

8°B - Sonnets

Ninth grade studied sonnets from the Elizabethan era by such poets as Shakespeare, Dunne and Spencer and analyzed their rhyme schemes, meter and underlying metaphorical significance.

The students then created their own sonnets in praise of something inanimate, attempting to form a rhyme scheme and using the constrictions of iambic pentameter with exactly ten syllables for each of their sixteen lines.

Worlds that Lack

Majo C

How can you get lost in a world that lacks?

As easy as get lost at night, it seems

Because books are more than just words with facts

And you get lost in big hidden dreams

Something sick and mad might seem this feeling

For those whose hearts are of stone to feel it

For those whose eyes are blind to this being

For those whose minds are closed to attempt it

Perhaps this could be like some deep dark gaps

But in a relief for pain they become

For all those dreams and feelings that got stabs

With this sensation they can be reformed.

This is the door that's always opened to us

When you're entering a world you possess.



Street Art - *José Carlos G*

I think that it's so special and unique
My friends think its a creepy bullshit art
And others might also think it's so freak

But I don't care, because of my heart

I see it wherever I have to go
in the day it hides, in the night it shows
if the night hides, it will have to glow

It's still there, so everybody knows
When it's done, it's a call for the police

If we do it we will be inside jail
Instead of fighting, we should call for peace
but one way or another it will fail.

People like me see it as beautiful
But inside you feel its emotional.



A good friend of mine

Tiago F

I once had a friend, a good friend of mine
That stood next to me when I did decline

He was a good friend, a good friend of mine
But I had more friends, old ones hard to find

He gave me something that I can't deny
He helped my spirit, he helped me define

I lost my old friends, they all went away
Some did not want to, some just could not stay

I just had one friend, a good friend of mine
For he came to be a threat to my soul
That haunted my mind, that haunted my dreams
But with a great truth he stopped my decline

So I had this friend, a good friend of mine
That I came to learn was me all the time

