

Back in the Day

by Holland Hoefnagel

Sitting in the sunlight,
Remembering things we did wrong,
Talking about things we did right,
It is hard to remember; it's been so long

Taking naps on a mat,
Eating ants on a log,
Learning new words like "rug" and "cat,"
And singing crazy little songs

Now all the fun is done,
That was back in the day,
Now we don't have any fun
Because we are in the eighth grade

Grieving Blissfully

by Abigail Hunger

Inspired by "Swift Things Are Beautiful" by Elizabeth Coatsworth *

Sorrow is beautiful
The deepness of night
A lone violin's tune
The absence of light
A blue weeping moon
A really good cry
That makes you feel better
I do not know why

Joy is beautiful
A puppy's small paws
Crisp snow in the morning
A test without flaws
A kitty-cat's purr
A soft, fuzzy robe
A warm mug in hand
And surprises in Granny's chifferobe.

Saying Goodbye

by Julia Howell

Inspired by "Pompeii" by John Brehm *

Standing on the front porch
Holding back tears
Giving their little ones one last big hug
Until they come running home a few hours later.
Squeezing their child as if they will never see them again.
"Good luck!" they all say, wishing well for them as they face the day.
Many mothers have had to give the long-anticipated goodbye
To their children on the first day of school.
Of course they want them to go, but they aren't ready.
Sort of like the mothers of drafted soldiers
Standing on the front porch, choking on tears and giving their kids one last hug.
But they don't know how long it will be until the soldier
Comes running home, or if he even will.
"Good luck," they all say, because only God knows what they are facing,
And it definitely isn't going to be as easy as kindergarten.