

# **Poems of the Foundation Class**

Class of 2021

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## **Goodbye**

**By Linus Haselbarth**

I said goodbye to family and friends,  
On that fateful day—  
I did not know it was my end—  
And then I went away.

Inside the plane, I then sat down;  
I saw five men run by,  
I thought and wondered what this meant.  
I heard some distant cry.

I felt a shiver down my back;  
My head began to spin.  
My luggage fell down from its rack.  
We heard a call come in.

“Come in, come in, oh, someone, please.”  
I heard some people scream.  
My seatbelt snapped right at my knees.  
I looked and gave a gasp.

I saw some people take out their phones,  
“Goodbye, my love,” they said.  
I thought, “If only I had known,”  
From me, a tear was shed.

**Robin Hood and Little John's Nose**  
**By John Lengkeek**

Young Robin came upon a beam;  
Across a creek it went.  
And there across the stream,  
There stood a sturdy gent.

Said the man on the other side:  
“Let me go across the bough,  
While you do stand aside.”  
Young Robin said, “And *thou*—

“How wilt *thou* cross with *this*?”  
Young Robin drew his bow,  
And aiming for that sturdy gent,  
He dealt one fatal blow.

The sturdy gent's last dying words  
Approached young Robin's ears:  
“My name is Little John, your friend  
You've known these many years.”

“Is this quite true?” Robin said.  
“I thought it was Sir Guy.  
I shot his nose right through;  
It lies there in the leaves.”

**The Broken Leg**  
**By Sean MacGillivray**

Valentine's Day in '21,  
We all jumped in the car.  
Off to Babcia and Pop-Pop's hill,  
The ride was not too far.

To our surprise, no one was there,  
Just us; we were thirteen.  
Two hills await still covered in snow,  
A perfect winter scene.

Laughing and racing down we flew;  
The hills were steep and long.  
Some sat, some stood, some sleds we shared.  
What could ever go wrong?

Four girls, they piled upon a sled  
To go again that way,  
They hit a bump and all flew off.  
"Ow!" Elena did say.

"Something's wrong with my foot!" she cried,  
And we all rushed to see.  
She could not move her foot at all,  
She yelled in pain, "Help me!"

We took great care to lift her up  
Onto an empty sled.  
Her foot lay twisted scarily.  
"To the E.R.," I said.

It wasn't just one bone she broke,  
But many in her foot.  
And both the bones in her right leg;  
A rod they had to put.

Hospital stay for two long nights,  
The surgery went well.  
It'll be a while till she sleds  
Because of how she fell.

**The Lusitania**  
**By Ana Mohan**

All set to sail the Greyhound stood  
In all its majesty  
There on the deck of sturdy wood  
A sailor spoke to me.

“Come right aboard the ship,” he said,  
“The boy and father too.”  
Then to our chambers we were led,  
Right past the working crew.

The first of May we did depart  
With calm and lovely seas.  
The blood red funnels stood apart.  
The Lusi sailed with ease.

Then to my horror came a sound  
That shook the sturdy wood.  
In fear my heart began to pound.  
My feet in water stood.

I cried out to my family  
Amid the rush and noise.  
But no one spoke or answered me  
Despair took over joys.

I thought the safest thing to do  
Was dive into the sea.  
Right then a lifeboat came to view  
A chance to set me free.

And then my family I spied  
Trapped in the sinking craft.  
I sat with aching heart and cried  
Upon the buoyant raft.

**Empty Space**  
**Athena Nolan**

My dog—named Jack—he died today,  
And now I have an empty space  
Whenever I run, or jump, or play,  
Go hide and seek, play tag or chase.

His death came quite suddenly.  
I tried my best not to weep.  
I held Jack close, he closed his eyes,  
He breathed his last and fell asleep.

The kindly vet, he took my hand,  
To release me from my embrace.  
I stepped away, and left him there,  
And now I have an empty space.

**Light Afflictions**  
**By Mahki Roundtree**

Ever since the inauguration  
The earth is headed toward One World Order.  
They are getting information  
To invade the Christian border.

Now that Biden is in office  
His companions will silence Christians.  
He will make abortion lawful  
It's almost like this world is fiction!

Introducing inappropriate content in schools;  
Trying to make the vaccination mandated is cruel.  
It's like the devil is their fuel.  
Christians should not be fascinated, but be activated!

We don't really have to fight.  
Because in Ezekiel 25:27,  
God has the vengeance.  
So don't let the aristocrats be a hindrance!

At the end of the day Jesus is still on the throne.  
Please note that we are still pilgrims, so no need to groan.  
These light afflictions none can compare.  
We will be in heaven for over a billion years!

**Ode to the Titanic**  
**By Bhargav Talajia**

One hundred years ago at night  
A ship sailed calmly through the seas,  
The travelers feasted in delight,  
Cooled by a gently blowing breeze.

The bold but heedless Captain Smith,  
Along with Director Bruce Ismay—  
*They* were the reasons the Titanic sank  
They also led all to dismay—

“Speed above security”  
Was the motto of the crew.  
Said all the crew with immaturity,  
“This ship is unsinkable” hitherto.

Tis’ halfway through its mission,  
with an iceberg did it collide.,  
It was such a big collision.  
Only seven hundred survived.

When they all went down there were few who were brave.  
But Captain Smith was the bravest of all.  
And with everything on board in the watery cave,  
He did accept the ocean’s call.

No one will forget that dreadful night,  
When many hopes were bright,  
The Titanic was laughing in delight,  
But then it was screaming in fright.

## **The Tornado**

**By Mary Catherine White**

The wind is like a funnel-shaped cloud  
Its blood-curdling light gives a greenish glow  
And the wind is as fast, as fast as can be  
The terrible sound of the tornado.

It tugs and it pushes and it tries to pull us in  
But we hold on and we look into the wind  
And as we duck the flowing debris  
We see a big, horrible, grin.

Its strong wind is coming like hail  
And with it comes the pattering rain  
And as it darkens, we look in the haze  
As it forms into an ally and lane.

It sweeps up the cattle and birds  
And that leaves us very wary  
And then it picks up its strongest wind yet  
And that is when it gets scary.

The thing we are dreading is here  
And our courage is far from near  
Our lights are out and our doors fly out  
And the thing that grabs us is fear.

We try to hold on as tight as we can  
And we try to run  
“We will die” we say,  
“It is done”

The powerful wind is whirling around  
And many a thing is thrown  
We try to hold on without success  
While being tossed, turned and blown

As it sweeps us up  
We think of our homes and town  
And of our family and our life  
As we think we fall down, down, down.



## **John Perkins**

**By Mikayla Young**

John Perkins from Mississippi  
Born a sharecropper, grief  
Dropped out of school to work 3rd grade  
Under Jim Crow, no relief

Brother was murdered by cops  
John had to flee away  
Cali fighting for equal rights  
Impact maker he stays

John Perkins married a Christian  
They had a baby boy  
Who also grew to love Jesus  
The Gospel gave John joy

He went home helped his people  
Founded a desegregated church,  
helped with voter registration  
As a pastor John helped people in their joyous search

John Perkins through Christ is still  
Working to bring racial  
reconciliation today  
“Love is the final fight”