



# Poetry Collection

## Winning Poems

### 2016

6<sup>th</sup> Annual Poetry Contest  
Central Georgia Technical College

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A Love Lost

Lone eagle waiting,  
Watching from the somber marsh  
His love never comes

*Heather Daniel*

## Frame of Mind

what is true chaos?

for the fly trapped in a web

is the spider's meal

*Daniel Barroso*

## Things That Are Cooler Than You

Space exploration,  
All David Lynch movies, and  
Vintage furniture.

*Amy Beth Peterson*

Brown like ole charcoal  
Sweet baby girl name unknown  
No sound from within

*Jo Ann Middleton*

hash-tag-think

You say I'm too critical well I say the world isn't too Liberal...  
Too analytical, well stop for a second. . . see how fast time will hit you?  
If you're trying to get into my mind, here let me let you in...  
And when you're done lying to yourself I'll be sure to come back and get you then...  
I'm staring out into the world and most is living a hyper-reality...  
Solidified in mistrust but perplexed in gullibility...  
I'm trying to explain while you sit back, I know what you're thinking...  
Am I sinning while sin in my mind is just part of reality?  
while the religious head-honcho's try to scare me with illogical fallacy?  
I'm messing with minds, but just mine, while everyone's living inside...  
No, not MY brain, everyone's living in their individual restraints  
A Jail cell composed of cells you cannot see or smell or taste...  
release yourself....feel and touch... watch, even when others have stopped...  
experience some things that other people who only fear tell you not to  
I'm not you, but I've been where most wouldn't come back to...  
And I know as a fact that belief is not factual - while others believe that fact is only temporarily actual...  
seems like the only thing we can agree on is that time will live on like it did before we got here,  
living on the edge or in the recesses of past pledges may have caused us regret,  
and, in time, we will all eventually forget...I would say that is it but it is a repetitive process  
Karma, they call it-"will"<.>always comes back to us...we all live so death is only the cause that affected us...  
and here we're all marvelous Persons, inevitable fiction - here we're all social experiments~sworn in by ignorance  
American youth, free minded, blinded by her story or Wait, isn't it his-story?  
it's a mystery dependent on who's telling the fucking story (now I'm worried)  
And if you're not, I'm telling you it's time to consider...  
yes, I'm talking to you mister/miss sit-around-on-twitter- #letsendtheignorance

*Avery Carty*

## Lost in America

An empty loop infinitely choosing its routine but not so rudimentary new dreams  
he scheme but it seems that he thirsts the blood of newborn desire for life  
through the eyes of the sightless he finds to siphon those that were once living in the night  
trying to fight not to survive but to suffice the urge to keep peace at its knees  
breathing as it spreads its disease, yes indeed, the biggest contradiction to sorrow  
hope we live we keep in mind that hope is always there till tomorrow, following its every  
word we're under its spell as he feathers the needle prick that's keeping the world sick  
it's a trick, a trap we walk half haggardly holding each straw man... when are we going to notice  
we're just going in a circle? maybe there should be more notes about the turtle... slowly but surely  
intelligence will lead to more negligence fencing ourselves in within the inner building we build these  
things and one day these things will bill for all the mistrust, it's disgusting how lies fly to the nearest  
pair of willing ears so open to hold them up groping but folding nothing stolen but just misplaced,  
got to stop and retrace a faceless man with no emotion he stands atop the ocean showing true devotion,  
the waves motion through his glazed eyes, he phases in and out, we win but then doubt, give in but then we  
want sin to stop sending our friends down under, deep we burry our feelings in the depths of the tundra.  
lightning strikes revealing what we try to hide below the sound of the thunder  
I'm dumbfounded but still lost, trying to cross every bridge but my feet need to be fixed,  
I'm going left when I'm right, left right under the cliff when I die I hope my words reach past the skies!  
my mind, is like the receiving end of a black hole, so bold it takes in anything and no one knows what will come out  
the outcome will never change, for things will always remain the same, in the end we're all insane, training to  
regain clarity toward this systems supreme regularity, its scaring me how ignorant we've all become, we shut  
our eyes, and pray and cry, lay down as we rely on our fellow monsters, but monsters don't rely on no one,  
they feed on the very beings that conceived them, so it's simple just don't feed them....

