# A Journal for Young Writers







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Cover Art: Abigail Porter



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#### Celebrating the Third Annual Publication of *Caesura*

#### Greetings:

Welcome to the third annual publication of Caesura: A Journal for Young Writers. Though we did open up submissions for high schoolers this year, only middle schools ended up submitting art, and we thank God that we get to showcase some of the young creative minds out in our school systems.

Creative writing is such an important art and one that allows young authors to express their God-given talents in ways that honor their Creator and engage with the world around them.

We were very impressed with the selections sent in to us by teachers and students. In some cases, we had very difficult decisions to make about what was in and what was not. It was a very good problem to have.

Please enjoy this journal, please celebrate the talents of these young writers, and please, please encourage every young writer you know to keep writing and writing and writing-and then submit to us next year!

We want to offer a special thank you to all the writers (both those in the journal and those who did not have work published this year)-keep going, keep writing, keep reading. We want to hold your gifts up for all to see. We also want to thank all the teachers of English Language Arts who make creative writing a part of the curriculum. There are few better ways for students to invest in themselves and build confidence and stretch imagination than by writing a poem, story, essay, or play. Thank you for encouraging them.

Thanks to our student editor and intern, Abigail Porter, we were able to provide feedback to many of the submissions so that the young writers can continue to

improve the craft and express themselves. We hope to see their continued growth in the next year.

God Bless your summer and your writing,

The Editors of Caesura

P.S.

Students from Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix are not allowed to have their full names published in online media, and so only the first names of those students are used.



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# 5th Grade Submissions



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### The River

Chloe Doolin of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

The river bent and curved -It had no friends, Besides the fish who swam with the river. The fish who swam with the river Had friends with the turtles. The turtles who were friends with the fish Had friends with the snakes. The snakes who had friends with the birds Had friends with the lonely owl in the tree. The lonely owl in the tree was friends with the squirrels The squirrels had friends with the chipmunks. The chipmunks were friends with fish, The fish who is friends with the river.

### When Dinosaurs Ruled

Bobby Hawn of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

When dinosaurs ruled, They fought for food, day and night Now they are extinct



### The Guinea Pig Spy Named Oreo

Juliana Rivera of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Oreo was watching tv. Then he got a call. It was very important, so he got up off the couch.

He was so excited that he ran up the stairs. Oreo is getting dressed in black.

Oreo was ready to go in his little car. He's on the move at night. He went into the building. He was spying on Dr. Duck.

Oreo was hungry so he had a snack in his bag. He had a banana and strawberry pebbles.

He went back to the car and went home and watched an interview of Dr. Duck to learn more about Dr. Duck.

Because spying is not really a guinea pig thing.

#### Four Christmases

Juliana Rivera of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Main Characters: Freddy Fox, Gus the Guinea Pig, Benny the Bear, and Sam the squirrel.

Setting: Middle of town at Forest Avenue

It's Christmas time on Forest Avenue and all the animals are getting their homes ready for the Holidays. Each animal likes to decorate their houses differently.

Freddy Fox lives in a small cabin with a hot tub. He likes to decorate his house with modern colors. He uses silver, blues, greens and reds for the Christmas lights. He uses light up candy canes all around the hot tub.

Gus the Guinea Pig lives by the sledding hill and enjoys watching all the children play. He puts a Christmas tree up at the sledding hill for everyone to enjoy. He likes to use silver garland and rainbow lights. The tree is finished with a bright yellow star on top.

Benny the Bear lives in a den by the lake. During the winter when the lake is frozen, he wakes up out of hibernation and goes ice skating. All his friends like to join him. After ice skating, they help decorate the "Giving Tree" for the community. This tree is very important to Forest Avenue because it helps give animals a home during the winter.

Sam the Squirrel lives in a tree on Forest Avenue near the store. At Christmas time, Sam the Squirrel invites his friends over to make ornaments. Each friend makes a different color ornament. He enjoys having hot chocolate with all his friends.

They are all different, yet they enjoy each other and celebrate together.

The End.

