

MY TWELVE TOOLS
and other poems

SARABANDE WRITING LABS, VOL. 1

SARABANDE WRITING LABS

A Literary Arts Education Program from Sarabande Books

Sarabande Writing Labs is an arts education program serving under-resourced communities in Kentucky through creative writing workshop.

OUR MISSION

- **REACH** communities in Kentucky with traditionally fewer arts education opportunities.
- **TEACH** creative writing workshops characterized by enthusiasm, excellence, and empathy.
- **CREATE** opportunities for positive, experiential learning in a supportive and respectful environment.
- **PROMOTE** diverse voices through free community readings.

Visit our website for photos, updates, and upcoming events:
www.sarabandebooks.org/swl

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IT'S PERFECT

My hair is gray
It shines like day

Maximum softness does not
require so much care
It's pure
It sparkles
so find out more

It's like the spring, summer,
the barest, the boldest

Feel the evening
oils, the rich and healthy skin
no progress would be possible
without.

It's perfect.

—*Lottie Jones*

SKIN DEEP BEAUTY

my scar

going down arm

long

like snake

crazy drinker

mad sad

faded now

not so much hate

—*Melinda Bayorek*

HOMAGE TO MY HEART

My heart is bright
My heart has light
Sometimes I get upset, then I
don't do right
I have to relax sit back and
think so that my heart can shine
when it needs to
one beat at a time is how my heart
beats, so I took a break from the
rough streets

—*Janet Hicks*

BANG OF THE CANE

Use your brain stay in your
lane don't be tame save the
pain 'fore you feel the bang
of the cane

—*Nikki Edwards*

VOID IF

Amid the modernists
a ribbon reading:

Subtle spice, paid
for and authorized,
distinctive for its delicate
bioflavonoids, and
exceptional quality.
The choice is simple.
Which will you choose?
Void if reproduced.

—*Katrina Swift*

THESE EYES

You can't
see past
these eyes
Oh no
You can't
read past
the green
and gold

—*Jenn Turner*

WE CAN'T REMEMBER

The King of the Forest is no longer
King
We can't remember the ways in which we are
who we are
If you put this on wrong, the foundation
will not fit
Gluing is the most important part
Keep the faith, Baby
Repeat as needed

—*Carol Branch*

DECISIONS

The light from the moon
shines scarcely
through the door

a baby coming from his
mother's womb

The room is quiet, the smell
of mums enters my nose
smacks me like a bandage
ripping off

The feeling of gloom over-
whelms me. I go
to my happy place

The yum in my mouth
waters, yearning wanting

decisions
I'm free

—*Carrie Ash*

CARCINOMAPHOBIA

the foundation blooms second
season from sowing
pure cane sugar, the natural
sweetener
after properly cleaning the brush
towel dry and store
harmonious lemongrass portrayed
carcinomaphobia
maximum useful and delicate
tennis-ball lettuce
have subtle spice
over in Guatemala Antigua

—*Tia Winston*

WE ARE HERE TO PROTECT THE CITY

We are here to protect
the city. We put aside
our own lives to
make you safe and stop
the chaos. We have to
do whatever it takes
even if it is our own
lives. People count on
us and depend on us
and we can't let them
down.

—Tiffany Searcy

WHITE DUCK

The white duck drinks in the dark
his only link is in the kitchen
He is drunk out of his mind
He is a freak

—*LeeAnn Mudd*

AMERICA

God Bless America

The possibilities are endless

Green Tea is made with

Pure Cane Sugar so brush

immediately after completion for

Maximum Softness

—*Debora White*

ALERT FOR CITIZENS

There are more ways to reward yourself
The information enclosed is sensitive in nature
The foundation is ever more important
 pure nature!
Attractive, glistening blossoms in season
So which will you choose, you may not select
both
The information enclosed is sensitive in nature
Opened by the citizen below
Repeat as needed
Perfect texture, exceptional taste

—*Pamela Gadson*

HOMAGE TO MY SCARS

My scars tell stories
Some are big, some are small

They tell where I've been
my first bike wreck

They are reminders of illnesses
those chickenpox
I couldn't stop scratching
that Momma told me to leave alone

my way to hold onto her

—*Amanda Turner*

THE FATE OF FOOD

Perfect texture exceptional taste, something good for your fate. Learn more about your health plate. Register by March 31st and don't be late.

This story appeared in volume B, number 2. Pick up a copy about this food. Pick up a copy, subscribe, and submit to [food dot org](http://food.dot.org) to learn how to do a smorgasbord fate.

—*Carrie Martin*

I PUT ON MY FACE

I put on my face
I try to hide
the things that I don't
like inside

Everyone sees something I don't
Maybe one day I'll see
but maybe I won't

I put on my face
I try to hide
the things that I do
like inside

I'm starting to see things they don't
Maybe one day they'll see
but maybe they won't

—*Megan Freels*

MY TWELVE TOOLS

I think blue is cool

I love blue 'cause it's cool and
my son does too

And I am learning to use
my twelve tools

it's what I have to do
in order to move on

—*Marla Coleman*

