

# **YAWP**

# **ANTHOLOGY**

**Session A – Tempe Campus**

**6<sup>th</sup> – 8<sup>th</sup> grade Ms. Mann and Ms. Guevara**

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Sydney Alevizon

Owen Aspinall

Kathryn Bakhru

Juan Balanon

Carmen Christensen

Rachel Eichner

Olivia Fearey

Lola Garcia

Ava Grish

Ellie Halaby

Bridgette Hanson

Hazel Jones

Carlos Lopez

Abhay Mane

Avery Millis-Wight

Anthology - <sup>BY:</sup> Sydney Alevizon

6/13/19

Intersection

No one is safe at an intersection

Even a simple, fluttering moth

If it flies too low,

The moth will be crushed underfoot

If it flies too high,

The moth will be smashed by a speeding car

Then the small insect, will die

No one will remember, no one will weep

Without perfect flight, the moth disappears

And another will take its place

# The Dumb Sun

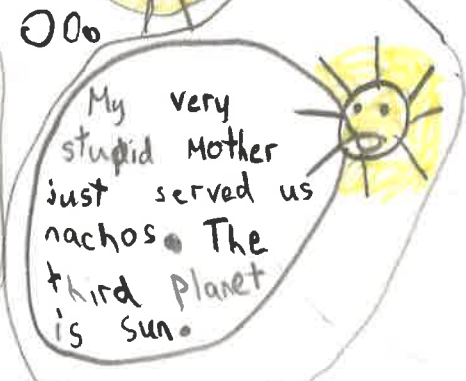
By: Owen, the "Sun" of Keith

I am the sun, that's me,  
and I am a planet you see.  
I've been orbiting earth,  
done that since birth,  
and I never knew much 'bout astronomy.

This is your pal, the sun,  
and I'm having so much fun.  
I'm really quite cold,  
but not very old.

In years, I've only lived for one.

I am the sun, and my  
job is to darken the sky.  
it is so very dark,  
and that comes from my mark.  
You I'm wrong? That's a lie!



# A Valued Possession

BY: Kathryn Bakhru  
Age: 12 yrs

My monkey's name,  
A funny name,  
Ohoh-ahah is his name.  
It's passed down

Its nose is ripped.  
Its fingers are falling off.  
I still love it.  
I will always love it.

I will pass it down,  
My children will pass it down,  
Until it is worn out,  
Will it be passed down.



Anthology

# PROMISES NEVER KEPT

BY: Juan BALANON

Anthology

promises never kept  
that's one thing left  
on my mind  
that never lies  
I see my friend  
he says



he'll jump off a cliff  
and I say "NO, don't do it"  
But, 'luckily' he promises he'll  
never do it

but, I knew somethings off  
and, that off is a jump off  
a cliff

and that is traumatic  
that when you never know  
your best friends soul  
you can tell that somethings  
not made to stay  
and they are promises  
never made



By: ~~CARMEN~~ CHRISTENSEN

# Secret Garden

As I walk onto  
the birds territory  
they chirp maybe  
with anger or  
maybe with joy  
I can't tell  
but their song  
is quite graceful.

I sit on a  
bench and its  
white paint  
is slowly  
flaking off  
but I sit  
there  
watching the bees  
hover above the  
small orange blossoms  
gathering pollen  
to take it back  
to their hive.

BY: RACHEL EICHNER

## The meaning of Life

Life,

Life is complicated

Life's weird

Life's a mystery

There's love in life

There's hate in life

Life is different for everyone

Some people say there's there's a meaning to life

Other's say there's no meaning.

I say know matter if there's a meaning or not we're here

for the people who think there's no meaning

I say there might not be a meaning but you, and only you make your life have meaning

by Rachel Eichner

## Chapter One

The door opened with a loud swoosh as a girl about 15 with long red hair rushed through the door. "I'm so sorry I'm late." The teacher, Ms. Bronson, didn't seem all that bothered. She knew all about this girl and very well expected her to be late. "That's fine dear," Bronson said with a smile that Avery, the girl, just knew was fake. What had she done wrong? Why did this teacher already dislike her? Okay, well, just move on. Maybe you could get back on her good side. "Where should I sit?" Avery inquired. There was only one open seat so Avery felt stupid. She could hear quiet giggles from around the classroom. First the teacher, now the class? Her thoughts were interrupted when Ms. Bronson said she could sit next to Dylan.

