

MGA PRESENTS

KNIGHT WRITERS



-2021-



MIDDLE GEORGIA STATE
UNIVERSITY



KNIGHT WRITERS ANTHOLOGY
2021



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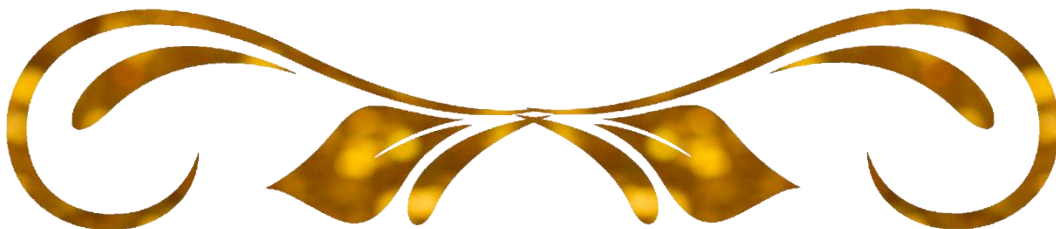
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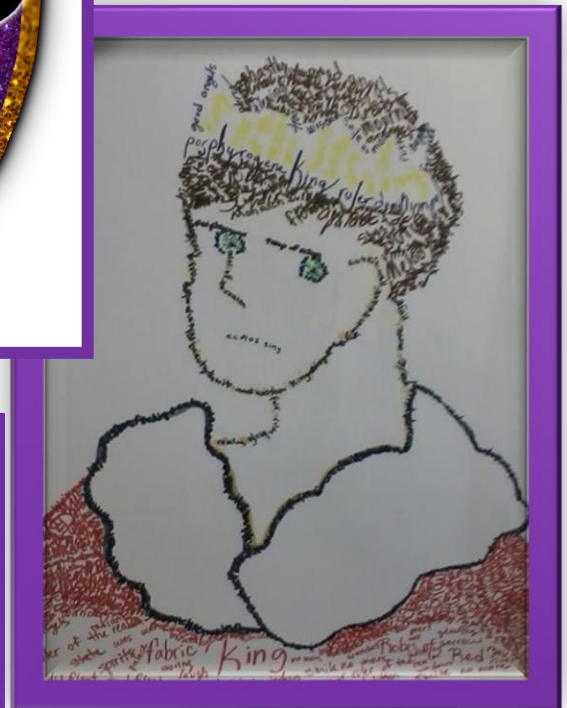
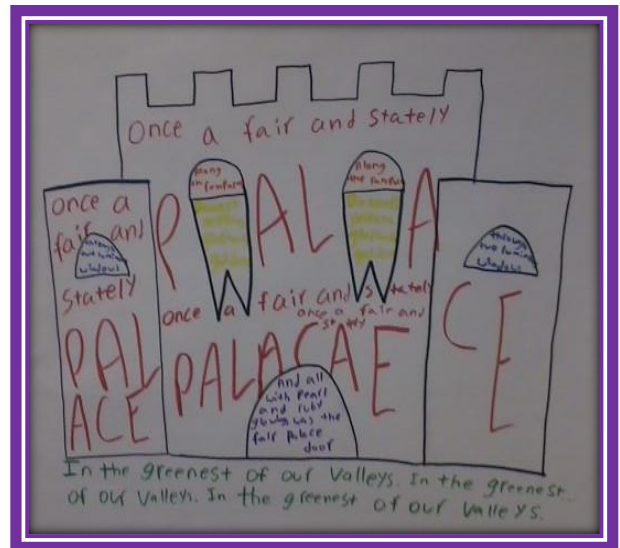
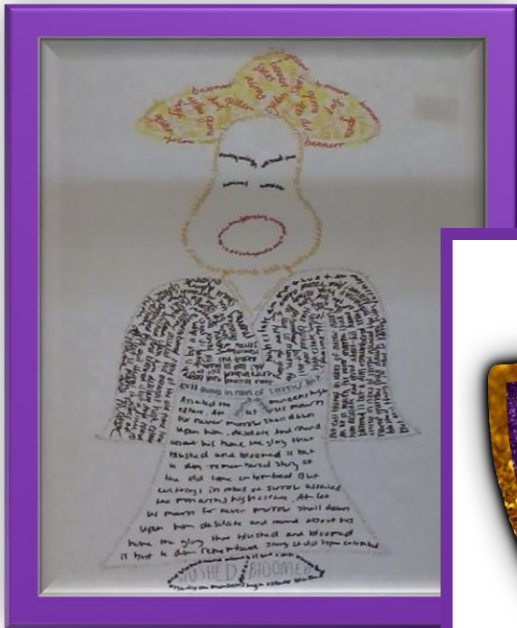


