



2021 Idaho Youth Writing Challenge:
Living in Mutuality in Our Relationships

2021 Idaho High School Writing Challenge

Mutuality is the sharing of our authentic selves that allows for us to recognize each other clearly, interacting with each other and all living beings in ways that are balanced and supportive. Mutuality is a connection that works for the benefit of all involved.

Living in mutuality looks like this: it is seeing a light turn brighter in another person, it is feeling our interconnectedness to each other, the earth and to all living things. It is recognizing the world we want everyone to thrive in and the choices we need to make for that world to happen.

Through writing, we are beginning to understand how deeply interconnected and interdependent we are to each other, to all living beings, and the earth. This gives us hope that violence will no longer be a common occurrence and that living in mutuality is possible.

The 12th *Living in Mutuality* publication was compiled from over 1,500 Idaho student submissions. Congratulations to Idaho's student authors whose selections are published as well as the *Living in Mutuality Award* recipients.

A special thank you to Idaho's teachers who encouraged their students to discover new insights through writing .

Deep appreciation to Malia Collins, *Idaho' Writer in Residence* for assisting with the selection of the published authors and awardees.

— Idaho Coalition Against Sexual & Domestic Violence

Living in Mutuality

Most days I get pictures on my phone marked — On this day last year. I've always loved seeing what I was doing a year ago: the ways my days have changed, or what my kids were up to. Some of the pictures are painful, others offer different glimpses of the places I went and the people I spent time with — far away travel, and then life closer to home — the river, the foothills. However, since mid-March 2021, those pictures have taken on more weight. It has been over a year since everything changed because of the global pandemic. The classes I taught last spring went completely online, my kids' school went online. Family was thousands of miles away and stayed there. There were days in a row when we did not leave the house.

When I remember the start of the pandemic, I remember having no idea what life was going to look like or when we would be on the other side of this. Those early days last spring were fearful ones. The pictures from this time last year that are showing up on my phone also tell a different story. There's a shot of a house a couple of doors down who put a table in their front yard with canned food, paper towels, boxes of mac and cheese. The number of items on the table grew every day I passed it. People from around the neighborhood started adding things to the mix—pancake syrup, boxes of cereal. Even a bag of fresh apples. I have pictures of great blue herons

skimming the surface of the Boise River, and pictures of two ducks who settled into the patch of yard between the window and the front gate. On the day of the earthquake last March, all of our neighbors came out into the street to make sure everybody was ok. I started baking and taking bread to our next-door neighbor. I have pictures of freshly washed homemade fabric face masks draped over a chair outside to dry.

When I started thinking about writing prompts for this year's writing challenge, I thought about what gave me hope. I thought about what came to my own pages when I sat down to write. I thought about the lesson I know to be true and one I have tried to embody over the past year: that we are deeply interconnected to each other, to all living beings, and to the earth. We create the world we want to live in when we practice living in mutuality.

The writers in this year's anthology showed what living in mutuality meant to them. They described their connections to family and friends, to their teachers, and the places they live. They imagined ways people took care of themselves and each other. They used their five senses to tell the stories of acts of love, kindness, and resilience they have witnessed over the past year. They imagined the possibilities of what this world could look like if living in mutuality was something we called into existence every day. On the page, they imagined better.

In Hawaiian there is a word. That word is kuleana. For a long time I thought it meant taking care — taking care of the places

and people we love. I know now that kuleana is so much bigger than that. It means sacred responsibility. It means taking care of ourselves, of each other, and of the world we live in. It is seeing a light turn brighter in another person, it is feeling our interconnectedness to the earth and to all living things. It is recognizing the world we want everyone to thrive in and the choices we make for that world to happen. By doing that, we are cared for by this place and by each other.

I am a writer and a writing teacher. In my writing workshops, my students and I spend a lot of time talking about world building. When they sit down to write, they build worlds by using images and sensory details to put the reader in the place so they can see it as vividly as the writer can. As you read the pages of this anthology, imagine the world these writers are building. It is a place I know you will love and one I hope you can imagine yourself into. Take a breath. Feel your feet rooted in the places they describe. I know you will finish this book changed. And hopeful. Happy reading.

Malia Collins, Idaho Writer in Residence
Boise, Idaho
April 4, 2021

Living in Mutuality Writing Prompts

- Write about what mutuality means to you. What does it look like or feel like in this time we're living in right now? For example, during the global pandemic, how have you noticed your connections to your family and friends, to your teachers, or to the place where you live? Have you seen ways people are taking care of themselves and each other? Have you noticed acts of love or kindness?
- Write about mutuality in healthy relationships to one another. For example, we all need other people. And they need us, too. Write about a time when your needs were met and you also met another's needs.
- Write about mutuality to all living beings and the earth. For example, consider a person or place and your connection to it. Describe it and what makes that connection so special.
- Describe a moment you felt you were living in mutual relationship with yourself, another person, a place, or something in the natural world. For example, write about how in a healthy relationship there's a balance and harmony of power and influence. And how you're there for one another and everything around you. Write about how it feels to take care of a place you love, and how you feel cared for by that place in return. Show us this place vividly, using your five senses, so we can see it and feel your connection to it.

girl of my dreams

she is an ethereal being
she doesn't let the world label her
she has hair the color of cherry ice cream
she treats me like a divine creature, so soft yet strong
her name tastes like cinnamon, sounds like poetry
she shines and glitters like the crystals in my pockets
she talks for hours about everything and also nothing
and i love to listen to it
when i look in the mirror i see an ethereal being
with cherry ice cream hair
who never stops talking
who is energetic, empathetic, and enchanting
i am the girl of my dreams

Layla Bagwell

Riverstone International School

Teacher: John Scripps

Intact Fragments

Take
these broken pieces of glass
and glue them back together
into a vase

Plant your flowers in its water
Don't fret
there is always sweetness left
to drink

It lingers on your lips
and you grow –
petals in your hair,
roots beneath your feet

Light seeps in too
When you aren't perfectly
held together

Annina Bradley

Boise High School

Teacher: Sharon Hanson

you are a mosaic
that builds anew,
drinks from an everlasting
source –

a stream that bubbles up
through moss
a star that leads the way

You are here today
woven together by countless
miracles

A tapestry
A road map
A stained glass window

If My Grandchildren Could Say This

Was there really a time long ago
when people were isolated
behind six-foot self-imposed walls?
I can't imagine a time so different from now.
Bathed in the care of coworkers, neighbors, friends
and the love of family,
I cannot fathom a time
when people hated
for little reason or none at all
for attributes beyond control.
I am unique
united with you and them and us
and everyone
in upholding kindness and harmony
in this perfect world.
Not now must be horrible
Please, tell the story
of how it changed

Rachel Coffey

Rocky Mountain High School

Teacher: Justin Tharpe

New Ways

Cloth over our faces, gloves on our hands, 6 feet
apart, limiting our connection. Our contact, our touch, our smiles. The
world outside is burning, and we're told to stay inside. How do we fix this?
Where is the world we were promised? Sending a text to a love one,
or a facetime to someone we miss. Could it be that the simple
things are what matters most now? We crave human
connection. So we find new ways. New ways
to say "I love you." New ways to say,
"I'm here, and that's not going
to change."

