



2026

Poetry
Celebration

In Memorium



Judy Pottle

**March 2, 1959 -
June 18, 2025**

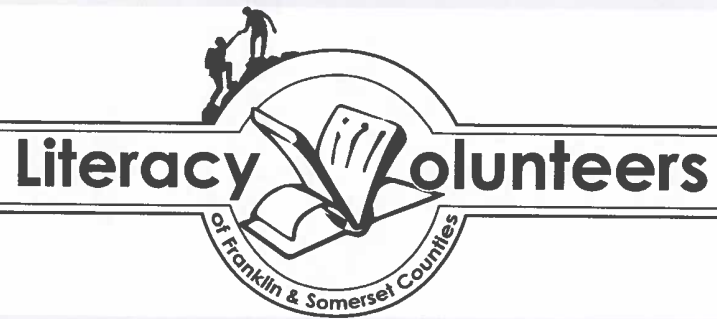


Dottie Richard

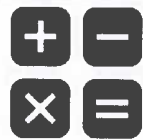
**April 13, 1944 -
December 20, 2025**



Dan Palmer
**November 6, 1950 -
December 28, 2025**



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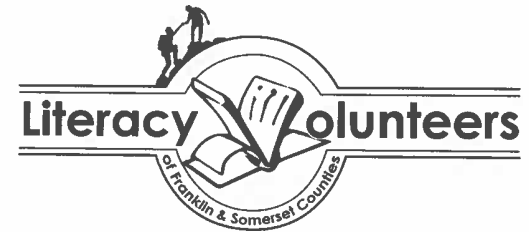
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2026

Poetry Celebration



2026 Poetry Celebration

During his tenure, the current Poet Laureate of the United States, Arthur Sze, plans to focus on "poetry in translation".

"Translation builds bridges and makes connections... Great poetry ignites and reignites our shared humanity, and the transient worlds of poetry in translation play a vital role in bringing us together."

For the month of March, our learning community will be using prompts inspired by "poetry in translation" for weekly writing workshops.

All are welcome to join us in celebrating poetry!

We hope you will submit a poem for publication in our 2026 anthology and join us for a community poetry reading on May 6th.

for more information:
westernmaineliteracy.org/poetry
call or text 207-500-3131
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2026 Poetry Celebration

Translate: express the sense of (words or text) in another language...convert something or be converted into (another form or medium).-Oxford languages

Weekly Prompts

Week 1: Translating The Wordless Into Words

We often translate wordless experiences into imagined communication. Think about an experience you have had involving communication other than words. Write a poem giving words to that communication.

Week 2: Translating Stories Into Poems

River 莹莹 Dandelion shares an exercise for translating oral histories into poetry as pantoums. Think of a family or community story that is important to you. Use the pantoum form to share the story.

Week 3: Translating Sensory Experience

Basho's famous haiku about a frog jumping into a pond communicates a unique sensory experience. What are other unique sensory experiences? Write a poem to communicate a unique sensory experience to others.

Week 4: Practice The Art Of Translation

Arthur Sze invites us to "practice the art of translation". Translate a poem you love into your own words, or find a poem in a language that you don't know. Use a translation app to translate the poem into English, then work with the words to turn them back into a poem.

Contributing Poets:

Youth 12-17

AB - AB is a middle school student who is artistic, humorous, and kind to others. They are nervous and introverted in the mind. But, generous to the people in there life. AB is calm and keep things to themself but will forever put family first.

Apryl Cotone

Elliot Jacques

Josie Johnson

Nuvaaha Lobdell

Emmi Poulin

Paisley

anonymous

anonymous

Anonymous

Anonymous

Adult 18+

Sara Beech - Sara loves poetry and really enjoys editing Wikipedia.

A.D.

Alexandra Lockwood

Lillyan Rose & Leyah Jean - My name is Keith. I grew up in a broken home filled with drugs and drunks. This is all I've ever known. Now my children have a better home. I will not ever stop loving my girls even from this prison home. Please God Help me not call this Home.

Aishah Wolfstone

Students of Literacy Volunteers

Lorrie Chicoine - I am happy being engaged to my fiance.

Anna Crockett - My poem is written in memory of my second house, Aunt Ada's.

Lacey Elder - Lacey likes cats, coffee, basketball and writing poetry.

Matilda Holt

Carol Palmer

Karen Russell - I get along with everybody. I am always happy with everyone around me. I like summer. I want the snow to go away.

Caitlin Turner - Misty and I went digging at the Maine Mineral and Gem Museum. I really liked that. I have 9 books on gems, jewels, minerals, and healings stones.