## 6th Grade Submissions



### Poetry Writing

Abby Pilny of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Poetry is a way of writing.It brings your brain to life.No, no, we are not fighting.Poetry is the way of writing.Though, writing poetry can sometimes be hard,It's really not that bad.

#### Colors

Abby Pilny of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Colors are happy and bright. And bring such a sight. The rainbow seems like fruit. Red is for strawberries. Blue is for blueberries. Yellow is for a lemon. Oranges are an obsession. Green and purple grapes.



## Missing – A Haiku

Arian Gomez of Trinity Lutheran School

She has been missing I wish she was here right now Miss her very much



# 7th Grade Submissions



#### The Cloud's Dreams

Ariana Mehrazar of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

I am fine. I am still dreaming. A cloud is coming. And they chase meto help me grow up. Clouds are falling, Autumn is coming, You tell the night to come. It is autumn here, And the clouds are not in a hurry to rain. And a wall clock? "They left their hands on the past." Here is still a pink primrose, It is in the corner of the garden. "To reach my hair." Clouds are falling-The sea is coming closer The dark clouds? They are moving away, And it rains whenever I say it rains.

#### Stars

Ariana Mehrazar of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

At nighttime, Keep calm. I count the stars, These stars that keep flashing. The cities are far away, Nights are the diary of our life. We speak our hearts, The moon writes, The stars are listening! These stars that keep flashing. I made a kite from the stars. Or from a star. Kites? I don't know! "The stars that keep flashing." Tonight, how many of the stars will sprinkle on the sky of my heart? And when waiting till the morning comes, The stars that keep flashing fly across the sky. All the dandelions know, Under the smile of this starry sky, I have filled it with songs. The stars that keep flashing.



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#### Like a River

Ariana Mehrazar of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Be like a river Smooth and relaxed, Otherwise, you will become a swamp. "...And the marsh never reaches the sea." Be like a river. Keep calm, Without beginning and ending. The sea will not be far... Be like a river. Consider today a new beginning... Life is a river, that is constantly... ...Flowing Towards the future. Get up, And towards victory. Forget your past, And focus on your future. "Always think positive." Be like a river, How beautiful and lively... ...Liveliness and excitement. "The river cleans the dusty land." I disappeared in beauty and splendor, In which you take me away in your imagination. From this dusty land, Where there is color and hypocrisy. Be like river-"How beautiful and lively!" From your kindness and grace, Let the plains and valleys be...

Be like a river, Exuberant and loving. Your heart is like the breadth of the sea-"Look at these beautiful flowers!" From your kindness and grace, And this beautiful plain, They come to dance and sing-"How beautiful and lively," So be like a river.



#### Green.

### Winter's Fade, Spring's Bloom

Ariana Mehrazar of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Cold leaves start to fade, Greenness pushes like a soft change, Flowers start to bloom.

### Summer's Coming Haiku

Addison Meredith of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Flowers spring up now The sun is shining somehow Summer's almost near



### Fall

Ava Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Fires, Cold nights, Icy dew The earthy rot of damp old wood Trees that always look ablaze Red and yellow leaves to blame Dark cold nights and morning chill Autumns here so have some cheer Air so cold you can see your breath Pumpkin pies and birds goodbyes Autumns here so have some cheer

#### Gloomy

Ava Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Gloomy skies makes sadness rise Blowing leaves and nothingness Just gray for miles and miles The skies not blue so I am blue The grayness leaves me dull The boringness of nothingness leaves me with an emptiness Gloomy skies makes gladness gone They make me miss that sunset gold



#### In the early morn (a Haiku)

Ava Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

The birds start to tweet In the misty early morn The sun will soon rise.

#### Sunset Skies

Ava Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Sunset skies are golden sights Birds fly by and cross the light basking in its glory The sun's so far away but the light's so bright and here to stay Just before sundown is when it's the best The orange and yellow and pink and blue Mixed and matched together makes a perfect delight It only last a little, so enjoy it while it lasts Just like any other detail in our perfect little lives Life's short but sweet so enjoy the small details And make the most of the sunset skies.



