



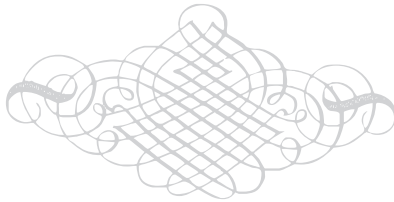
The Institute Library

PRESENTS

THE WORD

CITYWIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL POETRY
CHAPBOOK 2016

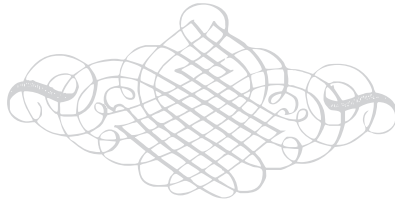
By the Poets of
Columbus Family Academy
Edgewood School, Fair Haven School
and Hill Central School.



EDITED BY

Edited by Aaron Jafferis, Ifeanyi Awachie,
Karen Hogg, and Susan McCaslin

The Institute Library
New Haven, Connecticut 2016



This collection of original poetry was composed by the students of Columbus Family Academy, Edgewood School, and Fair Haven School who participated in the 2016 Citywide Middle School workshops for The Word. Presented by the Institute Library, The Word was developed by Artistic Director Aaron Jafferis in 2013, drawing on a similar residency program he helped found in 2003. The Word works with both middle and high school students to introduce them to poetry, encourage them to write, and provide an opportunity to present their work to peers and the community through two public venues for each age level: an annual poetry performance and a published anthology, including the one you are holding. Middle school students meet with our teaching artists in the spring semester in the context of their language arts classes. The high school program meets at the Institute Library on a weekly basis in the spring semester with our teaching artists and various guest artists.

**FROM AARON JAFFERIS, THE WORD FOUNDER
AND ARTISTIC DIRECTOR**

*I wanted to write an introduction to this year's collection of middle schoolers' poems. However, this was the Spring in which **The Word** took off way beyond my reach, the Spring students and teachers flew off in directions I didn't know existed – students writing on their own outside of any class or residency (Columbus!), new teaching artists giving their own outside-the-box prompts (Edgewood!), professional-level in-school slams rocking our world (Hill Central!), poets writing in languages I don't know or rapping faster than my Spanish-knowing ears can catch (Fair Haven!)... So my introduction is an introduction to a poem by a classroom teacher with whom **The Word** worked, who introduces herself and these young poets in a way way beyond my reach.*

SEEING BY KRISTIN BENGTON MENDOZA

Young New Haven, I am privileged
to face your faces each day.
Round, brown, light, dark,
shining out with broad smiles,
withdrawn in cavernous hoodies, I stare
you down.

I often forget
as you sing everything from Drake to
Disney,
snap the gum I will make you toss in the
trash,
Buff the Nikes like they're new cars.

I forget the journey. From faceless
lands mispronounced on the radio,
your journey. But then, some mornings,
I look at your faces and it's like the first
time
glasses were set onto the bridge of my
nose
and I suddenly saw every leaf on every
tree
trembling.

I squint. It's Puerto Rico, where I'm told
1 in 4 schools will close down;
it's the breezy apartamento en Ponce,
where your spirit still hovers to dance
bachata.
Iraq shimmers into focus and I see you,
waiting in a courtyard's harsh sunlight.
In these visions, you are always leaving.

Baghdad, Syria, Turkey, Islamabad,
packing and leaving, Lebanon, Santo
Domingo,
Running to catch buses, Mexico,
Burundi,
Tehran, Guatemala, as far as India,
Congo and South Africa. Some
mornings
your faces blur and become the boats
themselves,
the trucks, the planes, long roads, lines

of soldiers.
I'm gone,

swept away in a vision of it all,
but it's a made-up vision.
And then, just as fast, I'm back again

seated at the table with you in your
New Haven.

Like monarchs or migrating birds, you've
arrived;
you're waiting for the lesson to begin.

Does the miracle of it fade as this
American lady
points at crumpled charts,
makes you stick your tongue out
between your teeth?
Are you daydreaming too as you contort
your mouths
And are corrected again and again?
Or does my jarring thhh--thhh-- bring
you back,
as you allow the sounds of this new
world
to splatter out and become a rougher
version of your old voice?

After a few months you begin to speak.
Then the visions fade.
When I can hear your real stories, I stop
imagining.

I tell you I'm thankful you're here.
I am more than thankful. I want to bless
every lamp light, map, rumor, hope,
every piece of paper,
every scrap of luck that brought you.
And if I stare at your faces
some mornings, be patient.
I'm concentrating. I'm trying
to see.

**FROM KAREN HOGG, INTERIM OPERATIONS
DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE LIBRARY**

The fourth annual *The Word* program continued the success of recent years. In this anthology, we are thrilled to share the work of our middle school students from Columbus Family Academy, Edgewood School, and Fair Haven School, and Hill Central School.

