

CHRESTO MATHY

Chrestomathy (from the Greek words krestos, useful, and mathein, to know) is a collection of choice literary passages. In the study of literature, it is a type of reader or anthology that presents a sequence of example texts, selected to demonstrate the development of language or literary style

The Poetry Issue



TOYIA OJIH ODUTOLA

WRITING FROM THE
SEVENTH GRADE, 2019-2020
THE CALHOUN MIDDLE
SCHOOL

SADIE HAWKINS

I Am Poem

I am loyal and trusting.
I wonder what next and what now?
I hear songs that aren't played,
I see a world beyond ours,
I want to travel.
I am loyal and trusting,
I pretend to be part of the books I read.
I feel happy and sad,
I touch soft fluff.
I worry about the future,
I cry over those lost.
I am loyal and trusting
I understand things change,
I say they get better.
I dream for a better world,
I try to understand those around me.
I hope that things will improve,
I am loyal and trusting.

Haiku

The sun shines, flowers bloom,
The world continues and yet
Something has forever altered.

The petals once flew
The grass once grew, but now all
remains still, worried.

Ode

Have you heard the story?
The story of the little tree,
That grew despite all the tall trees
Taking all of the sunlight from it.
That it grew till the sunlight would shine on its
leaves,
And the rain would splatter its branches.
It grew, till it was tall like those near it,
Despite what was presumed of it.
When the tree had reached the top
another sapling appeared below,
And thus, began the cycle.
May you always over grow your own problems.

Fairy Tale Poem

Curses are fickle.
You may have heard the story,
Sleeping Beauty,
The royal family births a child
An event like this is to be remembered in joy by
all.
Yet it was spoiled,
Why, you ask?
The parents, out of fear, made a fatal mistake.
They left out one guest.
One of the fairies of the forest,
The other three came, all but one.
When it came for this time for the gifts it
happened.
This is the story of Maleficent.
This is *my* story.

It had come,
The birth of the heir
To the throne of the kingdom
All knew of the princess, even us in the forest.
When it was time for the invites my three
sisters got one
As everyone in the land did,
Except for one,
Except for me.
When it came time for the gifts I arrived.
I bestowed one *gift* to the child.
"Upon this child's 13th birthday,
They shall prick their finger on a spinning
wheel,
And there on the floor they shall collapse,
Never moving."
Petty, I know.
But you see;
Curses are a fickle thing.
Over time it changed, evolved.
Instead of certain death
She would fall into a coma.
This had one issue.
True love's kiss
Now that it wasn't certain,
fate could be rewritten.
The coma lasted for years,
But as all things do
It ended.
The prince arrived,
Gifts and knowledge were bestowed
upon him by my sisters.

When that day ended
a new queen and a king were crowned.
Their reign was long and glorious,
Full of peace and laughter.
Curses are fickle, but they're not always bad.

Snapshot of My Brother

You see the restaurant, outside with sun shining
down heavily,
Parasols used to create shadows above the
tables.
The pebbles on the ground are shining in the
sun,
The table in the center, four chairs around it,
Almost just like every table there.
But something *is* different, one chair with a
young child sitting on it.
The chair is falling, the front legs of the chair in
the air.
The child's face, trapped in shock and surprise.
Many people haven't noticed yet.

The moment shatters, the kid hits the ground.
Everyone turns, seeing them on the ground,
An employee rushes to check if they're okay,
Their parents ask the same question,
"Are you okay?!"
The child reassures them both,
A scrape is on the child's shoulder
The only mark of the incident.

Shadow Poem

The silent movement,
Warping and flickering.
Quiet and sneaking, yet
also joking and playful.
A personality of a practical joke.
Harmless, yet giving a small fright.
Watching from a distance,
Having an opinion, but never speaking.
Watching, observing you, sometimes with a
quiet smile
Or a nervous frown. Worried for you.

KEITH JOHNSON

I Am

I am funny and charming

I wonder when the world is going to end

I hear the sound of cars driving by as I fall
asleep

I see the sun's gaze upon my face as I wake up

I want the world to be a safe place

I am funny and charming

I pretend like I'm faster than everyone

I feel good whenever someone laughs at my
joke

I touch a land where everyone is happy

I worry that I'll die in a painful way

I cry when I think about what might happen if
my family was to die

I am funny and charming

I understand that not everyone likes to joke
around

I say that in funny

I dream that people won't judge me

I try to take people seriously

I hope that everybody stays safe from the
coronavirus

I am funny and charming

I Don't Know

I don't know why I think I'm fast
I don't know why people have such strong bias
I don't know the reasoning for life or death
I don't know the meaning for us to exist
I don't know what goes on inside someone else's head
I don't know why I don't feel more attached to the things I should

Haiku

The wind flows without
The tree sways unattended
Water runs silent

World Issues Rant

I hate the people who are still racist, still sexist
At this point and time in the world it makes no sense
How can you still be these things when the world is in such a bad shape?
I hate people who complain about crazy things, like if their new car they just got for their eleventh birthday wasn't the right color
Meanwhile Some people are on the street who still don't get enough to eat with no home in sight
Even if they're drunk with beer, have no fear

Some people in different countries wonder when the next attack is coming,

Not like those who worry when their designer clothes are coming.

Images Poem

Optical illusions obsess me
I daydream about pictures that make no sense
I return to the picture of me playing video games in times of stress
Something that I could look at for hours is viewing something from far away
When I look at this picture it allows me to understand how little we are, how vast our world is,
how it is nothing more than a piece of cereal floating in a bowl

If I Owned a Word

If I owned a word I would use it for everything
I would take pride in it
I would use to defend myself and attack if needed
I would use my word only once in a while, though,
For my word would become dull if I were to abuse it
I would make a rule that only those I allow should use this word
Unless I pass it on to another

Yellow

Yellow,

It is the color of the heavens,

It rains over anything in its way,

It does not argue, for there is no need,

Everything is meaningless in the presence of yellow,

It keeps everything in check,

It shines down on those who do evil,

It casts out all shadows,

Nothing is hidden from yellow,

For yellow sees and knows all,

When yellow is happy everybody should relish

If yellow is angry then your skin shall be burned

Yellow is the color that lines the heavens

Saying goodbye

For me, saying goodbye can be used for everything,

But please understand it is only used when you care,

If someone say goodbye with no emotion don't feel bad,

You can only change yourself and that's all that matters,

Once you have found a resolution to your problem you can say goodbye,

You can say goodbye to all the confusion that you have been through,

All the worries, and all the self-doubt,

Saying goodbye only matters when you care,

It can be a pet, friend, object, family,

It can be anything you want,

You can say goodbye to anything that you really care for,

Goodbye means a lot more than a "See you later,"

So don't use goodbye lightly

LYDIA BAYKO

Me

Lidian, Lillian, Lillia, Bella, Lila, Olivia, Livia. All names I have been called, and will be called. None of these names feel quite right, but I don't feel like correcting them. Small birds and squirrels scabble on the inside of my stomach, searching desperately for the light.

A kaleidoscope of emotions and a distorted world-view shine through my irises.

Dreamer is written in dark red ink across my forehead; But how could I not? There is so

much to see and do that my mind is the only place I can truly be outside of a strict regimen

of day-to-day rituals.

I both adore and despise mirrors.

The only time I enjoy the sheets of glass is when the Sun has gone to sleep and everything

is blanketed in shadow. They look to me like
gravity-defying pools of water.

My hands desperately want to crawl away from
my body and draw yet another eye and

read another person's face, the wrinkles in their
forehead becoming ink that tells me their story.

Stories from different books hover transparently
in my mind and color my perception of thing.

Stay positive! to start the day. The words slowly
fade as the day goes on

I Am

I am waiting and deafening.

I wonder if this life has meaning, I hear the
blare of the trumpets and the hum of violins.

I see spots sparkle at the end of my vision.

I want to know how it all ends.

I am waiting and deafening.

I pretend to know nothing.

I feel like this has to have an endgame.

I touch the imaginary blade of hurtful words.

I worry that my sharpness is too harsh.

I cry because I'm scared of the future.

I am waiting and deafening.

I understand that life isn't always fair and
people have gone through worse.

I say that I don't have anything left to tell.

I dream of leaving some of my past behind.

I try to fly above the water.

I hope that I don't have to view my reflection.

I am waiting and deafening.

If I Owned a Word

Hopeful.

A feeling or inspiring optimism about a future
event.

A blue-gray morning, a crisply-tied ribbon, a
star-filled pool of darkness.

Adjective.

A smile peeking out from behind a plaster wall,
a moth floating towards a sphere of light.

Hope can blind you to some of the suffering
happening around you, or it can free you from
that same suffering.

Hope can be a dream of a better world, or a
nightmare of a forgotten world that's anger and
rage has caused itself to collapse in like a dying
star.

Everyone has some kind of hope, whether that
hope is born in joy or born in anguish.

While despair drags you down to somewhere
that seems impossible to crawl out of, hope
ascends you to a place where only fragments of
twilight drift around you.

Haikus

A starving stomach.

A ravenous appetite.

Speckles of darkness.

A vise of night.

A bleeding hand cups their mouth.

The cracked skin gushes streams.

Rivers run angry reds.

Hunger distorts the world blindly.

Crucified wording.

Angelic mirage.

The vise releases the mind.

the lace curtain falls.

Silver

Silver hovers silently in a winter forest, with a faint, gentle voice.

Silver trips over her own feet, and quietly, passively moves on.

Silver walks on lakes at night and stares at the moon defensively.

Silver throws stars into the sky for others to smile at.

Silver neutrally lets stronger people overpower her words.

Silver notices the insistent and determined push of new growth through her world, and says goodbye.

Silver walks silently, faintly, gently, quietly, passively, defensively, neutrally and filled with melancholy back into her safe glades.

Metamorphosis

My personality

Eternally preserved in

Time stamps, pictures with smiles and peace-signs.

Obituaries were written on small pieces of a shattered clock.

Memories that seem to be faintly

Orbiting my

Roundabout headspace.

Photos with long blond hair tied in easy ponytails.

Hair that has been cut because the

Only thing I like about it is that it's easy to brush.

Separated envelopes litter my corner of the Universe and wax seals burn my fingertips.

I hear laughter, and

See a slideshow of memories that I look back on with happiness coming from my heart.

Elegy

Small pockets of darkness absorb the wedding-dress white light.

I had heard my father tell my mother, but I was drowning in denial.

I tried to pretend that I could breathe, but the words sunk down to the pit of my stomach.

Bubbles of nausea and bile rise up in my throat, and tears carve grooves into my cheeks.

We put the small, orange corpse in a Dunkin' Donuts bag, and kept it in a cooler for burial.

We went to a home supply store and bought a flower pot, which I turned upside down and marked with his name and lifespan.

Here Lies Mango

2013-2016

Unsurprisingly, I cried oceans. It was like taking a hot metal rod and shoving it down my throat. The pain of losing my pet was as difficult as it was to get a shovel through the winter-hardened ground in our backyard.

I said some words, and so did my father. We cried, and stared at the makeshift grave with melancholy silence.

I broke the snow-quiet sadness by talking about Mango. He was a good pet, my very first. An escape artist, he chewed out of his cage multiple times. I used to let him go in my room and watch him scuttle around with tiny steps, but would always trot over to him when he got too far away. My mother was terrified of him, I recalled while choking back a sob as I remembered when we had sat on the floor of the kitchen, listening to him squeak from his hiding place behind the fridge. When he had come out from behind his safe haven, my mother grabbed a spatula and a bowl and tried to pick him up using them.

Eventually, we left the backyard. Now, the back of our home is quite literally a pet cemetery.

Ode

Small pieces of lace float down into the bustling street.

The lace settles in perfect doilies that dance together in a soft waltz.

Gentle and miraculous, they open up at night to reveal a dove gray the next day.

Even though the world kicks their dejected backs into the street, I know that their worth hasn't descended in any way.

Even though they will wash away like a child's chalk illustration on a sidewalk, I will remember the milky white days where I ran through the city, the only reason I needed being snow.

As the powdered sugar condensed on the sidewalk like a perfectly dusted cream puff.

The cold wind whips my hair into my face and makes me pull my jacket closer to me, but I couldn't care less.

Even though tomorrow they'll be gone, just as everything will be, the snowflakes insist on making their passage from the heavens down to us.

We don't deserve their presence in our lives, but they forgive and forget.

Emotion

I hold a rosy pink envelope close to my heart.

It has my warmth, my hopes, quiet smiles and quick glances in it.

It took a long time to finish writing; I put a lot of effort and time into it.

I fight through all my emotions to see their face each morning.

These lively and pure feelings are new and though they sometimes fade and are replaced by anger and hurt, I always seem to come through.

I once gave myself paper cuts on tears and yells of fury that made the recipient of the letter cower, but since then I have apologized and learned to be happy and joyful.

People always talk about how they hate themselves, and that anxiety is a common thing nowadays.

I have decided to make this part of my fight, and what I can graduate knowing I have earned a diploma and have learned more than the formula of area.

I hand the letter to myself. To my shadow, and to all the past versions of myself that told us that we weren't worth as much as anyone else. Just because you might not be as skilled or kind as one person doesn't mean that we aren't just as valuable as anyone else. I hand my letter to all the people that are struggling in the world. I might not know what they're going through, but I know that we will all make it to a place we can be happy together. We all just need to walk backwards when someone falls down to help them back up.

Forwards/Backwards Poem (can be read from top to bottom and then bottom to top)

Butterfly that flaps its wings in a lonely silence.

Absorbs the bright blue

That even

The joy of sunshine,

The love of a mother's kind eyes,

Could not withstand

The butterfly.

A quiet, somber creature,

They float aimlessly and aloof through life.

Warmth and purity seem to heal their sadness, though.

Maybe

Maybe I will stare at the stars as I always do at night and they will be gone.

Maybe they already are.

Maybe they will crash down in brilliant balls of light.

Maybe they will stay hung like a mobile over our heads, forever dangling out of our reach.

Maybe we already have them within our grasp.

Maybe they will simply stay knitted in the large black quilt because they are afraid of us.

Maybe we are afraid of them.

Maybe their own impossibility scares them; maybe it empowers them.

Maybe they're quiet shining makes them feel silent and alone.

Maybe they need someone to tell them that they are as loud as a thousand flutes and piccolos.

Maybe I am that person.

Maybe tonight when I stare at the stars I can thank them.

Maybe they will listen and shine even brighter.

Maybe they will stay mute.

Maybe they are already gone.

Fairy Tale Poem

Jack and Jill ran up the hill to fetch a pail of water.

Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after.

Jill looked at Jack and saw he was no longer there.

Jill ran around looking for him but he was nowhere in sight.

Frantically she sprinted back to her cottage.

She cried out, "Mama! Papa! Jack has fallen down the hill and disappeared!"

But she was only met with confusion. "Who is Jack?" asked her parents.

Jill was incredulous.

She ran back up the hill to where she had seen him last and there Jack was, standing as if nothing had happened.

As she trotted towards him, Jack stared blankly, and turned to the well they had left the pail at.

Swiftly and agilely he climbed onto the rim of the well and jumped down the long, long pit to the bottom.

There was no noise except for Jill's scream.

She ran to the well and looked down to the bottom, dreading what she was about to see.

Instead, she saw nothing. Just water. No boy.

Here

Here we have streams, berries and animals, and sunshine.

Here we rivers clogged with rotten corpses, berries gone bad, poisoned and hunted animals, and sunshine so filled with sin it turns weak and frail.

Here we have children playing in parks, and happy couples that watch the youth run where their children will play.

Here we have children who are abused, bullied, and have anxiety and depression. Here we have almost half of married couples that get divorced.

However, I am grateful to be Here.

It's better than being Nowhere.

We will continue filling the sunshine with sin, continue having abusive parents and spouses, and animals that struggle to reach Nowhere because God knows that Nowhere is better than Here.

Animals always tend to run uphill during a tsunami to get away. I wish I could run with them and get away from Here as well.

We disintegrate Here to piles of sand that scatter all across the sky.

We throw those small shards into each other's eyes to blind each other to our own actions.

But I think that here can be rebuilt. We just need to gather all those shards and all that sand and make them into a sandcastle. I believe we can make a galactic sandcastle, but we must hurry before the sand is washed away by the tsunami.

Even though I want to leave Here, I know it's my responsibility to look after it.

Unlike the animals, I will try to run towards the water.

Snapshot of my Brother

A clean Polaroid sits on the mantle of the wall in my room. My mom's face, smiling lips and eyes covered with sunglasses are on display. My head barely reaches into the picture, but I am slightly below her with the top of my head almost touching her chin. 4th of July, 2017. The sun was clearly beating down on us, and I look like I'm in the middle of laughing. The air had the scent of fireworks and water as we stared at the lake with content. I had caught fireflies in clear plastic beer cups and carried them around with me. The sky was a clear blue and I was tired and happy. My mom talked with the adults, naturally. I'd never been good with adults; their range of knowledge makes me feel inferior and small.

In the Polaroid, you can see a gray pebble beach transition into navy water behind my mother. I had tried to go in, being that I loved to swim. I had taken one step in and promptly made my way back to the beach house.

I had played video games on my Nintendo 2DS while my mother drove up to our landlord's lake house and was relieved that when I got back in the car the progress I had made on the drive had been saved.

I had stuffed myself with food and ran around in the grass with their massive black lab till my feet hurt. We sang songs on the radio on the drive back.

Prose Poetry (Refuge)

The small pin holes of light that sink into the rich cloudy darkness of shadows. Sunshine illuminates us and helps us see the world around us, though sometimes we prefer to be blinded by the night. If black holes are filled with silence, light is filled with constant noise. Streets, forests, the wind blowing snow off of

the ridges of mountains, and laughter. Plenty of laughter. Enough to shake the sky and banish all of the nightmares. Only daydreams exist in the land that the light smiles upon. Night glares with jealousy at the day for pushing the moon away. Light doesn't mind, though. Billions of people love the light, and plants and animals rely on it too. If they let the night have its way, they would all be swimming in that black pool forever. So light stays and watches us quietly, and wraps us in hugs when we walk out into the sky. One day we will join the light, and watch over those billions of people that smile back at us.

Will You Witness Me?

Day after day the people die. It hurts too much to think about this so some people just don't. Instead they think about money, and politics, and power. They have never once thought that one day the earth they fight over might not even be there to claim.

What legacy will the armies and soldiers have if the history books have burned and the voices and stories altered and silenced?

Will their children thank them for killing men and women that had families that had stories of their own? Will they thank them for tearing our world limb from limb?

Yet they still care more about money than the safety of their grandchildren, who will grow up in a world infested by greed and anger. They still will manipulate others and start wars with the only winner, the only endgame being a cold, dark, broken shell. We will scramble like ants across the surface as acid oceans and dead fish lap at our ankles, and the Sun has almost reached our last defense. The Sun doesn't need to work at all by the time that we achieve World Peace. And another thing. World Peace is capitalized. It is a thing to be claimed, just like land. We struggle to do something that we should have done long ago.

But go!

Talk about your politics and taxes and mortgages and dynasties. You won't have to deal with the consequences of your own actions; we will!

I have watched the books I've read begin to mention Global Warming like it's some kind of monster or Bad Guy that can be killed using the power of friendship. Don't try to sugarcoat it. Historians will look back on this time and they will see records of the children and the people who decided that money, politics and power don't matter as much as the lives of all the children that will come after us do. We will be the ones to clean up your mess.

I Don't Know

I don't know what the formula for finding X is.

I don't know what the point of all these wars is.

I don't know if I'll make it to the train in time.

I don't know if the homeless people that I run past on the street will be alright.

I focus solely on myself, because I am a self-centered person.

I feel little shame in admitting that. When I first realized that I didn't care enough about what was going on around me I was mortified. I didn't know what to do with myself. I still don't entirely know what.

I see articles in the news that have people far younger than I am creating things far greater than anything I can do, and probably will ever do.

I don't know what will please my parents. Of course I want to please them, as any child does. We all seek a parent's approval like a salmon tries to swim upstream.

I don't know why I love being cold. I just do, and that's that.

I don't know why we have to spend so much time in school, and it close corners with people I'd love to never see again, unless they get a brain transplant.

I don't know where the cause of all of the stress I feel is from. I think school, but my parents think that it's my electronics fault. Of course, they would think that. Isn't that every parent's first assumption?

I don't know how to finish this poem. I have so many things I don't know about that I could create lists that went on and on. Lists that looped into themselves. The infinite questions I have about almost everything pile onto my shoulders. I will spare my parents from the pestering of their thirteen year-old daughter, though.

Family Photos

I have a pink album, stored in a box in my room.

Inside, there are page after page of meaningful and funny images. Some were taken without the muses knowing about the camera, and some were posed for.

My favorite is the grainy picture of all of the Elrod cousins sitting on a single paddle board.

My face is lit up with a grin like sugar, and even now looking at that picture I smile.

Originally, I needed to get away from all of the noise in the lake house, which is why I opted for the paddle board.

Naturally, my cousins saw me making my escape and jumped off the slippery, spider web filled dock and into the water. I couldn't just let them swim after me in vain, so I stopped and let all of them onto the paddle board.

Five children with one paddle, ages ranging from eight to fifteen, going on an adventure.

We had to go back and get life jackets for The Littles - the eight-year-olds - but we did swim around the paddle board. And, of course, we ended up being sunburned and capsized, but that's what a childhood summer is all about.

Saying Goodbye

I will miss the cotton candy skies of never letting go and the magic of forgiveness.

Grudges hold like rich chocolate now, but then the arguments would end in sweetness, like sour candy.

I will cry tears of liquid sugar now because I have lost the ability to forgive and forget.

My throat feels like it has been rubbed with a thousand rods of rock candy until the crystals are dyed artificial red.

I never got to share that final ice cream sundae with you, and I accept that that is my fault. I know it is.

But I spread blame like frosting to cover up the guilt I will find later, rotting away in my stomach.

I will preserve myself in a cold, glass container and appear shiny and new to anyone who looks at me.

I will miss your strawberry-blonde hair, which always seemed like a landmark in a crowd. A pale meringue in a sea of caramels, chocolates and licorice.

Your laugh always sounded like a high, bright bell. Like a bell that would welcome you into a bakery.

My regret is that I said too much, too fast. I should have savored the quiet sweetness, but instead I poured into the mixture like a bowl of bitter powder.

Repelling

People shovel problems onto me. It's not all their fault, it's mine. I am the one who graciously accepted their load onto my back and carried it around with me day after day. I am the one who listened with kind intent but was simply left with my legs shaking as my back gives out. I am afraid that if I end up disappearing into that mound of tragedy, of absolute nonsense that does not need to be complained about when it only makes my-

I do not mean to be insensitive. It's hard to tell someone to stop telling you their problems and that you hope they can deal with them. Because what if they only had me, that my hugs were the only signs of reassurance in their world? I kept this in mind for years. Slowly my world began to shatter around issues that weren't mine to worry about. I began losing sleep, and my personality became nothing more than an electronic shell that would give what it thought people needed.

I told someone about this, and they started helping me take apart my robotic alter ego. Now I will begin to refuse the heavy bags that people hand me, because I will not spend the hours I need to sleep crying about someone else's life. I will dump those bags into the sea of Not Caring because those bags began to weigh me down mentally and physically. I will still try to help people, but I will not allow people to let me carry their burdens alone.

Shadow Poem

My shadow sits next to me almost always, but tends to be afraid of the dark.

She says she has no secrets, and yet there is something about her that reminds you of a flower before the bloom. Tucked up, a hard, little knot of emotions she can't express just yet.

She needs a name, but doesn't want one. She simply wants to stay within the lines, and not

waver. She spreads her arms in the Sun and declares in all her cowardice that she is there, and she is present. She tells me she will never leave me, but I know that when twilight slips like a veil over the tall skyscrapers, she will end up abandoning me again.

She is content to fade and merge with the tall, gaping holes of the trees' shadows. She sits under tall willows and thinks about coming out of the hard concrete one day, like a phoenix rising out of the ashes.

She decides to leave that for another day.

She stretches her long, spindly fingers over stretches of grass that play tricks on her by tearing her up to shreds. She is a coward, but just to exist she is brave.

World Issues Rant

My hysteria is well deserved and important.

We are tearing down the walls of a house we helped build, and not caring what happens to the things that need that house. The future people, the plants and the animals. We are rocketing towards a disaster that I cannot prevent, no matter what I do.

Because there is only so many of us that stand up and try to defend the planet that we don't even own. The Earth has housed us for so long, and has barely complained. It is a better host than any of us will ever be.

We have fought over dirt that will simply float in a Universe where nothing is fair and children are starving and I can't do anything because I'm so small and no one in their right mind would listen to a little thirteen-year-old girl.

No matter how tall we think we are on this planet, we are small and nonexistent in a cold, uncaring world that judges us on how we look, on what we do, on how much money we have, if we can travel to a better place or not. I would

reach a better place if I could, but I am shackled by reality to this piece of land that we have fought over like dogs over a plastic or cotton toy.

In What Ways

I know I have been blessed to walk with so many people in this life, but sometimes I wonder whether that is a blessing or a curse. Were we intended to walk in uniform, perfect stitch rows or were we meant to rip the patterns and pins from our arms and legs and sew ourselves back together again?

I have been allowed to pick the formatting for my life, and for that I am grateful. I have decided what to pursue, and have unraveled the string from the sewing machine with little help from the people around me.

I have read the instructions for what would be a seamless and perfect fabric that would cloak me for what will be the rest of my life.

What will happen when I run out of that precious string and my sewing machine does not have the energy to keep stitching on? I am somewhat happy to not know the answer to this. I am content to continue walking in uniform stitches and every once and a while pierce my finger in the needle. That's what life is all about, I suppose.

Images

When I drift out of my body and into my mind, speckled with stars, I float into worlds that are my own.

Forests covered with ice, cities that stretch the lengths of countries, candy meadows with sugary flowers, and rooms with animals.

Lace wedding dresses, a sunlit ocean view, mountains that reach the sky and having the courage to ski down them.

My ability to space out is very impressive- not only will I stop paying attention completely and

have a white noise playing in my head, I will forget where I am and sometimes start talking about a completely different thing than what was being said. Everything fades to silence and mirrors and butterfly wings dotted with pollen and dew.

We are supposed to remember things that are as bland as rice with no sauce like how to write checks and know our parents' phone number by heart, but instead I have decided to remember music notes that carry the scent of laundry and dust that catches the light through the glass door in my room.

I will try to remember the faces that I loved that have left, and try to think of ways to say goodbye.

So really, how could I pay attention to everything going on around me when there are all these bright colors and spectrums of life that flow around us like a river that we are blind to.

Untitled

Sterile floors have been wiped clean of any imperfection, and blinding lights shower excellence from up above.

We are told to spend our days here trying to recreate the absolute beauty, elegance and perfection they want us to have. Every comment must have a purpose, and every sentence must be grammatically correct.

There is a gorgeous painting that falls slightly at an angle no matter how many times you try to pin it up. Acrylics and gloss coat the canvas of faces and false flowers that have no scent other than the harsh smell of antibacterial chemicals.

The painting is lit aflame for not having the courage to stand erect, and instead bowed its head and refused to make eye contact.

The trees are plastic and have no feeling. Their breath has been starved from them so their sighs and quiet murmuring are slit at the throat.

The bleach perfume has been absorbed into the air molecules and rips any fresh air right from the white and gray sky that domes the world that the people are content to live in. Never wavering from loyalty in that colorless, disposable world.

