

Things to read:

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems>

Name:	Title (optional):	Actual:
Jack	drowning	I move towards the ceiling to make room in the jellyfish, the walls leak seawater, so permeable in a half-conscious mind, to imagine dawn as oceanic -- the body is a starfish, always regenerating in the morningtide, writhing in the pain, the burial-shroud-currents--this endless rebirth
	emotion prompt	Too much pride wrapped in my trust, i can't seem to escape myself, notions of success always liminal in this glass cage, refractions of oneself staring at you, weighing the eyes like portals -- see through the pupil, look at the skull underneath, the gray matter, the brainstem, discover my humanity -- give it to me, this core, emptied, present me the path -- the river -- like Charon -- let me find pieces of myself, to stitch with golden wires, lose the hands in the water -- baptism in this ego death. I'm searching for a way out of this underworld.
	Object prompt	I sit atop a wooden box, earplugs in, studying the CBCM livestream from four years ago -- Chris, Naomi, Siera... those names, I remember -- as I match Eddie's rhythm, interlinked through the pixels. The cajon, becomes a stool, becomes drumline as my hands run across its face, listen to the heartbeat of wood, listen to the generations, the stories within each beat. This archival of our journey -- four years faded to grainy livestreams with 70 views, this portal to a history inherited.P.S. I probably copied Christopher
	Important person prompt	he wilts into the room, a fluffy cloud ball, this mythical being. his fur is a dream that forgoes time as I rub back and forth, under and over. each direction, I am the wind, his ears are great mountain ranges. languid steps in cotton paws. this loyalty and trust is real, I feel it in my hands.
	Free write	i'm thinking of the miracle of waking up everyday. somehow crawling out of bed. the beached whale coiled in plastic rings is resuscitated somehow its blood vessels like through-mountain train tracks, beating wildly like a fire -- the alarm of dawn like magic spells the beached whale no longer beached as the shore pulls inward - the slithering hyphen, falling sideways into cold, watery asylum to be shocked into consciousness, time regathers -- a headwater formed, again. yes, this whale wipes away the miasma of an oily, post-wake-up face. Yes, this whale is touching the mirror, finding its face alive again. breathe, breathe.
	Scrolling on couch	for two weeks straight, i scrolled and scrolled. the screen time hit numbers never-before-seen. it wasn't long ago that double-digit screen time felt foreign. and now i was close to the 15s, the 16s. how is that humanly possible. i took screenshots to make sure i wasn't dreaming. such an out-of-body experience, that moment shifted me to third-person, this bird's eye view of a teenage boy splayed on the

		<p>couch, his head balanced between the couch and a pillow. like water, flowing towards least resistance. sometimes, he got up and ate and drank and exercised. but those moments seemed to be endless -- eventually congealing to a 4 to 5 hour reading session. i wish i could say i hated it, but those two weeks were amazing. i knew it, too. that i was engrossed in the words, the stories, the characters, that i wanted to keep that journey going forever and ever, but i knew it would end, so i dedicated myself to it. for two weeks. for 11 to 14 hours a day. church and other meetings were my only breaks. i read around 300 chapters a day, each 1500 words so that's 450000 words which is the equivalent of six "sorcerer stone's" a day. unbelievable -- it was a brain-bath, i keep searching for that same feeling. in different books, in different media, in youtube shorts, in instagram reels, but everything else is just a distraction, a replica, faulty, shallow -- im left reaching, again, now.</p>
	<p>Abstract (memory -> time)</p>	<p>I am a historian as I document my thoughts on the page I am an artist as These clouds float in Great sky-river, .. a family broken between two</p> <p>Something untranslated. Is this loss If time is a river, i am falling through the vortex,</p> <p>This is my descent, analyze it. Each line, a meter, Into the endless abyss</p>
	<p>Free write</p>	<p>there is a giant dog at my feet right now</p> <p>i want to write really cool, moving pieces that are long and stuff but i don't know it feels like the answers are already there -- that it will come when it needs to. got a lot on my plate, turns out... things aren't going exactly to plan and i need a lot of mental work to try to compute the effects of certain actions from now til like i'm career-ready. i hope these writing workshops will have more and more attendees because i truly really enjoy them for myself but also for the kids. though i'm also a kid, i think. i think poetry is beautiful, and some parts of me wish i'd discovered it sooner -- but alas i also think that if i were to wish any part of me had done anything differently, you would probably have to alter my initial birth or the initial conditions of the world to affect that moment. because i didn't have interest in poetry partially because no one in my school did, and i go to a small school, and i go there because i live in miami and because my sister went there and its a good school, and i didnt get into poetry, also, because i didn't realize that they all use twitter, lol, and i don't have twitter. it's kind of beautiful how i feel like i've become better at capturing the life around me, and the moment, and myself. it's also funny how poems</p>

