

The background is a vibrant yellow with scattered white sparkles. It features several large, stylized pink and red flowers with green stems and leaves. Two butterflies are prominent: a large yellow one in the upper left and a monarch butterfly in the lower right. There are also smaller pink butterflies and petals scattered throughout.

Spring Into Poetry!

Ellensburg High School Creative Writing Club

EHS Poetry Collection 2022

Creative Writing Club Presents:

A Poetry Collection of EHS students and staff
Spring 2022

President: Ashley Callan

Vice-President: Madison Walters

Advisor: Brittanie Wyler

Submissions have been printed as written by the author.
Misspellings are intentional.

Thank you to everyone who submitted their poetry
to share in this collection!

Enjoy.

Writing

My imagination takes control of me
And before I know it, I've written a story,
A poem, a song, a play or a book,
My words flow freely like a running brook.

A Man

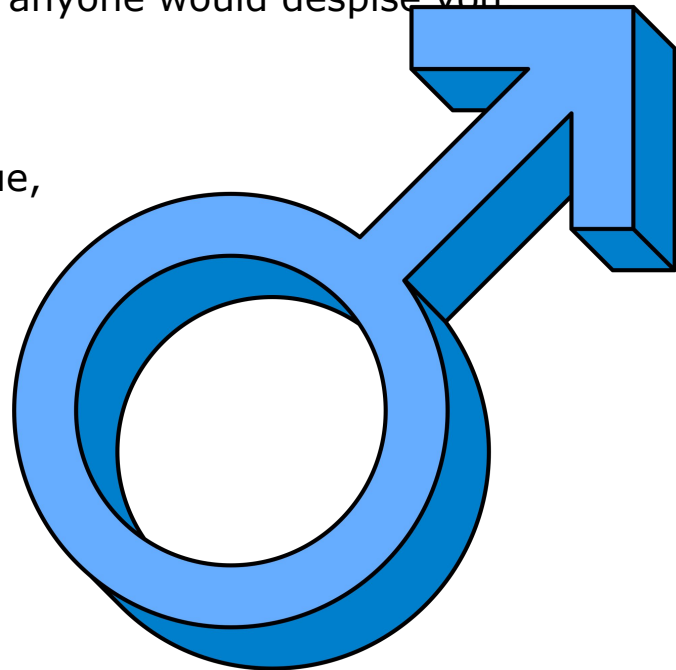
I try so hard to like him,
every ounce and fiber in my body screams at me to like him.
My body slowly deteriorates at every glance and flirtatious push, but I
can't do it.
I can't.

I adore every aspect of him,
the way he dresses,
the stories he tells and the beautiful way he frames them.
His low voice,
his flat chest,
the way he has no discomfort.
he loves himself,
he loves his gender,
and I want to love *him*.

I want him to struggle the way I do,
I want him to feel envious of every woman he sees,
I want him to despise his flat chest,
I want him to hate his low voice,
I want him to hate every last thing about himself.
I want him to struggle,
I hate it, I hate it, I hate it,
I hate *him*.

I want to love you so much,
you care so much for me, there is no reason anyone would despise you
And yet,
I hate you.

I hate you so much it makes me sick and blue,
so sick it makes me want to be you.
I want to be you,
I want to be a man.



When the World Ends

By Evelyn Schoos

Outside my door
the flowers bloom
beneath the floor
the creatures move.
I wonder what
will happen next
when the world
stays standing fixed.

All at once
the world will stop
and all the things
in life will drop.
I wonder what
will happen then,
will the world
move again?

I step outside
and see the sky
I hope to see
the bluebirds fly.
but when the world
goes to rest,
I wonder what
will happen next.

I seek the calm
I seek the light,
like when the glowworms
slowly take flight.

So peaceful
floating there,
surely it's not true
they do not care.
But when the world
comes to an end
I'll never, ever
see again.