Hated by Life Itself

This world is filled with ignorance and the slandering of silent remarks and stars.

I walk along a highway of dim lights drawn from the cat eyes of cars.

My resolve only lasts as long as the homework's questions make sense to me.

What are my dreams for the future? What do I own of reveries?

My homework will remain a blank sheet.

I feel content to walk in the shadowed footprints of people that have walked the same path on the beach.

Train tracks send my hair flying with the wind in a golden waltz that lashes across my face.

A blood-soaked doily of deception, the backstabbed crying onto the lace.

The round eyes of purity and innocence clouded with thoughts of worlds beyond our school uniforms and blank sheets of homework.

What is the sum of happy plus sad? What can you do but cry in distress and shout at anyone that questions you?

I dream of worlds with clean white lace and answer-filled page after page that I can back up with knowledge and courage.

A world where everyone is happy and sad and that's okay because we're still fighting and that's enough.

Maybe if I try hard enough, I can turn that dream into reality. Even if I can't, the fact I tried is enough. That is what I will answer for that homework.

FRIEDA KATZ

I Am

I am independent and open-minded,
I wonder about what my future holds,
I hear my heart beating with strength,
I see my family enjoying life,
I want to be successful in life,
I am caring and hard-working,
I pretend to not always care what people think of me,
I feel alive and free,
I touch the beginning of my life,
I worry about my future being controlled by anyone who isn't me,
I cry about missing my friends,
I am happy and loved,
I understand how much your location changes you,
I say to take tough` situations one step at a time,
I dream about my future struggles and achievements,
I try to stay calm,
I hope for freedom and independent success,

I am unique and hopefully will never try to be someone else.

I am Frieda Katz.

Metamorphosis

Meeting my friends for life

Everyone filled with happiness in the moment

Then the time came for change I could barely handle

At the time, high school was the scariest thing I could think about

Moving continent and leaving my perfect life was out of the question

One day getting a call out of nowhere saying I had to pack my things and go

Remembering the good times hurts

Please don't forget me

How is this life in New York better?

Now on the verge of happiness and forgetting what i'm missing out on

Some more friends I've made for life

I can't believe my luck

Sometimes I imagine how much I'd be missing out on if I didn't leave.

(This poem reflects on how change knocked me straight in the head and revealed a completely different path that I ended up making on my own and one day combining the both.)

I Just Wanted You to Know

I just wanted you to know
How the melancholy of our lives drowns us,
It uses our eyes as telescopes into our souls,
And feasts on our depression,
When we are falling down the rabbit hole,
They will laugh,
When we cry,
They will be intrigued,
And will stretch a smile across their skin,
Causing destruction and poverty everywhere
they touch,
Knowing the pain they've caused,
Completely emotionless.

I just wanted you to know,
I'm breaking inside,
Muscle after muscle is slowly turning into
stone,
I think my eyes are broken,
Because everything's so blurry,
Soon my eyes will drown myself,
And the pain will swallow me whole,
And finally push me to my breaking point,
But I hold on,

I hold on for you.

I just wanted you to know,
You are the reason I haven't slipped,
Because my mind replays the memories of you
and me smiling,
And deep down inside I know that they loath
me for that,
The wind is strong enough to take me with it,
But I stay,
I stay and hold my ground because i know,
When I let go,
I will let go in peace,
And they won't be laughing.

I just wanted you to know
that for now, they are in control,
We are the entertainment whilst they eat
popcorn,
And ambush us with dangerous pain,
Our thoughts are theirs, no secrets.
But sometimes,
We have good thoughts,
And then they cry.

Blue

Blue

Brightening the gloominess of any day by
spreading through the sky, laughing at the
clouds that are sucked away by the happiness of
blues presence,

Blue brings hope to morning rise,

She listens to the birds whistling away to the
wind,

And stops the sun from burning our sensitive
eyes,

When blue goes sad, shadows of clouds cover
the earth like a cold, icy blanket and destroys
our homes without thinking,

And blue isn't there to protect us,

And we get angry with blue and outcast her
forever.

And soon blue is as lonely as we are.

Maybe

Maybe I need to go through struggle,

To keep people entertained,

Always focusing on my mistakes,

My pain attracts their attention,

Like animals devouring its prey,

Ready to eat every ounce of its flesh,

Without thinking the meat had a life once too,

No willpower.

When you don't reach their expectations

Then they leave,

They isolate you,

And loneliness is worse than painful attention,

And they'll disappear,

But I will never abandon them,

Because the guilt of leaving is too much,

Too much for me to handle,

And the reality of life scares me,

My life becomes a nightmare I wish I could
wake up from,

Every second I hold onto my old memories,

And holding back ruins my new ones,

Fear of missing out,

In both worlds,

If I'm there or not,

They eat of my burning flesh for their own
satisfaction,

I like how it hurts,

How it distracts me from the pain within that's
leaking into my life,

It hurts even more,

Which I never knew was possible,

Too much for me to handle.

Maybe the fake pain distracts them from the
real show,
The ship, seconds before it hits the iceberg,
And the people on the vessel clueless as ever for
what's about to happen.
It's better that way,
No fear for the last seconds of your "matterless"
life,
Acting like everything couldn't be better,
Acting,
Lying,
Pretending,
Maybe I don't fake my struggle,
To keep them entertained,
Maybe the struggle isn't fake,
And maybe I'm not lying.

Roses and Rings – A Fairy Tale

Trapped,
Isolated from the world,
Drowning in depression,
Crying herself to sleep,
Never knowing the truth,
Never knowing her truth,
Being lied to by the only human connection she
had,
Oblivious to her so called "mother's" intentions,

Taking away her freedom to save her own back,
Beauty before daughter right,
Daughter,
More like kidnapped and used princess,
Who deserved a life with roses and rings
Waiting for her?

Mother's greed for her youth was too much to
let Rapunzel go and enjoy her destiny,
That she was meant to have,
She wasn't supposed to be used,
Used by someone she loves,
Loved,
But at the time did she prefer that to roses and
rings,
Love can keep you trapped and clueless,
So many chances to escape into the real world
Jump out that tower she called home and run,
How many times she looked out that window
and thought of running,
To her rings and roses,
To her happiness and freedom,
zero.

She didn't call for her prince,
But change swept her off her feet,

Put a crown on her inexperienced head,
And took her far away from her mother,
A mother that she loved with all her heart and soul,
But ended up breaking her delicate body in pieces,
Leaving her to glue them back together,
And even with a prince by her side,
Her "true love",
The boy who was supposed to change her life forever,
Couldn't mend a single piece.

Here

Here I'm flying above the clouds,
20 stories above my life,
Looking down at my body drifting from place to place,
Carelessly,
I watch it paint a smile on her face and suck in her stomach,
Filled with the stress eating she gains from her spine-chilling arguments she has with her parents,
Never stopping to catch a breath or two,
Here I see a mistake ilm going to make seconds before it unfolds,

Already re-playing the moment of embarrassment,
Laughing at my own problems,
Problems I fly away from because they are too hard to face,
Too hard to stare in the eye and scream at them to stop tormenting my life,
Instead i take it out on the people that surround my lifeless body,
Who I shoot every bullet of pain I'm able to let go of at,
And slowly they all leave,

Here I see the forgotten hopes and dreams fade to ash,

And parts of me with it,
Not knowing how to find them again,
Lost and forgotten,
I see my family losing hope in me,
As every day I lost hope in myself,
Or seems to find another part of my body to moan about,
Smiles turn to moods,
Happy days seem too far away,
I can't do this anymore,
Here I am not happy,
I am lonely.

The loneliness devours my insides and eats
through my skull,

It drives a whole through my heart,

And doesn't think twice about its actions,

Sometimes I'm holding the hand of my friend,

And all I can feel is coldness going up my spine,

Then no one's there,

The sparks in my eyes fade away,

And my soul joins them,

My facial expressions turn into gloomy and
miserable,

And soon my friends aren't there at all,

I can hear my family laughing,

Giggling with love galloping around them,

But every time I run to them,

They seem to get further away,

I've now been walking for miles,

But I haven't even lifted my foot.

Here I am walking on a tightrope,

Not afraid to fall,

But standing as still as a statue,

Like ilm frozen in time,

I was never good at making decisions,

Holding on was a waste of time,

I didn't care that much,

And the drop looked like such a mind-racing
stunt i could perform,

I wonder what it would feel like to just freeze
mid-air in the act of life and death,

Maybe i would be able to see my body of life,

Watching,

Crying,

Crying i didn't give it a try,

A try in life,

Maybe she was thinking just jump,

Maybe it was time,

Dream over.

Dream over,

Haikus

I hear the birds' songs,

Of only true harmony,

And of only hope.

See dreams coming true,

Nature celebrating joy,

Talking about life.

Wars and fights resolved,

And as quick as a heartbeat,

No one lives in fear.

What a world to dream,

If only it could be true,

Life isn't this good.

Untitled

The grounds of my castle is breaking,

Every word or comment that hurts me,

Sends a gust of wind towards my home,

Shaking and breaking my ever existence,

Demolishing my memories one by one,

Never stopping until the job is complete,

Wiping out the foundation of my life.

The walls of my fort have collapsed,

I'm vulnerable and alone,

I have no one to come and protect me,

From the bricks that a thrown,

The bricks that are aimed at my chest,

To press against my heart,

And stop the blood from flowing through my
body,

The storms the clouds stir up torment my
dreams,

And now i only know of nightmares,

My mind hesitantly breaking down,

As i push everything i have against the fear,

The thunder scars the living hell out of me,

And seems to never disappear into the clouds,

And now I can't remember blue skies.

The paints drips off my newly decorated walls,

My attempt in trying to cover the pain,

Mistake on top of mistake,

Like a pile of failed tests,

I wonder if I will ever be able to show my true
self,

Always blinding people with what they expect
to see,

Showing glimpses of the truth.

My doors are closing in on me,

Trapping me in hell,

Like i'm a prisoner to my own trade,

I dug my grave and everyone is forcing me,

Forcing me to lie in it,

I let the pain sink in to my skin,

And enjoy the last moments i have,

Of knowing what freedom is like,

And when i finally give up,

I see a light.

My bags and suitcases wait outside in the car
for me,

I stare straight in the eye at the new life I'm
holding in my hands,

All I can do is cry,

My heart is screaming at me saying this is your
home,

I love this place but all I receive is pain,

I'm frozen on the steps of my past,

Like a model waiting to be told her next pose,

Her next expression to act out,

Controlled by others,

This is not how I want to live my life,

I can't stay,

But i leave on my own,

With no one forcing my path,

And choices only I can decide,

I hope I one day escape from these prisons,

I will wait until that day if it's the next day or
decade,

A time when i can choose my next move,

And no one's correcting me on mistakes before
i make them,

Or judging me for how I live,

I wish true freedom on everyone,

As now my palace hides my scars less,

And allows me to embrace my uniqueness,

Like everyone should be able to.

Here's What I've Got

Here's what I've got, the reasons why I will fight
for

My friendships: because you live 6000 miles
away,

Yet, you know exactly how I feel every second.
Because you laugh

at my new friends when you feel I'm replacing
you, but cry,

When we can't talk because of time-difference,
because you give the best advice,

And can make me smile whenever New York's
too much. Because you put on my dresses, and
teach me how to do my own makeup, even
when you don't know what eyeshadow is. And
in ten years' time our friendship would've never
changed. I know.

You have serious eyes, but you are the opposite
of mature, And you can't

Stay still for five seconds. We can talk for hours

about absolutely nothing, and when I saw you
last, I knew nothing would ever change. I knew
our friendship would never change.

You are the only thing I'm sure I will never
lose

From moving, Because I wake up knowing you
are just a call away,

Because if I lose you I've lost half of myself,

The only thing that get me out of bed is
knowing I'm a second closer

To see you,

You can read me front to back and I can't think

Of one thing I haven't told you,

You are the glue that sticks me together,

I love your over-enthusiastic laugh and

How you stockpile my favourite

Food in your house to make sure

You have it when I randomly come by.

Filling the fridge to the brim with orange juice,

Because your making me try new things,

Because you say i need to get used to new,

As of now I'm new,

A new person without you by my side 24/7,

And I drink the orange juice when I cry,

Cry for you,

But then you clean my face,

And make me spit out the disgusting orange
juice from laughing so hard,

And now my stomach hurts.

You are why it works.

Looking at the Mirror

I see a smile,

A reflection of happiness,

Of scarred and fixed love,

Loneliness filled with friends,

And glued with happiness,

Fakeness is removed from her,

Reality came back to her,

Eyes sparkling with the brightness of the moon

She stares at to gain hope,

She won't lose herself again,

Hoping the second chance in life wasn't a fluke,

And that she was meant to live,

She was supposed to survive,

She found herself,

After struggle,

She chose a wrong path,

And was suffocated by hate to point,

Her life line couldn't handle,

Her last straw was hanging on a thread,

But her smile pulled it back in,
And now she doesn't hide behind her clothes,
Now I don't choose to cover my true self,
I see when I look in the mirror,
A mirror not polished nor perfected,
A person who is happy with life,
And couldn't change a thing.

Mac McGrath

Here is why my family works:

My brother works because he only wants to make
a cake if he gets to eat it. Because he'll say he
will help
only to leave and return only when he hears the
oven beep.
He works because he does his homework on
Saturday instead
of on Monday morning. Because he can eat a
pound of
Banana bread then goes back for more. Because
he'll ski
Headfirst down a hill I wouldn't even look at.
Because he'll help you up when you follow him
down.
My mother works because she asks me to do
her maths for her.
Because she never turns CNN off and she listens
to it as she falls asleep.

Because she loves a good lemon drizzle and has
to think when
choosing between her children and her cake.
Because she always picks
us. She works because she yells my name so
loud Kansas could hear it
when she's scared. Because she hates the cold
and loves the heat.
And because she would watch Harry Potter and
the Order of the Phoenix a thousand times if it
meant I was happy.

My father works because he took me to the
hospital when I was five because

I wanted to deliver a package to some doctors
with him. He works

because he plays hallway soccer with my
brothers until they knock

down a picture and then he puts it back up and
yells "My ball!". He

works because he took me to his office and let
me wear a suit and pretend

I was the CEO. He works because he tells me
the stories of when he was

young and the dinosaurs reigned and he slept in
his welly boots. Because

he will take me to an art store any hour of the
day so we can make something together.

Because he scored five-hundred-and-something
on Crossy Road and was really proud of himself.

My youngest brother works because he called a
plate a flat bowl.

Because hesays "Oso" instead of "Also". Because
he will play in a nerf gun battle, get hit, and
then

proceed to destroy the culprit. Because he has a
hundred stuffed bunnies even though

the original was mine. Because at four in the
morning you can hear him shuffle down

the hallway into our parent's bedroom. Because
he loves super heroes and would

play for hours, oblivious to the chaos around
him.

Because he gives really good hugs.

We work because: we have to, but also because
we want to. And because we can watch Austin
Powers a trillion times and still find it funny.
Groovy, baby.

Suffer

There are a lot of things that I don't like,

Few, though,

Repel me.

One of the few,

That repels me,

Is Homophobia.

I was instructed to,

Transform that into,

Something beautiful.

I don't think,

That I can transform something,

So horrid, into beauty.

I can, however,

Turn suffering into

Beauty, I think.

There are times in our lives,

Where we suffer,

And make others suffer because of it.

We all have bad days,

We all suffer,

We all struggle.

We all have made the days of others worse,

We all have made people suffer,

We all have made people struggle.

That,

By no means,

Is a justification.

My point is,

We all suffer,

We all have suffered.

So,

Does that not unite us?

Does that not give us at least one thing in common?

One thing we can latch on to?

Put our differences aside for?

Smile about?

A Rant

Please tell me, dear reader,

Why I have to come out?

What does it achieve?

I can answer that one: truth.

But that isn't my real question.

No, reader, it is not.

My real question is

Why do I have to do it?

Why me, and not everyone?

Why do the straights not have to tell me that they are so?

Why is society so accustomed to straight being the norm?

Why is it the norm?

What the hell is wrong with running around screaming

"I like dudes!" or "I like women!" or "I like everyone!"

Ok, I do see some flaws in that plan,

But why is it that only I have to come out?

Why do only the people that are somewhat different than others have to proclaim so?

Democrats and Republicans both have to say that they are so,

So why not the gays and the straights?

Hopefully, one day, all will be different.

Though I know neither tomorrow or the day after will be changed.

Maybe next week?

Maybe

Maybe I was supposed to be born wrong,

so I could grow and learn from my experience?

Maybe I was meant to have to fight for my masculinity,

so I wouldn't take it for granted.

Or maybe, that's just speculation,

And I was just, like everyone else, a product of chance?

Maybe I'm supposed to hear someone up there,

Guiding and lighting the way with a torch fueled by sins?

Maybe I'm supposed to believe that everything
is for a reason,

And nothing is unaccounted for?

Or maybe, that's just overthinking,

And I just exist because that's what's expected
of me?

Maybe I was born right,

I was supposed to be this way.

Maybe I was meant to fight,

And be grateful I don't have to fight any harder.

Or maybe, that's just naive optimism,

And I was born wrong.

Maybe there is someone up there,

I'm just not listening hard enough.

Maybe everything is for a reason,

And the pencil on my floor means something.

Or maybe, the only thing up there is the stars,

And my existence is my own fault?

We may never know.

I Don't Know

I don't know why dandelions look like clouds,

But they do.

I don't know why the sky hugs the clouds,

But it does.

I don't know why blue is my favourite,

But it is,

I don't know why bullets are America's favourite
rain,

But they are.

I don't know why the apple can fall so far from
the tree,

But it does.

I don't know why, in today's society, it's better
to be straight than to be anything else,

But it is.

I don't know why I have to stare at the sidewalk
whenever I pass a homeless person,

But I have to.

I don't know why I can't just say "Hello!",

But I can't.

I don't know what I'm supposed to do,

But I don't think anyone really does.

I Am

I am smart and confused.

I wonder about the colours: do we all see them
the same?

I hear music.

I see through eternally smudged lenses.

I want to be asleep.

I am smart and confused.

I pretend to be a zombie, just to get a rise out of my brothers.

I feel like someone should probably fix America.

I touch the clouds.

I worry that I am not liked, that I am being judged and that I am not welcome.

I cry because I don't know if there will be a tomorrow.

I am smart and confused.

I understand that I have a responsibility to be a role model for my brothers.

I say that I really hate M&Ms

I dream about fudgesicles.

I try to be kind and good.

I hope that someday basic human rights for all will be standard.

I am smart and confused.

Decisions and Failings

Sometimes we make decisions we will come to regret.

Other times, we cannot fathom regretting a decision.

Occasionally, we immediately regret a decision.

Sometimes, we make the right decision.

We can never know, though, what true consequences our decisions may bring.

See, when it started I was a mere nine years old.

Eager for new beginnings, eager for a friend.

I don't know if the signs were there at all, but I know I did not see them.

See, when you look up to a person that much, you become oblivious to their failings.

We all have these failings, it is a fact of life, a certainty.

Some more than others, yes.

But all of us have them.

These failings are the decider of relationships: can they live with your failings, and you with theirs?

Sometimes, said failings are not apparent until later.

Sometimes, they are clear as day.

Sometimes, they barely appear at all.

Sometimes, they are that is visible.

By the time said failings were visible I was twelve.

My own failings were being discovered and subsequently thrown in my face.

When you can no longer exist alongside another person's failings, your own begin to shine.

They become blinding, almost as if they were all that ever were.

Eventually, I swam through this blindness, to a state of dazed vision.

And I made a decision.

This was one of those decisions that hurt like hell.

It ripped through my insides, calling me names as it pranced around inside me.

This time, though, it was one of those decisions that is just right.

Yes, it hurt me.

Yes, it hurt my friend.

But now, I am happier.

It was the right decision.

Blue is Just Misunderstood.

People say blue is sad. I disagree.

I think that blue is happy. But blue is also calm, yet confused.

Blue is the night, the morning and the sea.

Blue is angry at existence, but it'll always give you a hug if you need it.

People say blue is cold. I disagree.

Blue is warm in the summer and cool in the winter.

Blue is the blanket of sun and the blanket of snow.

Blue is black and blue is red.

People say blue is dark. I disagree.

I think blue is just misunderstood

And if people left is alone it would thrive.

I think blue has a smile as wide as America.

I think blue has eyes greener than the concept of green itself.

Because why can't blue have green eyes?

I think blue has big elephant ears.

I think blue is just misunderstood.

ESTEBAN RAMOS

I Am

I am different, gentle.
I wonder why people feel the senseless need to
kill others.
I hear a white dove calling me when I am
stressed.
I see a white dove staring at me as a reminder
to calm down.
I want to outlive my parents.
I am different, gentle.
I pretend that my bed is a magic carpet in
order to sleep better.
I feel a burn on my neck as if someone were
staring at me.
I touch the atoms in front of me to make my
hands cooler, when it's too hot.
I worry that I may be disappointing someone
with each decision that I make.
I cry that I won't be remembered when I am
gone.

I am different, gentle.
I understand that everything may not be as it
seems.
I say that everything will be ok, when in reality,
I am not sure.
I dream of colonizing another planet in order to
escape the problems here.
I try to stay responsible, but it is difficult
sometimes.
I hope that I can communicate to more people
to stay because, you truly never know.
I am different, gentle.

My Parental Relationship

Here's why my relationship with my parents
works.
They are always there for me.
Whether it is showing up to my basketball
games
or
making sure that I always check in to make sure
that I am ok.
Even though
I don't feel always feel like doing that,
They are right.
Sometimes I start an argument, but
The fact that they respond shows
They care.
That's what's important.
They are always right.
That's what I fail to realize at times.
That they always have my best interest in their
minds,
but the best thing is the fact that they love *ME*
for *ME*.
That's why my relationship with my parents
works.

Elegy

When you passed.
I felt like I was carrying a boulder on my back,
but yet it felt like nothing.
I wanted to cry but I couldn't.

My mind refused to accept that you weren't
with me anymore.
Some days it is hard for me to keep a smile on
my face,
then I think of you.
Sometimes I need you.
Then it hits me that you are not there.
And my heart breaks all over again.
The nights are longer without you.
It's ok though,
we will meet again.
The next time you won't be in pain anymore.
I love you.

Shadow

My shadow's name is Nabetse.
My shadow goes through the exact opposite life.
If I have a good day, my shadow has a horrible
day.
I feel like my shadow is envious of me.
My shadow and I are always together.
When I go for a walk, it is right there with me.
It's almost like we are the best of friends.
We are together forever.
Inseparable.

Saying Goodbye

I miss my grandma.
Even though she died when I was 4.
I remember each moment that I had with her as
if it were yesterday.
I didn't know what had happened, I just wasn't
able to see her.
I wish I could have said a final goodbye.
It hurts me that I didn't have more time with
her.
It hurts me that I didn't have her watch me
grow
or to watch me play basketball
or to watch me graduate.
or to watch me have my first drink.
If I knew she was dying, I would write her a
letter about our favorite times together.
I would have the mental strength to stay strong
and not break down in tears.

But she's ok, she is in a better place.
I will see her again.
Until then, I want her to know that I love her.

In What Ways...

My student ID shows how privileged I am.
Most kids like me don't get the opportunity to
go to a private school.
Most kids like me are placed in a system that is
against them.
Most kids like me don't get school lunches that
they find edible.
I need to understand that I cannot be
complaining about my situation and I need to
have empathy for others because I most likely
have it better than them.
I cannot take for granted the opportunities that
are practically handed.
There will always be people that would love to
be in my position.

Poem About a Feeling



I see a thunderstorm with beautiful sunshine
while hearing birds harmonizing in the rain
tasting bitterness,
smelling and touching are out of the equation.
I'm always happy but sad.
While I'm alone, I feel like I am all alone at the
end of the world and the only way to release
the pain is by letting go.
In a group, the loneliness goes away and it
suddenly feels like everything is great.
When they say "there are two sides to a story," I
feel like there are two sides to me but with
infinite endings.

Maybe

Maybe I was born with tall parents
so that I could use my height to be an athlete.
Maybe I was meant to be tall
so my children can be tall

Maybe I wasn't meant to be lazy
so my work ethic could be stronger.
Maybe I was born with mental strength
so I can hide how I really feel.

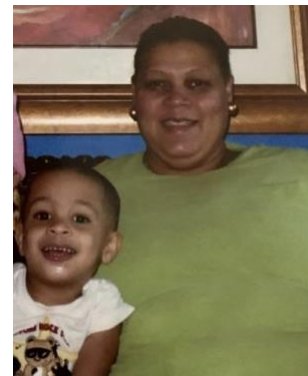
Maybe keeping a smile on my face and not
crying is one of the most difficult in my life.

Maybe I am worthless of anything
and I won't amount to anything in life.

Maybe this is a cry for help.
Maybe crying myself to sleep isn't enough.
Maybe running from the truth isn't the right
way to go about it.
Maybe I don't think I am fully ok.

But hey, these are all maybes.

Family Photos



This is a picture from 2010.
Someone who is missing from the picture is my
father.
He took the picture.

When the picture was taken,
I was living a good life. I was 3 years old and
enjoying every second. This is a moment
captured of my mom and I enjoying our time
together. My mom didn't know how much I
love her deep down. Sometimes it is hard to

express it but the love is there. At 3, it was hard for me to express myself.

After the picture was taken, time went on. I grew up. Here I am looking at this picture a decade later. Now I can express myself without barriers.

My mom knows how much I love her. I still enjoy my time with her.

KIYAN ANTHONY

INTRODUCTION:

My name is Kiyán Carmelo Anthony
Another name my friends call me is Kiy. It's just a shorter version of Kiyán
I feel like my spirit animal is an eagle because I'm super chill all the time and I see things differently from a different perspective.
The object inside my heart is like a shield. I say that because I have to protect what's important to me.
The word on my forehead would be sympathy. Sympathy is to be understanding, to feel sorrow for someone, to be on your friends' side.
One sight I would love to see is when me and my family are all together and having fun because I know I'm not going to have that time for ever
My favorite time of day is the morning because to me that means the city is waking up and I am thankful I woke up.
If my hands could speak I think they would constantly tell me that I need to wash them and to take care of them.
Something I remember from my childhood is going to my dad's basketball games late at night and going to eat after with my family.
Something my parents tell me a lot is, "Everything will pay off" - I never understood what that meant until recently.

If I Owned a Word

The word I have chosen today is "empathy." I have chosen this word because I feel like I connect it the most. To be empathetic means to

understand and share feelings with someone. Many people in the world won't understand the true meaning of empathy. Empathy is a Greek word that used to be called EMPATHEIA. It can mean two different things. Physical affection or passion.

Empathy

The human heart can only fill with so much grief,
When everybody continues to
bring you down every single day,

When people scream at you, it hurts
Especially your own family members
I wish everyone had empathy
they don't. They just don't.
That's why I try my hardest to
ring as much empathy as I can into this world.

Blue

Blue means so many different things
Blue is the center of the world
Blue is everywhere left, right, behind you
Blue is the sky, the oceans, lakes,
Blue is more than half of the earth.
Blue looks down on us from above.

