

POEMS

by Sophomore Students

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Oklahoma City OK

Metapoetry Assignment

Metapoetry is quite simply self-aware poetry about poetry and /or writing poetry.

Check samples located here:

<https://mseffie.com/assignments/poem-a-day/metapoetry.html>

After reading the examples provided online, write and illustrate your own metapoem.

Keep in mind that your poem will be bound into an anthology for your class and kept in the library, so do your best!

CAUTION CAUTION

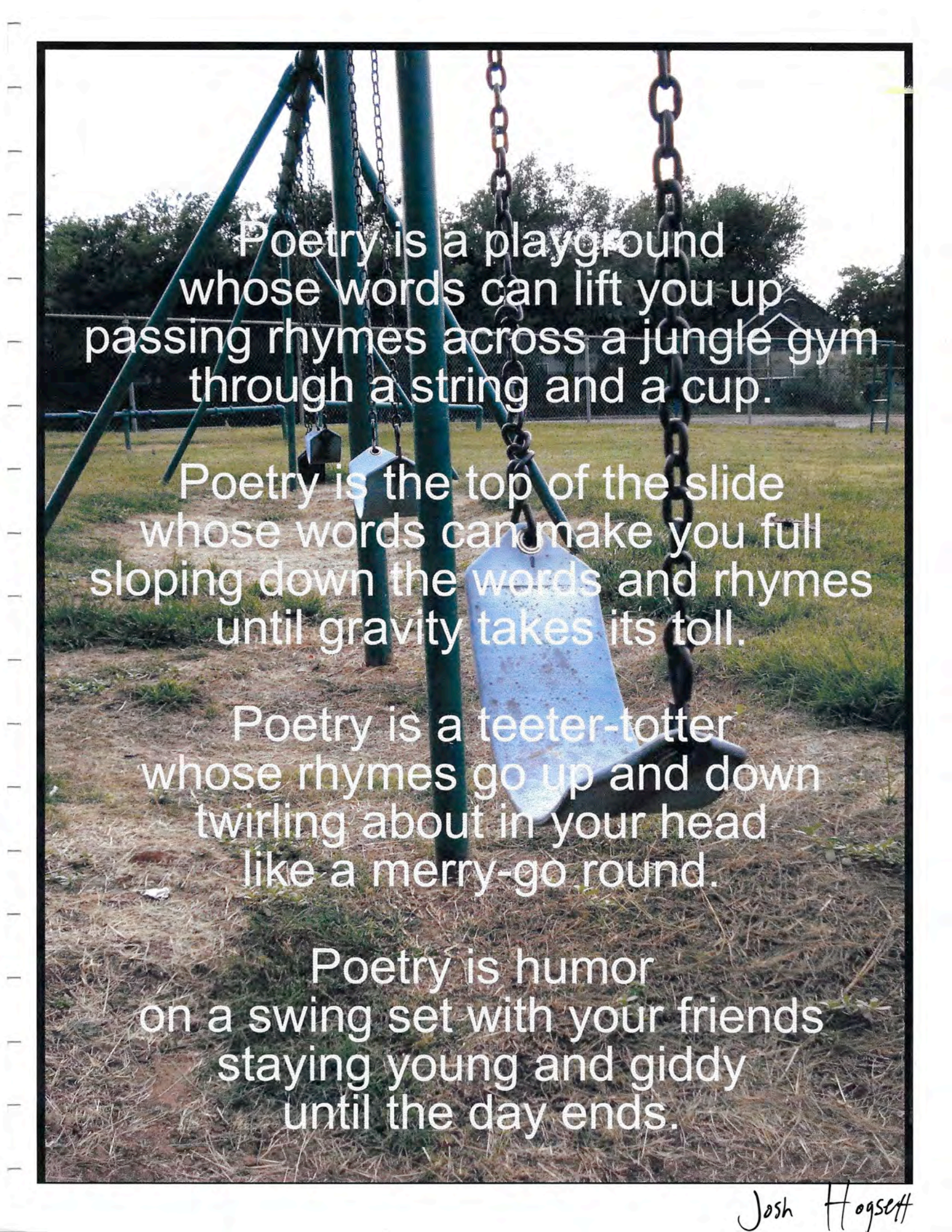
**Poetry is like an unsolved mystery.
There are different conclusions depending on
the person studying it.**

**A poem's meaning can be hidden or out in the
open.**

**Some are investigated far beyond the obvious.
Like the investigator, the reader interrogates
the poem until nothing is left untouched,
picking up clues along the way as to find out
what it mean.**

CAUTION CAUTION





Poetry is a playground
whose words can lift you up
passing rhymes across a jungle gym
through a string and a cup.

Poetry is the top of the slide
whose words can make you full
sloping down the words and rhymes
until gravity takes its toll.

Poetry is a teeter-totter
whose rhymes go up and down
twirling about in your head
like a merry-go round.

Poetry is humor
on a swing set with your friends
staying young and giddy
until the day ends.