INTRODUCTION

By Dr. Lorraine Dubuisson

In 2020, Knight Writers was cancelled because of the global COVID-19 pandemic. In 2021, Knight Writers rose to the challenge by using digital tools to deliver a unique writing experience to Bleckley County High School students while maintaining the social distancing necessary to keep participants safe. MGA students Alexis Ray and Anjunita Davis filmed writing prompts and discussion questions about a variety of poems, and BCHS students wrote the following short pieces in response to that video. MGA students Kari Crawford, Tracey Maschenik, and Angela Michaud were involved in the creation of this digital anthology of BCHS student writing under the direction of Dr. Mary Christian. I am proud once again to have been able to lead such an intellectually curious and dedicated group of MGA students and am excited to offer college-bound high school writers the opportunity to showcase their creative talents.







POETRY

"HOMELY FILTH"

Elizabeth Arnold

Moonlight comes in through the window
Reflecting on the shiny sink faucet
And old slightly rusted cabinet handles
Sticky spilled syrup covers the counters
Alongside half full drinks of flat soda from Friday movie nights
And drops of melted mint ice cream
That no one had bothered to clean
In the corner an overflowing trash can
Topped with an empty ice cream carton and red plastic cups
Tiled floors covered in chocolate chip cookie crumbs
That they are too lazy to bother to sweep
Reminders for dates years past, pinned under alphabet letters
Accompanied by the refrigerator's humm
Old empty prescription bottles
And a pile of Mom's old jumbled jewelry.
Sit on the windowsill
Next to an old potted dead ivy, that withers away when touched
All within our cave
Where we rather just watch the dust



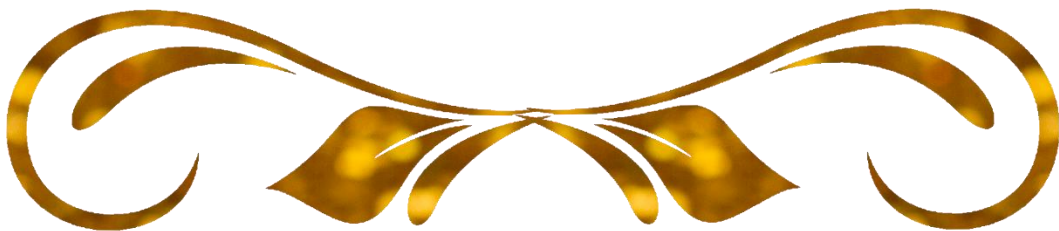
"HALLOWEEN"

John Conley

The darkest evening of the year,
Where haunts are always near.
To frighten and to scare
That could be anywhere.

A house full of ghosts,
And the people meet their lovely host.
They ask and they request,
But the host knows what's best.

With the flick of a switch,
The guests decided not to hitch,
So they were given fright.
A fright, on Halloween night.



"COAT OF MEMORY"

Kenzie Hattaway

The coat your mom sewed
It fit perfect
Your name was written in the fabric
You cherished the coat and wore it everywhere you went

Time goes on
You grew up and the jacket didn't fit anymore
Holding back those memories, you donated the coat
To a new little boy.

He cherishes it with all his heart
He made memories in the coat
Campfire stories and snowball fights
And his mom writing his name in the fabric.



