

Student Poetry

The following poems were written by local students who participated in workshops hosted by the 826michigan organization over the past year. The poems have been posted in AATA buses and are now posted here for your reading enjoyment!

BUS POEM

Everywhere I go there are people
The window tastes like chicken.
No wonder it's so yum,
Chicken is my favorite.
While I licked the window
there were people riding bikes
for quicker transportation, for exercise.
People walking on campus.
Talking on their cell phones.
Talking to their friends.

Shah'liah, Age 10

Bus Poem

Nice cars zooming by,
Happy people riding past.
Flowers, street lights, hot dog stands, everything
Ice cream, coffee, clothing stores
Even dinosaur museums.
Pinball Pete's.
My favorite place to think.

Victoria, Age 10

BUS POEM

Look at YELLOW, follow these rules
Two red-faced people kissing on the sidewalk
Orange babies crying
Green grass, play fast
Blue shoes walk magically
Birds-white. I wonder if they fly
On a bus where people play

Stacia, Age 8

bus poem

I am on a bus
People are on the sidewalk
Feet are moving
Hair is flying in the wind
Friends are talking
Grass is swinging
A buff guy is singing
And I am on a bus

L'Andria, Age 11

Bus Poem

This is a story about people on the bus
People ride the bus
They see other people
The bus driver, friends and
people in cars
They climb up trees
They go to the library
They get gas at the gas station
This is a story about people on the bus

Hah'Layia, Age 7

Stranger to Stranger Talk

Rumbling, bumbling vibration machine rolls down the street.
Purple out and in, it seems.
Rivers of words flow choppily through the air, heavily clogged with white noise.
Any talk I comprehend is shallow surface stuff.
Stranger to stranger talk.
No politics or literature perforate their speech,
The speech of those forced into close proximity with each other,
Making conversation for the sake of talking, breaking tension.
I see the stiffened forms of those who sit by one unknown,
They relax in posture as the other leaves the seat
And I think
Is it so terrible to sit by one you've never met?
But I never ask.
I never ask the question that will spark a real conversation,
One that the other will remember the next day.
One that will make a difference in their life,
Make them think, for once.
Is it impossible that a stranger could have something to say?
Perhaps, because as people come and go, the small talk flows,
Deep views hidden away.

Kylie, Age 12

a winter night in downtown ann arbor

Vroom, ding ding ding, beep
These sounds remind me of India.
The whole of India is noise just noise.
The air polluted with gassy fumes.
People walking and talking
Lights shimmering from store to store
with people having a fun night on the town.
Standing in the cold wanting a ride,
your cold breath touching

your nose to make it red
as your Christmas stockings.
This is a winter night in downtown Ann Arbor.

Hannah, Age 11

BUS POEM

patterns of the seats are like waves of different blues
floor is like a bunch of stars in a dark sky

Hannah, Age 11

FREE SMELLS

As I stare at the wall, I realize that some
of the ads are falling off.
I imagine an ad falling on someone's head
And that someone getting *very* mad.

Preston, Age 11

My story

I rose from the curb and was carried off by the bus.
I stared out the window and saw mainly, well, darkness.
I was suddenly interrupted by
music from this lady behind me.
She had an iPod with the volume turned up full.
She didn't seem to notice that her music was so loud.
Besides the flow from street and traffic lights,
it was getting darker by the minute.
We soon were packed in the bus.
It is interesting how many different people can be on,
and how the bus stays populated with people getting

off, on, off and on.
It seemed that 50 or so people got on,
but that is exaggerating.
We soon stopped and most of the bus unloaded,
including us. We walked to the library and well,
now is now.

Preston, Age 11

strips of light break off in stars elongate

Saffron lights gleam brilliant & bright, highlight edge of stairs.
Eyes must squint to see them.
Lend their color to woman's brown shoe, turning black leather gold.
Dazzle my eyes, strips of light break off in stars, elongate as I
squint, reaching up over my leg, beams abruptly disappear when
their source is covered. The plastic cover is illuminated by the lights.
Saffron lights, gleam brilliant
Highlight the edge of a stair.
Lending color to a woman's leather shoe,
As black leather turns to gold.
My eyes are dazzled.

Kylie, Age 12

Short Poems

1. The cell phone
is pressed to her ear
and her hair struggles
over her shoulders,
her mouth open.

“Yeah. Erica's birthday is on the ninth,”
she confirms in a voice
as low and cool as a cello.

Who is Erica? And would she
Read a birthday card from
An eleven-year-old girl
like me?

2. Her eyes gaze restlessly out the window.
They see a city scene,
bright lights and dark streets.
But what does she really see?

3. Crouching under the streetlight
that casts a pale, sick-looking glow on everything,
the woman in the olive-green cloak,
her eyes darting nervously,
grasps the handle of the square black purse,
and snatches it from the damp concrete.
Pulling the bag to her side,
the woman stands up tall and smiles,
as if nothing has ever happened.

Francesca, Age 11

small details

If you are very interested
in the cold metal bus stairs,
you will find two odd little rows
of pure orange light.
With all of the energy and warmth of a tiny tea light,
the clear happy glow of a row of sequins,
and the excitement and protection of runway lights
as your plane touches down,
these bright benevolent strips,
casting a cheerful illumination on nearby chairs,
guide the way to comfy, cozy seats
and relief from the hectic day.

Francesca, Age 11

STREETLIGHTS FLARE

The streetlights flare
in the frosty air.
The streetlights blaze
on cold winter days.
Cars beep through the night
while airplanes take flight.
Trees are blown by their leaves
until they are bare and dead.

Aja, Age 11

You Get a Great View of the City

Inside the bus there are black lights,
They let off an eerie purple glow.
The bus rides by the people.
Everything seems slow.
It bumps and vibrates,
the seats that feel like carpets
that give you severe rugburn.
You would expect people to be loud
but they are quiet.

Aja, Age 11

you want to look up but are lost in the words around you

the bus is a purple shining big thing.
when you are in the monster
you feel like you are the rulers of the world.
you want to look up but you are lost
in the words around you.
then you see the orange green and purple seats.
they remind you of the night sky on the fourth of July.

you get excited but then it's your turn to get off.
the monster lives,
the wind rushes through your hair.

Elle, Age 11

The Bus

People on the bus *watchful hearful and smellful*
Sit together on the bus as it rumbles down the empty street
they watch the lonely people sit on the curb and
wait for something to happen.
It never happens.

Elle, Age 11

boy was her music loud

Boy was her music loud,
how could she even breathe with that noisy rap
(But she did have some good songs.)
I wonder what she was trying to block out,
and if she was just having a bad day.
But boy was her music loud as she looked around scowling.
Her eyes looked like they rolled to the back of her head and got lost.
But boy was her music loud/

Corbin, Age 13

My Breath is Taken Away

My breath is taken away as I walk onto the purple lighted bus,
and by the yellow handrails.
When I sit down it's like sitting on the floor with bus's vibrations
from bumps and from the engine running.
All of a sudden I hear bells ringing, doors opening

and cold air blowing the smells of a new car and books.
I look out the window and see colored neons in the window
being reflected from the other side.
There sure are some busy streets.
But just as I thought I had heard and seen it all,
a huge group of college kids rushed onto the bus.
I now have a huge migraine.

Corbin, Age 13