Chloe Gibson

*Sugar Salem High School
Teacher: Gabrielle Iverson*

Great Aunt Phoebe

She collected rocks
Gave them to me in tin cans
Once filled with Danish shortbread
Wrapped in plastic and meticulously labeled
Rainbow jasper from El Paso, Texas
Smoky quartz from Big Pine, California
I followed suit
Though I do not know their names
From the Sawtooths, a jewel of jagged white
Smooth black stones from the shores of the Ionean sea
And one day, I will journey
To the land where she was born
Collect gems from the shores of the Huang He
Nephrite in the Kunlun mountains
Until I have a library of memories
And rocks from every land

Perry Kemper

*Boise High School
Teacher: Sharon Hanson*

Still

Still;
Not broken, just borrowed
Not stuck but still
Isolation was just the backup plan
Still was the only word to describe it
Not “trapped’ or “bored,” just still
Still, like handprints in wet cement
Still, like my frozen zoom calls
The world became completely still
I became even smaller
Like the ground like dirt

The world stopped
And we learned how unsteady we
really were
Like ground, not grounded
Something we forget
Wet cement moves
Earth shifts dirt
The world is becoming un-still now
We’re all shifting
The world is finally moving
Not still, but now grounded

Delylah Minear

*Lewiston High School
Teacher: Aaron Waits*

“Let me return”

Leave me to rot
In forests green
with the moss and lichen
Let me return to the earth

Let my lungs swell with rainwater
my veins become vines
my body feed the flora

Leave me to lie
with the stag
and the serpent
among the wildflowers

Let the sun shine on my face
filtered through the canopy
the songbird, my epitaph

Let me give back my gifts
Let me return the favor
Let me return to the earth

Grant me my redemption
My grave marked by life
nature marking my memory
Make me holy
Let me return to the earth

B. Brody Montalvo

*Canyon Ridge High School
Teacher: Mrs. Brown*

The Barn

Grass sways side to side in the bone-chilling wind.
Trees seem to groan under the pressure of each gust.
I smell everything from the dirt to the trees, from the old barn wood
to the damp grass.
And with every exhale, I am cleansed.
With every lasting moment standing in the field, I appreciate the barn.
But it's not just me in this trade.
I bring respect, life, and joy into this old barn.
For it's not just a place,
It's important.
It has meaning.
It's a place of relief.

Emma Rodgers

*Orofino Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Michelle George*

Self Love

The moment you decide to start choosing you
The day you decide to start putting yourself first
The Love you begin to envelop yourself in day in and day out
For me, it looked like this.
One day I woke up,
And I was grateful to see another day
Not just waking up because the sun
Was beaming down on my face telling me to awake
But waking because I wanted to Live
I wanted to Feel.
I brushed my hair, my teeth
And wanted whatever the day had to throw at me

Kerissa Rupp

*New Plymouth High School
Teacher: Pierrette Madrid-Harris*

Books

the world	an open book
is a library of human	allows our weaknesses
books	to show
sitting on shelves	an open book
closed	reminds others
reserved.	that we are human
an open book	and make mistakes
is intriguing	an open book
it's just	puts our true feelings
waiting to be read	on display
an open book	for the world to see
allows room	maybe that is why
for judgement	we stay closed
an open book	and put away
leaves us vulnerable	

Malia Taufu'i

*Blackfoot High School
Teachers: Noelle Gerardi & Jason Dietz*

A Word with Mother Earth

the daytime star was kissing my neck and calling my name,
so i followed.
she took me outside and i lay my head down.
sharp blades of grass, dehydrated soil
listening to the core i hear a rumble.
"speak up," i plead
in return i heard a call, "what have you done?"
after a pause there are aching sobs.
as i turn to look around i can finally see.
there is no more green,
no more air, no more life.
i see now how hard we have hurt our home.

Maya Alger

*Xavier Charter School
Teacher: N/A*

The Treat and the Friend

The pink tulip lay silent in the greenest of beds
Awaiting someone to call a friend

The yellow hummingbird hovering around
Scanning the ground for a sweet treat

Both hoping for something beneficial
Something that they can both provide

The awaiting tulip lifts her head
And sees something she can't seem to comprehend

A friend coming her way looking for a sweet treat.

The scanning hummingbird sees on the ground
A tulip, making his search complete

A sweet treat just waiting for a friend.

Finally, at last, their wishes have been heard
Living in a life of mutuality

Garrett Anderson

*Coeur D'Alene High School
Teacher: Linda Parkin*

Lit Inside

On sunny days,
I am golden.
Lit inside as the world is.

Coated in warmth,
Gentle kisses of light brush my
skin.

The sun heats terracotta
rooftops,
Burns off morning mist,
Touches the dark parts of
twisted thorns,

Brushes the freckles across my
neighbor's nose,

And threads rays through oak
branches,
Splaying lacy light across loose
soil.

Tomatoes and snow peas spiral
Under sunshine
Spinning nutrients from its light

I thrive like cherry tomato plants
Beneath the sun's rays

Bursting with potential
With gold, illuminated joy

For we are the world and all it
holds
In arm.

Charlee Andree

*Boise High School
Teacher: Anna Daley*

I Hope

As an Introvert
I would love to believe
that the quarantine hasn't
affected me.
However, that seems to be
untrue.
My school mate passes me
by, her hand touches my
lower back,
I have forgotten what that
feels like.
I hugged my mom last night.
I almost cried.
The last time I hugged my
mom was...
Maybe a month ago,

Elisabeth Arritt

*Xavier Charter School
Teacher: Elisabeth Copp*

And before then...
I couldn't say for sure.
A vaccine has now been
created.
There is hope.
Someday, maybe,
I will forget the feeling of
spending
1/18th of my life
Afraid.
Alone.
I will again return to the
houses of those I love.
The arms of those I love.
I Hope.

The World Forgets

The world forgets that we are linked.
When the phones began buzzing.
When our rooms and houses became cells.
It is so easy for this piece of fabric,
To hide our character,
To stop our voice.
So I write.
I write because eyes are all I can see.
Eyes that should be radiant with thoughts,
With questions, but instead lay glassy, distant.
I long to break the glass.

Elisabeth Arritt

*Xavier Charter School
Teacher: Elisabeth Copp*

Mutuality

Brings us together
Helps us to find what we want
and who we want to be
Lets us share our authenticity
shows us to recognize others clearly
Builds a balance
Creates a connection
Mutuality builds a pathway
To a better relationship
A better life

Sophie Asher

*Coeur d'Alene High School
Teacher: Linda Parkin*

The Choir

The conductor approaches
the stand.

“A one, and-a two and-a
Everybody sing.....”

The sopranos jump to take
the lead.

“Stop, stop, stop!
I enjoy the enthusiasm,
But the altos must be heard.”

They begin once more.
All is right until...

The tenors miss their note.
Then the basses come in
too soon.

“We must work together,
Listen to one another.
To make a melody beautiful
and sweet
We must sing as one.”
And then they sang,
Together, as one.
It’s said to this day,
That chorus transformed
the world.
Shook its very foundation.
Human beings in harmony,
Change the world.

Emma Austin

*New Plymouth High School
Teacher: Pierrette Madrid-Harris*

Our Earth

Earth...

Green Grass,
Blooming Flowers,
Wind blowing through your hair,
Fresh air always available to breathe.
The Earth is always providing such beauty,
Always providing inspiration,
Always providing love.
An escape from reality,
To grab a book and read in the sun,
Listening to the calming rain patter against your window,
Playing in the sparkling white snow,
Admiring all the beautiful colors on a warm fall afternoon.
Allowing people to live within you,
Allowing us to appreciate our home,
The place we call Earth.
If only you could know,
How much you mean to us.

Claryssa Barone

Canyon Ridge High School

Teacher: Leah Brown

The Creation

It is here I stand,
forward lunge,
letting silky cascades of
sand gently seep between
my toes.

After a while
a figure approaches
mirrors my stance
and gazes forward,
fingers poised like Adam's
and God's,
never touching. Our tears,
distal to the setting sun,
surrender to our ankles
and the waves.