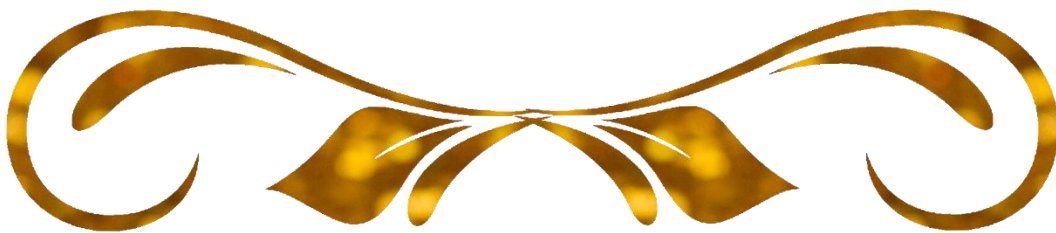
"THE WOODS"

Marley Jarrell

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
Deep in the sense of when
you feel completely alone
in a crowded room.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
Dark in the sense of when
you sit at your best friend's
grave, wishing it was you.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
Lovely in the sense of when
the sun warms your body
on a cold day.



AMELIORATE

Marli Jones

What happens to a relationship that is mended?

Does sunshine pour through the cracks,
illuminating the scars like thousands of stars?

Do flowers bloom
where ivy once crawled?

Does it easily heal?

Does it go back to the way it was and stay the same,
Like it was never broken?

Maybe it is constricted

Like it is surrounded by an Anaconda.

Or does it cease to exist?



TWITTER

Marli Jones

Welcome to the never-ending
Opinions. Welcome to everyone,
no matter how many people you have hurt.
Let us undermine and devalue

One another. Why can't we
accept our neighbors as they are?
Let us remain
Entitled and cruel.
Let us all pretend that

We are better. Let hatred and
discrimination exist. Let one's

Individuality

Become a thing for everyone to comment on.
Let WorldPublicOpinion.org become our truth.

Let's register, log in, and ask to be
judged by everyone
in front of everyone.



"FREEDOM BIRD"

Katie Thompson

What is Freedom?

Is it like the wind

Or a bird

One moment flying around

The next caught behind bared windows

Barely able to see out to the sunny fields

Never again able to experience it

Is it like a wild animal

Only free on someone else's judgement

Free, till you're not

Now not wild, but imprisoned

Some are not free

Some live their lives dreaming

Dreaming of the day the caged doors let up

Dreaming of the day they finally see the sunny fields

So

What is Freedom?





A POEM FROM THE WORLD OF...

Lauren Coley

She wished the mirror would crack
Into a million pieces
The sunlight bleeding brightly
Across her room
But even then she sees
A thousand angles of her insecurities

She wished water was transparent
To conceal her reflection
The fish smiling back
At her with smiles she couldn't give herself
Instead, even the fish flee
When they see her, so unsightly

She wished that when she tried to love
The girl in the mirror, she would think her genuine
The girl that hides in clothing
Enveloping her hungry figure entirely
Yet still it is she
Thinking of how happy her reflection could be

She wished that she could be like her mirror
Standing tall and whole
Instead she was shattered
By people who didn't care to glue her together
So there she would lay
As her pieces were slowly blown further away

The mirror collects dust
Now under a dark sheet
There is no girl
To run from herself

She wished the mirror would crack
Into a million pieces
But there, she cracked
Instead



Ella Johnson

What happens to a book unread?

Does it collect dust

like a picture on the wall?

Or remain untouched like a cloud-

and then start to rain?

Does it attract cobwebs?

Or get wet and mold-

like a fluffy loaf of bread.

Maybe it just sits

like an obedient dog.

Or does it even exist?



Sarah Kuhrt

Empty except for me
Endless nothingness awaits
That is all there'll be

Or is there more that awaits me
Is it hades, or hell
Or if it's the pearly gates above, will they accept me

And if I'm not where will I go
An endless wanderer all on my own
Doomed for eternity to be alone

Will I see the world as a ghostly image
Or will I see it as film
What awaits for me to see?

Will I become something new entirely
And roam the fields with wings
Or remain human

What awaits beyond mortality?
I will find out, not now,
Eventually though, I will have to discover what it is I fear

A life after living



Maddy Land

Freedom.

What is freedom?

Is freedom flying away?

Or having the
opportunity
to,
yet choosing to stay grounded?

Grounded.

Can freedom truly be defined?
Is it not different for all?

