Fading Blue
Book of Poetry
and Short Stories
Volume III

A.K. Finch

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DEDICATION

To everyone who loves words and appreciates a carefully chosen well-placed word. To all the wordsmiths, word slingers, ink slingers, word originators, poets, scripters, and writers. Thank you for all you do.

"Learn how to listen as things
speak for themselves."
--Matsuo Bashō--

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I want to thank the Master and Creator of writing and poetry. Thank you to all my family for the many hours of reading and editing.

tanshi poetry…

In terms of poetry, ***tanshi*** means short poems. Tanshi covers a vast range of poetry from traditional, haiku, hay(na)ku, senryu, waka, tanka, monoku, monostich, duostich, gogyoshi, sedoka, dodoitsu, ryuka, contemporary, experimental, modern, and all other variations of such poems. In this book there is a variety of verse, from short stories to poetry. There will also be "*kimo*" poems which is an Israeli type of haiku. The kimo has three lines of 10, 7, 6 syllables. A clerihew poem was created by Edmund Clerihew Bentley when he was sixteen years old. Clerihew is a simple poem containing four lines with a rhyme scheme of AABB. It is supposed to be humorous and capture a person's character or a certain situation.

Midnight Symphony

The midnight moon shined down with a peaceful glow that danced on the ripples of the pond. The crickets sang in unison and the nightingales answered back with a beautiful reply. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves, which suggested that they wanted to join in. That evening, time moved as slowly as a sloth in no hurry. As God's orchestra played, I realized that I, and I alone, received an invitation to His symphony. As I listened to nature's melody, I understood the importance of the moment. I sat back and listened to the midnight Masterpiece.

@2023

#100wordstory

my favorite black tea

with a fun surprise inside

boba in my drink

warm wind blowing

strong aroma in the air

sweet honeysuckle

walking down the path

something doesn't feel right

pebble in my shoe

a lone palm tree stands

beautifully painted night sky

cool spring evening

breathtaking sunset

gathering some seashells

early evening

toasted marshmallows on a coat hanger

charred to the perfect amount

melts the chocolate just right

a heart of glass

shattered into pieces

introspective

clouds cover the moon

tiny beams of light shine through

November evening

up in the sky

shining so bright –

in the dark sky

shines a silvery light –

lighting the night sky

imaginations ignite –

at the beautiful sight -

late in the evening

shadows creep across roof tops

it's just the squirrels

enormous puddles

swallow my shoes and feet

rainy day

the clouds weep

tears fall on the tin roof

music to my ears

running as fast as my legs can take me

her little paws move so quick

I trip, she licks my face

clouds cover the sky

constant sprinkles all day long

mid-winter morning

brisk breezy evening

light dances on the ocean

hazy autumn moon

he sat there

weak and weary -

thinking about

the dark and dreary -

in his thoughts

there came a query -

how did my glasses

get so smeary -

chill in the air

gentle breeze rustles through the leaves

autumn morning

Autumn

Unusually unpredictable

Turning temperatures

Understandably uncertainty

Moonlit maples

Nature

leaves falling

frost nipped trees line my path

winter morning

winter wonderland

a million twinkling lights

sleigh rides and singing

morning sun rising over the mountains

copper painted horizon

wispy cloud-covered sky

the liana tree

beautiful network of vines

exploring nature

Tapping

tap tap tapping

there's a rapping at my door

go away Lenore

come back nevermore

midnight sky

a million stars wink at me

I wink back

babbling brook

the consistent murmur

calms my mind

just waking up

precious commodity

good to the last drop

the cusp of dawn

slowly emerging sun

autumn morning

The Few

The loud –

are not the majority

The majority –

are watching

The watching –

are the ones hoping

The hoping –

are planning

The planning –

are the ones that do

The ones that do –

are the few

coco the dog –

started a blog –

her progress is on pause –

because she can't type with claws –

#clerihew poetry

at the beach

worries fade away

summer sun

on the beaten path

the trail leads this way and that

I will choose neither

chill in the air

dark clouds gathering

storm brewing

as night falls

city on a hill

let your light shine

dramatic sky

colors in their boldest form

God's handiwork

a cauldron of bats

flying in the moonlight

echolocation

the silence

of the setting sun

as it disappears

out of view....

