

Mitchell Gallery
Poetry Writing Workshop & Reading
Saturday, January 29, 2011

Totem by Anna

A totem is what I am,
I show whose family
this is, or the clan
or the tribe. I can be
quite decorated, or
really plain. Yet
I don't care, for
showing the family,
clan, or tribe is more
important than what I
look like.

The Snakeknife By Carrie

I am sharp swift and cunning,
I can cut through life like the
wind. I defend myself from danger
like lightning. Nobody wants to fight
me my fangs are venomous and like

knives. Leave me in peace, for I
am the Knife.

Belt Buckles by Diana

I once had a belt buckle
Which might of had some magic.
I always wore it every day
And it always brought good luck.

It made me find some beautiful flowers
Every time i went to the river.
I always found some sea glass and shells
Every time i went to the beach.
But one day i had found something out,
I didn't find those by good luck
But by looking with my eyes.

Nao (Bell) by Emmy

The moonlight casts shadows on the village
The people clamor in
Here to see the festival
They scamper in and dance
Until the morning begins

I am the star, twice a day
Once when the sun sets
The day has ended with a clang
Once when the sun rises
The day has ended with a clang

If I'm lucky
Not often I am
I am played for special things
Parties and ceremonies
People dance to the beat of me

They hit me
and get an echoed clang
The people dance and cheer
while I bask in the moonlight
I live for this
This festive cheer
until I can no longer ring
and then a new bell shall be made
and he will be the star I was.
By Emmy

The Skeleton by Maia
Oh Oh I saw a skeleton
with jewels at his sides,
and buried deep in the ground
with memories of big, heavy rides.

The wizard's pole,
with magic abrew,
and all mysterious dark blue.

The Magic Belt Buckle by Marisa

There was a magic Belt
Buckle and a Honey Suckle,
The Buckle wasn't magic yet,
but it and the flower had already
met. They had such fun in the
summer sun but the magic slipped
off the flowers tongue and on to the
Buckle who was very young now every
10 years when the clock strikes 1
it remembers her
friend when
it was
very young.

By Marisa

The Knife by Phillip

The sharp knife
with the ibex
head, and the
Slender body all bronze.

And that tourquoise inlaid
in the eyes, once used for
chopping.

If I had this knife
would still use it
like it once was, for
chopping.

And still, the bronze knife
exists.

Awl Case by Sydney
Two of my levels are plain
four are full of design
I feel like a tube
with a hollow inside
in my clear case I lay

To think 3,000 years ago
I lived the Mongolian way

My neighbors around me
do not talk much
& just lay there.
trying to look young
but their not really buff

I wish to be back with my master
but she is now long gone
so I just sit here
thinking
will I ever get used again.

By Sydney