Maybe the bird likes his cage,
trapped,
trapped.

(by his own
free
will)

To each man his own.

Better yet,
are we ever *truly*
free?



Zane Lassiter

What happens to a lost dog?

Does it roam the woods,

Like a deer?

Or tremble in fear-

like a kid trying to find his family?

Does it run happily free,

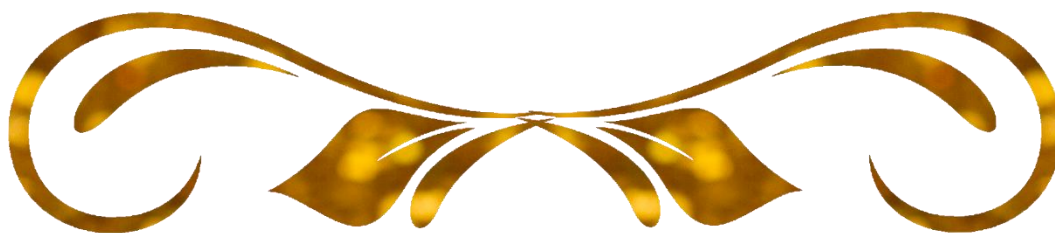
like a freed prisoner?

Or lay there lonely?

Maybe it just lives life normally,

like a regular human.

Or does it die?



John Lynch

What happens to a lost dog?

Does he starve,

like a deer in the middle of the road?

Does he run and cower,

or try to steal and eat bucketloads?

Does he remain calm

and sit under a tree,

like a palm?

Maybe he just lies there dead,

but you think he's taking a nap.

Does he simply up and leave never looking back?



Ethan Parks

What happens to books read?

Are the words forgotten

Like dinner or lunch?

Have the pages lost their shine

Like rocks on the river bed?

Will the book be lost

Just to be found,

Forgotten and dusty.

Maybe it stands tall and proud

Like kings in towers.

Or do you never forget the stories within.





VIGNETTES

"HAVEN"

Shannon Berryhill

The lush, green valley was full of the sweet fragrance of wild, pink, yellow, purple, and red flowers. The red and orange sunset's watery image was reflected on the surface of the lake. The cool breeze coming off the mountain tops surrounding the green field dispelled the pollen in the air. As I climbed, the bark of the tree felt rough beneath my fingers, the dense leaves gently brushed against my face. From the top I could see the fish jumping and splashing in the clear water of the lake. The stomping of wild horses as they ran filled the air; the sunset silhouetting them as they frolicked in the valley. The singing of the birds joined in harmonizing with the sound of nature that was all around me. As I inhaled a deep breath of fresh air, I imagined myself absorbing all of the sights, smells, and sounds in the valley and becoming a part of the natural beauty that I so admired. The feeling started at the tip of my tongue and slowly traveled to the tips of my toes. I was one with nature, and I embraced the sensation with a calm, knowing smile. This is what it truly means to live.



"CHAMPIONS MADE HERE"

Johna Bowen

The grounds of the Bleckley County Cross Country course smell like the fresh morning dew that fell the night before. The greenery lines the trails like nature's fence, carrying you along the rolling hills and sharp curves. You can hear the tall pine trees blowing in the morning breeze and the sound of critters running through the bushes as the stampede of runners run along the tree lines. The smell of sweat and wet grass fill the air, and a sense of calm will wash over you as you take in the beauty of the Bleckley County Cross Country course.

REFLECTIONS ON SHERMAN ALEXIS' "FACEBOOK"

Carys Copeman

I agree with Alexie's poem for several reasons. Facebook is largely like one long high school reunion where, depending on your settings you can encounter all sorts of people from your past. Because it is somewhat impersonal people can pretend to be what they are not, all the publicly showing a life that is nothing more than smoke in mirrors. His last stanza is the most poignant in that even as "connected" as we all are we are not really connected at all.