YOU

By Boston Hegge

You appeared when I looked over
A few shoulders, as you swept the
Halls. I gazed while the feeling in my
Stomach only grew.
Time had passed.
The universe had pulled us together,
We were no friends because I liked you.
I kept my composure but felt as if I
Were a rollercoaster!
Is it love or is this lust?
When you speak I feel struck
By the fact that I might actually be
In-Love.
While learning about the fundamental
Structures of life, I looked through you
And wondered if you felt the same.
I whiffled for signs and tried to un-cover
the blinds only to find dark-circled eyes
Surrounded with sleepless nights. Was it
Just the physical touch or was it
The friendly-side that led me to wanting
Your love? I day dream about us, we
Could be a secret if you want.
I shuffle through the different scenarios
To find the only one for me is you
And you not for me. I must let these
Feelings for you pass through my heart
Like the oxygen we share.
In hopes one day we will reconnect and
find love in each other's stares. . .

Things I Would Do

If I had a girlfriend, I would like us to learn origami so we could send each other little hearts with handwritten confessions.

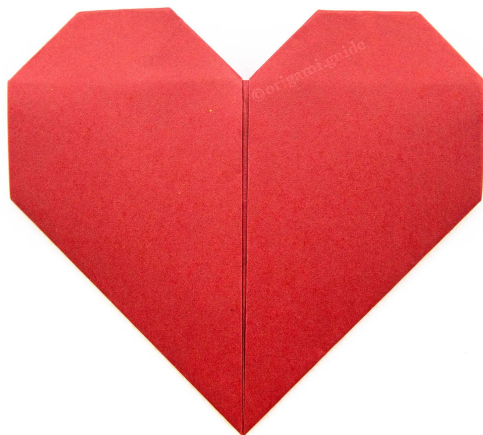
If I had a girlfriend, I would make her chocolate chip cookies because I know how much she likes them.

If I had a girlfriend, I would like to do makeup on her beautiful face and style her gorgeous blonde hair.

If I had a girlfriend, I would play truth or dare with her on late nights, as we did before.

It's funny, I had a girlfriend and didn't do any of these things with her.

If I had a girlfriend, I would want it to be you.



MONTANA

author prefers to remain anonymous

Tonight, I like my shadow.
Something
sympathetic about
painted-black curls on
crackerjack concrete.

There's an airplane wheeling,
golden, in the
sky
like an asteroid encroaching ever
larger in the
high
frame of two towering
spires, sent to
give me a very personal and holy death.

It passes, and I reflect
down the street. I reflect on
rural places with many trees.

Places that have cradled my brain
and torn the
flesh of my long
walking legs.

There are mountains that,
to this day, will
press their peaks
into the
soft purple of my
sky and make me sweat. Make me
eager for
dusty green roads and
babbling brooks.

The hills around my home are ones
I return and fall into.

My
conscious mind fades
and I
sluice them in sleep. Then
with wild hair and big hands
they lay
me in a
pool of

fresh milked constellations.
I turn a corner into crowded cars, seeing more of
Kalispell and wanting more cold train cars.
From Livingston the freights float by
They're fat like whales.
Livingston must be big rock candy mountain by my watch.

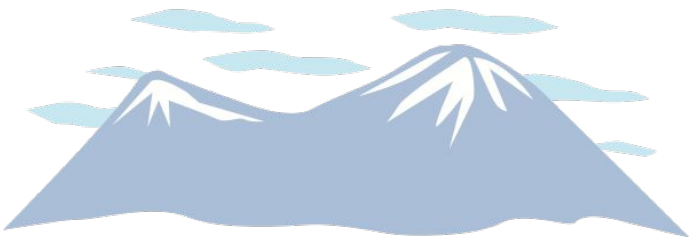
My brutalistic migration patterns
Like a bird in spring who still feels the south in its soul

Summers are in some orange grove, Florida does alright,
and Montana in the winter.
Montana is very deep.

I fall through apartments,
dorms and flats.
I fall through farms,
The tops of dimly lit hay racks.

Many safe and warm dives,
A cosmic tower with near Alaskan dark
And the northern lights
And falling snow all about.

Continued on next page



MONTANA, continued

I'm exiting the city and the clouds are high,
I'm on the turnpike and the way the motorcycles
move beside me, in dark bellicose rungs with leather hides flapping behind them, they
thunderclap by towards the opening in the sky on the high mountain pass like a pack of
raging bulls.

It's cold where I am this time of year
But going up the steps and taking my key

I'm struck by tonight's heat.
It's January and damn near springlike.

On the second floor I rent out on darlington drive, I wrench the window open to hear the
shouts.