The Institute Library was founded as an educational membership organization in 1826 by eight young apprentices. These young men, who were joined by young women in 1835, borrowed from a shared collection of books, met regularly to read original compositions to one another, and hosted events that made the Library for many years the democratic heart of intellectual life in New Haven. After a long period of quiet, in 2011 the Institute Library recommitted itself to the educational and cultural life of New Haven through new on-site programs and community outreach. *The Word* is a new program featuring contemporary voices, but is also a resonant echo of the founding purpose of the Institute Library.

Generous funders include the Carolyn Foundation, NewAlliance Foundation, the City of New Haven Mayor's Community Arts Grants Program, and private donors. These supporters made this year's *The Word* possible, and we thank them for helping memorialize and spread the students' work through the chapbook you are holding.

A special thanks goes to the following partners: teachers Liz Englund, Kristin Bengston Mendoza, Paula Langlois, William Wagoner, Donna Delbasso; principals Heriberto Cordero, Shanta Smigh, Roy Araujo; and Sarah Tankoos, Director of Operations + National Tour Manager of The Future Project. Most of all, we thank Aaron Jafferis, Ifeanyi Awachie, Jason Dorsey and all of our students.

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Love Yourself

By Taleishka Correa

Love yourself before loving someone else
Don't fall too hard
Then you'll have scars
like Thoughts that will never fade away
thinking about how bad will be the next day
Imagining yourself drowning or choking because of the things they will ALWAYS say
like tearing me down with nonexistent words that would always fill up my nerves.
Mind twisted
heart broken
with mixed emotions.
I am left speechless with only one notion.
My heart is weak
a hole is growing deep
like the words that would speak to me.
You wouldn't understand because you're just a cheap heart beat.

What was I

By Lismary Lopez

Once you told me that I was the moon to your world
That I was your light to your unhappy days
But the day you left my side
I was a moon losing its color
No one was by my side
Little by little stars came out of nowhere
I noticed they didn't see me
I saw my reflection
I had no color
I was alone up there
So many stars creating families
The only shape I ever made was a circle
A white stain
That makes no sense
I'm just there taking space
When other stars can cover me
I can stay and watch
But each time I lose a piece of me
I'm not a full moon anymore
Not as bright as I once was

I have to let this moon go
Let it fall
And leave this world in darkness
I once lit up your world
But now I'm gone

To Everyone Whose Heart I've Broken

By Dahiana Rodriguez

I'm sorry
those words shouldn't have been spoken
they're far from nice
they were solid like thick ice,
I'm sorry for saying those words that were forbidden
I understand if they won't ever be forgiven

this life is given not to be humiliated or hated
or for people's bad characteristics to be stated.
Rumors shouldn't even be created
they should be sedated & faded
don't make people feel isolated and intimidated...
I meditated & figured out that people's feelings actually matter
not meant to be made fun of & shattered they should be flattered...
Human beings should be valued
they should be loved and protected...
good words should be projected and protested not neglected or infected.

But when the person you've been trash talking
doesn't even feel like they should be walking or breathing
they'll want to start bleeding
those wounds won't start healing
they'll want to start screaming
even worse they'll want to start sleeping for all this teasing.
So before you try to make the person take the life
the beautiful life
with a very sharp knife and want to join the afterlife...
think about forgiveness
and make them forget all the illness
and all the weakness & all the sickness
do the bigness & before trying to make someone forgive you,
forgive yourself or else
you will Rot into your own grudge,
but in reality
I am no one to judge.

Father

By Yulianna Solano

Dad don't leave me, I'm begging you, please.

But wait,

I remember when you mistreated me.

You abused me and left me.

Mama hadda do her own thing, Fighting and you're saying "I want my kids back"

like we were her soul and without us her lifeless body would have nothing left.

Do you remember when you threw me down the stairs?

Grabbing me by my black hair,

tears rushing down my face, but you didn't care

Me and my sister hiding under the blankets,

lights off

and doors locked.

Thinking you were ' going to touch us

I was so hurt, cause at that moment, you were the worst.

Goodbye father.

EDGEWOOD SCHOOL

I Can't Stand

By Yanerry Acevedo

I can't stand sexism, racism, hatred

I can't stand gun violence, inequality, rudeness

I can't stand abuse, bullying, judging comments

I can't stand people who expect women to cook and clean

People who bully for no reason

People who treat us wrong because of stupidity

I can't stand segregating people

We are all the same

We shouldn't be separated by race

We are all humans on one planet

We should treat each other like family

Like friends

Why change that?

