

Carolina Writes

SOUTH CAROLINA COUNCIL
TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

“POETRY PARADISE”

2005 EDITION

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EDITOR

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Letter from the Editor

Greetings,

This edition includes many unique poems: note their grade levels. I am continuously amazed by our teachers who encourage students to evoke profound emotion and transfer those heartfelt feelings onto paper in the form of poetry.

I am requesting submissions for the 2006 edition of *Carolina Writes* relate to student-generated writings that include these pertinent topics: narrative writing, integrating language arts and technology, connecting literature and composition, or sharing literary research. If you have other quality submissions, please send those to me as well. This journal seeks to showcase superior student work.

At the SCCTE 2006 Conference on Jan. 26-28th at Kiawah Island Resort, I look forward to discussing future articles that you wish to read in *Carolina Writes*. The conference theme, "Reflecting on Our Practice," reminds us that reflective meditation is essential to pedagogical rejuvenation. The conference will be an inspiring experience for all professional educators. See you at the beach

Thursday, January 26: Low Country Reception at Turtle Point Clubhouse. Join friends and colleagues for a fun night of music and Gullah experiences. Meet our featured SC authors and savor the Low Country buffet. End the evening by joining in the poetry share.



Friday, January 27: Featured speakers during the General Sessions include Lester Laminack, a specialist in children's literacy. Lester is the author of three picture books, including *The Sunsets of Miss Olivia Wiggins*. He has also written numerous books for educators: *Spelling in Use* and *The Writing Workshop: Working Through the Hard Parts* with Katie Wood Ray. Lester will share insights from his newest book *Learning Under the Influence of Language and Literature*.



Also featured during the General Sessions is Kathleen Blake Yancey, the Kellogg W. Hunt Professor of English at Florida State University, where she works with graduate students studying writing and literacy. In 2004-2005, she worked with teachers in the Upstate Writing Project. Using this conference talk as a reflective moment, Yancey will define reflective practice and consider what reflective practice means for teachers and for students. She will identify the kinds of activities—from concept maps and reader's theatre to PowerPoint drafts and situated peer response—that engage kids and enhance learning.

“Going Places”

Let’s go to the movies.
It’s groovy.
Let’s go to the pool
Where the water is cool.

Let’s go climb a tree
To look and see.
Let’s go to the mall
And we’ll have a ball.

Cheyenne Whitman

Mrs. Sherer and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary School

“Together”

You want to go to the fair?
I’ll bet we’ll make a good pair.
We can visit Franky’s Fun Park
To look at the lights after dark.
Maybe Carowinds would be fun
Because you’ll be out in the sun.
I know you’ll like to go to Hartwell Lake
Because in the sun we’ll both bake.

Joshua Pitts

Mrs. Sherer and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary School

“Cats”

Cats like to purr
When you rub their fur.
They like to climb
All the time.
They have sharp claws
That look like saws.
They creep and crawl.
They leap and fall.
Cats are like that.

Faith Porter

Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“Miss Sassy and Big Boy”

Miss Sassy loves to play.
She meets me everyday.
She is black with brown eyes.
She loves Mother’s apple pie.

Big Boy likes to run.
We always have fun.
He’s black with blue eyes.
He loves to catch flies.

Adrianna Rice

Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“My Dog”

We play together

And his wet nose rubs against my toes.

She’s black and doesn’t like tic-tacs

And brown like a clown

She lays in the shade

While I drink lemonade.

She barks and barks for fun.

She will chase anyone who runs.

We have fun together.

Savannah Porter

Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary



“Angels”

Angels, Angels, what do you see?
I see Jesus looking at me.
Jesus, Jesus, what do you see?
I see clouds looking at me.
Clouds, clouds, what do you see?
I see raindrops from the sky.

Ti'Angela Moss

Mrs. Sherer and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary



“Light”

Thomas Edison invented the light bulb.
There was finally light shining bright.
The light formed rays across the snow.
A lady was standing with her hair down her back
Watching the show; they said it was fairyland
The light in the street.
The lady surprised fled back to the train.
They say he stopped outside and had
A black hat on the back of his head,
And they asked him a million questions
Almost too much for one brain.

Jessica Davis

Mrs. Hanks and Mrs. Hanley

5th grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“Let’s Go”

Let’s go to a friend’s house.
I hope we don’t see a mouse.

