



in · del · i · ble

/in' deləb(ə)l/

adjective

1. (of ink or a pen) making marks
that cannot be removed
2. not able to be forgotten or removed

7TH-12TH GRADE POETRY
NEW LENOX PUBLIC LIBRARY
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2019 Teen Poetry Contest Submissions

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To write a poem

To write a poem, you must know lots of tricks
And you should know which ones to put in the mix
Always add extra alliteration
Never, never forget repetition
To compare is simply a simile
To exaggerate is hyperbole
Assonance can be difficult to internalize
Personification? Just animals in disguise
If you write stanzas in couplets, tercets, or quatrains
You'll be metaphorically singing in the rain
And don't make your goal iambic pentameter
As Shakespeare's sonnets will be your defeator
Now that you know all of these great tips,
This poem will end with an ellipse...

Jasmine Kasper
11th Grade

my house

my street is very quiet
and it has little noises
most of the time
bark
whoosh
shhh

my street is a LONG one
with houses on both sides
and my house is
the red brick one
with the white door

there is not much traffic
not on my street
not like in the midst
of Chicago

the neighbors walk
their dogs
and sometimes
a dog runs up to me
but soon enough
the grown ups
take them
away.

Gabrielle Gianares
8th Grade

Insomnia & Trauma Go Together Like PB&J

He appeared during sleep paralysis.
The one time I actually need him.
He appeared in shackles.
His long robe was torn to shreds,
He coughed into a sleeveless arm.
I slipped a hand from under my blanket,
and I reached out to touch him.
My fingers glazed his cold, bruised face.
Then there was a flash.

I was back in the room,
where that sociopath kept me.
Why was I back here?
Then, I saw him... my kidnapper.
All of a sudden, I couldn't breathe
That man... that crazy man
He entered the room with a wrench.
He swung.
There was another flash.

I was back in my bed,
That same figure standing there.
"Who are you?!" I questioned.
A profound moment of silence passed.
"Sleep." He murmured.
"Why are you so damaged?"
He coughed. "You tell me."
Another flash, and he was gone...
Never to be seen again.

Kyle Williams
7th Grade

The Girl with the Lonely Eyes

Across the way she sits,
She sits with a sad stare,
She can't take all the hits,
But no one seems to care

'Why, why does she cry?'
one may ask,
but all she wants is to fly,
To fly from life's impossible task

And in her eyes is the emptiness,
The emptiness of the world,
The hate, the hurt, the senselessness,
It's too much for one girl

'Why, why must she know pain?'
one may ponder,
But her self-tormenting brain,
It keeps her from her endless slumber

That, that is why she cries,
Because *she* is the girl,
The girl with the Lonely Eyes

And in those Lonely Eyes *I* see,
A girl who looks,
So much like me

Still a glimmer does appear,
One that vanquishes the pain, the anger, the fear,
And in its place it leaves much more,
Hope and Love and a girl,
A girl that *I* adore

Grace Fitzpatrick
9th Grade

Nourish

Look me in the eye,
listen to what I'm going to say.
Don't just put it off
don't ignore it.
You're hurting,
I know you're hurting.
I know you are putting yourself through hell.
I was there,
I lived through hell,
I got through it.
I want you to get through it.
Don't hurt your self more.
Every time I see you running away,
every time I see you ignore it,
every time I see you trying to hide it,
every time I see you saying your stomach hurts,
it breaks me because I was in your place.
I was the one running away,
I was the one ignoring it,
I was the one trying to hide it,
I was the one saying my stomach hurt,
I was the one trying to starve myself.
You're just trying to joke about it and brush it off,
but it's not a joke,
it never has been.
You are given food,
you should eat it,
eat it all.
Eat every little crumb,
every little morsel.
You need to eat three meals a day,
breakfast,
lunch,
and dinner,
all three.
Not just one,
three full meals.
You need to get the nutrients for energy and strength.
You need to eat protein,