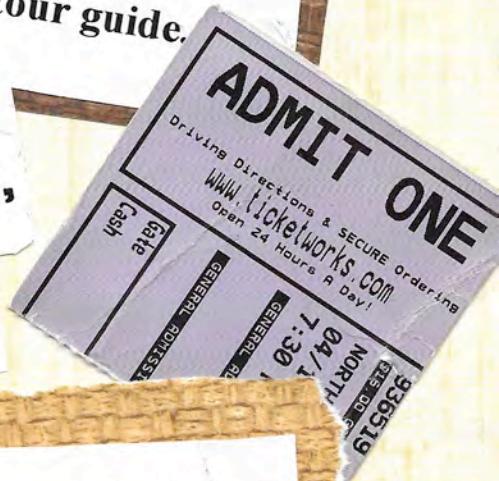
Josh Hogsett

P O E T R Y IS AN

ADVENTURE

Where should you go today?
Read a poem, it can take you anywhere.
WHETHER ITS SNOWY MOUNTAINS YOU'LL CLIMB,
Or over green, sun-faced valleys you'll glide,
Poetry can be your **ULTIMATE** tour guide.

No need to call your travel agent.
Forget about packing your bags.
Don't worry about blackout dates or itineraries,
Just sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride.
Poetry will be your **ULTIMATE** tour guide.



Let the words take you to far off places,
Real or fantasy, it really doesn't matter.
What fun you're having on this adventure!
Where to next? You decide!
Poetry is being your **ULTIMATE** tour guide.



And when you're done, ready to turn homeward,
When the grand poem finally comes to an end,
You'll be safe at home, thinking to yourself,
"What a wonderful trip! What an amazing ride!"
Poetry has been your **ULTIMATE** tour guide.

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BOARDING TIME 0505P
DEPARTURE TIME 0530P
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SEAT NUMBER DESTINATION
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SPECIAL SERVICE
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PASSENGER'S NAME
GAFFNEY/ERINM
0122155780016 CPN 1

Erin Gaffney p.7 Pre-AP English

What is Poetry?

POETRY can be a *magical* world.

A road with no end.

A *fantastical* adventure

That you're willing to *attend*.

POETRY can be *something*.

A walk on the *beach*.

A *sky* full of clouds

All within reach.

POETRY can be *scary*.

Death at your *door*.

A falling *sensation*.

Or a *spider* on the floor.

POETRY can be *happy*.

A bunny here and there.

Rainbows and flowers.

There's plenty to *share*.

But what is POETRY?

Only *YOU* can find out.

It goes by your *definition*

That's without a doubt.

No one can tell you

How to write a POEM

It *flows* from your *heart*

You just gotta show 'em.



Meta Poem

Whether written in couplets of rhyme,
With pairs of the same-sound-ending line,
Or less structured verses that are free,
(think e. e. cummings, if you like my poem),
Classics like Shakespeare's soliloquy,
Brooding, brimming, broken-hearted Browning,
Alliterating, Resonating,
Symbolizing, Sympathizing.

Poe's
Ominous,
Eerie
Meanings.

Abstract thoughts, metaphoric.
Haiku, ballad, acrostic.
Nature, love, death, youth,
Joy, sorrow, dreams, war, and truth.
Poems are foolproof!



Poetry is like a Box of Chocolates...

Sometimes poetry is creamy and smooth.

It usually has stuff inside that you only get

when you bite into it.

It may be delicious.

You may find the taste electrifying

Or you may find yourself crying.

No matter what your reaction,

You never know what you're going to get.

Will Donnelly



SMILE

Writing Right

ink

Me for poetry

*Mrs. Effienger asked us to write a complex poem.
 Most of us think this not work for home.
 As the hours tick by: 9 o'clock, 10, 11, 12
 I start to realize that I am in hell.
 Poetry scanning and vocabulary too!
 She does not acknowledge my IQ is 52.
 I'm starting to ponder if I should mark "stressed" or "unstressed."
 Never mind, it's for the best.
 Writing is such a grueling task.
 For help in poetry, I have to ask.
 To Shakespeare and Frost, my poetry doesn't compare,
 But I hope Mrs. E can find it in her heart to spare...
 Me an A.*