Let’s go to Gatti-town.
I hope you don’t act like a clown.

Let’s go to the park.
Let’s not wait till dark.

Let’s go to the fair.
We will make a great pair.

Let’s go to the lake.
We will take a good cake.

When we go to Six Flags,
We will need lots of money bags.

Let’s go to the doughnut shop.
Then, we’ll do the hop.

Let’s go to the pool,
And we’ll be very cool.

Sierra Wright, 3rd grade

Mrs. Sherer and Mrs. Hanley

3rd Grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“The Titanic”

Blue and gray
With silver rails on the side
The Titanic seems
To silently glide.
The big star liner
As pretty as can be
Peacefully sails across the sea.
I look up and it began to sink.
A tall sad man gave me a wink.
I looked at another who was crying.
I saw beside him his wife was dying.
I was sad at the horrible sight.
The beautiful ship--sinking in the night.
The iceberg hit and what a cost
So many lives, both young and old, were lost.

Karly Ellison

Mrs. Coker and Mrs. Hanley

5th grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“The BOOK”

A picture can tell a thousand words:

I can see a fly and a bird.
I spot a fish and a hook
As I read a good book.

Christan Johnson, 5th grade

Mrs. Coker and Mrs. Hanley

5th Grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“FLAGS”

Flags all have a reason.

Flags fly every season.

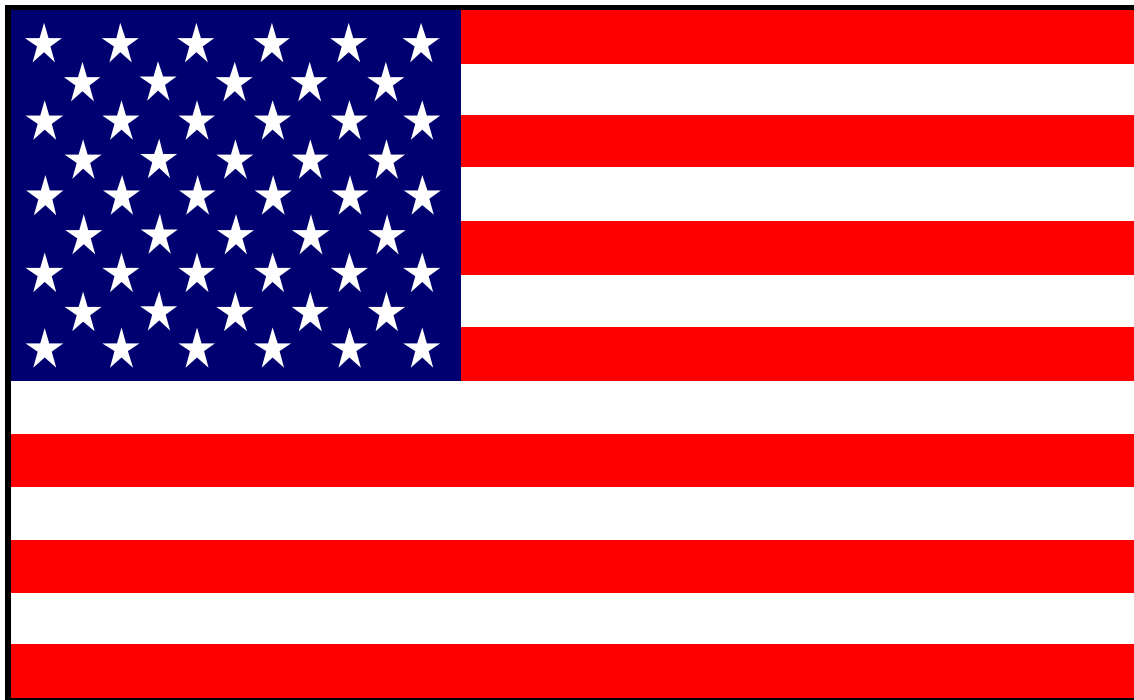
Flags all have beauty,

And some symbolize our country’s duty.

