

My Super Awesome Life

I am leading a super awesome life,
On Ernest drive, watching the snow fall.
I am leading a super awesome life,
In the Bitterroot Valley.
I am an American boy.
I read *Popular Science* waiting for a good article
To come so I can finish my school work.
I thought I was a dinosaur running through the yard yelling at bugs.
I play baseball and dream of becoming famous.
I have soared high above the rest, landing on a soft cushion of snow.
I have watered gardens,
And pulled weeds.
I had a troublesome childhood,
Always seeing the principle for doing "nothing."
I was hungry, and I ate Jell-O.
I got caught stealing quarters for a bake sale.
I have seen airplanes and statues in the Smithsonian.
I have seen water sweep over entire nations leaving everyone devastated.
I am reading The Hunger Games and The Warriors Heir.
I have walked in parades still pretending to be a dinosaur.
I have spit sunflower seeds on a ball park.
I like it here,
But I have to get away
From where I was raised.
I have ridden bumper cars, trying to bump my Uncle.
I have traveled alone with no one to talk to.
I have always dreamed of becoming a surgeon, and being rich.
I hope I can become better than those living boring lives.
I am leading a super awesome life on Ernest drive,
Watching as my life stays awesome,
And hoping it doesn't get boring.

JC

The Hour

The hour they asked me

The hour I said NO!

The hour of my glory

The happy hour

The hour my dad left and never came back

The sadist hour

The hour I was behind the wheel

The hour I said why

The silent hour

The hour that time was too fast for me to catch

The hour of my first day

The hour of love

The lonely hour

The hour I was

The hour I was

The hour I was

The hour my brother had told his secrets

The hour I told my secrets

The hour I first saw my dog

The faithful hour

The hour I had no clue

The hour I finally listened

The hour of good bye

The hour I ran and never looked back

The hour of hello

The hour of Snickers

BB

The Day!

The day I got hurt.

The day I left home for camp.

The day I fell in love.

The day I fell out of love.

The day I slept.

The day I loved.

The day I hated.

The day I wanted.

The day that never came.

The day that died.

The day I won.

The day I that forgot.

The day I stayed at home.

The day I went to the mall.

The day we won the game.

The day we lost the game.

The day I think I fell in love again.

The day when nothing went wrong.

The day everything went wrong.

The day I wanted so badly.

The day I cried.

The day I cried.

The day I cry.

CJ

Auto biography

I am leading a boring life

In Stevensville, Montana

watching the days pass by.

I am leading a boring life

in the Bitterroot Valley.

I am an American.

I am an American girl

I read Facebook statuses

and waste away the day

at the mall.

I thought I was a princess going to the ball

with my prince charming.

I babysat on the weekends

and held my babies as they laughed.

I had a complicated childhood.

I saw Miami, Florida.

I looked up
and saw no clouds.
I got caught stealing candy
from my brother's backpack
the same day I got a new puppy.
I chopped vegetables for my mom
and put them in soup.
I drove to 49 states
in a semi that was loud.
CD

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I am leading a quiet life
on Granite Creek Road
watching the trees sway in the wind
in the lonely Sapphires.
I am leading a quiet life
in the Bitterroot Valley.
I am an American.
I am an American boy.
I read the newspaper
and acted like a grown up
in the solemn mountains.
I thought I was an explorer
climbing the highest peaks
and imagining the most beautiful place.

I had a trampoline
and a Gameboy.

I mow lawns
at 5 in the afternoon
and cut down trees
at 10 in the morning.

I can still hear their snap
and moan.

I had an unusual childhood.

I saw plastic dinosaurs
that made sounds
but didn't move.

I once threw a comb at
my brother and broke a mirror
after getting paid allowance.

I sat in my crib
and smiled constantly.

I had a bunny
named Shark
and a white cat
named Sock.

I carried a baseball bat around
and looked like Bam-Bam.

I am reading Knighly Academy
and The Eagle, a wounded soldier
set out to find his destiny.

I have seen the Lewis and Clark Caverns
and the many beautiful stalagmites and stalactites.

I have not been out of the U.S.
in a long time

nor to Mt. Rushmore
but I still think of going.

I have seen it snow in June

I have skied in my backyard.

