



### To Be Heard

by Allison, 12<sup>th</sup> 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.



### Unity

by Brittany, 11<sup>th</sup> 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.

### Final Tear

by Cory, 12<sup>th</sup> grade poet

So Much Depends Upon  
A simple goodbye  
At the old house  
Near the front gate.

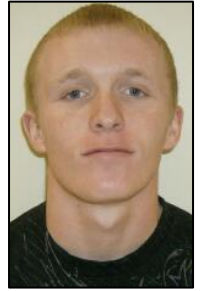
One little moment in time  
could change the entire  
Course of my life

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.



### Pressed to your Heart

by James, 12<sup>th</sup> 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.



**Cityscape**by Mike, 12<sup>th</sup> 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, 12<sup>th</sup> 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, 12<sup>th</sup> 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.

---

