



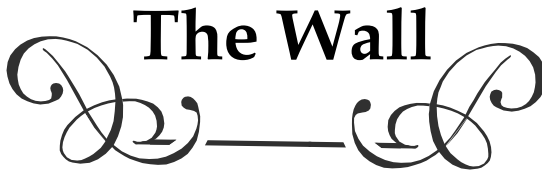
The Writing On The Wall

Volume 2
St. Patrick School
2007 - 2008



The Writing

On

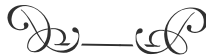


The Wall

**St. Patrick School
A collection of poetry**

2008

**Edited By
Brit Griffin**



To My Students

I have seen the orange blaze of
sunrise painted in your words.
Felt the chill of winter and the
joy of laughter in your play.
I have shared your victories
and tasted your defeats.
Your poetry speaks to me of promise.
Rich, bold, unfaltering.
It boasts fulfillment, yet I feel its uncertainty.
Your fears become mine.
Your quest, my journey.
At times I'm brought to tears
reminiscent of the pain you've penned,
the losses you've suffered,
and the anguish you've shared
yet I rejoice in the liberation
and calm your pen has gifted you.
You are strong, much stronger than I.
I praise your courage and envy your innocence.
You trust me with your souls,
and steal my heart!

Brian Beaudry

It is not uncommon to hear people complain about today's youth. One line of complaint tends to run like this: kids today don't read, they spend way too much time in front of their computers and their language skills have been eroded by the likes of MSN and Facebook. Well, after another year hosting Writing on the Wall at St. Patrick School in Cobalt, I just can't agree. Or at least I can't agree that this is entire story of youth and literacy.

Every week, an impressive group of students either gathered for our writing workshops or met one-on-one with Mr. Brian Beaudry to work on their poetry. In our writing groups we did a range of activities from imagining future dystopias to writing comic book covers. The students were fun and creative. Their wordplay was entertaining and their openness to new ideas and approaches was impressive. All in all, they were an engaging and literate bunch.

So enthusiastic was this group of young writers that we thought we might take things in a different direction and tackle the challenge of writing for theatre. Together with other students in the school, they wrote and performed spoken word poetry, choreographed poems and music and learned how to work together to create something entertaining. Thanks to the good folks at Cobalt's Classic Theatre, the kids also had a chance to experience the magic of a real theatre. It was a great year.

So, on behalf of Mr. Beaudry, Ms. Ricco and myself, I would like to thank all the students for all their creativity and spirit. When we create things together, when we work to make things more beautiful, we are changing the world for ourselves and others.

Brit Griffin

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Ashley Van Wetten
Gr. 6

My Bus

When I walk on the bus I....
taste toothpaste
smell coffee
feel rubbery seats
see people and
hear people yelling.

There's a Dragon in my Basement

There's a dragon in my basement
Ahhhhhh!
He has....
a red bloodshot eye
a piercing glare
pink scales
scaly wings
spokes on his back.
It was breathing fire
I froze, in shock.

Ashley Sauve
Gr. 4

Soldier

Once upon a time there was
a soldier that was in the war,
fighting for his country,
saving lives, fighting with
people that he does
not even know.

Windy Night

It's a windy night in Cobalt
The stars are shining bright
Shadows dancing on the lawns
Till they fade away at dawn,

Athena Williams

Gr. 8

Store of Lies

I went to your store of lies
And bought every single one
I spent everything I've earned
Just to hear your cogent words
I bet you laughed
When I fell for every single one
I bet you thought it funny
Me falling head over heels
You didn't lie about how you felt
You just lied in between
Well now who's laughing
Do you still think it's funny
But I guess we're both liars
I played my part
When I lied and said I was over you
You lied and said you didn't care.

Athena Williams

Gr. 8

Penetrating Stranger

her only friends are the shadows on the wall
they speak to her by saying nothing at all
her lips start to quiver, she starts to shake
slowly falling apart, as she makes another mistake
sit and watch her life decline
all she knows is to smile and tell everyone she's fine
the world around her is revolving
while she ignores the problems she should be solving
her heart beating, bleeding faster
looking for a way out of this disaster
no self-respect, she lets herself shatter
on this remorseful floor, where her pathetic pieces
scatter
her mind ruptures with each breath she exhales
trying to find a solution, but constantly fails
becoming different as she looks in the mirror
realizing she's become her greatest fear
smothering herself with all the thoughts in her mind
wanting to walk away, and leave herself behind
facing real life, she knows she's addicted
running away screaming, all these feelings she afflicted
lying on her bed, waiting for the pills to dissolve
not thinking it would come to this, her life now in danger
she sits and stares into the eyes of this penetrating stranger
not wanting to waste her life like this for it is too short
waiting on her next move, the ball is in her court
she's becoming sightless, she knows she must improve
her occult feeling as she anticipates her next move.

Becky Meilleur

Gr. 5

Halloween Night

One day it was Halloween
and I went trick or treating.
Then I saw a witch
It was turning away from me
then I closed my eyes
and there it was
standing there in front of me.

