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**5TH GRADE WIDE**  
*Poetry Slam!*

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2014 - 2015 POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Featuring Poetry Slam Finalists from  
Wildwood's Partner Elementary Schools

**WILDWOOD**  **PARK**  
for the arts



## ABOUT WILDWOOD'S ARTS IN EDUCATION PROGRAM

Wildwood Park and neighboring schools, Chenal Elementary, Robinson Elementary, Baker Elementary and Roberts Elementary, are partners in a year-long, in-school residency program supported by the Arkansas Arts Council, June Hoes Williams, and Deltic Timber. Students, kindergarten through fifth-grade, experience a curriculum of creative expression and environmental awareness with explorations through history, literature, music, theatre, visual art, world cultures, and science.

Arts in Education artists are in week-long residencies throughout the year and work alongside classroom teachers to incorporate the arts through a cross-curricular approach, expanding the school's campus into outdoor classes at Wildwood Park. Since the first residency was launched at Chenal Elementary during the 2010-2011 school year, Wildwood has grown the program to include additional schools, Robinson Elementary and Roberts Elementary. Baker Elementary most recently joined the partnership during the 2013-2014 school year.



[www.wildwoodpark.org](http://www.wildwoodpark.org) | 501-821-7275 | 20919 Denny Rd, Little Rock, AR 72223

## ABOUT ARTS IN EDUCATION ARTIST

# CHRIS JAMES

Chris James is a professional spoken word artist, playwright, author and teaching artist. He has been involved in Arts in Education since 2009. He is affiliated with organizations such as Thea Foundation, Arkansas A+, Wildwood Parks for the Arts, Arkansas Learning Through the Arts, Pulaski County Special School District, Pine Bluff School District, Pulaski County Youth Services and many more. Chris James has worked with hundreds of students throughout Arkansas. He has orchestrated school-wide and district-wide poetry slams and stage plays with schools and organizations. Chris is the Executive Director of two amazing programs; Poetry Saves Lives and The Roots Art Connection. He is also a member of nationally known poetry slam team, Foreign Tongues who ranked 2nd place in the world's second largest poetry slam in 2014(Southern Fried Poetry Slam).

# 2014 - 2015 POETRY ANTHOLOGY

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Wildwood's Partner Elementary Schools

Baker Elementary - Chenal Elementary  
Roberts Elementary - Robinson Elementary

# Me

*Pratyut Anand*

Baker Elementary

I might be smart.  
I might be cool.  
I might be bad and you can't decide.  
The only person in this world who can is me.

I can be like a mad lion that roars at its prey.  
I can be a puny meerkat.  
I might sometimes be the prey of a carnivorous dinosaur.  
It's all up to me to choose which I should be.

I must observe my actions and thoughts so they are good.  
I must do it like a hawk observing it's prey.  
It's how my mind reacts.

My 5 senses can be like a shimmering, shiny, sharp knife. SLICE!  
Sometimes it will all get destroyed like the atomic  
bomb dropped in Hiroshima. BOOM!  
It's all how I improve.

If I get bullied at school, I must improve my self defense  
like a porcupine puffer blowing up after it gets threatened.  
It's all how I improve.

My life depends on me and your lives depend on yourselves too.

If I treat you, you must treat me the same way I treated you.

I might like my friends. I might like my relatives.

I might like everyone.

If I treat them well and be kind, I have the chance to be their friend.

This Is Me.

# Orphan

*Nandini Arunachalam*

Roberts Elementary

Have you ever felt like a wadded up piece of paper?  
Like a person who gives birth to you and just leaves you in a  
dumpster or on the road.  
As you cry and cry someone picks you up and takes you to a  
place where all those kids are unwanted.  
People like that have ruined my life.  
All my "parents" did was put me in the  
dumpster laughed and ran away.  
Misery, Misery, Misery.  
All the 11 years of life I've been so lonely with  
no one to play with or talk with.  
When somebody comes for adoption, the center hides me making  
me do chores over and over again.  
WHY?  
Why does everything bad have to happen to me?  
What did I do wrong?  
Someone, anyone take me away from this place.  
Until then I'm an  
Orphan.