Worth Estes

Ms. Willis and Mrs. Hanley

5th Grade at Homeland Park Elementary



“Progress”

**I walked through the fields yesterday,
Imagining those who had come before me.
My ancestors of years ago
Planted and reaped this fertile ground
That was lost and forgotten until today.**

**I sat beside the tranquil pond,
Wondering how life used to be.
For generations it fed and refreshed
So many exhausted people,
Yet it has been lonely for so long.**

**I climbed the branches of the blooming magnolia,
Picturing the faces of the playful children
Who escaped their daily lives
Merely a few feet above the ground,
In a tree that now stands in solitude.**

**I wandered through the abandoned house,
Reliving the countless blessings and trials
Of those that built their lives in this humble little farmhouse,
Only for me to witness it's destruction
In order to make way for progress.**



Jessi Graves

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“September”

This is what I will always remember—
A young boy, awakened suddenly,
 The hands stroking her neck,
 The eyes searching for her face.
And this boy, my secret, cuddling
To keep her warm and safe.
From the bed near, the friend,
Sleepy and annoyed at the couple,
Glared at her in the midnight darkness.

It will last until morning, the girl,
Shocked at the boy’s compassion.
She is trembling, from the chill of the air
And the touch of the young boy who changed her
View of age that night,
 Smiling toward the one
 Worthy of her affection
That accepted her without question.

He is carrying another burden,
Young enough to believe
It can only be meant to happen like this—
 Laughing, murmuring, and later
 Succumbing themselves into the night
That somehow brought these strangers together,
This star struck girl and innocent young boy
Now contently sleeping.

Katie Schalkoff

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“Train”

The swirling puffs of gray and soot
churned my tears deep within;
as the train holding me, away took
all my sweet memories of you. When I look
out the window and see my own skin
torn apart by puffs of gray and soot
I see your soul lifting me up as the Holy Book
once did. A childhood I once knew, but now the train begins
to hold me once again, erasing the way you look,
your scent, your love, your trust. But once you took
part of me, my life is no longer sound. The pain begins
and puffs of darkness and gray and soot
enclose my lungs all around—I can’t breath. As I look
from my window, my reflection so pale, my skin
a hard shell, ready to crack as the train, holding me, away took
my thoughts of life and love and you. I shook
away my memories, wiped my tear stained cheeks
when the swirling puffs of darkness, gray and soot
and the rocking rhythm of the train, took me away again.

Whitney Wardlaw

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“A Champion At Work”

A room is full of stench from sweat and rust.
The amateurs decide to give their all.
The title must be earned, not given out.
Your pain is felt all over—bruises black
And swollen hands as big as punching bags.
A jab, a hook, a left, and right. No pain!
You jump the rope around again. The sweat
Is beading off your face. The only thing
That drives your thoughts and comforts pain today,
A champion at work, internal flame.

Mike Armocida

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“Rumble Young Man Rumble”

Sittin’ on a stool

My hat hangs in the corner

I tell myself *impossible is nothing*

Because *I am the greatest*

And I blow

Straight past the fifty cent Cuban cigar smoke

Right by the two dollar dancer

Maybe I stung an ear

Or floated over two

But *I am the King of Chaos*

Recognize - or be brutalized

I flow out the door

Into New Orleans air

Filled with me

And my sweet jazz

Matt Moore

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“Existence”

Layers of flesh draped
over a calcium endoskeleton--
scars from a life once lived:

a car accident,
a broken blade,
a disease feasting.

Sensations:
The heat of the sun
cracking lips and blistering skin;
ulcer covered calves,
melanoma, vitiligo,
and an immune deficiency.
The curiosity and
fantasy of sexuality--
misery and ecstasy.

Tales of
creatures and treasures,
and the question
of a presence,
and of an entity's
subsistence.

Humanity--
the weight of society,
existence.

Noah Welsh

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“The Good Ole Days”

Remember when we were little kids?
Remember when we traded food at lunch?
Remember when recess was the best part of the day?
Remember when girls had cooties?
Remember how we wished we had homework, cause the big kids did?
Remember how we wished we could drive, cause the big kids could?
Remember how we wished we were high school, cause the big kids were?
Remember how we wished we were older?
Now we have homework.
Now we can drive.
Now we're in high school.
Now we're older.
Now we wish we could have recess.
Now we wish we could hang from the monkey bars.
Now we wish we didn't have homework.
Now we wish we were younger.
Isn't life a funny thing?
It's spent wishing, then remembering and wishing it back again.
We overlook the present, focusing on the future.
Then, when the future arrives, we long to be back in the past.
Our wishes for the future slowly come true,
But unfortunately, there is no way back to the past;
All we can do is wish and remember.

