

Revenge

by Alexa Fairbairn

Flight

by Lainie Hyman

A little girl
Stares into the clear blue sky
Silently wishing she could soar
With the flock of birds above

Spreading her arms
She stops
Perched on a branch
And plucks at her feathers,
Cleaning them

How could she do that?
I thought she was my friend,
Now it's time, it is the end.

I always thought we were close,
She was always there to fend,
Now it's time, it is the end.

She does it to everyone,
Time to put a stop to her trend,
Now it's time, it is the end.

Runners

by Joey Dranetz

Inspired by "Fueled" by Marcie Harris *

One man
Goes twenty-three
Miles per hour
For a hundred meters;
Millions cheer,
Hundreds celebrate
The fastest man.

Thousands of Indians
Walk nearly
A thousand miles
In bad weather
Some without shoes,
Women and children too.
The Trail of Tears
A path Indians took
To get out of the way, and
Only
Cries
Were
Heard.