

Round 8

APRIL 28, 2017 ~ SARAH BETT ~ EDIT

She dances on the highway
In the middle of the night
Spinning in the rain
It pounds like bullets against the earth
Her hair is soaking – it sticks to her face
Her dress poofs out as she twirls in circles
Headlights shine on her
Like spotlights on a stage
But she shows no fear
They are not her audience
She dances for the sky and the rain and the clouds.
She dances for the buildings and the houses she cannot see
She dances for the hard cement below her calloused barefeet
But most importantly
She's dancing for me.

She dances on the highway
In the middle of the night
Balancing on the overgrown median
Wildflowers blooming beneath her bare feet
Twirling in the rain
That pounds like bullets against the earth

Her hair in wet tangles, sticking to her face.
She dances with the wind that once pushed against her
Her red dress soaks up the rain between her twirls and dips
And she has never shined so radiantly

Cars rush by her on either side
Their sounds are drowned out by the rain
But to her - for her the world is drowned out by her song

Headlights shine on her
Like spotlights on a stage
But she shows no fear
They are not her audience

She dances for the sky and the rain and the clouds.
She dances for the buildings and the houses just out of view
She dances for the flowers and moss beneath her calloused feet

But most importantly she dances for the girl who stands to dance with her
She dances for the only person who can her magic;
She dances for me.

Duffy Round 6

APRIL 5, 2017 ~ SARAHDUFFYY ~ EDIT

Gnarled roots take form in
my stomach and replace the
intestines that held me together.

They try to hold up the withered
tree that is my body, with falling
leaves that replace strands of hair.

Dying branches break under the weight
they're forced to carry.

Sarah Duffy

Roots

Gnarled roots take form in
my stomach and control the
intestines that once held me together.

They try to hold up the withered
tree that is my body, with decaying
leaves that replace strands of hair.

Trembling, my branches struggle
against the weight they're forced to carry and
break.

Erb-White Round 3

FEBRUARY 26, 2017 ~ BAR[D]THOLOMEW ~ EDIT

A collection of 7 Haiku about my internal and external life.

Cyborg cockroaches;

brains controlled with a touch screen.

Video games! Cool!

Standardized testing;

the state of Pennsylvania

wants to taste my brain.

A balanced diet;

almost equal portions of

math, love, and bacon.

Dear God:

I know you exist,

the only trouble is, I

don't know if *I* do.

Pacifist vs passiveness:

Standing in the way

means stopping our opponents,

not being the floor.

A moth:

It flies near the flames,

Mindless attraction to death.

Oh look! Fast food! Yum!

A puppet:

Feeble movements, strings

wielded by an untrained hand.

Damned medications.

Patrick Erb-White

A Collection of Haiku About How I Feel About...

My New Phone:

Cyborg cockroaches,
brains controlled with a touchscreen.
One more level! Please!

Standardized Testing:

Please, Pennsylvania,
consider for a moment;
are brains *healthy* food?

Alternative Diets:

“Eat more healthily,”
they say, “you are not allowed
candy, sleep, or love.”

God:

I know he exists,
the only problem is, I
don't know if *I* do.

Revising Haiku:

“Title Bleed” sounds depressing.
Better avoid it.

Passive “Pacifists”:

Standing in the way
means stopping our opponents,
not being the floor.

Political Correctness:

People make mistakes.
We criticize them harshly,
yelling at mirrors.

Fast Food:

A moth flies near a
flame, mindlessly attracted
to its own demise.

Medications:

Feeble movements, strings
wielded by an untrained hand;
my brain, puppeteer.

