

2019 Bobble-Head Ed Poetry Slam Entries

On the card provided, write the page #'s of the best serious poem [1-24] and best humorous poem [25-32].

“Faith Forgotten” [S]

I stopped believing
In a merciful God
On a morning thick
And heavy with fog.

How do you tell
A girl who’s nine
“Your father has passed—
It was simply his time”?

The pain is still fresh,
But the memories blur.
I repressed them but I can
Refresh them, for sure.

I stopped believing in God
When he was shut in the casket.
Where was the church?
Not a buck from the basket?

Still I donned my black dress
And a pair of dress shoes
And counted regards
For my loss two-by-two.

I held my head up—
Higher than high—
And promised myself
That I wouldn't cry.

The hands holding mine
Could not keep me sane,
So I ran out the back,
The same way I came.

I called out to God.
I slumped under a tree,
I said, “If you’re so real,
Why wasn’t it me?”

For hours I cried
And struggled and prayed
But the fathomless silence
Left me feeling betrayed.

My mom found me there,
A shell with red knuckles,
A soulless ragdoll
In a dress with white ruffles.

How could a kind God
Have ever been real
If he wanted his children
To feel what I feel?

So I buried my faith,
Along with my father,
With an unanswered prayer
I left at the altar.

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“God Bless America” [S]

God Bless America,
Land that I love.
Forgive me for doubting
That you're watching above.

Your children are being mass-murdered.
Your women are raped and abused.
Your bombs are exploding in Syria;
Your power is being misused.

Each day is a tragic mass-shooting,
Each night passes off bias as news.
Racism rampages through the streets.
Haters trample on our right to choose.

I wretchedly look back and question
How far we travelled since yesterday.
Mistreatment of people of color,
Is still widespread--it's just not okay.

Please tell me why this nation,
So rich and grand and strong,
Wallows in poverty and hunger,
And delights in so many wrongs.

Your crime rates are steadily climbing,
Your people morbidly obese.
I must unsteadily beg you,
For these unsteady things to all cease.

Please help us to quell all the violence.
And teach us to be more humane.
This God who blesses America,
We beg you, please help us to change.

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“Ode to Highway Hot Dogs” [S]

Cruisin' on the highway,
Going faster than the speed limit
Hanging out with friends and having a good
time.
Scanning the road ahead,
All we see are hotdogs
Scattered here,
Scattered there,
Scattered everywhere.
We call them highway hotdogs.
In the deceased grass and on the glacial
road
Highway hot dogs brought us laughter and
amusement,
As we didn't expect to see them chillin' on
the road.
Even though the amount of hotdogs on the
road was hoggish,
At least the animals could feast.
Watching the highway hot dogs lay still and
calm,
We slow down, wishing we were there from
dusk till dawn.
Glittering in the street light, highway hot
dogs were so innocent.
Throwing them onto the highway may have
been a joke, but it was sickening.
Highway hot dogs is not even that funny,
But you had to be there for it to know what
it was like
To see the hot dogs scattered everywhere.
As the days go by, highway hot dogs
lingered in our minds.
Telling people about our experiences,
we knew we wouldn't see the highway hot
dogs again.
Highway hotdogs made us realize how little
things can be so funny and it may not last,

But the highway hot dogs are still with us,
and are in the past.

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“Valentine’s Day Can Go” [L]

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Flowers are pretty
Yet they’re the last thing I want from you

I get home and put them in a glass
If you ask me it’s a pain in the ass
The majestic smell will last for a day
After that I would throw them away

The water in the vase will form green
So the idea of flowers is frankly obscene
Something to eat that would make me
thirsty
Preferably something melted by Milton
Hershey

Please do not spend a lot of money
A gag gift will do
That would be funny
I don't care from who

Just something that will bring a smile
I haven't had that in a good while
I’ve determined Valentine's Day is
overrated
This holiday shouldn't have been created

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“Linear Function” [L]

A fraction of myself, I acquiesce
To the Mathematics I do process,
To the sweet perfume of a pure Equation,
Against stereotypes, for I'm not Asian.

Math's words do spell the truest Truths,
Although, be damned, I hate your proofs.
While others scorn you throughout school,
You, my Dear, are a useful tool.

The Syntax I use, it ain't so proper,
But your language has so much to offer:
The scratching of pencil on paper's surface
Gives a glimpse of the Universe and our
Purpose.

This whimsical drivel that I must write
Is a rhetorical struggle I reluctantly fight.
My English teacher has me trapped in a
corner—
Either scrap to the death or call me a
coroner.

English is the bane of my entire existence.
Why?--I'm not creative, for instance.
The cataclysm of language will be my
destruction—
Tell me, class, is this a linear function?

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“Ode to Calculus” [L]

From the first day I walked in I knew you'd
be tough
But dang, I didn't think you would be this
rough
We are just barely halfway through the year
And it feels like you will only get worse from
here

Now I know this poem may sound a little
cruel
But let's be real, you're the worse part of
school
If I pass this class it would be pure luck
My final declaration: Calculus, you really
suck!

No end in sight
Any end is alright
One end just might be an end I delight
Oh how I wish someone would stop my pain
Because I'm in no mood for your irritating
games

Your logarithmic differentiation makes no
sense,
And your limits are a waste of my time
Who can comprehend this ridiculousness
When math now requires words like
tangent and cosine

I'm so tired of hearing “You're honors, you
should know this by now”
When we've only been given two days to
learn this, so how?
You're said to be Dual Enrollment but worth
less than a dime
Calculus is insane and learning this should
be a crime

If you had a smell you'd be worse than trash
And your book I want to turn to ash
Your quizzes and tests emit smoke from my
ears
You have become more useless throughout
the year

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