

# **poem stuff**

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*A poem I did of my REALLY crappy life*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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# 1 - Untitled

## Hide Away

By: Caitlyn M. Caluya and Katy E.N. Clark

I am here do you see me? I am alone, always alone forever vanishing from memory. I stay away from the crowds, trying to avoid the staring eyes. Plug my ears from their whispers and rumors and forget their lies. They ask me why I'm different why I try so hard to stick out, but I don't want the attention the dark colors that I wear seem to be a magnet you'd think that the bright colors and happy smiles they put on would attract more attention. They call me names, and accuse me of things that I haven't even done. I don't talk much and try to hide, but they hunt me down just to give me trouble and provoke me. Then they ask why I'm so mean to them, why I don't like to spend time with them but even if I tried they would never accept me. So I run and plug my ears avoiding their voices and harsh gazes and holding back tears. But their eyes follow me everywhere and no matter where I go they always follow so I ignore them and lock myself away in the only sanctuary I've ever had, my mind and the memories trapped within.

## **Conspicuous consumption**

By: Caitlyn M. Caluya and Katy E.N Clark

Chopping, burning, hacking away at everything that gives us life oil, paper, wood, poaching, we all spend it so blindly and many die in ignorance of what we are doing of to our own planet. And when someone tries to tell you, you shrug it off and laugh but do you ever wonder what will happen when all of it's gone... what will happen, when we've run out of things to destroy, what will we do then? But continue with your blissful life. But nothing lasts forever, so there's no use in mourning the ancient.

## **King Of Halloween**

By: Caitlyn M.Caluya and Katy E.N Clark

Tiny children running free, being something they're not on that magickal night. Laughing, happily with they're treats, while he watches, invisible to human eyes. Some children run through a dark alley where they see the dark figure they scream and run with fright while he laughs with delight. Pumpkins aflame in his hands and crows gather to meet him. He's like the boogey man, an immortal reminder of fear.....

He is the king of Halloween he is Jack Skellington.