

Poetry by Amanda Orndorff
Northwest High School

Voices

We sing together
weaving our voices
in a colorful chorus,
a tapestry of tolerance and life.
Our bodies pick up the rhythm,
feet, arms, hips moving
to the beat of our collective voice.
Passersby pick up the beat
speaking our message to
those who wish not to hear.
Continue to raise your voices
and they will hear your song,
dancing into the world
with tolerance.

*Dedicated to all of you who have raised your voice for tolerance.
Thank you.*



Greensboro

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Celebration Poetry

May 12, 2003
7:00 PM
Temple Emanuel
Greensboro, NC



Greensboro

Poetry by Michael Weekley
Eastern Guilford HS

august

and the tattoos curving down your body
are the sorrows you want to wash away
the scars you won from a circus act
one you never signed up for
it wasn't a volunteered deal
suppose overtime you'd heal
august rolled by
you said let me take you for a ride
i have a cold wind blowing in my hair
you seem to have something warm
so let me hold you
let it bleed in you
and the tattoos
one by one
seemed to want to be erased
something you had wanted years before
but august has a lover
you never could get over
it was the weakness
sent into the knees
september could be jealous
there wasn't any need
for that rainy envy
just because you let august
teach you how to fly
you've sat by the window
painted and penned
various gray emotions
never finding the right one
constant disillusionment
awaiting for some enlightenment
and august had fallen before you
and you fell to the knees
to weep from time to time
just to wait for the tattoos
to be seen all over you
once more
once more
you've found some sense of satisfaction
in your ways to bleed
as the ink bled over the paper
and the blood dripped over the water
but august is coming around
to teach you to fly
to fly
feel a wind
I can feel a wind
I can feel a wind blowing
past the arctic
past the rundown shopping center
where only the whores linger
where only a fuzzy piece of me
was left unintentionally
I can see fear in your eyes
many times before

many times before I was there
I saw it slip by
past the shuffling feet of the lepers
past the fear of catching the disease
(calling from my own
not used to being alone
I had the care given on my doorstep
but the wind is blowing it all away
and your not him
you never will be him
so leave me with myself
I've known you so much longer
and it gives more to say
that I dislike you more than before
leave nothing at my door)
I can feel a wind
cold in its way
shifting my coordinates
past those friends
past their faces of innocence
this age creeping slowly
around the bend
is my unraveling
I'm just getting used to
what I am
can I regain that child
lost some time ago
can I take this course in
a different direction
can

vanilla bean

what about you cinnamon child
you laugh at me with Vanilla Bean
I cannot find this too humorous
when the liberals march onto Washington
they beg and they tear
and they don't know here from anywhere
"was the message lost?"
cause the man in the oval office
wants my brothers to lay down the backpacks
for a machine gun waging a war
a crusade of revolution
a crusade for the crude oil
charging up those boisterous cars
that no one needs
I'm just sitting back with Vanilla Bean
he's such a Queen with his Leather Sheen
that one in the house of white
do you think he'd fight
I cannot find this too meaningful
when the Muslims are offended beyond relief
when the Christians are offended beyond
relief
when the ones that check the other box
don't know what to describe as belief
so I grab my things with Vanilla Bean
and we are going to live in Canada
Maple syrup and Harsh winters

plus some more stereotypes
cause we don't want to forget the great
hypes
of America
(but I'm still going to love
your beautiful lands
and grand mountains
shaking my hands
Skies of blue and Weather so nice
I'll dream of you
I'll dream of you
once the Giant is tired
of hunting the Mice)

freedom of speech

and so there is this thing
freedom of speech
you make it loud if you please
you make it scream if you want
blunt as you'd like
to just a mere taunt
and I could count on my fingers
and I could count on my toes
the many sorrows
the many woes
of the teenage soul
and we look here and there
not to look at ourselves
cause this flesh and blood
is in our own control
I see my fellow youth
rivaling themselves
with boredom
with gossip
with each slip
of the tongue
and when the leaders of the nation
when they charge in
do you let them
do you let them
if we have control on ourselves
then why are we simply nodding
then why are we simply following
if we must be the rebelling teens
then why are we looking down
just looking at our jeans
in our jeans
in our genes
all in our genes
supposedly this trait
this freedom of speech
it's gaining some dust
becoming third rate
we are just getting out of touch
of the noise we can make

betting on clouds

gave up my cloud for your cloud for their
cloud
never going to figure out what I want it
seems
the doves flying beyond my boring sunset
erase the scene
with the skyscrapers touching the face of god
I doubt this is going to get any higher
we are betting on clouds these days
with nothing to lose except the wallstreet
figures
gave up my cloud for your cloud for their
cloud
never knowing how it is to feel like the one
walking down the aisle

e-r-a-s-e

eee
race
my face plastered on concrete
your skyscrapers don't scare me
I'm in the ruins of two
I bet you saw that one coming
there are my doves signaling a cold winter
can't I suggest a spring
with clouds folding and unrolling on the high
blue
I doubt this is going to get any higher
the clouds are drying up
my own being erased
gave up my cloud for your cloud for their
cloud
and no cloud is left
so what is there to give up these days
just going to erase myself
eee
race
and my face is below concrete

What's Relevant?

The question isn't
Are you?
The question isn't
Relevant
The question doesn't exist
Only the exclamatory
The silence is harsh
So let's get harsher
The noise beneath our shimmer
Stronger
And heavier
And we carry the tune better
There isn't weight of questions
There is only action
Because the question doesn't exist
We know are you
We know relevance lies in
Breaking silence