# Nothing to Write About

*Eden Boles*

Chenal Elementary

There are so many topics in my head  
I don't know what to write about  
I could write about a dog, swimming in the wet, lake water  
It's paws getting all dirty, that its legs look brown  
This white, fluffy, happy dog that looks like a  
cloud going through a mudslide  
Or maybe I can write about a knight  
This knight, who lives in a beautiful kingdom,  
that the sun sets on the horizon all the time  
This knight with shiny, silver armor  
With his slick, black hair, and his pearl white teeth, that if he  
smiles at you, your heartbeat sounds like  
a drum in a marching band  
Or maybe I can write about a horse  
A horse that is golden brown,  
with its golden mane flowing in the wind  
When you see this horse it will feel like the sun making  
a breakthrough on a rainy day  
Or maybe I can write about one juicy, and delicious burger  
If you take a bite of this burger it will melt in your mouth like butter  
This burger smells like fresh baked cookies coming out of the oven  
Or maybe I can write about a plane crashing into the night  
The darkness crawling into the night  
You wish the darkness just grow legs and run away  
Well, I wish this confusing thing just go away  
I'm sitting here at my desk  
In my blue hoodie, with my white t-shirt and navy blue pants on  
I don't know what to write about  
There are just so many topics in my head

# Tough Love

*Tera Boling*

Robinson Elementary

I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

Some days, your actions can be as nice as Romeo or Casanova  
Or as painful as getting your eyes poked out  
with a thousand needles.

We disagree about what I can or can't do.  
Your responses left a hole in my heart that took  
forever to climb out of.

You will forever reek with sorrows.

Out of the blue, you can be as promising as a swarm of angels  
flying in the sky  
And make me smile from my cheeks to my ears  
Then turn around and make me cry a river of tears

Some days you are as evil as Satan himself the way you make fire  
erupt in my heart.

Why did this have to happen to me? Why does it have to be this  
way between a parent and a child? Where is the love? Where is  
the respect? So many questions, with only one answer...

I guess it's just tough love!

# My Wonderful Mother

*Ariel Carter*

Chenal Elementary

She is the air that I breathe every day  
The love and care that beats in my heart  
The blood that runs through my veins

The woman that is everything you need  
The woman that always turns that frown upside down  
The woman that always encourages you to do the right thing

She is the only human with superpowers  
The one and only person who understands  
The one and only person who could read your mind

She can always tell when you're lying  
But she can also tell when you're telling the truth  
So that makes her the real Santa Clause in a dress

She is mother earth, she is super woman  
She is unique because she is mysterious  
She is a goddess in my eyes

This woman is the ultimate human, the perfect person  
This woman is a house wife and an undercover warrior  
She's the type of woman who goes to war in high heels

And I am proud to call this woman my mother

## Prisoner Meets Reality

*Jennifer Chun*

Robinson Elementary

Trapped in a world of darkness, forever for one crime  
The wrongly accused bangs against the impassable iron bars  
Guilty prisoners with glowing eyes mock your entrapment  
You stay silent, because you know either choice drains the energy  
that you must keep  
Eyes closed, the sound of boots stomp your way,  
keys begin to rattle  
Springing your eyes open, you see an open cage door  
Is this reality? Am I dreaming?  
A guard steps forward to hand you your clothing  
He says that you were wrongly accused and are free to go  
Before you can celebrate, he fades like a shadow  
Your clothes meant for the outside world dissipate into thin dust  
You hold your head and scream in agony  
Is this reality or am I dreaming?  
Once again you open your eyes only to find out  
you aren't free at all  
Silence...  
Then, a guard steps forward  
He unlocks the cage and gives you your clothes  
This time, you pinch yourself  
OUCH...It's real this time.

# Selfish

*Jasmine Daniels*

Robinson Elementary

Why would you do this to yourself?  
I guess you don't care about your family.  
You think it will be easy for them when you're gone.

Yea, you will be at peace, but what about the people you inspire?  
What about the people who love you?  
Will they be at peace?

Every day, people commit suicide, so I guess you  
think it's ok to do it.  
Don't you know that committing suicide can put you in Satan's  
hands? Did you even think about that?