Concrete
Poem

ever so narc
chromatic, good,
stormy ego slippin
its rough ego slippi
its vehement ego slipp
sneak snake, comic ethi
sneak snake, amusing mora
sneak snake, comical moral
sneak snake, funny morality
sneaky hydra, funny n
furtive snake, comic n
its sneak snake river s
its concealed auger s
furtive snake, comic
its merciless self sl
sneak snake, comical e
sneaky snake, funny et
sneaky snake, risible e
sneaky snake, amusing n
sneak snake, comical mc
sneak snake, funny n
ever so corrupt serpe
sneaky snake, amusi
sneaky snake, comic
sneak snake, comica
sneak snake, comica
corrupt snake, humc
sneak snake, laugh
its underhande
ever so ir
sneaky s
snea
its
sava
inter
under
its ve
crooke
stormy
its st
conceal
its fer
ferocic

I Just Want You to Know

I just want you to know your smile is
slowly fading
Your laugh comes to my ear daily
I still see shadows in the night time
Sometimes I swear your scent has come
back
It's not the same without you

I just want you to know
As you continue to look down on us
We will continue to look up to you
Our lives are filled with sorrow
Especially because of this pandemic
I wish you were here to experience this

I ask myself, how would you handle it?
And that's how I get through my days
without you

World Issues Rant

Today I'll be talking about Coronavirus
(COVID-19).

I just don't understand
After all these years,
Time to get ready for a lot of tears
We're still not ready for a PANDEMIC of such
Many people have suffered from COVID-19
people have even died, its been bad luck
Majority of the people with the virus don't even
know that they have it
Walking around, socializing, they are just gonna
pass it
There are not enough tests
So please try your best
Stay inside & hide
Try and stay alive
I'm fed up about it.
I wish people would listen and work together to
combat this deadly virus

VIOLET FRIEDMAN



Violet's Poem

Violet, an
Enigma, I like that
Enigma
A horse so beautiful
Graceful but tough
Quiet but loud
I want something
Something
I don't know what it is
I can feel it in my heart
Words
So many words for me
What is my word
What would my word be?
Mystery?
No
What about violet?
The word for me is violet
Not one specific meaning but it is MY word
The one word I can see, on my forehead
It means me
I love to look at the most beautiful things in
life
Nice days
Bad days
Love
Mystery
Books
Animals
But there are somethings i don't like
I don't like fighting
I don't like to see people sad
Or mad
Or depressed
My favorite time of day,

I like two parts of the day
Right in the middle of the day
Because you have time to do a lot of fun things,
and it's the warmest time of the day
But i also like when the sun sets over the blue
sky turning it into a rainbow of colors
Then soon to be indigo
If my hands could speak
They would say
More crafts please
More sports
They say this because hands were not made for
nothing
They say we were made for something so go do
something.
I remember when i was little i would go and see
my friends every weekend
We would do arts and crafts and swim
I also remember one thing that has always been
said to me that may have the deepest meaning
that is
I love you
This is me
This is my poem

Lavender

Lavender walks by
Skipping
Lavender takes a big breath and blows a wish
for everyone
Lavender has big eyes like big lakes
A home to many
Safe
Lavender swims in water like silk
Don't bother her
She doesn't get mad
Lavender does get sad
When she is sad all the flowers weep
All the trees turn away from the sun
Let her alone to swim in her silk
Lavender a home to many
Safe

Forwards Backwards Poem (This poem can be
read top to bottom and bottom to top)

Every song has been written

Every song has been sung
I will never believe that
There is always another song to sing
And, it is true
Every song is not the same
Every song is similar
Every song has a melody
Every melody has words knitted into it
A song is like art
No
A song is a song

Shadow

Shadows
Are our shadows backward?
Well, if they were backward, then my shadows
name would be telov
That doesn't seem right
Maybe if it's backwards
My shadows name is dregs
I guess that's backwards of a flower
Or maybe not backwards, maybe just opposite
My shadow likes to hang out with cool people
My shadow is cool
My shadow hates singing and acting
Always has on a lot of makeup
My shadow thinks i am crazy when i am nice to
my little brother
My shadow nearly throws up when she sees the
people i hang out with
I say she even though we are opposite
My shadow does not like me
This is my shadow

World Issues

The train for the twenty first century leaves in
five minutes
get your tickets
And because of the coronavirus all first-class
time machine trains are free come to the
twenty first century today
There's only one person on this train
We'll go anyway
Hi this is the twenty first century
It's not that great
I'm not saying it's all bad but...
The past four years have been pretty bad

So right now, Donald Trump is our president
He says build a wall to keep Mexicans out!
Why
We welcome people; we don't shut them out
Let's put alligators at the border and feed
Mexicans to them
Like what
When it comes to sickness... oh boy
“ if you got Ebola you disintegrate”
I am 100% sure a three-year-old knows you
don't disintegrate if you get Ebola
This stupidity has led to problems for us
He has turned countries against us because
people hate him so much
He is the most racist person alive
He is sexist too
And probably the most disgusting person ever
I was reading the news, I can't remember how
long ago
Someone quoted Donald Trump saying,
“Laziness is a trait in only black people.”
I cannot believe anyone would ever vote for
him
He calls Japanese people, “Japs”.
It's like out president lives in the 1950s
As much as our world is messed up
I think Donald Trump is a big part of all of
that.

Ode to Eyes

When eyes first open
We say that you can't see color
Or very much that is
But even if you don't see much or color
These eyes see more than can ever be imagined
As a child you see things that you want that
you say you NEED
As an adult you see what you are most focused
on
But when your eyes first opened you didn't
want something
You weren't focused on something
You saw everything
When eyes first open

Traveling

To me the best way to travel...

Is by book
When you open a book
It takes you far up into the sky so you can see
the stars
And you can look down to see all the tiny little
people
You can feel the wind pushing against your face
as if you were sitting in front of a fan
You feel the thrill of going to a place you have
never been
The thrill of being a part of something you
never have before
You land in Paris
The city of love
Anything can happen
You chase somebody down the street because
you want to know something, but what?
You are solving a mystery with the great
Hercule Poirot
You are eating escargot at the finest restaurant
in Paris
Just so once again your book can come pick you
up to bring you to your next destination
The best way to travel is by book

GIBSON HOPE

I Am

I am awesome
I wonder how giraffes survive with such long
necks
I hear crowds chanting my name
I see a bright light
I want to be humble
I am awesome
I pretend that I can fly
I feel cold air
I touch an air guitar
I worry Donald Trump will blow up America
I cry when I don't have any tacos
I am awesome
I understand I will never be able to jump into a
pool of chocolate pudding
I say god bless America
I dream I could hold Earth with my hand
I try to make my bed every day

I hope I am a genius
I am awesome

Ode

I can't wait
Summer is coming!
They said it couldn't be done
At the beginning of the year
I was scared
I would not make it to summer
I was scared math would kill me by then
But I'm here

I will play tennis
You never forget the thwack of the ball
Golf is exhilarating too
There are mesmerizing views on some holes
The ocean is as clear as glass
I sail on the ocean
The wind on my face
Is like someone blowing a big cold fan right at
you
Yes, I cannot wait
Until summer has arrived

Snapshot of my Sister

She is annoying
She is nice
She gets in my business
At times I wonder
'Are we actually related?'
But most times I love her
She brings smiles to my day
I will never forget the time she said,
"Gibson, are you ok?"
She makes me laugh
She loves me so
She is my biggest fan
And I am hers
I will love her forever
And I hope she feels the same way

World Issues Rant

This is a big deal.
 But we don't do anything
 The North Pole is literally burning
 The penguins are dying
 And it's all because of climate change
 We have great people out there helping
 Go Greta
 But it is not just up to her
 We, the people, have to do more
 environmentally friendly things
 If climate change keeps going strong
 We cannot go skiing because all the snow will
 have melted
 Our buildings might get flooded because of the
 rising sea levels
 This is an outrage
 We have to fix this

Shadow Poem

My shadow hates its life
 And I don't blame him
 He has no control over what he does or does
 not do
 I get to control that
 He hates me
 He glares whenever I move
 He does not like chess
 And I play a lot of it
 He hates YouTube
 And that is my number one pastime
 I sometimes feel bad for my shadow
 So I turn off the lights
 Then he goes away
 I wonder what he is doing
 Not watching YouTube, that's for sure
 He is probably just waiting for me to die
 And yet, I feel bad for him

Orange

Orange
 Such a neutral color
 Never picks a side
 Never red
 Never blue
 Always hiding
 But why?
 Maybe because no one likes orange

Maybe because he is the color of Donald
 Trump's toupee
 No one knows
 Maybe he is a spy
 A spy for blue
 Or even red
 Maybe he is just lonely
 Whatever the case is
 He is probably sad
 Sorry, orange
 Until we meet again

ZOE STAHL



Me

My name is Zoe, just a 12-year-old girl
 I'm just a 7th grader, as short as a squirrel
 I may be small, I may be weak
 But my spirit is strong, strong as fire
 Strong as a wolf, as strong as the tiger
 And this may seem silly, or maybe not.
 But a nickname that fits me could easily be
 Alpha, that's all I got.

Because I'm an Alpha, I would be a wolf
 The wolf is strong, caring, and would never lose
 hope.

An object in me, deep in my heart
 Would be a book, a book that brings out my
 inner art
 I chose a book because it helps me escape
 It brings out the best and keeps it safe.

A sight I love would be an animal at a loving
 home.

It brings me joy, warmth, and love.
 A sight I hate would be a place of abuse,
 It brings me anger and hate.

My favorite time would be the morning,
 If it's not a school day, or I'll be mourning...

I love the morning because it's the start of a
new day,
The start of something great, or the start of a
relaxing day.

If my hands could speak, they'd tell me to write!
To write until I pass out at night.

A few years ago, alongside the road
I was riding my bike and I swerved (Oh no!)
I landed in a dirty little river, my mother
laughed at me
I was very bitter.

All the time, my parents say "Eat!" Because I'm
a very slow eater,
eating pea by pea,
Every day at dinner.

If I Owned a Word

A word I find interesting is Cocoon
It's a little pocket that blooms and will make
you swoon
It blossoms into a butterfly, as beautiful as a
rose
Eating the nectar off of flowers with their nose

A silky web spun around the little worm
It sits for a while, but soon it will squirm
The morning sun shall shine brightly upon its
arrival
Hoping it a smooth and calm survival.

This makes me feel calm, happy and secure
It feels important to me because it brings new
life

The silky-smooth cocoon will keep that little
worm wrapped up tight.



Haiku

Flower patches on a hill
There was a small daffodil
The daffodil bloomed
Like the sun shines, oh so bright



Color

Lavender

Lavender is welcoming, warm and kind
Her lacy fingers are intertwined,
As you gaze into her eyes, gently designed
Her eyes are like storms, cloudy and grey
They symbolize strength, and will make you
sway

But behind the storm, she is a flower
Sweet and elegant with a mother's embrace
She'll make you feel at home, in any place.



Elegy

I just want you to know
 How we think of you all the time
 Whether it's having a blast
 Or crying at night
 I know that you watch us from high up above
 Guarding us like the angel you are
 But in our hearts, there will always be a scar.
 We miss you a ton and we won't ever forget
 All the times we played and cuddled but yet
 All good things must come to an end
 We miss you, Bailey
 We miss you daily.

Ode

The Magnolia Tree
 The magnolia tree that blooms in the summer
 Its petals fall to the ground
 As the sun shines bright
 The magnolia tree that blooms in the summer
 What a beautiful sight
 Sitting there in my backyard
 Homing the squirrels and birds all around
 The magnolia tree that blooms in the summer

NOLIA DORSET

I Am

I am myself yet everyone else.
 I wonder why we're here.
 I hear the beat of the world.
 I see the world crumble because we let it.
 I want to make change.
 I am myself yet everyone else.
 I pretend to be okay.

I feel hopeful.
 I touch the hearts of others.
 I worry about politics.
 I cry over myself.
 I am myself yet everyone else.
 I understand love.
 I say to try.
 I dream about love.
 I try to help everyone.
 I hope we save our planet.
 I am myself yet everyone else.



Blue

Blue.
 The color of sadness.
 It makes you cry on the happiest of days as it
 watches from afar.
 It doesn't matter what you want, it just takes it
 away.
 It strips you of the light that the world gave
 you.
 It makes you cry at the sight of your favorite
 person because you're feeling blue.
 The sadness of it consumes you.
 It feels like 100 pounds of metal is pushing
 against your throat.
 But, in reality, it's the fear of being blue that
 fills your head.
 You cry until there's nothing left.
 But it doesn't help.
 The only thing that will pull you through is the
 fact that you're colorblind.

Elegy My Rock

I never got to say a proper goodbye.
But now it's too late.

You were my rock.
Then you left.

We can't fix it.
Because you're not here.

You left me.
You were my best friend.
I just wish we could go back.

You were my purpose.
You were always there for me.

You helped me through all the bad times.
And I was there through yours.

I wish I could see you again.
Maybe someday I will.



Fairy Tale Poem Little Mermaid

We all want what we can't have.
It's like we hurt our own hearts, but we
complain that everyone else breaks them.
She says she wants to be human but she takes
her tail for granted.
Instead of enjoying the part of her that we
don't get.

Why is it we wish for something better, but
what we get is priceless in itself?

She wants more.
The sparkle in her eyes are gone, because she

would have to be passionate in order for it to
return.
But, of course, she has deprived herself of that.
Because instead of taking everything good about
herself she decides it's best to focus on what
she wants to change.
When really, we were all born with a gift.
The gift of life.

It comes in different forms for us all.
But in order to find the determination we have
to open ourselves up to the possibility.

The chance that it is possible to succeed in life.
You just have to want
it.

She has the want. We all do.
Some of us just use it in different spots than
others.

We must help the ones that need a little push
to get there.
Otherwise it might be our fault that they don't.



5

Here Candyland

A land made of sweets.
Lollipops, gum drops, chocolate, you name it,
they have it.
The ocean is made of chocolate syrup.
The clouds are made of cotton candy.
A perfect life, right?

Wrong.
Waking up to the smell of your sugary house
makes you sick.

The thought that your world is perfect makes
you wonder why you are not?

As the gritty sugar seeps into your
teeth your words rot with them.
You've lost your purpose in all the "happiness"
around you.

It all blends into one.
You can't tell if someone's real or fake, like the
syrup you put on your pancakes.

How can you be happy when your own
world isn't real?
It's all fun until you actually want to know
people.
Not the sugar-coated version of themselves.



Will You Witness Me?

You ever feel like you're completely alone?
Like if you touch something your hand might
just go straight through it.

A ghost.

As I walk through the halls, the isolation seeps
in.

I wonder if anyone can actually see me.

Or if this life is all in my head.

I'm invisible.

They all turn their heads.

Laughing and going about their day as if I was
never here.

I think to myself, what if I left and never
returned?

Would I be missed?

As the world moves around me,

I'm at a standstill.

Watching everyone grow up and move on,

While I'm still waiting.

Waiting for the acknowledgement.

Waiting for that one person.

The person who makes it all better.

The person who makes me understand.

Understand that people do witness me.

But until then, I am untouched.

Like a lock, waiting for its key.



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I Don't Know Who Are You?

I don't know.

I don't know who you are.

Are you the person who would come to my
rescue when I need you most?

Or the person who says they would, but never
shows.

The person I can count on.

Or the one who always goes.

Are you the person who risks their life to pull
me out of the quicksand as I sink in?

Or watch as I drown?

Drown in the fear of you being fake.

Fake.

You, who watches as I break.

I ask.

I ask you.

But you just lie.

So how am I to trust, when I've always been denied?
Is it real or is it fake?
Because with you I always have to do a double take.

I don't know why you treat me this way.
But because it's you,
I stay.



World Issues Rant Help

We walk by the people who don't have what we do.
We act like they deserve less because of looks.
Because of the way they dress or act.
But if that's what we base our willingness to help people on, then we are all terrible people.
We help ourselves.
Because we come first, right?
But if that's what putting myself first looks like, I don't want to.
Because in order to help, we have to be willing to put ourselves second.
To think of others first.
To remember that we don't all have the same opportunities.
Because if we did, we wouldn't be here in the first place.

And I get it.
Not all of us have the ability to.
But for those who can, you should.
Because not only does it make other people happy, it will put a smile on your face.
We all have the option to help.
Just not all of us choose to.



Woman

We are accused every day.
"Are you sure you want to eat that?"
"You're such a slut."
"Cover your shoulders, it's distracting to the boys."
These words hurt the girl who goes home every night and cries herself to sleep because she has no one to talk to.
They rip away whatever confidence the girl with the eating disorder had left.
They terrorize women's nightmares of them getting raped.
Because if we show any skin that means a man is after us.
But if a man walks around without a shirt on, it's normal.
We are the ones who are told, "Ladies first."
But, in reality, it's the man who has always come before us.
Because we are just the ones who take care of the kids, while the men are out working.
It's sad because we women are actually so smart.
But no one seems to notice.
These girls take their lives because they "aren't good enough."
When, really, it's men who need someone else to take their issues out on, so they use us as their punching bag.
But we can't get pushed around anymore.



Why It Works

Here's what I've got, the reasons why my best friend and I work:
 Because we don't go to school together so when we see each other it makes our time worth so much more.
 Because you always know how to hype me up when I'm sad.
 Because you always do things to make me laugh.
 Because even though we have our other friends we still come back together.
 Because even though we are interested in our own things, we have a lot in common.
 Because when it comes down to trust, she's the thing I think of.
 Because she's the reason that by the end of the worst day there's a smile on my face.
 Because when everyone else isn't here, she is. She stays.
 And that's the most important thing.



VELLA CARTER

I Am Poem

I am strong and caring
 I wonder what life holds for me
 I hear soft whispers
 I see unjust actions
 I want to help people
 I am strong and caring
 I pretend to be brave
 I feel like I'm in a room alone
 I touch the things around me
 I worry it will all go away
 I cry about stress
 I am strong and caring
 I understand that not everything is fair
 I say everything will be ok
 I dream of a happy ever after
 I try my best
 I hope others start caring about the world and people around them
 I am strong and caring

Haikus

The wind blows and sings
 It sounds like a symphony
 leaves dance to the song

In spring flowers bloom
 there are colors all around
 Beautiful and bright

It's dark and scary
 But what a beautiful sight
 The green, dark forest

The sound of rivers
 are their whispers and their cries
 They sound like a song

Red

Red rages like fire,
 angry and frantic
 Scorching everything in his embrace

The world around runs and hides from red
While his loneliness overcomes him
He sees people running away
and he understands why they would
Red's anger inside doesn't just come from being
mad
It comes from the loneliness in his heart
He listens closely and hopes someone will come

Here

Here in the apartment on Central Park West
The warmth of love fills the rooms
It's the place where I go at the end of the day
The safety comforts me and makes me feel okay

Here is the place I can cry or laugh
It cradles me like a crib
It's the safe zone I can go take a break if I get
sick of the world
Here it holds happiness, sadness, and memories
in the walls
and love, comfort, and compassion in the floor

Snapshots

My Dad

He is jeans and a shirt, simple on the outside
but has the kind of personality that could fill a
big room
His laughter is loud and contagious
His eyes are big and brown
He falls asleep reading books
and always asks, "What's going on?"
He tells me to follow my dreams;
now he has to follow his

My Grandma

She is glamour and love
She is always there for her family no matter
what
She wears lots of makeup and diamond jewelry
But always lets her granddaughters play with
them
She is proud of the accomplishments her loved
ones do
And will always be there to see them

She lives far away, but is always in my heart

My Mom

She is sneakers and sweaters
She is caring and kind
She is always doing things for others
and her heart is filled with love
She has a soft smile and turquoise eyes like the
ocean
Without her, I wouldn't be who I am today

Prose Poem:

The Little House on The Hills

The little house on the hills is surrounded by
beauty. The trees tower over the little fairytale
house and the ivy drapes over it like a curtain.
There are flowers as bright as the sun and grass
soft like bunny's fur. A little old lady lives there,
but no one has seen a soul there except her.
She sits all alone with a somber look and seems
like someone bruised her heart. People say she
needs a fresh start. What I don't get is how
someone can be sad in a house that looks like a
piece of art.

Goodbye Poem for My Cat

I just wanted to say goodbye
Goodbye to your loud purring
Goodbye to your sweet as sugar smile when I
rubbed your head
Goodbye to your chubby cheeks
Thank you for putting up with my constant
need to hug you when I was little
I will never forget the times when I sang you to
sleep
and the times when I pretended you were my
baby
You were more than a cat to me you were one
of my best friends
you were always there for me when I needed
you
and those two years that you were in my life
were some of the best years of my life
When you passed away my heart felt like it was
beaten up

It took me a while to feel better
 But at the end of the day I had to accept that
 you were gone
 No matter what I will never forget you
 and you will always be in my heart
 I love you, Lolly



Image Poem



On a wooden bench sits two girls and their
 grandmother
 Puppies and dogs sitting on their laps
 The contagious smiles of them fill the space
 along with the calm, happy feeling
 Behind them is the beautiful island of Maui
 All the vibrant colors explode
 The dark green tree with peach-pink flowers
 shades the bench and chairs like a parasol
 Through the gaps of the leaves the perfect blue
 sky shows
 and the bright glimmering light shines on the
 tips of their flip-flop toes

I Don't Know

I don't know how the world can be so cruel

and not one soul tries to fix it
 People live on the streets, struggling
 while some people are flying first class to Paris

I don't know how to tell if something is fake or
 real

What even is real?

Is it not pretending or lying?

Sometimes I feel like the people I think or real
 are fake to me

I don't know who I am

Who I am now

Or who I will be

But I know I will figure it out

In the Style of Billie Eilish

The rage and sadness inside takes my whole
 body over

I watch myself from the outside

No one sees me

I feel invisible like a ghost

You did this to me

Made me feel this way

Made me do this to myself

You made the loneliness deep inside me explode
 like a bomb

I told you I loved you

you said you did, I thought you did

but hot fire in my heart proves me wrong

I guess I should say goodbye before the fire
 takes me away

Before my goodbye, I know I shouldn't

but deep down I know revenge is sweet and I
 want it

Beatrice Barnsley

I Am

I am a fortunate girl

I wonder if any of it matters

I hear silence

I see stars

I want a happy future

I am a fortunate girl

I pretend I'm always happy

I feel I need to please others
I touch the air
I worry I'm not good enough
I cry out but no one answers
I am a fortunate girl
I understand the world is not perfect
I say unnecessary things
I dream of a perfect world
I try to do better
I hope to do well
I am a fortunate girl



Haikus

I look at the trees
I wonder if they look back
Such beauty in me

The water is wet
I put my hand in the cool
Blue, my fingers are

Crashing around me
I am the beautiful sea
We share our secrets

Pure white puffy clouds
I stretch my arm out to grasp
Too fast fade away



Green

Green
The color of the trees
The color everyone sees
And everyone ignores
Like the trash bag blowing on a street or a
homeless man begging for a treat
Green goes unnoticed for all its beauty
We see it all around us but no one cares
No one ever pauses just to think as we all teeter
standing on the brink
And everyone ignores
The color everyone sees
The color of the trees
Green



Elegy

I just wanted you to know
I'm not mad
You left to soon
I understand
It was my fault
I'm sorry

Your loss
My loss
You left me with the deepest cut

Everything changed after you left
I no longer saw the world as someplace happy
It's dark
Cold
Scary

I know this happens to everyone, but it never
gets easier
Innocence
I miss you



Ode

The stool in the corner
Waiting to be sat on
Waiting to be valued
Appreciated
Dust collects on top
Never to be blown away
It stopped waiting
Learned
Learned its own value
The chair doesn't need to be sat on
It loves itself anyway

Maybe

Maybe I came from my mom and dad
Maybe not
Maybe I'm not meant to be
Or am I?

Maybe
Maybe we all say
The answers to the questions we don't know
Always has a maybe
Maybe we do know
We just keep it all inside
Protected
Like the heart in our rib cage
Safe

Maybe that's all we want
Safety
Or maybe not

Maybe
Maybe
Maybe

Maybe it's real
Or maybe it's not
How could we know
It's all just maybes



Here

Here I lie wide awake
There I'm sleeping soundly
Here I'm filled with sorrow
There, filled with laughter

I spend my days, nights, weeks
Wishing
Wishing I was there
But still
I am here

Here, I'm alone
There, loved ones are all around me
Here I think
There I am

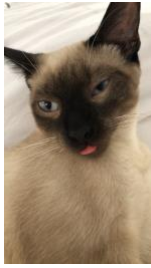
I wonder is there really, like in the movies
The perfect place
Driving on a hot summer day with the windows
down
Laying in bed after a first date
A first kiss

Does it even exist?
Still, I want to be
There

Snapshot

His mouth is open
Yawning
Supine on the sun kissed wooden floor
His paw on my hand
Delicate
Dust in the air around us
Illuminated by the sun
His perfect blue eyes are as bright as two opals
Twinkling

He is my Siamese cat
He is contentment clothed in fur



I Don't Know

I don't know
It scares me
I don't know
It frustrates me
I don't know
it intrigues me

We don't know
Should we?
We don't know
Could we?
We don't know
Would we?

I don't know
We don't know
It's all the same

We don't know if we don't know
That's the scary part
We don't know anything

Untitled

The sun is on my face
Sand between my feet
I'm lying on a towel
Everything is perfect
When I touch the water I wake up
In my bed in my room
Back to here
Wishing I was there



In the Style of Billie Eilish

An Image clear and profound
Running along in parallel
I gain speed you hit the ground
Behind me
My separate self you fade away
Never to return to play
I miss you
Sitting on swings that sway
I laugh throughout the whole day
I love you
I take the memories with me
My smile stays the same
I am you

TAYLOR NEWMAN

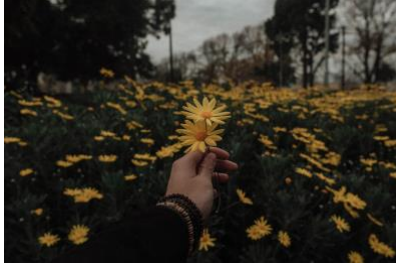
Haikus

Sunlight shines so bright
You can even see it through the trees
A beautiful day

Fluffy clouds, oh my
Many a shape trace the sky
Don't cover the Sun

Flowers where are you
Many colors I wish to see
Please bloom for me

The trees and the bees
They are so beautiful
And the flowers too



Red

Red absorbs a room as fast as flames,
 Setting everything around it in a blaze
 Glowing bright, letting everyone know that he's
 there
 He makes an impression like wine spilling onto
 a white rug
 Red is beauty and pain,
 Like a rose that pricks your finger
 At the end of the day red fills the sky,
 Watching over you letting you know he'll be
 there tomorrow.



Metamorphosis

Meaning to change,

Evolve

Turn into something new
 Aspiring to be
 More than what it was
 Overcoming all past problems
 Revolution of the soul, breaking through with
 its
 Powerful new strength
 Hopeful to start
 Over, welcoming in the
 Sunshine that
 It has missed
 Staggering to fly with its new wings.



