

Middle Schools create a supportive environment to reach all adolescent learners. Students at Titusville Middle School celebrate learning achievements AND nurture their "inner authors" through...

MIDDLE MATTERS

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Middle School Poetry

The poems in this issue of "Middle Matters" are from a Seventh grade language arts class taught by Mrs. Quirk. Students read the poem "An Abandoned Farmhouse" by Ted Kooser. For this assignment, students had to mimic the poem and rewrite it for another character or for their own lives.

Abandoned Bond

By: Nahla Bowens

He was a tired man, says his coffee mug,
on a pile of what was a table by the house;
An ill-tempered man too, says the broken dishes
lied out in an upstairs room;
and a good, God-fearing man,
says the notebook filled with fears
that god wouldn't forgive him.

His daughter lived with him, says the bedroom
papered with art and posters,
and one of his sons,
says the basketball jersey hung up in the laundry room.
Money was scarce, says the daughter's dresser
With the same five outfits inside
And the love cold, say the teddy bears
That have witnessed every conversation.
It was friendly here, says the block with houses
Full of kind neighbors.

Something went wrong, says the empty house
in the weed-choked yard. His coffee mug
say he was always tired; the dresser
in the cellar say she left in a nervous haste.
And the brother? His posters are tossed on the floor
like branches after a storm — a basketball poster,
a singer one, too.
Something went wrong, they say.

The Happoldt Life

By: Ava Happoldt

He is a hard-working man, says the filthy of his work
shoes on a shelf in the cupboard; a kind man too, says
all the contacts in his which lay on the dresser in the
bedroom; and a good Christian, says the outfit laid out
for the next day; he was very talented when it came to
wood, says the garage full of machines and tools; a
good owner he was, says the dog and cat dishes in the
kitchen.

A woman lived with him, says the closet filled with
dresses and fancy sweaters, they had three children,
says the room with toys strewn everywhere.
Money was alright, say the jars of pickled and harvard
beets, canned tomatoes, peaches, pears and applesauce
sealed in the basement and pantry. And the winters
cold, say the basket full of blankets. It was never busy
there, says the busy paved road.

Everything was perfect, says the house full of life and the
perfectly mowed lawn. The warm sun and clear blue
sky say it was summer; the sealed jars in the basement
and pantry say the family was ready for the cold winter
ahead. And the children? Their trampoline was covered
in leaves from the trees above, a weathered rope
connected to a tree, swings gently in the breeze, a doll
in a dress lay in the car seat of the van parked in the
driveway. Life was perfect, they say.

The Abandoned Greasers

By: Hannah Donovan

He was a small man, says the size of his shoes
on a pile of broken glass by the house;
a short man too, says the length of his pants
in a closet downstairs; and a smart, nerdy man,
says the amount of books
on the floor below the window, dusty with cigarette
ashes; but not a man for working out, says the weight
lifting equipment and punching bag still in the box.

His older brother lived with him, says the walls
papered with footballs and the shelves
covered with sports novels, and they had an older
brother, says the pictures hanging from old nails.
Money was scarce, say the jars of carrots
and canned green beans sealed in the cellar hole.
And the winters cold, say the old cloth in the window
frames. It was lonely here, says the vacant old roads.

Something went wrong, says the empty house
in the overgrown yard. Boxes of unused lifting
equipment say he was not an athlete; the sealed
jars in the cellar say he left in a nervous haste.
And the older brothers? Their footballs thrown in
the yard — a basketball,
a rusty bat with a baseball and its glove, and
cigarette boxes. Something went wrong, they say.

The Old Treehouse

By: Addison Schmader

She is a skinny girl, says her clothes
In the closet in her room;
A small girl as well, says the cupboards
She can't reach; and a good reader,
Says the old and dirty books
Piled up on the table, dusty with dirt;
But not a girl for cooking, says the burnt toast
In the toaster that is disintegrating.

Her friends would come over sometimes, say the door
Going into the treehouse that creaks when you
Open it, and she had a dog, says the leashes
Hanging from a hook that was crooked.
The ladder is falling apart, says the grass
That the ladder sits on at the bottom.
And the dirty feet, says the rug in the middle.
It was quiet here, says the trees surrounding.

Something wasn't right, says the two bunk beds.
The shoes on the rug say she doesn't go anywhere.
And the dog? Its treats were scattered around
The treehouse. The dog's toys were dirty and old
And they smelled so bad you can't even imagine.
The plates are stained and cracked, says
The cabinet they are stacked in.
Something needs to be done they say.

Lyssander's Farmhouse

By: Jude Necessary

He was a big, strong child, says the size of his shoes
on a pile of broken dishes by the house;
a tall kid too, says the length of the bed
and a good, caring child, says the medicine meant for
his sick mother on the floor below the window;
but not a man for farming, say the fields
filled with slaves working in brutal conditions who
barely survived.

He lived with his sick mother, says the house wall
papered with lilacs and the kitchen shelves
covered with oilcloth, and her husband was a great
warrior, says the sword and shield on the wall.
Money was scarce, say the jars of plum preserves
and canned tomatoes sealed in the cellar row.
And the winters cold, say the rags in the window
frames. It was brutal here, and they were treated like
animals.

Something went wrong, says the empty house
in the weed-choked yard. Stones in the fields
say the father was killed, the still-sealed jars
in the cabinet say the mother died next to the child's
arms; And the child? He was chosen to be a warrior.
He had the Fire of Ares which would stay and protect
him through thick and thin. He was no longer a slave,
He was a Spartan.



Artists' Corner

Seventh-grade artists, Luran Becker and Elyse Ralston, continue to work on the mural of Places in Titusville. The mural is housed in the seventh-grade wing of the Middle School. The duo invited many other seventh graders to work on the mural, as well.

Family

By: Ava McGarvie, pictured left

It was a small family, says the small amount of shoes
in the cabinets by the door;
a busy family too, says the cluttered counter,
in an upstairs room; and a good, animal loving family,
says the dog beds and toys
on the floor covered with dog hair,
And I will yell at the dogs for digging.
Sweeping everyday, mopping too.

Five people lived in the house, said the amount
of bedrooms! The mother who works at night,
The father who works
during the day,
says why the mother is sleeping.
And the father that's out,
While the family is eating dinner,
Says the set table.

Something wasn't right about the house.
Everyone left, says the empty beds.
Dinner table hasn't been set in a couple weeks.
The dogs were no longer there, says the empty toy
bucket.
Playground was never played on.
The empty house was gross, says the moldy walls.
Everything was empty and sad.

My Home

By: Molly Covell

He was a tall man, says the size of his pants
on a pile of clean dishes in the house;
a tall woman too, says the length of the bed
in an upstairs room; and a good, God-fearing family,
says the Bible with a brand new back
on the floor below the window, glowing in the sun;
but not a farming family, say the fields
cluttered with flowers and the beautiful barn.

A little girl lived with them, says the bedroom wall
papered with lilacs and the kitchen shelves
covered with food, and they had a baby,
says the sandbox made from a tractor tire.
Money was cool, says the swing set in the front yard,
and the four wheeler in the chilly garage.
And the winters fun, says Blueberry Hill.
It's not lonely here, says the busy alley road.

Something was fun, says the full house
in the huge beautiful yard. Flowers in the fields
say they were a flower lover; the filled jars
in the garage say they have a lot of cookouts.
And the child? Its toys are everywhere in the yard
like branches after a storm — a rubber cow,
a new tractor with a brand new plow,
a doll in overalls. Something was awesome, they say.



The McGarvie family from left to right: Olivia, Ava, Lynn, Emmett, and Donny