I can't stand all these wrongdoings

We are all on one planet

We should all become as one

If I Was a Phone

By Karen Garcia

If I was a phone, I would be an intelligent device
And I would help people with advice
I would be the color sea blue
It would symbolize my inner beauty
And I would give people fashion beauty tips
Give the location where to dip

If I was a phone, I would help other people with their problems
I couldn't stand people who disrespected my kind
I couldn't make up my mind if they are judging the book by its cover

If I was a phone, I would show you something good
I would show you your text messages
From your parents to keep you happy
I would show you something bad
I am full of viruses and spam
I am a phone

Superpower

By Elijah Rivas

My superpower is to be the best at football
I will have the best face mask, best cleats, and best uniform
I won't be cocky at what I'll do
I'll teach other people
But the main thing why I like this superpower is because I will get all the
spotlight
Because I'm the fastest and I can run through everyone

I Can't Stand

By Eniya Stuart

I can't stand people saying, "Oh, look at him
He's just a dangerous black person, let me stay away"
I can't stand people saying, "She's just a typical racist white girl
Who thinks she's too good for us"
And "Let me leave from this illegal immigrant before they get me in trouble"
I would change this 'cause at the end of the day
Race is the last thing that should be on your mind when you first meet
somebody

Superhero/The Real Me

By Lamar Alston

My superhero name would be Shock Wave
My suit would be slimline, made to resist friction and withstand any damage
My colors would be red and yellow
My power would be super speed
I would be good because I like to help people
I am very nice and it would be pretty cool to save people from tragedy
I would use my power for the greater good and to become faster
My villain would be Zoom from DC Comics because he is faster than any
super villain and I like challenges
I would be fast because I like to run a lot

FAIR HAVEN SCHOOL - 5TH GRADE

Ode to my Hair

By Melina Amini

oh hair!

sparkling in
the air

oh hair!
being tired

in the
hot sun

all day

at night
you rest
peacefully like the Pacific Ocean

but at

the
night you
twirl, swirl

then you get mixed up

then in the
morning
you are being

relaxed
by the helpful

brush
then your
day starts again

Sad Box

By Guillermo Ariza

I feel sad
When my dad and mom fight.
I want to talk to her
And tell her to stop.
I want to say to her
Not to hit.
If you hurt my dad,
What is going to happen
To me,
And my sister?

Feelings

By Danielle Astudillo

My feelings are mad
There's popping,
Hip-popping,
The trees are falling,
So sad of being bad.
The time passing by,
Good thing I don't hear popping.
I can run and hide.
I can feel the pain
Of other people.
My hood that I used to live in
Blessed by God,
My family
is still alive.

Goodbye My Friend

By Alexandra Azana

It always seems to amaze me
How quickly change occurs.
Like a constant flowing river
Of near icy cold waters.
Like the tides change
Bringing newness
Like the wind blows in fresh air.
I know things never stay the same,
But this time it's just not fair.
I feel like I just met you,
And now you are moving away.

I smile shyly, Knowing that this is your last day.
I pray we'll keep in touch.
I pray because in the past I'd say those things,
And try it, but those things don't seem to last.
You are the first friend that I met here.
I cherish your friendship a bunch.
Although our time has been short,
I know I love you very much.
I will always be here for you to talk to,
To list to, or to write to.
At the very least, in spirit,
If I'm not in clear plain sight.
Email, write, or call me.
I'll always lend an ear.
My schedule is not so crazy, you know I'm always here.
I know one day, I'll visit you,
And you'll be back I'm sure.
All I hope is, that our friendship lasts the test of time,
So pure as I end this thought,
I know there's more, so much more
There is to say,
But I'll leave that for another time,
Another friendly day.

My Appearance

By Nalanis Baez

My appearance if from my mom,
from my life,
and from my dad.
They mean more to me
than anything.
I have toys that bring me
Happiness, but
I care about my life more.
I want to do good and get good grades.
I want my diploma.
I want a good job.
I want a good life,
and not to take my life as a joke.
I am serious,
I don't want to die unhappy.
With all of these things,
I will be happy.

Ode to the Dirt

By Freddy's Castro Mejia

Every time i fall on the dirt i get a stain and when it rains
It doesn't look the same it turns soft and weird and when
You fall on it it splashes and it goes everywhere on your clothes
And when you go home you have to change your clothes it is
So wet with water and dirt and when you go back outside
You will be more careful and when you pick up a rock
Sometimes you will see bugs under the rock

Recipe for Jovana

By Jovana Chavarria

Preheat in a dark room
Like in the summer...
Then 1 whole cup of
Sleeping ...ALL DAY
Then 2 cups
Of my own brother
Waking me up
To go to school all together
Next 1 handful
Of a good person.
Pour in 1 handful of
A good person.