"WE ALL DIE IN THE END"

Kayla Davis

Death is one of those things that we as humans might be able to delay and stall, but never completely avoid. At some point in time, we all will pass away, and--religious beliefs aside--it is an unknown to all alive today. For some, it is just something that everyone has to face and they accept that it will happen eventually. Others may go the complete opposite direction and even go as far as to say that death is their biggest fear and spend their life trying to avoid it. While it is perfectly normal to be nervous or unsure--I mean who wouldn't be--, it shouldn't hold you back. If anything, the idea that we all die eventually, should be motivation to live every day like tomorrow might not come; to take risks that make us feel alive and free. We only have one life and when it's over, it's over. So, the sooner we accept that death is a part of life, the sooner we can truly live.

"NEW CAR"

Riley Haley

The interior seems to be the color of snow when you wake up on Christmas morning, and take a glance out the window. Blue threads, matching the exterior, hold together pieces of stained leather forming the seats. The sun reflects off of the spotless screen of the radio, still covered in plastic from the factory. Not a fingerprint or smudge anywhere. The smell is so wonderful, so comforting, so clean it seems to clean out all negative thoughts. Laying on the floorboard is black mats, wrapped in plastic. When the plastic is removed, we see that not a single piece of hair or dirt is anywhere. Oh, how exciting when a family discovers that the cup holders in the back fold up into a seat, meaning five total passengers can be carried. The exterior is blue, like pretty eyes resembling the ocean. The reflection of the sun shows the sparkle in the paint. Not a single scratch is visible. It won't last for long, but for now, everything is perfect.



A REFLECTION ON TRAVEL

Josh Hendrix

I've always had a dream to travel the world. As I have gotten older, it has become more of an interest for me. I don't want to just go to your ordinary vacation destination. I want to travel to new countries that I know nothing about besides what I see on the news whether it is about conflict or politics. As time went on, I found more of an interest in the middle east. All you hear is about all the war and corrupt politics, but what I want to know is what their culture is like, its people, their food. I want to see all the amazing geography that isn't shown and traveled to. I know after visiting some of these destinations that even if I didn't enjoy the food or some of the people and culture. I know I will make tons of memories with friends and with all the people I meet along the way.

"THE VIBE"

Timothy Lawson

This dark green area would fill a person's mind with dizziness. As if mother nature spat and choked this saddened forest, these sparkly leaves moved vigorously like a swarm of bees losing their hive. This event caused a common phenomenon. Like a bullfight, it caused positive emotions to the person watching and negative emotions to the target dealing with it.

The grass was no better than the leaves. Pitch black like a smoker's lungs, it swiveled in a fixed direction. If a person touched the grass, it would feel as smooth as melted butter, if not more. The smell it produced was nowhere near butter, but the smell of onions reaped the grass like dust, killing the vibe.



"EARLY MORNING, COCHRAN"

Joshua Morris

The mist that rolled in at this time was crisp and clear. Groggy, Jack put on his rubber gloves. He would walk past the spices and herbs, which he perked up. Jack slapped cheese on bread, ham on cheese, and lettuce on ham. When he sat back, his eyes became heavy and dreary, waiting for the next one.

A REFLECTION ON FREEDOM

Abby Strait

The meaning of “freedom” means something different to almost everyone. For me freedom means the ability to express yourself. Being autistic I have always been told who I should be and how I should act by others who know nothing about me. When I can be who I want to be without trying to shove myself in a box of society’s expectations I will be free. Everyone tries to label you from the moment you are born until the second you die; escaping from the expectations of others is the definition of freedom in my life. I’m mocked for acting “odd” when I am only being myself, yet at the same time other people are telling me that I’m too normal to be autistic and try to shove me in a whole other box, neither of which fit. I’m expected to live like a normal person when normal makes me so uncomfortable I want to scream; I’m expected to be as strange and different as an alien to others. I will not fit either and I will not try to fit either. I will not be labelled. If other people will not change their perspective on me, I will find freedom on my own and without the help of others. When I can finally escape from this society of labels and boxes--or be one of the people to change it--I will finally be free.



"REFLECTIONS ON SOCIAL MEDIA"

Abby Wiegert

Right now, social media is very toxic. No matter what, someone will find a way to twist anything said on social media into something negative. I believe in 10 years; social media will be the same as it is now or maybe even worse. Even though social media can be toxic, I will most likely still be using it. It is a good way to stay connected to the world; although, it does have its negative effects.

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