

Poems Written For Ryan by Students

There's never been a story
Quite as sad as yours I've heard.
There's never been a person
Who could move me with a word.

At times I almost wept for you,
But almost I do say
Because I didn't know you,
So my tears were kept at bay.

I listened quite intently
To the speaker up on stage
Recounting tales of sadness,
Of his pain and of his rage.

I couldn't see the feelings there
Or feel them in my heart
But I knew the pain of loss
And loss will tear someone apart.

As I got up and left that day
And went to class, I knew
I'd never let a person
Hurt someone as they hurt you.
by Kayla of Ipswich High School

*A person teased
No gain
A life lost
Clouds of tearful rain
Seen from the eyes of the blind
Heard from the ears of the deaf
One key to open the door
One door to let in the light
Be the key and save a life
To those lost when they could have been
saved*

By Cassie Teschner

The Story of Ryan and John Halligan

It's just not right
Ryan's plight
We must set our sights
And try to see the light
His situation makes me mad
Simultaneously sad
It's easy to see
He has one heck of a Dad
It takes a lot of courage
To do what you do
Sharing your pain
Trying to get through
To other people
So they don't endure
Your pain and suffering
Your motives are pure
I want to express
Heartfelt gratitude
Ryan's story tears us apart
Then puts us in the mood
To find ways
To be involved
Complex problems we face
But must try to solve
So thanks for caring
And thanks for sharing
Ryan's story with us
This night in December
His story is something
I will always remember

By Bob Lindsay

Most things break, including hearts. The lessons of life amount not to wisdom but to scar tissue and callous.

Falling
Through air, fog, haze
Feel the mist that comes
Before rain, the rainbow that
Hangs in two,
Velvet and broken
Beautiful and broken

Build promises,
Through the summer air
Watch them intertwine,
Before your eyes, watch them
Weave, intricate melodies
Through the wind
Each tendril clinging on
For life
Strong and broken,
Beautiful and broken

Hold the sky up
As it recedes, in delicate layers
As the storm comes and rain
Falls, reminding you of storms and arks
And autumn days when he used to sit
Beside the window, counting the
Raindrops, as they fall
Trembling and broken
Beautiful and broken

Breathe
In the heavy air
Turning you inside out,
Inside out. Feel it come down on the very
Spot of the hill you stood on, alone.
The place where the gale struck one fateful winter,
Where a yellow flower once stood,
Tender and broken

Beautiful and broken

Walk

Among the streets
That you once thought you knew
The railroad tracks, coated in gently
Falling snow. Watch your breath fog
Up the mirror as your sobs blur the lights,
A streetlamp standing, crooked
Aglow and broken
Beautiful and broken

“He’s lost a child” they whisper,
Voices finally heavy with regret,
But do they know
Love is a curious thing, like the petals of
A flower, lose them and you’ve lost yourself.
Watch it fly
Away in a single blink, a half-taken breath
Hollow and broken
Beautiful and Broken

Lie beside the window
With a finger pointing down on your heart;
How could you not know? How could you
Not see, beyond the light of day, into the night
Where that single hill stood
Isolated and broken
Beautiful and broken

Lapping

The anger against your heart
Obscuring your vision, your mind
Your grief, until you don’t know who you
Are, anymore. Until everything is gone and it’s you
And this frozen earth, you and the world, as he stands
Grieving and broken
Beautiful and broken

Speak
Your story, first a whisper,
A single word uttered, a line
Screamed, into the crowd. The rest comes easily,
Flowing on your lips like the torrents on an ocean wave,
Your only assuage.
Infinitely broken
Beautiful and broken

Thank
Him late at night for all he has given,
When you know it's just the two of you
Speak not of loss but of hope, of wisdom,
Of scar tissue and callous. Of love. Whisper his name slowly,
In a single breath
Remember how he once stood,
Beloved and broken
Beautiful and broken

Think
Of him as your thoughts fade into dream
When you find yourself staring up at the sky,
At the stars that aren't there anymore
When you tell us and we cry, too
Feel him in the air around you, heavy but so light
Once beautiful and broken, whole at last.

by Catherine Zhu

Ryan

There is a tale that I have heard.
Hear tragedy of one who didn't endure.
And at the end they all cried.
Not one person was notified.
Killed by depression beyond belief.
Sorrow there was with no relief.

By: Robert Casino

"Why?"

