

THE STORM THAT WAS

by Sara Holbrook

Me?

I rolled in like a storm,
darkening the room,
ominously rumbling,
then erupting with a BOOM!

I HATE PEOPLE.
I HATE SCHOOL.
I HATE WHAT'S HOT.
I HATE WHAT'S COOL.
I CAN'T STAND RIDING BUSES.
ALL MY FRIENDS ARE MEAN.
THE WORLD IS GUACAMOLE
AND
I HATE THE COLOR GREEN.

And you?

You didn't run for cover
or have that much to say.
You listened to my cloudburst.

And the storm?

It blew away.

From I Never Said I Wasn't Difficult

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SPEAK UP!

by Sara Holbrook

Speak up.

Who you talking about?

Speak up.

It could be me!

Talking only takes two,
but gossiping really takes three...
Two people dishing it out
and the one they got cookin' about.

Gossip is antisocial,
not everyone gets a fair turn.
It sparks like a match in the trash
and more than one can get burned.

So.
Speak up.
Your whisp'ring's making me mad.
Besides,
if you're talking 'bout Chris?
I just might have something to add.

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I NEVER SAID I WASN'T DIFFICULT

by Sara Holbrook

I never said I wasn't difficult,
I mostly want my way.
Sometimes I talk back or pout
and don't have much to say.

I've been known to yell, "So what,"
when I'm stepping out of bounds
I want you there for me and yet,
I don't want you around.

I wish I had more privacy
and never had to be alone.
I want to run away.
I'm scared to leave my home.
I'm too tired to be responsible.
I wish that I were boss.
I want to blaze new trails.
I'm terrified that I'll get lost.

I wish an answer came
every time I asked you, "why?"
I wish you weren't a know-it-all.
Why do you question when I'm bored?
I won't be cross-examined.
I hate to be ignored.

I know,
I shuffle messages like cards,
some to show and some to hide.
But, if you think I'm hard to live with
you should try me on inside.

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GOOD GRIEF?

by Sara Holbrook

Grief gets worn out by grieving.
Pain's a coat I must put on
and wear around the house
till it no longer feels so wrong.
I can't leave it in the box
and claim it doesn't fit.
I can't bag it for the coat drive
or wait till I grow into it.
Not a color of my choosing
And nothing to brag about.
The sooner
I try grief on,
the sooner grief
will get worn out.

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ALONE

by Sara Holbrook

Alone

doesn't have to be sad
like a lost-in-the-city dog.

Alone

doesn't have to be scary
like a vampire swirled in fog.

Alone

can be slices of quiet,
salami in between
a month of pushy hallways
and nights too tired to dream.

Alone

doesn't have to be
a scrimmage game with grief.

Alone

doesn't have to argue,
make excuses or compete.
like having nothing due,
sometimes.

Alone

is a relief.

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NO

by Sara Holbrook

When I say I'd rather not
and you try to change my mind,
when I say that I don't want to
and you ask me
one more time...

When you tell me
that I have to
and I start to squint my eyes
in firm determination
and your volume
amplifies...

When you turn your voice to scream
because you think that works,
you're wrong.
I can turn my ears to numb.
Your yelling
makes my stubborn strong.

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ANGRY

by Sara Holbrook

You can't hold me,
angry, angry.

When I'm angry,
angry, angry.

There's no comfort
in your touching when I'm mad.

If you talk to me, I'll fight you.
If you reach for me, I'll bite you,
'cause I'm angry,
'cause I'm angry,
'cause I'm mad.

Though at first
it wasn't you,
I was mad,
but not at you,
till you held me,
or you tried,
to push my mad aside.

I'm a raging storm inside,
You can't hold me
and you tried.
Now I'm angry 'cause you tried.

Now I'm angry with an anger
you can't hold and I can't hide.

Angry, angry,
angry, angry.
Can't control me,
angry, angry.
You can't hold me
angry, angry.
So don't try.

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