

# IN THE GARDEN

Collected Poetry by Ella, Vivian, Nathan and Lucas  
Home Scholars of Boston  
Fall 2022 Poetry Class  
Instructor: Linda Carney-Goodrich





*POEMS AND ART BY LUCAS ARNOLD*

**Wind The Poem**

Wind is across the seas  
With a nice, cold breeze,  
But if it gets too cold, you might get a chill.

After all

It was the second day of fall.

**The Sun**

The bright and wonderful sun,  
But still it shines in your eyes,  
Shining like a star,  
But still remarkable,  
Still never no brightness.



## The Obama Picture

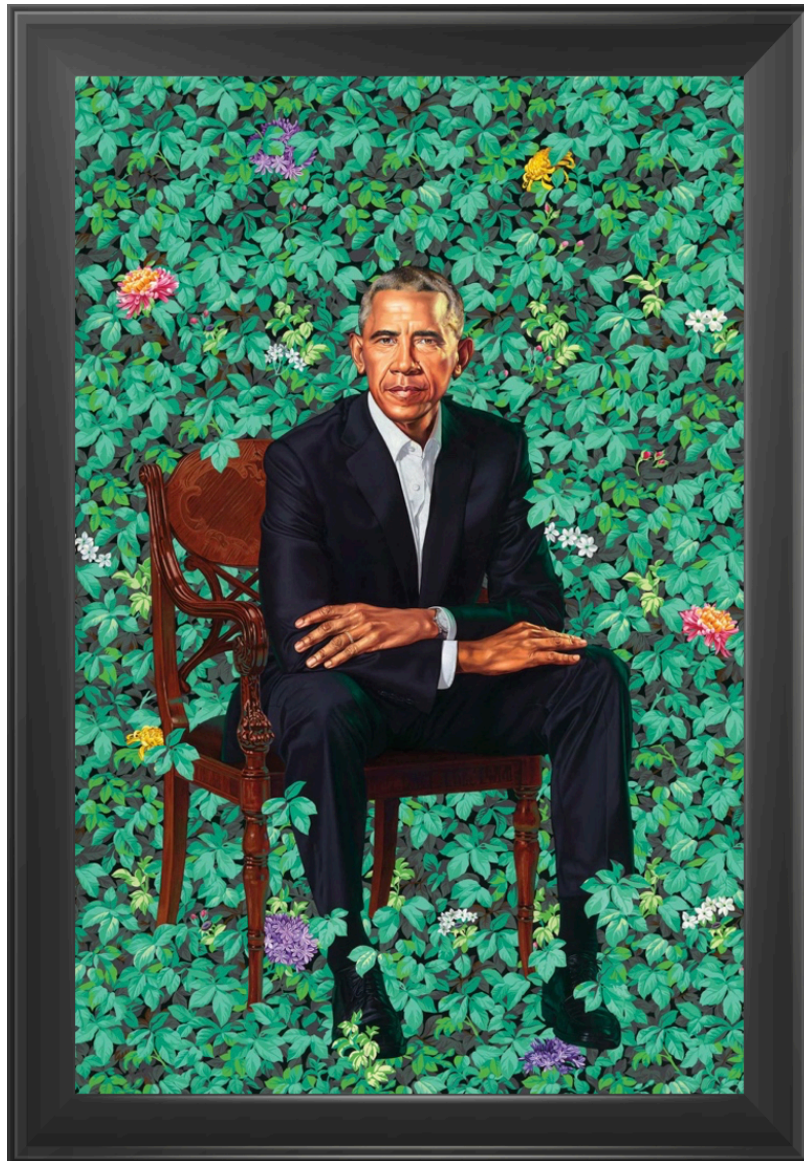
*Inspired by "Barack Obama" by Kehinde Wiley*

As I sit in this chair, I look around and touch the leaves and flowers.

When I look at the art, there were many bright colors.

If I did sit in this chair, I would smell flowers, touch the leaves,  
and look at them and this piece of art.

This piece of art reminds me of when I was at summer camp.



## Sunsets

Sunsets are beautiful,

Sunsets are wonderful,

And sunsets make you tearful.

The sun low rising and still very surprising.



## Tenth Birthday

A Tenth birthday what a big deal!

Breakfast, Lunch, and a dinner meal.

Having some fun, what's wrong with that?

It's my tenth birthday!

Earn some joy!

Light some candles! Blow them out!

Make a wish with no big doubt!



## **Blossom**

A blossom compared to a dog,  
I snuggle with him and care for him all day long.  
I feed him, say goodnight to him,  
Blossom! That's what he's called!  
I hug him when I'm sad, just how I did with Cookie the cat...