I Miss the Sad

By Yeseli Chilel

Are you telling me
That you are going to die?
I'm going to be sad and miss you all the time.
Auntie, please don't die.
I'm putting your name as my name.
Now, everybody will call me, "Celeste"
Because I don't want to forget you.
Everybody will miss you every day.
Did you want to do a stupid thing?
Why are you going to pass away?
I was with you one year ago.
Please stay alive.
I don't want to let you go!
Nothing can kill you,
You are strong,

And never, never forget me.
I love you.
It's so sad,
That you are now gone.

Ode to My Skittles

By Ephraim Debisa

Oh, My Skittles,
You solve all of my riddles.
You taste so chewy,
And sometimes gooey.

You taste so very good,
In every neighborhood.
I'm always ready,
For you to be in my belly!

Oh, my Skittles,
You are just so little.
You smell so sweet,
Because you are just a treat.

Oh, my Skittles,
You shine more than glitter.
You are so special and bright,
One bite and I take flight!

Trouble Box

By Javier Elicier

People think
I am in trouble.
Why?
Because my name gets called,
All
Day
Long.
Javier, sit down,
Javier, be quiet,
Javier, stop playing around!
I know I can't stop talking,
I know I can't stop playing around,
But I also know
That I'm intelligent,

And that I have a talent to show,
But I can't,
Because I'm in trouble,
Inside my trouble box!

Ode to My Hershey Bar

By Jomaly Fernandez

Oh, Hershey Chocolate Bar,
I can see you from far.
You taste so yummy,
I wish you wouldn't be done in my tummy!

You look so bright,
I wish I had more in sight.
Wouldn't that be so funny,
If you tasted like honey?

I would have fun,
I love you such a ton.
I wish you could fly,
And just fall from the sky!

Oh, Hershey you feel so strange,
I wish you wouldn't ever change.
One bite and I speak French,
My hands are forever clenched.

Memory

By Yadira Gomez

Memory is a pool,
A light blue water.
I remember when
I was her daughter,
Mi mame'.
Me deajo, porque se
Fue a trabajar.
I go to the pool,
It is very deep.
When I get out,
At night, I go to sleep.
When I touch the floor,
I enter the swimming school door.
It makes a "click"

I was happy.
When I left,
I was sad,
Because my memory is a pool.
My mom works for all of us,
For me,
And my brother.

I Am Miguel

By Miguel Gutierrez Ramirez

The world is wonderful
You spot you shot
Miguel is powerful
The sun is hot
I feel so strong
But the dog on the street is hurt
I don't just walk along
My friends are not alert

I pick him up
I want to take him home
I help the pup
I help him alone

Then the dog runs away
I follow him
My friends didn't stay
The light is too dim

Miguel is a robot
Miguel is late
Miguel got shot
Miguel is not safe

Mind Your Business Box

By Yosselyn Henao

People say to me,
“Mind your business”
Because I was telling
That they were talking about.
They go to another place
And I get blamed.
But I don’t know what they are talking about.
I feel sad,
I feel like I don’t have a friend.
People talk about me,
And I do not care.
I go here
And I go there.
I just don’t care.

It’s a Shame

By Breno Avilia Junqueira

It’s a shame
To have to
Hear bad news
Every day on
Your television.
Wars, hate
Everywhere.
But now it’s our turn
To change the world.
All of us kids,
When we grow up,
We’re going to
Turn the world
The opposite,
And the world
Will finally
Be at peace!

The Shootings

By Jaya Mabry

It’s the shootings I hear
Some use guns for safety,
Some use them to kill

Can't get those gunshots
out of my head.
It's like, "Pop!"
I thank God every day,
That my family is not dead.
I live in the city,
Not right in the hood.
But, I feel their pain,
All the scary nights.
We have to stand up for what we believe in.
No more shootings!
No more killings!
Can't we just live in peace?

My Recipe

By Viaralys Medina

Sir in ½ cup of my clean bedroom that smells like flowers and clean clothes,
Add a pot full of my mom cleaning
Mix in 24 hours a day of my dad working.
Drop in a pound of video games.
Pour a bowl full of playing with my brothers,
Sprinkle with cleaning the house,
Add a handful of silly and funny.
Pour in one hundred ounces of when I went to Six Flags
Take out a handful of the time I want to forget that my room was messy
Drain a pound of Aroz con Abichuelas y pollo.
Pour in a gallon of how proud I am of getting A's and B's
Add a tablespoon of being different from other people.
Add an entire gallon of my laughter,
and pour in a cup of belief, because I believe in myself.
Mix all of this together,
and now you have me,
Viaralys Medina

Hispanic Box

By Claudia Munoz

They talk bad about me,
Because I am from Mexico.
Some friends talk like,
"Look at her."
They tell me they don't like
Mexican people!
They tell me that I'm ugly.

I feel sad.
When I try to talk with them,
They start to laugh.
Sometimes I cry.
Sometimes I tell my mom.
But mostly,
I feel sad.

