

POETRY ANTHOLOGY

SPRING 2015

Writers in the Community Program

Spring 2015

This zine was produced as part of Writers in the Community, a program run jointly by the Quebec Writers' Federation and The Centre for Literacy.



www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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Canada Council for the Arts

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FOLLOW YOUR FICTION: POETRY ANTHOLOGY

SPRING 2015

Poetry

Group Poem

Poetry is a very deep expression of art, song, soul. Amen!

Sports Poem

By: Cory

Jumping gaps 360ing ramps

breaking bones cutting up knees

going fast not touching

my handlebars

Sports Haiku

By: Sheldon

Last quarter offense. Sweat creeping down my neck. Gasp! Refs hand up : touchdown!

Where I'm From

By: Sheldon

I'm from where we let it trip with extended clips.

I'm from red and blue where there's Bloods and Crips.

I'm from the touchdown! Where we put up six.

Peanut Butter and Jelly

By: Cory

I put the toast in the toaster and the jam in the peanut butter.

I am jelly, so put it in my belly.

I then ate pasta and sauce with parmesan, salt, pepper, and a bit of chili.

Make Your Move

By: Sheldon

Make big moves. Rather be rich than famous. Young rich Canadian.

Skeletons

By: Kobie

If a blood red skeleton crosses your path, you'll get really spooked and be spooked forever.

It is bad luck to sing at a graveyard.

Step on a crack, a skeleton appears.

When an owl howls, a skeleton is near.

Break a bone and you'll have 23 years bad luck.

Smell spookies, wet the bed.

At the end of the rainbow is a unicorn skeleton.

An acorn at the graveyard can keep lightening out of the world.

Nothing will frighten evil spirits away.

Black Beast

By: Daniel

If a black beast crosses your path, you'll have a heart attack!



By: Cory

Blackout Poem

By: Sheldon

Last week in the lounge vivid colours of Quebec's leader mistaking young

The exotic gold hotel everywhere!

Sports Poem 2

By: Cory

Going fast not touching my handle bars

I make it to the skatepark the sound of my rim ticking

my head in the clouds

as I go up the half-pipe back down

wind hitting my face

Terrorism: Blackout Poem

By: Daniel

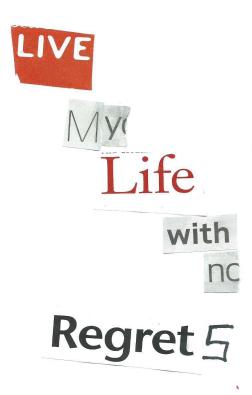
Nazi war criminal military battle grab parts extremists scene undermine turn blind fascism

Michale zehaf-bibeau has become Canadian home grown terrorism

The Schwub People of Japan

By: Kobie

The Schwub people of Japan believe that if you speak Pig Latin for long enough, your life will go in reverse. There once was an adult man who kept speaking like that and one day started acting more like a child until one day he stopped talking altogether. So don't speak in code. 工



By: Sheldon



By: Cory

Magnetic Poetry Poem

By: Cory

swim drunk

hit rock

Superstition Poem

By: Cory

If a blue monkey crosses your path, you'll die.

It is bad luck to sing at a park.

When a mouse howls, it is near.

Break a nose, you'll have 10 years bad luck.

At the end of the rainbow are girls.

An acorn at the North Pole can keep lightning out of the South Pole.

Santa will frighten evil spirits away.





By: Sheldon

New

Poets



By: Sheldon

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