ME



THE EMPTY DWELLING

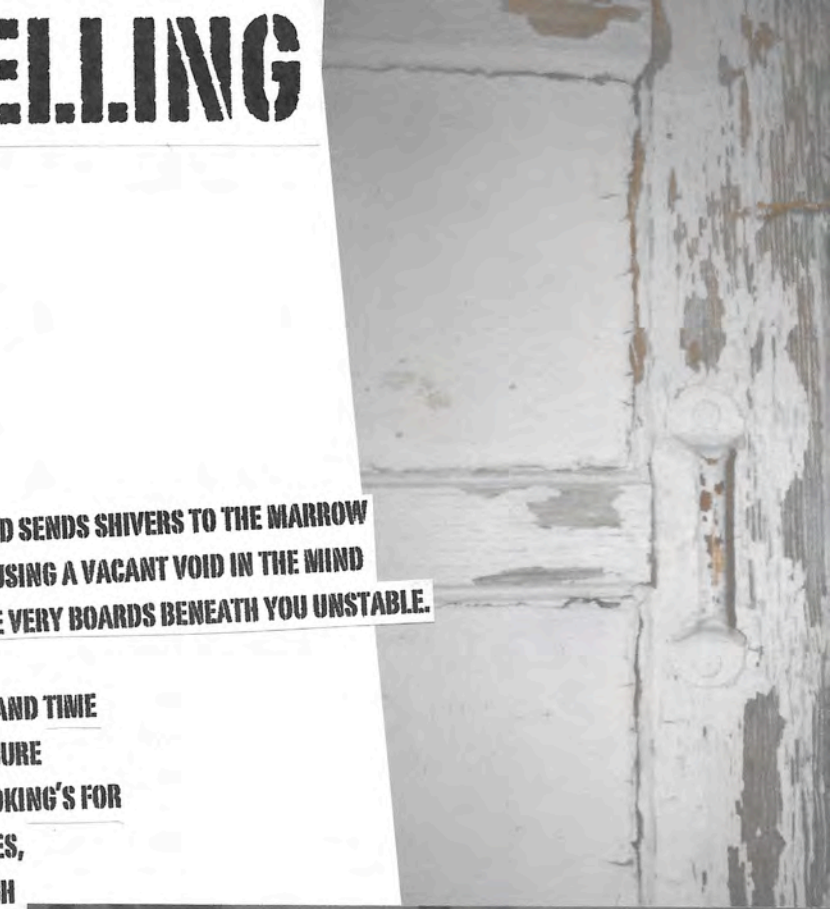
POEM IS FLAKING, RAW, AND EXPOSED.

HINGES HANGING ON THEIR FRAMES
WINDOWS CRACKING IN THEIR PANES
A STUTTER IN YOUR HEART BEAT,
AN AGE OF DREAMS UNFULFILLED.

COLD SENDS SHIVERS TO THE MARROW
CAUSING A VACANT VOID IN THE MIND
THE VERY BOARDS BENEATH YOU UNSTABLE.

A PERIOD OF LOVE THAT DIDN'T WITHSTAND TIME
ONE MAN'S TRASH IS ANOTHER'S TREASURE
ONLY YOU COMPREHEND WHAT THE LOOKING'S FOR
CAN'T PUT IT TO WORDS AS POETRY DOES,
ARCHITECTURE ALWAYS FALLS THROUGH

HOMELESS, TIRED, SICK AND STATIC.
TROVERT TO THE DARK ATTIC.
CALL AND SCREAM WITH ALL YOU OWN,
DON'T REGRET IT, YOU HAVE GROWN.
STAND AND BREATHE AND WALK OUTSIDE.
LEAVE DILAPIDATION BEHIND.



Zoe Kent

sophisticated • elegant • classy • urbane • polished • refined • stylish • charming • graceful • chic • beautiful • modish • fashionable • beautiful

Audrey Hepburn

lovely • timeless • stunning • classic

I DIDN'T

Remember

that

write

a

POEM

had

I didn't remember that
I had to write a poem until second hour.
When my partner in history told me,
my face turned sour.
I realized that I only had two classes
to write a masterpiece.

This is a time when I want a
poet's brain to lease.
I tap my pen and try to think
of a first line,
But all I can do is doodle
on this paper of mine.
My stomachs grawling
and my mind is off
track.