Avery assumed Dylan was the boy sitting alone. She took to her seat and dropped her stuff down next to the shiny silver legs of the chair. She was so concentrated on blending in and looking normal that she almost didn't hear when Dylan muttered a shy, "Hi." She whipped her head around to look at him and saw that there was a slight red pigment on his cheeks. She felt her head get warm and knew she must be blushing. "Oh, hey. Yeah, um, hi." *Why are you so awkward?* She thought to herself. Their conversation stopped there. Next thing she knew the bell for first period rang and she was on her way to science. She checked her schedule and saw that she had Ms. Vaaler for this class. She also noticed that Dylan was headed to



the same room as she was. Before she was even 13 feet away from the classroom, she could hear Ms. Vaaler's loud voice resounding through the hallway. "When you enter the room, find your name on the table and take a seat there!" *Great*, she thought. "This'll be fun." "Pardon?" It was Dylan. He had heard her. "Oh, uh, nothing. I was just thinking about what type of teacher Ms. Vaaler might be." This wasn't entirely true, for, she had really been thinking about how annoying her voice sounded and how this class was going to suck. "Oh," a slight smile spread over his face. "Ms. Vaaler is the worst. Everyone in this school knows that." In that moment, Avery realized Dylan was actually pretty cool, and that if she was going to make any new friends, she should start with him. Dylan continued on describing how Ms. Vaaler wasn't strict, she was just extremely annoying. "And she has this thing called "Beast Mode" which is where she gets *really* mad and her face gets all red and she screams at the top of her lungs." They both laughed. Dylan was funny too. Avery entered the classroom and sought out the piece of paper labeled with her name. To her surprise, and relief, she was going to sit next to Dylan! *Yes!* After 2nd period ended, Avery realized that the things Dylan has told her about Ms. Vaaler were 100% true. She couldn't wait to see her go into "Beast Mode". The rest of the day went on and Avery had made 3 friends that all seemed like really cool people. Dylan, of course, was the first one. Then in 3rd period, she had met

Lexi, who was hilarious and had really pretty handwriting. During lunch, Lexi introduced Avery to her best friend, Max, who was awesome. When she told them about Dylan, they both raised one eyebrow simultaneously. Avery couldn't help herself from laughing. She had water in her mouth and spewed it all over the place. The three of them laughed till they turned bright red. When they had recovered, Max said, "Dylan? You mean the head quarterback Dylan?" "I guess," Avery said. "He hasn't really talked about football at all." "He totally likes you." This came from Lexi. Avery was surprised, as well as confused. "What? No! We're just friends. You wouldn't know either because you haven't even seen us hang out." "Lexi's right" Max said. "Dylan wouldn't even be talking to you if he didn't have a crush on you. Face it. We're losers. No match for the star quarterback." "Listen to Max," Lexi blurted out. "Dylan is full of himself. Oh, and watch out. The captain of the cheer squad, Bella Peacock, has her eyes on him and she's 100% dedicated to making sure he doesn't get taken by anyone else but her." This couldn't be true, could it? He had seemed so nice. But Avery could tell by the look in Max and Lexi's eyes that they really believed and meant everything they said. "You've never even met him," Avery said, determined. "Just give him a chance, okay? I'll invite him to sit with us at lunch and you guys *have* to be nice, no matter what you think of him right now. Just clear the slate and start over." Max and Lexi looked at

each other. They hesitated before responding. "Fine." *Yes!* Avery was certain their beliefs would change and they would all be able to become best friends. She was thrilled.

BY:

Lola Garcia

### Coffee Shop Snapshot

Every time I come here it's like I've walked right into a book. I open the door and a bell dings softly, reminding the workers that I'm here. Outside the door is loud and bright, like a radio on the highest setting. But, once you're inside, the mahogany walls give the room a calm feel.

There is a young woman in the corner, with a badge around her neck, she must be a student like me. She focuses on her laptop, only stopping to take a sip out of the gray mug that rests beside her. She seems so relaxed and calm as if this coffee shop is making her work better, harder.

An elderly couple sit in the middle of the room, the man reading a newspaper and the woman looking away in a daze. The man's newspaper reads "Police Questioning Possible Subjects for Store Robbery" in bold letters, but the urgency of the headline seems silent here. He taps each of his fingers individually on the newspaper, creating a soft crinkle every few seconds.

A woman sits across from him, looking dazed but not confused. Below her on the table lay two knitting needles and a patterned sock, striped in white and a pastel yellow.

A tall businessman stands at the counter, passing his drink order along to the woman across the counter. Another woman works behind the counter, busily creating the man's drink. I watch as she moves around, never forgetting where something is or how to use it. Her knowledge seems magical, how could she know so much about so many drinks?

I walk across to the tables, surprising myself with the ease of my movements. All of the tables look inviting to me, offering a workplace that will inspire me.

# Writings

## Running out of ink

When the ink poured  
To darken borders biced  
Around the map of our shattered world  
A simple question in the small eyes  
Of the beseeching children

"Why?"

Then, I hope  
We will erase these immaculately drawn  
Lines of separation around our hearts  
And gather the wrenching courage  
To tell these curious ones  
That we are letting history repeat itself.

Our ink of life is fading  
Because our society tells ourselves  
That history in our minds  
Is not eradicated, we must pursue behind us  
Back into what we are already conscious of

Because we are running out of ink  
To write our own future.

