

Youth Poems

The Boy Met a Girl

Elizabeth San Miguel

The boy met a girl
When he met the girl, he fell in love
When he fell in love, he loved the girl like no other
With his love, he gave her everything
When he gave her everything, his parents became enraged
When his parents became enraged, he broke her heart
When he broke her heart, he became sorrowful
When he became sorrowful, he cried
When he cried, he went for a walk
When he went for a walk, the boy met a girl

Lamed Vovnick

Kathleen Kinlin

North East School of the Arts

Thirty-six of us
with the world on our backs,
something went astray in the heavens
and we both collided in this graveyard.
The earth creaked beneath our weight.
And, too massive, we inhaled each other
and shook the stars from the sky.
And, too defiant, we laughed at the cold
and watched the rambling paths
our breaths traveled to Nirvana.
And, too aware, we stared unblinking into the vastness of God
while Raphael fumbled for pages and Michael shuffled his feet.
And, too intertwined, we didn't care in the slightest
whose rub did what
as long as we could feel them pressed against us.
It was written that we wouldn't meet,
but the chills of your integument are too important
for me to walk away.
Throwing the planet off balance is worth the scripture my fingers
will trace on your skin
as we write our own stories.

Night: A Prose Poem

Henry Constantino

Hunsdale, IL

Sparkling in the orange light, like a jewel welcoming the night,
but as harmless as it might seem, the night sets a cast of dangers
unseen. Slowly, as the sun dies and blackness starts on the skies,
the lurking dangers of the night emerge upon the fading light. But
alas, just because the day is bright doesn't mean the night won't
fight. For bats, for wolves, for tigers, for owls, the night is a time
to kill, the night is a time for danger. Yet my dear, sitting in your
bed, don't worry, the light will always come.

He Called It Love

Mei-Li Jew

I lost myself somewhere between love and sacrifice
Intoxicated with words of sweet innocence
Of strange music and early morning sessions
Under my bangs drop trash bags of sleepless nights and after-
noon trips

They hang over like melting candles on its first day of mass
It reads like empty bibles and hollow gospels
It sings like the voices of lost souls preaching to faith
For faith
With faith

I was sinking between supple sockets and brittle bones
Silence grew louder each moment I grasped a feeling
Submerging in frozen waters
Down my throat swam last night's slap and today's apology
Dreams rose with the smoke to the ceiling
They linger around midnight cravings

A Place for Everything

Darian Miera

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Fresh cavities
were burrowed into my neck
hollowed out when I threw
your fingers down,
and they shattered like the hum of bees
around me
like the note I couldn't sing
at your bedside
or your 23
69-cent snow globes

I let your trinkets carry my breath
hold it when my throat congeals

I put some in the boots
tacky glass miniatures
and a quart between a dozen leather bags
Two cheeks in the prom dresses
and another in the ashtrays
Teeth for your wooden angels
and my tongue for themed wine glasses

I collect the debt
and hoard the memory
of your cigarette
and nicotine windshield
but I have none of your trashed treasures
to hold my breath anymore

Your fingers only fractured
when the stitches on gloves unraveled
leaving you to touch the ragged bits of your anthology
and remember that your smoke carried
my lungs to night