

The Jungle

K-3rd
#11

So many sounds,
animals and adventures
monkeys

oo aa aa

a tiger gr

gr gr gr

a water fall

splash splash! A

parrot

caca ca

a gorilla

stomp stomp!

So many animals,
adventures and sounds.

7th - 12th

#2

The Poet's Tale

Once I wrote a poem
Perhaps with worldly goals
But the spirit of the poem
Was to fill in people's holes

If the poem was not printed
What mattered that, pray tell?
If to some wandering eye it hinted
Hope and Truth like golden bells

If to some heart dark with sorrow
It brought a ray of light
Or to some bitter soul tomorrow
Brought fullness and delight

Is that not reward enough
To think I've helped a brother?
Though you all may glare and huff
I ask not for another

If but one soul has comfort
In what I wrote and willed
Then my ship arrived at port
My purpose is fulfilled

To Bring What's Dark into the Light

I dreamed the other night that I was standing on a stage.
Rehearsing to be an influencer, which today is all the rage.
I was talking about your conditions, using an inspired net.
My idea to inform the crowd was to use the alphabet.

“A is the Anxiety that she feels every day.”
“B stands for her BPD, which may never go away.”
“C is for the Crisis that has dropped her to her knees.”
“D is her Depression. Those days are hard, indeed.”

As I rehearsed the room was dark, with just a single light on me.
No one else was in the seats, at least, not that I could see.
Then halfway through I stopped when a snicker echoed out.
My message wasn't comical, so what was that about?

“Someone thinks that this is funny?” I asked. “Who thinks it's just a joke?”
Above the seats a figure appeared, dark shrouded and black cloaked.
It hovered like a specter, a nightmarish creature of strife.
I instantly knew what it was: The darkness in my wife.

It started gliding towards me, a ghost of misery and gloom.
While I stood rooted to the floor, unable to leave the room.
“Who are you?” I asked the apparition, knowing what its reply would be.
It stopped when it got on the stage, and darkly sneered at me.

"Your idea is quite clever, but no one will really care."

"I've been inside her head for longer than even she's aware!"

"You're trying to expose me, to bring me out into the light."

"But you don't know all that I am... of what she tries to fight!"

"I'm her fears of being abandoned and of being left alone."

"The emptiness she carries inside - that's where I make my home!"

"I'm why she feels useless, not worth being loved or cared about."

"I keep her shackled to me with my chains of fear and doubt!"

"I am her shifting self-image so she's unsure of who to be."

"And her reckless behaviors? Those are also me!"

"I'm the excessive mood swings that she frequently displays."

"I'm her deep depressive states that often linger on for days."

"I'm her sudden bouts of crying, lasting hours at a time."

"I make her feel guilty even though she's done no crime."

"When she displays her panic and severe anxiety?"

"That's me at work inside her head. I will not let her be!"

"Remember years ago, when she had done self-harm?"

"She was trying to keep me quiet with every cut upon her arm!"

"When she grows weary of our struggle and can continue on no more?"

"That's when she collapses and lies exhausted on the floor!"

"I'm her dark intrusive thoughts that refuse to go away."

"I constantly assault her, throughout the night and day!"

"Her childhood traumas birthed me. I grew stronger by her tears."

"It's now a simple matter, to prey upon her fears!"

The apparition let out a booming laugh, triumphant it had won.

I crossed my arms defiantly. This fight was not quite done.

“I came here to talk about you, to help other people see.”

“But you made my job easy and did all the work for me!”

Then the room’s lights all turned on and the specter whirled to see,

What had been hiding in the dark while it had bragged to me.

A person sat in every seat within that concert hall.

Friends, family... even strangers, had seen and heard it all.

The specter instantly spun back around, bursting dark anger on the stage.

That too, was revealing – it’s your sudden, explosive rage.

It cooled just as quickly as a light flashed into view.

The specter fell back nervously when it saw that light was you.

“I won’t live like this forever,” I heard you confidently choose.

“You may win some of our battles, but in the end, you’ll lose!”

The specter screamed with fury and vanished without a trace.

But as it disappeared, I saw the worry on its face.

I know sometimes you ask yourself: “Why does he choose to stay?”

“Why live with all my ups and downs, every single day?”

The answer is quite simple... my past words still ring true:

“Always and Forever, I will love and stand by you.”