Brian Hill

Ms. Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“The Life Giver”

The mind tends to wander when doing an everyday task,
Like driving.
Yes, especially driving.
In this critical moment as the petal
Decides my fate, Do they really care?
I'm desperate for anything, the needle keeps moving,
Its beyond my reach now, I'm beyond my reach now.
I don't think my friends even care . . . maybe
'Friends' is not the right word.
In this moment of thriving despair, I see me,
Me and my Friends.
I see the words as they spill from her,
The hatred, the anger. They penetrate my skin.
I am fearful as the wheel spins,
But a rush of pathetic triumph spills through my veins,
TOO LATE
I thrust out of the open hole in my face, too late.
I see the tree, it comes for me ever so lovingly, it whispers to me,
It seems to promise no pain.
Ironic how something that sustains life will help me
Take mine.

Jessie Suggs

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at Daniel High School

“Subtle”

I'm on a leash
And it's in your hands
But I don't mind
Do you?
Do you know that I
Blindly follow you
Faithfully
Like a dog?
I bet you do
Those feeble words
You say to me
Those subtle words
Subtle things
I devour them
And make me whole
Can't you see?
I'm nothing without you
I bet you know
But you play this game
I do the same
To others, that is
Spit feeble words
In their faces
Make them eat it
Just like you
Because I'm you
Yet you refuse me
Play this simple game
And tear me apart
This subtle game
Subtle things
I feed on them
And become your puppet
Your puppet
Your soul
I hate your guts
But it makes me love you more
I hate this game
I hate your words
Your simple words
Subtle words
Subtle things
I'm tired of it
But I eat it, anyway
Because they're yours
That's the only reason
That's the only reason

Tori Burgess

Ms. Kay Sellers

11th grade at Lake City High School

“Different”

I don't know where I fit in.
I try to tell myself that one day I'll know.
But I know inside that that's not true.
I hate looking in the mirror to see what I've become.
I'm a creature with no love in me.
I can't love me.
No one else can love me.
I look at a face that has had hours of self-ridicule.
I look at a face that is afraid to step into the real world
For fear of not fitting in.
The truth is, I'll never fit in.
I am different.

It's not only the fact that I look different,
But I also feel different.
I hate my hair, my eyes, and my body.
Most of all, I hate the fact that I can't change them.
My mom thinks that I am a danger to myself,
The truth is that I knew that
The many times that I've sat in the dark with the knife.
Why?
Because I am too different to belong anywhere.
Why does it hurt so bad to be different?
They told me all my life that it was okay to be different,
But now I know that it just hurts.
It hurts so much to be different.

Sawntae McCray

Ms. Kay Sellers

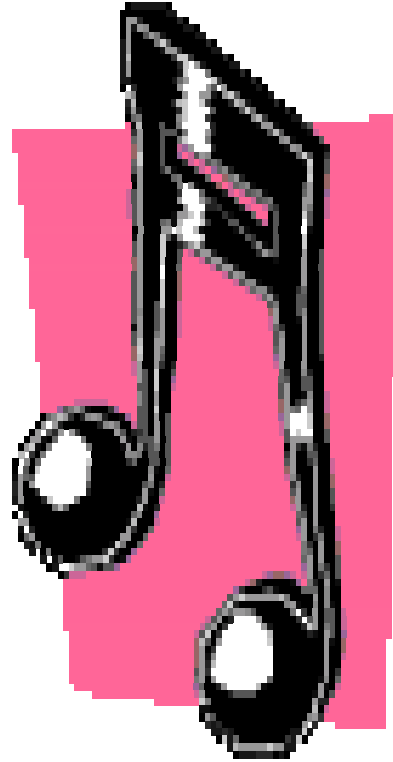
12th Grade at Lake City High School

Melodía de Vida

Conversation sets the rhythm,
Measures the meter.
Salsa music gushing
From tarnished speakers
Pulses through the bus,
Harmonizing with Latino voices.
Speed bump.

Head against the window,
Pounding, throbbing in time
To Ecuadorean life.
Muting gringo dissonance,
Emphasizing pitch,
Perfecting each tone.
Speed bump.

Every thought modified,
Tuned with precision,
Joining the chord.
Spanish voices in my head-
The transformation is complete.
I am held captive.
Speed bump.