By: Mallory Harris

Why did you do this?
You had to go away.
Left with nothing but memories.
Not a word more to say.
This feeling is horrible.
I'm dying inside.
Such a short innocent life.
I just want to run and hide.
The tears won't quit falling,
The most miserable thing.
Can you not hear me?
I'm screaming your name.
I know you're not there,
But I'll never forget
Your presence on earth,
Was as good as it gets.
A careless world,
Now filled with regret.
We'll always remember,
But never forget.
You could have had more time
To be with the people you love
Not to be above
You could have gone far
College, career, marriage, baby
That could've been your life, maybe
It's okay though
We're doing good down here
So don't worry, don't fear
Everyone knows your story
We're not mad at you
There's nothing we could do
We hope your joyful
Don't frown
Turn it upside down
Ryan
We love you
And know you love us too

an innocent child,
scarred and hurt by cruel words
forgot the people that loved him most.
a bomb dropped,
on this beautiful family.
years later,
the tragedy still breaks hearts,
draws tears.
gone,
but not forever,
because the last words, the last goodbye,
will be the first hello,
when father is reunited with son.
Everyone has to remember this:
you mean so much.
you are loved and will always be loved,
that inkblots can be turned into butterflies,
beautiful butterflies of hope, and love.
to forgive and believe and know that
you are surrounded
by happiness.

By Jace Watkins

would you kill someone?

because you can.

not with a knife

a gun

or your own two hands.

the words you say

your devious ways

makes someone's life a living hell.

you called him gay

the poor thing, poor thing.

you called him weak

the poor thing, poor thing.

you pushed him beyond his limits.

his life was taken

his own two hands

murder can be invisible

its happened.

it can.

but you can change it. change your ways.

brush away the rainy days.

apologize

for those evil ways.

because in the end, it really pays.

and for all you poor things,

no more need for the sighs

i promise, promise that you will get by.

there really is no reason to die

you can always turn a ink blot, into a butterfly

By Teresa Motherway

In Memory of Ryan Halligan

Can I be the karate kid
Can I be your karate kid
Can I teach you a lesson
Can I reach your attention
It would be such a blessing
If I could puncture through that wall
And into your heart
Notice what you have
And that's the ability to tear apart
A person's strength
Ad I was strong
It's just so much a person can take
And so much happiness a person can fake
It is not your fault
You didn't understand
This is not what you planned
So say I'm sorry
And you are forgave
And I'm peaceful in my grave
Looking down at one I love
You've done so much

by Arlyssa Hardin, Mansfield High School 1/23/2012

Can you see them?
by Amber Auslander

The angels walk among us.
I almost didn't believe
Until I caught a glimpse of you
Crying down from the star-lit night.
You scream out that you didn't mean it
That you wish everything could stay
And even though I don't "know" you
I, too, wish it was that way.
My heart felt hollow
As your father spoke your sorrow
For you, I wished with all myself
That there could be tomorrow.
Those eyes that laughed so brightly
Could still be shining light.
You know, you haven't faded
In a way, you live today.
In the hearts of children
Who have heard your father say
"He was a sweet and gentle child
You just wanted to hug him back."
I knew in that moment
The love of a father and a son
I wished that not everything
Had been already done
I wished this was a story
But no, this was all true.
The world has not stopped moving
But this doesn't mean you weren't hear
Listen to the crying
Sounding out from far and near
They all wish they could see you smile
Even if they know nothing but your name
They pity all the others
Who have chosen to do the same.
Maybe this was fate
So the message could be passed on,
But as for me, I refuse to believe
That's the reason why you're gone.
The cruelty of humanity
Burns deep scars through us all
That's the reason why we see
The world's slow rise and fall.
But even though you aren't "here"
It doesn't mean you don't exist
You live within the hearts of many
And your father's love.
You're missed.

"Time Machines and Ink Blots" by

by **Natalie Mariani**

If I had a time machine...

I would let you go in
first,

And fix all the things you want to
reverse.

If it didn't work...

I would help and
get in,

If it still didn't work
the pain would be
a million needles
through my heart
not my
skin.