## **Lonely**

A friendly bulldog filled with fear,  
Living in a shelter wagging its tail, barking for help.



## **Cookie The Cat**

I snuggle with Cookie at night,  
And I hug him when I'm sad.  
He's fluffy like a real cat.



## Two Frogs

One goes to places a lot  
Like frog parties,  
or jumping in the pond.

The other one doesn't even go to places,  
He just stays home  
and doesn't even try.





*POEMS AND ART BY NATHAN ARNOLD*



**The Tree Man**

In my backyard  
There is a man-shaped tree,  
Stretching his arm out  
And standing silently.

In my backyard  
There is a towering tree man,  
Proud and green,  
Animate, as though it would seem.

Reaching so far,  
With his branch for a hand,  
Farther than anything else in the land.

Reaching for life,  
Yet so tall,  
Not reaching to be taller,  
But reaching to survive the cold, cold fall.





Dear Postman  
Sitting in your chair,  
Going through letters  
Life isn't treating you fair

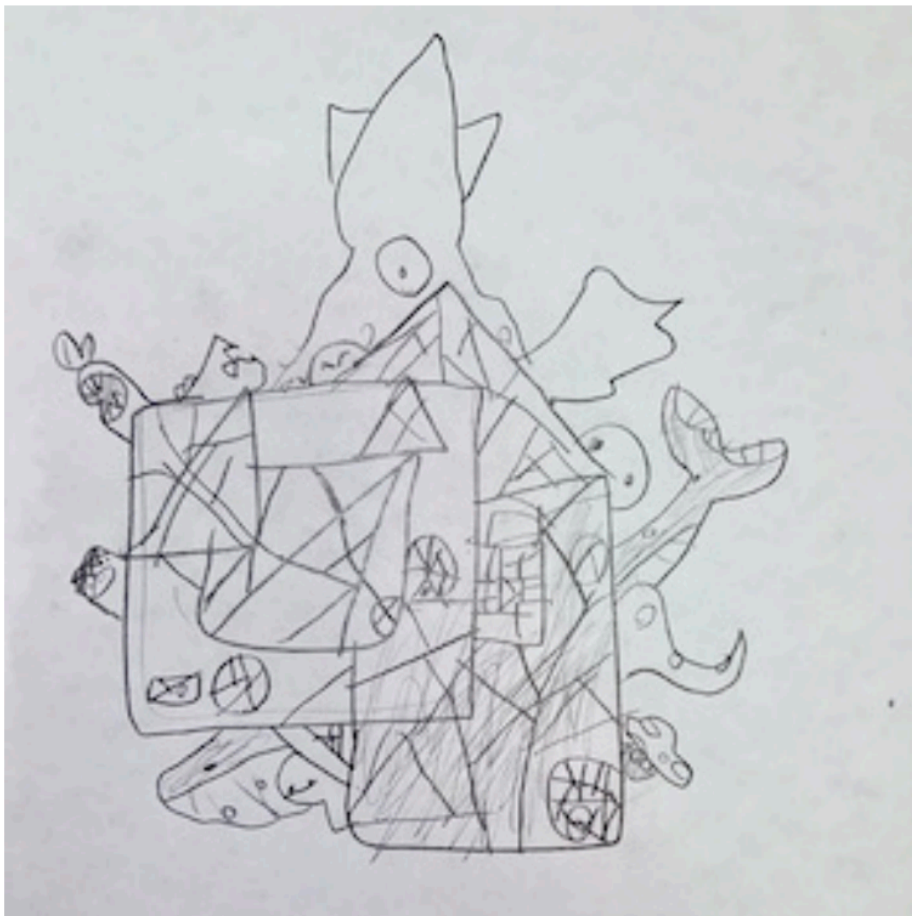
Dear Eleanor  
I send letters everyday  
Which makes my hands sore  
I have to cancel our plans and make your day a bore  
Oh dear, Oh dear  
Another letter, I have to send  
Must be from someone, to a friend

I sit and sit  
Waiting for this artist to be done  
I have letters to send  
Come on, hurry up!

I spend most of my day  
Just filling mailboxes  
But I wish to be seen  
Maybe in a piece of art  
Or in another way  
I want to see more of the world  
And travel through time

## **Creativity**

Creativity is easy to find  
Creativity, racing through my mind,  
Like a fire spreading, and burning  
All empty thoughts  
Constantly thinking,  
That's the curse  
Of creativity.



## Pride

Is a joyous peacock  
That spreads its feathers  
In the lush Congo  
With its bright, exotic tail.