2026 Poems

Looking Forward by Anna Crockett

A cactus by Apryl Cotone

Happy Place by Josie Johnson

School like Jail by Anonymous

There Is A God by Lillyan Rose & Leyah Jean

You Get Unstressed When You Are Around Animals by Matilda Holt

She Wakes me up in the Morning by Karen Russell

Woodpecker by Lacey Elder

Nature's Garments by Aishah Wolfstone

There's delight in every season by Nuvaaha Lobdell

Lorrie and Mark by Lorrie Chicoine

W by Sara Beech

Anna and Carol by Carol Palmer

I'm a TV by anonymous

A Day And The Life Of A Pig by Elliot Jacques

Day in the Life of a Snake by anonymous

DUCK QUACKING by Anonymous

what happens when by Paisley

There is Always a Light by A.D.

Watching Me by AB

Spring Melt Haiku by Alexandra Lockwood

Healing Stones by Caitlin Turner

Trucks by Emmi Poulin

Looking Forward

School out and weekend begins
Got on bus 9 usually bus 7
Looking forward to the weekend
Long ride

Get on bus 9 usually bus 7
Love the weekend
Long ride to second home
Seeing green grass and tall building

Love the weekend
Now I was at Aunt Ada's
Seeing green grass and tall buildings
Hearing water running and silence

Now I was at Aunt Ada's looking forward to weekend
Looking forward to long weekend
Hearing water running and silence
School out and weekend begins

By Anna Crockett

A Cactus

I am a cactus,
I stand tall in hot, golden sand.
The sun blazes, turning the ground to fire.
Lizards scurry, leaving tiny tracks.
My spikes are sharp like tiny needles (Simile)
The wind sweeps across the ground, carrying dust
I am as prickly as a porcupine. (simile)
I am a soldier of the desert, always watching, (Metaphor)
the coyote calls echo across empty plains.
I stretch my arms to the glowing sky.
I am the desert's quiet throne (Metaphor)
The wind whispers secrets into my arms like a best
friend telling you their secrets (Personification)
The moon glows softly over my spines
Even the stars seem to lean closer to me (Personification)
Dry sand drifts around my thick roots.
Sometimes the sun feels a billion degrees hot (Hyperbole)
The sand burns my roots like molten glass (Hyperbole)
The night blankets the desert in silver and shadows
Distant hills shiver under the heat waves (Personification).
I am a cactus, proud to live in the desert.

Simile

Hyperbole

Metaphor

Personification

Happy Place

when I go to my happy place I feel easy and gentle
it's soft and light
like an afternoon delight
it's not too bright
it's not too light
it's just perfectly right
cool and so kind
light on the eyes
take a deep breath to smell cotton candy
it's a soft sound of the wind wooshing
like a calm quiet place
where I sit in my happy space
that sweet smell that could be never sour
welcome to my happy hour

School like jail

Tests, quizzes, paper work
It's always there
6 hours a day you feel trapped

A faint emptiness is always there
Struggling to focus
Struggling to understand

Kids always in trouble
You feel pressured
Into being like others

They say mistakes are the road to perfection
But they'd punish us for them trapping us in a world of regret
The grades are all that matter

School ruins kids
They cant see what they are causing
But we will never forget

School smells like erasers, and pencil shavings
Perfume and cologne always mixing
Deodorant barely being used

All you ever see is
Crowded hallways that go on forever
Numbers and letters scrambled everywhere

The pressure of grades cause fear of failer
Lack of freedom, horrible scheduling, and bullying
You feel like you'll never be yourself again

You don't know how to act anymore
School takes everything from you
Until you have nothing left to lose...

There Is A God

Lillyan Rose and Leyah Jean

We have been cast away and misunderstood, never to feel how all children should.
As the days pass into years, we have no one around to wipe away our tears.
If there is a **God** out there, we beg of you, please bring us a new home of different view.
As small children, we were told no one else could hurt us...

Even though ALL the strangers were mean. So we ran, seeking our safety, because we have
seen things only nightmares consist of. For our world is empty, not even an ounce of love.
If there is a **God** out there, please hear our plea

If only someone could take away our pain and set us free!
Free from a childhood locked away doing time, suffering, consequences of our parent's crimes.
We have felt ALL the feelings of Hopeless and Lost. With no where to go. This is an emptiness
only us Foster Kids know...

If there is a **God** out there, why can't you see this pain that dwells so deep within thee.
There's no family that would want us broken Teens, labeled as Trouble for all the past has seen.
Forgotten by this Heartless World that has a way to make us ALL feel there is no love to help us
heal.