About My Name

By Nabila

My dad picked
My name
My grandmother had a baby

And her name was Nabila
The baby died
And my name was Nabila

My name came from
Naat in Pashto

It is a poem from my religion
People come to listen to it

Afghanistan

By Wazhma Naseeri

Inspired by "Harlem" by Langston Hughes

What happens to
a broken heart?

Does it crash
like a car?

Or cry like
a baby and then
sleep like
a bear?

Does it smell
like
garbage?

Or eat stinky
meat like when
animals do?

Maybe it just
burns like the
sun.

Or does it die?

Recipe for Johanna

By Johanna Portillo Juarez

Sprinkle 10 black finger nails
2 cups of being serious like a dragon
30 cups of being in the movies with my bff
40 cups of being in the movies with my family
20 cups of Spanish
10 cups of dance
5 cups of rice and chicken
9 cups of tamales, posole, sopa
3 cups of being in New York
8 cups of hip hop
9 cups of my dog
30 cups of feeling proud of my family
Next put all the ingredients
in an olla
and you are done
you could eat the food in your house
and you would be saying
yummy

Our World

By Kevyn Rizo

The bloodshed;
Color, racism
I try to go to bed,
It is said,
That we are in America,
The Land of the Free,
But why are we
Treated unevenly?
We are treated like trash,
People getting their heads bashed,

By nightsticks,
Blood and rust
Why must we hate?
Republicans and Democrats debate
9-11,
Sandy Hook,
France attack,
Terrorists
My nightmares are coming true.
The riots,
Smoke,
Death,
Blood dripping down,
The word is
HATE

Short Box

By Valeria Rodriguez

I hate
When people say
"You are so short!"
They say
That I am the shortest girl
In Ballet Haven.
They say that when I grow up,
I will never be that tall.
They even say
I am going to be short
All of the time!

My Mirror

By Vladimir Rodriguez

I mostly see
Just me,
And how I feel.

I don't laugh,
I don't smile that much.
I get angry easily.
In the mirror I see,
A kid that doesn't like school you see.

Sometimes sad,
Sometimes mad,
When that kid gets mad
He is like a lion.
He crumbles his fists
Into a ball,
And tries to hold all
Of his anger inside.

That's what I see,
In my mirror
Of me.

Afraid

By Samantha Roque

I hear,
But try not to see,
The shots every day.
I am worried that one of us is next.
I try to see the good,
But when I hear that fire alarm at school,
I get scared,
A Code red,
I get worried.
I don't know what is going to happen
In the future, but I hope it will change.
Once I heard a shot in front of my house.
I worried so much
And hoped my family was ok.
I hope I don't have to hear it again.
I don't know what I would do
If my family goes down.
I get scared,
Freaked out,
And just hope
My family is ok.
I want to survive and live
My beautiful life.
I want to be safe
To love and live my life,
Thank you God
For blessing my family.

Guatemala

By Angel Sandoval

Oh Guatemala
my home
you are my life
like a game thats is very important.
My one wish is to live there with my big family
and with my sister and my grampa and grama.
That is my one big wish. When i go to sleep i always
dream about going there and being with my family.
You have a beautiful smell. You smell like mangos in
The trees. You have the smell like beautiful roses and
nice sunflowers. Your waterfalls make a nice noise and
I like the big fields to play soccer and big fields for basket
ball. You are my life.

Short Box

By Jean David Santiago

They call me short
Cause, I'm not tall.
They call me small,
But when I get to be in 10th grade,
I will be happy.
Because I will be bigger,
Like my brothers.
They are all bigger than me.
They grew in 10th grade.
So I won't be in my short box
After 9th grade!

Teamwork

By Irben Serrano

Playing basketball in the gym.
We were losing.
Coach screamed, "Time out!"
He said, "We are losing
50 to 45."
He wants us to win.
He said, "Pass the ball."
"Play without fouling!"
"No turnovers!"

We did what the coach said to do.
We made a point,
We were down by 4.
We made another,
We were down by 3.
We stole the ball away from them,
“Sssswwishhhhhh”
We made a three-point shot!

We tied the game!
The score was 50 to 50.
They shot the ball,
it didn't make it!
I grabbed the ball and
dribbled,
took a breath,
And shot the ball at half court.
We listened,
All of a sudden,
“Swwisssshhhhhh”
We won the championship!

My Name

By Yaimary Solla Casillas

My name is Yaimary

It makes me think
About my daddy

Because my dad's
Name Starts with a y

And it makes me think
About him.

People say my
Name wrong because

They haven't learned it yet.
They are learning it.

I think of my mom and
Stepdad because they

They were the only ones
In the hospital

I think I got my name
From my mom and dad.

Short Box

By Greisha Torres

Sad
Because my brother always
Tells me that I'm going
To stay the same.
I think that he is putting me
In my short box.
Every time my dad
Tell him to stop,
He doesn't.
Will he ever stop?
Will I ever grow?
Or will I always be sad
Because I am in a short box?