projects like flowers

buzzing from one to the other

cross-pollination

in late june

brilliant display of clouds

summer solstice

contemplating

last days of winter

withering moor

wait for the new moon

best time of the whole month

for stargazing

so much screaming

get a hold of yourselves

it's just Elvis

candy

gummy bears

bite feet first

#hay(na)ku

cats

so playful

then they sleep

#hay(na)ku

sun, surf, and sand

nothing to do but think

day at the beach

running so fast

I kick the uneven ground

falling on my face

#truestory

bats

so scary

but are they?

#hay(na)ku

my favorite black shirt

it fits so comfortably

I will buy five

#senryu

fishing in the pond

nothing is biting today

but the mosquitoes

#senryu

after the rain

the air smells so clean

that distinctive scent

army of ants

a well-oiled machine

working together

in the evening

winds blowing from the shore

cold at the beach

sowing chaos

master of mischief

Loki

I missed you today

the creamy bitter flavor

cappuccino

among the cornstalks

as red as a firetruck

little ladybug

CHAPTER 6

THE CHALLENGE

When the new school year stared, I knew that I wanted to challenge my English classes. I had heard a really good story that helped to confirm the idea about doing something repetitiously to improve on the results. I want to share the story with you. Here it is.

> The ceramics teacher announced on opening day that he was dividing the class into two groups. All those on the left side of the studio, he said, would be graded solely on the quantity of work they produced, all those on the right solely on its quality. His procedure was simple: on the final day of class he would bring in his bathroom scales and weigh the work of the "quantity" group: fifty pound of pots rated an "A", forty pounds a "B", and so on. Those being graded on "quality", however, needed to produce only one pot - albeit a perfect one - to get an "A".

> Well, came grading time and a curious fact emerged: the works of highest quality were all produced by the group being graded for quantity. It seems that while the "quantity" group was busily churning out piles of work - and learning from their mistakes - the "quality" group had sat theorizing about perfection, and in the end had little more to show for their efforts than grandiose theories and a pile of dead clay (Atwood, 2008).

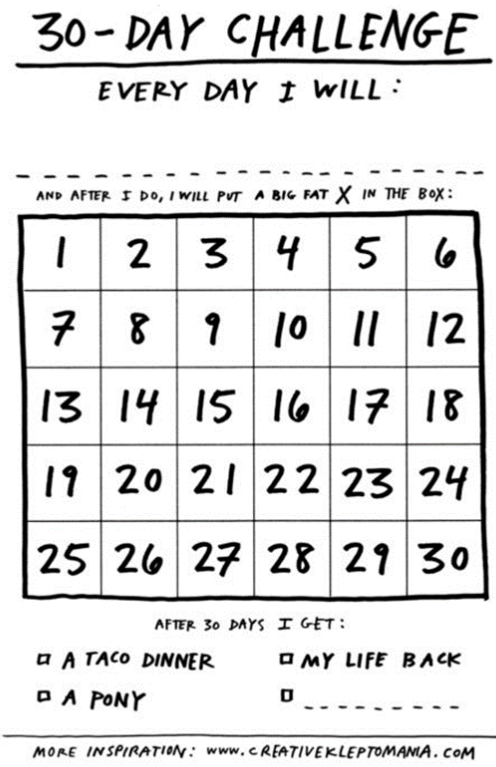
I decided to test the theory out on the English students at Integrity Christian School. I figured that the easiest, most painless, thing to try this with is haikus. Not that writing haikus are easiest. However, seventeen syllables shouldn't cause the world to come to an end or anything. In fact, they might improve as they go.