I have seen the Missoula,
and the Florence firework show.

I like it here

And I will stay here

And never leave.

I have not ridden in boxcars
nor have I climbed under fences.

I like it here.

I am leading a quiet life
on Granite Creek Road
watching the trees sway in the wind
in the lonely sapphires.

CR

Autobiography

I am leading a normal life

on Three Mile Creek Rd.

watching the hay fields

grow green over time.

I am leading a normal life

in the farm fields of Montana.

I am an American boy.

I read Motocross magazines

and became a basketball player

over time,

pretending I was Michael Jordan

being the best basketball player of all time.

I helped move pipe when I was seven

and went on my own when I was ten.

I had a good childhood.

full of hay and cows.

I got caught licking the frosting

off my little brother's cake.

But my birthday was a week later.

I helped or got in the way for my dad.

I drove the tractor on my dad's lap.

I am reading Splinter Cell by Tom Clancy.

I have seen fights, lectures and makeups.

I like it here and won't go back from where I came.

I too have been to amusement parks,
ridden the tire swing, and hunted Easter Eggs.

I have seen cows give birth many times.

I am leading a good life

on Three Mile Creek Road

watching the hay fields

grow over time.

DP

Lying Down Underground in an Unknown Place

Over my head I don't see the yellow stars.
They are blocked from view by the plainness of brown.
The ground calls like a telephone that I don't answer.

I don't hear the whistle of the wind
Or the screeching of a sick cricket.
I do hear the boring noise of no laughter.

In front of me I see welcoming blackness,
A place where the invisible spotlight doesn't follow,
A place of peaceful noise.

I blink and the world disappears for now,
Then the earthquake.

FA

A Day of Words

On the day my words

Were secret

I was a friend to loneliness

On the day when my words

Were famous

I was a friend to the clouds

On the day when my words

Were paper

I was a friend to a drink of water

On the day when my words

Were confused

I was a friend to clumsy

But when my words

Became honest

Flowers blossomed in winter

FA

On the day my words were.....

On the day when my words
were black
I was a friend to the night

On the day when my words
were scared
I was a friend to the beast

On the day when my words
were sad
I was a friend to the black tears

But when my words
became evil
I fell into a dark abyss

HW

Autobiography

I am leading an exciting life in the country
watching deer cross through my yard.
I am living an exciting life in Stevensville, Montana.
I am an American.
I am an American Girl.
I thought I was an Indian jumping
on my Minnie pony's back.
I had an exciting childhood.
I was caught riding my horse bareback.
I have seen people lose everything.
I am reading Distant Waves.
I have not been fishing in a while
but I still think of going.
I like it here and I won't go back
where I came from.
I am leading an exciting life in Stevensville Montana.

JH

LITTLE MOMENTS

The moment of silence
the moment of a breath
The moment we prayed
The moment a tear
streamed down my face
The moment of a gunshot
the moment of a salute
The moment they were gone
The moment she got
the flag handed to her
The moment it happened
the lost moments
The moments of sadness
the moment of death...

JH

ON THE DAY

On the day when my morning was grey
I was a friend of brightness

On the day when my words were rain
I was a friend of a tin roof

On the day when my words were scribbles
I was a friend of paper plains

On the day my words were sparkly
I was a friend of glitter

On the day my words were old
I was a friend of the new

But on the day my words were frogs
I was a friend of water lilies.

LF

The Hour of Me

The hour it snowed

The hour I hugged my dog

The hour of blue eyes

The hour I cried

The young hour

The hour of me

The hour of summer

The best hour

The hour I was on the plain

The hour of ear piercings

The paper cut hour

The hour at the doctor's office

The hoping hour

The lavender hour

The hour with friends

The grilled cheese sandwich hour

The hour of hair ties

The camping hour

The hour of fire works

The hour I slammed the door

The hour of my dream

The green hour

The hour of homework

The hour of water splashing

LF

LYING ON THE SUMMERY GREEN GRASS
OF MY BACKYARD IN STEVENSVILLE, MONTANA

Over my head, I see the white fluffy clouds,
relaxing in the deep blue sky.
The wind is like a soft whisper.
Near the house,
I hear the distant panting of my dog,
like she is saying she is thankful for the weather,
I turn toward the neighbor's fence,
and hear the horse,
lazily trotting through the field,
as nothing could bring it down.
I close my eyes, blocking out the image of the setting sun.
My dog wanders over, curious.
It's getting late.