Amelia Black

Lewiston High School

Teacher: Jamie Bakker

We are
swallowed
by forces beyond our
understanding
and inseparable from
comprehension.
A rocking of waves, a
setting sun,
you at my side.
How we poise ourselves,
not quite
reaching.
Light dissipates with pain,
with tears,
And when the sun rises,
we stretch out further;
the water tiptoes
backward.

Rough Stones

And here I settle on rough stones
The vast blue depths gaze back at me

A whistle, a chime, and nature's rhyme
Echo off the lofty walls of stone

The muted breeze renews my heart
While the flowers' redolence fills the air

The forests tower majestically aloft
As the sun smiles down with pleasant rays

But then I see all is not right
The fear that all will be forgot

But I then recall nature's touch
And how her and I are entwined

And howl, and you, and all of us
Can be united through nature's gift

Kimball Black

*New Plymouth High School
Teacher: Pierrette Madrid-Harris*

The New World After COVID-19

Here we all are. Together. In a foreign place none of us have seen before. The world around us shutting down. Such a new experience no one quite knows how to react. We rely on each other to get through because each other is all we have. We learn how to truly connect with others. How to develop healthy relationships with those we are stuck around. As our world begins to open back up, we come back into life with more appreciation for those who are always working tirelessly, and who are willingly put other's needs before their own.

Cassandra Bloomfield

*Mountain View High School
Teacher: Kristin Galloway*

Natures Mutuality

The wind blew gently as I began to water the growing vegetables from our garden. The bright red tomatoes and dirt brown potatoes sustain us and keep us fed. They rely on me to water them and help them grow up tall and straight. I rely on them to go to sleep each night with a full belly. The nature around the garden works to help it grow. The sun providing light for the plants in turn gives them the energy to grow. The soil providing the plants with more nutrients. Everything needing each other to create balance and harmony.

Cassandra Bloomfield

Mountain View High School

Teacher: Kristin Galloway

One With The Trees

As I lay in my bed,
I hear her whispers in the wind.

Finding myself next to her root,
Listening to her soothing voice.

Noticing a branch shaped just right,
For me to snug in tight.

Her motherly voice whispers tonight,
"To never let go and hold on tight."

I have the name "One with the trees"
For they are the ones who truly get me.

Running to her arm when things get rough,
Telling my story as she whispers back.

"Hush now, my little one.
Everything will be alright,
For I am here to hold you tight."

Sierra Bovey

Salmon River Junior/Senior High School

Teacher: Ashley Mayes

Take Flight

in perfect harmony
we fly through the melody
like a perfect lyric,
you inspire me
like my favorite song
stuck in my head,
like a bird sings a song
we fly through the wind,
together we sing
of this freedom we will win,
together we fight
through good
and through bad,
five in one
one in five,
no matter the many,
we stick together
like melodies

Taylor Bracke

*Rocky Mountain High School
Teacher: Justin Tharpe*

My Relationship

I walked by my mirror for the fifth time that day
Looked at every flaw I had and studied it
This time pointed out the bulge in my stomach and the pimple on my chin
My sister walked by and noticed my tired eyes and loss of my grin
She listened as I criticized every part of my being
When she walked in the door, she looked at the fat that I rubbed
She said in a quiet but firm voice
Treat yourself like someone you loved

Mckenna Bryant

*Mountain View High School
Teacher: Kristin Galloway*

Masked Humanity

A world where we hide
Behind masks
Pandemic, fear, uncertainty
It feels like the world has
stopped
Are they smiling at me?
Look in my eyes
Uncertainty falls away
We're not hiding
Life has just evolved
From what we once knew

Your eyes are warm
Love is quiet
Look beyond the masks
Behind the masks
Hides smiling faces
We're raising each other up
We're still together

A world where we smile
Behind masks
Love, kindness, harmony
The world is going on

Maddy Bunn

*Vallivue High School
Teacher: N/A*

The Ocean of Us

A sea full of unfamiliar faces
Humans across all of earth
Who are you?

Individual
Cultures, languages, values
Oceans apart
The rift keeps growing

Collective
Humanity, love, kindness
Connect us all
We cross the divide

We're all human
We laugh, cry, smile
All chasing the same happiness

We share the world
The air, the skies
The ocean we all make up

We all belong
Our differences, a grain of sand
Making up the earth's floor

We're not all that different
My reflection in the water
Standing beside you

Maddy Bunn

*Vallivue High School
Teacher: N/A*

Take Me There

My hometown, my country
The place I have never stepped foot
Yet still calls my name

Only through a screen
I've walked the path of cherry blossoms
Stretched out my hand to catch the first snow

The place that I love
That I can only hope will love me back
Someday

My culture
The foundation of my identity
The place where I long to be

Thousands of miles separate us
But you make me feel complete

Maddy Bunn

*Vallivue High School
Teacher: N/A*

A Warm-Hearted Winter

The wind blew cold and white flakes of snow danced in sync with the breeze. A lonely woman sat by her window wishing the sounds of laughter could be heard. She formed a plan to lighten the mood this year. Trees of fruit grown in the summer had been mixed, mashed, and canned for safe keeping. The woman had more than she could ever eat. She asked for help to pass her gifts around to the neighbors before the big day. The big day finally came and the people had the taste of plum kissed by an early morning breeze.

Selena Carranza

*Salmon Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Brett Dickerson*

i wish

i wish for knowledge i wish that everybody saw from the same perspective, i wish for a common cause
I wish that everybody wasn't stuck in the past and the future but live in the present. I wish for differences to settled without dispute
If wishing was anything more than a wish our world wouldn't be what it is today, there would be no such thing as hope nor imperfection therefore life would have no meaning and with the imperfection a wish could only stay a wish and to fuel our hope to guide us on our journey on earth

Chase Christensen

Frank Church High School

Teacher: Tara Hailey

Some Dirt Under Your Nails

Dirt under my nails, and a rock in my shoe,
I look to the tree, whose roots can now grow.
For the one who lays toppled, a new one now stands-
They give us books and homes,
Tables and chairs-
What can we give back but a child to grow?
Replenish the forest and give back its due –
With some dirt on your hands,
And some mud on your boots,
All that will come is a gentle reminder-
This world is not indestructible,
Plant trees or mow grass,
Get some dirt under your nails, and a chance for new life.

Sierra Davis

Gem State Adventist Academy

Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell

The Mutuality between us

The love between us ever so endless
As she hugs me before bed
As she cares for my health
As I care for her health
Through night
And through day
This is the love between me and my mom
We love each other unconditionally
This is true mutuality
Although we may not agree sometimes
We still love each other
The love cannot break
Each day is a new day
Full with new surprises
But one thing does not change
The love for each other

Kolden Delbridge

*Coeur d'Alene High School
Teacher: Linda Parkin*

Bonds

The Global pandemic hit.
Everyone stays home.
Families separated, yet closer
The bond between two people grow strong
Stronger and stronger every day they are away
2 weeks turn into 2 months
Turns into 1 year
Pandemic still doesn't fade
Money lost, time, plans, vacations
All is stripped away
Bonds grow strong

Christian Del Toro

*Canyon Ridge High School
Teacher: Leah Brown*

Nature's Beauty

As the wind roars and the trees whistle, the fears go away at my dismissal.
As I close my eyes, I am met through the skies, the beautiful shining light.
As the birds sing, I hear the ring of the bright calls of the wild.
As I take a deep breath, the salty air seeps into the soul of my body.
When I see each creature and their role in society,
I know we are part of something greater.
For as the sun sets on the mountainside, my faith is restored in nature.

Sydney Dodson

*Mountain View High School
Teacher: Kristin Galloway*

The Hive

I peer into a bee box,
It's alive with the hum of bees.
The queen at the center keeping the family line,
The guards repelling predators,
The fan-bees flapping,
The worker bees bringing in the fruits of their labor.
Yet, in all this buzz, there's a keen sense of serenity;
A force that is there, yet not seen.
The bees are working as one to keep the hive afloat.
The world around them is turbulent,
engines roaring,
wind whipping,
and for what?
The life of a bee is short and insignificant
Yet, it's more than we could ever know.

