

# WESTERN RESERVE CHORALE

---

*In Her Voice:  
Celebrating the Poetry of Women*



*Poetry Submissions from Laurel  
School students in Grades 5-12*



## Wisteria

*By Lily Rosenfeld*

You act like I am a cracked silhouette.  
But I don't break  
You stomp over me with your norms.  
You give me images,pictures of who I have to be. Your  
twisted lies pull me down but I still grow.

## Sky

*By Frances Farmery*

Sky  
Pale,Lifeless  
Darkening,Dampening,Pouring Getting Heavier now  
Storming Rain



## Girls

*By Ruby Floyd*

Strong, beautiful, witty. Girls.

Adventurous, empowering, smart. Women

Back in the day, women couldn't vote, they couldn't go to school, and they thought they weren't good enough just because of their gender.

Look how far we have come. In this generation, anyone can be who they want to be, especially women.

Take Kamala Harris for example the first women vice president of the United States.

Be who you want to be, no one can stand in your way.

No one can take away the right you have, to be you.

Don't listen to the people who taunt you who laugh at you just for being a girl. Women can be just as strong as men, even stronger!

Now, of course there will always be people that think that women were brought onto the earth to serve men.

We can't let that get in the way of pursuing our dreams.

So I say again.

Strong, beautiful, witty. Girls.

Adventurous, empowering, smart. Women



## I Hear a Voice

*By Mia Kwon*

I hear a voice,  
I hear a sound,  
Where did it come from? I look all around,  
The world blurry,  
Time seems slow,  
I can't find it,  
Where did it go?  
I figure appears  
Should I have fear?  
The figure speaks,  
But I don't hear a word, Then a creature flies down,  
It looks like a bird  
The bird picks me up, And carries me high,  
Until we disappear,  
Into the sky



## Stars

*By Mia Kwon*

Stars, you shine ever so bright  
Stars, you guide sailors through the night  
Stars, you shine over our world  
Stars, you grant wishes for boys and girls  
Stars, I have something to ask  
Stars, it is only a small task  
Stars, if you make my wish come true  
Then I will be ever grateful for you

## In the Woods

*By Mia Kwon*

In the woods, it's as quiet as a mouse  
Look around, not a single house  
All the trees, everywhere  
Oh, look, a deer, standing there  
It's staring at me so I stare back  
See the beauty, there's no lack  
All of the sudden, there's a crack  
A tree falls forward, now lying on its back  
Birds fly away  
The deer runs astray  
But I stay still, in my spot  
Run away? I will not



## A Storm

*By Mia Kwon*

The wind shrieks  
The trees creak  
There is a storm outside  
We're scared and hide  
Branches are falling  
Birds are calling  
The wind is howling  
The bears are growling  
The storm is relentless  
The animals are helpless  
They don't know what to do  
There scared too  
I tried to help  
But when I looked I yelped  
So I'll stay on my cot  
Until it will stop



## Untitled

*By Greta Geib*

I am a girl  
Strong, brave, fearless  
Kind, considerate, caring  
Natural, beautiful, standing out  
All these things and so much more  
But at the end of the day, I'm always myself

## Untitled

*By Cameron Coult*

I'm running out of time  
People say "Life is a highway"  
I don't believe that  
Life isn't straight or long  
There are always bumps and there is never enough time



## I Will Wait

*By Caroline Koch*

I wait for things that are exciting  
I wait for things that are a mystery  
I wait for sad things  
I wait for happy things  
But YOU control what you wait for.

## The Note

*By Kate Cocco*

Get a piece of paper  
With a name on it  
Write something nice About that person Kind words  
Give it to that Person  
That person says thank you  
You say You are welcome  
And at the end of the day  
Both of You feel good.





# Untitled

*By Arianna Dumas*

Life is like a court. You go in, with-  
Evidence  
There is a chance That you can either  
— win  
Or  
— lose  
Maybe you work so  
Hard but you have to  
Come back to court  
And take a  
Second  
Chance.  
There is always the  
JUDGE  
The person that decides  
If  
You  
Win  
Your  
Case.  
Maybe you are that person...  
Maybe you decide that person's  
PROBLEM.  
If they  
— win Or  
— lose



## Moon

*By Hazel Segal*

As Sun reaches out to the world for one last moment,  
timid Moon comes to take his place. Elegant and quiet  
she steps on to the floor of stars.