Car

By Joanel Felix Torres

Inspired by "Harlem" by Langston Hughes

What happens to a kid who wants to drive?
Does he move
Like a Lambo
Or run fast like a cheetah
And then he runs out of gasoline
Does he fall like an iphone
Or fall like a Lambo that falls off a cliff
Maybe he just races
Like a Lambo
Or does he crash?

Memory

By Jetalv Traverso

My memory is
As smart as a brain,
I feel the pain,
For my grandma,

When her brother died.
He was so nice to everybody.
He was colorblind,
He could only see black and white.
For my cousin's birthday,
And mine,
He always gave us something nice.
He loved a song
That if I listen to it,
I cry.
It makes me so sad,
When I remember
All the times
That we spent together,
Laughing,
Just laughing.

We Need Peace

By Alaya Vargas

It's not fair
All the guns in the world.
All the people who have been shot
And killed.
All the bad people think that it is right
For the world,
But it is not right for the world.
Because people have lost members
From their family,
And friends.
This world wants peace
And the news on tv,
Bad things that happened to people
Fear that they live in
Kids have to hear the shootings all the time.
I can feel their fear that they have
But it is up to us
To change the world
And have peace
Because WE don't want violence!

My Helpfulness

By Alondra Velazquez

My helpfulness is
a coloring on a paper.

The different colors
of my helpfulness
are a rainbow. My

Helpfulness
gets crumpled
up like a paper

because they don't like what they wrote
or drew. My helpfulness is a blank paper

and I keep my helpfulness in
a paper. The helpfulness is

one cup of a light that lets
me see and makes my sister

agree with my brother. My helpfulness was
left in my old room in Puerto Rico. My
helpfulness is to burn my fear of touching a snake.

FAIR HAVEN SCHOOL - 6TH GRADE

Name Poem

By Noor Al Tameemi

My name comes from
the OO like the
Sound of a cow

OO my name
Comes from light
In my house

It means light my mom
And dad picked me
That name because
In our house they

had light
They named me

Like that and they
Liked the name Noor
And in my country

It is just three letters
But in English
Four letters and

I don't want to
change my name
And some people

Say it wrong because
The OO sounds like a
Cow sound and the N
Sounds like nut and the
R sounds like a robe

You Can't Write a Poem About Takis

By Ibrahim Al Mashhadani

The Takis are hot
when you eat it
you will see sun
in your mouth
you will get very
tired and you will
not get up. You
see the clouds
talking together
and people eating
the snakes. The babies
are crying. And the
earth is broken in
half. That is what
the Takis
do in the people
break the brain
and the heart.

Sister

By Maxuel Bouanga

My sister is the woman in
The family who is helpful

And nice when I get ready
For school she is the one who makes

Breakfast for me she is the woman
I love at night she is the one who brings

Me to bed and gets me into sleep when
I sleep she comes on my bed and gives me

Her fake kisses the days when I walked my way to school
She always followed me behind my back and I never

Knew she was behind me when I got inside the
Building she was outside waiting for me and when

The principal went out the building and got McDonalds
She saw her outside and the principal tricked her to go far

And the principal forgot to get a McDonalds and closed the building
And she decided to go home and when I got home she was

Happy to see me and I jumped in the bed with her and I will be
There in the end of her life and she always makes me happy

I will always be there for her and she is a blessing from God
And I love my sister and care about and love u sis

Mi Niñez

By Esteban Calderón González

Fui un bulto hasta que nací un pequeño muy bien portado a si llego ala
escuela en su pueblo crecía muy feliz

y tranquilo hasta que llegó el tiempo en que me dieron mi lesión,

yo me fui de mi país y llegue y encontré la tristeza hasta que llegue a la
pobreza pero no la máxima,

pero la normal mi papá y mi mama trabajaron se esforzaron pero no
funciona a los cinco años,

volví a casa con la cabeza abajo por haber sido una carga por que no deje que mis papas se ganaran la vida por un simple capricho,

como si fuera poco a los cinco meses mi mama tuvo que volver a irse para trabajar después de 3 meses,

mi madre regresó mi cama esta llena de fotos de ella mi papa encerrado en el cuarto cuando suena la puerta me asusto pero la escucho ala mañana siguiente me despierto con un susto

Los Abuelos

By Ronaldo Elena Zorilla

Los abuelos son anciano los anciano son hermano como un dominicano esta rima me la gano la gente con la mente quieren ser presidente como no piensa son igual que los envejeciente hace era un muchachito que estaba en la esquina que decía los envejeciente era una espina pero no le hice caso y me fui pala tarima para que todo el mundo lo diga y al mundo se lo viva.