Lucas Drake

*Gem-State Adventist Academy
Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell*

Mom And I

This summer my mom and I went rock hunting for pretty rocks. We hunted in Challis because my dad's mom lives there. We went to this special spot with many geodes that my uncle showed us. While we were browsing for rocks, we also had to pay close attention for rattle snakes. I closely watched the others to make sure they didn't fall since we were on the side of a hill. I found lots of geodes. My mom said, "You are good at this." I responded with, "I like shiny things", and we laughed. When we were finished, we said, "bye" to my grandma and started home. While we drove home, we blasted music and sang our lungs out. During this trip my mom and I found rock but we also grew closer than we have in a long time.

Janna Fisher

Salmon Junior Senior High School

Teacher: Brett Dickerson

A Covalent Bond

Our first bond
was books.
"You're still talking about books?"
We still are.
We exchanged,
shared them like electrons.
We still do.
A covalent bond was born.

Our second bond
was musicals.
You've been my
Right Hand Man
ever since.

Our third bond
was movies – our James, James
Bond.
We watched our first musical
together;

a pitchy duet.
Our fourth bond
was writing.
Your encouragement is
inspiring.

Our fifth bond
was love.
Respect,
loyalty,
trust;
true friendship.

You may not be my Adams,
Hamilton, or angel,
but you, my closest confidant,
are my warrior.
To quote Queen,
you're my best friend.

Emily Forslof

Coeur d'Alene High School

Teacher: Linda Parkin

One-Sided Window Pain

Does it cross your mind
what I'll write
when the pages end?
A cliff-side,
the jagged drop willing
you to join its descent,
or a plane,
the high, floating
accomplishment
of its ascent?
You read it over and over,
the skip in the record
not reaching.
But when it does,

Emily Forslof

*Coeur d'Alene High School
Teacher: Linda Parkin*

will you be waiting for me?
Must I jump to find out?
A jagged or floating drop
will surround,
welcome,
and congratulate me.
But all I want
is to be surrounded,
welcomed,
and congratulated
by you.
So be a dear,
and catch me when I join you
at the bottom.

Breath

Light is coming through the trees
and a choir of birds fills the silence with melody.
The air is crisp and laze.
This scenery provides oneself with humility,
Removes the weight from ones back
The conservation of this sanctuary,
the large leaves, ferns, and small creeks,
the textured paths and wildlife,
the freedom within the earthy smells
Is worth protecting.

Matthew Fry

*Mountain View High School
Teacher: Kristin Galloway*

The Simple Smile

Brown eyes glossing over the
panes of a speckled window
seeing past the shingles of the rooftops
into last year wondering:
when life had last been so
completely euphorically simple.
I did not know then,
Naïve within the confines of sunbathed walls,
the precious things which went
unacknowledged.
I remember:
Open arms and warm breakfasts and
“stay safe” and friends, teachers-
a time when I could clearly
remember what a smile looked like.
Though in a way, it was worth the wait.
Now every smile I know
by the wrinkling of their eyes
is made for me.

Christiana Gassaway

*Rocky Mountain High School
Teacher: Justin Tharpe*

Home

Home. This word carries so much weight. Does it represent a loss? Does it represent comfort? Home for me isn't the house that covers my head. It is that one person that makes me feel like I can breathe freely. I can lean my head back and find comfort in the air entering into my lungs. In other words, I am given life. Their very presence hits me hard like a ship and suddenly I am in a field. I see wildflowers, freely moving in the wind. I hear nothing as if I am engulfed in anticipation. My nostrils flare as I've just caught a whiff of sweet honeysuckle. Then, without a second thought, I know that I have been embraced by their soul. I am Home.

Naomi Gilbert

*Xavier Charter School
Teacher: Elizabeth Trask*

Quiet Snow

Ice and snow I see falling down,
quiet and still fills the air,
with no sound, I feel at ease
as do the trees surrounding me.

Mathew Graham

*Orofino Junior Senior High
Teacher: Michelle George*

Sister

"I'm in love
I'm in love
And I don't care who knows it"
I shout with Sister
Elf playing
In the background
We twirl around
Cutting snowflakes
Giggling for hours
She sits on my floor
Playing with Dog
Blasting Macklemore's
Cheesy raps
Choreographing

Like we were on
A British talent show
I always judged
Sister always won
Flour splattered everywhere
From Our noses
To Mom's new calendar
I whisper
"The batter always tastes
Better than the brownie"
Our fingers dip in
Stealing the sweetness
For ourselves

Alyssa Hansen

*Boise High School
Teacher: Amber Tetrick*

Mutuality Through Music

Small, little fingers strumming away
Chattering voices loud and clear
A room full of laughter and fun
As the music of the ukuleles begin

Older fingers confidently changing chords
Minds deep in concentration
A room full of eagerness and determination
As the music of the guitars begin

Teaching these eager kids
Has become my pride and joy
Inspiring them to learn a talent
Which will one day benefit their community

We grow closer together
Develop long lasting relationships
As the music subsides our connection is still evident
Music and mutuality one in the same

Kayla Hastings

Gem State Adventist Academy

Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell

Asian, Angela

Why do I have to relabel myself
every morning?

Good morning, reflection.

Asian, Angela.

Sometimes I wanna "go back" to Asia.

Discrimination's there too,

Making me wish I was white.

Hide, under the veil of privilege,

No one sees...

Instead of wanting the beautiful Me,

No one sees.

Stepping on the levels of the

People Skyscraper.

1-10: Black.

10-20: Indigenous.

20-30: Latinx.

30-40: Asian.

40-50: White.

Every hand outstretched

To the safe haven,

The needle

Jenga!

Get uncomfortable for Me.

Get Me uncomfortable for You.

Get uncomfortable for Me. We.

Can I look in the mirror, and

Be Me. We?

Angela Hayden

Weiser High School

Teacher: N/A

Walking Away

Maybe I'll just walk away from it,
like Sheila.
I'm not white like Sheila.
I could still walk away.
Even after all this training
About not walking away?
Black and brown people can't.
How dare I
Turn on people like me?
When I've got a palatable voice
People listen to,
Though it's half-hearted.

My tapping foot
Burns a hole in the admin's
carpet.
How could I walk away?
I have every reason not to,
From the curves of my eyes
To the arms of my mother,
cradling me.
I could walk away,
But I can't.
For my people,
For people.

Angela Hayden

*Weiser High School
Teacher: N/A*

Candy and Medicine

Inclusivity and Mutuality.
Candy and Medicine.
Bright Round Smooth Circular
Deceivingly-Similar
Blink. out the illusion.

I n c l u s i v i t y .
A dentist visit.
Cold. Impersonal.
Sterile. Astringent.
Burn nose hairs.
Invade teeth.
Forced necessity.

They give a lollipop at the end
To give more cavities.

Mutuality is
Telling the bleeding heart

She is not just her sorrowful
name but an origami
Acrobat, flushed pink vitality.
Study her veiny vines deeply
rooted in our communal soil.
To remember
She's human
Like you.

Her scent's sugar-sweet,
Her petals vibrance itself,
Her tears gold drops
In (Y)Ours Mine.

Our fists up we chant

HEAL. OUR. SOULS.

