Students From R.L.Stevenson School

The poems on this page are written by students in Sam Salerno's Senior Poetry Workshop at Robert Lewis Stevenson School in Pebble Beach. The workshop runs two semesters each year, and students work with a variety of forms and study poets from all parts of the world.
Mr. Salerno's book, THE NEW WORLD, is about to be published.

(From left to right) Brian Conner, Jessie Escobar, Sam Salerno, Leo Osornio, and Callie Hoebel.

Calhuei Hoebel

I enjoy artwork, fashion design, music, and sciences, especially biology.

ELECTRO THERAPY

Maybe I'll just turn off this switch
Live in the Dark for a few hours

Fluorescent lighting pulses through
My optic nerve just annoyingly enough
Sitting in these bright gleams
Like those sun shinning overachievers
The flickering beams smile at me with hypocrisy in their teeth
Encouragement and wicked glee
The sounds so sour

That maybe I'll just enjoy a minute
Switched off

HAIKU

Tempting the sun's rays
A long sleek blade of grass
Extends for miles

The vast winter rain
Sweet, light across the sky
Greeting a pond

Jessie Escobar

The most important aspect in writing in credibility, and with everything I write, I incorporate what I've experienced. Writing poetry is one way to make sense of my world.

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Leo Osornio

I was first inspired by Shel Silverstien; I loved his style, method and humor.

THE WORLD IS FALLING APART

The world is falling apart
The white is crawling away from the wall leaving its soul open for the world to see
The lights are screaming with frozen heat
I am knee-deep in music because it doesn't stop pouring from the speakers
The ties in my closet have escaped and are slowly slithering out
The blankets on my bed appear to be dripping away forming a puddle on the ground
The flood of music begins to swirl and sway in sync with my breath
And my left arm is no longer here because it was vaporized by the lights
Just as I am beginning to think that reality will cease to exist
Suddenly things calm down for a while and I think all is normal
But Smokey the Bear whispers to me
that my world is fall
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a
r
t

Brian Conner

There is a freedom in words
that exists nowhere else for me;
their power to transcend
time/reality is intoxicating.

MY MOTHER READING LEWIS CARROLL

Lying on my stomach
I feel the paper sheets tear
When I move to hear her.

The walls are blinding white
Hospital light.

Her voice is soothing,
I hear her speak:
"Alice goes
Down
The rabbit hole"

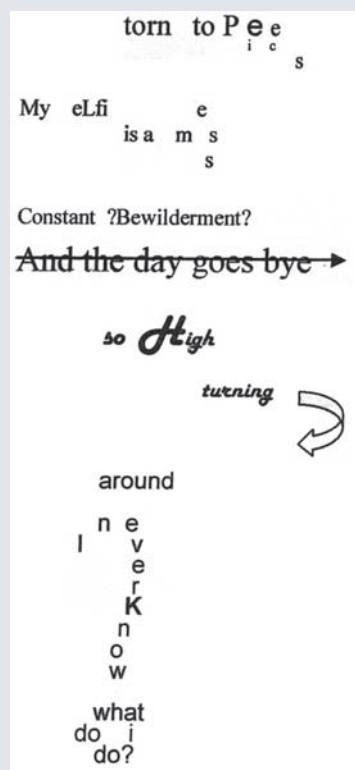
And I too,
Fall asleep.

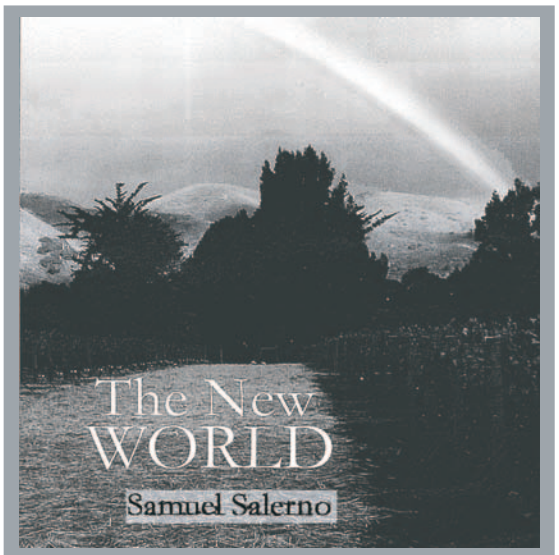
HAIKU

Abandoned shoes
Baking on the curb
— hot summer afternoons

Colin Mitts

My interest in art and writing began my freshman year. Poetry became a new means of expression.





The New World

Samuel Salerno

Poems of landscapes dominate this new collection by California poet Samuel Salerno. Beginning with glimpses of his childhood, the author moves across time and terrain in both a celebration of our continent and a look at modern American life.

A quiet reflection of middle age, the book is a hopeful journey to -- and through -- a new world.

The New World is published by Lighthouse Press

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Bay Books and Coffeeshop, Monterey
Borders Bookstore, Sand City
The Pilgrim's Way, Carmel