## Time

Time can't be earned,  
Time can't be bought,  
Time can disappear,  
Time can be fought.  
Every second, time is not there,  
Every minute it is gone.  
When time is taken  
It is given to a new one.

## An Average Day

The sun is being blocked by the clouds,  
My favorite type of day.  
It's still morning,  
So I rest and lay.  
I wish I could fly and feel the clouds,  
Lay on top of them to relax and unwind,  
But it is impossible to avoid the fire  
That burns in my mind.



## **Another Year**

Another year,  
Another day,  
Time to look at the world  
In a mature way!

Another year,  
Means farther into your fate,  
But let's not get ahead of ourselves,  
It's time to celebrate!

Another year,  
But the same day,  
A long time ago when  
You first saw the world.

Another year,  
But a special day,  
All we can say now is  
Happy Birthday!



## What A Racket

The tennis ball makes a noise  
As it bounces around the court,  
Souring through the air,  
Like a fast green bird.

The tennis racket makes a sound  
As it lobs the tennis ball.  
Again, and again it goes around  
To each side of the court, making that sound.

The sound the ball makes is very strange.  
Is it a pop, a pling, or a bang?  
I wonder what sound the ball would make  
If it was a planet bouncing in space.



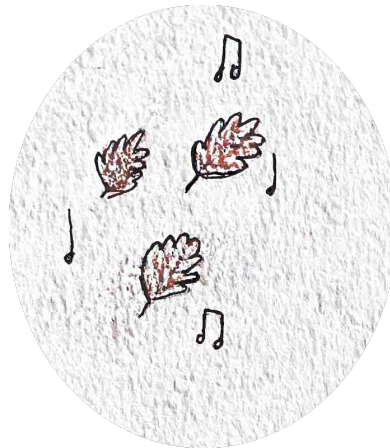


## *POEMS AND ART BY ELLA DOUBEK*

### **Fall** by Ella Doubek

Leaves fall from trees,  
and whoosh in the wind.  
I have no worries.

The wind whispers,  
leaves dance on little cat feet.  
Through the trees they sing.



### **Jealousy**

Jealousy is a raging bull  
in a large open field,  
hurtling at you with nowhere to hide  
only because you said a word.



### **Joy**

Joy is a fluttering butterfly  
high in the breeze  
high above the trees  
where no one, nothing can hurt it.



## The Goat

The rain stops for a second,  
everything is silent  
but the smack, smack, smacking of his lips  
as the goat chews his cud.

He stomps.  
He whips his head back and forth  
then stops.  
Silence.  
Then the smacking of lips commences.  
He dips his head and eats.  
He eats a blade of grass.



## The Lamb

The lamb shivers in the cold  
cold, cold, cold  
she is wet from the rain,  
we wrap a coat around her,  
she keeps shivering.

We carry the poor lamb inside,  
goodbye shivers.  
She is no longer cold,  
she is warm.



# Cats

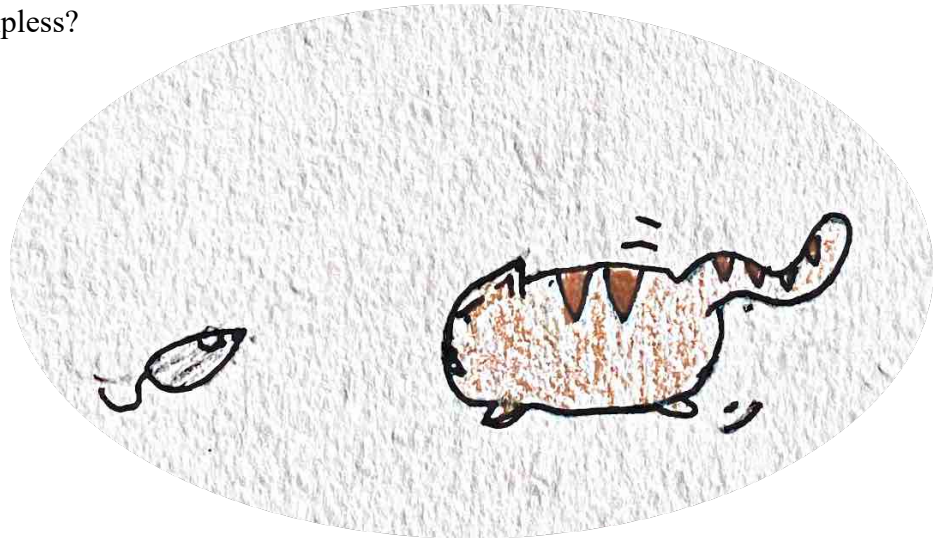
Two cats  
Watching, Watching, Watching  
One poor mouse,  
Helpless.  
The mouse is helpless.  
Why must the mouse be helpless?  
So sad I can't help.  
Oh, the mouse  
They just wanted food.