Angela Hayden

*Weiser High School
Teacher: N/A*

Mutuality

Mutuality is with us
Ubiquitously
Teaching us to live as one with each other,
United
And be one with nature constituting something
Like an alliance, an
Interdependency
To better ourselves and benefit both, a feeling we
Yearn for to feel complete

Stevie Hebert

*Century High School
Teacher: Lyndsey Matthews*

In the Gazebo

During lockdown, I was suffering from cabin fever. I thought I was developing schizophrenia. My work ethic was spotty at best. However, one math assignment, I met up with my friend Lexi. We talked about our low grades, and although we were teetering on the brink of failure, we couldn't help but laugh. In between our laughs and smiles, it felt like a safe-space, the laughs blocked out the fear and the fear itself died in that moment, all because of the smallest meeting, the most trivial meet-up. And for that I will be forever grateful.

Nicholas Henderson

*Salmon Junior Senior High School
Teacher: Brett Dickerson*

Childhood Gift

My favorite thing,
A quilt my grandmother made.
Sewn together,
The individual squares
composed of
Scraps from previous
generations
Of embroidered creations.
An old pair of jeans
My father wore as a child,
A scrap from her
Favorite apron.
All squares
Different in origin, but held
together

By thread
Carefully and lovingly sewn
So that even the most delicate
Of fabrics
Are made strong by support of
the others
Their strength protects me from
The harsh ground that tries
To rip the fabric
And the biting wind on cold
winter nights
All squares
Different origins, but held
together
By thread

Hadley Hill

*New Plymouth High School
Teacher: Pierrette Madrid-Harris*

Mutuality Between Human and Dog

A dog and owner share a bond as deep as their beating hearts. When lying awake in anguish, in the dark nights, she's there for me. The shaded walks along the starry sky, she is by my side. The development of character and passion between my dog and I cannot be beat. She guides me through the darkness of life like a constellation, pushing me towards success. She offers me her service, and I offer her my best. I hold her close to my soul. I hope she'll remain right by my side as long as our forever lasts.

Kendall Holloway

*Salmon Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Brett Dickerson*

Idahome

Not sure what to expect
My fear overwhelmed me
A new place is always a scary one
I now realize,
The fear was misguided
For this place
Is special
Already, we have braved the
troubling waters
the new experiences
the skinned knees
the growth and maturation
Together we have traveled
Across mountains
And deep in canyons
Where the cities meet the moons
And the snow the trees
This place
Has brought out something
in me
I had never seen before
A connection
Never felt before
By anyone where I came from
This is why
I am proud to call
Idahome

Logan Holstien

*Boise High School
Teacher: Stephanie Phillips*

Hummingbird

Hummingbird is what I shall be
Hummingbird is what you shall see
His eyes express the seriousness of
The reasoning behind the hummingbird
So unique, radiant, nimble
And miniature
A slow year has past
My feet soaking in the river
My toes buried into the sand like lost treasure
The humming of the bird out in the distant
Brings tears to my eyes in the moment of realization
The hummingbird perched on the rock in front of me
Almost as still as a scarecrow
The hummingbird is my Uncle Johnny, oh how I miss you

Kaycee Hudson

*Orofino Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Michelle George*

Grandmother

A loving relationship doesn't just appear
The love that my Grandmother gives off
Is like a wave of sunshine right before the sun sets
The smell of the homemade huckleberry pie
When you walk through the door; the mountain canvas on
Her wall; the smoke whooshing out of the fireplace; my heart flutters
with joy to the point
where you could see it pounding
Being the first born has special privileges such as money being
smuggled to you for
pizza that mom said no to; she often says
But make sure not to tell the others

Kaycee Hudson

Orofino Junior/Senior High School

Teacher: Michelle George

A Universal Dream

With dreamers like you and me,
We dream of the good in people.
We dream of a better future.
We dream of happy endings.
Then we hope for just a bit of good in this world.
We hope for greater change and transformation.
We hope we'll live to see the day we are all happy.
Then we believe there is good in our people and our planet.
We believe change can and will happen.
And we believe that one day we will all live in the world we imagine.

Chloe Iwasa

Gem State Adventist Academy

Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell

Togetherness

Togetherness
Thrive Working With Others
On This Earth We Need One Another
Good Relationships Are Your Milestone
Every Time, Remember You Are Not Alone
Turn To A Brother OR A Sister
Hold Hands To Strengthen Each Other
Every Hour, Work For The Betterment Of All
Rely Not Upon The Other
Never Cease To Love Your Own Kinds
Everywhere You Go, Show A Sign Of Love
Stay Humble, It Takes You A Long Way
Strength Evolves When Many Become One...

Gizelli Ixta

Mount Harrison High School

Teacher: Angela Schneider

I'll Wait

The earth speaks to me
With every sunset I wait to see
You hand me a key that is a mystery
With every heart beat that seems complete
I feel no discrete
With every breeze through the fallen leaves
You freeze my grief
With every night star
You heal my scars
With every breath I breathe
I retrieve my depth that is left unseen
With the painful nights, you sing me to sleep
While I wait for the future you hold that is still yet to be told.

Kenzie Jensen

Mountain View High School

Teacher: Kristin Galloway

Exactly What We Need

In the darkness	That may come
We are given an illusion of solitude	With reaching out For help
When the lights burn out	Friend, believe me when I preach
We are worried	The aloneness is a lie
That the invisible world is hostile	You are surrounded in support
And cold	
When the darkness is depressing in the dead of day	Even in the emptiest of midnights
When we are dreading the unknown	You will find me
Dreading the possibility of pain	Succumbing to the embrace of The stars

Holly Johnson

*Boise Online School
Teacher: Tyler Bevis*

At the center of us all

All is fair
In love and
Why?
No, I refuse to accept that love and hate are
Mutually exclusive

I do believe in the kindness of the heart
And the eternal innocence
Of the flesh

Our bones
Are that of our ancestors

Our blood
Is that of rivers, old and wise

Living and loving are the only true laws
Of the universe
I do believe
In Peace

Holly Johnson

*Boise Online School
Teacher: Tyler Bevis*

Synchronizing steps

I learned early on how
Words can feel when they're
given hostile

I decided I would reveal to people how
Words can feel when they're
given warm

Let me show you how conversation
Can be made into home
How every interaction
Becomes a hearth
When you are kind

Holly Johnson

*Boise Online School
Teacher: Tyler Bevis*

Humanity's Promise

Some people stand tall
Some can't stand at all
Some speak out aloud
Some watch from the crowd
While we may all be different
We're all alike in some way
We all stand by each other at the end of the day
Help those in need
And they'll have your back
For this is who we are
Humanity's pact
To stand by each other
All big and small
This is who we are
Together we stand tall

Alexandria Jones

*Lake City High School
Teacher: N/A*

Silent Support

My parents are worn out by work. My brother's behavioral issues are becoming worse which adds a tension in the household. I try to do little things to ease the tight rope we're walking on. I do chores without a word. I maintain a positive attitude. I joke around when things get rough. I take moments from myself and give them to others. I involve myself in what my mother is watching and what my dad and brother are playing. I know what I do is simple, because family is complex.

Erin Jones

Salmon Junior/Senior High School

Teacher: Brett Dickerson

Narcissus

On the shores of a pristine pond,
she knelt. Surrounded by white
narcissus, yellow centers like the sun

Gaze drawn to the surface, she studied
every angle and curve of her flawed reflection,
distorted from a lilting breeze
that sent ripples through the water
and whispered sickly sweet doubts in her ears.

But the waves could not disperse
the image mirrored below.
And the wind only blew
wisps of raven hair as the girl
stood tall, and walked away.
Nowhere near perfect, but
knowing she was enough.

Perry Kemper

Boise High School

Teacher: Sharon Hanson

The Hunter's Best Friend

The hunter is a polarizing figure.

He is the last link to humanity's shared past,

Carrying on the only tradition shared by every gender, race,
and nation.

But the hunter is nothing without the animals he hunts,

And because of this, he loves them.

