

# Poems

by the Narrative Class of 2022





# Table of Contents



A Bitter Day in March by Saarang Anand	2
The Ballad of 9/11 By Heather Kaplan	4
With a Knife and a Gun by Emilia Owen	5
A Day in New York City By Lucia Strid	7
Death has Come to Greet Me By Felicity Sutton	8
Sad Day By John Wilbur	9



**A Bitter Day in March**  
**by Saarang Anand**

It was a bitter day in March,  
When robins doubt of spring,  
The travelers went on board the plane,  
And the metal bird took wing.

Two children with their father dear—  
The pilot of the plane—  
Embarked the jet with happy smiles;  
They took off toward the bay.

The plane was high in the sky  
As the children were trying to sleep,  
They didn't know that they were to die,  
Or plunge into the deep.

Into the cockpit all of them went,  
To see the instruments.  
The daughter went first, then the son,  
To test pilot's seat

The daughter scared to touch anything,  
Merely looked around;  
Looked around with awe in her face,  
Until the son's turn came.

The son was sitting in the seat,  
And holding the pretzel-like yoke,  
He pushed it to the left, then the right,  
Against the plane's own will.

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The boy had turned off autopilot,  
Without his own knowledge,  
The boy had control of the plane,  
And so, the nose dived down.

The captain tried to fix the plane,  
But that of no avail,  
The pilot had done what he cherished,  
And now was time to perish.

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**The Ballad of 9/11**  
**By Heather Kaplan**

The sun had risen in the sky,  
The dew was on the grass,  
The parents busy to their work,  
The children to their class.

A dark cloud filled the sky with gloom,  
And many watched the sight.  
Those on the plane screamed terrified  
On that terrible flight.

The streets were filled with rushing people—  
Panic filled the air.

A plane had crashed into a building  
And smoke was rising there.

A small girl turned her face in horror,  
And tears came from from her eyes.  
Her father worked in the tower,  
Yet on the ground he lies.

The world has changed since that day:  
A person's heart, mind and soul.  
Even when the ash has gone away,  
There still remains a hole.

**With a Knife and a Gun**  
**by Emilia Owen**

It was a dark and gloomy night;  
The wind blew fierce and strong.  
The night clouds drift above my roof;  
A bell rings loud and long.

The house I slept in creaked at night;  
And all-around I hear,  
The voices of the ghosts above  
All singing loud and clear.

The door creaks open and I see  
A man against the wall.  
He walks around and stumbles down;  
On drunken legs, he falls.

He carries a knife doused in red;  
It swings both high and low.  
He sees me there amongst my sheets,  
All scared from head to toe.

He walks stealthily around my bed  
I hear his stifled breath.  
He looks for something in my drawers  
While I lie still as death.

He finds my rings and other jewels—  
A wrist band and a locket.  
He hears a noise, and lifts his head,  
A knife comes from his pocket.



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When all at once the door flies wide.  
There stiff with gun in hand,  
My brother, trigger pulled, appeared,  
And ready to make a stand

Outside I hear police around,  
All ready to save the day.  
The man cries out, "Don't shoot me, please!"  
I awoke and began to pray.

## **A Day in New York City**

**By Lucia Strid**

The sun was shining bright that day;  
The birds were singing gay.  
The men and women went to work;  
The children went to play.

The people rushed all about,  
saying their goodbyes.  
While a horrific plan  
Unfolds before their eyes.

A plane exploded in building one.  
The landmark crumbled down.  
Another plane soars through the air,  
Destroying New York's crown.

Quickly dropping down the pole  
They dress in their attire;  
Putting their lives on the wire  
They dash into the fire.

A little girl peeks through the door,  
Wiping away her tears.  
The trucks leave and she watches her  
Dad reject her many fears.

**Death has Come to Greet Me**  
**By Felicity Sutton**

Mortality my eyes did see,  
My vision blurry be,  
Across the brink my eyes did glance;  
Death is but a mortal's dance

My eyes chanced upon that breeze;  
The leaves rustling in the trees.  
Without a whisper they did freeze,  
Standing eye to eye I saw him.

As he floated forward towards me,  
Life did shrivel at his feet.  
There I greet him smiling sweetly,  
Softly hearing my heartbeat.

Slowly trailing after Death,  
Seeing my last breath appear,  
Walking past life's fails and triumphs ,  
Shedding one last mournful tear,  
'fore I turn and disappear.

## **Sad Day**

**By John Wilbur**

Sad day for some, yet happy for others.  
Some people wept tears.  
While others buried their dead in graves,  
Now that's all we hear.

It was once called Operation Overload—  
Now people call it D-day.  
Those who returned unharmed  
Were saddened by what they saw that day.

The day was hard for many;  
The invasion killed a lot—  
Not just on land but also sea.  
Many got caught, and many got shot.

When people return they have PTSD,  
Thinking of their friends and family.  
Many die; many get injured ;  
Others make it back happily.

When some soldiers return, they have no one.  
Others, however, wait for the return of some.  
Time to rejoice, time to cry,  
For thou who rejoice beat the drum.