

POEMS by AMIGOS STUDENTS

Good Morning Tree by Catalina Guzman Grade 2

After a rainy night
droplets dribble
from the tip of a tiny green leaf.
It lands on my finger with a soft plop
and happiness comes into me.
Then the tree starts to awaken
It shakes and stretches its branches up
to the sky
And as the trunk's eyes begin to open
It almost seems as its going to yawn.

Little ghost of guilt by Maya Clemente Grade 8

When you lie in bed at night what do you think about?
what you'll do tomorrow?
What you did today?
People?
What about guilt.
The heavy presence that sits on your chest.
Eating popcorn like at a movie theatre,
Watching you struggle with the bad things you did that day

No matter how small or big the bad choice,
the ghost comes.
Knocking on your soul,
Your conscience.
Telling you he know what you did and so do you
You better fix this he says before it rips you apart,
Piece by piece
Minute by minute.

In the end you know what you have to do,
After sitting and thinking for hours
With your little ghost of guilt sitting on your chest.

Tired
by Willa Rudel
Grade 8

The camp
Looks dull

Empty.
We are in the last group to leave.
My baby sister
Now five years
Of age
Gazes up at me
Eyes sparkling
With curiosity
Of what lies
At the end of this train ride

I wish I shared her
Excitement
But after years of
Rations that fit the palm of my hand
No proper structure in sight
Water the color of mud

I am used to
Disappointment.

My mothers eyes
Tired of the sight
Of hundreds of
Skeletal bodies
Are dull
She has given up.

I squeeze her hand
She looks at me
But can't muster a smile.

I wonder
Who will we be
in this
unfamiliar place?

Outsiders?
Or
Three
Of thousands?

I don't want to know
Where we are going
Or
When we will get there

I am tired of
disappointment.

The family of a soldier
by Victoria Heitzman
Grade 8

My brother salutes
In an orderly manner
As my father shoots
Glances, full of wander.
He is never quite secure
Since his service in Vietnam,
He always has to measure
Possible risks, just to be calm.
He inspects my room
For any specs of dirt
Making me groom and broom
From the floor to the ceiling, until it hurts.
He teaches us to stay strong
No matter the circumstances
White or black, right or wrong,
Never, ever take any chances.
But at night, from time to time,
I wake up to the sound of tears
Trickling down his cheeks, a crime
To let weaknesses show to your peers.

My dad, he is very good to hide
What lies deep down in his heart,
But Night always knows how to steal his pride
For He holds the key of memories
That releases ultimate darkness

And, at last, silences the soul.