-A. May

Love

Love is not cruel  
we are cruel  
Love is not a game  
we have made a game  
out of love

-A. May

They Say

The borders bleed  
On the corners of the deconstructed frame  
that lay swallowed, buried  
Never forgotten, never rebuilt  
You cannot rebuild memories, they say

Enclosed, captured, framed  
The dusty photograph encased  
through thin, protective glass  
Never retrieved, never cleaned.  
You cannot hide away memories, they say

Through the dust, through the frame  
Through the glass, through the picture  
We stand, arm and arm, before the storm yet to come.  
Always replaying, always haunting.  
You cannot un-forget memories, they say.

They say continued ...

A glimpse of the photograph, you see  
Side by side, before the pain of the storm  
before it took her loved ones

Always traumatizing, always heartbreaking  
You cannot change a person in seconds, they say

but the storm did

-A. May

# Anthology

BY:  
ELLIE HALABY

A coffeeshop is always an interesting place to visit. When you walk in, the smells of earthy coffee and powdered sugar fill your nostrils, and you can tell that the air practically vibrates with chatter. While it might not seem that impressive, one small corner might let you observe a million things. Listen closely, and you might hear an old woman gossip about her grand-son in the navy. Gossip about random people may reach your ears, now the less intriguing. Made-up tall tales meant to impress a date can entertain you for a short while, or some unknown close friends may stop to share a doughnut, and invite you to listen to their stories without having to even see that you're next to them. While the sights and sounds of a coffeeshop may seem tedious, you might be able to enter someone else's life for a short while, and learn more about the people you see live their lives around you every day. And the best part is that once you have somewhere else to be, you can take your now half-emptied drink, and simply walk out of the door. The next day, you're able to come back—for a new cup of coffee and a handful of new forgotten stories.



My monster is everywhere  
It invades the happiest lives  
It comes in all forms  
It's shocking when it comes  
It hides in every person  
It is seen in one's eyes

My monster is pain

Bridgettte Hanson

The heat of summer against my skin as I sat in a chair on the deck, the odor of the sea in the heat stung my nose, and the salt-water taste filled my mouth.

BY: HAZEL JONES

"Is it always like this in the summer?" Jacob asked me as he sat down.

"Unfortunately, yes." I responded plunkily as I fiddled with my watch.

"Jasmine?" he looked at me with a serious look "Why are you the only girl in the crew?"

"I stood up and slammed his head against the floor and stormed off.

Tch, not everyone has-

"Jas, you alright?" Odien asked breaking me from my thought

"I'm alright mate" I said and irritation slipped out

"Heat?" he asked with a goofy smile formed across his face

"Aye." I responded, heat always messed with pirates in different ways.

made me angry and my father said

Odien dwarf

Jack paranoid

Jacob nose

BY: Abhay  
MANE

# The Secret Garden.

The Secret Garden,  
as beautiful as can be.  
There is nothing like it.

The trees were bright green,  
all the flowers were bloomed.  
As pretty as can be.

The grass was fresh green,  
the trees are so tall and lean.  
The best garden I've seen.

# The Water

For I am the only blue,  
the key to existence.

I am the great water,  
for life I give order.

Life is who I serve,  
for it, I conserve.

I can be used in anything,  
so I am usefull for everything.

Though I am a treasure,  
I won't last forever.

I am used with greed,  
I hope not, is my creed.

I wish not to be wasted,  
for some, water has not been tasted.

I am the great water,  
for life I give order.

I am the water.

# The Sun

I am the hot sun,  
as terrifying as can be.

Yes, I give light,  
but there is more to be seen.

I help plants make food,  
keeping them green.

I can make it warm,  
when things can freeze.

I can be an inspiration,  
whatever you think.

But I can be mean,  
if I choose to be.

I'll give you a sunburn,  
as bad as can be.

I will heat things up,  
with my powerful heat.

I will make the world hotter,  
with help from polluting.

I seem to keep it cool in the winter,  
but you better watch out for summer

For I am much more than a star,  
you know what I can be.

I am the sun.

By:

Avery Millis-Wight

Dr. Chris Ross is a geologist, absorbed in his work—wrapped up in it, as the saying goes. Year after year, the experience of this work infolds him, swaddling him away from the landscapes, the cities, and the people of Peru, New Zealand, the United States, or wherever else he may live. He's always been like that, his mother could confirm from their native Austria. Even as a small boy he seemed to present only his profile to her: turned to bits of rock and stone. His few relaxations have not changed much since then— an occasional skiing trip, listening to music, reading poetry. Rainer Maria Rilke once stayed in his grandmother's hunting lodge in the forest of Styria, and the boy was introduced to Rilke's poems while very young.

Now he had been in Africa for almost seven years, first on the Côte d'Ivoire, and then, for the past five years in South Africa. A shortage of skilled manpower brought about his recruitment here. He has no interest in the politics of the countries he works in. His private preoccupation of his work, has been research into underground water—courses, but the mining company that employs him in a senior capacity is interested only in mineral discovery. He is much out in the field during the day.