But Loki my cat  
is watching.  
Gerald, an orange fright  
is watching.  
My cats  
are evil  
so, so, so evil.  
Why must they be evil?

But Luna,  
Luna is not my cat just a stray.  
No sadly not my cat,  
But Luna, Luna, Luna  
What do I think of her?  
She is silver.  
A gorgeous cat.  
So pretty.

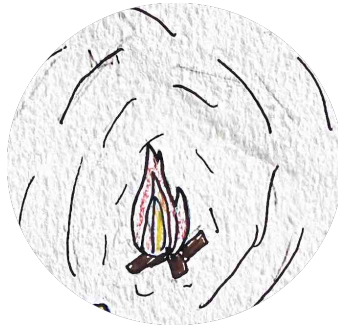
Is that what I think of her?  
Fluffy and silver.  
Do I love this cat?  
She is not mine  
But yet is she?

She stole something  
something very precious,  
she stole my heart.  
There is no getting it back.



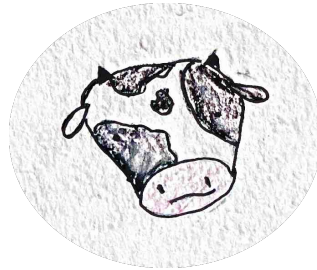
## Fire

Fire burning bright,  
fire burning in the night,  
keeps the house alight.



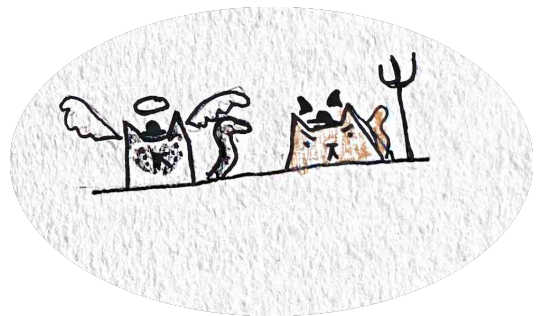
## Cows

Cows, cows in the fields  
eating chewing luscious grass  
they are beautiful.



## My Cats

One cat is evil  
one cat is delightful  
my cute cats wear hats.



## Chew

Hello puppy  
You are chewing me  
You are chewing my cast,  
I love you  
but this can not last.

Sorry puppy  
you're not mine  
you must get off my lap.  
Don't look at me like that.

Forgive me  
I love you too  
but you must snuggle someone else.

Good bye.  
Forgive me pup.



## Two Cats

Loki

Cute, fluffy

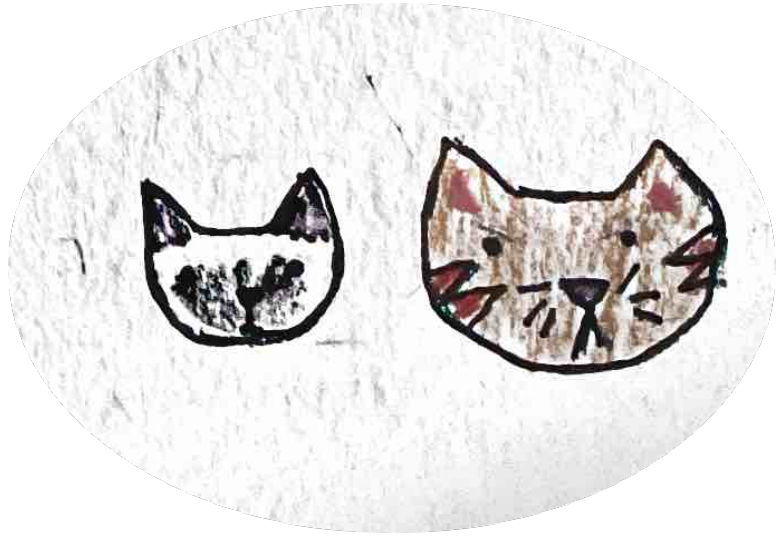
meowing , playing, stealing

Fluffball, adorable, attack, playful

Eating, pawing, playing

Orange, fluffy

Gerald



**Ha!** *Inspired by "You'll be Back" by Hamilton cast*

Ha! King George the III  
you may rule this scene  
but I won't obey you  
you can't do anything  
this may be a play but I rule now.

Ha! I won the war!  
And even if you won  
I would never praise you,  
I don't even know what you were thinking.

Ha! You may be king  
but you will never rule me now  
because I have my own thing  
a president!