That is precisely what happened. The students produced some pretty good haikus. I decided to share some of the ones that I thought were creative and expressed their personalities.

Quite some time ago, I came across this

wonderful blog by a man named Austin Kleon. It was right around the time that everyone was starting to prepare for NaNoWriMo and thirty days of intense writing. In Austin's newsletter, he was talking about completing the NaNoWriMo challenge without missing any days.

Austin had a great PDF file of a 30-Day Challenge calendar in his newsletter. I thought it would be a good visual aid for the classes. I printed it out for each student, and the challenge began (Kleon, 2017).


30-DAY CHALLENGE
EVERY DAY I WILL:
AND AFTER I DO, I WILL PUT A BIG FAT X IN THE BOX:
1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30
AFTER 30 DAYS I GET:
A TACO DINNER
MY LIFE BACK
A PONY
MORE INSPIRATION: www.CREATIVEKLEPTOMANIA.COM

INTEGRITY

CHRISTIAN

SCHOOL

rainy days are cold

they are always refreshing

leaving the air clean

Brandan C. – age 14

leafy sea dragon

floating in distant water

in deep camouflage

Joel H. – age 14

the forest green grass

ladybugs are sticking out

green and bright red spots

Atalia P. – age 12

a vibrant sunrise

a new day's hope and promise

nature's daily gift

Max R. – age 17

coolness fills the air

leaves are falling on the ground

make piles of them

Abby Sh – age 14

driftwood

driftwood rides the waves

it follows the sea's current

until it finds land

Jonny S. – age 16

kissed by hidden drops

I raise a toast to the skies

gratitude for life

Noah R. – age 13

leaves

tedious autumn

a few orange leaves falling

as the squirrels watch

Elle D. – age 15

nature's baseball

long sticks and pinecones

supplies for a perfect sport

nature's baseball game

Rebekah B. – age 14

navel gazing

to graze around one's soul

the brush of narcissism

today, it is self care

Meili R. – age 17

coconut trees

the coconut trees

standing tall like a redwood

with its yummy fruit

Lyra H. – age 13

growing

starting very small

quickly growing big and tall

a seed to a tree

Abigail Sa. – age 14

lake

large bodies of fish

water reflecting the clouds

cold and still waters

Ashley S. – age 13

clouds look fluffy

the sun rises in the east

peppers are not hot

Caleb L. – age 13

lava

molten and glowing

comes from massive volcanoes

dangerously cool

Baruch C. – age 13

everywhere I look

I see clouds, leaves, and nature

all night stars shine bright

Dean A. – age 16

snowflakes

not one is the same

falls down calmly and gently

like frozen in time

Felix A. – age 15

winter is pretty

trees and houses get covered

water becomes ice

Jeremiah M. – age 13

beautiful flowers

blowing fast in the cold breeze

sun shining brightly

Autumn S. – age 12

the surreal sun

oh just so gorgeous

pastel yellow star that glows

so close yet so far

Jessica S. – age 14

ominous darkness covers the night air

He is with you through it all

joy comes in the morning

Jules G. –

gorgeous cherry leaves

fill the land with pinks and reds

gorgeous cherry leaves

Atalia P. – age 12

alone in the dark

under my bed, monsters drool

my lamp is my hope

Joel H. – age 14

as the river goes

it doesn't care about rocks

it has its own mind

Brandan C. age 14

a distant storm cloud

lightning strikes in the darkness

nature’s raw power

Max R. – age 17

rolling waves crashing

sand swirling around my feet

waves changing the shore

Mr. Finch –

powder red buds bloom

each one dances in the wind

to reach the blue sky

Abby Sh. – age 14

don’t stress over what you cannot change now

it will only steal your joy

just keep taking deep breaths

Jules G. –

flowers

flowers

being blown

in the wind

Jonny S. – age 16

fingers intertwined

connected through space and time

dark and light unite

Noah R. – age 13

fairies

magical forest

tiny evil fairies prowl

because of the elves

Elle D. – age 15

ducks

lily pads and trees

ducks swimming around lilies

a beautiful sight

Ashley S – age 13

sun shining brightly

the dandelions spring up

pedals standing tall

Mr. Finch –