Long enough for a
pat on the back
this poem is





Poetry is the Bad Twin

poetry is the bad twin

who breaks all the rules

prose is the good twin

who toes the straight and narrow

poetry is the bad twin

who slams the door

and tracks in dirt

prose is the good twin

who sets the table

and vacuums the rug

poetry is the bad twin

who plays everything close to the vest

prose is the good twin

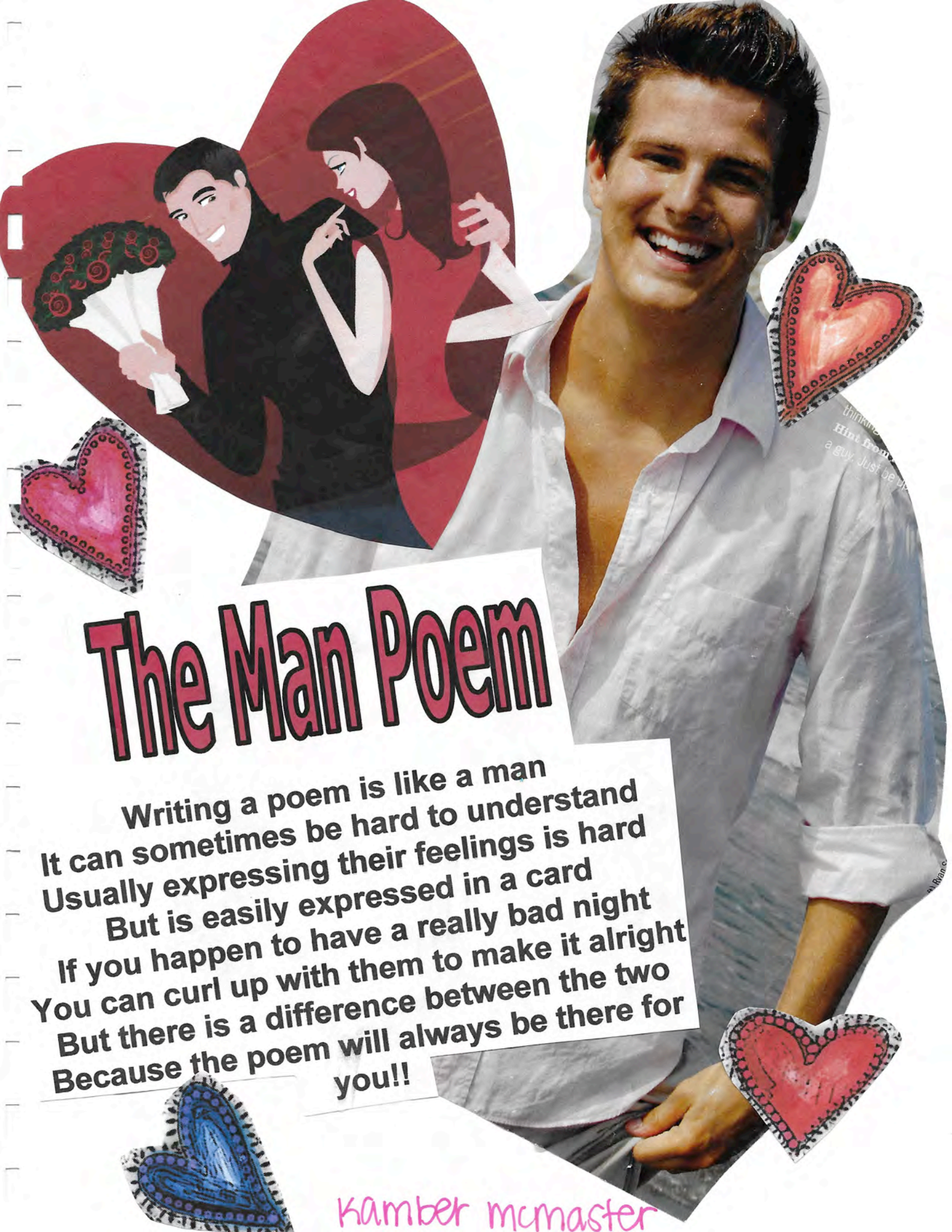
who keeps everything plain and simple

you'd think the right choice would be easy to gauge

but somehow **prose** gets pushed aside

and **poetry** takes **CENTER STAGE**

Valerie Kastens



thinking
Hint from
a guy. Just be v

The Man Poem

Writing a poem is like a man
It can sometimes be hard to understand
Usually expressing their feelings is hard
But is easily expressed in a card
If you happen to have a really bad night
You can curl up with them to make it alright
But there is a difference between the two
Because the poem will always be there for
you!!



Kamber mcmaster



*A poem is a flashback
Of memories we wish to gain back.*

We recall the time and the mood,

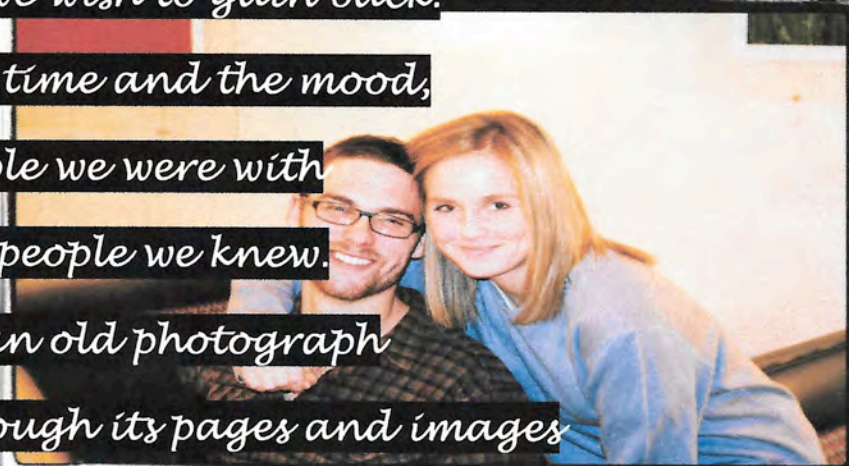
The people we were with

And the people we knew.