Remember

R is for red poppies
E is for everyone who died
M is for members of the army
E is for every cross that lay upon them
M is for memories of those soldiers that died
B is for bringing sadness to our eyes
E is for everlasting peace
R is for remembering the brave men.

Brad Pilon

Gr. 4

There's A Dragon In My Basement

There's a dragon in my basement
I say 'What do I do now?'
I'll go get Dad.
I fell on the stairs
I yell 'Ow!'
My Dad comes
I say "Go downstairs!"
He goes downstairs and comes back
and says 'There's nothing there.'

On The Bus

On the bus
I taste the toothpaste from when I brushed my teeth
I feel the seats behind me
I hear the engine rumbling
I smell people eating chocolate
I see people yelling.
We're at school.

Chelsea Leonard
Gr. 7

Nana

My mom tells me stories
You sound pretty sincere
But none are the same
As having you here.

My mom says she's lucky
You helped her get through
I wish I had a picture, Nana
One of just me and you.

I really wanted to meet you
Mom says you would have too
I have your image in my head
But I'd rather have met you instead.

Even though you're not here
I know you're watching over me
And will always be by my side
No kinder angel there could ever be.

Chelsea Leonard
Gr. 7

Jack Frost

During the night
While we're asleep
Over the tree tops
He silently creeps.

Orange and red
Splashes of gold
Pretty fall colours
Begin to unfold.

Chelsea Meilleur
Gr. 6

Remembrance Day Love

Wearing poppies that shine red
For all the soldiers that lay dead
And bringing crosses to show we care
And giving them the love we share.

Halloween Night

It was Halloween and
I was really frightened.
So I grabbed my bag
and found it was lightened.
I opened it up and something
was missing.
It was my costume that was gone.
It seems like a haunting.
I looked outside and found my
costume in the glow of the street light
the things that went wrong
on Halloween night.

Daniel Pilon

Gr. 6

The Bus

When I walk to the bus I...
can smell the horrid smell of gas.
I walk up the stairs, but what do I see
but the brown seats.
I taste toothpaste left over from the morning.

Goodbye

I never got to say goodbye
And I didn't even cry
No, I just sat there
And stared into thin air
I'd lost my mom and my best friend
And can't wait to see you again.

Haley Abernot
Gr. 5

Love

Love can be great
Love can be awesome
Love can be happy
Love can be sad
Love Is...FAITH!!!

The Dragon in my Basement

I see him glaring
he shrivels up his pink, heart shaped scales
I scream and then I jump at him
and give him a big hug
but then he burns my hair off
I start to laugh
then I leave with fear.
Ahhhh, I've been eaten.

Jason Van Wetten
Gr. 6

A Warrior's Life

A bow on my back
a shield on my arm
a sword in my hand.
Arrows raining down
it is life or death,
in a warrior's life.

Summer's Day

Very warm
Longer days
Sandy beaches
Warming rays
Swimming season
A summer's day.

Jeremy Beaudry

Gr. 7

Life

personality
being
vitality
animation
existence

Different for different people
Life is horrible
Because sometimes it hurts
But a positive attitude will ease your problems.

I Don't Understand

I don't understand
Why I am so stupid
Why I lie
Why they invented the computer

But most of all
Why people tell me I'm stupid
Why I feel like it's ok to lie
Why my mom doesn't spend more
time with me

What I understand most is
Why I can run long distances
Why I can play music by ear
Why I'm a good person

Josh Lawrence
Gr. 7

On The Bus

People yelling
People laughing
I smell food
chocolate all over the rubbery seats
evergreen trees
rubbing against the windows
as I jump off the bus
I feel relieved.

Shadow

Your best friend
 Though you might
 Not know
He follows you, copies you
 He's with you through and through.
Never leaves your sight
until the dead of night
 I don't know why
 People lie
 I don't know why if you die
 YOU'RE IN THE VALLEY
 OF THE SHADOWS
A shadow is your BEST FRIEND!!

Kaitlin Landry
Gr. 6

Life's Choices

Life is full of choices
Make sure you pick the right one
Don't listen to all the voices
Hear yours, and you have won.

Many people will tell you
You need to change your looks
Don't take to heart their view
Fabulous bods are found only in books..

There is only one voice
That you should listen to
It will help make the choice
That is perfect just for you.

Your looks are your own
Someone will always love you
You will never be alone
Look in the mirror and you'll see who.

Kaitlin Landry

Gr. 7

Hurt Feelings Never Heal

You think they don't hurt me
Those names I've been called
But inside I'm crying
All those insults scald.

All the time I wonder
What they always see
Every time they tease
And say mean things to me.

If you just knew
The pain that I feel
If you could just see
Hurt feelings never heal.

Kayla Sauve

Gr. 4

Halloween

H is for happy kids dresses up as witches and ghosts

A is for apples that have fallen to the ground

L is for little kids getting candy

L is for little pieces of candy on the ground

O is for other kids who play tricks on children

W is for witches ghosts

E is for evil ghosts roaming the graveyards

E is for eating candy and chocolate on Halloween

N is for night time animals.

I Love Seasons

Spring, summer

Winter and fall

I love seasons,

I love them all.