Elegy

The first time he looked in the mirror and saw
 someone and ugly
 He was 8
 The first time he was put into therapy
 He was 10
 And still to this day she is too afraid to talk
 about anything because she is too scared to be
 called

Weak

In school he hid his heartache
 Walking around with a smile
 Hoping that no one could see through his
 mask
 But at home it was different
 At home he couldn't hide, his parents knew
 who he was
 A disappointment
 A boy who thought everyone didn't care about
 him because whenever they went out he was
 scared someone was looking at him
 A boy who couldn't go shopping without crying
 And still to this day he can barely go shopping
 without thinking someone is judging him
 But it should be hard after being called "ugly"
 and "gross" multiple times by his "friends"
 Things at school were getting worse
 at home too,
 his parents were always yelling.
 At school she was getting harassed
 By a girl
 Who had a crush on him
 Getting death threats daily
 And still to this day he is still scared when her
 name is brought up
 People say, "Get over it," "That was so long
 ago,"
 But they'll

Never

Understand how it feels to go to school every
scared for your life
He built a wall
A wall he made sure no one could break
And still to this day that wall is standing, higher
than ever



The Pencil

Did you hear about the pencil that fell on the
ground?
Lost never to be found
Waiting and waiting,
As the dust gathered around it
Laying there as if it was bound to the wooden
floors
Hoping and hoping,
Dreaming and dreaming
Just wanting to be used
But no more did it hope
No more did it dream
Because it didn't need to be used
It was already happy
Sitting there in the dust

Death

When we die what happens?
Do we get whisked away to a far-off land?
where the clouds are made of cotton candy?
Or do we close our eyes and go into a never-
ending dream?
Does our soul get lifted out of our body or does
it stay there?
Is seeing the light being reborn?
Or are we closing our eyes to an old world and
opening them to a new one?
Well it's too bad that I'll never know
I guess I'll wait till it's time for me to go.

Maybe

Maybe I come from a crack in the sidewalk
A place where so many people stepped
That finally another person popped out
Maybe I'm supposed to feel a little bit of pain
Every time someone steps on that crack

Maybe I'm not the first to come out of the
crack
Maybe I have brothers and sisters
All waiting for me to come home,
To come back.

Mom

Here's what I've got, reasons why My Mom and
I work:
Because every time I walk in the house she yells,
"Take off your shoes."
Because you yell at me and I'm not allowed to
yell back.
Because you think what I say matters.
You take my clothes because they "fit you."
Because I tell you all the drama at school.
Because I learn from you and you learn from
me.
Because you think all other colors besides
purple are overrated.
Because you love watching NCIS
And you make me watch it with you.



Music Poem

Haven't you taken enough already?
I'd let you go if you let me
I see you standing right there,
Breathing in the fresh air.
Tell me how this is fair?
But in my dreams, I see you with me.
Don't wanna stay here,
I don't deserve you.

You called me weak
Like I'm not somebody's daughter
But then again it was a nightmare.



MIA RAUCEO

Flying

Flying
I wonder what's it like
Is it graceful and peaceful like a dream?
Or dangerous like a nightmare?

Flying
Is it an escape from reality?
Can I run away from all my fears?
Can I escape the chains that hold me back
And finally be free?

Flying
When you reach the clouds
Are they fluffy and soft?
Are they welcoming and kind?
Are they everything I wanted them to be?

Flying
When you're up so high
What do you see?
Do you see all the goods of the word?
Or the evils of men?
Do you see the people working together?
Or do you see them falling apart?

Flying
Will I be able to watch all the
Hate and disgust burn
And watch kindness graciousness flourish?

When pigs fly, will we be able to grow our
wings too and escape our realities?



Cacti

Cacti
Rough on the outside
Soft on the inside
Dry on the outside
Cool on the inside

Cacti
Look dangerous
But really, they're just another flower
Just another plant like any other
We tend to judge books by their covers
And we never get to know what the book holds
on the inside
Just like the Cacti

Cacti
Have a reputation to be dangerous
A reputation that they cannot change

Cacti
We tend to be stayed away from
When all they want is company
Someone to see them
Someone to look them and notice something
besides the prickles
To look at them and see a beautiful
extraordinary plant
A plant like no other

Cacti
Make themselves look better by adding flowers
By adding color
But people still seem to stay away
People only see the sharpness on the outside
Not the softness that's on the inside

Cacti
Cacti
Cacti

Don't worry about what they say
Don't worry about what you hear
For you are a beautiful plant
A plant like no other one that is

Extraordinary



Eyes

Eyes are everywhere. You look at them every day, everywhere. Eyes see what they want to see, and know what they want to know. Eyes judge by how they see things, not what they are. They select the bits in pieces and try to create a story, a story that's not true. Eyes. Eyes come in different colors, blue, green, brown, hazel. Each having its own beauty, each being different. Eyes. We don't see our eyes till we look in the mirror or a picture. We don't see ourselves till we look in a mirror or a picture. We don't realize what we've done after we've done it. We don't realize what we've said after we've said it. We don't realize what we see until we see it. We don't realize what we know until we know it. Eyes are more than what we think of them as. Eyes do more than we think they do. Eyes are more than what we know them to be. Eyes. Eyes are beautiful and dangerous.



Blue

Blue is the color of sadness
The color that consumes the sky
That takes over the ocean
That takes over

Blue the color that also represents
Peace
Tranquility

Blue isn't just sad
Blue isn't just a color
Blue has a meaning
A life

Blue lives through the sky
Lakes
And sea
Blue lives through
People and items

Blue isn't just a color
It's a feeling
Emotion
And object

Blue describes how our day has been going
Blue describes our life
Blue is what describes me



To This Day

My spoken truth is
I don't know what it feels like
To get bullied
I've said things that I don't know if they've
hurt
I've said things that I'm sure if they healed
I don't know if what I've said is a knife in
someone's back
Or like giving them a flower
I don't know if I've hurt someone with words
I don't know

But I should
 I know what it looks like when someone gives
 up or is down
 But in those moments
 Where I "joke"
 Or "tease"
 it seems like I don't
 It just seems like I'm a ghost when it comes to
 that
 It like I don't see emotion at that time
 And now that I look back
 I feel like a monster
 A villain
 A bully

I'd like to imagine that the world is a happy
 place
 And I'm making it better
 But I don't even know if I've made it worse
 I don't know

I try to be the best I can be
 I think that I'm being the best that I can be
 But what if I can be better?
 What if I'm only becoming worse?
 Am I the friend that I'm thought to be?
 Am I actually kind?
 I want to say sorry
 But I don't know who to say sorry to
 If I made you cry
 Let me cry with you
 Let's just cry
 Cry it out
 I'll listen to you
 I'll listen
 I'll say sorry
 But what if sorry isn't enough
 What if the pain isn't taken away and I'm just
 making worse
 If I made you sad
 Let me be sad with you
 Let me be angry with you
 Happy with you
 I just want to be there for you
 Here for you
 But I don't know if I made you cry
 I don't know

Let me cry with you
 Let the pain be gone
 Let me take it away

But I don't know how to
 I don't

All I want is for you to be happy
 That's all I want
 All I've ever wanted

I Am

I am Mia Rauceo
 I wonder when we'll all be equal
 I hear the sound of silence
 I see people crossing the horizon
 I want to be able to fly
 I am Mia Rauceo
 I pretend that I'm not scared
 I feel the clouds on my feet
 I touch the rainbow with my hands
 I worry that one day I'll not see my
 grandparents again
 I cry because the rights of others are
 compromised
 I am Mia Rauceo
 I understand that change comes but not fast
 enough
 I say that I believe in imagination
 I dream about a better place
 I try to be my best self
 I hope that one day we'll all have wings and
 learn to fly
 I am Mia Rauceo



My Grandma

When you step inside
 You'll see a brownish couch
 You'll see the TV playing football or a movie
 You'll smell the food that took my grandma a
 whole day to make
 You'll see a family as one

You'll hear
The sound of laughter
The sound of talking
And the sound of family

You'll taste my grandma's curry
Her macaroni pie
Her vegetables
Her salt fish
And won't get judged for getting your 4th
serving

In this house
You can laugh if you're happy
You can cry if you're sad
You can joke if you're funny

In this house
I get made fun of by my cousin
Get asked how school is
Get asked how old I am
Told stories of the past
And what we hope could happen in the future
In this house bedtime is a myth

When you walk in
You'll get a hug from your aunt
A kiss from your grandma
A pat on the back from your cousin

In this space
You don't have to hide who you are
You don't have to be ashamed
And you don't have to be scared

When you walk in
You'll get a hug from your aunt
A kiss from your grandma
A pat on the back from your cousin
In this space
You are Loved



Here

I can't speak for anywhere else
Or anyone else
But I can speak for here
Here I feel accepted sometimes
Here I feel judged sometimes
Here I feel loved

Here in New York we have people from all over
We have culture like no other
And a unique cuisine
New York is filled with different languages
It's filled with people who want change
And people who want to make a difference

Here in Brooklyn
We have murals on most blocks
A deli on the side of the street
And a flower growing from a sidewalk crack

Here on Earth
We have people from all over
From Asia to South America
From Africa to Europe
From Australia to North America

Here on Earth
Not everything is fair
But we work together to try to make it better
Here on Earth we are not different
But we are the same
We may look or speak differently but we all are
just
Humans

Maybe

Maybe one day you'll find what you're looking
for
Maybe one day you'll find what you desire
Maybe

Maybe one day what we fear will be over
Maybe one day what we are confused about will
become clear
Maybe

Maybe one day we'll see each other as equal
Maybe one day we'll stop seeing are differences

Maybe

Maybe one day all the wars and terrors of
humanity will be over
Just maybe

Maybe one day we'll stand hand and hand and
just see each other
Not how different we look
Not how different we talk
Maybe

Maybe this will never happen
Maybe this will
Maybe this is a dream
Or maybe this could be reality
Maybe reality isn't so bad
Maybe reality is really bad
Maybe

These are the questions I don't know how to
answer
What if there is no answer to them?



ENZO GARCIA

I Am

I am an artist and a teacher
I wonder if I'll ever find success in music or
other things I'd like to pursue
I see a hopefully bright future
I want to live my life doing the things I love
I am an artist and a teacher
I pretend I am a famous musician
I feel angry about the state of our country
I touch the strings on my guitar
I worry that things will never get back to
normal
I cry when I feel helpless
I am an artist and a teacher

I understand that I may never find fame or
success in music
I dream about it constantly
I try to make a dent in the world, either now,
or in the future
I hope that I can
I am an artist and a teacher

Metamorphosis

Many thanks, I do give
Even though I hide in my cocoon, I continue to
live
To be a butterfly, it's really my aspiration
As the leaves are battered, due to precipitation
May has gone, it's time for June
O! How I wish to leave this cocoon
Really, it is time for me to go
Peace be with you, the best caterpillars I know
Heaven knows how long I've waited
Or how I have anticipated
Soon I will have the air on my wings!
I'll be beautiful without these ugly rings
So I say goodbye, my good friends!

The Strange Plant on W 200th St.

I discovered it on October the first
Leaning in to see its mangled pedals, I expected
the worst
But nothing happened, so I stepped back,
cautious
When the plant started spinning, making me oh
so nauseous
I tried to run, but it's pedals did catch me
It grabbed on to my ankle, it seemed almost
angry
It's vomit green stem began to grow
Along with the pedals, how it enlarged so
I looked at Its face and It at mine
And I saw something in It, beautiful and
sublime
It had thoughts, actions, and loves
The former including belly rubs
And so, I stood, shocked and in awe
Ignoring its spikes in my craw
It looked into my soul, trying to find
Something caring, gentle and kind
And so I fell in love, that day I did meet

The Strange Plant on W 200th St.



The Happy Child

Look at this baby
So happy and free
Her euphoria, an inspiration to me
Her happy eyes, her happy nose
The joy seems to run all the way to her toes
By people who love her, she must be
surrounded
What great emotion! I'm astounded
She's lifted onto a cloud, light, never rainy
Everywhere she looks there's a yellow Delaney
She's made it up, down from the pits
At least for now, that is
Those feelings of slight sadness, they can't bring
her down
She says, "I feel as happy as a clown!"
I wish I could feel like that, just for a day
Like the little baby, who loves to play

Maybe

Maybe the
Caterpillar will grow
Into a butterfly
No one wants to know

Maybe the plant
That I loved so
Only used me
So it could grow
Maybe one day
The clouds will freeze
Maybe the ocean
Will learn trapeze
Maybe the earth
Will turn and turn

Rollicking so
It'll make my stomach churn
Maybe the tequila
The lemon pies and mousse
Oh, maybe they'll
Always make my bladder loose
Maybe it's late
I best get to bed
To lay down to rest
And get all these questions
Out of my head

Alice in Wonderland

Alice was a girl
Young and sweet
She did her chores
And kept the house neat
Her mother loved her
Her father too
Until the day
She slipped on a shoe
The shoe seemed a portal
To some faraway land
And surrounded by clocks
Alice screamed:
"Damn Peter Pan!"
She spiraled down
And conked her head
In her subconscious wondering
"Am I alive or dead?"
And so sweet Alice
Fell into a dream
From which she mightn't wake
Not even for whipped cream

Yet Alice awoke! At least in her mind
So she looked around
For something to find
She spotted a cat
Lazing under a tree
And she yelled out:
"Who be thee!"
The kitty awoke, annoyed I might add
And said:
"Why did you wake me, you withered old hag!"
Alice was confused
She knew she was twelve
Why would he call her those terrible words of
hell
And so she looked

Down at her hand
And saw a withered and veiny old lad
"Oh, dear God!"
Alice exclaimed
"I inherited the body of my Uncle Mark Twain!"
Alice felt her face
Right below her nose
And when she felt it
She immediately froze
She had a white mustache!
As far as she could tell
"Oh, little kitty, what is this hell!"
And the kitty stretched
Ready to respond
"Why, you are in Wonderland, you little old fawn!"

Alice, confused
Began to think
"I've never seen Wonderland on a map, you mink!"
But the kitty ignored her
And continued to yawn
Stretched out in the grass
Of a giant lawn
"At least give me a map of this wretched place!"
"Before I get up and spit right in your face!"
The cat wound up, ready to scratch
Onto Alice's face, he would no doubt latch
But he came to his senses and started to calm
"You can find the palace after the first palm."
The cat started to smirk
Sinister, inciting dread
Knowing Alice
Would lose her head
Should she enter the palace
She'd be greeted unkind
Still, she'd drink from the chalice
That'd make her go blind

So Alice traveled
Searching for palms
As her mind slowly unraveled
Like the men in the psalms
Yet through the vast nothing
She spotted a tree
Wondering if it was real
Or a mirage of insanity
And so she walked up
Uncertain but assured
That the tree would be

More than a turd
But as she reached it
Expecting nothing but the worst
She looked and saw a palace
Made of liverwurst
And so she ran
Towards the castle of meat
Paying no attention
To the soreness in her feet

As she approached it
The Liver Tower
She noticed a woman
No doubt one in power
She had hearts of paint on her cheeks
Representing the hearts of those she'd
Tortured for weeks
Alice approached the throne
Of which the queen perched upon
And said:
"Please take me in, I've been traveling since dawn!"
But the Queen of Hearts didn't flinch
She didn't even lift her pants
Which desperately needed to be cinched
She just stared at the girl
With a look of disdain
Ignoring her pants
Which were her a great pain
But then she spoke
High pitched and puny
"Off with her head, for this great mutiny!"
The guards came
Grabbing Alice oh so roughly
And carrying her off
One said gruffly:
"We won't behead you, that's for sure."
As they led her to a door
They pushed in her in
And slammed it shut
Causing Alice to scream:
"You ugly old mutt!"

Alice looked around
The mundane room
Noticing a chalice of wine saying
"Drink me and go boom!"
And so she drank it
Unaware of her doom
And died slowly from the poison
She drank in that room

A Response to Shane Koyczan's *To This Day*

I can't understand
How one child can do this to another
How they can hold so much hate inside of
themselves
How they hate a fat kid for being fat
Or a black kid for being black
Or a gay kid for being gay
Maybe that's how they were raised
Their parents' teachings
Or lack thereof
Where does it come from?
That delusional feeling of superiority
Because they're objectively more attractive?
They're "normal"?
I don't get it
That word
Normal
Does normal mean to be some
Lean
White
Straight
Cisgender
A person who has always taken everything for
granted
Who doesn't know how it feels
To hate yourself sometimes
Because your body isn't "normal"
Your sexuality isn't "normal"
Maybe because you look down there
And you don't see yourself
You look in the mirror
And you don't see yourself
Who you really are
Because sometimes who you really are can't be
shown on the outside

Jonathan Garcia

Hi Jon
The man I never knew
All I have to go off of
Is an old film of you.
Were you a bad father?
A drinker and unkind?
Because I don't want to search
I'm afraid of what I might find
You were successful

You must have had fun
But you never paid much attention
To your wife or son
You went away
When he was only 11
My dad without a dad
He was the one who needed saving
You went down to Florida
Back to Mami
Forgetting that twenty years ago
You loved somebody
That was my Nona
Who you would berate and hit
She didn't deserve
To go through all that shit
Neither did my dad
Who was scarred the worst
Wondering why mommy was crying
But daddy wasn't hurt
I'm glad I never met you
You were terrible and mean
You've made the best man in my life
Hold these scars in his heart since he was a
teen

Rant

We have the right to love
The right to hate
The right to read
The right to write
The right to eat, drink, dance, sing, get arrested,
arrest, hurt, beat, shoot, rape, kill
Kill?
Beat?
Rape?
Whether you see it, read about it, do it, endure
it, know it, or don't know it
They happen
These things happen
At school
At work
At home
Somewhere in America, these things are
happening
At this very moment
In this very country
In this very state
In this very city
In this very neighborhood

Someone is getting killed, raped, beaten, or arrested
 Maybe in "the hood," but likely somewhere else,
 somewhere known for its rich, white, privileged,
 white-privileged, full-bellied hypocrites
 It's knowingly unknowing, try-not-to-be-aware
 citizens
 Who don't have to worry about the ceiling
 collapsing in their bathroom
 Who don't have to worry about their kids not
 having Christmas
 Who get to care when they think that their kid
 isn't having the best education they can have
 And then there's someone else getting killed,
 raped, beaten, or arrested in the hood
 The white people there think the neighborhood
 is going down the drain 'cause of all the blacks
 and Dominicans in the neighborhood
 They think they are taking their turf from them
 They say that it used to belong to the Irish and
 the Dutch
 But, really, they're taking the neighborhood
 from the blacks, and Puerto Ricans, and
 Dominicans
 The Irish pubs got replaced by the mofongo
 house and the bodega
 The mofongo house and the bodega are getting
 replaced by Starbucks, and this random chain-
 store that popped up out of nowhere called Pick
 and Eat
 The rent's getting higher by the month
 Because more hipster white people keep moving
 in with their 3-year-old kids
 I don't blame them
 Inwood's became the center of Upper
 Manhattan for a lot of people
 But not us
 The Latinos, blacks, and just the people who
 can't afford the gentrification
 Of our beautiful neighborhood
 That doesn't need to be made more beautiful

Mom

You've never told me I can't do it
 Never said I didn't have a chance
 You filled up my water bottle this morning
 So I could get to school early
 And drink coffee to wake up a bit
 You always remind me when
 My favorite show is on

And you've always rubbed my foot
 When I couldn't get to sleep
 Even when you get annoyed that I keep kicking
 your chair
 You pick me up from baseball
 Always ask how it was
 Ask me what's wrong
 When I can't get my head up
 And talk to me
 Even when I don't wanna
 Talk
 Because you know that it'll make it better
 I love it when you watch the Bachelor
 With a lot of irony
 Even though I say I hate it
 You're always there when I get home
 To hug me
 Even when I say I don't wanna be hugged
 I do
 You know that
 And that's why you do it
 You put up with me
 That's a difficult task
 Even when I'm an a-hole
 Even when I yell at you
 You still love me
 And I still love you
 And I always will
 You loved Grandpa always
 You loved Popo always
 You loved me always
 You always make me laugh
 When you sing
 I say to stop
 But I want you to keep going
 In some ways
 A thirteen-year-old is harder to take care of
 Than a baby
 Because I still cry
 Also, a baby doesn't talk back
 And a baby doesn't yell at you
 When you move their stuff
 But still, I'll try to say
 It as much as I can
 I love you Mom

The Town of Gallows Pole

The ghost of the ship
 That never made it home

It chills up my spine
How it still
Lingers here
From a single
Dusty tear
To the alleys
Buried there

See the river
That never felt the drought
Of emptiness
Weary words
They are torn
By the shadows
In the thorn
By the coldness
Of the morn

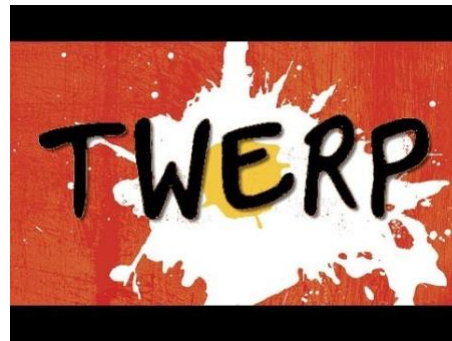
And the storefront
That was never occupied
Don't pass it by
Though it reeks of
Failed attempts
Like the city
Looks for contempt
But never finds it
In the end

I found a book
Frightened and worn
Begged of me
As it wailed out
Let me go
To the town of
The gallows pole
Where the people
Were never whole

BEN ELSBERG

I am *an American Jew*
I wonder *what is the worst possible crime?*

I hear *cheering from a crowd*
I see *hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions*
of people celebrating
I want *for the world to achieve peace*
I am *an American Jew*
I pretend *I don't have work to do*
I feel *curious*
I touch *a door that thousands of other people*
have touched before
I worry *if we will be able to fix this world's*
problems before it's too late.
I cry *when I see an animal suffering*
I am *an American Jew*
I understand *that sometimes people choose*
power of a life
I say *"That's pure air" whenever someone*
shoots an air ball
I dream *about running on colors*
I try *to be kind to others*
I hope *Trump is out of office soon*
I am *an American Jew*



If I Owned a Word

Twerp.

A silly or annoying person.

Origin: Unknown

I don't know how many people know this, my first word of the 2020 decade was 'twerp.'

I have never heard anyone else say the word twerp without me prompting it.

Not commonly used, but we have decided to recognize this word humanity.

I do not forbid or require anyone to say this word.

The only person I can force is myself.

A Letter to Death:

To: Death

I knoweth not of what death doth feel like. I only knoweth yond death wilt eventually cometh for me. Death cometh for everything yond liveth. Oh, death! Wherefore wilt thy inflict suffering 'mongst yond of humankind! Art thou merciful towards some? Wherefore doth thee inflict suffering ere taking their soul for valorous? Art thee hither anon? Doth thee gaze ov'r us pathetic beings and pick us off a few at a time? Whither doth thee liveth, o mysterious one? Doth thee enjoy watching humans tryeth to avoid thee knowing yond ye wilt winneth in the end? Doest 't snuffs thee at which hour people narrowly avoid thee? How doth thee feeleth about execution? Doth thee enjoy murder? Doth thee hath't a gender? Doth thee fantasize about the day at which hour the last being wilt kicketh the bucket, and thee can finally rest? Or doth thee enjoy thy morbid profession? We tryeth to avoid thee as much as possible, but 't is all in vain, so wherefore coequal tryeth o inevitable one?

My only request is yond i meeteth thee peacefully.



Trapped Inside One's Own Mind

She wakes up still feeling the emptiness inside of her.
She's always putting on that fake smile because she doesn't want to hurt others with her problems.

When people ask how she is, she wants to scream that she's dead inside, but all she can respond with is that she's fine.

And every day it's always the same struggle.

Nobody knows of the mental prison she's trapped in.

Every night she prays that she doesn't wake up the next morning.

She prays that this suffering will end soon.

But her prayers never come true.

She eventually cannot take it anymore.

She leaves a note for all who love her, if anyone actually does love her at all.

She takes a full jug of gasoline from her parents' garage.

She takes a lighter with her.

She bathes in the gasoline.

The lighter is then lit.

She ignites immediately.

The fire is so bright that she could classify as a star.

The damage has been done.

She is no more

She is finally at peace.



Denial for direction

Who needs direction anyway?

I simply just don't know where we are!

We aren't lost, we just aren't where we need to be!

This is all perfectly under control!

I like to see this as an unexpected detour.

We aren't lost.

We are locationally challenged.

This just isn't our intended location.

(It makes sense forwards and backwards.)

World Issues Rant

I'm going to start with George W. Bush. He is an evil man who got away with war crimes. He said he invaded Iraq because they had weapons of mass destruction, when in reality, the real reason for why he invaded Iraq was because Iraq had oil. He invaded it so he could make money. He killed millions of Iraqi civilians, all because he wanted oil. He is a liar! Then he set up Guantanamo Bay, a detention center in Cuba where innocent people from countries like Afghanistan have been held and tortured. The people there didn't even get a trial. Methods of torture at Guantanamo Bay include but are not limited to:

Waterboarding

Solitary Confinement

Sleep deprivation to the point of hallucinations

Physical beatings

Starvation

Force feeding

Subjection to extreme heat or extreme cold

Confinement in small coffin-like boxes

Sexual humiliation

George W. Bush committed war crimes like the ones I listed above. And he was never even tried for it. He should be tried at the Hague just like every war criminal should be. And the reason for why he hasn't been prosecuted? Because the United States is the most powerful country in the history of the world, and other countries are scared of what will happen if they oppose the United States. The United States has even attacked other countries that didn't do anything at all. Which is disgusting. George W. Bush should be held accountable because he is a disgusting vile creature.

Barack Obama was an all right president at most. He made a lot of empty promises. He didn't end the wars in the Middle East like he said he would do, he did not shut down Guantanamo Bay like he said he would do. Don't get me wrong, he was way better than Bush, but not the president he said he was going to be.

Next, there is Trump. Trump is a greedy man who only cares about himself. He sees other people as stepping stones to make money. If he

can make money out of it, he will do it regardless of whether or not it hurts other people. He has done nothing good for this economy whatsoever. People are not able to afford the medicine they need to survive, because people are too greedy and value money more than someone's life. Some people literally have to cross over to the Canadian border in order to get the medicine they need. Because in Canada, and many other countries, it's affordable.

People are struggling with huge amounts of debt because of their student loans. Someone should not have to struggle with debt just because they wanted an education. Some people don't even go to college because they cannot afford it. Which is disgraceful. Other countries have free education so why can't we? We can, it's just the rich and powerful don't want to because they make a lot of money off of it.

I find it absurd that billionaires should have all of this power. The billionaires aren't even the ones who are working! They don't pay their workers nearly enough to survive. Because they are greedy bums who only want power. The CEOs of companies should be required to pay their workers a living wage. DISGUSTING!

Another thing that is disgraceful is the way Trump treats immigrants. He takes children away from their families and puts them into cages. It's horrible. We treat immigrants as if they are not human, yet this country is built based off of immigrants. Immigrants are the reason for why this country is so successful. Yet we still completely disregard them.

But that is beside the point. The last thing I would like to rant on to you about is Global Warming. We have been warned about this since the 80s, yet we refuse to change. The fossil fuel companies are destroying our planet and we need to stop them. Switching to clean energy would give 20 million American jobs and would also help out the environment a ton. I see that as a win-win. But we need to stop with the carbon emissions and switch to clean energy now before it is too late.

Images

I don't obsess over images, I simply just daydream. I find myself daydreaming about morbid things usually. The reason for this is unknown. I've always have had morbid thoughts. I don't feel disturbed like others do. I can handle morbid things, and I feel no emotion when I think about these thoughts. I've built a tolerance towards morbid topics/thoughts. But that does not mean that I don't get upset; it is just harder for me to get disturbed. One of the scenes I've been imagining is a man sleeping. He hears glass break and gets up. He has a rifle underneath his bed, so he takes it out. He suspects someone has broken into his house. He cautiously makes his way down the stairs, holding his rifle. He says: "I ain't afraid of shootin ya."