Imagine how your mother would feel if she had to take you down  
from that rope after you took your last breath.  
Imagine your father holding your body with tears  
falling down his face.

You may be tired, but your family needs you.  
Choosing suicide tears a hole in the hearts of people who love  
you so deep you can stick your hand through it.

Before you make a selfish decision, think about the people who  
love you.

You may keep asking yourself why live? Well, I'd like to ask you...  
WHY NOT?

*Juan Estrella*  
Roberts Elementary

The ones that brutally fight, but long for peace  
The ones that build up and carelessly destroy  
The ones that love with all their heart, but hate so much that they  
take the lives of our heavenly fathers beautiful creation  
The ones that give from their hearts,  
but steal greedily for themselves  
The ones that have all they live for taken,  
and their soul beaten down  
They spread the wrath of Satan in pleasure  
Their souls that were created to spread the love of god are  
devoured in darkness  
It rips me limb from limb to know, see, and hear them beg for a  
mere bite of food, and to hear the soul deep inside them cry out  
for love and compassion as they lie down on the filthy streets  
When I see them I know that a nip of  
warmth to them is a distant memory  
Oh the sounds it brings to my ear to know and see that one of  
them with the god given talent of speaking and an opinion lead to  
the killing of six million others  
Even the words of what they do to each other for what they want  
or believe should be banished.  
I am one of them too,  
People

## 5 SENSES OF BEING BULLIED

*Alex Gabriel*

Robinson Elementary

STOP!!!

Don't do that!

Instead of being a bully, put yourself in the place of the person being bullied.

It feels like all of your organs are in a race to explode out of your body.

Your heart beats fast and you can't control your emotions.

The scent of bullying is like a piece of old cheese that has been sitting for millions of years.

It's disgusting!

Being bullied leaves the taste of blood in your mouth whether you've been hit with a fist or punched with words.

The sound of being bullied is strange.

There are lots of people around, but no one helps.

You can hear the screams of kids around you, but you seem alone.

Instead of being a bully, just have peace and love.

Open your eyes!!

Report bullying when you see it happening.

Don't just be a bystander!

# Alone No Not Alone

*Xavier Govan*

Baker Elementary

I am me for a reason and you're you for a reason.

Am I alive or dead  
my greatest regrets  
repeating in my head.  
Feeling so cold and empty  
like my own puddle of blood forming  
in silhouette of my own mold.  
Wondering if I'll ever be missed,  
trapped in my own darkness,  
lost in the lucidity of my mind.  
But I am still wondering  
lonely as a cloud.  
But sometimes it is better to be alone.  
Then no one can hurt you.  
Tears are words that need to be written or prayed.  
God is my company.



# Pain

*Savannah Gordon*

Roberts Elementary

He is always there watching and waiting.  
He knows when you are at your weakest point and  
that is when he strikes.  
Pouncing upon you like a cat.  
Laughing as he destroys your self esteem. He is like a thief and  
your happiness is a rarity of jewels.  
He has the power to make or break you.  
He can kill you and destroy your opinion on the world.  
Some people wake up to his face and sometimes different or those  
same people sleep with him at their doorway.  
He is like a tyrant leader.  
He commands an army of people with so much pain in their life  
they listen to him and avoid more.  
He finds you through thoughts and words.  
He will come at you throwing swords and firing arrows.  
He causes wars and he destroys countries in a single bound.  
But even though he creates all this chaos,  
he makes you see the good things in life even better.  
He acts as if he sits atop a velvet throne or that he  
wears a golden crown.  
But pain  
I will no longer live under your reign!

*Jacob Griffith*  
Roberts Elementary

I can't be nice,  
Everybody hates me but loves him,  
I try to be more like him but I can't,  
I want to be more like that guy,  
I want to be that guy,  
The guy to not only say put others before you, but does,  
I want to be that guy to carry someone to the finish line when they  
can't go any more,  
To stand them up when they are crushed,  
I want to be that man to go to the bottom of his heart  
to find love for everyone,  
The man who has joy and happiness all the time,  
To bring back the courage that others lost,  
The man you can trust and go to just to cheer you up,  
The man named kindness,  
That's who I want to be.

