

Aubrey Rose Mchone, Mendocino County Youth Poet Laureate 2026-28

Aubrey Rose Mchone, a Junior at Point Arena High School, described by her peers and close friends as a ‘bubbly personality’ is more than ecstatic to be awarded this momentous opportunity. Growing up she sought that one of the only ways she could truly express her innate emotion and pain was through poetry. Writing down feeling in a systematic structure to give the nameless a name. So it’s not just a thought but a physical format by which she can share. In doing so, Aubrey found that through sharing her performative poetry she can inspire those who resonate with her words to write down their own thoughts. Not just as a means of expression to share with others, but also a therapeutic release in which people can write down the struggles that plague them day to day. Aubrey has always wanted to help other people, describing it as what she feels to be “her purpose” in life. Aspiring to go into the medical field to help others in her near future, and doing what she can now to help those in her community. That being said, with her new influence she hopes to aid as many people as she can in finding a voice in which they can express themselves. As, it’s imperative to instill the imaginative process in thought to lead to tangible change. Aubrey references ‘Audre Lorde’s’ Essay ‘Poetry is Not a Luxury’ for this very topic. As Aubrey puts in her own words, *“For a society and the people of said society to meet positive growth, the creative process and the innate imagination with it must be present. To ultimately allow for new ideas that can translate to a new means to help others. I wish to continue this installation of new found thought to better our community”*.

Quote:

“O anything of nothing first created!” - (Romeo and Juliet, 1.1)

Dirty

My hands dirty with sin I didn't mean

Thrown onto me by ones who came before.

Shorn in shades of crimson.

My hands hold the greed.

Held in a basket so that passed on

May be carried on.

Cycle continued.

Felt the pain of recollections past.

It never not last.

They cry with those who once felt.

Carrying the burden.

The loss.

They turn the page.

In hopes the story starts a new.

My hands lie dirty.

Let them be clean.

Washed of the sins they reap.

For nothing is forever.

My hands clean.

Aubrey Rose Mchone