I see a band playing through the smoke and pretty people dancing out loud.

This is one of few suburbs I've liked.

Smelling good meat and seeing good skies,

I'm thinking this is my paradigm for
summertime. Tonight, the fifth of January in Montana winter. And next year I'll be cold and
in Livingston and I'll want for summer and I'll think of tonight.

Tonight, I like the way my mountains look, black against the fields that once were full of rye.



Cropdust

author prefers to remain anonymous

The heart of the forest, the heart of the sea; the thin black vein of the world naked before me

The blood of a thousand dancers laid
bare against the salty

air,
like a throat shouted raw,
unhinged jaw.

a great wide neck, and us walking the throbbing artery, an artery pulsing with every love we've ever
lost Every woman I asked to marry me

Every time my mother made me cry,
every time the records she gave me
opened my eyes

I will never find a word cruel enough,
tender enough,
O lord, there is nothing
The profane beauty that coursed our skin, the leaves,
that sky,
all of it
The entire fucking thing,
thumping in our ears.

while a crop dusting plane goes by,
over our heads in the nighttime.

Orange billowing clouds,
a pocketful of lye

A crop duster over our heads in the nighttime, and god nude on a platter before me



Eyes Looking in the Wrong Direction

She looks at me so deeply. Her gaze is so deep, that people must inform me of it. The others tell me to look at her with the same eyes that she looks at me with, but it's impossible because my eyes only see you.

Though I have tried to look at another with the same eyes I have for you, I cannot look at anyone the same way.

I hope she does not notice how my eyes look at you in the way she looks at me. I try to make my eyes look at her the same way they look at you, but I can't. I find when we talk that you are purely a wall that I stare at in hopes that one day you will finally look back.

I told myself, and you, that my eyes no longer seek you, but here I am in class focused on your hands fidgeting, how stressed they look, if only I could hold them and make it go away.

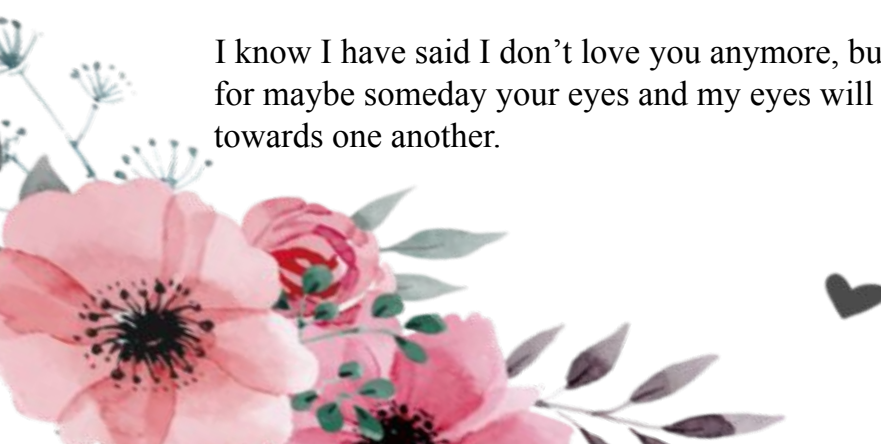
I should not feel this way towards you, you have told me many times how you don't look at me with the same eyes, so why do my eyes shift to you while you speak softly? How my eyes linger for one second too long once you're done talking, staring into your beautiful features, your sun-kissed cheeks, and glowing brown eyes while your soft silky brown hair hugs your round face. It's such a waste of beauty if no one looks at you as lovingly as I.

Please never look at me the way I look at you, for if I get one glance from you with the same intention as I do now I may never be able to look away as I try now.

Though I know I will come back, as I always have and always will, for now, I will stare at someone who stares at me, and in their eyes I will imagine yours, hoping that one day it will be true, and our eyes will finally rekindle in a shared desire for one another.

But for now, I will use my love for you on someone else. The longer I use that love on someone else the more my love for you will grow until my heart becomes an overgrown garden full of flowers that I can pick just for you.

I know I have said I don't love you anymore, but I hope we both know that's a lie, for maybe someday your eyes and my eyes will be looking in the right direction, towards one another.