If there is a **God** out there why did you give us this Life that feels so not fair...
If there is a **God** out there, oh how we need you the most right now. We promise to give you our
Hearts, for this is our never-ending vow.

For there is a God out there...we know he has finally answered ALL our prayers...
For it was **God** himself that revealed all our parents wounds are going to be healed.
God sent us a grown up, we love and gives us both trust. She even says we are blessings sent
from above.

All our darkness has faded from the light of her Love.
For there is no greater feeling when you know you belong and still being loved when you know
you've done wrong.

This is all a gentleness we have never known, so much Encouragement not one ever has
shown.

I know it was **God** that heard our plea, he has given us both hope, for the whole world can see.
She found us when we were ready to quit...

She even showed us mercy when we were throwing a fit...
She even gave us guidance to expose our abilities and she has even given us grace when we
threw our plates.

There is a **God** out there for he has answered all our prayers...
With this new life, she has come to share...unwavering devotion, filled with care.
God has sent us an Angel for the whole world to see, with this adoption, Nautie Holly's Love
has finally set us free.

You Get Unstressed When You Are Around Animals

Animals always make physical therapy
You get unstressed when you are around animals
That's what my daughter says

She works at Walmart in Waterville
She goes in at 2:00 in the morning

We want people to come to the barn to see our animals
Maybe pay us \$5 to feed and pat them

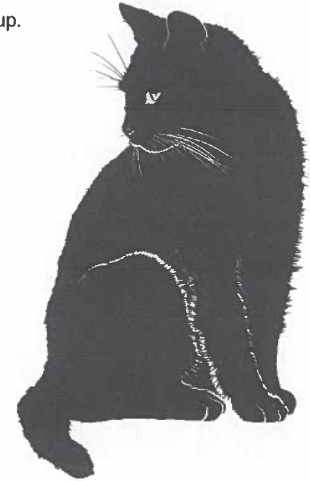
She tells her boss she's going to Mom's to get unstressed
Her boss didn't know what she meant
Mom has animals she said

-Matilda Holt

She Wakes me up in the Morning

My cat likes to come wake me up.
I like to read books
I am happy to be in class.
My cat is hungry
My cat plays with toys
She meows at me
She sleeps on the couch
My cat plays with toys
Her fur is black
She sleeps on the couch
She purrs
Chrispy is her name
She likes to go outdoors
She meows at me
Chrispy
My cat is hungry

- Karen Russell



Woodpecker

Yellow, brown, orange

Flicker sound like

Soft and Loud

Beautiful sound

In the sky

They eat Bugs

By Lacey Elder

Nature's Garments

Paris fashion

not my thing!

nor Target, Khols or Amazon

I walk by streams

collect moss and petals

pinecones make great earrings.

By Aishah Wolfstone

There's delight in every season

By Nuvaaha Lobdell

The sweet smell of cookies fresh from the oven,
And the softness of them as they break in your hand
And you eat them as you feel the chocolate melt in your mouth
And you lick your fingers to get the chocolate off of them

The taste of the lemonade fresh from the lemon
and the sweet bitter taste of it going into your mouth,
As you drink it just to line up to get another in the hot sun
As the day gets warmer you can't help but get another,

The feeling of a soft warm blanket on a cold night
Well the sound of gentle music playing in the background
And hot chocolate in your hand as you drink it and as
you sit by the fire you hear the crackles and pops coming from it.

Sledding is fun the sounds of laughter and screams all around
As you climb to the top You must suddenly stop so you do
But when you do someone runs into you sending you down
Its so fast you don't know what to do As you both get to the bottom
You both laugh in delight making a new friend for life

Lorrie and Mark

Mark proposed to Lorrie Lorrie said yes to him to engagement
Where
Houlton Maine
In the screen house

On June 4th 2022

By Lorie Chicoine

W

the interconnectedness of all things

sources cited

a whisper, a hum

a constellation

a shape someone else will name

Anna and Carol

I'm Glad Anna moved into the apartment

Anna love her apartment

It took a long time

We can Ride on the Bus to School

Anna loves her apartment

It looks very good

We can Ride on the Bus to School

Nice to have her ride with me

It looks very good

Looked funny all around

Nice to have her ride with me

Glad to have Anna here

Looked funny all around

It took a long time

Glad to have Anna here

I'm glad Anna moved into the apartment

By Carol Palmer

I'm a TV
I get stared
At all day

I think I have
Something on my
Face

Whatever it is
It's bright
It's lights up peoples eyes

Then it goes away
And the people
leave

They always
Come back
And yell at
Me around sports
Seasons

“ The Day And The Life of A Pig”