He then falls and drops his gun. He has been shot. The gun that shot him had a silencer on it. Then the man who shot him says this: "Neither am I."

The reason why I imagine this is unknown. I don't even recognize either of the people in the scene.

But I will say this: I will not shoot anyone. I do not have a gun, and even if I did, I wouldn't harm nobody with it.

Anonymous identity.

Do you know who you are?

Do I know who I am?

Perhaps.

We are what we are told, and what we choose to be.

We know what we are.

But we don't know *who* we are.

So we form an identity.

But even that can be stripped away.

Selin Ongoren

Love is nice,
It gives you comfort, and a home

Away from the rest of the world.

Love is easy,
In the way that you are affectionate for somebody.
And vice versa for you.

Love is hard,
In the way that you have to get through problems,
And be on the same page.

Love is necessary,
You need for the tough times,
And you want it for the easy ones.

Love is nice,
It gives you comfort, and a home
Away from the rest of the world.

Ode to Naruto!

Here are the reasons why I think Naruto works.
The way that the characters develop and how they can always push through.
The way that they can exchange blows with their fists,
And create stronger bonds than ever.

It works because of how you can relate to the characters,
Being the one on top,
Or the one that has to work hard,
To achieve their goals.

It works because of how the storyline pulls you in,
And has you laughing, and crying,
The whole way through.
And shows you more than just a "weird" animation style.

It works because the fight scenes get you on edge,
And give you someone to root for,
And someone to hate.
It gives you hope, and a safe space.

Me

Selin Ongoren
That's my name,
It could be what everyone calls me sometime,
Su, but it's not.
I think that I am like a dog, 'cause I'm loyal
But sometimes very reliant on others.

The object in my heart would be a pencil
Because of how much I use it per day,
And a word written on my forehead
Would be "spontaneous" because I can get very
random.

I like the ocean, but not any gory images.
Six o'clock's good too, 'cause that's when I'm
usually done with homework
If my hands would speak, they would say to
type more so the bump on my middle finger
goes away.

I remember when I would be on the beach
And try to swim to the deep water alone.
And I would be tucked in at night and my mom
would say goodnight I love you.

I Am

I am smart and spontaneous
I wonder if we will ever move to another
planet
I hear songs stuck in my head
I see myself in a couple of years
I want to know if there are really aliens
I am smart and spontaneous
I pretend that I can't hang out sometimes
I feel tired
I touch empty space
I worry that we might not save the earth
I cry when my favorite anime characters die
I am smart and spontaneous
I understand factoring quadratics
I say that nature will make it out of climate
change
I dream someday we won't have any prejudice
I try to learn how to jump serve
I hope I can reach black belt
I am smart and spontaneous

I Don't Know

I don't know what's in the bottom of the ocean.

Is there fish, or not,
Or prehistoric creatures?
Or maybe there is just nothing.

I don't know the predecessor to the megalodon,
How big was it? How strong was it?
How big were its teeth?
Did it even exist?

I don't know what was before the big bang,
Was there nothing or was there something?
And how were black holes made?
And could we get sucked into one?

I don't know if climate change will get better,
If not that would be a problem,
But options are still there
And people should take them.

Haikus

When will we realize,
We are destroying our home,
And try to fix it.

When will we realize,
Earth won't be here forever,
And we have to fight.

When will we realize,
That our voices can change lives,
And one can be many.

When will we realize,
That we can turn the tables,
And make it different.

Blue

Blue,
A color that rages into the water,
And runs on and off into the sky.
Blue,
It shines when the sun is up,
And makes the moon shine at night.
Blue,
It can warm up,
But it can also freeze.
Blue,
It can be everywhere,
But it hides when it starts to snow.

I Am

I am intelligent and mischievous
I wonder how Trump was elected
I hear people speaking
I see a world where I can live
I want to be grown up
I am intelligent and mischievous
I pretend that the world is a bit better than it
really is
I feel the world changing
I touch a different world
I worry about the climate
I cry when I hear about people dying
I am intelligent and mischievous
I understand that people are failing to save our
planet
I say that we can fix the broken parts
I dream that the world will get better
I try to make the world better
I hope I can fix things
I am intelligent and mischievous

I Don't Know

I don't know
Why someone thought money was worth
destroying our planet
Creating huge blocks
And a dangerous future

I don't know
Who thought the death penalty was a good idea
Killing and killing
Becoming as low as the murderers

I don't know
Who said profit was everything
Money above all else
Even people
Even lives

I don't know
People can be so twisted
With core values like
Profit
Self-centeredness
And not a drop of empathy

Maybe

Maybe
I know what is going on
Maybe I don't

Maybe I want the impossible
For the world to be decent by the time I grow
up
Maybe I'm crazy to hope that will happen

Maybe I am overly optimistic
Is it so crazy to plan to fix the planet,
Is it?

Maybe nuclear, total war will ensue
Maybe the world will die,

Maybe my questions will be unanswered
Maybe the answers will not be what I want to
hear
Maybe
why
Maybe

World Issues

Who said it was good idea
Money first
World second
People third
Morals fourth

The planetary negligence
The planetary abuse
The horror
The destruction
If we continue like this
The inevitable

Why do you kill the earth
With the oils that come from the ocean
And the money that comes from destruction

Why
Why
Why
Do people do these terrible things

What logic do you see
Killing
Not a person
A planet
And therefore everyone in it
Including yourselves
Why can't you see that your greed will
orchestrate your own destruction

Here

I don't know about Andromeda
But here we've got some problems
We have a deadly virus
Natural disasters
Climate change

Life's pretty good though
We have all the stuff we need
We're here to stay
We have fun
Now can we fix the errors

Can we fix the virus
The discrimination
The anger
The hatred
We have the resources

Let's do it
Oh, you won't do it?
Well why is that
Oh, right, bribes and money
Instead of human lives
People should come first
Not money
So maybe here things can change
Here we have the time
Supplies
The stuff to live life
But, if this is you, you know
So get some foresight
Get a compass guiding you with strong moral
Maybe here things will change

Shadow Poem

"Quit walking so fast I can barely catch up"

"Get off your phone don't get me killed"
That's what I think my shadow is thinking
If it thinks
Can it think?
"Don't go to the shade do you want me to
disappear"
Shadow
Can you think
What are you thinking about
"Don't step there no one will see me!"
Do you care about me?
Can you care about me?
"Don't do that now I have to be near her
shadow"
Are you picky
Are you rude
Who are you?
What are you
"Hey don't ask so many questions"
Fine

Piano

Fingers on the keys
Find middle C
Fingers dancing
Synesthesia playing on your phone
Piano

Dancing on the keys
Playing Twinkle Twinkle
My scales or shooting stars
Piano

Getting caught in a net
Not wanting to get out
Playing is just so good
Perfect
Delicate
Loud
Balanced
Piano

I played when I was younger too
It all comes back to me
Nostalgia
An overwhelming undulating cascade of
memories
Of playing
Of watching
Of practicing

Of practicing

Goodbye

Last summer, when the bus left for camp
I now wish I told you,
I would miss you beyond any doubt
I would read during flashlight time since
nobody wanted to talk to me
I did not know that I stood out
Until I could not come home
I would become an object of ridicule
Being called who knows what behind my back
I would see what standing out really meant
I would be the odd one out for seven weeks
I would cry during our phone calls
I wish I did not say goodbye
I wish I was with you that summer
Mom
Pretend you heard that when the bus left
Not now
goodbye

For Robert Frost

Once upon a time
Which path do we take to the end?
A new one or one that stares us right in the
face
When do we look it right in the eyes?
When does our world cease its turning?
When do we cease to think?
to live ?
to exist?
Which road do we choose?
Is a road chosen
Will we turn back
From climate
From disease
From the figurative fires
Or the isolating ice
Will the book of our existence be published?
Will we end
We will end
We will not
You hear so much when you listen
So many opinions
So many words
About the beginning
The middle
The end

When does the book close?
When does the figurative fire burn us
When does the harsh ice freeze us
When do we choose
Which path do we take to the end
The end

ZAC TUCKER

I Am

I am the essence of friendship and the
exploration of the world
I wonder why a strip of green paint sells for
millions
I hear greed
I see artists taking advantage
I want equality
I am the essence of friendship and the
exploration of the world
I pretend this will happen
I feel distance
I touch a world where everything is equal
I worry that something horrible may occur
again
I cry on people killed for no reason
I am the essence of friendship and the
exploration of the world
I understand this may not happen
I say that we will live in peace
I dream my goals and everyone else's will be
achieved
I try to get this done
I hope we as a species can do this
I am the essence of friendship and the
exploration of the world

Colours

Blue is the colour of the earth
Sea, sky, fish and many more
But something that's not
The underlayer of us
What we're made of
What's inside
Anger, hatred
Love, friendship
It's all beneath the unspoken
Blue of our bruises

That hurt more
Than a
Broken
Heart
They cause pain
Mentally as well to double
The pain

ICE

Ice
Thin like a baby
Thick like a walrus
Tall like a giraffe
Short like the telegraph
Hiding feelings
Hiding pain
Hiding the melting planet
Beneath us
As you read this the worlds
Arctic is melting into small pieces
And eventually water
Then to the suffering of human kind
And virtually the extinction of every
land animal on this planet

Elegy

I just wanted to tell you that you were loved,
forgiven and will never be forgotten by all of us.
Your reputation will always precede you even
when it is at the very top. The tippy tippy top.

What you have done for us and the whole
world is remarkable, you have given people a
sense of hope, something needed more and
more as more problems occur. The tippy tippy
top.

The things you lived for are still intact and
hopefully the people of this glorious planet can
realize how lucky they really are and work
together to save it. The tippy tippy top.

Rant

How could you betray us like that after we have
done so much for you, you repay us by
endangering our planet? How kind of you! I don't
do this for myself - I do this for the people
affected by climate change. On average, 60,000
people die from natural disasters caused by you.
This needs to stop or we will all die.

Whole continents are being swallowed, we are
already down six. People are fleeing their home
country just for what? For your pleasure and
comfort, disgraceful! All you care about is
yourselves and money. Look at the world from a
different angle for once, that of the people of the
world. If we act fast we can save our beautiful
planet.

The solution has been in front of you this whole
time; it has been crystal clear for hundreds of
years. We've had no problems to this degree of
climate change for two millennia, but as we've
developed we've gotten greedier and thirstier for
money and it is despicable. We need to stop
immediately or there might not be a future to
look forward to.

Paper and oil is more important than us and our
planet's extinction? Wars killing millions of
people, worth it for the money which we will all
lose eventually because of climate change? This
needs to stop for your children and their children
and their children. If this continues their children
might never see the face of this beautiful planet.
Do you really want that to be your life, to be your
generation's legacy as killers?

Thank you.

SAM GEVERT

Personal Poem

My name is Samuel
I usually go by Sam
The animal inside me is an eagle
I want to be free and do what I want
The object inside my heart is friendship
It is a state and without it, life would not be all
that fun
The word on my forehead is playful,

I am often up for a good game
I love the sight of hot chocolate with whipped
cream
after a long day out in the cold
I hate the sight of piles of garbage
My favorite time of day is not the daytime
I like being up at night and doing stuff then
If my hands could speak they would emphasize
what I say
Something I remember from my childhood is
this one
indoor small kind of amusement park in
Germany and going there with my dad
My parents often say success is not intelligence
but effort
This is who I am

I Don't Know

I don't know why some people are so selfish
All they want is money and they will do
anything to get it
I don't know how people can be so cold
blooded
That they kill without consent or just for fun
I don't know how people can be so cruel
That they can abuse animals just because they
can
I don't know where humans went wrong
That people can do all these things without
second thoughts.

Here

Here in America we have hope, happiness and
lots of sadness
America was made by foreigners, yet most
people fail to believe it
They say foreigners are taking the country
down yet we refuse to do the dirty work,
The President among them
They refuse to believe that the people who built
the country are human
Yet here is the land of dreams
That here you can get a life where you won't be
judged or hurt for what you are,
But they are wrong
The land of dreams won't give dreamers jobs

We call dreamers terrorists and criminals but
they just want to live in peace
Here in America you can be what you want,
But only if we say yes
Despite that America has jumped over almost
anything that came in its way
People have done great things in America
Here in America

Black

Black sucks the life out of light
It tries to smother other colors
It is the king's younger brother who wants
Power and attention but was born late so he
can't
Black is the greediest color it takes all and gives
nothing back
Black attacks other colors so he is noticed

World Issue Rant

War is one of the leading cause of death,
Both civilian and military personnel
War causes massive human migrations and
huge amounts of people without houses or
jobs
It leaves millions crippled or insane
It needs to stop
The last 15 wars America fought we lost
Millions of dollars and soldiers gone
Millions of families without fathers, mothers,
uncles or aunts
Despite this America is starting wars before
they are even finishing them
The Afghanistan War is just barely over and
now we might go to Iran
Wars are not good for anyone
And while these larger ones are happening
There also is nonstop guerrilla warfare in Africa
Whatever happened to peace wars
Need to stop or we are going to destroy the
world

If I Owned a Word

If I owned the word colonel
First I would change the spelling
Nowhere in the word do I see and R
So why are we saying it like there is

First it was a Latin word
Then it became the French word coronelle
And it meant leader of a group
Then the French changed it to colonnel
Finally then the British simplified it to colonel
And that is the history of colonel
And why it is pronounced kernel not colonel

BRYCE WASHINGTON

Poem

I am Bryce

I have no other name, and I do not wish any other name to be mine.
I would say I have a cheetah inside of me because I am pretty fast.
I have an object inside of my heart, it is my feelings.
I have the word kind on my forehead.
I love the sight of friendship and the feeling,
I hate the sight of homeless people
My favorite time in the day is morning because it looks nice outside and at night you are not able to see everything, so something could happen without you even noticing.
If my hands could speak they would probably say what I am always thinking about or I will decide what they say.
I remember a time when my sister and I fought over tokens. My sister and I always used to fight each other over everything. It was like there was a war and my sister and I were not on the same side.
My grandmother always used to tell me "Say yes, not yeah," and I used to not understand why she would make me do that, but now I kind of do because yes is more professional than yeah.

I Am

I am Kind and Friendly
I wonder What Is the World Going To Be Like In 2030
I see Nothing
I want Gun Violence to Stop

I am Kind and Friendly
I pretend I Am Good at Mandarin
I feel Loved
I touch The Keys on My Computer
I worry About Our Planet
I cry when I Hear Someone Die.
I am Kind and Friendly
I understand That Not Everyone Is Nice
I say I Will Get A Good Job and Support My Family
I dream For A Better World
I try To Always Be Nice
I hope For Everyone in The Hospital
I Am Kind and Friendly

Here Poem

Here on Earth we have 7,794,798,739 people in the world right now.

Here on Earth there are countless people dying from multiple things like murder police brutality assault and many more.
Here on earth there are beautiful things like plants and trees.
Here on earth we have climate change.
Here on earth we are ignorant.
Here on earth we will not change.

I Just Wanted You to Know

I just wanted you to know
I love rap
I always love to spar in karate even if I act like I don't
I always will love my friends nothing will change that
I will always try to be kind to everyone
I always love sport except for football
I love to play video games

I just wanted you to know
I am not a fan of reading
I am not a fan of writing
I would rather type
I am picky in my food choices
I love salad a lot
I love meat and I can't imagine being a vegetarian.
I am allergic to pork

I just wanted you to know
I love fruit
My parents are separated
I am allergic to raspberries
I love juice
I try to drink water every day.
I play volleyball
I am a high brown belt (A brown belt with a
black stripe in the middle)

Forward and Backwards

What is the world going to be like?
Is the world still going to have police brutality?
Is the corona virus going to still be here in the
future?
Will we still have school?
Is our school going to be closed?
Are we going to have to do online school?
Is this poem going to be good?
Am I going to like rap in the future?
Am I going to like high school?
My sister tells me high school is horrible
I wonder what college am I going to
I wonder if our world is going to change

Maybe

Maybe the overcast will move out the way
So we can see the sun
And the blue sky

Maybe I have the potential
To be a rapper
Or be something successful
Like a coder

Maybe this poem is going to do well

I might not do well also
I believe it's okay if that happens
Because I tried
I am trying my best to do well

Maybe I will reach my potential
To be a black belt
To be a volleyball player
Or something more that I haven't discovered

Maybe I will have something
Like my own dojo

Or a family
Even a volleyball team to coach
Or something else I need to look for

In My House

In my house there is always someone there
In my house my grandma is always making sure
I'm okay
In my house my mom or my grandma always
makes breakfast for me.
In my house it's comfortable
In my house my games are waiting for me
In my house me and my family are always
playing games together
In my house everyone in my family is welcomed
In my house we protect each other
In my house we are family

My Imaginary World

In my world it is beautiful
In my world no one is fighting
In my world it is peaceful
In my world it's comfortable
In my world its focused
In my world its calm
In my world you can breathe smoothly without
worry of a sickness
In my world there is no police brutality
In my world there are no guns or any
dangerous weapons
In my world It is beautiful

EMILY VIDAL

I Am

I am optimistic and curious
I wonder what will happen when we die I hear
birds singing
I see myself being with my friends forever
I want to be a singer that inspires people
I am optimistic and curious
I pretend to be a famous singer when I'm in my
room
I feel that this world is coming to an end and
we need to come together to make sure that
doesn't happen

I touch the hearts of others
I worry that one day I'll be all alone
I cry at hate and war
I am optimistic and curious
I understand that I need to do something to
help mother earth
I say stand up for yourself
I dream that not all people are bad
I try to smile everyday
I hope people will realize what their doing to
the animals of earth
I am optimistic and curious

Me

My name is Emily.
I wish my name was Faith.
Cats because they are adorable and lazy.
A radio because whenever I'm sad I can listen to
songs that cheer me up.
"Do you see me" I don't always know why but
sometimes I feel invisible.
I love the sight of oceans and sunsets and of
course the stars. I hate the sight of bullying and
cruelty.
Night time because that's the time I get to see
the stars if there are any.
They would say "Stop touching other people's
hair!!!!"
When I was little there was this daycare I used
to go to and once a week we would be able to
go out and play in the playground while eating
popsicles. It's so weird because I remember
thinking I hope I stay here forever and I didn't.
My dad always says to me "Early is on time.
Time is late and late is unacceptable."

Maybe

Maybe I come from a family of
performers
Even though I want to be a doctor
My parents are disappointed in me
Even if all I want is for them to be
happy for me
For finding my passion

Maybe I get everything I want
Yet I still feel like my parents don't love
me

Even though I try to do whatever they
tell me

I still don't feel love
We have multiple mansions
And all the money we could ask for
But none of us talk - we just stand
around like we don't know each other

Maybe I live in a car
My mom goes to work
But still can't make ends meet
I can't go to school
We can't afford it
I wish I could have the best clothes but I
can't
I hope one day I'll be able to though

Maybe I can't keep a job
I've had 5 jobs in the last 2 months
I keep getting fired
I'm never on time and can't do anything
right
I feel useless

Maybe I keep getting pulled over by the
cops
Just because of the color of my skin
It hurts to be slammed down on your
own car
It hurts to be searched, not just
physically, but mentally
I wish it would all just stop

I Don't Know

I don't know what I'm doing
I can never do anything right
Every time I try to be helpful it fails
So I've stopped trying to help
My life honestly sucks
I wonder why I act the way I do
I'm a mean sister
I act terribly to my mom and dad
And I'm not a very good friend
I just hope that when I'm older
I'll get better at doing all of those things....
Hopefully

Mary

There was this girl I knew
Her name was Mary
She was my next-door neighbor
She was one of my best friends
But people always bullied her and called her fat
I thought we would be friends for forever
I know it was a childish dream
One day my parents told me and my sister that
we were moving
I was surprised, happy and sad
I had too many emotions I couldn't process it
I went downstairs to tell my mother the
heartbreaking news
I saw her walk up to her and said
"I'm moving"
I thought we would both cry into each other's
arms
But we didn't
She just looked at me and said
"Aw that's too bad. I'll miss you though,"
And she turned around and walked away
Now, you can imagine my confusion, right?
We were friends and she didn't seem sad at all
I was so mad I ran upstairs and didn't come out
the rest of the night
When it was time for me to move I saw Mary
and said,
"Goodbye."
And that was it - I walked away and that's all
that happened
She didn't even say goodbye back
It's been a couple years since then and I still
haven't seen her
I still remember that day though and I wish I
had said something else.

My Mom

She can talk someone into doing anything
She has beautiful brown skin
Dark brown eyes
She is a Black African American
A laugh that roars like thunder
A smile that is as bright as the glistening
ocean
Positivity that can brighten anyone's day

And a love that can reach even though most
darkened of souls

Camp Adventure

I was at my summer camp. It's called Camp
Adventure.
It's a camp for people with special needs,
and every year we have a memorial for people
who have passed away.
It was just another memorial
Of course, I cried about other people's friends
who had passed
I actually knew someone who had passed but I
only knew them for a couple of months
Her name was Angie. She was amazing.
So I was in the middle of mourning her when
my best friend came up to me
Her name is Zoe
She told me that this girl I had known almost
all my life had died
She told me she didn't know how to tell me
She said she was worried I would be mad at
her
Her name was Adriey
She was the smallest thing
She was adorable and so lovable
I couldn't believe she had died - I didn't know
how to take it
But then I saw Zoe crying and I hugged her and
said,
"It's okay. I could never be mad at you for
something like this"
I also said, "You know you can tell me anything,
right?" and she said yeah and we hugged
After that we sat on a small
bridge and thought about Adriey
I remember when I was at my hospital for an
MRI
I saw her and we watched TV together and she
was happy and smiling
We were happy and having fun
I just really wish I could see her smile again.
I miss her so much

My Mom #2

Here's what I've got this is why I love my mom
I love how she whines when she's annoyed
It's funny and adorable
I love how she watches Korean dramas all the
time

She puts the subtitles on and then walks away
 and when she comes back she acts like she
 knows everything that happened
 I love how she pushes me to be better
 I love how she tries her best
 She works out every day and night. I know I
 couldn't do that
 I love how she never gives up until she gets
 what she wants
 Like when she is watching the most boring
 shows I have ever seen and wanted me to watch
 it with her but I didn't want to. Then she asked
 me for the next hour until I said yes.
 I love how she's always there for me
 For example, when I was really stressed about
 homework she was there to help me with it.
 I love how she loves watching black and white
 movies
 I love how even though I drive her crazy, she
 still finds it in her heart to keep loving me

If I Owned a Word

If I owned a word it would be "cramptiouslove"
 It would mean that you love someone so much
 that
 they feel cramped or even trapped
 People would only use the word if they are in a
 romantic situation they couldn't get out of
 Or if they feel like someone's love is too much
 to handle
 For example. someone might say
 "I feel like I'm in a cramptiouslove relationship."
 That would mean you feel like you can't get out
 of that relationship
 I feel like there needs to be more words
 About heartbreak and sadness

HUDSON LUNDY



I Am

I am extroverted and thoughtful
 I wonder why the worst things happen to the
 best people
 I hear the loud streets in the City That Never
 Sleeps
 I see how unfair life can be
 I want a world where people's personality
 makes them who they are, not their race,
 gender, and sexuality
 I am extroverted and thoughtful
 I pretend that everything is ok
 I touch a keyboard to express these thoughts
 I worry that if we keep hating people, that all
 the love in the world will vanish
 I cry that my brother is in the hospital
 I am extroverted and thoughtful
 I understand life isn't fair
 I say it'll be ok when I know that' that's not
 true
 I dream that people stop caring only about
 themselves
 I try to keep a smile on my face
 I hope that one day that smile is real
 I am extroverted and thoughtful

I am ...

The Fall of a Legend

Proudly wearing 24 on a jersey
 He never looked away in the face of adversity
 Those who turned their back on him
 Turned their back on witnessing greatness
 He worked hard and played harder
 But for what
 To be taken away in a helicopter crash
 With his 13-year-old daughter?
 She had full hopes and dreams
 Just to be vacuumed away
 And as their dreams were burnt up
 The only thing left was the ash of memory



Here

Here is my Home
 Calhoun will always be home
 Here at Calhoun I've made friends
 I've tried things I would of never thought of
 I learned about the world
 About my surroundings
 Through the large windows the view is more
 than what's physically outside
 It's a dark, new, scary world
 But entering that world with the piece of
 Calhoun that will always be with me
 Makes it a little less dark and scary

I Don't Know

I Don't Know
 I don't know why the world is so cruel
 I don't know why we all can't just be treated
 equally
 I don't know why our reputation is more
 important than our character
 I don't know why the number of followers you
 have means anything
 I don't know why I have to watch people rip
 this world apart and soon just leave it a corpse
 I don't know why the people who are supposed
 to keep us safe can point their gun in the face
 of a black man because they are different from
 them
 I don't know why we don't solve problems - we
 just hurt each other in war
 I don't know why people aren't scared of how
 we are our biggest predator
 I don't know why we can watch people take
 their own life because they aren't accepted
 I don't know why the world is so cruel.

My Shadow

My shadow is either next to me or behind me

When it's next to me
 It's making sure I'm doing my best
 When I'm in a basketball game
 It keeps up with me
 And when I take a shot it cheers me on
 But when it is behind me
 It weighs me down
 When I go left
 It goes right
 It's like I'm in a fight with myself
 Except when I knock it down
 I fall with it
 I've learned to live with both of these
 Because at the end of the day they are just the
 inner critic and nurturer in me
 And they will always be with me



World Issues

The world is run on hate
 Run on power and class
 Where your reputation is more important than
 your character
 Where we bring others down
 To pick ourselves up
 Where people feel the need
 To take their own lives
 Because they aren't listened to
 While some people are worried about how much
 richer they are than others
 Others are worried about placing food on their
 table
 While others sit back and watch the world
 crumble
 Others protest for what they believe in

People use money to distract themselves
Buy a beach house to see the sunset
While the world behind them is burning

ETHAN WEINSTOCK

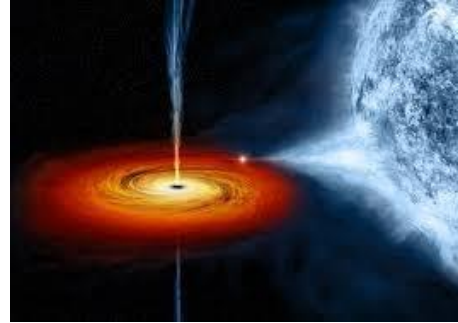
I Am

I am quick-thinking and creative
I wonder about the planets and stars
I hear the rumble of thunder
I see the words twisting and turning
I want to be able to stop time
I am quick-thinking and creative
I pretend to be cartoon characters
I feel happy with animals
I touch the shadows
I worry about chemicals and elements
I cry about death
I am quick-thinking and creative
I understand that all things grow
I say that we can touch the stars
I dream about cartoons and art
I try to draw and make origami and paint

I hope that I live a long life
I am quick-thinking and creative

Here in Space

Here in space
There are the stars
No oxygen, but that's okay
It's part of the charm
There are planets
Black Holes
Neutron Stars
Suns like ours
Some stars are very far
The Universe keeps expanding
No matter where it goes
We'll be right here.



I Don't Know...

I don't know
How to fly
How to touch the sky
How to build a rocket
How to touch the stars
How to create
How to destroy
How to dream...

But I do know how to believe.