*Lilly Heifner*  
Baker Elementary

We are the same formation  
For we are God's creation  
So when you tell me I can't sit by her because she isn't my race  
I will have tear drops streaming from my face  
For you have shattered her dreams  
And pulled at Earth's fragile seams  
Religion, race not personalities  
Only thoughts the eye can see  
White, brown, black  
You have left them with a lack  
A lack of love, kindness, and hope  
But I am her rope  
I will pull her out of that deep hole  
For my life upon hers will take its toll  
For I am a bridge to a life without fear  
To where we will not shed a single tear  
You were the one telling her she was good enough  
So why did you put her in a cuff  
We are all the same  
For we should be ashamed  
You have not only hurt the one creation  
You have hurt this whole nation  
For she is beautiful inside out  
Is this such a thing to doubt?  
For she is just as good as you

Why can't you see this too  
Criticize, criticize all you want  
For we are not runts  
We can be the change  
For we have broken past that 1 mile range  
Color is nothing to my eyes  
For it is only hopeless tries  
You have a voice  
And a choice  
We should choose not to be cruel  
But to be these people's fuel  
Be kind, be hopeful and loving  
Instead of being mean, pushing and shoving  
Does it matter what color they are  
Show them they shine like a star.

# The End

*Isaac Holman*

Chenal Elementary

Do you think the end of the world will ever come?

The end will come  
And nobody knows when why or how  
Don't deny it  
You won't be able to prepare

The world might end with the sun  
Or it could be destroyed from outer space,  
But one thing is sure  
The end will come

The end has come  
There is terror everywhere  
People are screaming so loud their throats are about to burst  
Babies balling  
And the reporter on TV says "The end of the world has come"

Dust lingers in the air  
Fires are raging through the city  
Broken bodies lie on the ground  
The world will be gone  
The end has come

The end had come  
Darkness for miles  
That's all that is left  
Earth obliterated  
I warned them  
The end had come

# Never Again

*Taylor Humbard*

Chenal Elementary

Imagine –  
the worst problem on Earth,  
and multiply,  
by ten, a hundred, a thousand.

The problems on Earth will never be solved  
without a solution.  
Will you be part of the solution?

Never again,  
will a child want to collect  
the murky, muddy waters  
day after day, after day  
so their families can have water.

Never again,  
will a man want to go to an open plain  
to spend his last moments  
of pain and hunger in peace.

Never again,  
will anyone want to be victim  
of a knife,  
even if that knife  
is handled by themselves.

Never again,  
will families want to hide  
in cellars or basements  
for weeks on end,  
to come out of hiding  
to find their homes  
barbarically bombed  
by the enemy.

Now,  
will you be part of the problem,  
or the solution?

Imagine –  
the worst problems on earth  
solved.

# Break the Cycle

*Amelia Johnson*

Robinson Elementary

I thought you would stop!  
At least you said you would. But I forgot how much you lie.

You don't care do you?  
You don't care about all of the other people who  
suffer because of you.

You are like a shadow in the night that rears its ugly  
head during the day.  
You are deceptive.  
No one knows at first who you are, but soon they will realize.

You act like a friend when you're really a foe.  
If they really knew who you are, you would be the one ALONE,  
HURT, with nobody who cares.

I get it! I understand!  
I'm sorry if you were bullied before, but that does not mean that  
you should carry on the cycle.

**BREAK THE CYCLE!**  
Until you do, all you will EVER be is a BULLY!!!!



## Art

*Shreeya Khullar*

Baker Elementary

What is art?

Art is anything you think it is.

Art is something that screams "Don't be the effect, be the cause!"

If you can believe it, art can achieve it!

Feel those soft, smooth strokes on the canvas,  
smell all of the fame you dreamed of, finally coming to life,  
hear all of the encouraging praise, telling you to move on.  
See all of inspiration wrapping around you like a blanket.  
And taste all of the rich, beautiful colors swirling in your mouth.

That is art. Still not getting what I'm trying to say?

Don't fret; I can explain art another way.

It is a way to express yourself, just go with the flow.

