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That's a Poem

R. Scott Yarbrough

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"That's A Poem"



Cover Art by R. Scott Yarbrough

Dedicated to
The Spring 2019 Poetry Class of Collin College
And
R. Scott “That’s a Poem!” Yarbrough

Through the good times and the bad, “That’s a poem!” will
stick with us always.

Table of Contents

Marilyn Abedrabbo

Venus Alemanji

Carlos Contreras

Oluwabukola Ibiyemi

Lydia Jacques

Amy Kunschke

Emily Minchey

Danika Oliver

Kayla Osborn

Jessica Rodriguez

M.J. Scott

Bridget Scott-Shupe

Taylor Speer

J Alton Sterrett

Starlit D.S. Taie

I AM THE QUARTERS

By: Marilyn Abedrabbo

My name is George Washington
The man of positive action
With a vision to make America the country of dreams
To do this
Americans had to unite as a team

Then came a man named Donald Trump
Why are you behaving like such a chump?
Your vision of making America a great country
Is allowing our people to go hungry

2019 State Of The Union
Been there done that
It's a reunion

I am watching you, Trump
I can see
I am the quarters
That lay right on your nightstand
In your quarters

The system is rotting
Why are you plotting
You say, "Which is why I alone can fix it"
You say, "Nobody knows the system better than me"
Have you heard of the home of the brave?
Have you studied the land of the free?

Why build a wall
When democracy will fall
United we stand
Divided we fall

We are the Immigrants
We are the Colonists

Venus Alemanji

An Immutable Witness

Age four

You have finally outmaneuvered language

So

You assault any adult with a chorus of
hows-whats-wheres-whens-whys

Your mother sighs-

you are

The Wonderer

in Femi Kuti's *Wonder Wonder*

there is a circular scar on your left arm,
the remnants of a forgotten vaccination

You do not remember this branding

Because

even at this age,

Memory is your very own Judas

But you can imagine

jaws distended by a

convulsing box

Screaming, Screaming

As a tin syringe invades your coffee skin

Age nineteen

You have yet to outmaneuver thought

So

The hows-whats-wheres-whens-whys still cascade
from your

mouth

fortunately

you accept that some answers are neither north nor
south

there is a circular scar on your left arm,
the remnants of a forgotten vaccination
enclosed by saw-tooth extremities,
it rises from the plains of your skin
bearing

an immutable witness to your mutability

It reminds you that the body outlives memory
outlives consciousness

outlives life

You will bear it until you end

and

As it was in the beginning, so will it be in your end.

...Judah nearly whispered amen

Carlos Contreras

Rose Tint

A weed can be beautiful
if you've never seen a flower.

The violets and greens can flatter the eyes
but cannot compare to the rose.

Her scarlet beauty matching
the crimson she'll ooze
from your fingertips
if you get too close.

The weed's white freckles may
stand out from the ground,
begging for attention,

but you won't pick her
over the flower that hurts you.

Oluwabukola Ibiyemi

Without you...

What's life on earth and here without your love?
You're gone from me and I'm the one in hell,
You filled my heart but now its full of dust,
I'd beg Azreal, for you I'd cast a spell.
The hardest thing in life is loosing you,
To lose you is to lose all of my life,
The second hardest thing was finding you,
Precious things are very hard to find.
Ice cold you lay asleep, ready to burn,
I'm lost; I'm torn, empty, robbed of my soul,
The dreams and promises we shared are gone,
This pretty face again I'll ne'er behold.
Storm's o'er, clear skies and I'm ready to sail,
'Tis time to go, and find true love again.

Grief by Lydia Jacques

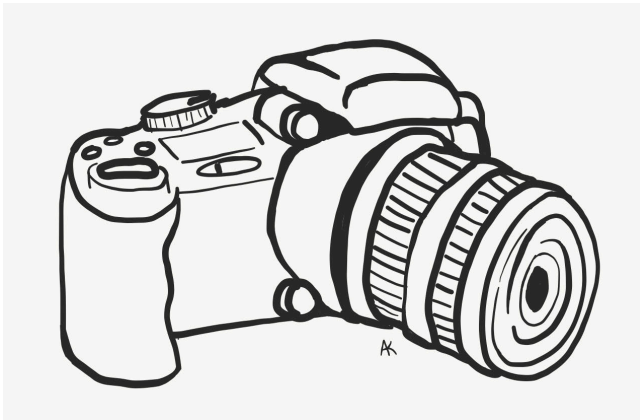
What to do, when our love moves away
Not next door – a whole new space and time
In response to the darkest of all mysteries
We simply box up her flowery dresses
Read her will
Place her favorite watch on her wrist

Clock ticks in a grave far away
Meanwhile, Grief moves in
Wears a black scarf round his arm
Sits where she once did
A new companion

Together we watch her lilies bloom
Taste the warmth of her favorite tea
Feel the crisp air in the pines
Never washing the lipstick off her mug

A Seemingly Blank Canvas
Amy Kunschke

A solitary figure,
Stood silently in front of a brick wall.
What do they see,
That causes such intense focus?
Camera tight in unshaking grip,
Held steadfast to their eye.
I look closer at their chosen canvas:
Bricks, bricks, and more bricks.
Nothing I see inspires me.
Looking back at the figure,
That is a different story.
The only movement is the shallow breaths they take.
The flicking of a single finger,
Changes the settings with faintly heard clicks.
The finger stills
A slow exhale
The whole world seems to hold their breath
The button's pushed.
The shutter clicks.
The camera is lowered.
And the figure walks away.