Gibraltar Square - author prefers to remain anonymous

Living with him on Gibraltar square
I learned about tables

Sat between the cracked blue corner and the scaly green window
I stared through an empty notebook at the marred rosewood

Living with him on Gibraltar square
I learned about empty notebooks

I eternally thought about free tides and raging black waves, under which in scant and poorly lit
diving shoals I thrived

On Gibraltar square
I lived and died as the sun set and rose

Beside my empty notebook I kept a vase of roses,
lilies and lavender, with sprigs of lupine and rye that sprung and grew through like bones
clinging to a hill after the animal has died.

Gibraltar square with him
At first I'd sit with my work and take toast and tea, and taste whatever flower scent came to me

Soon in that bare room above Gibraltar square with him I lost all appetite
I took nothing.
But the flowers were like a drug and I didn't need anything to eat.
They were sweet like a headache and I was drunk and it was enough

I wrote maybe seven words in six months and slept none.
On Gibraltar square with him I took flowers to eat and I did not sleep.



I Go To Bed Cold

I go to bed cold,
shivering in hushed silence while looking upon the dim
light from the moon that masks my messy room. The
messy room father complains about,
I know father,
I know.

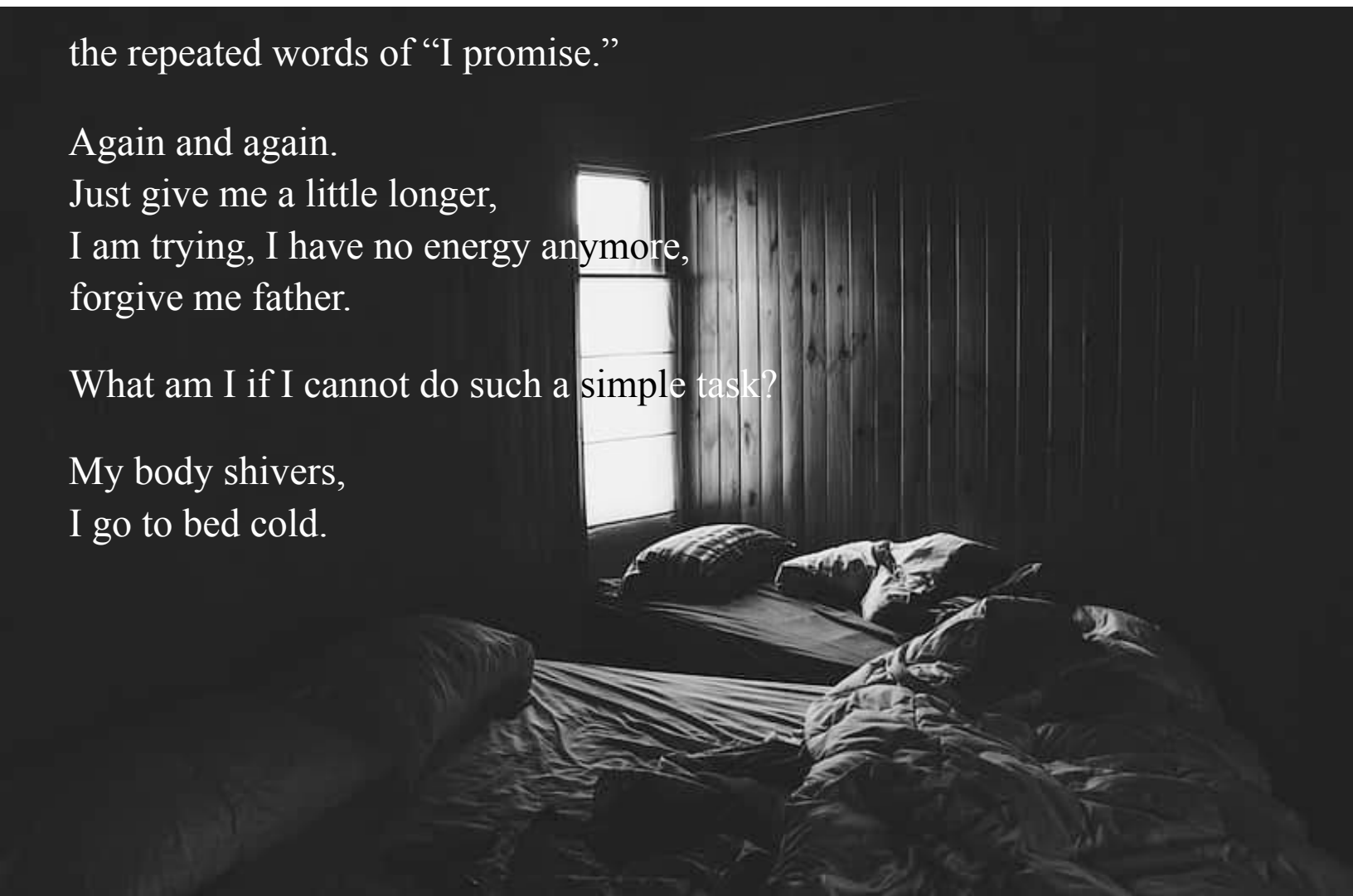
Give me a moment or two,
I'll have it cleaned by tomorrow,
I promise.