#### Mother

Damian Gomez of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

You loved us ever since the beginning, You put us first in your life. You wondered if you're good enough for us - to be our mother. You push yourself to the limit, Just a just to take care of us. You work very hard day and night. You suffer in pain; you cry out just for help. You sit at work tired, you come home in pain, but as you see us – We brighten your day.



## 8th Grade Submissions



### Untitled

Avery of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

When I woke up in the early morning Not wanting to go to my boring school. I was not in the mood for learning To me, that just sounded way too cruel. I got up and started to get ready Not happy for the day I was dreading. As I walked, I felt very unsteady But I had to get out of my bedding. Then I came to a realization One that made me feel indeed silly. Because I remembered I was on vacation In a place that was not way too chilly. After I finally came to my senses I ran to the beach and rushed toward the fences.

### Untitled

Cash of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

I am going to write a sonnet now I would not like to write one at the time This writing exercise is very fowl This particular moment will be grime

Once upon a time there was a person He was condemned to be writing sonnets During this period he had no fun And of which this time he began to fret

He was half way done and almost released Sadly, he won't have freedom for a while But soon, very soon, he shall have his peace Until he is freed, he won't have a smile

And now I am done, I say with a sigh Sigh of relief, something money can't buy



### Stupid English Class

Alexander of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

The walks to your space fill my soul with dread. Each second in that room is suffering. The class makes me wish I did not leave bed. Every bit I write, my soul starts burning.

Oh, English is truly a class of hate. I despise all of the primitive fools They squeeze, smash, and slay me like a huge weight. I wish to escape one of your cesspools.

Your class will always be an awful mess. But that makes me quickly crack a huge smile. So after so long I must clearly confess. All of what has been read is pure denial.

And yet, I cannot leave this class sad. You are the greatest teacher I have had.

### Hellas

Alexander of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

For what truly shapes a faithful person into who he is? It is not just what he strongly stands for, but what is his. For what can unite the million masses other than their home? The most beautiful lands and splashing sea foam. What makes me me is clearly not some simple story. But the majestic nation that eternally birthed my Greek glory. The culture ran wild in my life since day one. From my Orthodox faith to the red Easter; it makes me done. Without my culture, it is like I can never be me. Without my culture, I would not ever want to be me. For I am Alexander as I descended from one of 300. For I am Alexander, Alexander the Great.



### He Makes Beautiful Things

Brooke of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

If God clothed the flowers as brilliantly as He did In shades of warm crimson, golden yellow, majestic purple, soft blue If He let them open their petals to the air and dance slowly with the wind Swaying with the sound and song of the breeze sweeping through

If God made the birds sing as sweetly as they do A symphony beaming proudly through the morning air If He conducted them every morning and lifted them as they flew Flying steadily through downpours and also weather fair

If God made the clouds move like they will Piecing together endless shapes on a canvas of light If He put them in their place and spun the world in a twirl Letting the colors bounce off them and take flight

If God pulled the trees up from the ground, letting them reach the sky So they could grow to be tall and strong If He crafted each one uniquely and helped them grow high Like a lighthouse never to fall

If God filled the ocean with smooth water, ever-changing yet perfectly new Glistening azure like a sapphire in gold If He moves the waves and pulls the tide across the oceans blue Crashing on warm beaches over fish shoaled

If God looked down on the Earth and called it good And made all of nature so loved and beautiful too If He created each thing with a plan - from towering mountains to a tree trunk's wood Can he not do this for you?

### Colors in Nature

Jacob of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

Under the blue sky so vast and wide, A green meadow waits, with arms open wide. The yellow sun happily smiles down with heat, As orange flowers bloom at its feet.

The gentle breeze moves swiftly by, Whispering secrets, like a butterfly. It dances carefully, swaying the trees, Softly humming with calm melodies.

The green grass grows steadily beneath my feet, Shining as if the earth had a heartbeat. Orange clouds, like cotton candy soon, Fly over mountains, deserts, and dunes.

The blue mountains rise with quiet pride, Boldly standing, cautiously watching the world collide. The earth gives a sigh, deep, and true, Red with anger, as the stars break through.