They are his everything.

And because he loves them, he knows everything about them.

He knows when they eat, when they sleep, and when and
where they walk.

He is always excited to see them, and greets them whenever
he gets the chance.

He is their greatest advocate,

And they are his best friend.

Dax Lambson

Century High School

Teacher: Lyndsey Matthews

What happened to us?

What has happened to us?

Are we "separate but equal"?

A segregation of worlds

People are lost and hurting

Wondering where to go

Where are our connections?

We fight for the same cause

We strive for peace

An equality for all

Yet, in our backyards

We are hurting our own

Causing a separation

Forcing sides upon all

We stand together or alone

A world filled with separation

What happened to us?

Destiny Lawson

Gem State Adventist Academy

Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell

Unity

Gathering in the streets
Fighting for my rights
Taking a stand for my beliefs
Holding strong to who I really am
Hand in hand with my brothers and sisters
I look around, the moment is still
I feel the energy rising up
My heart beats with the rhythm of truth
I know only this moment
I understand only now
A moment of living in reality
A moment to go down in history
A moment of unity for all

Destiny Lawson

Gem State Adventist Academy

Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell

Our Home

The mountain coated with dew
Like a thin coating of silk
The trees whistling in the wind
Whistling their favorite tune
The river roaring in anger
Protecting the life within
The sun beating down with force
Giving life to the environment
The fresh air surrounding you
Brings a new energy
The calm dirt below your feet
The place we call home

Cameron Mael

Orofino Junior Senior High School

Teacher: Michelle George

Unified

This world with shimmering waves, cleansing air, and
flourishing forests of life.

Where people don't live in worry and regret.

Without persecution and bias.

In harmony with opportunities, free of racism, discrimination,
greed, jealousy, shambles

of poverty, and polarizations from politics, religions, and morals.

One wasn't categorized by their race, religion, sexual preference,
or life position.

People thwart stereotypes and judge people by the content of
their character.

Discuss conflicts and conclude to valid and safe decisions for all.

I know this world can become a reality if ordinary people
believe.

Harrison Mallane

Timberline High School

Teacher: Doug Englert

One

The bright summer sun set on the peaceful mountain side. It
appeared as if the hill beyond me just dropped off the edge of the
earth, into endless space. I could feel the soft petals of the dahlias
brushing my arms in the warm breeze. The sun's orange blaze
scorched the flowers, almost like I was engulfed in loving flames. My
fingers pressed into the rich soil, sensing the roots deep within it. I
closed my eyes, taking in a deep breath. I could feel the life all around
me, and I knew it could feel me too. As One.

Conagher McCown

Sandpoint High School

Teacher: Conor Baranski

My Favorite Place

There it was, we were finally here. My favorite place stood in front of me. I jumped out of the car and stretched my legs. The smell of pine trees bombarded my nose, so thick, I could almost taste it. I could feel the sunshine warming the cold spring morning. I heard the hummingbirds buzz by and I looked to see it all in its shining glory. It was the cabin that I feel I grew up in. I loved the land and it loved me right back. It was a place that I wanted to stay forever.

Amber Miller

Mountain View High School

Teacher: Kristin Galloway

Deep Thoughts

We as humans will judge others,
Maybe even make fun of family or our brothers,
People may judge someone just because he or she stutters,
But the truth is we need each other.
Life can hit you pretty hard,
It's nice to have a helping hand.
It feels great to let down your guard,
Because you're sealed in a loving band.
If you look around you'll see,
A beautiful tree you've never seen,
A sapling growing full of green,
The sky so blue, the air so clean.
Mutuality is everywhere, growing every day,
Nothing can ever make it go away

Gerard Myers

Juniper Hills School

Teacher: Shanna Decker

What I Sense

I see,
People join together through a storm of pain,
They pick each other up and help remove the stains of strain,
They find good in something plain,
I want to be this way.
I hear
People laughing in times of fear,
Their voices proud they spread good cheer,
The sounds are smooth and calming,
It lifts you up and draws you near.
I smell,
Food baking for five,
Wonderful smells make me come alive.
I feel,
The air and wind embrace me,
Good people pat me on the back and face me.
I taste,
A family tradition pastry.

Gerard Myers

*Juniper Hills School
Teacher: Shanna Decker*

Overcomer

We have learned to love and care
To help and try and to be fair
To cry with joy to give and share
And fix relationships beyond repair
We have never gone this far
Our lights shine brighter than the stars
Our melodies of help and love sweeter than any guitars
Our love grows every day
So strong a virus can't take away
The power of our strength united
We will overcome any challenge soon the end is always sighted
People change behaviors every day
Tread the right path to the right way
We can change our ways today.

Gerard Myers

*Juniper Hills School
Teacher: Shanna Decker*

together, me and my imagination

mother zips my red wool coat
up to my chin and wraps me
in a cocoon of scarves.
i tug at their scratchy edges
and draw little hearts on the inside
of the frosty car window.
in the schoolyard, the other children are loud.
a gaggle of geese
fly overhead and i follow them.
they go north. i want to fly,
so i unravel my scarves
and they become superhero capes.
like the geese, i go higher and higher,
until the schoolyard is a speck
and the earth a deep blue blur.
i draw little hearts in the clouds,
smiling.

Nicola Myers

Boise High School

Teacher: Teri Weisensel

mother, thank you

i know loneliness:
how it ate me,
slowly,
as it bounced off
the lunchroom walls.
i bruised quickly,
my insides rotting
like the softened pulp
of an old apple.
but you were there,
holding me
in my misery and
bringing color
back to my cheeks.
mother, thank you –
you taught me
how to carry light in my arms
when i held none.

Nicola Myers

Boise High School

Teacher: Teri Weisensel

Burn Marks on My Art

It's like we come together
Just to be torn apart,
Like we would rather bring fire
To a showing of art
We are all tired
Of this sort of restart
Can we conspire
Instead of depart?

Jasmine Oatman

*Orofino Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Michelle George*

A Relationship with the Universe

She wakes me up
By sneakily slipping through the blinds
Kissing my rosy cheeks
My eyes flinch
"Good morning", she sings
Her warmth wraps me up like a blanket
Holding me still and content
"Come outside", she pleads
And holds the door for me
She's there- everywhere
I lock my eyes
There's nothing I can do but stare
I walk upon her
Softly stepping towards the sunrise
As she intertwines through my bare toes
And makes my hair dance in the wind
"I miss you, where have you been?"

Jasmine Oatman

*Orofino Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Michelle George*

Growing Trust

When I was 13, I started to help my grandpa move pipes in his field. Every day we went to the field and got it done. It made my grandpa feel relieved and proud of his land. All day long I walked in the same field, moving the rusty pipes. My relationship with grandpa has always been of mutual understanding. My grandparents have always been there for me. However, I realize it's my moment to give back. I will always help out when I get the chance. For the time I have left with them, I will do what I can.

Caden Osgood

*Salmon Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Brett Dickerson*

If We Listen

A hug, a kiss,
A fight, and then bliss.
Understanding
Or moments not missed.
To learn, to live, to coexist,
We must only listen
To what has always been.
To what will always persist.
The winds which drift,
Flow, dive, and lift.
Forever singing, always howling.
A voice forever and constant.
The ground that persists,

How we never feel it shift.
Giving, cultivating, thriving
Life, it's ever green gift.
The rivers which sift,
Currents ever adrift.
Ever moving towards the future,
What's hidden in tomorrow's
mist.
Present without rift,
Assist to subsist.
If we listen
We will persist.

