

# Poetry Collection

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## The Sensation of Speech

The words trip  
On their way out.  
The rough edges of letters,  
Sharp endings of words,  
The all catch in the shallow  
Crevices,  
The desert cracks  
In my chapped lips.  
Each one stumbles  
Surprised  
From my unwilling mouth  
And falls haphazardly  
To the ground  
Swiftly gathering in a noisy heap  
About my toes.  
All that remains  
Within is a lone question mark.  
But he burrows into the warmth  
of my tongue  
And refuses to venture out.  
Even he knows  
That there is no  
Answer.

## An Unraveling Subconscious

sign!  
sing for the air  
the filthy noxious gas  
that rushes  
in and out  
of your lungs  
even as the cold  
flickering picture  
that should be the sun  
creeps out of hiding  
from behind the dusty warehouses  
and shining skyscrapers  
which force the landscape  
into an eerie  
grin.

dance!  
dance on  
over the cracked  
and cluttered streets  
in between the honking taxis  
amidst the road rage  
while exhaust swirls  
around your ankles  
and an empty beer can clacks  
across the road  
adding to the frantic rhythm  
set by your desperately  
tapping feet  
even as you are abandoned  
by a favorite decrepit  
shoe.

shout!  
shout out  
your soul  
your insane poetical ramblings  
that mimic your  
artist's depravity  
you copy yourself  
folding over and over  
twisting in around and out  
until you forget your beginning  
and you screech like  
a broken  
classical record  
even as other screams fill your ears  
and the tumbrel  
approaches your imagined  
guillotine.

weep!  
weep for the ones  
who were not so fortunate  
who felt the weight  
of the universe  
falling in on them  
making them a vacuum  
warping perception  
and vomiting  
blinding sooty clouds  
of hallucinatory mazes  
even as their reality  
slams into their collective gut  
with the crossing of glassy eyes  
the dust grit stench  
piercing howl of sirens  
filth waste  
flaming garbage  
harsh whispers strongly  
echoing pink scars

painful fluorescence traced in  
neon signatures  
salt in wounds  
release.

dream!  
dream of the scaffold  
so as night falls  
you can jump into  
the sheets  
the darkness  
the lights  
colors of uncontrollable  
ecstasy  
the baggy-eyed crinkle-browed  
trembling wait for morning  
reluctant knowledge of midnight late night  
and slate grey dawn  
whose misty fingers draw the blinds  
and drown your mind  
in the icy lake of unconsciousness  
snores bubbling and disappearing  
into anonymity  
with gods and kingdoms  
that crash and flash and burn  
like water never should  
but then  
really it's stone over stone  
in your unraveling  
subconscious.

sleep.  
sleep. sleep.  
fall. end. finish.  
staccato.  
jerking.  
jolting.  
agonizing.  
waking. as. you. dream.  
as. you. sleep.  
you. want. to. sleep.  
sleep.  
sleep.  
hard. heads.  
soft. pillows.  
aching. skull.  
pounding. ears.  
slipping. under.  
surrendering. to.  
sleep.  
    sleep.  
        sleep.

## The Perilous Waltz

The Sun  
is the constant murderer  
of the Moon,  
and Selene,  
the eternal bane  
of Helios.  
Forever enemies—  
locked in deadly combat,  
yet unconditional are they  
in their love.  
Even more so  
undeniably  
heartbreakingly  
frozen in their forced hatred.  
Heavenly bodies locked in  
the fatal dance  
orchestrated  
by the celestial symphony  
whose cacophony thunders  
through the mighty halls  
of the gods  
and demigods.  
On they step,  
waltzing  
to a beautiful  
terrible  
melody.  
They are ever  
longing for each other  
yet yearning  
for the other's  
destruction.  
Never ceasing  
to pursue the other,  
desperate  
for that broken love.  
Yet, with each movement,  
they are burned,  
speared to the core.  
A battle of perfections,  
choreographed without flaw,  
conformity at its best,  
its worst,  
conducting the heavens  
with brutal  
finality.