Mike
By Emily Minchey

Present:

Family,
Once again gathered by death.
Stories of them olé times.

“She run over ‘m and killed ‘m.
And you know, this didn’t help me a bit.
Daddy got up there.
Mr. Martin’s,
Back of the Sonic.
Got in that car.
It was a 46 Ford.
‘Member that.
Cranked it up,
Drove it back out here.
Parked it under an oak tree,
Out there by the house.
Never drove it another time.
Didn’t sell it.
The goats ended up gettin’ on it,
Knockin’ all the windas out of it.
He didn’t care,
But he didn’t want you messin’ with it neither.
Them goats tore that car up.
We ended up draggin’ it off,
A piece of it still out there behin’ the barn.”

1948:

Momma:
A prayin’ woman.
Powerfully anointed to touch the throne of heaven.
That day,
A prayer meetin’ at Sis Martin’s.

Mike:
My two-year-old little brother,
Fell asleep on the drive over.

Momma,
Rolled the windas down.

“We’ll let him sleep.”

Inside,
I expected to play with the kids.
Instead,
I twiddled my thumbs.
The ladies’ prayers droned on forever.
Finally,
Momma asked me to go check on Mike.

Stirrin’,
Mike rubbed a fist in droopy eyes.
“Pee! Pee!”
I opened the door,
And as boys do,
I let him go pee right there.

Finished,
Momma and Sis Martin exchanged goodbyes.
Knowin’ it was his favorite,
Sis Martin handed Mike a fat, round pickle.
More than ready to get gone,
I hopped into the car.
Pulled Mike up beside me.

Momma,
Cranked the car.
From the middle,
I leaned across Mike to pull the door
Closed.

He stood there,
In the front seat.
Pickle in one hand,
Wavin’ goodbye with the other.
A grin fillin’ his pudgy cheeks.

Blink.

He was gone.
Time stood still.
Momma screamed,

Henry! Do something!”

Door,
Already ajar.
Door,
I thought,
I closed.
I leapt out of the car.

Mike,
Smaller than life.
Crushed.
A bloodied form beneath the tire.

Strugglin’,
I pried him free.
Mr. Martin whisked him from my grasp.
Into the back of his pick-up,
Headed for town.

Dust settlin’ around us,
What was I to comfort my wailin’ Momma with?
I was left with nothin’ but my blood-soaked hands and
The Truth.
It was too late.

Present:

“Sondra became the new momma.
Thirteen years old.
She raised my baby brother Pat.
Fed Daddy, Larry, n’ me.
Momma stayed in bed for over a year.
Crazy out of her head in anguish.
Still calling out,
‘Oh my God, I’ve run over my baby!
Oh my God, I’ve run over my baby!’
But I understood,
No matter how many times I washed my hands,
I could still feel the warm ooze of Mike’s blood.”

Danika Oliver

Vengeance

The glow from the sun kisses my beard
Awaking to the smell of perfumed ocean
I look out to see a beautiful balmy place
With waves moving in a rhythmic motion

Clear skies,
Blue waters

As I sail across the vast thalassic
I soon stop to lean over starboard
My heart sinks to see something so tragic
The vibrant reefs I once adored

Clear skies,
Bleached corals

Over yonder, dark waters slowly creep towards me
Watching dolphins and turtles toiling in the oil
A scene straight out of a horror story
My blood begins to boil

Cloudy skies,
Blackened bodies

My anger soon gets the best of me as I form tall waves
The humans have always been futile beings
Not one person on land is worth saving
Yet through the wrath I can almost hear them pleading

Stormy skies,
Dark waters

Dancing Queen

By Kayla Osborn

If I could dance as others do I'd never leave the hall
I'd boot and scoot and shuck and jive I would have such a ball
I'd wear a dress trimmed with gold and shining with rhinestones
And the rhythm of my tapping feet would drive men from their homes
They'd stand in line and wait in turn just to get the chance
To wrap their arms around me and be theirs for just a dance
Like horses in a carousel swinging round and round
We'd glide across the moonlit floor and never make a sound
Fat or tall, short or thin I'd meet them one by one
Because beauty doesn't matter when your dancing just for fun
And maybe fate will smile at me and I'll finally meet my prince
The one I dreamed of as a child and still have ever since
But this is all a fantasy, my prince I've yet to meet
Because I'm clumsy as an ox and have I two left feet