		<p>have become this like new obsession of mine -- that i can scroll poems on literary magazines for hours, and note down the techniques and the words used. and then write continuously-- everything is habit, everything is routine obsession--that's how we compound growth. that's why when we look back, we changed so drastically compared to how we feel like we change day-to-day. this reads like a diary entry, i guess it is. i'm excited, because with each step in this journey, i gain more and more, writing is so rewarding. it's creative expression and connection with the world, people, and the self all at once. it's creating opportunities to write powerful, sharable, works that one can be proud of, and it's creating beautiful communities that push each other up like the one i found at kenyon and the one here. i'm going to try and write a scifi poem real quick.</p> <p>the body, sublimated, reality after the technological singularity the alien boy--> who's wearing a punk rock shirt or smth</p> <p>the endless underground cities in mars, artificial clouds</p>
	Moires	<p>oily creatures sprouted from deep oceanic caverns. each scientific expedition ended in a blacked-out screen, granular shouts and screams fading into static noise. Moires, the UN named them, small poop ball-like organisms that shape flexibly like ferrofluid--stretching, sticking, combining, and jumping like leeches onto other organisms. They seem to have devoid of limbs or eyes, solely reliant on a form of underwater echolocation. they have no known predators and the only way to disable them, is to seal them. Soviet scientists captured two from the Mariana Trench, and stored them in carbon containers. the Moires thrashed uncontrollably against the walls, seemingly without energy loss--they still do. their population has grown uncontainable, leaking into our rivers and aqueducts. entire cities' water reservoirs have been abandoned. the Moires have contributed to ecological collapse the scale of the Little Ice Age. the only hope now is a global relocation to Mars -- our nearest surviving outer-planet colony.</p>

	freewrite	<p>yes it is 10:33 AM, and my eyes are barely open, open the heart onto the page, teacher says, teacher, do you know, the heart is an eyeball, closed-tight, closed-tight. origami crumpled into a sphere. yes it is 10:37 AM and all is lowering, falling in gravity, yes the mind is always reaching, waking only manifests hunger, creates the rolling stone. i eat the miasma in breakfast greetings, each breath like hawking radiation, each step falling towards singularity. the clock is spinning. click through the days and nights, each line is a descent, a cataract, deified in its breaking</p>
		<p>the pencil stands like a lone pillar its tin crown frayed at its edges. the emerald paint flaked away through many hands. how long has it stood there, waiting for a user, an object to enact its will upon. this is the paradox of tools, they flicker in and out of the space they occupy. i look at the pencil, at the wood and graphite, at its fifty cent value, at its artistic potential, its being -- like a soldier, a forest, a sword, a line hung to the wall, an octagonal prison of air. look how infinite its edges are--how permeable in the halogen afterglow, there is always air in-between, a separation. i wonder if that's where i find myself -- on the tiniest reflection on the pencil tip. a boy in the shape of a crumpled ant.</p> <p>the Chinese textbook's worn pages, like a river, i leaf through its pages. unveil memories hidden in the faded portraits and characters. i only realized i'd learned chinese in its distinctive font long after i'd left its domain -- and i can only appreciate its choices now, three years later. that royal -purple color is too nostalgic--sometimes i forget, that i've lived my memories before--that i've left marks in the sand, pencil slashes on a worn Chinese textbook.</p>