you need to drink a glass of milk,
 for calcium,
 you need calcium for strong bones,
 you need the food for energy,
 you need the energy for success.
 You are always saying you're weak,
 dumb,
 fat.
 I've said those exact words to my face in the mirror,
 "I am weak."
 "I am dumb."
 "I am fat."
 And I was stupid enough to believe them.
 It wasn't me who believed them,
 it was my anxiety,
 my anxiety took over by body,
 took over my heart.
 My anxiety made it hard to sleep at night,
 my anxiety made it hard to see clearly,
 my anxiety made it hard to breathe,
 my anxiety made it hard to want to eat,
 my anxiety to this day is having trouble closing it's eyes knowing that
 someone I love,
 is starving themselves.
 And it's so triggering,
 I'm trying my hardest to keep you strong,
 keep you standing tall,
 but I don't think I can keep up.
 Please just eat the food on the table,
 I don't want you to become anorexic,
 I don't want your body to crumble,
 I don't want your anxiety to worsen,
 please just breathe,
 breathe for a second,
 calm down.
 You don't need to figure your life out right now.
 You are putting too much pressure on yourself,
 this is leading to anxiety,
 anxiety is leading to overthinking,

overthinking is leading to the loss of confidence,
 the loss of confidence is leading to you worrying about your weight,
 worrying about your appearance,
 worrying about every single thing.
 Please just breathe.
 I don't know how many times I have to tell you,
 eat the food you are given,
 You need to eat that food.
 Eat.
 I know this word is a joke to you,
 it was for me too,
 but please look me in eyes,
 listen.
 if you do not eat,
 you will not have energy,
 if you do not have energy your head will become dizzy,
 if your head becomes dizzy your mind will produce dark thoughts,
 dark thoughts lead to suicide attempts.
 Look me in the eyes and listen,
 I was that person,
 I had felt that all.
 I was the one who had dark thoughts
 and didn't want to eat,
 so they lost control.
 Luckily I didn't lose control,
 and I'm terrified.
 I'm terrified that you will go through that,
 I'm terrified that one day you won't be here because you lost control and
 couldn't gain it back.
 So please breathe,
 please eat your food,
 please,
 please don't put yourself through that hell.
 Please.

Jenna Davis
9th Grade

Just because I'm autistic

Just because I'm autistic
Doesn't mean I am stupid
Doesn't mean I'm antisocial
Doesn't mean I don't deserve your kindness or love.

I am in Scholastic Bowl
I have a great group of friends
I am just a normal person in many ways
I just am a bit shy and more prone to stereotypes.

Just because I am alone
Doesn't mean I hate the world
Doesn't mean I like the world either
Doesn't mean I don't want you to say "Hello!"

I can be myself
I can create amazing novels
I can draw an army's worth of cats
I just have things that work best when I do it myself.

When people call me stupid
They have never seen my GPA
When people say I can't do anything
They don't know about the celebrity who loves my spirit
When they say I have no friends
They have not seen the contacts list on my phone
When you say all the inferences
They all take a toll
What curses, ends, begins, and hates?
A stereotype does.

Sophia Giampaolo
7th Grade

I am from the hidden space

I am from the hidden space,
From running halls and fishing lofts.
I am from the house on the window wall,
Sensitive to the lightest sounds.
I am from snowy porch corners,
From the water colored sinks after coloring.
I am from the bedtime stories,
Wise and old.
From the purring guardian and the masked thief.

I am from the Meachen Farm,
Country air and raspberry jam.
I'm from poison ivy and light house piers,
With hidden pine houses, and family flames.
I am from the deviation in 1765,
And the creation in 1776.

I am from my elders' canvas and color,
Painted and drawn into life.
I am from down the block sleepovers,
From mornings with teachers.
I am from the barking border house,
Were trust was tested and lessons were learned.
Where I'm from is always a thrill ride, never knowing what comes next.