La pobreza te da dolor cabeza es como si fuera una sola destreza tienes que aguantarlo porque eres una belleza si no lo aguanta será una certeza yo fui a una casa de mi amiga ella me decía que no tenia ella se refería que tenía dinero pero yo le di todo mi pesetero

Mi madre me dijo dónde está tu dinero pero yo le dije se me cayo en un agujero yo estaba pensando pobres cómo sería esa tristeza pero no me aguante y me fui para una mesa para escribir esta canción pala naturaleza

My Name

By Ahmadullah Khan

My name is Ahmadullah.

people tell me your name is very long.
And you should have a short name like Ahmed.

I am very upset that people call me Ahmed.
I want to hit them like a big stick hitting a dog or people's hands.
I feel mad like the sun.

I say to myself it's ok the people call me Ahmed.
I am calm like water in the big sea.

Now I am very happy if I come to America.

Like a ship on the water now I feel like this

now I see the other people's names are very different.

Now I am not upset about what people call me.

Ahmed I say, it's ok!

Tristeza y Felicidad

By Jean Carlos Mateo Ortiz

No llores por alguien que te hizo daño, no sufras por alguien quien te menosprecia

Nadie merece tus lagrimas, solo sonríe y dile; (Gracias por darme la oportunidad)

De encontrar a alguien mejor que tu hoy traigo una rosa que no lleva espina

Para regalarte a mi, porque ser mi amiga amante fiel, y compañera con

Poema de mi mano dictado desde el corazón escrito con bellas palabras

Para que no mueras en el tiempo y recuerdas cuanto te amo quise descubrir

Su color y su fragancia pero siempre venía a mi mente de todo eso aquí

De constancia que siempre estaba tu presente la flor más bella y delicada

A quien dedico mis pensamientos porque es una linda rosa ,frágil,

Dulce y delicada así eres tu mi única rosa hermosa mi mama querida.

Confía en mi, descansa en mi entrégate a mi yo hago milagros
En que tu te abandones a mi de acuerdo a la fe que me tienes

Así que no te preocupes dame todas tus frustraciones duerme
En paz y siempre dime; (Jesús yo confía)

Ode to my Phone

By Rania Naji

My phone is tired
Because i always
Play with it text
And i play games
And it always falls from my hand

My phone is small i can't
even hold it
That is so small that i can't play with it

When i play with it the phone cries
In the game I run and collect gold coins
But my phone always runs away from me
So my dad bought me the new phone on

My birthday but now my old phone is
Always mad when i play with
My new phone.

Fame

By Jodieliz Rolon Fuentes

My name is like a star
It represents my country
My name rhymes with the people I love
Jodieliz
Natielys
Marieliz

My name is taking me to jupiter
When I say it I think I'm flying

The thing it's the string
It's long
It's like a strong song

Along with my name is the fame

Recipe

By Richelle Angely Rosario Roman

Preheat the apartment in Ponce
That's where my father used to live with my mother
And my 2 brothers.

There it is so hot that it burns your body like a cake that turns dark brown.
Add one cup of grades up.

Mix together with
I lost my father when I was in my mom's belly.
So that means that my almond ice cream is sad mixed with happy so sad
that I could cry when I eat it and so happy that everybody can taste how I
feel.

2 cups my mom was always there for me like she never left us alone.
I want people to know that.
Wait freeze this is crazy.
I love to be out with my friends dancing songs of Romeo Santos that is
bachata.

Dos vasos de aceite
A mi me encanta Pizza Hut de CT
Breadsticks with cheese.
Y de PR Church's.

Omg this is like 5 cups of scary stuff because I am scared of tarantulas
but that day I carried one
I want to forget that I touched a tarantula.

This is cool
I am proud of myself.

Everybody in this world knows that the person most important to me is
my mom
I love her so much that if someone was going to shoot her
I could get in the middle so nothing would happen to her.

I love the passionate.
I am passionate about dance, makeup and going shopping.
Mix in I love to play basketball
And volleyball

15 cups of how mean is my mom when she makes me clean all the house
But I still love her.
And she is funny too like
me and my mom laugh together because she knows that the house is big
enough for me to clean it.
This is an important thing, physical appearance. It's my hair. My hair
means a lot to me because I love doing hair so sometimes I do my hair for
myself and I don't get bored.

You Can't Write a Poem about Garbage

By Natielys Velazquez

Eww!!! why do I have to take out the trash
I hate when I have to do it

My brother laughs at me eww!! I scream
All the nasty smells in the trash like it was dog poop

The water comes out of the hole in the trash bag eww!!!
I scream again my brother comes to help me and the bag of the trash

It is like pig guts it is nasty like a dog eating another dog
All the garbage almost falling out of the bag ewwwww!!!!!! My brother and
I scream
we are sick

It was worse than homework
But when we finished and took the trash to the trashcan I was happy like a
dog
It was awesome
I was relieved

HILL CENTRAL SCHOOL

Picture Frame

by Sam Andrades

Every day I wake up and feel the same
and look at that
damn picture frame.