The Shadow

My shadow
Dashing in the dark
Running from the light
He is very fast
He is able to copy anything
He eats very fast
He hates the day
He loves the night
He hates the light
He beats the fights
My shadow is my copy
My copy of me



RACE CAR

(Poem Forward-Backward Poem)

Fast
Very fast
As fast as can be
It has three weaknesses
Oil
Gas
Electricity
Without these

It can't race
It can't move
It can only sit there and wait
For someone to care



Lightning

He is brighter than the smartest person
Flash, Boom, Bang
Five times hotter than the sun
Crackle, Crackle, Bang
He strikes the Earth
With lightning speed
Boom, Bang, Crackle
Boom, the music he listens to, thunder
Flash, the speed he moves at, how he glows
Crackle, the dance he does
Before
BOOM, he hits the Earth
Faster than supersonic speed
He strikes the Earth
With his glowing fist

Ash S. Weinstock

(Ash Sugarbaby Weinstock)

He jumps onto my lap
Quick as the wind
He runs around the house
Like a furry tornado
His name is Ash
He wags his tail

When I enter the house
He jumps on my lap
When I sit down
He barks when I leave the room
He whines when he's in his pen
And I am outside
His name is Ash
He wags his tail
When I play Ashball with him
We run all over the house
Playing Catch the Ash
His name is Ash
We snuggle on the couch
While we watch TV together
Happily Ever After
His name is Ash



Photographs

Photographs
They're all over the house
By the window sills
Sitting there, watching
Smiling

Photographs
Looking at you
Staring, your window
To the past

Photographs
Of loved ones...
Family
Friends
Pets

Photographs
They bring you
To that one day
When you all smiled
And took a photo

Photographs

It doesn't matter the frame
The lighting
Even the color scheme
Just the people in it

Photographs...



SUNGJOON ROH

I Am

I am kind and generous
I wonder what life I will live in 30 years
I hear the sun whispering
I see radioactive energy flowing through my
body
I want a book
I am kind and generous
I pretend to be a knight
I feel the light of a million stars
I touch an invisible particle
I worry I will die
I cry about being able to cry
I am kind and generous
I understand I am kind
I say freedom for all
I dream about being good at sports
I try to throw a baseball
I hope I am generous
I am kind and generous

Fairy Tale

Hansel and Gretel
Go on a trip to the forest
With their dad
And the dad says to them to make a fireplace
I'll be back
I'm going to get more sticks for the fire
Hansel and Gretel fall asleep
Next morning, the dad is gone
They go looking for him
The two get very cold

Hansel and Gretel
Try to go back to camp
But they are lost
They are hungry
They are tired
They are thirsty
Suddenly, there is a house
But the house looks uninviting

Hansel
Hansel is scared of the house
The gates hang open and they are almost like
The gates are trying to make them come in
Hansel resists but

Gretel goes inside and smells food
She follows the smell to a window
She opens the window
She goes inside
She looks back to

Hansel
I will make a fire
I will not go hungry
I will not be scared
I am brave
I am ready for this
While she thinks
She is aware of someone
Looking back at her

Gretel
is very brave
She goes inside the house
Plates and endless plates are filled with all sorts
of food
Burgers to candy to chocolate
She eats and eats
And she is aware of someone inside the house
But she is too happy to notice

She forgets all about

Hansel

He is very worried

About his sister

Then when he just gets her courage to go after her

Hee is aware of someone watching him from the trees

He glances that way

But there is no one there

But he has to be brave for

Gretel

Completely

Brainwashed

There must be something inside the food

A bath must be nice

I want water

Hansel

Goes, knocks

Gretel

Is aware

Hansel

Knocks again

Gretel

Opens the door

Hansel

Is happy

Gretel

Is okay

Hansel and Gretel

Finally meet whoever was watching them

A person with a face so kind

Takes care of them

She is the

Witch

Go boil the water so you can take a bath, kids

What are your names?

Hansel and Gretel

Hansel and Gretel

They are done boiling the water

They are ordered to place the big pot full

Of the warm water

To the bathroom

On the way there

The

Witch

Knocks Gretel inside the warm water

Gretel is still brainwashed

From the food

So he doesn't fight to get out

Hansel,

Worried, dives in to help him

The witch closes the lid of the pot and

Adds heavy rocks to stop them

From running away

Gretel and Hansel

They are very hot in there

The witch is very happy

Hansel and Gretel are very warm. The witch sits and gets ready to read a book, but then there is a knock at the door. The witch opens the door and a very big man comes inside. He is carrying a big gun over his shoulder and an axe.

"Where are Hansel and Gretel?" he demands.

"Handle and who?" the witch asks.

"Don't play dumb with me," the man warns.

"There is no person with Handle and Gredel," the witch says.

She looks at the pot, and she turns back to be the man, but he has the gun loaded, pointed at her. He shoots. There is blood. The man's blood.

Man

Is panting

And he looks dead

The witch laughs. "Who are you, anyway?" she asks. "I am Hansel and Gretel's father."

Narrator

All I can say is that there is more blood

I can't say whose blood.

Blue

The sky changes color like Morse code
Blue lights flash like they are dancing
When blue is upset, there is rain
He looks down at the earth
And he sees all, like God
Others obey him by steering clear of him for
most of the day until blue wants to hide
He likes to play hide and seek, but he always
hides

Christmas

Santa comes to town
Drops off the presents
And I wake up with a gift
But I now know

Santa isn't real
How do I know?
I saw my parents put the presents there
And they both told me
Now I know what the truth is
About Christmas
About everything

Life

Life is hard
But all you have to do is be strong
Stand up for what you believe in
To be heard and to be remembered
If we stand up, we can have what we want
We will get what we deserve
Stand up now or the chance might go by and
fly
Go out and show your opinion
They are strong
Go

VIRAAJ SARWAHI

I Am

I am Viraaj Sarwahi.
I wonder if I am going to be the best I can.
I see myself as a successful adult.

I want to live a good life.
I am Viraaj Sarwahi.
I pretend to be somebody I am not.
I worry that I might not be the best that I can
be.
I cry when I make a mistake that I do over and
over again.
I learn from all the mistakes that I make.
I am Viraaj Sarwahi.
I say that I am wrong a lot of times.
I believe in Hinduism.
I try to be as honest as I can be.
I hope I live a long life as well as my family.
I am Viraaj Sarwahi.

Ode to Jolly Ranchers

Taste so good
The best candy
Two opposites together,
Liquid and solid.
Green apple, blueberry, watermelon, cherry
Grape is my least favorite,
But still delicious.
A great after school snack.
Lasts long, doesn't die out too quickly.
Which makes it the best.

Maybe...

Maybe I will get into med school one day and
become a surgeon.
Try to save patients and more people that need
help.
Maybe it's because my parents save lives every
day.
My dad and mom do surgery.
It's a very complicated job that any human
being can do if they work very hard.

Maybe I'll drop out of college to be the world's
best squash player.
Maybe I'd jet around the world to compete
against other people who play squash and work
hard to get to my level when I am older.
For me to do that means I have to work three
times as hard as other people.
I love squash.

Maybe I'll be more athletics when I am a
grownup.
I mean I am not that athletic.
But I go to the gym every day and work out.

Maybe I'll become a pilot.
Becoming a pilot takes a long time and so does
med school.
I love aviation, though.

Maybe my parents will give me one million
dollars and I go and do my own thing.
Probably not gonna happen.

Maybe I'll be none of these things.
In the end, anything is possible.
But I'll still be something.

Here is Why Acqua Di Parmas Works

Here is why my Acqua Di Parma works.
The smell of red roses is so powerful.
The beauty of how the perfume shines when
you apply it is so amazing.
The color is so bright.

The smell is so powerful, like a general leading
an army of soldiers to war.
This perfume is rich and glorious to me and
means something.
It makes me feel great that I smell so good.

It's like what a queen or king would use when
they want to smell good.
This perfume means a lot to me and every drop
matters.
This perfume speaks to me.
I speak back.

When I apply it, I feel like I am in heaven.
Cause I have a glorious smell.
Made in Italy,
shipped to America,
just for me.
This perfume
is meant for me.

Very expensive,
very soothing,
very peaceful
to apply.
I always apply it
in the morning.
No perfume is better than Acqua Di Parma.

Turquoise

Turquoise speaks the colors of Earth.
The colors of the Earth are green and blue and
green and blue makes turquoise.
Turquoise is always calm.
Turquoise is very sick often.
Turquoise is up for 9 hours each and every day.
Turquoise's favorite seasons are winter and
spring.
Turquoise watches over us in the day and
sleeps at night.
Turquoise is like a parent.
Turquoise is sour and sweet.
Turquoise hates spicy.
When Turquoise is sad she cries and causes
earthquakes.
Turquoise likes to be clean and dirty.
Turquoise is kind and nice.
Turquoise is very shy but once you get to know
her she is very nice
Turquoise.

Emotionally Speaking

The date is March 5th, 2020.
I am feeling really sad right now.
Depressed
Angry
Bummed
Today is the day before my India trip.

The Coronavirus is really just annoying.
Why is the Coronavirus a thing?

It is just a party pooper.
Ruins every single thing.
No traveling.

I don't blame the Chinese for starting the
Coronavirus.
I feel miserable for them.

They are being accused.
We should be supportive of each other.
Here

Welcome to John F. Kennedy International
Airport
Airlines on the signs
Air India
Air Japan
Air China
Singapore
Qatar
Etihad
Emirates
Check-in
Many pieces of luggage
Airline workers
Loud plane take off
Busy and packed
Indians getting ready to celebrate Holi

First-class lounge
Lots of shops
Lots of great food, vegetarian options
Time for a shower

Security
TSA agents, angry look
Passports and green card check
Gate A3
Airport cart down a long hallway

Planes taking off outside the window
Or waiting at their gates
Starbucks snacks
Flight attendants
Men in black suits
Women in red, yellow, blue and green
Welcome aboard
Air India to New Delhi.

Saying Goodbye

Goodbye Dadi.
I will always love you.
It's hard for me, but I know you will always be
on my side.
All the things we went through.
I still miss you but you're now in a better place
now.
I will always remember you.

Teaching me the ABC's.
Always having a way to make me stop crying.
Teaching me information when I get older.
Teaching me how to count.

Teaching me how to talk.
I will always love you.
I will never forget you.
The hardest part is saying goodbye.
I hope you're having a better second life.
I just want to say that I will always love you
and don't forget that.
Even though we don't see each other anymore I
will always love you.
We miss you.
Papa, Pinky, Mama, Viraat, Me, and Dada all
miss you.
In my eyes, nobody can replace you.
I hope you remember me.
I love you Dadi.

Untitled

When I was three years, my hair was on fire.
I was crying and crying and wouldn't stop.
I smelled the smoke coming from my hair.
I am older now, and throughout my life have
learned this lesson.
I now don't play with fire and I don't take fire a
joke.
I have a bald spot on my head that won't go
away.

I'm on my way.
Traveling through life every day.
Each and every single day.
I travel.
And I travel.
I am 4 years older.

In India right now.
Eating ice cream on the beach.
I tried so many new flavors every day.
Then when I got home I think I had food
poisoning.

I was 4 years older.
I'm on my way.
Traveling through time every day.
Growing up fast.

I am now 5 years older.
I am now writing this poem.
I heard so many songs and I have chosen one.
Castle on the hill.
I'm on my way.

Traveling through my years since I was one.
Traveling!!!!
Traveling!!!
Now I am thirteen years old.

KATHERINE SUSHKO

I Miss

I miss the old glass wall that stood here rather
than my French doors
I miss my grandpa sitting there on the couch
with my dog, other than just the pictures
I miss the bunk bed that stood here in the
shared room with my brother
I miss me getting scared at nights and going to
my mom for comfort
I miss the songs my grandma sang to me every
night
I miss eating my breakfast in bed as I watched
the children's channel while my mom got my
lunch ready
I miss meeting up with Ariana to walk to school
together
I miss playing on the playground
I miss the before

I Am

I am strong and hurt
I wonder if things will change
I hear the yelling over the music playing on my
speaker
I see the tears that will come in the future
I want to help her win the war
I am strong and hurt
I pretend to not be scared
I feel the weight getting heavier and lighter
I touch her hand in the hard times
I worry that's not enough
I cry from the thoughts
I am strong and hurt
I understand her problems but not mine

I say, "It's okay, I'm sorry."
I dream of nothing
I try to be okay and happy
I hope she will be
I am strong and hurt

Ode

Smiling
Something I used to force upon my face
To where just another smile will make me
happy

Smiling
When people thought it was rare for me to
smile
To when people think something's wrong when
I'm not

Smiling
From the jokes between friends
From the relief of the weight off my shoulders
From just a simple hey from a friend

Smiling :)

I Don't Know

I don't know...
I don't know why they didn't like me
Why they chose to act as if I did something
wrong
Why they thought, as soon as I gained friends,
that they could just walk right into my life and
act as if nothing happened
And yet when I asked why they treated me like
that
They said that they did nothing wrong and they
were the victim
I don't know why they didn't let me in
But act like I have to let them in
Why I had to be treated like that to find out
you weren't worth it, but I was
I don't know why you told me today, "Sorry."
I don't know why I said, "Sorry."
Because I'm not
Because now I know the type of people you are
And I know to learn from my mistakes

Blue

Blue
Her favorite color
The color of her childhood uniform
She hated blue and grey
But funny enough that's all she wears now

Blue
The color of her eyes
Her eyes that she gave me

Blue
The color she dressed me in until I grew to love it too
And every time I see something blue
I think to myself, "My mom and I would love that!"

Blue
The color of the sky me and her watch
As we sit on our balcony
Talking all morning with our breakfast

Blue
Her favorite color

Letter

Dear *****,
Thank you for everything
I've known you for just a few weeks
But I love you as if I've known you a lifetime
You care while others who say they're there for me don't
You ask how I am, If I slept well, if I ate enough, and how's my family
The little things others don't bother to think of
People say it's weird how we're so close
But I think it was just a friendship meant to be
We hang out every week
And we Facetime at night
And we text constantly
We rant about our endless drama
Make jokes about ***** now knowing the full truth
The text, "Good morning, I love you" and "Good night, I love you," appear daily
I truth you and you have giving me the best advice than anyone
Thank you for everything... I love you,
Katherine

Goodbye

I want to say goodbye, but it's not as simple as just words.
It's the confirmation that it's over, that it's gone and I can't go back.
It's hard saying hello every day and pretending, but I know it is best this way.
I think I'm ready, yet I know I just want out.
But even through all the problems going on saying hello,
it will always be better than saying goodbye.

Maybe

Maybe she has her parents screaming at home
Even after every "I love you"
Maybe he wears baggy clothes for a reason
To cover up the bruises and bones
Maybe they are hiding
Because they are told that it is wrong, a sin
Maybe she shows her skin
Because she loves herself and she wants to
Maybe he plays sports
Because that's what his dad wants
Maybe she wears sweats every day
to hide the fact that she stopped eating
Maybe he really likes her
But his friends think she's just another girl
Maybe we don't know everyone
Maybe we should stop thinking we know everything
Maybe we should start thinking maybe

Here's the Reason We Don't Work:

I know what I know but you don't. You think she's turned you into a monster in my head, but in reality, she just told me the truth. She didn't even tell me, in fact. I had to find out the summer of 2019. I always had my suspicions, but I never thought that my imagination would become reality. She and I were in the car and you called her, you were mad. I don't know why, but you were. You yelled at her, not knowing I was hearing it all. As soon as we were near home, I got out of the car and ran. I ran to grandma's lap, I cried, I cried for a while. But the thing is that it wasn't even then when I found out.

It was nearing the end of the summer. And we were out in Lake Placid. We were on your friend's boat. We were having a bad time already because there was already a fight. But she went on your phone. She saw what you thought she would forget about. She went up to you hoping there was an explanation, but she knew there wasn't. You tried to make it her fault, that she went on your phone, that she put it there herself, but the dates were there.

I was there too. I heard, I saw, but Olga was there to distract me and she called me over knowing just what happened. We went out into the shore with the dogs. As soon as she heard your answer she got out of the boat and called me over to get into the car and we drove - we drove to the city and we went out for ice cream so that I would think everything was okay. But I knew just what happened. I started screaming at you, but you went there. I wished it was a dream but I never woke up. I'm still mad.

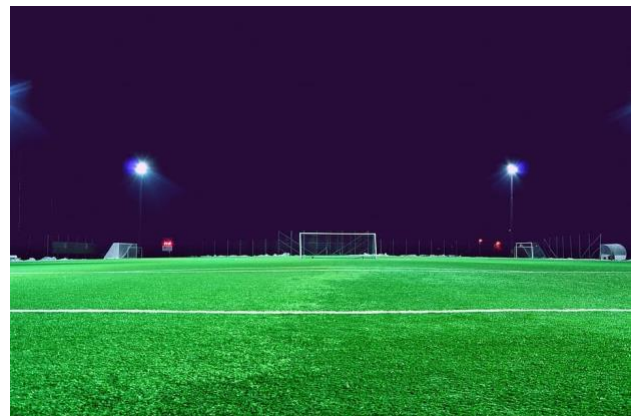
Elegy

You try every day to feel better
It doesn't work most days
After swallowing pill after pill
Feeling numb each time
Knowing for the rest of your life you need
supplements of happiness
You were ready on November first
Without a goodbye
You were willing to leave me with guilt and
sorrow for the rest of my life
Without an explanation
I was scared every day as you send me videos of
you crying on the floor with the marks to prove
something happened
I tried to call or text but most days you were
too busy with the people who didn't give a sh*t,
or maybe they did
It's better now
You have your bottles from the doctors
But I will never understand how you were so
ready to say goodbye and leave me with that
explanation from someone other than you

The Pain Without Them

Wishing for someone to lift me up,
Throughout the struggle of me and my life,
Protecting me with their life no matter what,
Because I mean so much to them,
When no one's there for me to put my head on
their shoulder,
Or make me laugh so hard tears flow out of my
eyes,
Like an unstoppable rush of happiness,
Through good and bad,
Not caring about how I use to carry my broken
parts,
Everywhere I went before meeting you

ELIAS YAHYA



I Am

I am athletic
I wonder if I can be a professional athlete
I see me on a soccer team
I want to be a soccer player
I am athletic
I pretend to be Lionel Messi
I feel like I could be something wrong
I touch a soccer ball as light as a balloon
I worry that I won't be a professional soccer
player
I cry because I think I won't make it
I am athletic
I understand it will be hard
I say never give up
I dream about being a soccer player

I try to do good in soccer
 I hope I have a good life and become a
 professional soccer player
 I am athletic



Red

Red burns all things he can see with ease
 Red is the color of fire and heat to keep us
 warm
 Red the color of blood flowing through our
 bodies
 When red gets mad it can burn miles of trees
 But when red is happy it can warm us up when
 we're cold
 Red keeps us safe when were alone and watches
 us when it's sunny outside
 Without red our world will be gloomy, like if
 blue took over the world



Metamorphosis

My name is

Elias,
 Terrific
 And
 Marvelous.
 Only in middle school.
 Right now I am
 Probably going to go to high school in a year.
 Hope I have friends in high school.
 OMG
 So excited for high school,
 I can't wait to
 See what high school is like!



Haikus

The trees shaking a lot
 The wind blowing in my face
 The birds are singing

The birds are flying
 Crickets are hoping quickly
 Spiders are crawling

Salt water splashing.
 Sea creatures play hide-and-seek.
 In the deep blue sea.

Lizards are eating
 Fish are being eaten and
 Nature is talking



Forwards/Backwards Poem

This is an interesting poem.
 It makes sense both ways.
 This poem is like a loop.
 This poem is weird and unique,
 At the same time
 This poem is amazing!
 Each line is unique to the moment it's heard.
 Although the poems are similar,
 They are still different.
 Little by little,
 You will find a resemblance
 I hope
 You will
 This poem is like a loop.
 This is a very interesting poem.

Maybe

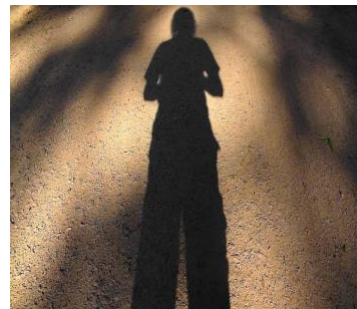
Maybe I can become a soccer player
 Like a professional one
 The ones with their heads held up high, cool
 and strong
 Like Ronaldo?
 No, better!
 Maybe I can prove to everyone I can be terrific
 and amazing at soccer.
 Maybe... I can shoot to be the best in the whole
 wide world!
 But that will take a lot of practice and courage.
 Maybe I can play in the world cup, millions of
 people will be watching me.
 Maybe I can play for Barcelona F.C and become
 a millionaire
 I hope that happens

Here

Here I can be who I was meant to be
 Here I can kick the ball as far as I want to
 Here is where I like to call home
 This place is filled with people playing soccer
 and running with the wind blowing against
 their face
 And the home of many great athletes
 Where we work harder than any word can
 describe us
 This is where we pretend to be like famous
 soccer players and work hard believing we will
 become better than them one of these days
 This is the place where we take risks and have
 the audacity to score a winning goal
 This is the place where we become the best of
 the best
 This place that we call home is the called the
 soccer field

I Don't Know

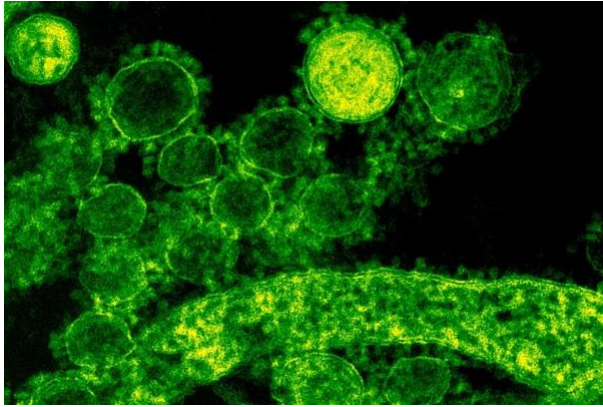
I don't know many things
 I wish I knew them
 If I did I wouldn't have to go to school
 I don't know how to answer all math equations
 I don't know how to do a magic trick
 I don't know everything about philosophy
 I don't know if I'm good enough to play soccer
 I wish I was good at everything
 Then I can play basketball in the NBA
 While playing soccer in the World Cup
 Imagine being smart and strong at the same
 time



My Shadow

My shadow's name is Morro and he is very tall
 and small.

He loves walking on bright sunny days.
 He eats food off the ground and hates that we
 are connected.
 He also doesn't like my shoes
 But he is fun sometimes
 He is much faster than me and beats me every
 time we race against each other
 Although he is mean, he has a sense of humor.



World Issues Rant

Corona
 We have so many world issues
 One of them is the Coronavirus, aka Covid 19
 I hate Corona because school is closed and I
 won't see my friends until afterwards.
 I also think Corona is making me wash my
 hands more
 It makes me feel like I am trapped in my house
 and if I get out someone or something is going
 to get me
 It feels so enclosed and lonely
 Being quarantined sucks
 I have to stay home not doing anything

I Love

I love my family
 I love food, specifically sushi
 I love NARUTO
 I love my lizard
 I love my friends
 I love soccer
 I love football
 I love basketball
 I love sports and P.E class
 I love reading comic books
 I love MARVEL

And now I love poetry

ALYA LYNE

I Am

I am careless and careful
 I wonder what it is like to be someone else
 I hear contradicting voices in my head
 I see people that aren't there
 I want to think positively and be more
 optimistic
 I am careless and careful
 I pretend to not care what others think
 I feel scared of big spiders in my room that I
 know are not there
 I touch my head in my dreams
 I worry about what others say to me and how I
 react
 I cry when I'm scared or when I get hurt
 physically or emotionally
 I am careless and careful
 I understand that I may never achieve my
 dreams
 I say that sitting around gets you nowhere
 I dream nightmares
 I try to be kind to others
 I hope that I can live a successful life and be
 happy
 I am careless and careful

Yellow

Yellow hears whistling.
 Happy cheery whistling.
 Upbeat and joyful.
 She touches the sand and it sifts through her
 fingers.
 Looking at the blinding sun it doesn't blind
 her.
 It brightens her day with its warmth and spark.
 Bathing in the crisp ocean breeze she exhales it
 and tastes the salt of the water.
 Smelling heat and sweat as she feels happy and
 calm.
 She knows that the water will soon wash over
 her feet but remembers it's refreshing and
 thinks about the feeling of when it does.

Yellow speaks to herself kind things because she understands the importance of positivity. She tells herself nice things only and is not negative. As she licks her ice cream she enters complete happiness.

Acrostic poem

Mental abilities
Eating habits
Talkative level
Amount I care about others opinion
My desire to "fit in"
Overall energy toward others
Respect for my peers
Priorities
Having more friends
Openness around other people
Style
Including others

Still Friends

I wish we were still friends.
I know that we are not and that I cannot pretend.
But I will still try to.
Even if you don't want me to
I say that it's just a matter of time, but I know it's not.
We had a friendship and now it is lost.
We didn't have the best relationship,
But it still hurts the same.
I want to be your friend but change what happened.
We both turned into different people.
We never talk, or even say hello.
I wish we were friends again, that much I know

My Life (Forwards/Backwards Poem)

My life sucks
I will never think that
I have good friends and a loving family
I'm convinced that
Everyone is out to get me
I don't think that
people love me
I strongly believe that
I am worthless

There is no way
That there are people who care about me
It is true
That I have no one
There is no chance
I can change for the better
I do think
I am a bad person in every way possible
I don't believe
My life is amazing

Haikus

Flowers in the field
Joy and color they do wield
Dying soon in gloom

The moon in the sky
Bright but dark at the same time
It rises and falls

The sun high up there
Burning golden locks of hair
Blinding light so bright

The clear icy pond
Magic like a fairy wand
Fish beneath the ice

Maybe

Maybe I was meant to understand
Why people are the way they are
Maybe I was supposed to not wonder,
Or maybe I was

Maybe I wasn't meant to see through
The shell others wear to deceive
Maybe I was meant to not see through their lies
Or blindly believe

Maybe I made the wrong choice every time,
Or always the right one.
How do I even tell,
Because I've made a ton.

Maybe things were meant to be different,
and I just messed them up,
Or maybe I just fixed them,
And made them less tough.

This is Why our Friendship Works

Because you have to smell your books before you read them and ask me to smell them too. Because you have to type the whole thing into google before you look it up. Ignoring the suggestions even when they are correct. Because you can't make decisions when it comes to where to go. Because you are there walking down the street with me while we share animal crackers and Cheezits.

Because one of us almost always has a snack. Because we evenly split it with the other person. Because you smile at the rain and am always happy. Because you understand the questions for English that I don't, and I understand the ones you don't. Because you don't dogear your pages and you read a million books at a time. Because you wear your sports uniform all day and because you bring an umbrella when it's not raining and forget one when it is.

We argue. But when we do it's only because you want me to do something the best that I can. Because you talk about larva and show me pictures of it to try and gross me out. Because you never mention my biggest fear but find other things for me to be afraid of. Because you always find a way to turn around what I'm saying. Because we know each other's Starbucks order. Because you need exactly four drops of hand sanitizer, and because you never judge me, and because you understand my compulsions and make me feel better about them.

I Don't Know...