Kayla Boyle
9th Grade

The Day Will Always Be Gray

The sky weeps with tears
As I struggle to catch my breath
The cancer proved my worst fears
That soon you would be taken by death

I walk into the room
And see you lying there
Everyone surrounded by today's gloom
That's filling the air

I take a tentative step towards you
But I'm not ready to see your peaceful face
The one that I well knew
With its tranquil grace

I move closer to your side
My lungs barely filling with air
Knowing that you died
Made me realize that life's not fair

For the good ones always go
And the bad ones always stay
Which just goes to show
That the day will always be gray

Erin Regnier
11th Grade

10/2017

Out of the air
Onto the bus that smells
Like the warm jeans
In a JCPenney's dressing room
Taken to the where the floating road
Meets the one buried under feet
Now back to fresh air
The pedestrians smoke
The ambulance wails
And
Drivers still don't know how to drive
The nostalgia hits with the spice of the quesadilla
Then comes the fear
Of why we're here
All the memories i erased
Are now replaced
With new ones just as bad
The people
The needles
The pain
The nausea
The sounds
The helplessness
The blended burger
The x-rays
The torture device
The scars
The breathing tube
Sitting in bed feeling like the remnants left in a porta potty
The smell of abominable coffee in the air
Time has passed
And now time
To prepare for
The next one

Gabby Zaczek
10th Grade

A Pinch of Delphinium

The Sun peeked over.
A field of hills coated in tall, unnurtured grass.
The breeze cuts through, and seen is a small pinch of blue.
A single small, delicate Delphinium flower.
Time goes by.
Rainwater thunders down,
Harshly slapping the precious blue petals.
Wind whirls around the gentle green stem,
Thrashing it about.
Weeds, grasping to the tender roots,
Not showing a sign of relinquishment.
Time goes by.
The rain sprinkles down,
Kissing the beloved azure petals.
The wind chimes through the gentle Delphinium,
Cradling the scented seeds across the sky.
Weeds, gone and cast far out,
Taken the place by floral angles.
The Sun peeked over.
A field of hills coated in alluringly pure, Delphinium flowers.

Chloe Schliffka
10th Grade

He was October

He was October
But you were March.
He was a colder time
Filled of dying leaves
And lost hope.
For 11 months
He was October.
You were the soft awakening
The soon-to-be flower
Not quite blossomed
But rooted still
In the soil
You were March.

Bella Roesing
12th Grade

Beneath the Trees

Soft
Is the light
That filters through
The leaves, which leaves
A shadow unmoved by breeze.
Calm
Is the flower
That dances with
The leaves, that leaves
A petal disturbed by bees.
Quiet
Is the girl
That lies beneath
The leaves, who leaves
A body picked clean by thieves.
Dead
Is the body
That the girl leaves
Covered with leaves,
There is no one left to grieve.
Alone
The girl
Dies
Her heart
Still inside
With eyes looking up to the trees.

Zoe Randolph
12th Grade

Flying with the Horses

Dainty painted horses that fly,
Even though they aren't pegasi,
Carried by twisted golden poles,
Not wings as they spin in circles.

They're silent gentle beings that adore,
To dance to a carnival music score,
If you ride upon this majestic creature,
You travel to a child's world of wonder.

Penelope Duran
10th Grade

Scatter-brained

A channel non-existent, on a screeching TV
distance became a close friend to me
words dance through a blurry haze
and faces pass through a hurried blaze

Down the road a car races past
mind racing just too fast
questions asked too many at a time
i wonder if i've lost my mind

Hastily, i reign back in
"Where have you been?"
A constant beat
A tapping of my feat

Down the rabbit hole
is where my mind will go
i can't stop it, and then,
"Where have you been?"
you ask
but i don't know...

Maura Fennessy
10th Grade

The Journey of Living

As I look out the window, I see the world fly by
Frost on the window from the cool morning air
My mind wanders to all the places I will go
Listening to the murmur of static on the radio

As I look out the window, I see the sun up above
Squinting my eyes from the glaring light
I wonder how much further until
The journey is done, the car still

As I look out the window, I see the black of the night
The stars twinkling as if they were winking to me
It is not much further— I think
The road will surely end as all things fall in sync

As I look out the window, I see the stop sign up ahead
Glistening red reflected from the headlights
Looking ahead there is nothing in sight
But I turn over my shoulder for the last time tonight

And all that I drove past—
But failed to see,
Slowly fades away
And that frightens me.

Anna Bethke
10th Grade