the seashore

the burning hot shore

I cool my feet in the sea

it is freezing cold

Rebekah B. – Age 14

faded juxtaposition

awe kindness, was he

sin, she was fated to be

the pair drank ash wine

Meili R. – Age 17

cherry blossoms

the cherry blossoms

with its soft pink petals

so nice in the spring

Lyra H. – Age 13

tall standing palm tree

the summer breeze blows the leaves

the sun shines brightly

Caleb L. – Age 13

sky

seems to be endless

it is truly amazing

the beautiful sky

Baruch C. – Age 13

a parrot whistles

it mimics a human voice

it lures other people

Dean A.– Age 16

flames

a huge disaster

bright red flames eat everything

oxygen feeds it

Felix A. – Age 15

storms are beautiful

they have thunder and lightning

there in the distance

Jeremiah M. – age 13

this beautiful world

that God created for us

how pretty it is

Autumn S. – Age 12

majestic fireflies

tiny fireflies

mystical creature soaring

light the nighttime sky

Jessica S. – age 14

spotted ladybug

sun bathing on a flower

please don't fly away

Abigail Sa. – age 14

Emotional Support

call or test

you always have the right words to say

whether about what to do next

or saying it's gonna be okay

and when I'm sobbing you make me laugh

you never fail to make me smile

because you're my better half

so can we talk for awhile

when I need you

you're just a call away

in the end you say, "I love you too"

and always answer with, "Hey are you okay"

Abigail Sa. – age 14

Light filters in through the cracks of the closed blinds. She stays in bed just a little longer. Outside the ocean waves roll up onto the early morning shore. A new place to sleep, a new job, a new language, and a new country. However, the sounds are the same; the sound of the sea, of the cars, the rumble of voices in a restaurant. It has only been a month, but the weight on her chest feels light. Perhaps spontaneity agreed with her. It is not to say she does not have lonely times. Her whim became her home.

Jules G –

#100wordstory

Walking in a field, feeling a bit hungry, when I came upon a bare tree. Standing in front of it, I sat down at its feet. “Are you hungry?” Looking around for where the voice came from, I heard it again. *Was that my stomach talking?* And again, “Are you hungry?” Looking up at the tree, responding, “You know the answer.” A branch reached around me, standing me up. Pointing its boney branch, I noticed to my left, baskets full of apples and oranges. I asked the tree, “What do you want in return?” “Your heart.” It began to grow again.

Mr. Finch –

#100wordstory

Infinity

Every time I looked at the number eight, I got curious. It will go on forever, I thought. Forever is something everyone thinks of because in the end, we all pass. It is said that if you live forever, you witness sorrow. You watch loved ones pass and are lonely. Yet, there are people from years ago still living! Kobe Bryant lives for many people in the world. Not by breath but by memories. People are thinking about him at this moment. Living forever is impossible but being remembered in people's hearts will carry on for many generations to come.

Felix A. – age 15

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#100wordstory

“God is the perfect poet”

- Robert Browning

Spotify Playlist

Fading Blue – v.III

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3yW71nbsKLBi3LAV370B8x?si=f8ad23a94dd8459c

1. One Summer Day
2. In the Rain
3. The Flower Garden
4. Nostalgia
5. Hana – Bi
6. Rainy Steps
7. Dragon's Lair
8. Main Theme
9. Reprise
10. The Ocean Waves

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A.K. Finch is a writer, poet, and teacher. Her work has been published in print as well as several online publications including The Poetry Pea, The Raven's Perch, Haiku Hub, and The International Poetry Society. Finch is a member of the Haiku Society of America, the International Association of Professional Writers and Editors, and a writer for many online publications. She lives in California with her husband and daughter. You can find her on social media:

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