

Compare & Contrast Instructions: Look over the lyrics to Jim Croce’s “I’ve Gotta Name” once again, then discuss the similarities and differences of following student poems to the song’s words.

Tools

by Mike, eleventh grade writer

Orpheus’ lyre couldn’t sooth the waves of life,
Nor could Hercules force its power into submission.
So through these times I have but a few possessions
That remain mine, those things within me.

My elastic sense of humor:
As rich as a gold-digger’s dying lover
And at times as ridiculous as a two-horned unicorn.
Either way, it annihilates cold feelings at the root
And illustrates grey times in neon color.

My promising permeability:
As handy as the ace in your sleeve
It molds me to today’s surroundings,
Opening my ear to bright, glowing-wisdom,
Allowing me to dodge any bullet.

My skeletal faith:
As essential as the blood that pumps my heart
And the spine that erects my weak limbs.
A divine coach, pressing me forward
At full speed, ‘til the bitter end.

These traits, allowing me to call Poseidon’s
Great sea and embarrassment and
Hephaestus’ stainless steel frail as decaying bone.
It’s these traits that move my feet over water
And keep my eyes ever looking forward
Toward forever.



Path to Reality

by Autumn, eleventh grade writer

The path to reality is coming soon.
It will soon be time for me to move.
With me I will bring three very important aspects.
They will guide me through the path to reality.

Moving far away from home,
I plan to always carry love in my heart.
Love is what gets me through heartache and pain.
It touches my heart when I am in need.
It is warm like the sun on my face.
Love will travel with me to any place.

On my path there will be obstacles,
That is why I have to overcome them with my courage.
Sometimes it may be hard.
But courage will be there to give me a little push.
Courage will guide me on my path to reality.

The last thing I will bring with me is my wisdom.
It will be there for me when I need to make a choice.
Good or bad, it is my past learning experience.
It will guide me in making good choices.
Wisdom will always be in my heart and mind.
It will travel with me on my path to reality.

I will carry all three of these aspects with me.
To guide me through,
Help me through,
Show me through,
The path to reality.



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I Will Paint my Road
by Allison, twelfth grade writer

I will paint my road with faith.
It is my familiarity.
It keeps my head clear
And whispers softly in my ear.
My faith, a warm yellow glow,
That lights my way,
It is strong.

I will paint my road with curiosity.
It is my mental illumination.
It opens my eyes
And dances in front of me.
My curiosity is a bright green
That brightens my thoughts.
It is free.

I will paint my road with creativity.
It is the color of my path.
It paints the world ahead
And laughs with me.
My creativity is a striking red
That draws my attention.
It is ever-changing.



Not Ready to be on my Own
by Shelayna, eleventh grade writer

I reach two signs in the road
I’m indecisive at this point
An age of confusion
In desperate need of a push.

My heart is my everything
It’s my president, my boss, my teacher
It aches with passion and honesty I can’t ignore
It’s as loving as it is loved.

I’m never alone
As I run in circles it runs with me
Or perhaps stands there and laughs
Because the answer is right there
Its breath on my neck could burn down a forest
Yet I keep him around, my obsessive friend wisdom.

Alas, my characteristic trait
Flies free, stubborn, and alone
Independence, I wear him on my sleeve
Bearing all that is me.

I choose to sit here and wait until my answer comes alone
The paths aren’t going anywhere
They are laid out for me
And I keep them free of shrubbery.