	Free write + stella lei prompt	<p>used board games stacked into a corner, thick dust. unclog the miasma, it is molecular, inspect the threads, sculpt away at feelings and meaning. the soda-absorbed carpet, like an unwashed scalp, the cracked walls lean away, curtains drawn on your retina, this centerstage.</p> <p>Now: the boy is watching bubbles rise from underneath, swirling in a shroud. the sky is falling, crumpling into lightbeams, into a wintry faultline, above, above. he counts the seconds Then: his the boy wanted to test his body, to say something is special. Watching the actors and actresses wrestle on the big screen, watching secrets unfold in whispers and an insect's touch. he scavenged the mirror, tried to find the lines,</p> <p>Now: the boy has learnt to let go.</p>
Chris	Scifi thing	<p>Someone Farted</p> <p>Once upon a time in a cave, sounds and smells echoed everywhere because they couldn't escape. The mole people were just doing their usual, when BLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP..... SOMEONE FARTED. The humans above thought it was an earthquake, but this time it was not. Everyone began fainting, plants died, water became contaminated, fresh air was scarce and expensive. The earth became a barren wasteland, the atmosphere was looking like it was going to burst. Someone cut the cheese and ate too many beans. By the next week, other countries thought that nuclear war was happening. So that's how Earth-293048 came to be looking like a rotten apple core.</p>
Chris	Me spittin bars	<p>Infinite rhymes</p> <p>Once upon a time, Jack owed me 6 dollars and 60 cents A currency used in the Uk is named pence</p>

		<p>And my next-door neighbors put up a fence To put up a building, you must pour cement Every holiday there is always an event If you are taking off in a plane, you ascent And aerated water makes you descent When you go camping, you set up a tent If you burn a candle, it might give off a scent If you steal, then you will be punished by the fullest extent Some types of beans might need to ferment When you hit a pan on a firm surface, it might dent The AC travels through a vent Superman's identity is Clark Kent When you are in class, you might need to present When you get older, you might start to dement Back then, when they needed answers, they had to torment When you look up in the night sky, you might see a moon that is crescent</p>
Nathan	Confusion	<p>I get confused very often, I get confused when my mom speaks Chinese words I don't know, I get confused when something is too sophisticated for me. When I decided to write this I didn't know what to do for the first two minutes. The definition of confusion is lack of understanding or uncertainty. I don't like feeling confused and so do other people too.</p>
Nathan	Free write	<p>On a Wednesday morning, I woke up to do Jack's writing workshop.</p> <p>We start off by watching a video of a Poet named Isabella Cho and watch him read her poem, then we read her poem by popcorning around. After that we did free writing. We read a poem about Chinese New Year Oriana Tang. A few observations were made and we started writing.</p>