A poem is an old photograph

It navigates us through its pages and images



*That are full of hidden meaning and
imagination*

Of fantasy and of dreams

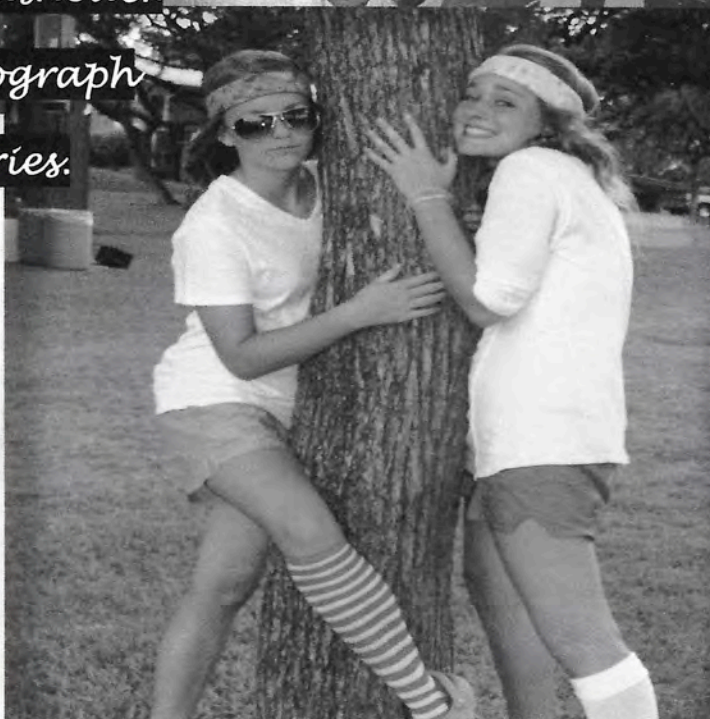
Of places we wish to one day revisit

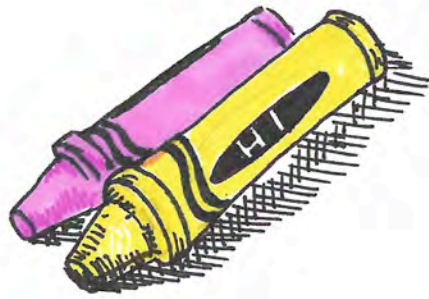


A poem is a flashback

An old photograph

Of memories.





Poetry

No end to its forms
Like a painting
The poet's colors are
His words
With a pen for his brush
He forms a vision
Sweeter than sight
Can see.
True beauty
Is brought about
Only with words



"Versification"

by: Kelsey Wallace

NARRATIVE

RHYME

POETIC

SONNET

RHYTHM

BALLAD

ELGUY

MADRIGAL

POETRY

PSALM

POETIZU

V igerous
E ccentric
R hythm
S easoned
I maginative
F ree
I mpractical
C atchy
A bstract
H ighoutful
I nspirational
O riginal
N otatable

VERSE

HAIKU

LIMERICK

ODESY

POEM

LYRIC

HYMN

EPIC

ODE

iPoem

A poem is like an iPhone.
It communicates with you,
It communicates with others.
It connects you to no one,
It connects you to everyone.
It speaks to you,
It hears you.
It shows you images,
It lets you create images.
It guides you,
It goes where you tell it to.
Above all,
It lets *you* do something
great.





Writer's Block
By Alyssa Shaffer

Writing a poem is tough.
The rhyming is hard enough.
I could sit here and whine;
Y'know, just passin' the time.
Man, who knew this could be so rough?!

First I need a subject
It's important when starting a project.
The moon? The stars? The sun?
What about a funny pun?
Hey! What else rhymes with subject?

Ok, it's now very clear
How to write a poem sincere.
The words are coming!
Oh my gosh, how stunning!
Oh wait! The end is already here.

Insomnia

I stay up at night
And write by

candlelight

Beneath the *stars*

Inspired by the moon

O' **SUN**, sleep for me

Rest in my place

Let me **write** forever

Let **poetry** be my sleep

And let my pencil **never**
leave paper



Chunky-Monkey Poetry

Poetry is like a big bowl of
ice cream.

It can be **firm** and **hard**
and give you a **headache**
when you obtain it;

Or it can stay out all day and
melt into your soul.

Poetry can come in many
different **flavors**;

There could be an acrostic
and **simple** like **vanilla**.

Or take a **chunky monkey**
complicated ice cream
relating to a *sonnet*.

Poetry can **comfort** you
and be there for you to
release all your **feelings**.

Poetry is like ice cream.

I tried to write a poem today
I didn't know what to say
I glanced outside
The thoughts collide

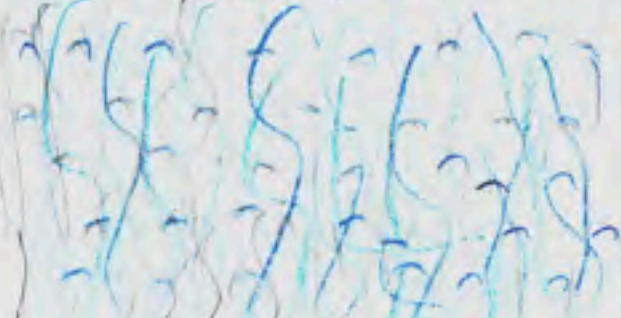
I tried to write a poem yesterday
I got lost in my computer display
I dreamt about what it could have been
I didn't have a pen

I tried to write a poem a few days ago
My thoughts were slow
Staring at a white lined sheet
This poem is the only one I can complete

