Exalted Frivolties—By Liz

What would you find in the bottom of your drawer?

Surely it is filled pencils, pens, and more.

Perhaps you have some spare change there,

Or maybe a wooden bead for your hair.

Are there a few pebbles your child gave to you?

Perhaps he gave you some little paper hearts too.

You might have pushpins there, just waited to be used,

Or you might have some craft beads, just a bit bruised.

Is there a six-sided dice there too?

Is it for a board game long lost to you?

Why do these items sit at the bottom of your drawer?

These tiny little items matter far more

Than the big games and toys that we focus on;

Those things are nothing but a put-on.

It is the little things in life, those small frivolities,

That keep us marching on, protected from frailties.

We give them a little glance, and as it turns out,

We never realize what these small treasures are about.

They keep us going from day to day, these little things provide

The little help, a needed boost to move on with our lives.

Let us exalt these frivolities! Let us treasure them on high!

Raise them from depths and thrust them into the sky!

It’s the little things that count, they say

And this I know is true.

They sit in your drawer, awaiting the day

You exalt them, so they may help you.

**Alone**—By Akshat

Alone, on the abyss

What went amiss?

I don’t know if I regret

Staying trapped in this secret

Crushed, holding in what I feel

But now more than ever how could I reveal?

Forever, my lips must be sealed

How will I ever heal?

I may never break free

But have to be me.

**Glimmer -- By Abrar**

I grasp the railing tightly,

The rough cement digging into my skin.

My fresh memories lightly

Remind me of my fallen kin.

A foreign princess in a foreign land,

Relocated for her safety,

Nothing occurred as planned.

Forced to run, made to flee.

My former life is now a dream.

One by one my brothers fell,

Thomas, Elijah, and even sweet Gabriel,

The grass was stained with bodies maimed,

Everyone died defending Jane.

Now here I stand on this balcony,

Here I stand in sheer agony.

My dress whips around in the breeze,

My state of mind shifts a few degrees.

I turn to the future and think of a cure,

For the foul disease known as war.

Optimism flows from me, strong and pure,

I know this land can open a new door.

**Help (Not) Wanted- By Kevin**

From a distance, nothing stands out as strange.

No way to detect pain through an eye test.

Look past the surface, it’s half-deranged.

Choked by self-told lies, an abnormal vest.

I’m fine, I’m fine, really I’m fine,

But ask me, save me, I can’t… myself.

Go away, you pest, there’s nothing to find.

Yet my eyes, my soul, they plead for your help.

I stand erect, sturdy, half-smiling,

Heavied by frowns, I’m fragile, and dying.

I’m fine, I’m fine, my lies lost their luster,

Nocourage to ask, confidence unmustered.

No openings in me, I’ve become my own wall.

Nothing inside, nothing at all.

Reinforcements uphold me, my defenses too vaunted,

But get inside please, you help IS wanted.

**Hope—By Ashwin**

Running, keep him distracted, make it a game

Don’t look back, watch your step, get away from the flame

Smog, paper and dirt in the air

Another building lights like a flare

We make out, somehow all true

Fire, destruction of a city that once was mine

I look up and see a grey-black sky

Everywhere else, people scream and cry

In that chaos, I wouldn’t have known my name

Through the smoke, he still notices “look it’s a butterfly”

**Oh No**—By Sam

Oh no

I’ve done it again

That’s not what I wanted

That’s not what I meant

Oh no

I’ve said too much

I miss your voice

I miss your touch

Oh no

I don’t want to be alone

But it’s what I deserve

But holes can be sewn

I know

That I’ve messed up

I’ve fixed things now

I’ve fixed my mouth shut.

**Second to Fate—By Shan**

In all aspects, one cannot escape,

The far-reaching Hands of destiny and chance.

And there shall come a day, when tempting fate

Shall lead to an endless death trance.

Yet for those who try, they see the end—

Crystal wonders and riches on the floor.

For any who survive Fate’s challenge,

And make it past his invisible door.

No one knows Fate’s hidden secret,

He has six faces and five are known.

But the last one remains hidden,

impossibly difficult to tell, perhaps never to be shown

**The World on a String—By Raffay**

He was tired of holding the world

The weight came crushing down on his shoulder

The thoughts of a painful eternity twirled

As he was being crushed by a simple boulder

He was tired of the pain

It was about time he fired

He stole the land, he stole the seas

And all the life he did gain

And the world he once admired

On himself he could now see

And of the desolate ball that remained

He wrapped it in a string of fate

And slinged it away

To walk towards a better day.

**When you see it—By Jabez**

Watchers grow

Alone as watched listen in

Silent fear

To distant echoes as they slowly fade

Dim

Death does not turn off

Even if all you catch is the

Turning backside of truth

Stay inside see the stage

Act alone, not like one of the

Watched