

Final Poetry Portfolio

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“Break Up Advice” – Triolet	pg. 2
A triolet or sonnet	
“You + Me” – Narrative in Verse	pg. 3
A moment in history your character can relate to	
“My Dog, Peeta” – Keeping it Concrete	pg. 5
Object: my dog, Abstract noun: softness/comfort	
“Queen of the Sheets” – Imagery: Metaphor and Simile	pg. 6
A childhood memory, include at least 1 simile and 2 metaphors	
“Recovery is...” – List Poems, Line Breaks and Titles	pg. 7
Running the title into the poem	
“The Stain” – Writing Workshop in the Roderic Bowen Archive	pg. 9
Poem must be titled ‘the stain’	
“Dear Stranger Friend” – Voice	pg. 11
Create a character, then exchange it with another student	
“It’s Been Ten Weeks” – Picture to Poem	pg. 12
Connecting Japanese Tiles: writing, shoes, looking at the moon, penmanship, box, blank book, school, deer, and bees.	

Session 2

Break Up Advice

Someone once said
heartache is a hungry caterpillar
that must be fed.
Someone once said
you must go ahead,
so I grow wings, fly far.
Someone once said
heartache is a hungry caterpillar.

Session 3

You + Me

You, back turned to me, walking
to your car in a Safeway
parking lot. Me, carrying
too many grocery bags
in balled fists, mouth
wide as a wine barrel, not even sure
if it's you. You, boy I never stopped
loving. Boy who never
got the chance. Boy, perpetually
single, even a decade later.

Me, girl. Happily married, fresh
out of college. Two kids, two
years apart. You, light hair,
sticking out like it
used to after skateboarding
down Rutland road
on spring mornings before
walking me to school. Hands
almost touching, but
never quite

getting there. Me, dark
hair beginning to grey, just a few
strands, the frayed edge of your Enjoi
shirt. Me, sunflower eyes. I
could call out to you, send your name
across the parked cars to scatter
around your ears like
dandelion fluff. Like daisy
chains we made in middle
school while skipping class. While

other kids smoked pot. While
they fell in lust and we
fell in--
Did you love me too? Would you turn
around if I spoke your name now?
And know, just know
my voice,
because it still whispers
to you in dreams like
yours does in mine? Occasionally

I wonder about these things.
What life would be had we
let ourselves tip
over the edge, fall
like the others instead of hiding
behind 'almosts' and 'not quites'.
We're in between you once said. *In between*
what? I asked. *Friends*
and more than friends. Like
and love.

I like to think that love
scattered over our faces
on that last day. Do you
remember it? You sat
with me against the painted brick
wall between the middle
school and the high.
Our hands
almost touched
but didn't quite

get there. We went to
lecture later that morning, like
it was any other day. Like
I wasn't going away to college
in two months. And you snuck me
into your math class, gave me
your red striped hoodie
and I rested my cheek against the desk
so your teacher wouldn't notice
the girl with the gold eyes, wide

like the space in between.

Session 4

My Dog, Peeta

tiny tucked paws
under a five-pound belly

her back
a postage stamp

white against black
soft as a sparrow's kiss

two paws dipped in silk
two more in coffee-cream

licorice tail
with the snow cap tip

twin kites for ears
sailing above her small seal face

squinty eyes
brown as a burnt pot

nose like a spade
always burrowing

just a child hiding
prized treasure

Session 5

Queen of the Sheets

I've built myself a chariot

of laundry-
basket, skateboard,
string.

Hockey stick sceptre in hand,
twig and thread hold a bone
like fish bait
to lead my noble stead
as we make our way

away
from home.
The trees blow kisses as we pass,
wave thin fingers in adoration.

I rule Diamond Street.
Queen of the Sheets with
a golden sunflower
crown atop my head.

My bones are humming,
buzzing, as I address my adoring subjects.
My lips, honeysuckle.
My tongue sprouts tulips.

Dimples deepen,
punctuation marks
to my happiness because

the wind is coming
and the trees are clapping for me.

Session 6

Recovery is...

maple syrup pancakes on more than just sundays
wearing yoga pants because they're all that fit
learning to count my blessings and not my
calories

some days
it's the grinch in the mirror
or missing being sick but
still standing backwards
on the scale

today
it was packing my school lunch with
more than mouthwash

teaching the calculator
inside my head to become
white noise/static/subtitles i choose to ignore

recovery is forgetting

once i licked an envelope
and had to do squats
once i weighed a single strawberry
and then weighed myself
once i ran five miles after
a piece of pumpkin pie

recovery is *forgetting*

every time you say i look healthy
all i hear is fat
but forget that

recovery is sleeping naked with
the windows wide open
even though it is snowing

it is painting my nails because it looks pretty
not because i can't eat while they're wet

it is learning not to apologize for
taking up
m o r e s p a c e

i still can't un-memorise the calories in a stick of gum
one rice cake

a whole pizza
but i keep trying

recovery is wishing
i could write this poem in past tense

Session 7

The Stain

see the girl
with lips
like an em-dash

see her walk home
past the wall painted
with chewing gum

see the boy
with caffeine eyes and
a mouth full of bees

see the girl
with body of stardust
and round moonbeam cheeks

see the boy down
the whole constellation like
a cheap shot

see the girl
with jaw shut tight
a clenched fist she cannot throw

see how the boy leaves nothing
but fingerprints that fade
against her winter skin

see the girl
stringing a daisy chain
of fucks and shits

watch
as it unwinds
before it can be worn

notice how

the boy
becomes the scrapes
on her

knees that will
not go

away

the boy
is the ache
that blossoms in her side

like a fistful of spiked flowers when
gum clings like barnacles
to pavement

he is the pale red stain

that will not leave her underwear
no matter how hard
she scrubs

Session 9

Dear Stranger Friend,

It's been a while. I tried calling, ~~but it's been almost ten years~~
~~I was worried~~
~~you would hang up and I'd be faced with loss all over again~~
maybe your number has changed?

A lot has happened since we were all hormones and Chinese takeout. ~~Sometimes I miss when~~
Sometimes I think about how we used to listen to Blink 182, share a joint and a mickey, end the
night ~~fucking~~ puking behind the Parliament building fountains. Remember how we used to sneak
into the theatre there and ~~pretend to be interested in the film~~ watch documentaries on Canadian
history? Back when we used to share sickness so we could waste the day throwing socks down the
hall? ~~Remember?~~ When we used to ~~pretend your name was Kyle~~ skateboard down Rainbow road?

We used to be ~~in love~~
friends until ~~you chose me and~~
I chose the church.

And for that, I'm sorry. But I want you to know that I'm happy. ~~I think.~~

~~Some days I sit in silence and peel apart the layers of our last conversation as if I'm a coroner.~~
~~What went wrong?~~

~~What went wrong?~~

Session 11

It's Been Ten Weeks

These are my writing shoes. Though, I guess
they are more like slippers; soft knit,
cream and grey. Tonight, I wear them while
looking at the moon. It is full, a thimble
of cream waiting to be poured out over
the next fortnight.

I know we're apart, but
the moon is the same here as it is there.
Are you looking at it too?

I'll use my best penmanship to write you, then
send this letter in a box along with a blank
notebook. I'm sure you could use it for school, my dear,
but I do hope that you'll write me too. It's been months
since I've heard from you and the honey-
bees are buzzing in my chest.

Waiting,
always waiting.