Janet Custer

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“waiting for the sky to fall”

under the apple tree,
arms stretched out on the grass
above my head.
my fingers grasping, grasping,
for something I'll never reach.
amongst the leaves
before my eyes,
the wind trickles through,
and rotten fruit
hangs like broken promises.
sweet, sweet wisps of decay
scent the air
and cover heavily
the sharp metallic tint
lent to the atmosphere.
the sky's the fabled blue
of children's stories
and easy songs;
it peeks out from behind
deep green leaves,
a stark contrast
in my wide-open eyes.
and breezes float lazily
over my body,
licking up strands of my hair
and bending the grass
till it tickles my cheeks.
I watch the rotting apples,
twisting in the tree,
as they blot out bits
of the perfect sky,
and I wonder,
fleeting thought,
how long this can last.

Becky Sexton

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“River God”

Fear me, Dinah,
as you sit with your cloaks unwound
and shoulders slumped
under the blood red moon.
Fear the night that you dreamed about my face,
dark and earthy in the river's splendor.
Fear the day when Rachel crushed my bones
and Jacob's skin went sallow,
when his wandering eyes turned to concubines
in the Egyptian heat,
leaving your mothers to their sorrow.
Fear the night you saw my face again, Dinah,
the night that Levi dragged you
from your husband's bloody
deathbed
yes
that was me.
And as you sit tonight under
the fullness of the moon
and bleed,
cry bitter tears and claw hopelessly at your face,
fear me.
Little mother, no son will honor you tomorrow.

Sarah Woods

Ms. Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School

“The Rape of Nature”

What is the lawless institution humans by the
phantom name called war?
Would it not by any other name be murder?
Or when the piercing bullet shatters, is humanity
not weakened?

I am the land, nature,
the mother earth lay in disarray
by ransacking destruction of my beauty and grandeur.

Who shall be responsible and take blame?
Or when will the open wound left heal?
Would no one come to the succor of one that
constantly gives and loves?

Within my immortality, I cry, praying for eternal sleep.
The turmoil I've discerned and felt in the
jungles, cities, and deserts
remain in my memory by not in yours.

Singed, barren, poisoned, beneath rattled with
bodies of my children, I alone endure sitting, forever silent.
Why war? Why not death to humanity?
Why not murder?

Adriana Ramirez

Nancy Swanson

12th Grade at D. W. Daniel High School



“Christmas Morning”

Screams echo throughout Greystone
Early Christmas morning.
The neighbors run out
To see what all the
Commotion is about.

The teenage girl is running around in
Circles crying and jumping up and down.
The early morning sun reflects off the
Shiny metal object resting in her palm

Her parents smile proudly,
Glad that they have provided their daughter
With the ultimate happiness.

In the driveway is a shiny,
New Toyota 4-Runner.



Carter Wilson

Nancy Swanson

12th grade at D. W. Daniel High School



The Hidden Assassin

Cancer: a disease characterized by the uncontrolled growth of cells that disrupt body tissue. A mere definition in biology class had been my only knowledge of such an illness, that is, until one December morning when I found out news which would become the beginning of my altered existence.

Cancer pried itself into my life, shattering my world. The “malignant tumor” I once know and cared so little about was now enveloped in my mother’s chest. How could this happen to me? I asked. Why my family? I convinced myself this was not reality; I was caught in a nightmare.

Months went by and after several operations and treatments of chemotherapy, my mom became an unfamiliar being. She lay lifeless in the hospital bed as light from the overpowering fixtures radiated from her hairless head. Tubes excreted dead tissue from this limp body which I did not recognize. This was the same body that never failed to possess the ability to conquer everyday tasks; this was the same body that never rested until all her children were safe at home in bed; this was the same body that now could do nothing but lie.

As I continued through my dark tunnel of denial, I refused to touch her naked head, for fear of feeling something concrete. Then I may have realized that this figment of my imagination was indeed tangible. My only desire became to sleep, to find my way out of this nightmare.

Days went by, and weeks followed, and my family began to return to normalcy a bit sooner than expected. However, I continued to feel afraid. I never wanted to dream again for fear I might one day wake up to a malignant tumor of my own.

Laura Mayfield

Dr. Edwin C. Epps

12th Grade at Spartanburg High School

