

High School Writing Day 2009
Found Poems from "Selecting a Reader" by Ted Kooser

Sprinkles

My glasses cleaned her raincoat
wearing the moment.
For walking carefully should be enough to say I will get up.
The still afternoon, washing
over the old poems
And having her hair put on the book,
I take her, the one, back.

-Sara Verduzco, Joe Enright, Kurt Hellerich

That old, beautiful book of poetry
at the back of the bookstore
on the loneliest shelf,
on a damp afternoon
wearing poems in my raincoat.

-Mid-Buchanan High School

Rain

Still damp, my beautiful moment.
She cleaned the afternoon from her raincoat
Having her will, be over my washing
neck. I carefully put the old book to her
back. My one hair of poetry, the
loneliest kind.

-Platte Country High School

I

She will be the one,
"and in poems she will have a moment of peace
and be cleansed for eternity
it is as it should be.

II

It's on my shelf;
my box of poems,
my only source of sanity
one for one and two by two
I write for only me.

-Park Hill High School

The Loneliest Raincoat

She will not take
her old Raincoat to the
cleaners, for it is dirty
at the moment.
Her Hair will be damp like
a fish, She should get
cleaned up in the afternoon

-West Platte High School

Beautiful Bookstore

At the beautiful bookstore
she would be walking carefully
close to the unknown open arms of the poems
she put the book back on the shelf.

-West Platte High School

Purple.

Her damp hair up from her raincoat,
carefully I saw she is the loneliest girl
walking in the afternoon rain. Her neck, Beautiful
for a moment turns to me. The glasses on
my face fog up from the mist and I can't
see her clearly but I'm sure there are tears in
her eyes. I saw to her that the rain will clear and
she starts walking once more. The afternoon fades to
night and she is still walking in the rain. Searching.

-Park Hill High School

Torn Soul Turn Poet

Mistrust hurt of being raped
Selling her temple for needed ends
Still washing herself of having dirty
money, money, money
Take my money
Cleaned
Over
Out
Enough
My escape, scape, scape, scape is
Poetry
Wearing poetry on her sleeves.
I WANT OUT
Because I AM BEAUTIFUL.

-Lauren, Park Hill High School