I tried to write a poem today
My thought ran away

Poetry is like
a river -
Each turn you gain
some insight -
Into lifes many
obstacles -

A river transcends
obstacles -
It stays on course
without setback -
Those obstacles
make it stronger -
As it develops rapids



A poem is like a rivers strength
That gathers every word and line
Until that strength becomes too much
And is released like a

WATERFALL

Your thoughts are gathered at the end
You think you're finished once again
But really you have just begun
Just like the stream that meets the

SEA.

thoughtful
mysteries
flowing
thoughtful
mysteries
flowing
continues
strength
Attitude
DEEP

VIBOR
energetic
RHYTHM
positive
LIGHT
splifting
GRACE

LIFE

SHUCHI



HOZUHO







A P O E M

A POEM, poem **is NO FUN**,
 unless you SHARE with EVERYONE!

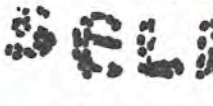
A poem, poem is a **FLOW**,
 COMBOS of words only YOU know.


A poem, poem **is @**   of YOUR own **CAOON**.


A POEM,  is a  **SWIFT**, **SUNNY**, **SWEET** as .

A **BEAST**, **POEST** must  **TRUTH**.

Just like the songs of Miss **J-PRU**.

A **poem**, poem is a **SESSION**
 OF secret souls AND -Expression.

A **POEM**, poem is **MORE** !

When you share  EVERYONE!

You strike without warning
Whenever ideas are forming.
You block joyous inspiration
With an accursed, annoying sensation.
As we mutter and swear,
You sit back and don't care.
Though many have tried to find
Ways to keep you from our minds,
You always find a way to creep back in
So we keep trying to send you packin'.
You're despised by writers far and wide,
Stealing with glee the ideas we hide.
So we begin, our ideas to horde,
But still you come and capture each word.
Like a dragon enraged by a pestering knight,
We stock up on remedies and prepare to fight.
With careful planing and strategy we prepare for war
But you flee and our ideas return, exactly as before!
We soar on a cloud, ideas flowing like rain,
But then you return and it starts all over again.

Truly discover
The essence of poetry
Expresses the soul.

*Elizabeth
Rescinito*

"I want to be British"

Katie Jo Hill

BEANS BEANS BEANS

More flash across the screen

I never knew modified starch
would play such a part

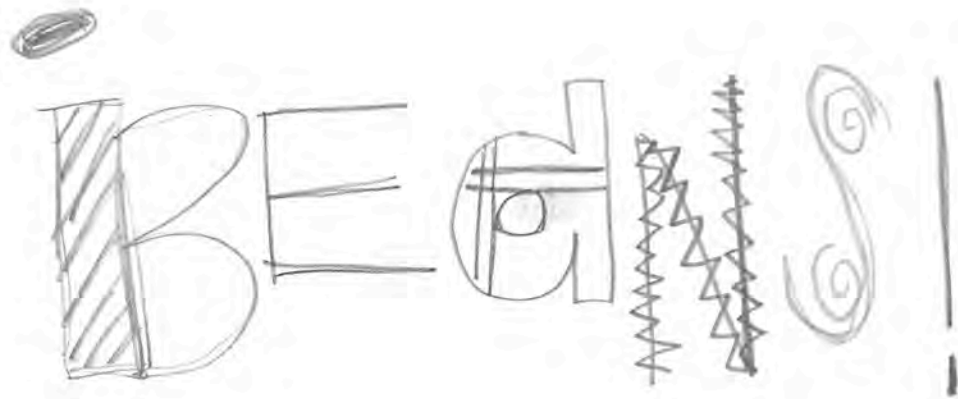
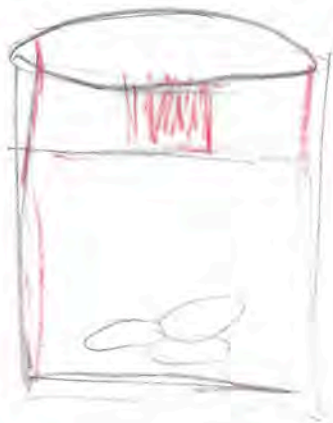
A part of entertainment, a part of glee
parts that flash poetry can bring to me

"Buttermilk powder" and "don't forget the spices"
played out in words of different colors and sizes

Onion becomes ony-ony and don't forget the extract.

Little British accents rock and that's a fact.

I wish I was younger then a high school teen
then I too could yell "WE LIKE BEANS!"



"A Poem. els..."

A poem is a chink in a wall where lovers kiss
it's a blink of an eye but not the instant is missed
it's a rock that's been rounded by the river
it's the warm that comes between the shivers
A poem is a blanket for over you it covers
it's a haunting ghost that tends to hover
it's the breeze when the heat makes you want to die
it's the shoulder on which you can cry
A poem is an outlet to transfer the heart
it's the roots you trace back to find your start
it's the dreams you've yet to capture
it's the happy everafter.

by: Julie Annesley



Iceberg Theory

I

Stand to say that Freud

Would be enamored with a poem.
For as his iceberg theory asserts
One eighth of the true meaning
Is capable of being seen on the surface.
The rest, complicated in human emotion
Is found beneath the words.

