

Found Poems from "The Poetry of Bad Weather" by Debora Greger

Was winter inside my February mind?  
Wanted escape.  
Wondered of the still roar of air out of the window...  
Dull poetic words scribed on paper;  
forced like filled nothing  
when the snowy call of death  
invaded Florida.  
What quiet eyes see,  
I do know not.  
Wanted to know.  
Wanted to tell.  
Wanted what could not be.  
-Mid-Buchanan High School

**Jealous Technology**

The dead cell  
phone wondered  
why the songbird  
had all the calls  
-Cameron High School

**Escape**

To escape winter water,  
we spend February tanning indoors  
and pine for Florida  
and in the stillness  
we page the great dead poets  
to come north in the cold  
to make the songbird wild  
with quick grace  
A snowflake wandered by  
We scatter to the window.  
-Maryville High School

**The Poetry of Bad Weather**

We had nothing.  
Why make the window study us?  
Someone grace the indoor's air  
With better petals,  
With stillness and yet a wild escape,  
the air chirped, a songbird.  
February pine propped by snow,  
young life in the north.  
The winter could watch for want.  
Weather had gone, forced away.  
We could keep the snowy page,  
filled with the cold.  
-Smithville High School

**Palpitates**

The butter propped  
dull instruction.  
Tanning class.  
Forced a grace  
of escape.  
Better not pine  
flake poets,  
a thick songbird,  
Yet, we spend  
blue petals filled of [absent February] air.  
-Kristin, Miranda, Conner, Ashley – Central High School

Someone wanted to escape, the  
stillness of the dull classroom cell.  
The students watch snow scatter indoors...  
The clock chirped; the roar of the bell.  
We wondered why the winter was wild...  
Only the dead songbird could tell,  
"Go home with grace and air to study."  
Could my class be better to you?  
The cold air had come in the window,  
all was snowy, even but, blue.  
Yet we had nothing to do...  
Could the north make the poets better  
with the thick February weather?  
-Bishop LeBlond

**Desolate Angsty Bird Poem**

(bongo sounds)  
the songbird on the  
window  
could grace the snowy  
stillness.  
(bongo sounds)  
spend its life in the dull  
weather, yet only watch  
someone indoors.  
Even the young heard the  
forced chirp in the absent  
cold.  
(bongo solo)

**Abstract**

We escape, with Flo Rida to skateboard in February.  
Then there was a wild roar of a songbird chirped  
thick snowy blue butter flakes. The only instruction  
could make forced snowy winter and petals propped  
stillness on us? Someone wondered indoors to go  
tanning with grace of the horse. Absent scattered  
the window of young better students. HOLLA!

-Mid-Buchanan High School

Watch the songbird escape,  
the cell into the blue air  
The dull life of young students  
Forced indoors. Someone  
wondered why the dead clock  
wanted stillness

-Platte County High School