As the melody of crickets begins to welcome her she  
relaxes a little.

Climbing up the stairs of constellations, she takes her  
seat on her throne upon the sky.

From there, her silver locks drape the land,  
allowing her kingdom to rest.

Creatures and critters of the night tiptoe out of their  
burrows to see her beauty.

Their ears are too fragile for Sun's loud barks so they  
wait for Moon's soft gentle voice to arrive. Moon's dark  
skirt covers the earth in silence and peace.

Then she modestly lies down behind the horizon as  
Sun wakes up again.



## Standards

*By Hannah Rosenfeld*

The arms, the legs, the face, the words,  
The height, the grades, the moves, the looks,  
everything without a fight.  
No flailing arms nor kicking legs, you must stay  
composed, As your mind twirls out to other worlds.  
Worlds of ideality.  
A whirlwind of alternate realities,  
Where nothing is wrong, flawed or slightly off,  
Where everything is  
Not big, not small,  
Not bright, not dark,  
But just right.  
Perfect, until you drift back,  
Forced to face the imperfection of what truly is.



## Driven.

By Taya Offutt-Decker

Women are viewed as porcelain dolls.

“Too Pale! Too dark! Too Fat!”

“Dont touch her, she is fragile!”

One common example I have seen of this is when men say, “I can’t hit you because you’re a girl!”

Women are not fragile. I know that.

If women were so *fragile*, how would they go through the excruciating pain of bringing YOU into this world?

I would like to see men try to live a woman’s life.

Having to fight for their rights every day, getting catcalled while walking down the street, having to be held to standards that don’t make any sense.

It’s hard to see women go through so much. It’s hard to see them not give consent yet still be pushed to do something they don’t want to do. It’s terrifying for me to think that

growing up would mean I am a target or a potential *victim*.

Because of what has happened over the years, women can’t go out without pepper spray or a taser. They can’t go out without being judged or hit on by men who think they are superior. Women are *driven*. We are *driven*. The world is *driven*, to make everyone equal.



## Untitled

*By Emma Batt*

The future is coming amazingly fast  
But let's remember the present and past.

We've shot rockets zooming up into the stars,  
Putting people on the moon, and robots on Mars.

We've discovered new life in places rough and deep,  
Found quicker creatures and slower ones that creep.

We've built helpful tools, both large and small  
Cars to drive and phones to call.

We're currently struggling with worldwide disease,  
But there's still light and hope, you see,

Because friendships and love still exist now  
And we will always be wondering why and how.

So if you act now, you can change so much  
Because the future is now, and it starts with us.



## Dear Maya

*By Abby Clayton*

Dear Maya Angelou,  
I'm trying to stay strong, but how did you become strong?  
Wind still heaves frigidly with injustice within its grasp  
A lot has changed.  
On the contrary,  
There is now awareness of the injustices you faced  
I myself am still learning how to better rise  
I am learning how to carry myself with your pride  
To stand my ground and remain resilient just as you wrote  
With every stroke of my pen, I try to voice the power you fought for  
I admire your louding voice, which still echoes today  
I try to follow, but the world is not yet ready for me,  
I follow your example and make my voice known  
I can hear your voice still through modern poets  
Your echo will always remain;  
So tell me, how do I still rise?



## Masks, Shoes, Doors, and Empathy

*By Nicole Samala*

Everyone has problems hidden behind a mask,  
But we don't know what they are because we never ask.  
We just assume that they are not there,  
That we are the only ones that suffer and despair.

Yet this is obviously not true, most can agree;  
We all fight different battles that others fail to see  
There is more to everyone beyond the surface,  
Yet we go about serving our own self-purpose.

But you have nothing to lose  
If you step inside another's shoes.  
Look at the world through their own lenses,  
And finally come to your senses.

Discover the good, the bad, and the ugly,  
And only then can you kind of see  
Why a person acts the way they do  
And believe their personal views

Empathy is what I am trying to say  
And should be the key takeaway,  
So before you go on judging other people,  
Open the door and look beyond the keyhole.