But who should take the blame?
Is it the other driver who was late?
Or was it my fault that the video game had me so entertained
that I couldn't go downstairs and say I love you?

That picture frame got me going insane,
it has me in shame
that I heard her leave
and still pressed resume game.

All I wanted for her to see all I have obtained...
and that for success I aim.
It's funny how In life it seems
You take for granted
The most important things.

And if I could do it over,
I'd only change one thing,
I'd tell her that I love her,
And show her how much joy she brings to me.
To feel her close,
And be safe again,
Safe from my own self,

You have always been there, Mom,
And you loved me 'til the end,
I would give it all,
Just to hear her say.
I love you.
Every day I wake up and feel the same
and look at that
damn
picture
frame.

Untitled

by Neishaly Colon

The room just shook
Not wanting to look
Cause once I took a look
Everything was true
Cause he needed the bread
The word spread
And then he said yes
to things he should've fled from
should've never listened
come back
drugs said come
the question was numb

to some
and that's when it all started
cold hearted
then he parted
He was guarded
But he was the target
Pardon
But he was craving
The drug facing
Waiting
Was it located
We prayed
But its all fade
Destiny was made
Heart full of cracks
This is all whack
I need him back
Drug overdose
That was his ending
The drugs spreading
Dreading
The thread ending
The needle steady
Ready
123
And there was his death
Just one breath
An illicit drug
I shrug
I need a hug
I guess its addicting
But im still conflicting
Predicting that it couldn't be addicting
Afflicted
Became more sickened
Drifted a really big distance
In an instance
You don't know you have something
Until you have nothing
Where was that something
Wanting it back
Was it ever coming back
He should've stayed on track
But he had to slack
Just a tad back

Then we needed to pack that one
Body bag
Selfish enough to not even think about us
Cause all you were thinking about
Was putting that into your body
Your body
Blaming the streets
The streets were his treat
One heart beat
The streets threatening the lives
Drive bys
They all die
Why?
They swear there fly
But I just sigh
They are just dry
They think there slick
They're not the click
Ya'll make me sick
These wanna be thugs
They think they're the plug
But really they're not
They're all caught up in that one knot
Ready to plot
That one shot
Are your seatbelts fastened
Everything was blackened
So rapid
Could you imagine?
It was so tragic
Put in a casket
Rapped in a jacket
Kind of like a package
Our hearts damaged
It was such a challenge
I couldn't manage
Did he really vanish
Don't take everything for granted
Now I'm gonna teach ya what's up
Cause now we're
Rising up
Take this as a lesson
Kind of like a present
It's a blessing
Don't end up in that casket

Was I really abandoned?
Could you imagine standing then
Everything just shook
Not wanting to look
Cause once I took a look
Everything was true
Daniele
Didn't have a clue
Couldn't think things through
My point of view
Kind of like crazy glue
Not wanting to let go
Had to think things through
His time was due

Untitled

by Jaleel Harris

Hey God -
I'm really about lose it. My brain is an insane place
it is just really ruthless.
I know everyone's life is not like this so God why am I excluded?
My mind was changing when you had it on that course.
Remember when my mom and dad was forced to get a divorce?
You could've stopped it at the source.
But no and after you didn't have no type of remorse.
So now I'm just a lone minded maverick
causing havoc
on whoever can grasp this.
God I know you're my father but I've been feeling like I'm an orphan.
I really would've been off it.
If my thoughts are wrong
you should just throw them inside the coffin.
Sorry this was just on my chest and I felt like it was important. God, I have
another question.
Why would you make the autistic and the artistic or are people so simplistic
they days they just make it like regular characteristics.
But most of the artistic laugh at this and the autistic laugh because they just
don't get it. God I thought you were right.
Because you're right and most of these words came from confusion and
spite.
I was blind because I used my eyes for sight
so I lost your might love and your light..
So am I supposed to change?
No because someone must get blamed. So I step up with my head in shame

because I put you on my wall for you to be framed.
God here is my last question,
is my pain perpetual?
Well I guess it is
because living on your earth is consensual.
So I might as well think life is a game and losing is the only way to end my
pain.

My Life

by Jacob Williams

It was 7:00
I heard the ocean near the dock
I was sad like every day cause my brother left me a lot

I used to cry every day
When my brother went away
Even when he went to the bathroom 3 to 4 times a day
When I was little I was always alone
My grandma had cancer and my grandpa was never home

All I had was my brother
Didn't know my mother
And it was a hard scene
I had no others

When my grandma passed away
It was a sad dull day
Everybody in the family was there to say
It's o.k.

Then my uncle took me away from my dad
I didn't know whether to be happy or to be sad
But that's the only choice I ever had