Red Cotton

By: Jessica Rodriguez

I wake up with morning crickets
While *el gallo* sleeps until sunrise
I barely have time for a tortilla
Before I must take de truck to de fields
Again and again, I will pluck

My knees scream, beg, and plead
Pero no, I canno' stop
De harsh, scrtachy burlap mile
Must be filled for de truck
Again and again, I pluck

California *es muy bonita*
Her *tomates* bring *mis hermanitos*
Shoes for deir work
At *Abuelo's* worn side
Again and again, I pluck

Idaho *es* strange
Her *papas*, although ugly
Help put *comida en la casa*
So *Abuela* can feed us another day
Again and again, I pluc-

¡Ay!
Texas fields again
Her cotton leave
Mis manos en much pain
Again and again, I pluck

Each twist *es* painful
No matter how long
I have worked
De clouds are stained *rojo*
Again and again, I pluck

Bag after bag
Field upon field
We work until *el sol*
Disappears into de sky
Again and again, I pluck

I look down at my hands
Dey are scarred and torn
My chest burns with de sun's brand
A permanent "v" for all to see
Again and again, I...

Estoy cansado
I have seen many fields
But lack knowledge
I cannot go to *la escuela* yet
Not until de season is done
Again and again, I pluck

At least until I can
Make a better life for *mi familia*
When the cotton is no longer red
And I can stand instead of kneeling
Again and again, I pluck

Until my hands are whole
Dey might be rough and dry
But dey will be strong
The sun's presence always there
Again and again, I pluck

My children will have a choice
Deir cotton will remain white
I will protect mi familia
Porque la amo mucho
Until that day comes, I pluck

-Good Night Raging Mind-

by

M.J. Scott

my chemical crutches keep me coherently ill
pressure behind my thoughts streak into knuckle white
an infinite cringe will not permit my nerves to grow still
and my most beautiful dreams are not allowed near the night

the day and the blur dance like lovers surrounded by silence
yet, if the doses come in two's it matters not when I sleep
like the reddest of roses surrounded by unspeakable violence
burdened with a bureau of bad memories I wish not to keep

the ever growing tension is crowding me into tighter spaces
with no limits to the push, my whole perspective grows darker
yet, if the doses come in three's a door opens to more unusual places
but the farther I wander the escape, the ability to recover grows harder

my fear, is the me that used to be will one day be unfound
my hope, is the me that is in between finds a way to come unbound

Lost Agate

Warm colors grown together
Set against cool silver
Running through like water
Trapped within a stone

It calls to me in whispers
Singing out “adventure”
Locked away in darkness
Tempting me: “go home”

Canyon walls are echoed
In every banded pattern
Pale and tepid imitations
Of places we had known

Brightness strikes the surface
Creating depth beyond it
Cliff walls rising sharply
Worn soft where gales had blown

Dark inclusions shimmer
The night drawn out before us
A lone tent in the desert
The place we called “our own”

Silver bonds we carried
The gun you rest beside you
A wild range between us
“May you never walk alone”

Clear rivers cutting deeper
Through every crystal layer
A life I’d know no better
If I, a crow, had flown

-Bridget Scott-Shupe

Sonnet 01: Shakespeare Did Drugs

Taylor Speer

I saw a deadly dew betwixt thine lips
As I removed my source of devil pow'r
As King Kush dared float to the hips
Upon thy body fell a smokey shower
Thy body's temple, stronger than the morning
Upon thy chest, a line of snow smelt the rest
His lips won't cease signs of warning
Deplete the line of sin over her bare breast
Silky grey envelops his room with sulky green
Melodies entrap the minds of adventures lost
The hand drops past four and ye sun peaks like a young
teen
He opens the window to a winter gust as strong as Jack
Frost.

The birds sank down while we played our song
Of love enchanted in a cloudy room by a neon bong.

My Beautiful Luna

By: J Alton Sterrett

See there thy golden face above the land,
All halo'd now by Helios' fading light.
So close, it seems, as if to touch by hand,
Thou glorious Luna, guardian of night.
Thine entourage of stars shall soon aray,
To lend their beauty to this evening fair,
But as for now, I beg them moment stay;
Leave thy grand majesty to rule the air.
Thine light doth purify, from gold to white,
As through the hev'ns thou risest zenith toward.
And through the still and calmness of the night,
One single voice alone, mine own, is heard.
“Let now Lord Time be still and leave his post.
For off all sights, 'tis thou I love the most.”

Sugar Plum Princess
By Starlit D.S. Taie

There's delicate footsteps
Prancing cautiously
Darting in and out of rooms
And a single silent watcher
Guiding them- the mischievous bunch
Through the giants land
They rummage
Until suddenly a
NOISE
And the hidden bunch go silent again
Until a brave one begins its delicate
prance
Once again
Across the giants land