I love the leaves

Crunching under my feet

I love the mountains

Tall and steep,

I love the sunshine

Soothing and warm

I love the icy snow

After a storm.

Laura Wareing

Gr. 8

Ballet

Balancing technique
Jumping high in the sky
Follow close, on your toes, fine line
Last pose.

Hallowness

The hallow voice speaks out loud
The shadows of her unformed tears
Followed close with hidden sneers
Rivers rushing flowing cries
Mingled with emotion's tides
Peeking out from darting stares
Like someone ran with her despair
One way to go, three to choose
Imagination to confuse.
Getting louder, from which side
In the dark we can't find
That hallow voice.

Lola Angus
Gr. 5

There's A Dragon In My Basement

I went downstairs
I was shaking as I reached for the door.
I opened it and there he was
a pink and purple dragon
with lime-green snot
and vicious saliva coming from its mouth
glaring eyes staring at me
my heart is beating
it feels like it is going to explode,
then I think its the end.

War

People running, people screaming!
People shooting, people dying!
That is an awful thing..
That is WAR!!!!!!!!!!

Megan Church

Gr. 5

Life Goes Fast

As I walk into her room
I notice something strange.
Yesterday there was a crib and stuff,
Now it's totally rearranged.
I see stuff like posters
And stereo and a mess
I notice she is a pre-teen.
On the next day
I walk into her room,
There are pictures everywhere
Drawings of graffiti
And an ever bigger mess.
She is a teenager
I don't want to go to sleep
Because when I wake up
She'll be an adult
And won't be here with me.

Angels

A very peaceful person
Never-ending
Great
Everything good
Loving
So awesome.

Regan Lamb

Gr. 1

Moving To London

Once there was a boy
He was moving to a far away place.
In London there was a beautiful house.
They bought the beautiful house.
But when they got inside there was
spider webs all over the place.
Finally they cleaned it up.

Spring

Spring is coming
Spring is going
And if you know that
The flowers are blooming
That means that
I'm happy for life.

Sarah Eckert

Gr. 4

Cobalt

C is for Cobalt, where silver was found

O is for "O Canada", song of our free Land

B is for books, in the public library to read

A is for arena, where Cobalters skate

L is for little silver veins hiding in the rocks

T is for town, the biggest little town around!!!!

On The Bus

On the bus

I go to school

people yelling

crying too,

the bell is ringing

I'm late for school

how could the day

get much worse!

Shane VandenHoogen

Gr. 7

Granny

She was a good friend
And truly a godsend
She never doubted me
As if you couldn't see
She fell once or twice
And asked me to get ice
When she became sick
It gave me a bad kick
I couldn't believe it
I cried and had a fit
I wanted to believe she was alive
I couldn't give anyone a high-five
People would talk
But I would just walk,

Cancer

The cancer will never let you free
And that is now why you cannot see
It's taken your vision and you are blind
I promise you one thing, I will always be kind
As long as you live I will be by your side
When you pass on my tears won't be denied,

Terri Neddo

Gr. 5

Things I Love About My Mom

Her personality
The way she laughs
And plays with me
When she tickles me
She is the coolest mom ever
I love it when she's happy
I love her
Happy Mother's Day.

Basketball

I just love basketball
It's plain to see
Taking a chance shot
From outside the key.

Even in free throw
It's hard work and pain
Bruised knees and scratches
But I'll not complain.

I get lots of baskets
Because I'm good you see
So why don't you come out
And play a game with me.

Tessa Adams

Gr. 5

Through My Eyes

My heart pounds so fiercely that I'm sure,
the unknown world that surrounds me, can hear
each beat.

The world stops dead in its tracks, as if waiting, or
expecting something to emerge from the dark
recesses of my mind.

I can feel myself, screaming inside.

My mind, haunted by the terror of the scene.

My expression is bare, as it stares me down
waiting for me to yell frantically for help.

But I stay strong, and am not defeated by the horror in
my eyes.

Christmas Eve

Everything is wrapped with ribbon
Sharing peace, faith, love and hope.

St. Nick is coming your way with all
his toys wrapped up with rope.

I hear the bells ring silent magic
The snowflakes fall onto the trees.

So here he comes with all his toys
for girls and boys on Christmas Eve.

Jarryd Evans
Gr. 5

Snowmen

I love snowmen, snowmen, snowmen,
I love snowmen, snowmen, snowmen,
I love snowmen, snowmen, snowmen.

I love St. Nick, St. Nick, St. Nick,
I love St. Nick, St. Nick, St. Nick,
I love St. Nick, St. Nick, St. Nick.

I love reindeer, reindeer, reindeer,
I love reindeer, reindeer, reindeer,
I love reindeer, reindeer, reindeer.

I love Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
I love Christmas, Christmas, Christmas,
I love Christmas on Christmas DAY!



Shivers

Soft lamp, easy chair
Hard bound in hand
Cradled in solitude
Verse takes command
All forms of emotion
Course through my veins
Words strike an offence
I freely let reign
Attacking my psyche
In metered phrase
Surging then drawing me
Within its maze
Shivers cascading
The length of my spine
A moment, a lifetime
Digesting each line.

Brian Beaudry