by

Elliot, Jacques

The day and the life of a pig
Fat, round but cute
Different colors all the time
I'm pink my brother is red
Rolling in mud having a blast
Then I hear exciting news
Were going to Disneyland
We load up in a big truck
Red and full of food
Then were moving then I see it
Disneyland
Then I see the sign
It spells s-l-a-u-g-h-t-e-r h-o-u-s-e
That's probably how you spell
Disneyland
I'm soooo excited
Now i'm going in, look at all the rides
Big rides with hooks on sides
Look at that pig having a blast
Hanging, dead?
Oh no a trick AHHHHHHH
Now it black floating high
Now in pig heaven high in the sky
Now i'm in pig haven and now i'm dead

Day in the life of a snake

*You wake one day curled up on the ground
You go to stretch your arms like every other morning... but its nighttime
But instead of your arms going up and stretching
You move forward, you think that's strange?
look back at yourself and
You realize your a snake
You taste the air like your a food sampler
Then it hits you you see the heat signatures of a small rodent
Then you see more
And more
And more
It seems there's a million heat signatures
Then your instincts kick in
So you eat what feels like a buffet
But in reality its one or two rodents
Your good on food for one to four weeks
You curl up because the sun's coming up*

DUCK QUACKING

Tastes salty, sharp, sour seaweedy pond.

One that gets stuck in your teeth after mindlessly chewing.

Looks rusty, like a saw after 30 years of abandon.

Nobody cares.

Nobody ever did.

Nobody ever will.

Feels or a flat rough stone.

One you'd find near a radiant rushing river.

Feels like wet overused sandpaper, after being left out in the rain for too long.

Smells wet and metallic, like a metal bar.

Making your jaw clench.

The duck sings, piercingly, harshly making the floor vibrate.

You move your hands to your ears.

Not to block the sound, but to listen more.

What Happens When

A girl is told to smell like a girl
What does that mean
To smell feminine but not too girly
Not like a boy
Because when you do you're a
Pick me then when
You smell too girly you're trying too hard
They expect you to
Look like this and that
Be small but confident
Not too confident because then
You're weird
People try to fit
You in a little box
And expect you to mold and
find a way to fit in the box
They expect you to look
like a greek goddess
And not feel bad
When someone says one
of your biggest insecurities and
Use it to make fun of you
And expect you to laugh
When it
It makes you feel
Like you're holding back tears
And being strangled from the inside
They expect you to sound
Girly but not too high pitched
Not deep like a man but not fake
They want to fit and pick
You out like a piece of clothing on
A rack but you are a person not an object
Stay quiet when told
Speak when spoken to
Feel when told to feel
Stay cold as a stone when
They tell you one of the
most heart breaking things
They say like what every girl Likes
but don't be the same

There is always a Light

A.D.

Dear lord hear my sorrows and wishes within, all I ask for is forgiveness from all of my sins, in a world full of evil its hard to see light,
so I pray to the lord with all of my might, if God is like a baseball with only three strikes,
I hope that this last one is what sets me right, through hardship and terror there's only one lord,
I pray I get released from this psych ward,
there is nothing I want more then to be with my family, when I get out of this place I promise to show humanity, while everyday is a struggle and all of a hustle, in this life full of lies it is easy to tussle,
and against all odds for both good and evil, id do anything to redeem myself and be with my people, for the loved ones in life is all that you need, that's why I start everyday with a prayer on my knees,
Though everyday life is full of fake news and media
So I just choose to put my trust in God's encyclopedia
In a world full of black all that matters is you don't go back. For God has forgave you but only you can cut yourself slack.
So I thank God every day for all the blessings I have received
He's been there every day of my life since I was conceived
In everyday life we go through trials and tribulations,
So I pray on the outside that I can fix all my relations.
I've always been a caring person who does all that he can
And I hope to retain that throughout my whole lifespan.
While some people may be mean and all kinds of short,
Just remember there is no such thing as mission abort.
I still believe if you choose to do good and all that you could
That God will protect you and do everything he said he would.
After being reborn through Christ we are all justified in his house,
Though life is full of ups and downs it's just a game of cat and mouse.
While there's only one person who holds all the power
I pray blessings rain on us all just like a shower.
For God may appear to us in many different forms,
But life is like a bull that you must grab by the horns.
With will power and grace anything is possible, even while going through the worst in life it is still all plausible, through everyday life there is temptation of sin, but like a punch from a bully you take it in the chin,
now this is my poem from God through me, so I just sit here and pray that the whole world can see, only God has the power to heal and save us all, that's why the best thing you can do is to keep standing tall, I hope we all find faith and are met with Gods grace, for we are just humans in this giant rat race.