Why they don't like me.
Why they act different around me.
Why they act like we were never friends.
Why they are nice to me then ignore me.
Why they give me weird looks when I say anything.
Why do they pretend we didn't used to be so close?
Share our secrets.
It's like they have a list of friends and one day just decided to erase my name from that list.

We used to talk about everything and now we barely say a word to each other.

I don't know how I can change to get them back

I don't know what changed

I Just Thought

I just thought that things would fix themselves. We would find our way back.

I just thought that this wasn't the end of our friendship. I still think that there is more but I don't know if we will ever get there.

We were close and I just thought that closeness would last forever. I guess I wanted to believe so badly that it would, that I thought it would.

For a second, I thought we were getting somewhere. I Thought we had taken a step to becoming friends again. Then I think I screwed it up.

I don't know how, but I did.

I just thought I could fix it.

Doing

Doing nothing your whole life is not going to do anything. You have to leap and do something. Sitting around hiding yourself is not going to show the world who you are. You have to stand up to yourself and try hard. Don't overthink it because or you'll regret it. The choice you made you won't regret. All decisions make something better. Even if the thing is not right there.

Don't let yourself convince yourself you're not good enough. You are strong and tough. You can tell yourself no, I want to be me. You don't have to change the way things seem. Don't live in a cage, trapped from yourself. Live in the light and show yourself to everyone else.

AKEELAH LANE

I Am

I am athletic and creative
I wonder if I will be famous in the future
I hear rats in the walls at home
I see Bob, my imaginary friend from third grade
I want 100,000,000,000,000 dollars

I am athletic and creative
 I pretend I am not short anymore
 I feel scared when I go to the doctor
 I touch a fiery flame
 I worry that I have to get hormone shots
 because of my height
 I cry when my mom screams at me
 I am athletic and creative
 I understand that I only have half of a brain.
 I say thank you lord that I am still alive
 I dream that my dad will get better
 I try to get good grades and finish my
 homework on time
 I hope my mom won't get mad at me after
 parent teacher conferences
 I am athletic and creative



Yellow

Yellow is the sun that rises and sets at a certain
 time
 Yellow is the middle color in the gay flag. It
 symbolizes bisexual
 While at the beach the sun beams on my skin
 It makes my skin light up so much it makes me
 look hazel
 I will eat a banana even though it's not my
 favorite fruit
 They are some yellow apples out in the world
 that I wish someday I will eat,
 Yellow makes me feel happiness, positivity,
 energy, enlightenment, and joy
 Yellow symbolizes freshness, clarity,
 optimism, remembrance, intellect, honor,
 loyalty, and joy

Red

Red is fiery like fire
 Red is a symbol of love
 Red is like blood
 When I think about the color red I think about
 what I wear
 Red is my favorite color

In the 3rd grade, I dyed my hair red - that is
 how much I love red
 Red is like energy; if I see red it gives me
 energy
 Red is a symbol of war
 people think red is a symbol of danger
 I think it means a lot of things
 Red is my dad's favorite color and it is also
 mine
 That's how my dad and I get along



How I Feel

How I feel
 This is how I feel
 I feel like this every day
 I feel like sh*t
 My teachers hate me
 I feel like I don't belong
 Sometimes I wonder why I live
 How I feel
 I feel like people hate me in this world
 Kids bully me so much that I cry at home
 alone
 I hate being short
 sometimes I hate life
 How I feel
 I feel like one teacher tries to put me down
 She calls me a loud mouth
 She says that she calls on other people because
 I'm mad loud
 She says I spread rumors about people when I
 don't
 Sometimes i hate how people like her
 She assumes things that aren't true.
 How I feel
 The only way to get rid of all this pain I feel is
 by dancing
 Dancing fulfills me
 It makes me feel good about myself
 It makes me get into my own zone
 It makes me feel like no else is there
 It makes me feel like I can be myself and one
 can judge
 How I feel

Mom's Love for Me

Here's why my mom and I get along so well:
because she cares for me and loves me so much.

We have so much in common and we have things that are not in common, but go together well. Her favorite color is blue and mine is red, but if you put those two together they make purple and that's our second favorite color. My mom is a single mom and I'm an only child. If you live as an only child with a single mom you get to know more about each other.

The worst part about it is that when you are a single mom you have to do more stuff. My mom has to work extra hours just to make sure I have shelter and food on the table. I appreciate my mom so much even though I might not show it, but I do. We fight every day about nothing, but after, we make up. We travel together all the time, but sometimes she has to travel with no notice and I have to live alone for a couple of days.

It gets scary sometimes if your mom is not home and you're frightened. You don't know where to go. So what you do is hide in a room, close the door and stay in the darkness.

It sucks when you have your dad who had heart surgery and you are stuck to live with depression. It sucks when that one incident changed me forever. It sucks when you feel like your family is torn apart by one little argument that stuck for your whole life. It sucks that your own (my) dad says he doesn't want to see you again and then changes his mind two years later. It sucks when you and your dad never see each other often like you used to, but when you want to see him all he does is sit at home, watch TV and sleep. The only time you guys actually hang out is when my aunt wants him and me over for the weekend.

Sometimes I wish that my family would get back together

DELILAH SCHWARTZ

I Am

I am small, yet mighty.
I wonder what *they* think about me.
I hear imaginary conversations.
I see myself as the victim, or at the top.
I want something to be proud of.
I am small, yet mighty.
I pretend I'm someone else.
I feel unworthy of the good, which makes me feel worthy of the bad.
I touch my box of ideas.
I worry it's empty.
I cry when I'm sorry.
I am small, yet mighty.
I understand I need to be able to change my perspective.
I say we all need something to hold our pride back.
I dream I could fly.
I try to believe harder.
I hope It might come true.
I am small, yet mighty.

Embrace

I wish I owned the word embrace.
An odd choice
They might say.
The word embrace confuses me,
Enlightens me,
Extends me.
I love to use the word embrace.
It makes me feel as if in place,
To help stair mystery in the face,
Oh, I wish I owned the word embrace.
But what does embrace mean to me?
It helps describe to know or see,
But more than that just meets the eye,
Less of to see, and more to find.
To bend the object to your will
Oh, I wish I owned the word embrace.
To take a blow and let it flow,
Right out in *your* direction.
To take a hit and make it fit
In next to your heart....
Oh, I wish I owned the word embrace.

Haikus

It blows through the trees,
A small leaf, disconnected.
Fallen to the ground.

Soaring high above
The bluebird can never catch.
The blue and red wind.

The moon meets the sky,
The red sun flickers out soon,
Light a dead lightbulb.

Orange blue and brown
Are colors roughly random,
But yet, pink is too.

Brown

Brown
Brown is unwanted, it used to be a beautiful
dawn yellow.
but age has let dust set against its skin.
Brown is a happy color,
Though dust blocks its shine,
It shines just as bright,
On the inside.
Just take a look inside.

Beginnings

If there
are no beginnings,
no end, no story
to tie the
two together. There
would be nothing.
A hole, where a garden of flowers, could be
growing. Instead,
nothing good grows there, nothing bad.
Nothing. Maybe a thing
that could grow there... regret. Regret, you plant
in that nothing
now something, wishing you made the decision
to start a beginning,
but now just
regret. And
you can
never

Really
go
back. Maybe,
no regret,
not
nothing
,
but
pride. The
pride
you didn't
Start t
his
beginnin
g,
that feeling
of the
right
choic
e.
Maybe, two
feel
ings, both,
Maybe.
None,
maybe.
M
ore.
Every
flower has
to die Every
flower has to
sprout, every
flower has to
bloom,
but
when
a

lower
passes on a seed. The flower doesn't need to
end Before it starts, A *new* beginning.

My Life

My life is hard
Easy for some
To compare to others is unfair
After a while, I wonder,
My life is wonderful, right?
Or do the amounts of time I am allowed to play
games, differ it?
Really, school is fine.
PE is one of my favorites.
Hopefully, I won't worry.
Over time I realize it is fair to compare
So does that leave me unlucky?
It doesn't
So maybe, soon, I'll see it differently.

Ode

The Seashell
Did you see that seashell?
The one down by the beach?
The one covered in the dirt?
Boy, did it have something to teach.

When all the pretty seashells,
Were picked up from the beach,
That poor little seashell,
Patiently waiting as each

Little seashell was admired
And adored.
Silently wishing
Pick me up and wash me in the shore

*I may not look as pretty
Or have the color of pinky peach.*

f

*Please look down and grab me.
I'm not out of reach.*

Every time he wondered
Why no one picked him up.
So he thought and he thought.
And it did not give up.

It said to itself :

I will wash myself,
And then I will be seen!
it rolled down to the ocean
To get itself nice and clean.

And when it washed and scrubbed
The dirt would not come off
And though it tried it's hardest.
it couldn't stifle a cough...

A cough of sorrow
a cough of defeat,
No one really knows.
But what I do know is that everyone looked up
from the beach.

They ran to see the seashell
That everyone had heard,
But when they all arrived
He was picked up by a bird.

Now the bird was old and frail,
But he picked up the shell
Not because the bird was hungry,
Because he knew the feeling well.

Forwards/Backwards Poem

Strange things.
stories.
What do they mean to you?
Beginnings and endings.
You need not tie them together
But do
You need all three,
To make a whole story? you
Ever wonder what it takes to make a story?
The beginning, the middle and the end.

THOMAS SNYDER

I Am

I am Courageous and Happy
I wonder why some people are not caring about
our planet
I hear the calmness in the wind
I see the potential for this world
I want global warming to not be a thing
I am Courageous and Happy
I pretend to not believe in global warming
I feel inspired to draw and create things from
my imagination
I touch the sky
I worry about our Earth
I cried when I was bullied
I am Courageous and Happy
I understand that we have too much racism in
this world
I say that we are all equal
I dream about my friends and me on the
weirdest adventures
I try to recycle
I hope for peace
I am Courageous and Happy

Haikus

Love

Family is love
Love makes the world go around
I see love in all

Plants

The sun helps them grow
Plants grow tall to reach the sky
Sun shines down on them

Flowers

Plant them in the ground
Water them everyday
See the colors bloom

Ocean

Home to many things
Crystal blue waters glisten
So much to explore

Repelling Poem

Sloppiness

When I am talking and there are so many
noises around me
My dog constantly barks for no apparent
reason

I am really agitated when someone is sloppy.
You can realize though that being sloppy for me
is not a thing,
but for a different person that can be the way
they do things.
I cannot judge someone on how their life habits
are because that is them and we are all
different.

Yellow

Yellow exhales the light like the sun lights the
day
He warms us like the blood running through
our veins
Beating down on the Earth like a drumstick on
a drum
His rays are so fast like a shooting star
Glowing like he is a flickering light
His shining light is like a diamond sparkling
He ignites our hearts to warm the way

I Don't Know

I don't know why there is racism
I don't know why there is sexism
I don't know why there is bullying
I don't know why there is war
I don't know why there is climate change
I don't know why there is gun abuse
I don't know why there is no equality

World Issues Rant

I don't get why people care or even believe that
climate change is a thing. There are so many

signs like the water is rising and the Earth is heating up. All of us need to take part in our own ways by recycling, volunteering or cutting back on greenhouse gases. What I mean by cutting back on greenhouse gases is maybe take the bus or even carpool because that will reduce the amount of co2 in the air. Also, people shouldn't litter because there are huge garbage piles in the ocean that sea life keeps on mistaking for food and they die from it. You can use more reusable things like a coffee cup or don't use paper and use the plastic ones that will last a long time. We need to act now to save our planet from what is to come in the near future.

My Dad and I

My dad and I
There are many things
we do
but I really like going to my Vermont
and building snow forts
and looking at all the animals' tracks.
Two weeks ago, it snowed a lot in Vermont
and we built a giant fort
next to the road
where the truck piled
all the snow.
We built seats
for the both of us
and had a snowball fight.
Then
across the stream
we saw animal tracks.
I went inside
and got my book
and tried to match
the animal tracks
and we figured out
it was two deer
drinking water by stream.

My Home Memories

My three close friends from Massapequa.
I used to be really close with the triplets.
We used to do everything together.
We even went to Disney together.

We also had movie days where I would go over hang out in there basement and watch movies for hours

Tennis was a sport I have played for years.
I learned how to play in my hometown of Massapequa
where it was so much fun to play outdoors.
With the solid courts in the hot summer and the indoor clay courts in the cold winter.
I love playing with my family and beating all of them.

Golf is a sport I love to play with my dad.
We used to go to the golf course and have a lot of fun.
Now I live in the city where you can't go golfing anywhere.
We did find a place that reminds me of home a lot, though.

MAX ANDERSON

Me

1. My name is Maxfield
2. I wish my name was just Max
3. I am a Lion. I'm a lion because I am playful, sly, and smart. But I am also aggressive and persistent.
4. I would have a toy inside of me because I like to have fun and make people happy.
5. The word on my forehead would be basketball because it is a big part of my life and I play basketball all the time. I am serious about it.
6. I love seeing the sunset because it is calm and relaxing. I hate watching movies with racist people in them because it's just horrible and really hard

to watch. And it's crazy how people could obsess over something so stupid.

7. I like the middle of the day because it is the time I am most energetic and when most things happen. And because I am not sad that the day is almost over.
8. If my hands could speak they would be tired from smacking against a basketball, or holding onto a pencil, always having to work constantly.
9. I remember one time when I was a kid and I got lost in a carnival. I was super scared and I thought I would never see my parents again, but then they found me a little later and I was so happy to see them.
10. My mother always says, "Get off the phone and do something productive."

I Am

I am funny, I am fun
I wonder if the world will achieve peace,
I hear my mom calling me to come to dinner
I see my cat running to me for food
I want a chameleon
I am funny, I am fun
I pretend my drawings come to life
I feel that I should do my homework
I touch my Xbox controller
I worry about climate change
I cry that one day my loved ones will die
I am funny, I am fun
I understand life isn't perfect
I say that climate change is real
I dream that candy was healthy
I try to eat healthy
I hope we can stop climate change
I am funny, I am fun

Blue

Blue is sad
Blue walks on the sky in the day, and sleeps in the ocean at night
When he gets angry, waves come from the sea
When blue is happy, he makes the clouds in the sky go away
Blue swims in a kid's blue mountain dew when it is bored

Blue has the eyes of a crayon and the mouth of a butterfly

For Papa

I never met my grandpa
My dad's siblings and my grandma always talk about
Him
They always called him Papa
So that's what I call him
Even though I never met him
They always used to say how he liked donuts and
Building things
How I like donuts and building things
Every Christmas when I go up to my grandma's house
We visit his grave and put ornaments on it
That fit
And just stay there for a while
Because that's completely enough
It's hard to know I never met my grandpa
But it's ok
Because he is in my heart
And I know I am in his

I Don't Know

I don't know why there is racism
I don't know why there is sexism
I don't know why people hate
I don't know why there is bullying
I don't know why there are people shooting up schools
I don't know why people start wars killing millions of people
Just for land

Ode

The toy in the sandbox
The one lonely Toy
In the sandbox
Like the lone fox in the Woods
Waiting to find another toy to be with
Him
Thrown around in the day my little Kids
And in the Night
Left alone in the cold sand

Listening to nothing other
Than the Nature Band
Of crickets and trees
Swaying in the wind
The toy in the sandbox

To This Day

Bullying
Such a horrible thing
How people think they are the king
Hurt people
Call them names
Sticks and Stones will Break your Bones
But words will too
The victims wish they could've flown away
But they can't
Maybe you have a tough life
But that is no reason to hurt Someone
To treat them Like dirt
Because that gives them tough lives.

Poaching
Poaching
Where you kill an innocent animal
For its fur or ivory
An animal that was separated from its
Kids and Family
Crying for help on the ground
Bleeding
As the poachers take its tusks
Lions
Elephants
Rhinos
You name it
Are all becoming extinct
Poaching is the animal kingdom's
Downfall
But animals, just like us
Have feelings and feel pain
So we must have the same
Respect for
Them
As we do for us

Home
Home

Home is wherever you feel safe
Wherever you feel warm and cozy
Wherever you can fall asleep
Without being scared
Or uncomfortable
Where the floor feels soft
And
Warm
On your feet
Where you sink
Into the couch
Watching TV
Or where you shoot
A pretend game winning
Shot
On your mini basketball hoop
Above your door
Home is
You

HARPER DORR

Me

I am Harper
I am happy
I am a horse
I am free
I am the creativity in me
I am the free spirit
I am there to remind you, to be you
I am a butterfly
I am in my heart
I am here to flap my wings
I let you know
What, where, and when you need to go
It is a flower
I am delicate
I will bloom again
I will come back from the winter
On the shore
On the hills
I am the sand between my feet
I am the grass that I stand on
I am happy
In a fluorescent room in front all alone
I am lonely
I am uncomfortable
I am twilight
I am both a beginning, and an end

I am the breeze
 I am purple, but many things more
 I will hold on
 I
 Won't
 Let Go
 In the stroller under the rain cover
 Calm warm dry
 Life's not fair

Haikus (sort of)

The grounds covered in a blanket of
 snow.
 As the sun reflects off of it shows its
 toothy smile starts to glow.
 As I look around I am amazed.



The warm breeze drifts through the
 heavy air.
 As I look around I smell the smell of
 leaves, and pollen that makes me
 drowsy.
 As I start to fall into the summery trace
 I see a light, lovely and bright, a firefly.



As I walk through the woods, I hear the
 calming crunch of leaves under my
 feet.
 I look around, and see the vibrant
 colors of fall starting to eat away the
 summer.
 As I take in a deep breath I smell the
 soft scent of the trees wafting through
 the air.

As I walk I breath in the air finally
 starting to soften, after the bitter winter

I start so see little sparks of green to
 the tips of the branches waiting to
 bloom.
 The birds sing again, for the spring has
 come.

Pink

Hair like cotton candy
 And cheeks like bubble gum
 Not a care in the world
 Playing with the sun, and the moon
 Reaching out like a big warm hug from
 up above
 Giggling at the stars above
 She touches the candy wrappers
 And smells of candy
 She sees the happy children
 On the grassy hills
 She smells the flowers
 And lays on the sand
 For when she sleeps there is quiet on
 the world



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Concrete

On the ground
 Little ones all
 around

One day to grow and
bloom
Lovely and so very true
Little things stand tall and proud
always back up again
their life cycles never to end
some grow between the cracks
Old, but yet new.



Ode

The lovely stars
They live up there
In the cool fresh air
For they shine lovely, and bright, and
light the night
Like ornaments in the sky
Their course never awry
Looking down from up above
Shining down with great love
Little beads of hope
They stand there way up high, and will
stay there by, and by.

Backwards Forwards Poem

No one cares about me
And I'll never be convinced that
I am not by myself, and I'm a cared
about
That no one is alone
Still it will always be true
That people don't want to see me
People would rather be doing anything
else than see me
I will not lie to myself and say
That people care
So rest assured I will say
I will be alone forever

Noting you say will make me feel
That I am not all alone
Because wherever I think of myself I
think
Am I as alone as I seem



Maybe

Maybe I was born to change the world
Maybe I was born to change the small
things
To be the light in someone's day
Maybe I am made to think I have to do
well
Or maybe I was made to think others
had to too
Maybe I was made to change someone's
life
Or maybe I was here to save it
Maybe I'm known to be too kind

Maybe if I was born on a different day
I would not be this way
Maybe I if I look different
My life would change
Or will it always be the same

Maybe I am supposed to see the best
Or maybe I will see what I want
Maybe we all see thing so different
Or maybe we see them the same things
It is just how we interpret them.



Here

Here is a place

I think of for me

Where all are free
Where people are not judged by things
that are born with
Here is a place where we are a
together
Where we all understand how to work
to make this a better place.

Here we will change our ways
To stop what we are doing
To stop hurting this planet
To understand we need to change.

Here is a place where everyone is
welcome
Where people can be who they are
And not be judged
Where we can be ourselves.

Here is place where we can play with
the stars
And sleep with the moon
Where we and dance with the breeze
And sing with the bees

Here is a place where the grass is
always green
Where every day is a day with joy
Where you can be you all the time.

Here is a place where we can be truly
free.



Untitled

On the grassy hill
Filled with many daffodils

Almost like daylight
Golden and so very bright
In the sea of green
Standing there without a care
It sways with the wind
Its pedals stand tall, and proud
Its colors are very loud.
Beneath the big trees
Branches long as twenty feet
Stretch up to the sky
Almost like waving saying hi
Up there in the sky
There they will stay by, and by
Like a great big hug
The branches comfort with love



Why My Family Works

Here's why my family works:
Because my mom always makes the
same face in the morning when she
looks in the mirror, making sure her
red lipstick looks good.
Because she always laughs even when
things aren't that funny, and tells us the
most important thing is being able to
laugh at yourself.
Because she asks my opinion on what
to wear
Because my dad always makes up song
about us that always rhyme
Because he always makes the same face
when he reads
Because he always organizes my school
books before I go to school, so that I
don't have to run around searching for
them
Because my brother always holds the
shakes in his mouth before swallowing
them

Because he always wears the same
clothes
And always leaves his shoes outside,
even though the neighbors do not like
it.



Just Give Me A Reason

Did you look at the broken shards of glass?
Have you though
It would
Never
Be
The
Same
But look again
Can you see can you take those broken shards
And make something new (you can melt them,
and make something new)
For things are never what they see
Have you ever seen a ripped cloth?
And thought it was done
But look
Look again you
Can make it new
You can change your mind
You can make something new
Have you ever felt all alone?
Like people just wouldn't see you
If they did they would laugh
But look
Take a look at you, and see
How wonderful you are
And never give up
Things
Are
Never
Really
Broken.

ISAIAH MENSAH-HINDS

I Am

I am Isaiah Mensah hinds
I am a man
I am a son
I am a baller
I am a gamer
I am a poet
I am a student
I am a cousin
I am a friend
I am someone who can go head to head with
anyone
I am in pieces
I worry that one day I will die and my friends
and family will be sad

Color

Red
Red burns the world down and makes people
rebuild it
It brings hope in all of us
Pushes us to be the best we can be
But also makes us fear it and hurts
It eats your pain the spits it all back at you

Elegy

I just want you to know that my world will
always be different without you
You pushed me to by greatest powers
You kept me inline
But always made sure I was never mad

When I laugh, I think of you
Because you were the one to make me
My effort was because you said that I had so
much potential
When people tried to make fun of me you were
there

When I look at the sky I hope it rains because
that's when I met you

You believed in me when the world was looking
down on me
And in my worst moments, you were there to
help me the most

Maybe

Maybe I come from somewhere that was
destroyed
Maybe I could play basketball for a living
Maybe I'll be tall
Maybe I'll play ball
Maybe I'll be president
Or just a be scrub nig-- on the streets
Maybe I can rule the world
Or I can save it
Maybe the world is dying

Speak

Speak to your people
Speak to your family
Speak your experiences
Speak the pain and hardship you've gone
through
Speak for the people who can't speak
Speak for the earth you live on
Speak for the future, past, present
Speak for the ones who once spoke for you
Speak for your neighbors far or close
Speak for the ones who need it

My Dream

I daydream of a country kept together by
family
Where a kid doesn't have to fear being shot in
his own school
Where parents don't fear that their children will
die to unnatural forces
Where war doesn't kill in battle and at home
Where I don't have to write about this so other
people know

Where kids can be themselves and not have to
think about what others think of them

I daydream of an open meadow full of grass
No cars, just me alone

Where I can say what I want to say and not be
ridiculed or made fun of
Just my own world where I can either be on a
beach
Or flying to the most well-known places \

The Man Behind Me

He walks right behind me
He eats at the same time I do unless it's too
dark or too sunny
He always wants to stand up and run around
He hates work the most

He loves the music I play
He never touches any other shadow
And he's always one
Step
Behind me

The Negro

The negro who speaks of freedom
Is shot or beaten
The negro who believes in what others believe
Is beaten
The negro who wants to drink
Is denied
The negro who speaks of truth
Is given death threats
The negro who shoots someone is called
horrible
The white man who shoots is called mental

The negro who cries
Is called weak
The negro to stand up is shot down
The negro who speaks of freedom
Is beaten or killed

JACK SABBAGH

Me

1. My name is John but I go by Jack.
2. I think my name Jack is good for me.

3. Dogs are smart, fun, and loving and I am like that. Dogs stay happy and loyal no matter what.
4. There is a cross because Christianity will always be a part of me.
5. I say, "Hi," because I am friendly with everyone I meet and am open minded.
6. I love seeing dogs because they make me happy and are really cute and run up to me and are nice. I hate seeing people that are ungrateful and that don't know the things they really have.
7. My favorite time of day is really early in the morning like 5 o'clock because it is a good feeling to be tired and be the only one awake in my house and half the lights are off when I look at apartment buildings.
8. They would say "Hi how are you" because I am open to meeting new people.
9. I remember one time I was really far out in the ocean on a sandbar and there were big waves that swept me off my feet and pushed me under.
10. My parents don't really do anything other than something they text me a lot which is "How was school?" which is what my dad texts me when my mom is driving me home asking the same questions.

Open

Sometimes we change things about ourselves
 Things we find fitting to our personalities
 We meet people who look like their names
 We meet people who don't
 People can be nice
 People can be mean
 You need to give them a chance
 If they give you one
 They can be funny
 They can be nice
 They could be your new best friend.

Green

Green is electric
 Green is spontaneous
 Green has nature
 Dark green is a warm natural color
 Neon green is an electric and sharp color
 Green is my favorite color
 It has a zap when you touch it
 It is thunder
 Green likes to stay close to the ground

Maybe

Maybe when I am older I will have
 Endless fun and learning
 To be had
 Anyways I will have more homework
 Maybe I won't
 Or I could have more tests
 Right now, I don't have a lot
 Plus. I might actually grow and be tall
 Hmmmm?
 Or I will just stay short
 However, I will change
 I will be different than I am now
 So we will have to wait

To This Day

Everyone has seen someone being bullied
 Whether it is physical or mental bullying
 It happens.
 People bully because they have been bullied or
 fear being bullied
 They want to build their ego
 The receiving end of bullying isn't so great
 It affects you later in life
 To this day
 Bullies live with regret
 Bullied people live without it

Plant a Tree

Do you know about the paper you write on?
 The plastic you use
 They have bad effects on nature
 Nature is trying to fight for itself
 Humans aren't protecting it
 We are destroying it

Yet the trees still fight
Still try to protect us humans
No matter what we have done
The trees don't give up

Safe Place

When I am home alone I don't feel safe, but I
know I am
My apartment is a safe place when my dad and
brother are out and it is just me and my mom
I know I am safe
A locked front door
Looking out the window at the cars
Sitting on the couch
Eating snacks
Playing on my phone
I am safe

Growing Up

When you get older
Things change
You used to always be with your parents
Now you might think you are too old to be seen
with them
Your friends change
In good ways or bad ways
They can share the same interests as you when
you were 5 years old
But when you turn 14
They could not even remember you
Your parents are always there for you
Whether you like it or not
They won't forget you
They don't need the same interests as you
To be great people

CALLEN MURPHY

Me

My name is Callen
Some people call me Cal
I am like a dolphin, like to relax and
hang with my friends and family
There is a baseball inside my heart,
always pounding and playing

World Peace, I wish there was world
peace everywhere
I love arriving to my house in the
Hamptons, I love the smell and seeing
the pool
I hate seeing the news and reading
about shootings and killings almost
every day
My favorite time of day would have to
be 5pm, you can decide to relax or have
fun
If my hands could speak they would say
hello, obviously!
Something I remember from my
childhood is my house in Tribeca
If you don't particularly like someone
you don't have to talk to them, but
don't be mean
My name is Callen

I Don't Know

I don't know what the future holds for me

I don't know how long I will play baseball for
I don't know what will happen with the
coronavirus pandemic
I don't know if and when racism will end
I don't know where I will be 10 years from now
I don't know what else to write in this poem
I don't know if I truly believe in god
I don't know what I will be when I grow up
I don't know why and how colors work
I don't know how tall I will be when I'm fully
grown.