Chris	Dehydration	<h2>Dehydration .</h2> <p>Scuffling, dragging your feet. Looking for liquid. A desperate feeling rushes over your body. The rain had dried, making powdered rust lay, blown, and swirling around. The sensation of desperation makes you do anything for the sweet, succulent water you've once tasted the day before. But then, but then, water tasted bland, never appreciated. But now, but now, you utterly understand the hydration it can quench. But now, you scuffle along the street, filing your toenails down until your toes get scraped. It feels like you're in the sun. But then, you were once living in paradise, but now you are not. The powdered rust twinkles in the sunlight. And then, it all fades away... to the nothingness of black. You suddenly wake up on a bed, the light blinds you, you take a moment to adjust. Sounds of people rushing here and there. You can hear the beeping sounds the monitor next to you makes. The line zigzags, then straight for a millisecond, then zigzags again. You feel drowsy, trying to get up, you collapse before you can even take a step out of the room. You drag your body outside, and a doctor finds you. The doctor takes you back to the bed. You suddenly fall asleep. You were so overwhelmed that your heartbeat stopped for 30 minutes. When you woke up, you were inside a dim lighted place. You feel something on your toe, it feels like a piece of paper, on the right side, there's metal boxes inside the entire wall. You find your clothes, and escape. When you reach the sunlight, you become dehydrated again, and you still scrape your bandaged toes along the asphalt. The powdered rust begins to look like paprika. The palm trees are damp from being watered the minute before. You punch 1000 times, and the tree collapses. You begin to squeeze the damp part, and it never quenched your thirst. Your hands were worn down to the knucklebone. You have given up, and succumbed, you begin to see a bright light. There are pearly gates, and you are standing on clouds. You have made it to your final destination.</p>
Stephen	Ancient Pokemon Box	<p>An ancient box, brimming with nostalgia sits on the corner of my desk. Each card, their edges worn and their faces bent. Each card tells a story. Opening a pack, trading with friends. From the classic Charizard to elusive rares. A treasure trove of childhood memories.</p>
Stephen	apples	<p>Apples scattered across the backyard. Countless. Like the stars in the sky.</p>
Chris	My write	<p>I sit atop a metal box, earplugs in, studying the gaming livestream I streamed four years ago -- Jack, Jeremy, And Mr. Mo... those names, I remember -- as I match the rhythm, interlinked through the pixels. The cajon, becomes a stool, becomes drumline as my hands run across its face, listen to the heartbeat of wood, listen to the</p>

		<p>generations, the stories within each beat. This archival of our journey -- four years faded to grainy livestreams with 2 views, this portal to a history inherited. I play my heart out, knowing that in 10 hours, I will be sitting on the same stool—except on the worship stage alongside the key players and the co-lead singers – and in front of the hundreds of bodies and eyes. I hear their distinct voices rising, collecting in the air. Thud. Slap. Silence. Build, build, build. In that moment, I forget my heartbeat, my body – everything in the music and other stuff. The livestream turns to 1 viewer, who is nervously waiting for me to do something, so he can go to bed already. Suddenly, some amazing thing had happened, the boy had donated a single cent. A teardrop runs down my cheek, my first big donation. Patented by Christopher Lee ©All rights reserved</p>
Mao		
Charles Mo		
Jeremy	Poem	Next to the fireplace, making some smores, having a good laugh, having a good time, in the sunset's glow.
Ruth		
Kayla	Confusion (What are humans)	<p style="text-align: center;">What are humans? Are they lies? Maybe they're an animal in disguise. Oh whatever shall we do. What are humans for goodness sake?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Are they pieces of meat, hanging from a tree? Oh stupid, how stupid could they be.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Can they bake, can they sing? Or are they cookies in a baking tray? What are humans for goodness sake?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Are they real, or are they fake? Us aliens will never know.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Are they food, or are they allies, do they to have automobiles? Oh whatever shall we do. What are humans for goodness sake?</p>

		<p>Perhaps it's all an illusion. Maybe they're a painting from a canvas, or a drawing from paper. But, oh whatever shall we do. We aren't humans after all.</p>
Kayla	China	<p>The brightening streetlights in China, the smell of food evaporating into the air like an uplifted spirit. I found myself surrounded by hundreds if not thousands of people. Their voices filled the intoxicated air, and laughter scurried among the celestial town. The night sky was getting dimmer each hour, which felt like a minute. The stars would be shown and we would all go home. It was the end of the day. No more cheering sounds of laughter but pure relaxation. The birds stopped calling, and I would sleep.</p>
Alyssa		<p>Its worse than hatred it is worse than anything I really hate it</p>
Ivan	Dehydrated System	<p>A barren dessert, with drafts of wind flowing all throughout, both in and out. I sit there, by an extinguished campfire of all things. Useless. If I wanted to cook something I would have used the grueling sun as a furnace.. Ha, as if. There's nothing left here.</p> <p>You may wonder how I got here and the answer is written in sand. The same sand that gets blown over often in this wasteland; I had trekked for several days across the jungle, until dirt turned to dust. And suddenly I found sand in every crevice of my boots. Only then had I truly realized I was stranded. Oh, how I will dread the drought that follows suit.</p>

