

**Fall Fest Community Voices:
A Gathering of 51 4-Line Poems**

Metro State's Fall Fest, '23

The thunder roar cancelling out
the pain. The rain comforted
her like a friend. Only the rain
knows the pain of the heartbroken.

Drawing is therapeutic
Diversity is very important
Reading is part of learning
Metro is an affordable college

I hate the bees
Don't like the sting
Hurts every time and stings
I'll get honey and leave

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I'm here with you
And you're amazing.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Metro State is awesome
Fall Fest is a blast.

I start my morning with a cup of hot water
my cats keeping eyes on me as I get ready
for school. Barely catch my bus as always
repeating my routine again and again.

School is hard
School is family
School is required
I like school.

Connect

Come join us, make new connections
We only have each other

We can all come together
And heal one another.

My Mind

I don't know
I don't care but
I need you, please
Don't go. I hate you.

Once my star
now a vacant sky and a vacancy
in your eyes leaves me to wonder
when astrology died.

Happy day
Happy week
Happy month, happy year
Let's stay happy.

Shadow is my name
Helping is my game
Tell me who you are and I'll
Help you become a star.

Saturday Mornings
Sunny days
Oh how I wonder
How you are.

Bananas are yellow
Oranges are orange
Sporange is not word
I wish this line rhymed.

My Love

My love is so true, my truth
Is so blue. My Bluetooth is new
My true love, my treasure trove
My home sweet home too.

College is fun
You can go when you're young
but at the end of the day
what you need is a B.A.

Seasons are pretty, summer is sunny
with warm days. Fall are vibrant autumn colors
Winter with the cold atmosphere, loving warmth
Inside. Spring is a lovely pink delight.

The sky is blue
drinking tea near you
bright enough to smile
to the sea behind you.

You were a beautiful rose with sharp thorns
Beautiful life with beautiful lies
A nice heart with a painful life
Beautiful lies with a broken hurt

Fall is about to arrive
Hurry up with your last dive
Trees are slowly dying and this
is how I finish off rhyming.

Tulips, roses, stars, moons
Birds flying in the sky so blue
You can be anything you want
Just try and make it true.

Metro is the best
With the ability to reset
Make no mistake
We are all great.

I am smart
But not at art
Science is cool
I love this school.

I like school because learning is cool
I like to make my brain
work harder
and learning makes you smarter.

Things don't work out sometimes
That's how things are
Now that its left in the past I can look forward

No way to go back, but to keep moving forward.

I remember all over again opening my mouth
asking those questions I dare not to
ask.

Those words that came from my dad.

I'm writing a poem
so I'll write this
I love being at home
Being at home I will miss.

If we lived life as a dog
we would always forgive
If we lived life as a human
we'd never forget.

Morning expectations
turn sour
by
day's end

The sky is blue
and the trees are green.
You may think I'm crazy
and I may have to agree.

So much depends upon
canvas bags
glistening in the sun
refracted off black pavement.

It's sunny
and the wasps are out
but so is the fun.
That hot dog need a bun.

We find each other in unexpected places
but we come together and learn
despite our differences we bond.
True friendship is found, not made.

Roses are red, violets are blue
Ted is tall like a giraffe in a zoo.

He ate stew
and ramen too.

I was out at 4:00 a.m.
I saw the full moon.
It said Howdy
before it smiled back at me.

Life is not what you think it is
Work on your present and it will be alright.
Tomorrow may not be there, work on now.
Two days on Earth. Today and today.

Music plays
smiles are had
at Metro State
the people are alive

This fest is great
This is my third time here
I really use the totes
I hope this poem's good.

If beauty doesn't smile
Under the beautiful moon,
Then aren't they letting down
A beautiful night?

Where the moon meets the sun
together they both dance
on the beautiful night
there's a lunar eclipse.

Time is trying to catch me
and I keep fighting
although I am frightened
I cannot stop trying.

It's always there,
It induces fear.
When I'm out of breath
there it is, death.

Why Me?

Why is it always me?
Things I can only whisper to myself, as
If
I could never dare to ask those out loud.

One person, another person, community
helping each other, unity
Sharing successes, failures,
and family.

There was a girl searching for her place in life.
She traveled all over the world, met people of
different races. One day she was visiting a small
village in South Korea and met a beautiful girl. She
owned a pizza shop so the girl went into the pizza shop
and ordered the best pizza ever.

Where there is love there is grief, where there is love there
is fear. Those who distance themselves from love
will not have grief or fear. But if you hold a love in your heart,
why be afraid of grief and fear?

Dogs
love to have
fun
by sleeping.

Love, what is it? Is it something that makes you blind,
something you would rather not see, it's something for sure
but why can't I figure it out; it's only four letters, one word, it
shouldn't be that hard, should it?
Forever love made me blind. Love, what does it mean?

A paradiddle (better than a haiku)
Switch hands in sharp precision
Alternating in sixteenths
Setting the rhythm.

I am a passionate child.

No suelo morir
Yo suelo vivir
y si fingires vivir
Fingire con todo ser

