

Poems

by the Narrative Class of 2017



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Ballad on 911

By William Copeland

It was a beautiful, cloudless day
Much like this new wed couple
With hardly a cloud up in the sky
And yet they heard a rumble.

The wife said to her husband dear
You should not go today
But the husband said I have to go
For I have bills to pay.

The husband then prepared to depart
He kissed his wife goodbye
Little did he know that on this day
That he would lose his life.

The planes came in, the towers fell
The ash turned dark the sky.
And all around for many miles
Families began to cry.

Plane Crash

By Elisabeth Ko

It was a chilly autumn night
When fate was soon to come.
A husband saw his house in sight,
His heart beat like a drum

He ran to tell his lovely wife
The events of the next day
In which he'd fly away in a whirl
To where his ill father lay.

His wife, she begged him not to fly
But he replied, "I must!
I'll be back once a week's passed by!"
But this would not be so.

He kissed his wife and said goodbye,
And flew off towards the sun.
His loved one stood and watched the sky
Until the speck was gone.

The man sat down and rested his back
When Slam! There was a scream!
And Blast! Five hijackers clothed in black
Were taking over the plane!

The aircraft crashed and hit a wall
Belonging to towers twin.
The towers crashed and they did fall,
The terrors still within

The tears were shed for many gone
Had flown on Flight eleven!

And many look back tearfully on
The date of September eleven!

The Twin Towers
By Christian Lengkeek

The Towers loomed in front of him
As he drove into work.
He went there only once a year,
To the city of New York.

He parked his car, he went inside,
And walked right up the stairs.
He went into the meeting room
And sat in one of the chairs.

The boss looked round the room and said,
“Ten people are not here.
We cannot wait; its getting late
We have no time, I fear.”

They talked for half an hour,
And then there was a crack.
A plane had hit the skyscraper
In a terrorist attack.

The doors were jarred, and they were stuck.
A telephone was passed
Around; they called the ones they loved.
They knew it was their last.

He called his wife and little girl
To say one last goodbye.
He told them that a plane had crashed
And he was going to die.

The smoke came pouring in the room,
And they began to choke.

And one after another they did die
Of that thick awful smoke.

The Twin Towers toppled over;
Nine eleven was the day.
And many innocent people died
In a horrible way.

The Tragedy of the MV Sewol
By Jacob Louie

The air was still, the winter dead,
The sun broke through the sky.
A mother told her son farewell:
“So long my son; good bye.”

The MV Sewol moored in the bay,
En route sailing to Jeju.
But little was the boy aware
of the error of the ship’s crew.

The fateful day of 4-15
Three hundred lives were taken,
Thanks to the work of captain and crew,
Three hundred lives forsaken.

The ship set out from Icheon bay,
Three times well overburdened.
With inept captain and foul crew,
Their fate was almost certain.

And surely as the boat began
To lean upon one side.
And since no one would offer help
Three hundred dreams denied.

The fateful day of 4-15
Three hundred lives were taken.
The conscience of the cap’n crew
Three hundred lives forsaken.

The Memory Lives
By Isaiah Chen

A young man leaving for his job
Did kiss his wife goodbye;
He did not know that his farewell
Would lead to his demise.

At the airport terminal
He waited patiently,
For this was not for his own gain
But for his family.

The time to board the airplane came
And through the tunnel walk did he.
The man sat down and looked outside—
A dark sky he did see

Hours past; one pilot left his post.
The other hatched his plan.
Who can explain the heart of evil
Deep within the man?

The plane flew swiftly at the sea,
The water rushing near.
The young man knew it was goodbye
To family, wife so dear.

Families flocked to Hotel Heartbreak
To mourn for relatives.
Though this tragedy might pass
Still the memory lives.

Hurricane Katrina

By Anna Lozano

The sun was out, so they had doubt
That rain would come that way.
But still it came, the awful rain—
It came at break of day.

The town that had this dreadful fate—
New Orleans was its name—
Was demolished by Katrina;
The storm it was to blame.

A little girl ran down the street
To warn her father dear:
“O father, father, listen here:
They say that rain is near.”

Her father was a prideful man
And when he heard the word,
He shook his head and gave a laugh.
He thought it was absurd.

His daughter, though her feelings hurt,
Made up her mind to play,
And up the stairs did Mary run.
The attic she would stay.

The rain fell gently from the sky,
And then began to pour.
It made a mighty flood appear,
Which then began to roar.

The flood was bringing down houses.
The people were dying.

The wind was taking down towers.
Poor Mary was crying .

Poor little Mary did stay safe.
The hours the rain did pour.
Her father was killed by pride;
He lay breathless on the floor

This incident was much alike
The storm which Noah survived.
But no one rejoiced, with damage done,
No rainbow of God arrived.

Ethan Tom

The Hand of Terror

Peter rushed his family to the car;
No minutes left for spending.
Peter took with him his wife and child,
Unaware of the doom impending.

They drove along, the time was ticking
Till Death received his prey;
They found a plane and walked into
A trap to end their days.

They held their breathe the plane took off;
The time was drawing thin.
For a man unknown was seated there,
A servant of Death within.

The trip was fair—no trouble yet,
The killer knew his play.
He waited long, time still ticking,
Then to Allah did he pray.

A knife did slash, a maiden fell,
And he was having fun.
They called for aid but t'was too late,
For he was nearly done.

To the pilots he did threaten
He steered the plane away,
Then Peter held his child near,
No words were left to say.

In a ball of flame the plane did crash,
Into the building tall.

There's smoke and fire left and right,
Then causing in to fall.

A hand of terror struck the land,
Many sent to heaven.
And all this deathly day will know
The day of nine eleven.

Death with a mighty sweeping hand
Taking the ones we know,
Like flowers in time of spring
Falling in the winter snow.

The Plane Crash

By Evi Sargeant

The sky was clear that fateful day
The date was nine eleven
The sun shone bright with all its rays
On flight seventy-seven

Inside the plane a woman sat
Her name was Jenny Smith
She left her kids and husband Matt
For her long business trip.

The plane took off and all was right
Until five men arose.
They stormed the cockpit of the flight
To barricade it closed.

The Passengers were full of fear;
The plane was turned around.
They held their cell phones to their ears,
Calling loved ones on the ground.

Then Jenny called her husband Matt,
Who didn't pick up the phone.
She told him that she loved him much,
If only he had known.

After the call there was a sound;
The plane began to tip.
The passengers were pushed around
The metal began to rip.

The plane was falling quickly;
Then it hit the ground.

Fire and smoke rose thickly;
Jenny could not be found.

Sirens' screams and people's shouts
Mingled with the smoke.
Many people had some doubts
That any one did not choke.

The passengers will forever sleep
In peace and tranquility.
May our memories forever keep
The passengers' nobility.