I reminisce over these broken promises,
the repeated words of "I promise."

Again and again.
Just give me a little longer,
I am trying, I have no energy anymore,
forgive me father.

What am I if I cannot do such a simple task?

My body shivers,
I go to bed cold.



i just feel bad for all the things i did
and the way you had to find out
never knew it could hurt that bad but
i'm over it now
even though every now and then it still gets me
just like the way you hit me
i know i was just a mistake of a friend
to make, to you
you saw right through and i was scared
i should've actually talked to you about it
but it's way too late now
and i hope you've found peace
i hope so bad that you're happier
(while learning to accept yourself too)
than you were when you had me by your side

not to be selfish, but in the last few years
have you ever thought about me?

getting over you wasn't easy
especially when i felt physically, my heart
ripping into two
do you still have the same long black hair
and those freckles that got me every time
did you ever feel the same about me?
even if it was just for a moment, did you feel it

i saw a friend of yours today
or one of your old ones
i have no clue, what crowd you hang around now
did you push them away
just like you did to me so easily

i wonder where you are now

This is a writing piece that is written by me word for word. Some lines are not real and some are. Writing is somewhat of a therapy coping mechanism but also a passion that I sometimes like to follow through with in spare time. I hope you enjoy this writing piece and interpret however you feel or want! <3

-love, callie kennedy

I Am Human

I like the smell of my body,
it seems to be the only thing left of me that is alive, the
only proof of my existence.

This smell, *stench*, proves to me with every inhale that I am
still here.

No one will ever mention it, but I am sure when I am gone they
would only mention that the wretched smell seemed to be gone.

My family will no longer reek of my failure, for I am
gone.

This scent consumes me,
I wish to wash it away, the only half-decent thing left of me,
but it proves
I am human.



A Reason

There's something between us, I'm not sure if you know.
There's a reason we never hug or hold hands as our friends do,
A reason we never hang out alone.
A reason we don't say I love you as we say to others so casually.
Yet we are friends, best friends some would say. But not like we
used to be.

I know the reason, do you?
If we both know the reason, tell me what this space between us is.
It's not like we're in love with each other.

NO BLADE

You stitch the shoes up because
they fall
apart.

a few years under your
belt, you see the way
the things rot
around you, the way we
dully claw at them,
fat bloody sausages for
fingers

So you strip.
Naked as a monk, just
the ramshackle chucks,
some scratched eyeglasses.
You sink into the hills,
elope with your words
to a barrel. Think
yourself enlightened with
the splinters
in your ass

and you're happy-
running around singing.

tacking the poems to your lovers bed.

drinking on
mountaintops,
wind combs your
hair and beard,
flies away with it.

dancing on the
roof with the starlight
rotating around your hips.

Contentment

For a long time

When your friends start to die,
you rage. Burning you say
No more. Those that still

stand, you leave them,
muttering
penance.

You fight. Not the killer,
there is no fighting it.
no blade
with which
to
clash.
But
you war and you flame and
when your beard is white you
look and
they are gone.

The ones you left behind,
those tall trees.
The forest behind
grandmothers cabin,
oh,
the berry bushes-

they are gone.

“Are we just houses for the angels?”

and you walk the valley of your mountain
with a cask of rotted wine and rags about your feet.