Cade Peppley

*Rocky Mountain High School
Teacher: Justin Tharpe*

Memories in the Making

The wind makes the trees shake, rustling their October leaves, while we sit on a rock with our boots in the water. Fishing with my dad at the Salmon River is the best. These times mean so much to me because my dad and I aren't always together. Making memories strengthens the bond between me and my dad. Our relationship feels distant unless we are fishing, it's something we both like to do and gives us that one common connection. The experience isn't about hooking the fish, it's about hooking memories into our souls.

Makenna Peterson

Salmon Junior/Senior High School

Teacher: Brett Dickerson

Coeur d' Alene

A lake surrounded by a forest,
One of my favorite places to go.
My family isn't the only one there.
There is an osprey nest on the bridge,
And an eagle nest in the trees.
I've seen deer on the winding road there.
There is a water snake who lives under the bush near the cabin.
He's my favorite.
There are huckleberries.
My family picks them every year.
So many memories in one place.
My cabin is in Coeur d'Alene,
And so is my heart and soul.

Sydney Preuit

Canyon Ridge High School

Teacher: Leah Brown

Nature's Life

Over and over mountains covered in blankets of green trees

Just below their branches swaying in the breeze

The ground bare

except the dainty shoots reaching for a touch of
the glistening sunlight.

Sound of peacefulness is a mix of squirrels and birds chirping

While there a constant hum of tranquility fills the air

All of nature just on repeat yet here we are not wanting to miss a thing

Don't blink or breath or you miss the natures beat

Riley Schwartz

Orofino Junior/Senior High School

Teacher: Michelle George

Power of Fishing

Sun hugging my skin

As I cast into the stream

Union of Nature

Ashton Smith

Mountain View High School

Teacher: Kristin Galloway

Wave

Brows raised.

Eyes creased

An attempt to greet someone wordlessly

Does it look like I'm smiling?

Can they tell?

How did we evolve to know the feelings of a strangers

by the shape of their lips

Standing across from a brunette in the produce section,

I'll raise my hand, shake my wrist

or perhaps I'll use my voice

"hello" I'll say.

Trying not to sound bitter or rude

Desperately longing for a smile or wave

In return.

Maybe even a hello,

they're all treasures now.

Who knew a momentary connection,

with someone I'll never see again

could mean so much.

Kate Stevens

Boise High School

Teacher: Sharon Hanson

Mother Nature

Oh Sweet Mother

how generous you can be

breathing the gift of life into me

Oh Sweet Mother

your gentle hands

keeping us above the sinking

sands

Oh Sweet Mother

how beautiful you are

we all admire you from afar

Oh Sweet Mother

your flourishing gaze

deserves all of our praise

Madison Stieger

Orofino Junior Senior High School

Teacher: Michelle George

Oh Sweet Mother

why do you weep

is it because we use your love to

compete

Oh Sweet Mother

you seem so frail

but we must drink from the

holy grail

Oh Sweet Mother

can't you see?

we took advantage of your

generosity

Escape

a way to escape
to get away
from this place
from mistakes
from feeling
fragile enough to break
when the need for
calm
new or
different
gives us a chance to breathe
to build instead of break
to feel your worth
finally begin to show
only gives you room
to grow
and to find
your true home

Malia Taufu'i

Blackfoot High School

Teachers: Noelle Gerardi & Jason Dietz

Beauty in Perspective

When I find my way out of a crowd,
To spend time alone,
On a dark, quiet beach,
With the giving of a unique perspective,
With the beauty of the stars,
Reflecting on the ocean,
As I count the stars mirrored by the Earth,
In different colors,
Blue, white, yellow and red,
They help me understand the need for mutuality,
And give me a unique place,
That I can be comfortable with,
And rid me of all the stresses and struggles in life,
So that I can learn to respect others,
And live with people in mutuality.

Miranda Trester

Emmett High School

Teacher: Katie Bowden

A Past Glance

When inner peace hits,
I feel glad for my relationships,
And my long-time home,
In a small, beautiful valley,
Where I can see the mountains,
As they can inspire,
To write such a poem,
Of vivid past glances,
Of my years in childhood,
With a community so willing to give,
And with such integrity,
I love performing acts of kindness,
That help maintain this environment,
And as the community gives back to me,
I feel connected to it,
The sounds of cheering,
The taste of happiness,
The touch of comfort,
This is what a mutual community means to me.

Miranda Trester

*Emmett High School
Teacher: Katie Bowden*

If Only

If Only a small honeybee
With voice so small and might so strong
Could model for humanity

If Only we could fight the fight
As bees defend their colony
We might perhaps spark a light
In hearts that have no will to see

If Only life could be so rare;
To live with passion, love, and glee
As to see the world filled with care
Is to live the life of the honeybee

Harli Tucker

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell*

the world

something we take for granted all too often
but if you take your time
and breathe in the air after the rain
or watch the sunrise
perhaps listen to the booming thunder
how the birds wake early
and the crickets stay up late
or the roar of the river
but also the calm of the stream
how you can smell the storm coming
we need to realize
that the earth gives us gifts
every day we wake
and every day we sleep
the world gives

Kamryn Turcott

*Orofino Junior/Senior High School
Teacher: Michelle George*

Chlorophyll

An abundant haze captivated my hollow room. The cold thorns of air constrict the debilitated husk I've become. My lovely plants kept me going; only now, they've become mutilated. A mutual reliance exists between me and plants; requiring a water supply and in return, air.

The water evaporated; the air thick and bearing death. Since then, burdensome air hinged me to my mattress. I glued together my shattered heart and watered them. They flourished bringing obnoxious beauty. The haze cleared; mutual reliance returned. I breathe air, crisp enough to pierce my frail heart and give meaning back to my life.

Malaina Urrizaga

*Century High School
Teacher: Lyndsey Matthews*

Common Grounds

Deep in the Savanna, in a barren place.
An Oasis thrives, where nothing lives.
A place of peace, a place of healing.
Where life meets and death departs.

This life we see, comes in many forms
But they share an interest, a common goal.
Seeking the living water, so they may live.
Without it they will surely die.

Without this water, nothing will survive.
This little spot in the Savanna, keeps the world going.
In your very own life, the one you live.
Bring life, to a barren place.
Be the common ground for everyone around.

Angel Uvay

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Teacher: Kimberley Mitchell*

Golden Seed

As golden seeds
We are planted
Under the tender soil
Of a fond embrace.
We are watered
With reassurance.
And tended to
By acceptance.
Each seed blooms
Under sunlight
Moonlight
Or shadow.
Every flower is resplendent

And unrepeatable.
For beauty is not dependent
On the condition
Of our petals
Stems
Or roots.
We all came from
A little golden seed.
Love the seed
From which you came.
It knew your beauty
Before you knew your name.

Angel Valdivia

*Rocky Mountain High School
Teacher: Justin Tharpe*

Mutuality

What does it mean to live in mutuality?
To most it is to find connectivity,
With those in your community.
Establishing a balance in emotion and feeling
To settle down your breathing.
To coexist with the life around
Without disturbing the ground.
To relinquish your heart, body, and mind
Allowing it to be in the hands of time.
But in all reality
It's about how you can improve your humanity.

Lila Velgara

*Mountain View High School
Teacher: Kristin Galloway*

The Unknown Reality

We are all souls wandering around in a body
Trying to find a place in this reality
Some of us get lost down the road
Some of us just don't know where to go
We find ourselves meeting other souls
We find a connection and see that it flows
We lose ourselves and feel like we are alone
We find people we know and tell them what's wrong
We use it as a distraction so we don't do the unknown
My friends tell me to keep trying and to not let go
Don't let your body go without a soul.

Cierra Walker-Valenzuela

*Century High School
Teacher: Lindsey Matthews*

Mutuality

Sadness, Resentment, Stress.

Toxic relationships manufacture negative feelings
and relationships with stunted growth.

Our lives are encased with relationships.

We heavily rely on them

but reliance vanishes when relationships aren't healthy.