George Washington!  
my father,  
my creator,  
my very own ruler!

You don't rule.  
Ha! Rule me not ever!

Ha!



## Tomato on the wall *inspired by artwork by erich doubek*

I am a tomato  
stuck to this wall  
in this frame.

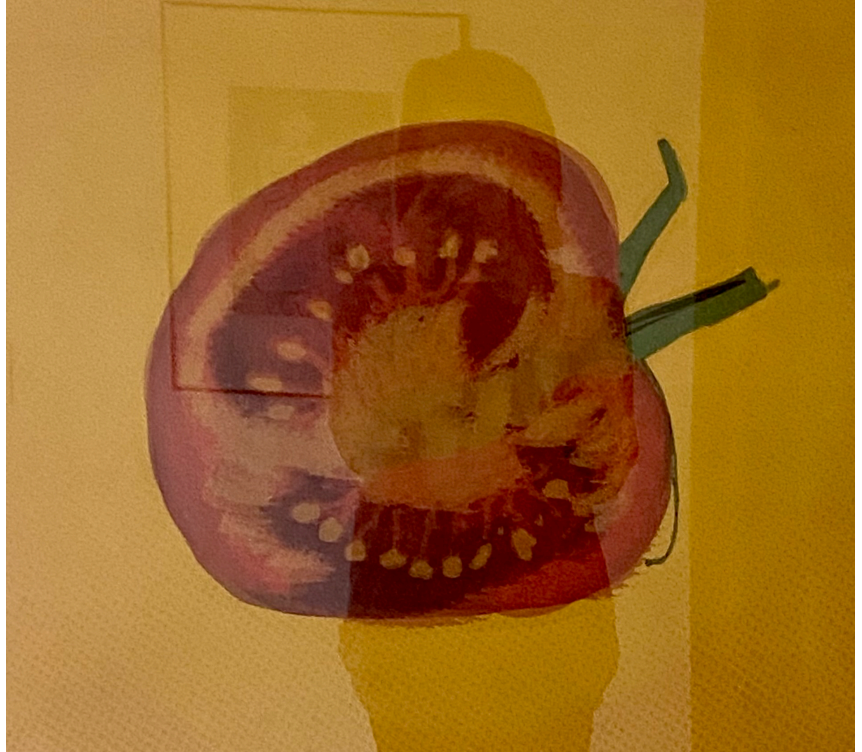
I will stay  
I represent,  
what do I represent?  
Hmmm.

Oh I know  
new growth?  
Nope not it.

Got it!  
I represent  
lush, too lush  
you rot.

But I  
I am perfect  
not too lush  
just right  
see for yourself.

My creator I am in his debt  
I sit on his wall  
and that is where I stay  
for the rest of my days.



## 13 Poems

There are 13 poems  
in this book  
yet she made so many more  
Why?

Why didn't she add them  
I must talk to her.

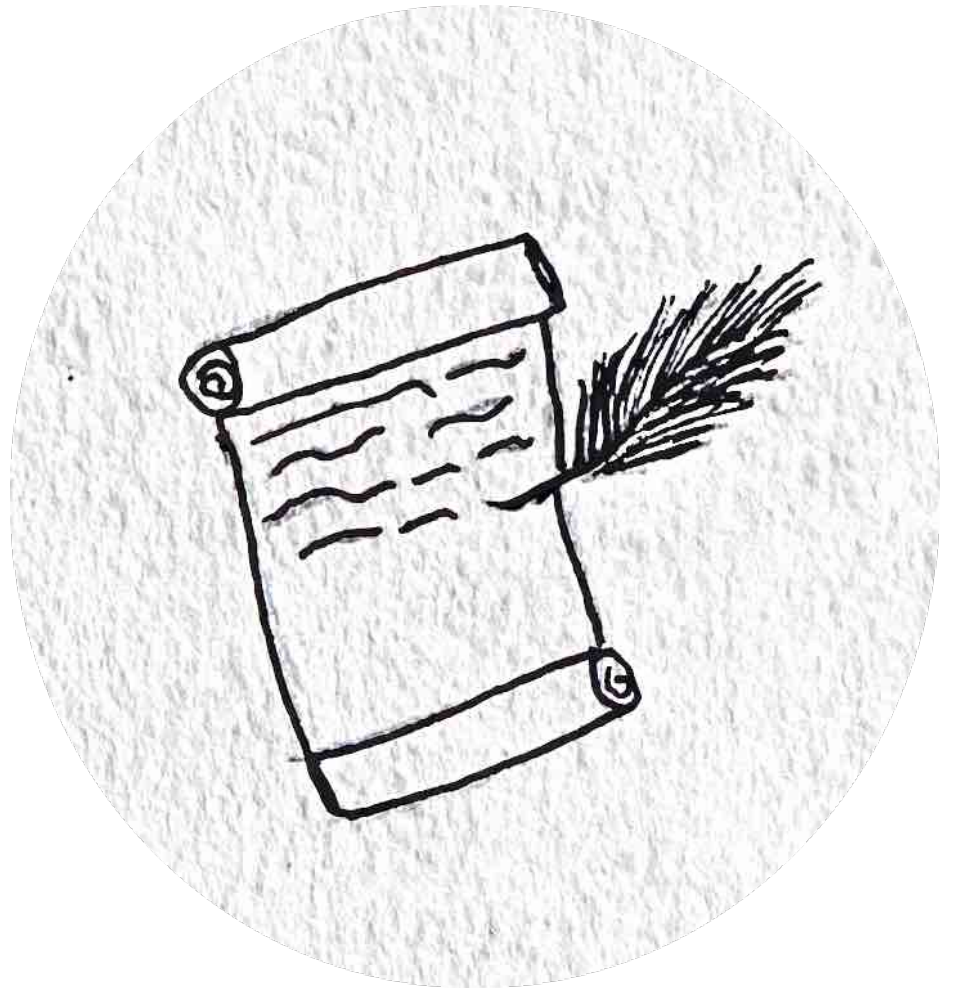
Oh, she said  
"I only use the best"  
the poor other poems.