So when it is time to show, everyone will know,

That these types of feelings come and go.

Art can show love, anger, happiness, and depression.

For life is just a game that causes frustration

And even though some people are different,  
we all have the same formation.

After all, art is art, no matter what creation.

# HeShe

*Annie Lee*

Roberts Elementary

When I was a child I only wanted to be strong,  
I wanted to be able to compete against others and  
when I raced I won every time.  
They called me 'heshe' because of my muscular strength and from  
the way I wore my t-shirt and jeans.  
After the nick-name was planted in side my brain  
I only wanted to be a feminine.  
I stared wearing dresses and make up and I started getting my  
hair done, but the flower in my head grew, grew, and grew until I  
became a mixed story one part anorexic and another part lonely.  
No one realized how much words could hurt how a simple name  
could turn a beautiful girl into a skeleton.  
I stood 5.5 feet tall, 75 pounds you could see my rib-cage through  
my shirt as if my bones were like dirty knives.  
As I grew older I became the girl never enough, not good  
enough, not smart, enough, not even tall,  
and I started to believe it too.  
I thought about telling my mom, but she would say pretty is as  
pretty gets. Then I started to wonder will I ever  
be as pretty as them, will I ever be as smart as them.  
And the answer is yes.  
I am smart, I am beautiful, I am me, my-self, and I.

*Kate Odum*  
Roberts Elementary

What is love?  
Is it painful is it cheerful?  
But I am the first way you learn of love  
I hold you closer than ever before  
I protect you from the dangers of the world  
I am there for you on you first football game or at the spelling bee  
You are always comforted by me no matter what you do  
I cheer you on when you are nervous  
I bring you up when you are torn down  
I build you high and prepare you for the future  
When you struggle from time to time and I am there  
When you are in your toughest moments I am there for you  
But I love you even if you make the biggest mistake  
I forgive you for any mistake  
I teach you when you do wrong and fix for you to do right  
I never leave your side I am here always  
I am helping and loving to you always  
I am your mom, dad, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, grandma,  
grandpa, and cousin  
I am your knight in shining armor  
I am your guardian angel  
I am and should be your everything  
I come next to Jesus  
I come before your self  
I am and always will be your family

# My Mother Earth

*Faizan Parray*

Baker Elementary

The Earth is my mother.  
She really cares about you.  
It's because you step on her,  
So care about her too!

My Mother Earth has the power of a lion  
And the grace of a swan.  
My Mother Earth is a tricky magician  
And then she is gone.

My Mother Earth is the smell of the fresh morning dew in the yard.  
The field of grass is like her bodyguard.

My Mother Earth is the sound of the soft,  
gentle rustle in the leaves.  
The rustles should be the message of the storm, she believes.

My Mother Earth is the feeling of the warm, calm ocean waves  
And also the dark, cold waves.

My Mother Earth is the taste of country crunchy corn.  
Those were the delightful, delectable days back when I was born.

My Mother is the sight of a ripe, rich rain forest teeming with life,  
Whose nature can't be destroyed,  
not even with a nasty, no-good knife!

My Mother Earth is being harmed!  
Here are the reasons to be alarmed!  
They are global warming and CO<sub>2</sub>.  
It just makes me go blue.

When we have Earth Day,  
We reduce, reuse, and recycle!  
We can all make a difference,  
Or else I'm wrecking your bicycle!!

*Sydney Polite*  
Roberts Elementary

How does it make you feel when you are bullied?  
And, believe it or not,  
the person that bullied me actually called me her friend.  
At first, I thought that was true.  
Back in third grade, she saw I couldn't stand up for myself.  
I told her my secrets and she spread them around.  
She called me names like fat and dumb.  
She talked about me behind my back and  
acted like she was the boss of me.  
Whenever I brought it up,  
she pretended like she never did that to me.  
She acted like she was better than everyone else.  
People called her Miss. Perfect, but they didn't know who she  
really was. Around the teachers, she was an angel,  
but to me she was more like the devil.  
I tried to tell the teacher, but she would deny it.  
The teachers would believe her because they thought she was just  
an innocent little angel.  
But even with all the bad things she did to me,  
she made me learn a lesson.  
A lesson about standing up for myself.  
When I first became her friend,  
it was like walking into a trap,  
and I never saw it coming.