RS

THE HOUR

The hour I was lonely
The hour nobody talked to me
The hour I was an enemy
The hour I was a friend
The hour I felt love
The hour I felt hatred
The hour of anger
The hour of happiness
The hour I nearly broke my ankle
The hour everyone liked me
The weird hour
The hungry hour
The hour of fights
The hour of friendships
The solid hour
The soft hour

The hour the school was silent
The hour the school was loud
The hour of games or the hour of books
The hour of all these hours combined,
 bad and good

MM

MY LIFE AS ME!!

I am living an exciting life
where I never know what
is going to happen next on Cody Lane.
I am living an exciting life
dribbling a basketball in my driveway.
I am an American.
I am an American girl.
I collect glass frogs
and want to be a teacher erasing the board
when a lesson is over.
I went to YMCA camps every summer until I was ten,
waking up in the morning hearing
the chirping of a bluebird outside my window.
I am living a sad life when I think of leaving Lone Rock School.
I am living a lonely life
when dad is never around.
I go to basketball tournaments
and love when I come home with a medal.
I ride up and down Cody Lane with my best friend
on old fashioned red bikes.
I had a childhood I want to forget.
I memorize dances and sing
my favorite song, "The House that Built Me,"
when no one is home and it's silent.
I am reading Labor Day and never wanting to put it down.
I have seen Mount Rushmore up close through a telescope.

I have ridden dolphins under water
where the ocean is beautiful and blue.
I have stood in the rain for hours letting life pass by.
I haven't been to the ocean to hear
the crashing of the waves in a long time.
I am living an exciting, yet sad and lonely life
in Stevensville, Montana, wondering
what will happen next.

CT

Lying Under the Grizzly Lift at Snowbowl Missoula, MT

Over my head, I see snowflakes falling
On the mountain, and falling through
The tree branches,
Sparkling in the sun like diamonds.
On the chair lift
I hear the mumble of people under their gear
As they fade past me in to the gray fog.
To my right
The cold wind blows against my face, and moves
The branches of the trees in a dance.
I wrap my hands around my hand warmers
As the clouds move across the sky casting
Shadows.
I will fall asleep.

NM

PANTOUM FOR GREAT GRANDMA

Great Grandma is a whirlwind, helping everyone,
never sitting down,
talking with her hands,
and looking for anyone to talk to.

Never sitting down,
only to rest before she's up again,
looking for anyone to talk to,
and she really loves a good listener.

Only before she's up again,
Preparing the next meal of the day,
she really loves a good listener,
because she does a lot of the talking!

RS

LYING IN MY BACKYARD AT NIGHT, STEVENSVILLE, MONTANA

Over my head, the quiet stars,
In the background of rustling, darkened green leaves,
Blow in the cold wind of the night.
I hear my thoughts
Filled with softness and wonder.
To my left,
The dark, distant mountains
Roll into dark green moonlight on the ground.
I look back up, and the blackened sky stares into my soul.
My thoughts fade into black.

RM

THE MOMENT

The moment of self-realization, the moment
of realization of others.
The moment of disbelief, the moment of acceptance.
The moment of awe.
The moment of inspiration.
The moment I held my breath,
the moment I gasped for air.
The moment of black.
The moment before the mind drifts into sleep.
The moment of broken glass.
The calming moment.
The moment that was forgotten.
The moment of remembrance.
The moment of fear.
The captured moment,
the lost moment.
The moment of my heart racing,
the moment it stopped.
The moment of silence,
the moment of ears ringing.
The moment of pain.
The moment before the beginning,
the moment before the end.
The moment when time stood still.
The moment of awakening.
The moment of death.
The moment of rain drops tapping your cheeks.
The moment of wonder.
The moment of wonder.
The moment of wonder.