The blue sky stretches its arms wide, Embracing the earth, a love it can't hide. A gentle moment, where the world aligns, The universe quietly whispers in soft signs.

#### Vines – A Haiku

Angelina Iverson of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Vines crawling high up As high as the tree tops reach Will they ever end

#### Fall is Here

Angelina Iverson of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

I can feel the chill of the wind on my face The auburn leaves fall onto the cold soil The colorful trees slowly wither away...bit by bit Hazy mornings then fill the air I can feel it now...Fall is here



### The Gentle Beauty of Spring

Angelina Iverson of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Springtime comes and flowers blossom Tulips no longer solemn Animals coming out of hibernation Rainwater filling up the basin The gentle beauty of Spring The mornings become warmer The sun is no longer going to falter Earth is turning greener The air a little cleaner The gentle beauty of Spring Trees no longer in a humdrum But bright green leaves as an outcome The squirrels now hasten Into this new creation The gentle beauty of Spring

### Untitled

Peyton of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

The sparkling sun shone over the beautiful blue lake on a hot summer day The water was moving slowly like a tortoise The sun was lightly casting a soft shadow over the land The winds whispered soft lullabies to all those around The trees were swaying quickly and shadows as dark as night were cast over the once shining lake

Ominous clouds quietly rolled in

The sky began to weep, like a curtain of tears drawn across the sky As rain pelted the once calm waters, it was as if the chance of sun was slowly melting away

Soon though the horrid storm rolled quickly away, leaving dewdrops delicately placed all around.

And now a lovely, rainbow could be seen, one that was so incredibly bright, it could be seen from miles away

The lake was once again shining, and its reflection very well showed off the rainbow Storms do come around every now and then, but once they have left, they create beautiful masterpieces.



#### The Rose

Peyton of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

Shall I compare thee to a pretty rose With petals red as blood against the snow When watered in the cold the dewdrops froze But it needs this water to help it grow

They grow in Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring In colors like red, yellow and some pink For a loved one, roses are what to bring But someday the petals will start to shrink

Roses live for many many long years One day their petals will wither and fall And with this might come some tiny shed tears For a rose compares to a precious doll

Roses are such a beloved flower In my heart they hold a special power.

### Untitled

Rhett of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

My heart immediately dropped when I saw her face By this time my mind was already made Then I started to pace and my heart began to race My face turned to a kind of pink shade

I finally mustered up the words to say I never thought someone could look so kind I know today is the perfect right day Everything about you is up in my mind

I can't believe you came into my life Every day I talk to you, you give me joy Sometimes I wish I could make you my wife Now I think I am the luckiest boy

Now even though we are very old Our love keeps growing and still bold



### Smile

Sophia Garcia of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

The sun shines brightest, Maybe stars are next behind, Nope, a happy smile.

#### Questions

Sophia Garcia of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

How puzzling it is to see the sky Does it ever end? How puzzling it is to see the trees How did they come from seeds? How puzzling it is to see the stars How many are shining up there? So many puzzling questions And no one mentions the answers Oh, how I wish I could answer my many questions The questions that puzzle me all my life.



#### New Beginnings

Nadia of Christ Lutheran School, Phoenix

Prepared for a new chapter, I stare at the long gown ahead of me But deep down, my emotions whirl violently A single tear slips from my face I know that I have to leave this familiar place I should be glad to start this exciting journey But I can't help reluctantly preparing myself to ensure I'm early The change I dread leaves a pit in my stomach Although I should be eagerly waiting for my turn to walk Nausea strips away any cheerful thoughts "What if's" flood my mind Now I'm drowning in uncontrolled disarray I watch my friends proudly walk along the stage And all my doubts quickly run away I was like a bird soaring, free from my restraints When my time came, confidently I entered the stage As I took each brave step, joyful thoughts filled my mind After many years, this page must end And peacefully we will all move on to worry about different changes Prepared for my life to be like a book with many chapters unwritten I will happily begin this new, uncertain adventure of mine





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