Under the bluish tip
Through the frozen appearance
Between and in each consonant and vowel
Is a worth eight times greater
Than a poem's face value,
With a warmth to melt the most stubborn icebergs.

I stand to say Freud
Would have been proud.

ACATALECTIC - ALLEGORY - ALLITERATION - ALLUSION - ANALOGY - ANTONYM - APOSTROPHI
SONANCE - BALLAD - BLANK VERSE - CINQUAIN - CLIMAX - CONCRETE POETRY - CONNOTATIO
N SONANCE - COUPLET - ECLOGUE - EPIC - EPITHET - EXTENDED METAPHOR - FABLE - FIGURATI
LANGUAGE - FOUND POEM - FREE VERSE - HAIKU - HEPTAMETER - HOMONYM - HYPERBOLE - IAMBI
ALISM - IMAGERY - IMPRESSIONISM - IONIC - IRONY - LIMERICK - LYRIC VERSE - METAPHO
NOLOGUE - NARRATIVE - ODE - ONOMATOPOEIA - OXYMORON - PARADOX PARODY-PASTORAL POETR
NTAMETER - PERSONA - PERSONIFICATION - POEM - POET - POETRY - PROSE - PROVERB - PU
ANTITIVE VERSE - QUATRAIN - QUINTET - REALISM - REFRAIN - REPETITION - RESONANCE - RHAPSOD
ETORIC - RHYME - RHYTHM - ROMANTICISM - SEPTET - SIGMATISM - SIMILE - SOLILOQUY - SONNE
ANZA - SYLLABIC - VERSE - SYLLABLE - SYMBOLISM - SYNONYM - TANKA - THEME - THESIS - TON
AGEDY - VERSE - VERSIFICATION - VOWEL - WHIMSY - ZEUGMA - ACATALECTIC - ALLEGORY
LITERATION - ALLUSION - ANALOGY - ANTONYM - APOSTROPHE - ASSONANCE - BALLAD - BLANK VERS
QUAIN - CLIMAX - CONCRETE POETRY - CONNOTATION - CONSONANCE - COUPLET - ECLOGUE - EPI
THET - EXTENDED METAPHOR - FABLE - FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE - FOUND POEM - FREE VERSE - HAIK
PTAMETER - HOMONYM - HYPERBOLE - IAMBIC - IDEALISM - IMAGERY - IMPRESSIONISM - IONIC - IRO
LIMERICK - LYRIC VERSE - METAPHOR - MONOLOGUE - NARRATIVE - ODE - ONOMATOPOEIA - OXYMOR
ARADOX PARODY-PASTORAL POETRY - PENTAMETER - PERSONA - PERSONIFICATION - POEM - POE
ETRY - PROSE - PROVERB - PUN - QUANTITIVE VERSE - QUATRAIN - QUINTET - REALISM - REFRAI
PETITION - RESONANCE - RHAPSODY - RHETORIC - RHYME - RHYTHM - ROMANTICISM - SEPTET
MATISM - SIMILE - SOLILOQUY - SONNET - STANZA - SYLLABIC - VERSE - VERSIFICATION - VOWEL - WHIMSY - ZEUGMA

**"Thoughts on Paper"
By: Lizzy Teeters**

**As your pen bleeds onto the paper,
Your emotions flow with it from your heart through your hand,
To the blank pages waiting to be filled.**

**Thoughts race as your mind works faster than your arm can write,
Frustrated because of this obstacle, you force your mind to slow itself,
The crisp whiteness is soon marked over with almost illegible words.**

**Relief rushes throughout you, as you've completed your thoughts on paper,
AKA poetry.**

VERB - PUN - QUANTITIVE VERSE - QUATRAIN - QUINTET - REALISM - REFRAIN - REPETITIO
SONANCE - RHAPSODY - RHETORIC - RHYME - RHYTHM - ROMANTICISM - SEPTET - SIGMATIS
ILE - SOLILOQUY - SONNET - STANZA - SYLLABIC - VERSE - SYLLABLE - SYMBOLISM
NONYM - TANKA - THEME - THESIS - TONE - TRAGEDY - VERSE - VERSIFICATION - VOWEL
HIMSY - ZEUGMA - ACATALECTIC - ALLEGORY - ALLITERATION - ALLUSION - ANALOGY - ANTONY
OSTROPHE - ASSONANCE - BALLAD - BLANK VERSE - CINQUAIN - CLIMAX - CONCRETE POETR
NOTATION - CONSONANCE - COUPLET - ECLOGUE - EPIC - EPITHET - EXTENDED METAPHOR - FABI
URATIVE LANGUAGE - FOUND POEM - FREE VERSE - HAIKU - HEPTAMETER - HOMONYM - HYPERBOL
BIC - IDEALISM - IMAGERY - IMPRESSIONISM - IONIC - IRONY - LIMERICK - LYRIC VERSE - METAPHO
NOLOGUE - NARRATIVE - ODE - ONOMATOPOEIA - OXYMORON - PARADOX PARODY-PASTORAL POETR
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PTAMETER - HOMONYM - HYPERBOLE - IAMBIC - IDEALISM - IMAGERY - IMPRESSIONISM - IONIC - IRO

SYMBOLIS
EL - WHIMS
- APOSTROPH
ONNOTATIO
E - FIGURATI
OLE - IAMBI
- METAPHO
ORAL POETR
OVERB - PU
E - RHAPSOD
QUY - SONNE
THESIS - TON
- ALLEGORY
E - BALLA
ONSONANCI
E LANGUAG
IC - IDEALI
METAPHOF
DY-PASTOR
RY - PROSI



Poems and Shoes

Poems are like shoes.