RM

SEIZING, CAPTURING, AND REALIZING THE MOMENT

The moment you believe.
The moment it all falls apart,
 and when it comes back together.
The moment of sorrow.
The moment of euphoria.
The moment that you think
 it's about to end.
The moment of fear,
the moment of suspense.
The moment of joy,
 the one before.
The moment you give in.
The moment you try harder.
The moment that you thought
 would never happen, good or bad.
The moment you fall.
The moment of moments.
The one moment.
That moment you want
That moment you need.
Those moments you don't have.
That moment,
 that moment, you wake up.

Words

On the day when my words

were none

I was a friend to silence

On the day when my words

were lies

I was a friend to the devil

On the day when my words

were joyful

I was a friend to a surprise

On the day when my words

were despair

I was a friend of death

On the day my words

were promise

I was a friend to a liar

But on the day my words

became cold

I froze.

SM

On that day....

On the day when my words
were unwritten....

I was a friend to a blank piece of paper.

On the day when my words
were sad....

I was a friend to abuse.

On the day when my words
were purple....

I was a friend to fields of lilies

On the day when my words
were clear....

I was a friend to knowledge.

On the day when my words
were green....

I was a friend to rainforests.

On the day when my words
were stripped....

I was a friend to zebras.

But when my words
became quiet....
I was found alone.

TW

MY LIFE , The Moments I Will Never Forget

The moment of emptiness
The moment we were all happy
The moment when I thought
 I was free
The moment nothing else mattered
The moment of no sun
The moment when I cried myself to sleep
The white moment
The moment we fought, the moment
 we made up
The moment I couldn't breathe
The moment when I fell
 off the bed
The cold moment
The moment when I walked
 away from everything

The moment of staring into blue eyes

The moment when nothing felt right

The moment of happiness

The moment of rain

The moment I woke up from

a horrible dream

The solid moment

The moment when she cried on

my shoulder

The moment when I cracked, the moment

I broke someone's nose

The nervous moment

The moment when I couldn't

see

The moment of black stars

The moment when I stopped eating

The moment everything died

TW

The Hours of Life

The hour before my birth
The hour my grandpa died.
The hour my dad yelled at me
The hour my before my basketball game
The hour we won
The hour we lost
The hours in the car
The dull hour
The hour I will never see
The first hour
The dark hour
The hours of homework
The cold hour
The hour before my death
The hours of school
The hour of wind
The hour I died
The hour when I learned to walk
The hour you have to wait for something
The hour of emptiness
The hour of my sorrows
The hour of blue skies
The hour of depressing rain
The hours of summer
The happiest hour ever
That hour, yes, that hour.

CK

My Good Life

I am leading a good life
In my yellow house
On 2 ½ acres on Dry Gulch Road.
I have gone to Omni Museum in Portland, Oregon,
And have gone to the IMAX theatre in Omni.
I am an eighth grader in Lone Rock
and soon to be a freshman, finally.
I've gone swimming in Flathead Lake
Then climbing out as fast as I can
so a giant fish doesn't eat me.
I am an American boy,
Playing football and other sports.
I have gone snowboarding and have crashed many times.
I've had a happy childhood
BMXing all summer every day,
Trying to get a new trick down.
I am a wrestler,
Going to regional, national, and world tournaments.
I am reading a book called Firestar.
I want to go to Hawaii and hopefully can soon.
I like it here but want to go back to Oregon.
I have been caught and got into trouble.
I have been to the ocean,
played around in the sand, waiting for the waves
to chase me back to the land.
I have been to the mountains and small towns to big cities.
I am leading a good life,
in Stevensville Montana, on Dry Gulch Road
BMXing, wrestling, and playing football.
Or playing the PlayStation 3,
waiting for some more excitement.

TL

THE DAYS

On the days when my words
were cold,
I was a friend to the hatred.

On the days when my words
were caring,
I was a friend to the needy.

On the days when my words
were confusing,
I was a friend to the wondering.

On the days when my words
were useless,
I was a friend to the wondering.

But when my words became
endless...
I was a friend to the sky.

TS

LYING ON BEACH

Over my head the endless blue
Sky drives on in every direction,
like an endless blue television screen.
On the soft sand the smooth waves
touch my toes. I hear the bird singing
by him with endless joy.

Over the horizon the sun slips away slower
than a sleeping turtle.
I stand on my feet as the sun leaves me
just to return for another day.

TS