But wait!  
I am one of those poems  
I am included  
I am in the book.

Move aside other poems.  
I just know I am her favorite!

Now there are 14!  
14 poems  
I am the 14th, the last one.  
The last one she has made so far!

Will she make more?





*POEMS AND ART BY VIVIAN GRABIEL BUTLER*  
*Also known as Vivian Kay*

## A Drop

A drop of honey in my tea,  
a fall of rain over the sea,  
a moment alone just you and me.



## Luck

is a tiny frog  
hopping from lily pad over water  
hoping for the best.



## Confidence

is a little red bird  
flying through the trees  
singing without any doubt.

## Despair

is a lonely ghost in the war of words  
living alone in the shadows  
scaring the children with the story.



## Lake McGyne



There's a small boat sinking  
No larger than a dime.

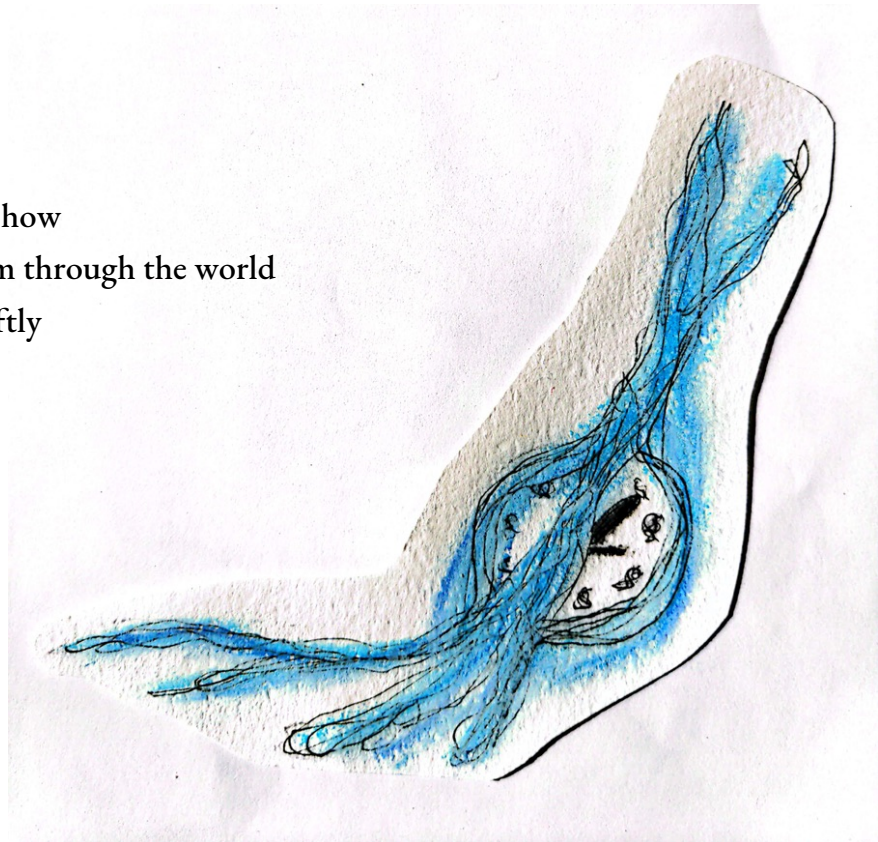
There's a small boat sinking  
In Lake McGyne.