I Am

I am athletic and funny
I wonder what is going to stop coronavirus
I hear the whack of a baseball bat hitting a
baseball
I see Yankee Stadium
I want racism to stop
I am athletic and funny
I pretend there is no more racism in this world
I feel me stepping on the dirt and grass at
Yankee Stadium
I touch the dirt and grass at Yankee Stadium
I worry about my Grandma's health
I cry about nothing

I am athletic and funny
I understand there is still racism in this world
I say baseball is the greatest sport in this world
I dream about being a Yankee
I try to make everyone feel wanted
I hope racism will end one day
I am athletic and funny

I Feel

I feel oppressed when thinking about Kobe
Bryant

I feel oppressed when thinking about
Coronavirus
I feel oppressed when thinking about racism
and sexism
I feel oppressed when thinking about war

I feel privileged when I get in my dad's car
I feel privileged when I wear my Air Jordans
I feel privileged when I play on my game
consoles
I feel privileged when I see the picture of Derek
Jeter and I

Maybe

Maybe we all end up where we are supposed to
be

Maybe we love the things and people we do for
a reason
Maybe we can ignore the haters
Maybe one day it won't matter who you are
attracted to
Maybe people won't look at you weirdly because
of your clothes
Maybe people won't judge you by the way they
were born
Maybe people won't judge you on things you
cannot control
Maybe racism will fully end one day
Maybe sexism will fully end one day
Maybe bullying will fully end one day

Here in New York City

Here in New York City you have learned how to
protect yourself
Here in New York City you have to know how
to walk around the streets
Here In New York City we run things are own
way
Here in New York City you learn how to stand
up for yourself
Here in New York City we get through anything
Here in New York City you have to be places on
time
Here in New York City you learn how to be
with people and be alone
Here in New York City you have to have a
backup plan
Here in New York City everyone is ready for
everything, besides coronavirus
Here in New York City you learn how to be
yourself

KIRSTEN GUILBOURNE

I Am

I am a creative girl who likes to write poems
I wonder what would happen if the world ends
I hear music from my phone
I see an angel and a devil standing above me
I want world peace next year and now
I am a creative girl who likes to write poems
I pretend to feel or be someone I am not
I feel confused or conflicted to do some things
I touch a box that holds something
I worry that I might not achieve the limits I'm
supposed to achieve
I cry when someone close to me is leaving
I am a creative girl who likes to write poems
I understand that I am not perfect and neither
is everyone around me
I say don't trip over something that is behind
you
I dream that one day everything is all equal in
world
I try to be better in things that I don't do well
I hope that by my 30s I've accomplished
something or everything I need
I am a creative girl who likes to write poems

Will You Witness Me

Will you witness me cry
Will you witness me hear
Will you witness me learn
Will you witness me change
Will you witness me be seen
Will you witness me be young
Will you witness me tell my story
Will you witness me die
Will you witness me feel
Will you witness me listen
Will you witness me feel pain
Will you witness me in every moment
Will you witness me talk
Will you witness me belong
Will you witness me break my silence
Will you witness me fear
Will you witness me calm
Will you witness me be safe
Will you witness me have courage
Will you witness me stress
Will you witness me

Bronx

You see people buying things and

the guys selling their products
you see a nail salon filled with
people getting their toes
and nails done and whispering and gossiping
you see a Chinese place that I order from 3
times a week where I get the same thing over
and over again
you see me talking with my mom's friend
you see my dad walking down the street to get
me
some food
you see my brother walking out to get me
some food
you see my mom walking out to get me some
food
you see me walking down the street with my
brother
from the train station
you see people buying drugs
you see people using drugs
you see people walking down the subway
you see people walking up the subway

You see everything

Summer

I like summer because:
warm weather
light of day.
school vacation,
endless fun.
outdoor activities
My birthday
beach

I Don't Know

I don't know my own life
I don't know what I want to be when I grow up
I don't know what my future has in store for
me
I don't know where I am going to be in the next
5 years
I don't know what I want to do next year
I don't know who I am each morning
I don't know why I have so much pain
I don't know, I don't know anything
I don't know how I feel
I don't know myself
I don't know if I fit in
I don't know if I am alone
I don't know if I am happy
I don't know if I am sad
I don't know if I am confused
I don't know if I am mad

I don't know what I am mad at
I don't know what I am happy about
I don't know what I am confused about
I don't know what I am sad about
I don't know what to do
I don't know if I should smile
I don't know if I should do anything
I don't know if I have freedom

Pink

pink is the color of universal love of
oneself and of others.
Pink represents friendship, affection,
harmony, inner peace, and
approachability.

Pink is the official color for little girls
that represents sugar and everything
Nice.
Pink is the sweet side of the color red.

Pink

Pink hears the sunsets
Pink touches clothing
Pink sees what you see
Pink inhales your beauty
Pink exhales your hair
Pink tastes like sugar and
Everything is nice.
Pink smells like candy
Pink feels like a cloud

The Reason Why New York Works

Because that's how I get to school every day/2
train
Because that is sometimes where I drive to get
home/ Hudson river
Because every time I look at a glob I see
the/Atlantic Ocean
Because when you look around New York you
see/ Cultural
Because I pass by it all the time and I want to
go the/Empire State Building
Because I go there once a week/ Central Park
Because I saw a show there once/ Broadway
theater
Because I always go there whenever I have
time/Times Square
Because I go there whenever I reach school
early/Starbucks
Because I go there to get my books/Barnes and
Noble
Because I go there to get my school
supplies/Staples
Because I get my morning breakfast for
them/Zabar's
Because I somehow always go shopping/A mall
Because I enjoy going to The Calhoun School
Because it tastes good/Food
Because I go there every day/34 Street Penn
Station
Because it has one of my dream colleges/The
New School

If All Girls

If all girls were taught how to love each other
If all girls were not body shaming other girls
If all girls actually listened to each other
If all girls should just be them self and not
cover them up
If all girls should just be nice for once in their
lives
If all girls would talk to each other
If all girls should not put their self in a box
If all girls should care for one another
If all girls did not gossip
If all girls payed attention of their surrounding
If all girls liked one another
If all girls dressed the way they wanted to dress
If all girls should just be the person they want
to be
If all girls actually talked to each other
If all girls stopped fighting one another
If all girls came together
If all girls just took a second of their time to
breath

What a different world we would live in.

Those Ocean Eyes

Don't you know I'm no good for you?

Wearing a warning sign

Wait 'till the world is mine

I've learned to lose you, can't afford to

Fell for these ocean eyes I've been watching you
For some time

Can't stop staring

At those ocean eyes

You really know how to make me cry

When you gimme those eyes

He left me lonely with a diamond mind

With those ocean eyes

Cold in my kingdom size

Fell for these ocean eyes

Count my cards, watch them fall

Tell me which one is worse

Living or dying first

I'm not your baby

If you think I'm pretty
You should see me in a crown
Your silence is my favorite sound.

KALI HAGEMAN

I Am

I am insecure and awkward
I wonder if I'll be able to time travel one day
I see myself one day as the person I've always
wanted to be.
I want to like my appearance
I am insecure and awkward
I pretend like I'm not hurt by people's words
I feel dark big clouds all around me
I touch the clouds but my hands go right
through
I worry that I'll hate the way I look forever
I cry when I'm angry
I am insecure and awkward
I understand that things take time but I don't
want to wait
I say things I regret
I dream about living the "Perfect" life
I try to control my anger
I hope heaven is real
I am Insecure and awkward

Pink

Pink is Beautiful. He doesn't think so.
He has long wavy hair and big bright eyes.
Everyone smiles when they hear pinks laugh.
He is kind to everyone who He crosses in her
path.
Pink will always be there for you. She'll love you
for eternity.
But pink feels empty.
Pink needs to be there for himself.
He needs to love himself.
Then that empty void Pink has, will fill up.
Right when I get home I will do my homework
and studying then I'll go on my phone
People won't think of me as dumb anymore
Happiness is what I wish to have in the future
Overall happiness
Sadness will come and go



Ode

What an amazing app Musical.ly was
Almost no negativity
Everyone was kind and happy
I know that sounds unrealistic but it was true
People did silly lip syncs to songs just having
fun
The drama with the "famous" people on the app
was to a minimum
This app is now called Tik Tok
Dancing is a thing there which is cool
But there is more drama, people get hated on
for just existing and the app is overall toxic
I want Musical.ly back.



Maybe

Maybe money can buy happiness
If you're living out on the street, no food, no
clean clothes, no shelter
Then you suddenly get two million dollars and
you're able to buy a house, clothes, food, and
get a job you'll be happy
If a loved one is very sick and you suddenly get
enough money to pay for all their treatments
and surgery you'll be happy
If you get enough money to end world hunger
those children and adults starving will be
beyond happy
But all the happiness is temporary
So maybe money can't buy happiness

Here

Here in my bed I am the most comfortable I've ever been.

I can dream about what I want my life to be, but I can also dream about what I don't want my life to be.

Here in my bed I'm not trying to impress anyone by being someone I'm not.

I'm simply just there.

Calm.

Myself.

Being in bed with the doors closed in a dim room is an amazing feeling.

It may be the best feeling in the world.

Here in my bed I can scroll through social media seeing all the influencers with their fake lives, but still wishing I was them.

At least Here in my bed everything is real.

Repelling

1. People whose inside voice is screaming. We can hear you perfectly fine.
2. Zucchini. I cannot eat this food without gagging.
3. Backhanded compliments: "You look so much better with straight hair." That's not a compliment. What's wrong with my curly hair?
4. Cheese that's in the middle of melted and hard. it has to be one or the other. if it's in the middle I cannot eat it.
5. When people know they're beautiful, but say they aren't to get compliments.

I Don't Know

1. I don't know why homophobic people think god doesn't approve of the LGTBQ community when he was the one that created them
2. I don't know how people could ever abuse a dog or an animal
3. I don't know why these millionaires and billionaires aren't doing something about global warming
4. I don't know how people can say they love god but then be sexist, racist, or homophobic. God loves everyone.
5. I don't know how people can sit behind a screen and bully someone into self-hatred

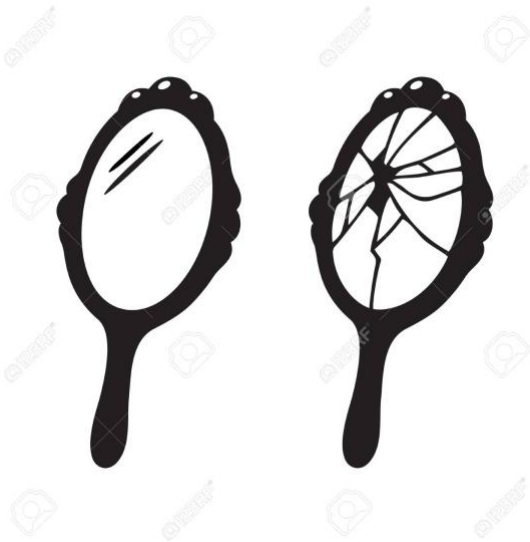
6. I don't know why people think guys who show their feminine side are automatically gay
7. I don't know why people think saying "I would never date" (a race) is a preference and not just wrong

8. I don't know how a person of color could possibly support Donald Trump.



Shadow Poem

My shadow is long, gentle, graceful
When I look at my shadow I don't see myself
When I look at my shadow I see something trapped
assigned the job of copying the movements of someone on earth
When I'm asleep my shadow has its own life
Its own family
Yes, my shadow is trapped but it loves me
And I love it as well
When I'm dancing my shadow admires me
Pays close attention to my movements and tries to copy them exactly
My shadow is strong and it will be with me forever



Images Poem

I don't like the image of my reflection, but for some reason it fascinates me. I could look in the mirror for seven hours and it would feel like thirty minutes. Is your reflection not fascinating to you? When I'm looking in the mirror I think, "Is this how other people see me?" It's weird to think that you could see yourself differently than the rest of the world. When I look in the mirror for a particularly long amount of time my face starts to alter. Things change in my face, like my nose starts to look different or my proportions don't look right. It's confidence destroying, looking in the mirror. But when I start ,I just can't stop.

ABIGAIL KELLER

I Am

I am shy
 I am lazy
 I wonder if heaven exists
 I see the truth
 I want to become a doctor
 I am shy
 I pretend to see the ones I miss the most
 I feel like there is a tomorrow in all situations
 I touch my hoodie
 I worry about the past

I cry about being lonely
 I am shy
 I understand nothing
 I say live in the now
 I dream about the beach waves
 I try to be my best
 I hope to have a great future
 I am shy

Red

Red
 Lit with fury
 Hot
 Like the burning sun
 Evil
 That's only a stereotype though red can be
 Love
 Passionate.
 Powerful.
 Don't underestimate red.
 Red
 Red
 Red.

I Don't Know

I don't know where we will all end up in life
 However, I am okay with that
 I am okay with mystery
 Sometimes you need mystery to make life worth living.

I don't know what others think.
 That is something I could never control.
 But even though it can be aggregating it's okay.
 I will be okay.

I don't know many things but what I do know
 is that I am loved
 I have friends
 I have family
 So that is something I will not have to worry I
 about
 I do know.

Elegy

I wish I told you
 How much I loved your kind smile

I wish I knew
How much I meant to you
I wish I could of
Made you smile more.
I wish
You knew how much you meant to me

Wish
Wishes don't come true without action
Without someone saying come on get your feet
up and start working.
Getting your things in order
Getting up with a meaning
I wish
I wish
I wish.

Ode

Rain,

Your power is enviable
To ruin someone's day
You can simply just rain
It's a cry from the sky
Sometimes you whelp
Or other times,
Your eyes just tear up
Sometimes you even cause a storm of emotions
with one single tear
You may need help
Help the storm says
Get inside before it's too late they say
Go
they say.

Maybe

Maybe if I realized the effect I had on other
people
I would be happier.

Maybe one day I will be better
Be the better
Friend
Sister
Daughter
Niece
Maybe even

Granddaughter

But for now, I must try
Try hard to be better.
better

Why My Life in the Morning Works

I wake up at about 7:15 but I set my alarm for
7:13 so I can be up and get ready by 7:15
I simply get ready, eat waffles for breakfast (it's
the same every day because I'm too lazy to
change it)
I brush my teeth and hair
Get dressed and if I have time I watch some
TV
The last thing I do though is wake my mom up
She has to get up for work at about 7:50, which
is when I leave for school.

It goes from a "Mom, get up!" or, "Good
morning, Mom, it's time to get up"
And she usually just says "Thanks, Sweetie, have
a good day, love you!"
I usually respond with "Love you, bye!"
She depends on me every weekday
That's the only thing she depends on with me
I depend on her for everything else.
I depend on her,
She depends on me.

A Fairy Tale

Jasmine
Her longing in life is to find the man she loves
and live happily ever after.
There is a hold back, though
Someone tying her down from being with the
man she loves
Someone keeping her from living life
Her father
He wants her to be with a man with respect
and money as opposed to someone who is poor
but has dreams, is kind and respectful
But that doesn't mean anything
He may want what's best for his daughter but
what's best isn't always money
It's happiness
This certain man with money is mean and evil

He wants to marry her because he wants to be
 king and control the world
 Let's skip forward
 Aladdin (the person Jasmine's falling in love
 with) is lying to her too because he feels he
 isn't enough for her
 He finds a genie
 Asks for money and lies to her
 Let's skip some more
 Jasmine falls in love, but she finds out the truth
 The truth
 The real truth in people, but he did it for her
 Once they figure everything out they fall in love
 and trap the evil man
 Then they live happily ever after.
 There isn't always happily ever after; it's
 something to long for.
 Longing.
 It's not always a
 happily
 Ever
 After.

METAMORPHOSIS

Make everything and everything your own
 Even if it may be hard
 Too many people and too many days have been
 wasted on making yourself "perfect"
 And you need to realize people have their own
 identities and they need to be their own selves
 Many don't believe this
 Or even shun at the fact that someone speaks
 out about it - some may say it's to personal.
 Really, though because it isn't
 People have feelings
 Hope and action are two different things
 Oh, and I don't care what others think about
 this topic but some need to realize to love
 themselves
 So,
 It doesn't matter what others think
 So, in conclusion, be happy in your skin

Family Photos

It's my family
 On one of the most important days in my life
 It was my baptism
 I was in my brother's dress

It's a beautiful white dress with lace around the
 neck
 from when he was 5 I was 1
 And everyone we knew was there
 This picture shows my family in every way
 My father is holding me
 I was pulling my brother's hair
 My brother being fine with it and just a happy
 kid
 My mom aweing over the two of us.
 This takes place in my favorite church
 It's called Saint Monica's
 It was across the street from my house at the
 time.
 I love it.
 It represents me and my family.
 I
 Would
 Never
 Change
 A thing



You Said

You said that nothing could ever hurt me
 You said you would stop
 You said you would listen
 Why didn't you?
 Why did you lie
 What's the point?

You just had to
You said
You had no choice
But..

Don't message me
Because I won't, I won't reply
I can make you cry
I don't care
But that's what I tell myself...

You just had to
You just think the world revolves around you
Don't you.
Stop trying to protect yourself by lying
Stop.

You also do this every time
You said don't worry
Just keep your distance
At least that's what I said to myself
But...

You just had to
You just think the world revolves around you
Don't you.
Stop trying to protect you by lying
Stop.
Stop.....

Monte Greene

I Am

I am my ancestors' legacy.
I wonder what my future looks like.
I hear my fate calling me.
I see an opportunity.
I want to be the greatest.
I am my ancestors' legacy.
I pretend I don't have baggage.
I feel like I'm holding back.
I touch the past.
I worry about the safety of my family.
I cry rivers and lakes.
I am my ancestors' legacy.

I understand if you want to look good in front
of thousands, you have to out work thousands
in front of nobody.

I say I have potential.
I dream of a world without hate.
I try to become the best.
I hope the future is bright.
I am my ancestors' legacy.

Orange

Orange blazes with flames hot and uncontrolled
On an icy playground
loud , fiery crackling
Play the cries of the alive
Burning homes with fumes
Tasteful lava shuffles along the tongue, burning
with every movement.

Metamorphosis

My school life has changed
Everything I do is usually good
That's new for me
Ask my parents for the truth
My parents will tell you how I've changed
Or they'll tell you I am trying to change
Recognizing how much I've changed makes me
smile
Perhaps my friends and family made me better
Helping myself really dug me out of a hole
Oddly, accepting who I wanted to be helped a
lot
Since then,
I have become a better person
So maybe you can do the same

Ode

Did you hear about the tree that grew
From a kid's backyard in New York?
Proving anything is possible it
Learned to sway without assistance.
Funny it might be, but by keeping balance,
It learned to grow big and strong.
Long live that oak tree that grew from a
backyard
When nobody paid attention.

Forwards/Backwards Poem

What goes comes up must go down
Just like this poem
It has been a journey
Just be glad you survived
A global pandemic, Stupid Love by Lady Gaga
World War III threats, Australia bushfires and
more like
Congrats dude, you have survived
If you made this far in the year
There has been lots of sorrow and regrets
In a short amount of time
Look back on what has happened
In the year of 2020

Maybe

Maybe things happen for a reason
Maybe god put me on this earth
for a purpose
Maybe my teeth represent my ancestors
That live through me.
Maybe we don't have control over our bodies
Maybe there's something making every decision
for us
Maybe we have another life once we die
Maybe we are just pawns in something much
bigger
Maybe the brain is the most powerful thing in
the world

Here

I can't speak for any other community
But here in the black community,
we are very close to one another
Because we know what we have is all we're
gonna get
Here we have limited resources but unlimited
creativity
We have the best kept secrets in the world
Here we make something out of nothing
With what we have available
Here vacations are days off from work
And parties are local
Here in the black community

I Don't Know

I don't know why life is the way it is
Why we have to go

What is the purpose of life
I don't know
I don't know why green paper can change
people's lives
I don't why people are judged by what they're
wearing
Or why people feel money is the best way to
live
I never understood any of these things
And I don't know why

Repelling

Something that repels me is bullying
I hate when people bully me and others
It really sucks because you don't know
How to respond without looking weak
I just wish people didn't have to bully
To feel better about themselves
I wish others could just be nice
and not attack one another
I always heard that it makes people
Feel better when they bully someone
Else, but I think that's really selfish
Some of us need to start thinking about
What others will feel when they are bullies

Unison

I like to hear the birds singing.
IN UNISON
I like to see the future created.
IN UNISON
I want to see people of all races treated equally.
IN UNISON
I want to see men and women come together.
IN UNISON
I want to see this world change.
IN UNISON
I want to see the next generation become tough
and strong.
IN UNISON
I want people to think gay marriage should be
allowed.
IN UNISON
None of this can happen unless we're
IN UNISON

A close-up photograph of a blooming pink lotus flower. The petals are a vibrant pink color, with some showing a lighter, almost white, inner edge. The center of the flower is a bright yellow, showing the stamens. The flower is surrounded by large, green lily pads, which are slightly out of focus in the background. The overall scene is a natural, outdoor setting.

I am sad and hopeful
I wonder if everything will be okay
I hear the noises of the city
I see the colors swarming around me
I want to keep trying
I am sad and hopeful
I pretend that I'm fine
I feel the tears on my face
I worry that it will be like this forever
I cry when we fight
I am sad and hopeful
I understand that times are tough
I say that it will be okay
I dream about a perfect world
I try to understand
I hope I will make it
I am sad and hopeful



thank you to all my
friends out
there you support me
you help me
you talk to me i love
our

apart.



Yellow is summer
Yellow is happiness
Yellow hears people laughing and enters the
room

Yellow loves the smiles on people's faces
Yellow hugs people when they're sad
Yellow is flowers in the garden on a warm day
Yellow is the lemons on the trees
Yellow is the sun that clears away all the clouds
Yellow is joy.

I Don't Know

I don't know why she thinks she's smart
I don't know why she's mean
I don't know why he thinks he's funny
I don't know why she's toxic
I don't know why he's mad
I don't know why she's upset
I don't know why he made the world like this
I don't know why they don't say something
I don't know what's happening.



Haikus

I hear the birds chirp
I hear the falling rain drops
Suddenly there's sun

I'm climbing the path
Not knowing where it's going
But I keep going

Stop talking to me
I stay as calm as I can
But the words still hurt

The water is cold
But I dive in anyway
The ocean is home

Forwards/Backwards Poem

The rain is sad
It makes me happy when

the sky is clear
It is bad when
it rains a lot
but
it's not raining today
Sadly
it's going to rain tomorrow
I don't like the rain
People say
I don't get why
People enjoy the rain
The clear sky
I don't want
Rain

World Issues Rant

Global warming
Forest burning
No one caring
People dying
People shooting
People killing
People running
Running away
Will they ever be safe?
By the time we wait to see...
We will all be gone.



Why Our Friendship Works

Every holiday I receive a gift
You never forget
I never forget
You spend your time to help me,
Even on the smallest things.
You moved away
I came with you
I stayed where I was,
But I was still there
When I visit you, it is the best moment
Even though you are only one state away
We talk all the time

The half a heart necklace we both have
 Even if we don't wear them every day we feel
 like we do
 Since preschool we've been friends
 The bond only grows stronger
 We see each other every birthday
 We've never missed a year
 I can't wait to see you again soon
 It's only a few days away.



Untitled

It slowly gets colder
 I feel the chill on my arms
 I wait for the day
 The birds won't be harmed
 It will get warmer
 In a few months
 But till then I am waiting,

Soon it will be warm.
 But I can't wait till then
 Melting around us,
 It will be summer
 Once again.

Freedom

Get me out
 Get me out of my head
 Let me free
 Set me free
 I'm stuck
 In this terrible mind
 Not knowing where the exit is
 I feel blind
 But what if there's no way out?
 What if I'm here forever?

I don't know what to do
 I don't know how to fix this.
 Not yet.
 Not ever.
 I'm never leaving home
 I'm never leaving here.
 It's impossible.
 For many years.
 But I need to try
 To make things right
 Once again.
 Get me out of here
 This is what I want to hear
 Just let me free
 Set me free
 Stop holding me back.

JULIAN TAYLOR

Poem

Julian
 But most people call me Juju or Jules
 I feel the animal inside me is a turtle because
 there cute and there just like me they can be
 slow but when in the water there are fast
 I feel the object inside my heart is a hockey
 stick because hockey is my favorite I love it I
 have been playing for 6 years and I never want
 to stop
 The word written on my forehead is family
 because my family is very important.
 They raised me and made me become the
 person I am today
 A sight I love is in Cuba - there is this
 mountain that has a very big painting on it.
 It looks like it was drawn with crayon and it is
 very beautiful.
 I wish I can go back and see it again.
 A sight that I hate is all the trash in the ocean
 My favorite time of the day is at night because I
 love to sleep and sunsets are very beautiful.
 I remember watching Thomas the Tank Engine
 with my brother
 Καλημέρα and καληνυχτα which mean good
 morning and good night in
 I Am

I am funny and athletic
I wonder what came first, the chicken or the egg
I hear Angels singing
I see my dead grandpa
I want to become a hockey player
I am funny and athletic
I pretend I'm someone else
I feel my grandpa's presence
I touch god's hand
I worry he might leave soon
I cry because people die
I am funny and athletic
I understand people come and go
I say no cap
I dream I'll be famous when I grow up
I try to try at everything I do
I hope I get into college
I am funny and athletic

Pink

Pink is bright like the sun
Pink pops out fireworks in the sky
Pinks is savory but not umami
Pink is hot but not spicy
Pink is flamingos flying into to the sunset
Pink is like breathing out hot air

Metamorphosis

My life circles around hockey.
Every second I'm on the ice I feel free
The sport is my escape from everything
And I love it
The more hockey, the more I learned about
sportsmanship and sharing
Or even teamwork
Rights and wrongs
Playing or not playing
Having friends watching or no one
On or off the ice
Sometimes I wonder what my life would be like
without it
If I would be the same person
Sometimes I wonder if I'm a better person than
I would be

Elegy

Bye

Bye, thank you for everything you helped me
with
For being the greatest grandfather ever
For listening when all I did was talk
Thanks for being there for me
Bye, I love you, thank you

Forwards/Backwards Poem

Poems can go different ways
Forwards or backwards
Left or right
Up or down
In or out
Fast or slow
They have the same meaning
It's the same poem
No matter what
Nothing has changed

Saying Goodbye

I miss you
I wish I could say goodbye
I love you and I thank you for everything
For being my friend
For helping me with homework when I came
over
For just being there
For being a person in my life that I could talk
to
I remember pulling out the couch into a bed
and watching football
I remember the cold of the living room because
you liked it that way
I remember, I remember everything

Maybe

Maybe I'm the drop of rain dripping down the
umbrella
Or maybe I'm the sun lighting up the sky on a
rainy day
Maybe I'm a lost dog waiting for its owner in
an alley way
Maybe I come from the happiness in my
mother's smile

Maybe there's a reason for all the pain people
feel