Chris	Emotion prompt	Confusion? Brain, confusion, random words? Confusion make brain question? Random, Confuse you. Like the predecessor of this sentence. Confusing make brain interrogate the human's ears and cortex. But, too confusing things make the brain overload. But at the end, brain make mouth ask: "Huh?" And "What did you say?".
Chris	Free Write	The fastest spy plane used during war was the SR-71 Blackbird, but there is a new development of the SR-72 Darkstar. Another famous spy plane was the U-2 plane; both planes were used to document from extremely high altitudes. During the end of the Cold War, Francis Gary Powers was shot down with a SA-2 while piloting a U-2 over Russian missile sites. The most known fighter jets are the F-18, F-15, F-16, F-22, and the F-35. First, the F-18 is well known for being small and fast, and so is the F-16. The F-22 is currently the most feared one, it uses thrust vectoring nozzles to become very agile. The F-35 uses V-TOL, which was also used in the Harrier Jump Jet. The V-TOL makes the engine turn vertically so it can hover in place, this makes it so that they can land on an aircraft carrier without the catch hook. The F-15 was used in the Cold War, it was fast, but it was big too.
Chris	Strayed dog	The strayed dog was hunting for food, there were many men out for the dog. He'd never faced the men before. In his home, an alleyway that was hidden away from the bustling streets. The men quickly cornered him, they had a strange stick with a loop at the end, they couldn't be as swift as the dog. So, they used this large box with 4 wheels to chase him. He'd scratched and barked at doors, but nobody wanted him. Then he ran, to another city, new sights, new smells, new patterns. The asphalt of the road didn't sting so much in the sunlight. The dog was overshadowed by tall figures, but he'd had found his new home, and caretakers.
Jeremy	Jack eating food	Jack getting food, Vibrant colors, amazing scents, A music of flavors, Jack's senses love. In the simple food of what Jack consumes, he finds the joy that helps his tongue bloom. Jack looked through his fridge, looking at all of the options to have. His fridge doors open, a Mcdonald's Quarter pounder with cheese in sight. If he had a large stomach, Then Jack could eat the entire fridge. Leftovers tempting freshly cooked food, Jack sighs deeply, his stomach starting to grumble, As he looks through the fridge, his choice is still a fumble. Finally, Jack picks his delight, his choice, a spicy Mcchicken.
Jeremy	Name	The time flowing through each clock, every day, every week. Time spilling threw each clock, one by one. Each day is like a story, each day is unique on its own. Our life is like a book, each day going through, like pages being turned. Each day, like a separate smoothie, some good some bad. Each day echoing through time, in an infinite cycle of love, loss, and wonder.
Ruth		I walk out of my classroom to see a huge crowd of students grades 1-5 roaming around the school like a pride of lions. Then my eyes fix on the school grounds, waiting desperately for my mother to come pick me up. Now, everyone else had left already except for me. Now the trees surrounding me start rustling gently, breaking