Joy, Enjoyment, Jubilation.

A relationship that fuels the other with love

where both people cooperate and communicate
and put work into a relationship for the outcome.

Mutuality yields the growth of relationships
and allows them to flourish.

When our mutuality cultivates,
our relationships are taken with it.

Amberly Walton

Century High School

Teacher: Lyndsey Matthews

How the day goes

As the sun rises

The people start waking

The animals start waking

And the birds start singing

As the sun has risen

The people start working

The animals start running

And the birds are flying

As the sun starts setting

The people are as tired

The animals are as tired

And the birds are tired

As the sun is still setting

The people are eating

The animals are eating

And the birds are eating

As the sun has set

The people are sleeping

The animals are sleeping

And the birds are sleeping.

Malia Warner

Orofino Junior/Senior High

Teacher: Michelle George

Leaving my Favorite Place

I loved it there.

I loved the windy winter mountains

I loved the old souled people

I loved the old-time vibes,

And the smell of the old forest trails.

I loved it there.

Malia Warner

Orofino Junior/Senior High School

Teacher: Michelle George

Host Trees

Ecology and life science proves that in a forest, as trees grow and foster a community, their roots intertwine and share resources. Beneath the ground, the roots of living trees will lace with those of a dying stump. The lively tree's water and nutrients circulates through the stump in order to help keep it alive. Though we may be much more different than trees, our connectivity and mutuality stay the same. As we endure life's trials and tribulations, there are those around us who offer their love and care in our most trying times.

And it is beautiful.

Samantha Warren

Lewiston High School

Teacher: Aaron Waits

The Burnt Forest

A fire tears through the landscape, savaging the ancient, treasured life.
A tender blade of grass springs up through the blackened needles. A
red flower spreads its petals, reaching up to the sun. Tiny trees start to
push out of the ground, their overbearing ancestors burnt away.

Ivy Jean Yakovac

Century High School

Teacher: Lyndsey Matthews

* Living in Mutuality Award
+ More than one poem

Blackfoot High School

Blackfoot
Malia Taufu[†]*+

Boise High School

Boise
Charlee Andree
Annina Bradley*
Alyssa Hansen
Logan Holstien
Perry Kemper*+
Nicola Myers+
Kate Stevens

Boise Online School

Boise
Holly Johnson+

Canyon Ridge High School

Twin Falls
Claryssa Barone
Christian Del Toro
B. Brody Montalvo*
Sydney Preuit

Century High School

Pocatello
Stevie Hebert
Dax Lambson
Malaina Urrizaga
Cierra Walker-Valenzuela
Amberly Walton
Ivy Jean Yakovac

Coeur d'Alene High School

Coeur d'Alene
Garrett Anderson
Sophie Asher
Kolden Delbridge
Emily Forslof+

Emmett High School

Emmett
Miranda Trester+

Frank Church High School

Boise
Chase Christensen

Gem State Adventist Academy

Caldwell
Sierra Davis
Lucas Drake
Kayla Hastings

Chloe Iwasa
Destiny Lawson+
Harli Tucker
Angel Uvay

Juniper Hills High School

Boise
Gerard Myers+

Lake City High School

Coeur d'Alene
Alexandria Jones

Lewiston High School

Lewiston
Amelia Black
Delylah Minear*
Samantha Warren

Mount Harrison High School

Heyburn
Gizelli Ixta

Mountain View High School

Meridian
Cassandra Bloomfield+
Mckenna Bryant
Sydney Dodson
Matthew Fry
Kenzie Jensen

Amber Miller
Ashton Smith
Lila Velgara

New Plymouth High School

New Plymouth
Emma Austin
Kimball Black
Hadley Hill
Kerissa Rupp*

Orofino Junior/Senior High School

Orofino
Matthew Graham
Kaycee Hudson+
Cameron Mael
Jasmine Oatman+
Emma Rodgers*
Riley Schwartz
Madison Stieger
Kamryn Turcott
Malia Warner+

Riverstone International School

Boise
Layla Bagwell*

Rocky Mountain High School*Meridian*

Taylor Bracke

Rachel Coffey*

Christiana Gassaway

Cade Peppley

Angel Valdivia

Salmon River Junior/Senior High School*Salmon*

Sierra Bovey

Selena Carranza

Janna Fisher

Nicholas Henderson

Kendall Holloway

Erin Jones

Caden Osgood

Makenna Peterson

Sandpoint High School*Sandpoint*

Conagher McCown

Sugar-Salem High School*Sugar City*

Chloe Gibson*

Timberline High School*Boise*

Harrison Mallane

Vallivue High School*Caldwell*

Maddy Bunn+

Weiser High School*Weiser*

Angela Hayden+

Xavier Charter School*Twin Falls*

Maya Alger

Elisabeth Arritt+

Naomi Gilbert

Support Friends Who Have Experienced Abusive Relationships or Sexual Assault

When someone is abused or sexually assaulted, they usually tell a friend first, if they tell anyone. Sometimes they don't say anything, but you may notice something is wrong and be worried about them.

While it can be hard to know what to do, you have a lot of influence in encouraging your friend to get the help they need. Here are a few suggestions to help a friend:

Start the Conversation – Begin a conversation from a place of concern, avoid judgment or lecturing. Let your friend know what you've noticed and don't be afraid to tell them you're worried. Be sure your friend knows that no one deserves to be hurt and that you aren't blaming them for anything.

Listen and Be Supportive – Ask them to share anything they feel comfortable sharing, then really listen. It's not your job to gather all the facts, just to support and listen. Let your friend talk about the abuse or sexual assault in the way that they need to. Make them feel safe with you as the person they choose to talk to and give them time to share their experience. Know your friend may not recognize the abuse (which may happen through texts, on the phone, or online), might be afraid or embarrassed to talk about a sexual assault, or may be confused about what happened to them. Also understand that your friend may not realize that coerced sex (when someone manipulates, tricks, or guilted a person into sex) is sexual assault. If your friend didn't want it to happen, then it shouldn't have. If your friend was sexually assaulted, encourage them to seek immediate medical treatment.

Things To Say – Encourage your friend to get help from a trusted adult, and help them connect to the resources they need. Don't judge your friend. Here's examples of things to say:

"I'm here for you."

"I'm sorry this happened to you. No one deserves to be hurt."

"It's not your fault."

"I am worried about you."

"How can I help?" or "What do you need?"

Stay Connected – Your friend needs you to listen and be supportive. Respond with understanding and empathy, not anger. Your friend may not want help from anyone. Understand what you see or hear may make you frustrated and upset. Don't close the door of communication by threatening to do something they don't want. Also, expect that your friend may share and then not say anything to you for several weeks or even months. Don't pressure them to talk, just let them know you are available when they want to talk.

Get Support – Your friend may feel more comfortable talking about the situation with someone anonymously over the phone, in that case, help them reach out to a local domestic or sexual violence organization, or one of the national support helplines listed on the next page. You can also call the helplines to get support in how to help your friend.

Where to get help

National Dating Abuse Helpline

1-866-331-9474 or www.loveisrespect.org to chat with an advocate online

National Sexual Assault Hotline

1-833-656-HOPE (4673) or www.rainn.org to chat with an advocate online

National Suicide Prevention Lifeline

1-800-273-TALK (8255) or www.suicidepreventionlifeline.org to chat with a crisis counselor online

The Trevor Project

1-866-488-7386 for LGBTQ young people ages 13-24 or www.thetrevorproject.org to chat online

For more information contact the Idaho Coalition Against Sexual & Domestic Violence 208-384-0419 or 1-888-293-6118 or www.engagingvoices.org

Idaho Coalition Against Sexual & Domestic Violence
www.engagingvoices.org