And from *Back To The Future*,

we're not

Marty McFly

so why don't we

make

Inkblots

into

BUTTERFLIES

- > Roses are red
- > Violets are blue
- > As you look up to him
- > He looks down to you
- > Your son has been welcomed
 - > Your son is blessed
 - > He has recovered
 - > From his long rest
 - > His story will be told
 - > His life unforgotten
- > In his memory I make this poem
 - > For you the blessed.

by a High School Freshman who wishes to remain anonymous

A flower starts as a seed
 From nothing to beauty
 Though it never grows
 Perfectly or the same
 The thing I know for sure
 Is every flower
 Has beauty
 In its own
 Special way
 We share moments of Love
 And some
 Moments of pain
 But these moments shape us
 In some way

Though this flower
 Will not stay
 Immortality is just a fairy tail
 Those moments we shared
 With that flower
 Is immortal
 They will never fade
 So love that flower
 Remember the great memories it made
 Because sooner or later
 Our bodies lose movement
 But our souls
 Will forever stay
 By Angie Gates

Our Beautiful Boy by Erin Cosgrove

Your Bright Eyes
Your Wide-Mouthed Grin
We Remember
Our Beautiful Boy
Your Gentle Embrace
Your Tender Heart
Our Beautiful Boy
You Were Our World
Our Moon
Our Shinning Sun
Everything
Our Beautiful Boy
Then Came That Crisp October Day
When The Only Question To Ask Was 'Why?'
Our beautiful Boy
Now We're Trying Not To Break Down
As We Whisper
While Fighting Back Tears
'We Love You.'
Our Beautiful Boy
Why Didn't You Tell Us?
We Could Have Helped You
We Wish There Was Someone We Could Blame
But There Really Is Nobody To Blame
When Someone Is Taken
Now We're Sobbing
Screaming
Now That We Lost
Our Beautiful Boy
If Only The World Wasn't So Cruel
If Only They Could Have Seen
Your Innocence
If Only We Could Tell You Just Once More
How Much You Mean To Us
If Only You Were Still Here
You Know,
You're Still Our Everything
Our Beautiful Boy

Dedicated to Ryan Halligan
by David Gonzales, Lytle High School, Texas

All that pain
All that hurt
All contained in a couple words
They cut straight through him
Like a couple of swords
He tried to stop the bleeding
But it made it worse
Trying to go back in time
But he can't reverse
It wears down on him
It becomes a curse
Sometimes it just ate him alive
Every Time they say something
A little piece of him died
So either live as a lamb
Or live as a lion
Words can kill
And These poor kids are dying
Not because of a bullet or a knife
Its funny how just a couple of words
Can take a life
Its all fun and games
Until he doesn't wake from the night
Now he's up with the angels
You could say he has left for his flight.
He wasn't ready to go to the light
But he saw it
And He fought with all his might
But those words were thrown at him
All Out of spite
Despite all that has happened
His father still holds on
He holds on tight
No matter how much it hurt
He still stands upright.
His message gets across
So stand up
Speak up
And fight the good fight.

It Was Only a Joke

by Domonique Rose

I found out today
That my brother was killed by a rumor.
I listened to the story
Trying not to cry.
I didn't deserve to cry.
The rivers he must have created
For demons to wade in.
And here I am wanting to cry.

I found out today
That my brother was killed by a joke,
And those tears
That I fought so hard to hold in
Stabbed their way out of me.
That joke was so wicked
Fabricated by a seamstress
With ice in her heart.
That joke killed my brother,
But that joke was so familiar to me.
Once upon a time
It rolled off my tongue
Like blood on a knife.
Except when I said it
It was only a joke.

Had I almost killed someone
The way my brother was killed?
Could my "joke"
Almost have broken the heart
Of an entire family
Just the same as my own?
But it couldn't be.
Could it?
I didn't mean to hurt anyone.
After all,
It was only a joke.

I found out today
That I had a mission.
I had made an oversized ink blot,
That needs to be made into butterfly.
Because my brother was killed by a joke.
The same joke
That I once found amusing.
That, had it not killed my brother,
I would laugh at.
That I used over and over again
Without a care in the world
About anyone's feelings
Because when I said it
It was only a joke.

Ryans Story
by
Kaleigh Doran

I know what they say hurts
Trust me I have been there
Bullies come in all different
SHAPES
And SIZES

They like to hurt people
Because there are two things
In the world that make them
That way
Jealousy
And
Hate

Everyone cares for you
Not just your mom and dad
It is hard for the bullies
To
UNDERSTAND

You feel PAIN
They feel
JOY

The only question is
WHY
Why do they do it
Why do kids die
Over what they do