		<p>the silence. Then I take a deep breath of relief when I spot my mom in the distance running towards me, as far as one could tell, extremely tired and out of breath. I walk to my car, my feet dragging behind me.</p>
Session 5	Robert	<p>In that instance, I realize who I am, a player caught in the moment, the weight of the game resting on my heavy shoulders. My heart races as my brain starts to spin. What should I do!? The defenders are closing in, time slowing down, locked in as my foot hovers in front of the projectory of the ball. Should I pass? Should I shoot? My teammates' voices echo louder, but everything around me fades into a blur, and it's just me, the ball, and the goal. Rolling, Spinning, and finally stopping right under my feet. I take a deep breath, I push the ball forward, committing to the play that feels right, knowing that this moment defines not just the game but who I am.</p>
		<p>The Natural Bonsai Tree by Christopher Lee The sapling, climbed through the cracks of the rock. So isolated, up high, in the sky, just alone, as the days go by. But then, its journey of growth stops, the days of weathering made the little sapling fall. Some pebbles, fell near the rubble, of the ground. Some fell on the roots, others fell on the crooked stem, but in a few years, the pebbles grew the sapling into a crooked tree, many years passed, as more rocks fell from the high sky, the tree grew mighty, and much more crooked. But, when it finally reached a century of tasting the ground, it fell, from the crookedness of it's heavy and long branches.</p> <p>Baer vs Bear, who will win? Baer starts off with a flying paw, mauling bear. bear then plays defense. baer does another flying paw, but bear counters, pivots from one leg, and bites baer on the hind leg. bear is now on offense, bear claws and mauls baer, bites baer in the other front leg. Baer charges on his front two legs, but then bear does the same thing, they charge, and bite each other in the neck, and end-----.</p> <p>What inspires me Roblox is life, the best platform in the world, inspired more than millions of users across the globe. Best imagination sparker just like flint and steel, igniting the creativity of kids today.</p>
	Jack	<p>Wow. back to the same white page The same characters, language, that carries it all. i haven't written in weeks, i feel like im relearning how to swim how to think in words and lines and sentences. it's mid-morning, i am 17 and i have quite a few essays to write i wonder if i can do it</p> <p>the printer sits, tongue-out, at the desk's corner. glossy-black, like my Model O, it must've watched me grow. ozymandias, the sculptures shifting--sand around legs, the scenery never changes,</p>

		<p>time like molasses in a jar, curled in child's fingertip, into grapheme, into sheets devoid of color --fed to the Chimera, released in ink, the printer awaits, a memory to seal.</p>
	Alvin Mei	<p>Valorant: Where Legends Rise</p> <p>In Valorant's world, I take my place, With quick reflexes and steady pace. Each round is a challenge I've got to face, Team by my side, we'll win the race.</p> <p>The spike is set, the timer ticks, Jett's dashing fast, with her quick tricks. Sova's arrows fly, finding their mark, While Omen's shadows keep us in the dark.</p> <p>I plant the spike, I hold my ground, Footsteps echo, a distant sound. My heart pounds fast, but I stay calm, One more win before the bomb.</p> <p>In this game, it's not just skill, It's strategy and teamwork, that thrill. We rise together, we give our best, In Valorant, we pass the test.</p>
	Kayla	<p>It's not sunny, or dark outside a gust full breeze whizzes past the palm trees as raindrops glaze along my forehead. The drops of rain falling on cars sound like canon balls, and hail scrubbing the streets. One palm tree falls after another, and houses float together down a stream. Was it hurricane Helene?</p>
	Alex C.	<p>The fog should come on little cat feet. I was told it would sit looking over harbor and city on silent haunches, but I see it, hear it, and it is loud. I remember the first time I took notice of it. Seems like long ago, but it was really just yesterday. Maybe it's inching in on me too.</p> <p>I don't know my great-grandfather's name. Correction: I don't remember it. I should. I don't.</p> <p>I do remember the playoff run where Kawhi Leonard led the Raptors to a championship in 2019; in other words, I remember greatness. But, by the words of Proust, time must be "perdu", and we live our lives through memories, which must fade, distort or vanish into that untraceable abyss inside our minds.</p>
	Stephen	<p>What inspires me? Everything around me. The stars, the moon, the sun—all of it reminds me of the endless possibilities life offers. Each moment is an opportunity to</p>

		learn and grow, to find joy in the little things. Life is too short not to embrace happiness. Wake up each day with a purpose and focus on what truly brings joy.