Watching Me

Alayna Barker

They watch me
The eyes glint in my view
My heart pounds as they watch
The weight of a heavy Brick
Falls onto my back I stumble
I fall but the eyes keep watching me
Their faces bleed I can't see them
I don't want to see them anymore

The eyes follow me into my fears
They know everything
They see me but I can't
I faint as the sensation screams at me
The sludge slides down my skin
My lungs pop with a crack
I can't breathe my throat screams

The eyes are still watching me
My hands shake my eyes widen
This feeling is scary
Eyes watch as my walls harden
My body breaks it creaks and cracks
And the eyes are still watching me

Spring Melt Haiku

Ice floating down stream
Brown dirt dotted with snow clumps
Water rushing fast

Translated into Italian (with the help of Google translate)

Ghiaccio che galleggia lungo la corrente
Terra marrone putagiattia da zolle di neve
Acqua che scorre veloce

By Alexandra Lockwood

Healing Stones

Gemstones and Jewels
Including pearl, red coral, and amber
Diamonds
Emeralds
Cut in shapes
Round, square, oval, and fancy cut

Lapis lazuli
A diamond pendant
Keeps evil spirits away

Pearl
Calcium carbonate
To Mother of Pearl

Crystal protection
Blue Moonstone
Dalmation Stone
Leopard skin Serpentine

Rocks
Minerals
And Gems
Packed full of cool photos
And fascinating facts
-Caitlin Turner

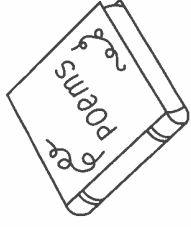


Trucks

You can smell the diesel
The smell is like a truck pull
You can feel the rumbling in your chest
You can see the black like licorice exhaust smoke
the way it moves through the air like the trees dancing in the wind
You can taste the burning rubber of the tires
Like black licorice and burnt toast
As you ride shot gun
In the leather seats
As smooth as an egg shell
As black as the night sky
You move down the dirt road
Kicking up the dust
You fade into the distance



Poetry Celebration Bingo



Complete a horizontal, vertical, or diagonal row of activities.
Bring your completed card to the Community Reading on May 6th for
a chance to win a prize.

Make a poem on https://play.magneticpoetry.com/ Date: _____	Carry a poem in your pocket for a day Date: _____	Sign up for poets.org Poem A Day emails Date: _____	Find the poetry section at your local library Date: _____
Mail a poem to a friend or family member Date: _____	Memorize a poem Date: _____	Leave a poem in public for someone to find Date: _____	Make a black out poem Date: _____
Make a book spine poem Date: _____	Illustrate a poem Date: _____	Read a poem out loud to a pet Date: _____	Try to have a conversation in rhyme Date: _____
Read a poet's biography on poetryfoundation.org Date: _____	Try to have a conversation using alliterations Date: _____	Create a poem using an ai poetry generator Date: _____	Make an acrostic poem for a loved one using their name Date: _____

Literacy Volunteers
of Franklin & Somerset Counties

2026
**Poetry Celebration
&
Community Reading**

Wednesday May 6th
6:00-7:00
Mt. Blue High School Forum

Bring your own work or a
favorite poem to share!

for more information:
call or text 207-500-3131
literacyvolunteersfs@gmail.com

We offer free, confidential adult tutoring in reading, writing, math, and technology



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Community Connect

weekly, discussion based classes in person or on Zoom



Genius Hour
supportive structure for self designed, self directed learning weekly classes

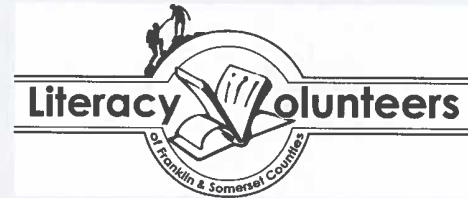


Traveling Libraries
free book shelves
give away events
promoting literacy in the community

Community Collaborations
working with community organizations to better meet the needs of adult literacy learners



Call or text: 207-500-3131
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FREE BOOK SATURDAYS

Last Saturday of every month
10-1



JOIN us at BOOK CENTRAL

Arthur D. Ingalls Center
144 High Street, Farmington
follow the signs

Call or text: 207-500-3131, literacyvolunteersfs@gmail.com,
westernmaineliteracy.org

MANY THANKS!



**The Literacy Volunteers
Learning Community**