen  
But no excuse can save the fading picture lying crumpled on the floor

You try to come up with a reason  
How could this have happened?  
How could someone have broken a frame as carefully crafted as this?  
But the pools of blood seeping from beneath your feet can give you no answers

Everyone has their pictures  
And everyone has their frames  
Fragile images  
Protected by panes even more delicate

People weep as they persist through a nightmare of ruined portraits  
And people bleed as they wade through the sea of shattered glass that  
surrounds them  
And people die as the glass daggers rain down upon them  
Slashing through the strongest defenses

So what do you do with the splintered pane lying before you?  
You pick it up and cast it out of your path  
As you remove the rest of the frames from the walls  
And shatter them into infinitesimal shards

An aura of tranquility accompanies the mess of crumpled pictures at your feet  
Countless withered images piled beyond view  
For while a picture may be distorted  
It can never be shattered  
All the broken glass has been cleared away  
And you know everything will be alright

### **After learning more about the McDowell Colony**

By Bill Brown, 25 August 2007

You have to start somewhere.  
The trouble is the same for everyone  
who wants to make a piece of art,

be it a musical composition  
in the classical style of Bernstein  
or Singleton.

In his cottage in the woods,  
with the bed and the piano  
in the very same room,

he plays and writes  
in and out of sleep,  
now rising, now falling.

Who knows where his music will lead?  
At supper, when he meets the painter,  
the sculptor, the poet and singer,

he learns, as if for the first time,  
how hard it is to start creating something.  
What a divine problem!

### **Buildings Made of Sky**

(Inspired by *Buildings Made of Sky* in MOMA)

By Emma Williams-Baron

The in-between,  
The edges of importance,  
Where no one looks,  
Are the buildings made of sky.  
Blue and white specked,  
No one notices  
The shape nothing makes.  
Who lives in the buildings  
Made of sky?

## Unspiration

By: Maddy Englefried

I'm kneeling at this place at the back of my brain, staring at a chest scribbled all over with graffiti:

~~seconds with here~~

Dante + Beatrice 4ever

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit –

But the rest is hidden by a splatter of paint from Jackson Pollock's brush.

I'm standing here – it took me forever to find this place – and I'm gazing at this box, Hidden behind a million trees and bushes watered by the hopes and dreams of a million poets and painters,

That left tears and scratches in my clothes and on my skin, but it was worth it, because I'm here, and I've got a ring of keys.

I jam the first one into the lock, but it doesn't turn, so I try the second one, but it won't fit, and they jingle and jangle, mocking me as I tell myself, "the next one, the next one," but now my eyebrows are all squinched up, and the last key won't even go into the lock, and my hands are sweating so hard the ring falls to the ground,

And I don't bother to pick any of them up, because either I didn't bring the right one, or some jerk put bubble gum in the lock.

All I can do is stare through at something, glittering and glinting gold.

That something that's illuminated the faces of composers and cellists, that's shown the way for actors and authors and illustrators and pianists and clarinetists and opera singers and made them *great*. Made them *something*.

But no matter how hard I try, I can never reach it or see where it comes from,

Not until somebody grabs it first and throws it in my face,

But then I can't use it,

Because in the business world, we call that plagiarism.

So I stumble out of that thicket

Back into the valley of the shadow of the ordinary,

Where in the river of reasonably well-put words,

Unpublished manuscripts swim and spawn like salmon.

I wander into the desert of not-quite fantastic, and the pre-dawn breeze is cold,

So I nestle down against a cactus whose needles are the music notes of second-rate forgotten songs,

And as I watch the golden sun rise over the mountains of moderately interesting,

There's really only one thing to say:

"Good morning, mediocrity. It's tolerably acceptable to see you again."

## **A Lotta Me**

Based upon Josiah McElhemy's *Model for Total Reflective Abstraction*

By Jesse Barlow

It takes 24 oblong aliens of chrome to tell me I'm crazy

It takes 4 block-mirrors to prove them right

I might be squashed down or stretched high up, but there's a lot of me.

There's a lot of my faces

And a lot of my arms

A lot of my fingers

And a lot of my toes

There's a lot of my brains

And a lot of my eyes

There's a lot of my hearts

And a lot of my minds

They're all variations of me

A total reflective abstraction

I'm a bunch of things

But I never thought I'd be so many.

Untitled III

By Ariana Breall

The innocent committed to war leave blood stains splattered on the cold  
cement.

Who will clean it after the shock wears off?

## **Drips & Trips**

By Caely Brandon

Drips & Trips

Set on fire

    Little higher

Now I'm on fire

    Lighter—

I'm getting lighter

Floating drifting falling

    Hear the ringing

    See the calling

    Watch the notes

    As I float

    Little higher

        To the moon

Moon's on fire – we're on fire

    & I'm so bright.

## **Natalie Portman is Very Beautiful**

By Anna Foreman

Natalie Portman is Very Beautiful

Beloved is the stain of sadness on a beautiful face

Stunning tears running down skyscraping bones meeting with

Unhappy red blossom lips

The populace feels distaste or a need to secretly critique

That which beauty positively produces

A song of radiance is met with a gray acceptance

Working to undermine the bright success

However when loveliness succumbs silent grief

All indulge in fear and admiration

All wholly embrace their pain

Guiltlessly fulfilling

Like a grilled cheese sandwich and French fries to everyone who enjoys them

## **Wilderness 2**

Reflection on Monument Valley, A photograph by Annie Leibovitz)

By Tate Geiselman

Nothing.

Nothing for miles and miles

Nothing to lay eyes on

But rock and dust.

But if you listen closely, you can hear the whisper,

“You are dust, and to dust you shall return.”

## **Sarah Cameron Leibovitz**

Inspired by Clifton Point, a photograph by Annie Leibovitz

By Charlotte Lee

The young girl running

About the garden is free

I want to be a pink fairy today,

She tells her mother

The girl puts on

Her favorite dress and wings

The runs barefoot into the flowers

She is free

Her mind is not troubled

With questions more

Complex than which wood animal

She should have tea with

No worries to burden her soul,

She has no concern

With war or poverty,

She is just a free spirit