There is no one on it. There is no one under.  
They all ran for cover when they heard the thunder.

'Cause one small puddle is a lake to them  
When one small raindrop is a maelstrom for them.

## Time

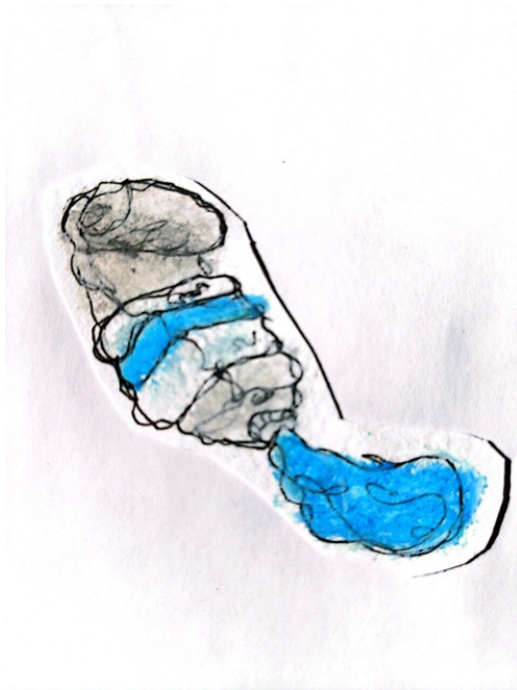
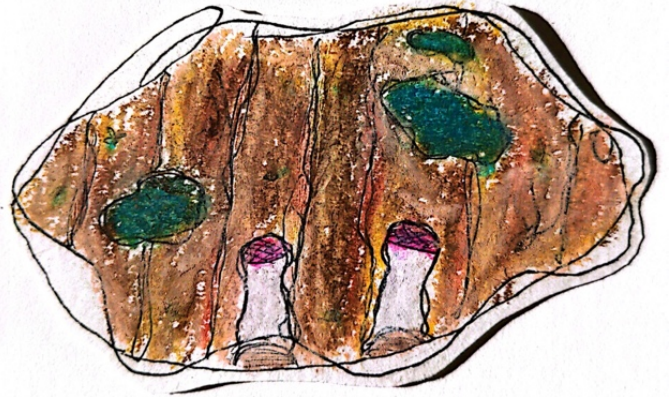
Never learning how  
a rushing stream through the world  
time passes swiftly





## Rain Outside (after: *I'm Nobody! Who are you* by Emily Dickinson)

How dreary to be somebody!  
Somebody who does not know of the rain?  
For that was me on day twenty three of October.  
I thought the sun was out.  
I thought the day was clear.  
The trees are damp was my first thought  
as I stepped into the clear  
as I saw the water droplets freckle on the wood.  
It's too late now my socks are soaked.



## Blue

Neon  
Bright  
Aqua  
Dark  
Cobalt  
Gentle  
Light  
Baby

***BLUE***

## Captain

I stand and watch you  
Sitting in your chair  
Staring serenely  
Into the summer air

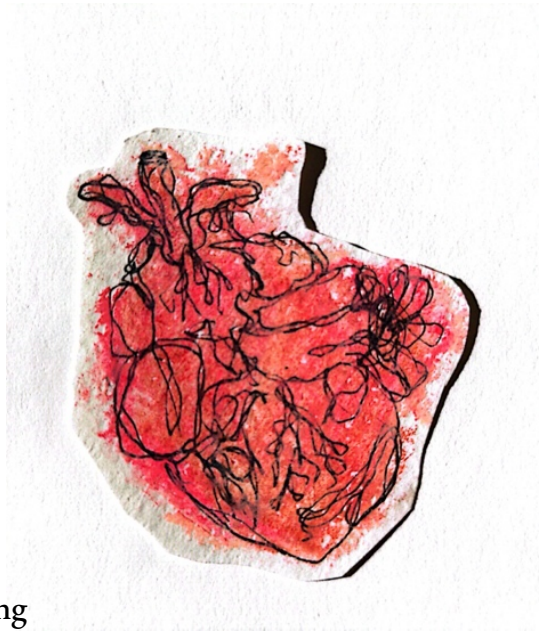
If I could run & push you off  
the dock and  
into the sea  
I'd watch you drown and I'd finally, finally be free.



## December Birthday

It is cold, snow is bright.  
I snuggle in my blankets tonight.  
The curtains open wide and rays of sunshine touch my face.  
A realization hits me, I stand up to join the day  
Rushing, urgent, preparations, joyous, merry, decorations,  
My Birthday has arrived.