They can make anything happen.

Shoes can boost you up, just like poems.

*Shoes can give you inspiration,
just like poems.*

*Shoes can be so creative and imaginative,
that you forget that they are shoes,
and start becoming art.*

*Poems can twist you into an imaginative
world, too.*

*When you put on a pair of heels,
you can be anyone you want to be,
just like when you write a poem.*

Poems are like shoes.



This Attempt to Write a Poem

This attempt to write a poem isn't starting very well,
I'm confused by poetry, of this I'm supposed to tell.

At first I find it easy to make a poem rhyme,
But it seems I write bad poetry three fourths of the time.

The problem is I cannot rhyme,

— I cannot stay on task,

I cannot tell a story,

Lets' just hope that I can pass.

This attempt to write a poem

Is a poor excuse indeed;

It's not a rhythm or a rhyme,

But a topic that I need.

Distractions everywhere I look,

A text I can't ignore,

The more I start to think,

The more poetry's a bore.

This attempt to write a poem has been quite a trial it's true,
Thankfully all my rambling might have gotten me through.

It seems I have a rhythm, topic, a structure and a rhyme,
Now when I take a look at poetry, I see it's not a waste of time.
Maybe poetry can be something that you don't have to explain,
Maybe poetry is something that you write without your brain.

This attempt to write a poem is based on how I feel,
Now I understand its personal, something you can't steal.
I mean you could just copy rhymes from some stupid poet's site,
Since our teacher posts that kind of stuff that's not too bright.
For now I'll have to suffer through the things I cannot do,
Like this attempt to write a poem that I have finally gotten
through.

Vatsoy

blah.

In class read this one thing
A poem on poetry
and Ms. Effie said to write
a poem on poetry

But I don't know how to write
a poem on poetry
when so much can be said in
a poem on poetry

I suppose I could be sweet
and write about its beauty
or perhaps I could be deep
and write about its meaning

I suppose I could be sad
and tell you that I hate it
that if I died I'd be glad
but those lies are not legit.

I could compare it to a rose
that with any other name
is like the road less traveled by
but this is just a shame

for there's more than can fit in
one poem on poetry
so I'll just never try to write
a poem on poetry.





Poetry is...

A pleasant summer's rain
Or a simple hello
It should not be taken in vain
And is special just so

Poetry is...

A tire swing
Or a trip to the beach
We find ourselves enjoying
And imagination is beyond reach

Poetry is...

The alarm clock in the morning
Or the speaker at your school
It comes without any warning
But can occasionally be cool

Poetry is...

A bad taste in your mouth
Or the voice in your head
It leaves you with a sense of doubt
And doesn't let you forget until your dead

Poetry is...

Poetry is...

The final goodbye
Or the death of a loved one
Sometimes it makes us wonder why
And can make our hearts numb.

Poetry is...

A hug on a bad day
Or your favorite song
It has a special way
To make eternity not seem so long

Poetry is...

Anything and everything
That we let it be.
It can be our best friend
Or our worst enemy

By: Maddy Rupert

Poetry?

Poetry is?

Poetry is preference,
what you make of it.

Teachers analyze,
beat it with a hose

Scrutinizing, Scanning,

Surveying only rows.
Telling me

What they think it shows?

But do they really know?

I think it's mindless... People can think different things.

Poetry's just meant to be heard,

All it consists of is trivial words!

Scrutinizing, Analyzing... Puts me under duress,

though I acknowledge it requires finesse,

^{Why is it made into a mess?}
Stressed or Unstressed?

Can't tell the difference

Can I just read and enjoy without question?

Artistic Expression?

Maybe, I guess so? But in the scheme of things does it matter,

You could go on and on and on and on and on

and on... and on (and look, I've run out of room)

Speculating, Scrutinizing, Staring at words. It's just poetry, right? Maybe we've all missed
The Point?

"Poems About Being Young"
By Randi Beck



under the glow of a yellow lamp



It grows and spreads like oil

It is wet and dry at once

It is sand falling through closed fingers

It is a taste in my mouth the sweet water



of a four year old memory

It is the stain on my grandmother's dress



But she never wore dresses



It is the only green light of rain

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outside my favorite window



It is the ugly sweater in the back of my closet

that I keep - knowing I will never wear it



But it is Mine. It is Mine and I keep it Safe

Under the pats creased palm of my hand.