*Avery Carty*

7.30.15.5.50.1613

I took your hand  
And we flew through space

The power of music  
An effortless connection

I lay here with you  
And share the beauty of nature

But the song's near done  
Of a playlist most perfect

Life's funny way  
Of moving along

A ride fully joyful  
Only to make the soul crave more

So promise me of no end  
A day soon to meet again

To look up from space  
And see another floating along

Until then I'll see  
That my astronaut friend is gone

*Emily Newsome*

## Knowledge

For what is, if it is not?

Is it if, or is it not?

How is it that, that it is not?

Could it be so, for which we don't know?

So if you know, where does it go?

For in the end, it's wisp in the wind.

*Daren Howard*

Forecast

Groundhog slumber ends

No shadow, spring comes early

The cost: one hour

*Glen Stone*

Life

A death in motion,  
life is an oxymoron;  
Living while dying.

*Rena Laster*

Shadow

Followed in darkness  
Obstructed by the suns ray  
Silently hidden

*Shabrea Davis*

Reflections of Beauty

Twenty years later

The mirror reflects visions

Of my mom's beauty

*Arjarki Smith*

## Standing Alone

Along a wooded, narrow highway,  
Stands a once stately, century old Oak.  
No longer bending, beckoning, or waving,  
One barren, broken limb barely dangling.

A sapling, having grown on its very own  
Age and maturity enhanced its size.  
Birds once nested in its leafy branches.  
Nobody tended it, nor even plowed.

Altered stages of twists, turns, and pains,  
Once standing tall, strong, and sturdy.  
Lives of every man may also remind us,  
After having weathered many a storm.

*Milton Bentley*

Why

A student in lit class asks  
why poetry is so depressing and  
a pause falls in the class  
as they wait for the usual  
response; how the chains of mental disorder  
rattle the haunted, consumptive poet or  
that this is how art moves us; sniffs about  
dumpsters in search of something real;  
the hole in the sole of a shoe,  
a lost face on the soured milk carton.

Instead, I ask him,  
Aren't you sad? Aren't we all sad?  
We drift through the deep in our little  
silver bathyspheres  
searching among the sea monsters  
and coral forests for signs that loss is  
somehow impermanent.  
The derelict ships lie  
quiet on the ocean bed.  
They do not give up their dead.

And when we surface,  
don't we share the night sky,  
the constellations our chandelier?  
Those brilliant crystals!  
These bright tears

*Alice Mills*

## The Bridge over Ocmulgee

The summer of wine gave way to a winter solace;  
As a rhythm opposing the sol, I touched my landmarks  
Eastbound at the earliest yet chased him westward in the eves—  
Laying tread to the rolling hills between then-barren trees  
And the bond over that broad burn, Ocmulgee, for to see  
Radiance on the other side of the banks—my veil-to-be.

Ere reaching my pseudo-home at nightfall, I'd cast my eyes  
Down to the moon's reflection skipping across the wide waters.  
The soul-shuddering remembrance of craftily-forgotten bridges  
Replaced, momentarily, the bliss of the evening,  
And the ridges between the cold, contracted surface marked time;  
Restored to smooth pavement, I silenced my epimethean mind.

The spring grew green; adoration matured—on waters I'd crossed  
A love began to feed. As scions all need the light from the sol, I  
Doled the definition of illumination and patience. Her  
Radiance grew to brilliance; the warm turned to heat. Our  
Branches spread wide; the bridge, obsolete. For across the Ocmulgee,  
My love she did flee, and we settled our roots in Houston County.

*Jeremiah Johnson*

Procrastination

Procrastination

feeds on a

rich diet

of

excuses,

wasted time,

lack of focus,

and the inability

to prioritize.

This helps it to

keep itself

vibrant

and

alive.

*Rena Laster*

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