A  
Heart is  
Small & Powerful  
Racing Dangerously Burning  
Gloriously  
Within Without  
Creation

A  
Heart is  
Small & Powerful  
Racing Dangerously Burning  
Gloriously  
With Without  
Caution

## Hopeful Circus

Hope is not a thing with feathers  
Hope is fierce  
Hope is tragically there when everything is gone  
Hope is the last scrap of chain  
holding you back from destruction  
Hope can be gentle but hope is fierce  
a lion on a leash in a circus with the sticky seats and noise all a mess  
It is chaos with the scared and lonely lion sitting gracefully waiting for praise, roaring defiantly,  
confident in the light



# Iago's Mirror

*(Inspired by Iago's Mirror by Artist, Fred Wilson  
at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)*

Who is Iago?

Nobody knows.

He lived in his house all alone

With his big black mirror taking over his wall

It manipulates the thoughts

Their heart

Their soul

it takes & it takes till there's no reflection at all

but the flowers they smell of sweet summers gone by

and childhood dreams that could still come true

and that little bit of hope left inside of you

Who is Iago?

Nobody knows.

He lived in his house

but he was not alone.



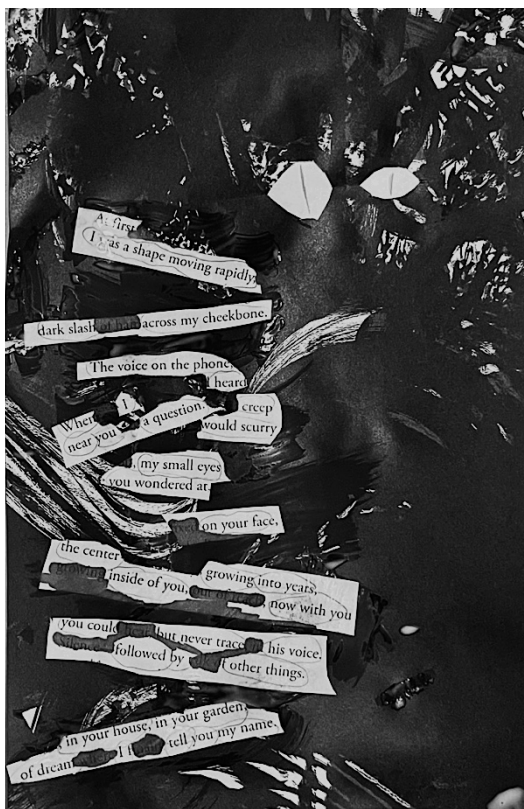
fluffy, small, calm and clean, sleeping softly in a dream.  
 their small paw twitches, they wake up,  
 they spill my tea, they break my cup.  
 I must forgive, they're a pup.  
 time passes by, the dog grows old.  
 they aren't as clean, they grow so scruffy  
 but they're still my puppy.

fluffy, small, calm + clean, sleeping softly in a dream. their small paw twitches, they wake up, they spill my tea, they break my cup. I must forgive, they're a pup. time passes by, the dog grows old. they aren't as clean, they grow so scruffy but they are still my puppy.

# Erasure Poems



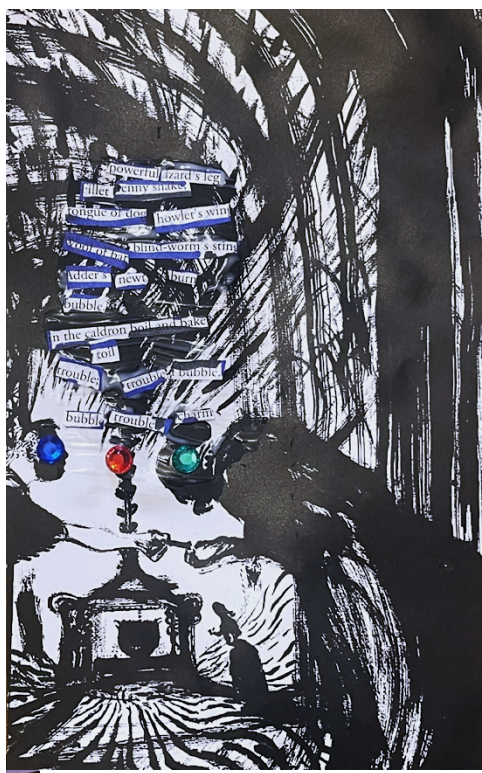
Lucas Arnold



Nathan Arnold



Vivian Grabiell Butler



Ella Doubek