To Be Heard
by Allison, 12th grade poet

So Much Depends Upon
A little blue ribbon
Tied to a cross
In a grassy field.
Showing the world its strength;
Commanding justice for evil;
Proving the doubtful wrong.

So Much Depends Upon
A picture of a face
On a TV screen
For the world to see;
Putting anger in loving hearts
Striking fear into proud eyes;
Trying to find a solution.

So Much Depends Upon
One strong voice
Heard by all around
Filling the air with fear,
Screaming for help;
Begging for another chance;
Struggling for the chance to be heard.

Final Tear
by Cory, 12th grade poet

So Much Depends Upon
A simple goodbye
At the old house
Near the front gate.
One little moment in time
could change the entire
Course of my life
One blue sky
Turned to grey as
Nightmares became reality
One small fight
Could be blown so far
Out of proportion
One small child
Couldn't make a
Big enough difference
One final tear was shed.

Unity
by Brittany, 11th grade poet

So Much Depends Upon
The small gold speck
Ripped from the ground
Beside the broken stone
Where it all lays and everyone wants it, arguing over material possessions, the golden key, which is only hers, in the ground where no one treads, only one of us knows what it is for, and they aren’t talking until I stopped the arguing. I got the key where it had been missing and the answer was unity. I read the will about all her possessions found in her gray box.

Pressed to your Heart
by James, 12th grade poet

So Much Depends Upon
A single strand of fiber
Holding steady and unrelenting
Pressed to your heart
Absorbing deep impacts
Protecting vital gateways to life
So that, minutes later,
You may save lives
That came for yours.

These student samples accompany the “So Much Depends Upon” poetry prompt at WritingFix (http://writingfix.com)
WritingFix thanks these seven poets for allowing us to share their words and ideas with other students and teachers.
Cityscape  
by Mike, 12th grade poet

So much depends upon

A sleep swept cityscape

Polluted with midnight air

Entrancing its inspired seed

Supporting one’s whole future

With bright breathing lights

Spurting springs of insight

Take it all in

Just breathe, just breathe.

Little Piece of Paper  
by Ricardo, 12th grade poet

So Much Depends Upon
That little piece of paper
That opens so many doors but shuts the biggest one.
Some say it is the hardest four years but for others it is the easiest. You may get a 4.0 or a 1.5, but in the first week of June everybody gets the same piece of paper that says you learned what you should have. If you get it you can do so much, but if you don’t you may not get that far in life.

Second Seat  
by Erica, 12th grade poet

So much depends upon
The second seat back
Talking in English class
The teacher’s seating chart

This is where it started. This is where the rollercoaster began, The friendship and the trust, The tears and the betrayal, The laughs and the lies, The good memories and the bad, The desperation and the annoyance. The cruel realization you actually did that to me. It all started in that second seat.