

“Unbridled Light”

By Logan

Grow up.

You'll all move away,

and still wrestling the stars the same.

The same,

still wavering in the dark.

Don't Waste Time

By Taleeyah

grow up
and
move
on
you
are the
light,

Be Unbridled

by Nikol Robinson

When you do

you'll be

things will be

there will be

more

on white

snow

on cold nights

in

the dark, the stars

are the same,

unbridled

Lisa Jarnot
by Alexandria Kayce

When you grow up
you'll write
away
on cold nights
and you
are
light nor dark

By Wylie Pham

you grow up
things will be
cold
dark,
you
still waver
in the
light

still unbridled light
by *O'Lindworm!*

still unbridled light

When you do [redacted]
[redacted] write
poems and things [redacted]
[redacted] now,
[redacted] there will be
more [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] still [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] wrestling in
the dark, [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] still [redacted]
[redacted] unbridled
light [redacted]

Wavering Light
By Saydiah Simmons

Be Grown

Like

Grilled cheese sandwiches

And

Are the Stars
You
wavering
Light, unbridled

By Gena Shields

Whenever you grow up,
You'll be able to laugh
At the things you feared,
And at the things you enjoy
Except there might be
More roaches and all the
Sliced up apples
On white paper plates moved
Away, and it may still rain
On windy nights when the
Cats yowl, bringing forth
The night, with all the stars
Staying the same, still glimmering
In the dim hall, unstoppable
Shining in light or dark.

By Icesis Street

you grow up
able to write
and things will be
like now,
will be
more and all the
sandwiches
on bread will move
and still snow
nights when the
dogs wrestling
dark, but all the
you
are the same
in the hall light, unbridled
light

Imitations of “Lisa Jarnot”:

You Can Eat What You Want
by Kaitlyn Causey

When you grow up
you'll be older
and taller,
and you won't have
to eat sardines
because they are gross,
and you can make all
the grilled cheese sandwiches you want because they are delicious.

Childlike I Will Remain
by Nikol Robinson

Being grown up means
More sardines,
Then childlike, I will remain
Grilled cheese please
After coming in from the snow
Because that is my childhood
I wrestle with the dogs
Because that is my childhood
Childlike, I will remain

After
By Saydiah Simmons

When I grew up
I was able to write
the poems and such things
were not like how they were.
There were more sardines than
You could ever imagine
The snow still fell upon the ground
Cold nights, but the dogs no
Longer barked, for they wrestle
Where there is light now.
The stars shined bright like
How they always have, but
I was not the same

Another Fish
By O'Lindworm!

When you do grow up,
there will be sardines,
and when you write,
the things you write
will be sardines
and all your grilled cheese sandwiches
will be filled with sardines
that I put there,
and the white bread
on all your grilled cheese sandwiches,
will move
on account of all of the sardines
wiggling around
and on cold nights,
the sardines will freeze,
and you,
lonely, with nothing
left but
the Stockholm Syndrome
you developed
toward sardines,
will lose
all moral compass

By Icesis Street

When I grow up
I'll be able to draw
People and animals will be
Like they were then,
Except there will be
More mushrooms, and all the
Cheese and sauce
On white dough will move
Away and it may still rain
On dark nights when the
Owl hoot, flying in
The moon light, but all the nights
Are the same, and I
Am the same, still wondering
In the sun light, not
Here nor there

When Do I Grow Up?

By Mackenzie

When do you grow up?

Is it when you get behind the wheel

Or when you turn over a new day

Is it when you learn about the real world

or is everything the same

like they are now.

Do you know when you grow up?

Does it come wrapped in a bow

or is it a subconscious feeling.

When do you grow up

Please let me know.

The Future

By Taleeyah

When you do grow up

you'll want to do

so many different things,

like go to college.

Except growing up is hard.

More challenges than before.

Grilled cheese is not

on the menu now, You'll move

away from that life and

on to new adventures.

Dogs aren't cute, they're responsibilities.

The future is near, but so

are the ends of something

Beautiful and

in the beautiful

light, things are perfect.

You
By Logan

When you do grow up
you'll be able to create
and things will not be like they are now,
except there will be more imagination,
and all the realism of the world
reflected in a synchronous society
will look so bland.
On quiet nights when the hamster runs on his wheel,
scurrying in the dark,
it will be the same
as the cogs in your head,
your continuous strokes,
under the watchful gaze,
of your desk lamp.
But you won't be the same.

Jisa Larnot
by Alexandria Kayce

You're gonna grow up,
Do some stuff,
Eat some catfish,
With oysters on the side.
You'll watch a star fall,
Knowing dreams don't come true,
But still chase after them anyway.
People are gonna dislike you,
Because you are different.
You follow the beat of your own drum,
Ignoring the ones around you.
You're gonna be amazing one day,
Just not today.
Go sleep,
While watching the stars.