# Animal Abuse

*Ella Scheer*

Chenal Elementary

CRASH!

BANG!

I hear footsteps behind me

He's coming

I'm running as fast as a cheetah

Trying to hide out

I glance behind my shoulder to make sure he isn't there

I keep going

I run until my legs hurt

I lay down, a little rest wouldn't hurt

I wake up to a gut-wrenching pain all throughout my body

I look up I'm a bloody mess

My paws are cut open

Blood gushing out of every cell in my body

I close my eyes

I'm on the verge of death

My eyes open to angels

Animal Abuse

## The Furry Thing

*Makylei Taylor*

Chenal Elementary

Do you want to know what I'm like?  
I drool like a baby after it drinks or eats.  
I'm furry like a cat after it licks itself clean.  
I'm buffer than a Pit-bull who thinks it can kill me.  
I'm small like a miniature pincher,  
but the same size as a basset hound.  
I'm lazy like a cat that sleeps all day.  
I sometimes love better than any human.  
I taste sweeter than any cake or ice-cream you ever gobbled up.  
I taste sweeter than a roasted marshmallow  
dissolving on your tongue.  
I taste sweeter than a cream filled donut with chocolate frosting.  
I feel like moistened grass.  
I feel fluffy like a marshmallow.  
I'm the Furry Thing.



# What is the Meaning of Life?

*Kaden Terrell*

Robinson Elementary

Life!

I run around wondering what is the meaning of life?

We live. We die.

It's wonderful, that's for sure.

But what is the meaning of life?

Is it to be loved and have a family?

Is it to live carefree and dangerously?

Is it to float through life making no changes at all?

Sometimes I don't understand.

On one hand, it seems as if life is so long and people want to live a "long life".

But on the other hand, people say to seize the day, because "Life is too short."

Which one is it?

Amazing things will happen and you begin to think you know the meaning of life, but you really don't.

It's driving me CRAZY not knowing!!!

Wait! Maybe that **is** the meaning of life.

Maybe we aren't meant to know what's around the corner.

Maybe the meaning of life is to breathe in the beautiful air and to bring peace and love to our wonderful little world.

Maybe it is to live as if today is your last day while knowing in the back of your head that you have a long life ahead of you.

Maybe the meaning of life is life.

Yes! That's it!

That's the meaning of life.

## Behind Bars

*Daniel Xiang*

Baker Elementary

I used to remember being behind bars.  
The dark, dusty food scraps tasted like dirt.  
My only companion was a rude, arrogant, mate.  
I longed to be a fish, swimming freely as another,  
I want to be an eagle, soaring high above the others.  
But Me?!  
I'm just sitting there,  
like being behind the bars of a petting zoo.  
I used to remember, being at the scene of the crime,  
the bombing, the shots, the sirens wailing.  
Like a bloody finger, they put me inside the petting zoo.  
I remember the tears of lava streaking down my ashen face.  
How they target the innocent.  
I longed for the summer, soft, sandy breezes.  
I miss the wasteland of a city.  
I miss the clear waters of paradise  
but most of all,  
I want to be back in my family.  
I am like the caged bird in a petting zoo.  
The bird who croaks, not sings.  
I might have not been the caged bird,  
I could have been the bold eagle.  
If it weren't for my actions,  
and their actions,  
I could be free as anybody else,  
Not being in the low-life of a prison.

Thank you to Chris James for  
sharing his talents with our students.

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Educational Programs Coordinator

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**June Hoes Williams**



Wildwood Park for the Arts enriches the lives of Arkansans of all ages by creating community through nature and the arts. Wildwood provides opportunities for lifelong learning, engages the imagination and celebrates the human spirit through encounters with nature and a full spectrum of the cultural arts: performing, horticultural, visual, literary, culinary, the wellness arts and more. A 105-acre park, gardens and 625-seat theatre complex make Wildwood one of our state's most valuable natural and cultural resources.

Create ~ Recreate ~ Celebrate!

