

Vice and Virtue Poems



By Class of 2020

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The Hidden Garden
by Mae Copeland

Into the woods she enters fast
Free of time, present, future, and past
The tall trees around her stand
Stretching as far as the eye can see land.

In a tree she spies a door,
Entranced by its mysterious lure.
Quickly to it she races,
Dreaming of far off places.

Behind the door is seen
Flowers streams, and swirls of green,
Small animals of all kind
Peaceful noises from front and behind.

In the garden she frolics and plays
Basking in light from sunny days
And in the deep, dark night
The stars shed twinkling light.

My Siblings
by Linus Haselbarth

Below me is a goofy boy,
Who likes to talk and play.
For Bruno, soccer is his joy—
At least it is *today*.

My second brother makes us laugh;
All day it is the same.
He's good at sports and also math,
And Rocco is his name.

Young Oliver likes to speak,
To scream and run around.
My brother's kind and very meek,
For this he is renowned.

My sister's name is Rita Jane.
She loves to look so nice.
But screams loud when she's in pain,
I love my little sis.

Last of all is Noelle Rose,
With fiery, red hair.
My darling's cute down to her toes,
All day she laughs and stares.

She likes to bake and sing and read,
Bridget is at the top.
My best friend she'll always be,
That will never stop.

The Secret Garden

by Ana Mohan

On walking down the village street
I overheard the maiden say
There was a garden that just lay
Among the country's field and wheat.

The sun went down as I strolled on
And came upon a long wide wall;
Behind it was a garden small
With overgrowing weeds and lawn.

I freed the young and tender flowers
By pulling vines and leaves and tares;
I toiled through the night with cares
And scrubbed the walls of dirty bowers.

The days were fair and then came rain
To feed the earth and quench its thirst;
When I came back the buds had burst
A beauty to behold and gain.

Hard work and perseverance pay
Industrious hands that labor long,
And pray to Him that makes them strong
And follow through it day by day.

Bunk

by Athena Nolan

No, I will not go up in the bunk.
Down here, I'm content as a monk;
No, to the top I will not ascend
Where spindly spiders descend.

Man's Hatred

by Mahki A. Roundtree

There once was a time when evil ruled
his reign was cruel and vile
man's hatred he stirred,
his love he cooled
the world was filled with guile.

There was one man
who started as a carpenter
he also is a pardoner,
the city of man tried to ban
him from the land, but he resisted the clan.

The Carpenter came with legions of angels
one of the angels from the heavenly regions
came down proclaiming; never delaying of praying,
saying His love endures forever.

When the people saw this they
worshipped Him in the steeple
with fear and trembling,
people didn't want to worship Him
nor resemble Him.

The Lord drew His sword to those
who thought they were on board,
and said depart from me
I never knew thee
The rest of His cohort He gave
a reward!

The Horse and Its Rider
by Mary Catherine White

A creature with graceful ease,
Its mane so soft blows in the breeze
And with its rider, sees the way
It runs to the shore without delay.

It sees its shadow when it looks to the right,
Then runs in a panic, its hooves in flight,
When all of the sudden is heard a smack
The rider falls off the horse's back.

The rider is hurt, with blood on his shirt,
The horse seems unsure, should he sound an alert?
To tell the people of his rider's pain
He gallops in haste as it starts to rain.

Then runs to the village and the doctor he finds
Jumps on his back, the rider's wounds he binds
Then the doctor lifts the rider on the horse with his hands
To the village they ride over the sands.

Then in a cottage the rider is placed in a bed
Everything hurts especially his head
From the window he sees his horse looking sad
He takes comfort in the memories at the seashore they had

One bright day when the rider recovers
He goes outside and his horse he discovers
Then he jumps on his back and rides with glee
With his hair flying free, he yells, "To the sea!"

The Garden
by Mikayla Young

In the garden the robin plays
Hopping gaily in the sun's warm rays
The crow and blackbird all the days

With the rose and lily prance
The sage and daisy in their stance;
Hollyhock and violet dance.

Birds beware when the hawk comes near:
The dove and sparrow quake with fear,
As do quail and bluejay when the king appears.

In the dirt, plant the flowers.
They sit all the hours.
They are the seeds of the sowers.

Birds and flowers, best of friends.
Hummingbirds pollinate until the day ends,
Living in harmony the garden transcends.