

Someone's in Pain

by Jake, eleventh grade poet

He cries with no tears
She's scared with no fears
Sometimes we don't know
Cause they don't show
That someone's in pain

He sobs with no noise
She's down with such poise
If they're shouting with glee
Sometimes we don't see
That someone's in pain

He screams with no sound
She flies but hits ground
It may seem okay
But it's not your say
If someone's in pain

He's silent but so loud
She's hurt but so proud
Just cause you don't see
That doesn't mean
That someone's not in pain.

Change

by Jennifer, eleventh grade poet

Change is the constant in life.
Time is always moving, never standing still.
One day you're a child,
The next you're an adult.
You never stay the same.
No one lives forever.
The only constant being that
Day to day you change.
Like the seasons: winter, spring, summer and fall.
They are always there but forever different.
The leaves fall, and sun rises,
At different times each year and day.
Yet, you know it will happen,
Because it is change.
The only reliable thing in life,
Is the constant of change.



Dishonesty is Truthful

by Bryce, eleventh grade poet

Everyone in life is dishonest.
Their dishonesty reveals who a person truly is.
People attempt to be truthful,
but when they fail, their personalities are revealed.
People don't lie to make others feel bad.
Instead, they lie to protect others from pain.
The truth hurts.
However, it does show how humans think of others and themselves.
Especially when they don't tell the truth.
Dishonesty is truthful.

Welcome to High School

by Kelly, eleventh grade poet

I walk down the hustling halls daily
I haven't talked to anyone in weeks
Voices fill the air
Conversation radiates from the crowds
Lonely conversations only in my mind
People and peers surround me with loud voices
I am all alone with 1800 people
Lonely in silence, surrounded by people
Time stands still as the day speeds by.

Silent Din

by Chelsea, eleventh grade poet

Screaming and yelling orders I couldn't hear
The constant nagging was silence in my ears.
All of these arguments raging with sound
I looked away thinking I was the only one around.
The time you spent pounding a silent din
I didn't even know you were there
The loudness of anger that I couldn't hear.
When you were booming at the top of your lungs
I could barely make out a whisper let alone the whole sound.
But the time that you didn't say anything
That was the loudest of all.

Ms. Priddy's eleventh graders worked on word choice and voice as they wrote these paradox poems. Work with a partner to find each poet's strongest evidence of word choice and voice.

