



AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL POETS Mayflowers 2024

Live Poets Society
of NJ

Francesca

Francesca has lived with me for as long as time has told.
She's outstayed her welcome; her influence is getting old.

Me and francesca know each other quite well.
She's three steps forward; I'm one back into hell.
Protector of my gardens, violently weeding out the tension.
She's remorselessly cutting those with the purest intentions.

I've got a family now; francesca met them, not over dinner.
They're quite well acquainted and she's vengeful as a sinner.
We're not alone now francesca, aren't you happy for me?
There's others like us, isn't that a relief?

The countless gemstones I've loved and she's lost.
These emeralds and rubies stuffed into a box.
She can't hurt them this time; she can't drive them away.
Some of them will escape, but the chase won't lead me astray.

I'm three steps ahead, and she's one back in hell.
I may have had a childhood--I don't remember it well.
What prizes from me she's taken, and i'll give her even more.
She's a gust of wind, and I'm a wide open door.

Periodically an adversary, but a companion until the end.
Maybe that's why it hurts to remember, once, francesca was my only friend.
Kaylee Newell, SC, Northwestern High School, Rock Hill

Whispers of Understanding

I envy those who stroll through the downpour,
Without getting dampened.
While I, drenched immediately,
Am absorbing each fall.
I observe those who skip in the sun,
As I know it's my threat.
I notice it's fierce, blazing light,
As others dance, feeling so free and bright.

But who would I be if my ability to feel were to cease?
If my mind's troubles were to decrease?

Musical melodies linger through their ears,
As I'm the needle interpreting every note that appears.
I'm seen as too analytical,
As all they see are identical disks.
I don't care if they disapprove,
Because they can't see the power in deciphering every groove.

Through the depths of feeling, I uncover hidden tunes and untold stories.
So let the rain pour, let the sun blaze.
Weaving them into my heart's empathetic maze.
Ashley Hope Laubinger, MA, Pingree School

Electric Feet
You're not there, and
You see the light under
a bass line that thumps
It's like watching birds
and you, grounded, flight

But then—shift—the do
being swept into the wa
Your friends are constel
among them, burning b
The world spins, and yo
and every moment is a t

There's an electric feel
to being so deeply immo
It's a high-wire act, this
your laughter a note, yo

And you think, maybe t
necessary silence for the
Because here, in the thic
you are part of the musi
you can't remember wh
Veronica Abdou Bishay

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In reading the thousands of poems we receive every year, it became obvious that the majority of the poetry we received was centered on four basic themes – Faith, Love, Self, and Society and where I fit in.

In pondering this truth further, it became quite clear that these four elements are, indeed, the basic beliefs that shape our personalities and determine the type of person we are or are to become.

What we believe... How we see ourselves...
Who we love... How it all fits together...

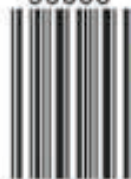
"Of Faith and Inspiration"... "Inside of Me"...
"Of Love and Dedication"... "My World"...

This is poetry with passion, poetry with truth, poetry that comes from faith and morality, love and admiration, pain & heartache, and questions without answers that one can only ask oneself in the darkness of the early morning hours.

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