Why do people write? They write to share their hopes and dreams, failures and successes, hates and loves, or simply to share their thoughts. They write because they have a story to tell, either their own or one bubbling up from their imagination.

Writing class participants have an opportunity to learn how to write poetry, short stories, song lyrics, memoirs, journals, plays, and screenplays. If you have a story to tell, want to explore different types of writing, or just want to improve your writing skills, the friendly and supportive environment of the CMH writing class is right for you.

Below are some examples of writing by SCCCMH writing students.

**Breaking Through**

I try to break through and see the part of myself that I like.
It’s a roller coaster of emotions. Screaming, I’m at the top of a big tall tower in the dark, bumping into everything in my path, trying to get out of there and back on solid ground. Trying to break through: it’s like an everlasting asthma attack.

---- Melissa Robison

**The Leprechaun**

A leprechaun is a tricky old fellow
His hair is green, his beard is yellow
He has mounds of gold – or so I’ve been told
He’s a fast little sprite
As he runs through the night
He’s light on his feet
But he’ll never cheat
Catch him if you can
And you’ll be a rich man

---- Michael Crawford

**Writer’s Block**

It looms, imposing on the road with thunderous height and girth, the travelers it likes to goad who often doubt their worth.

It knows your fears and what you hide
Exploits what all you lack

It gnaws the bowels deep inside.
It feeds upon your peace and pride.
It tears your talent open wide, your satisfaction soon denied, your state of mind is terrified -

When diction fades to black

---- Justin Summerville

**A Midnight Picnic**

at a Midnight Picnic we ate cold bacon, cold eggs, and cold potatoes, surrounded by granite flowers and could-have-beens and other futile regrets midnight’s moon in its powdered wig lit our shadows lifeless mockingbirds listened for pealing chimes we waited and contemplated the metaphysics of cockroaches and kings

---- Michael Crawford, Kim Lewinski, Melissa Robison

**Starlight**

Night’s starlight glimmering, stars appear shimmering Deep, awesome, magnificent, sky’s laughter, innocent

---- Port Huron Class
I Hear America Singing Redux  
(with thanks and apologies to Walt Whitman)

Walt, we can hear America singing too, the varied carols we hear  
Those of video game designers, each one singing his as it should be, cool and amazing  
The astronaut singing hers as she floats above the world  
The cable repairman singing his as he checks the babbling wires  
The geneticist singing tunes as he strums our DNA  
The computer programmer singing as she juggles ones and zeroes  
The nuclear engineer, the first responder on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown  
The delicious singing of the surrogate mother, or the Fortune 500 wife, or of the girl catching baseballs  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to no one else,  
The day what belongs to the day – at night the party of young guys and gals, filled with optimism and fellowship  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

----Michael Crawford, Donna Grabowski, Kim Lewinski, Sharon Remington, Melissa Robison

I Remember You

I remember you  
Bill, first one on the scene, finished his donut.  
You little heart was broken  
His partner, Sally, finished fixing her hair.  
There was nothing I could do  
When the crime scene technicians arrived  
I felt our lives were forsaken  
they argued about the Michigan – Michigan State game.  
I prayed to God you’d make it through  
The ambulance, stuck at another call, came late.  
Without a lot of pain  
The driver, Jonathan, stuttered his apologies.  
My faith it helped to break it  
His partner, Cletus, did not stutter  
Oh, how I remember you  
or apologize.

Just one more day without your mother  
Then  
Just one more night it’s like no other  
the body  
The pain it hasn’t gone away  
or Jill Krenski, as people called her  
For you I know that’s true  
watched the people around her  
I try each day to come to grips  
wondered what the fuss was about  
With hurt and anger too  
wondered if she knew the old dead woman  
But my dear I’ll say again  
who looked so familiar.

It’s so very true  
Then  
Without a doubt in my mind  
hersoul remembered  
I remember you  
the first time she flew a kite by herself  
I remember you  
hers first bike ride  
I remember you

I hear America Singing Redux

--- Helen Wong

Three Haikus

Love to have and hold  
Then a moment and an eternity  
Joining two hearts alone  
she knew she was dead and she was no longer angry  
Now time to reflect  
with police officers, crime scene technicians and ambulance drivers.  
Beside the red barn  
Then she smiled  
The chickens running around  
and  
Then day becomes night  
let go.

Bread and wine are fine  
Then  
The main course is delicious  

The candle blows out

--- Kim Lewinski

No One Touched the Body

---Michael Crawford and Sharon Remington