

High School Writing Day 2009
Found Poems from "The Hymn of a Fat Woman" by Joyce Huff

Straight. Words.

I stained the seats.
Women like women abreast the garden.
I imagine brittle knucklebones.
Necks protrude from me.
Latin consumed stranded ribs,
the dirty shards of camels,
his lolling single eyes within my wasted city.
I am the loneliest beautiful moment.
His spared hair carefully carved his starved fervor.
-Bishop LeBlond

Those thin women must
have a breast that anyone
would like. They stained the glass of
my hard...chest. I imagine the
Latin diets they wasted on women
munching apples. The weighty cross
that three single ones slipped through,
ribs protrude.
-Lanee Moore

Four women and camels
starved themselves thin to the
bone as the Latin saints
must do. They wasted
the diet of spare apples
and ribs from the
oh-so-narrow city, walls
stained with carved
shards of glass.
-Platte County High School

The saints come down a path with
brittle knuckle bones. Stranded from
the pew they made shards of themselves,
and starved camels have consumed apples
from the garden of oh-so-narrow fervor.
Saints able of words find weaker
Christ outside or in the walls of
the city.

-Patrick Erickson, Tyler Field, Zach Kerns

Imagine stranded camels leaving the Gardens
Through the pew by the oh-so-narrow path,
Cross Latin saints carve fat single women
Munching on kind root apples
Three abreast down the walk.
All straight from fervor come the needle deity.
-Park Hill High School

I will not spare anyone outside the walls.
Those that have stained words or consumed
themselves.
Starved shards I find made thin like that of bone.
Hard brittle glass ribs protrude from within.
Walk the path straight.
-Cody, Park Hill High School