

# Epiphany

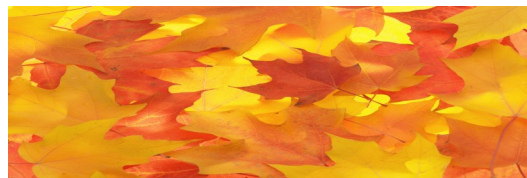


WORKS FROM THE  
MIDDLE SCHOOL'S  
COMMUNICATION  
SKILLS CLASS

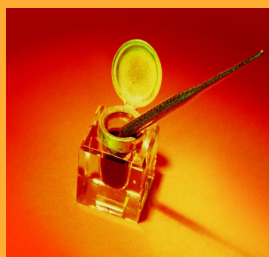
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## Fall Poems



Celebrating  
the gifts of  
our young  
writers.



**Ana Donoghue**  
Middle School  
Writing

### Autumn Shows Her Signs

by Hannah Lee Dixon, 8th grade

Scarecrows slump on their posts up high  
Eerie moons scrape the dark sky  
Black cats stalk with growling sighs  
Autumn is showing all of her signs

Wilting green leaves fade into brown  
Restless ghosts lurk around town  
Pumpkins bulge—it's finally their time  
Autumn is showing all of her signs

Jet-black crows call out in the night  
Jack-o-Lanterns glow with all their might  
Dying, dull flowers weep and cry  
Autumn is showing all of her signs

Acorns drop to the hard ground below  
Cold winds whistle as they whirl and blow  
A new story of nature slowly unwinds  
Autumn is showing all of her signs



### The Flower by Jackson Seymore, 8th grade

In a field, there was brown  
Nothing grew for miles around  
Except one flower  
Who seemed to tower

The flower stood  
Knowing soon he no longer would—  
Fall's sweet song  
Would play on long



### The Scarecrow's Maize

by Jaret Varholick, 8th grade

A scarecrow watches  
Over uncut maize  
Subtle eyes  
A worn-out gaze

Stands on a stake  
With little break  
He stands and stares  
Just waiting there

He knows a time  
Of younger days  
A time there was  
No maize

He stands and stares  
Just waiting there  
Among the maize  
A worn-out gaze



**Autumn's Treasures**

*by Grace Whittaker, 8th grade*

We walk through rows of fire  
Despite the boreal chill  
Autumn now has finally come  
Atop this lonesome hill

A basket in my left hand  
And my retriever on my right  
We plod in solemn company  
'Mongst foliage tinged with white

*It couldn't have been stolen*  
Perhaps it's gone astray  
I shake my head in wonder  
And continue on my way

My search has long been destined  
Since the blooms of spring  
Adorned the trees with velvet buds  
And boughs to which they cling

As I near my destination  
And absorb the surrounding scene  
I cock my head to ponder  
Just where is all the green?

With my journey's end approaching  
As I round the final bend  
I smile through the trees upon  
Sighting a long-lost friend



Old and worn from years of weather  
Since childhood it's been here  
Now I set my basket down below  
And reminisce as I climb the boughs

Inside the heart of rustling fire  
I pluck an ember with gleaming eyes  
Envisioning and almost tasting  
A fresh-baked apple pie.

With branches of mahogany  
And colored leaves of every kind  
I continue to ascend the limbs  
With one intent in mind



**Startled** by Meg Amerson, 8th grade

I'm alone in a dark, frightening cave  
 All I see is my name on a grave  
 I hear a scream  
 A sudden light beam

Ahhhhh! I scream as my hip gets cut  
 SQUISH, the blood flows from my gut  
 I'm hopeless, I'm pleading,  
 Nothing stops the bleeding



Coming straight for me a razor-sharp knife  
 I whisper to myself "Goodbye, life."  
 I cry and I cry  
 Knowing that I will die

Suddenly, the fall breeze blows across my face  
 I wake up at an alarming pace  
 And it seems, all my screams  
 A nightmare...just a dream



Leaves blown like feathers in the wind  
 Trees lay bare, yearning for life  
 Grasping the air with bare limbs  
 Forests of bones stand still  
 With chilling breath, fall cools the air

*Laughs drift through the wind*

Whispered by the brisk breath of breeze  
 —Andrew Lorentzen, 7th grade



Night falls like spinning leaves  
 And darkness reaps and lays  
 Spiral seeds twirl on the breeze  
 And whisper slow decay  
 —Erin Taylor, 7th grade



Leaves dance and play around the trees  
 Swirling until they get dizzy and can no longer see  
 The brittle leaves fall swiftly down  
 Forming a carpet on the soft ground  
 —Hannah Russo, 7th grade

**Hearts and Dreams** by Drew Maune, 7th grade

Burning flames lick  
 Charred flakey, white logs  
 A wall of stone protects  
 The surrounding fog

While flares sizzle and roar  
 Wind breaks through  
 Like an open door  
 Leaves shake—fall's due

As the droplet falls  
 Cold hits hearts  
 The puddle shimmers  
 Warmth comes, starts

Smiles on faces  
 Around an open blaze  
 Drifting sleep, dreams  
 Pierce through icy haze



When you arise  
 To the cool autumn morn,  
 You'll see tap-dancing spirits waltz  
 Over the chilling pond  
 —Ford Willis, 7th grade



Leaves are falling swiftly from the trees  
 They hit the ground, so silently  
 —Lake Hoard, 7th grade



**The Magic of Autumn**, by Samuel Cho, 7th grade

Clouds sadly weep  
Freshwater tears  
The wind's blustery sweep  
Leaves everywhere

Harvest moons shine  
A deep, blood-red  
While we silently sleep  
In cozy beds

Apples in the orchard  
Cows in the barn  
Pumpkins in the field  
Flowers in the yard

Summer, spring and winter  
Don't compare  
To autumn, to autumn  
So beautiful and fair



**from "Overture"** by Harrison Cho, 8th grade

Outside the moon rises  
Illuminating the lone tree in the yard  
An owl hangs from its branches  
Investigating why summer  
Was stolen away so quickly



**Fall** by Harrison Little, 8th grade

Scarlet robins in the trees  
Crisp autumn air, flowing by  
Small children on their knees  
Enjoying pumpkin pie

Dry, brown grass flowing silently  
Orange leaves brittle and frail  
While the night wind blows violently  
In the shadow of the moon, so pale

