



Peace

God made peace for EVERYONE.

Peace means that everyone is free.

No one should be hurt by another person.

There should not be wars.

People should be safe....they should not worry about getting hurt.

I love peace.

By Alisdair "Alex" Neighbors, age 5

The Four Seasons

I like winter because you don't see bears.

I love spring.

I can run and fly my kite.

Summer is my favorite season!

I can go to the beach and swim in the ocean.

I love the fall.

I can jump in leaf piles that are bigger than me!

By Alisdair "Alex" Neighbors, age 5

My Family is Crazy

My family is crazy
 What should I do?
 My family is crazy
 What about you?
 My brother is a dog
 My mother is a bird
 How absurd.
 My father is a cat and my cat is a mat.
 I got to say it's been a great day with my crazy, wild
 family.

By Julia Sherman, age 9

**Turkeys and Chickens**

Turkeys and chickens
 are my favorite birds.
 They peck food pellets
 off the ground
 and they don't use a plate.

Their knees bend backwards
 and they lay eggs.
 And I like eggs.

Ostriches are fast
 and peacocks are pretty
 and penguins slide on their
 fuzzy feathered bellies.

All birds are cool.
 But the ones I like are the
 ones that don't fly.

I wish I could fly.

By James Bailey, age 9

Warm Heart

Cards crumble
 Love travels
 People laugh
 People mumble
 Cars rumble

The world turns in place.
 To go to sleep, look out your eyes.
 You see thousands of fireflies
 That you can count to sleep

Good Night!

By Kiera Worner, age 9

What Color Did I Feel Today?

Yesterday I had the blacks.
 Not the black bold words in a dictionary kind of blacks.
 The kind of blacks that makes you wanna draw.
 Something in only black crayon.
 The kind of blacks that make you go out and buy some
 new black permanent markers.
 The kind of blacks that make you paint your old guitar
 black and make it new again.
 Make sure you rock out!

By John Haring, age 7



The Tree

Every time I climb a tree
 I see the tree looking up at me
 And when it asks Why? I say “I love to feel your
 branches sway!”
 Well, you will climb me no more, because I will throw
 you down to the floor
 Of course, the boy can’t climb the tree,
 When the tree threw him, he broke his knee.
 So now, to the trees galore the boy comes to climb him
 no more.
 So maybe you should just look at a tree,
 Otherwise, you might break your knee.

Hurray for Trees!!

By Garrett Hedden, age 11

The Evil Poem

I can’t write a poem. The ideas won’t come. I hate when
 this happens. It makes me feel dumb.

Wow, that was a rhyme, it’s about time. This is easy I
 feel fine. But now I have to write a whole other line.

Maybe I should write sharks are gray they don’t eat hay.
 If I am in the water stay out of their way.

Oh no this doesn’t make sense. I am getting a little
 tense. I don’t write poems. I just don’t know em.

Hey I just finished my weird but good poem.

By David Haring, Jr., age 10

A Christmas Ball.

Every year, I look into this ball,
 Every year I grow so tall,
 Every year I have a blast,
 When I look into this ball, I see the past.

By Angela Iaquina, age 10



Thirteen Ways of Looking at My Mom

- I In the crowd, there is a figure moving.
It is the body of my mom.
- II I touch her hair, it is smooth as her face.
- III Her voice is emanated in the air.
It touches my face gently.
- IV A hand and the other hand
Are two hands.
Two hands hold my two little hands
Four hands.
- V I am not sure which perfume she likes
The scent from her body
I love it best.
- VI Candies lie on the table
I want to eat one
I get one strawberry sweet by her hand
- VII She stays with me when I am down
She is the most patient person that I have ever seen
- VIII I don't understand what water is
My mom tells me all the secrets of water
So many interesting things
- IX Her eyes are fighting now
She closes her eyes sometimes
I know she is tired
- X Snowy and Windy
I feel so warm when she hugs me
- XI She rides me to a beautiful garden
She smiles at me sweetly
She tells me each name of those cute flowers
- XII Her face is so pretty when she tells fairy stories
Happiness always equals my mom
- XIII It is snowy and rainy now
Everything is awful
I see my mom on the corner of the street
She is waiting for me
She is my everything

By Jiaying Wu, age 15

Spring is here

Taste the beauty of spring
The winds touch my face gently
The flowers express passion to me
The birds dance on the tree
They are so happy

By Jiaying Wu, age 15

Cry Me A River

Rich blue water, trickle down lonely faces of grey rock
Wilting, wrinkling flowers become alive, animated, energetic
God, full of beautiful tears waters his garden of life

By Ashley Locke, age 15

Amazon's Finest

A sun shower glazes the green leaves with droplets of water
Roots from thick barked 40 foot trees praise the rain gods
The Amazon's thick heat humidifies the air

By Ashley Locke, age 15

The Tree Branches

Each branch
Displays character
Bark that's crisp and rough
Green leaves in the wind
Sway back and forth
Vary from thick to thin
Patters along the wood
Branches physically speak

By Alexa Huppa, age 15

Thirteen Ways to Look at Coco

- I 1,000 people in Grand Central
The only real noticeable glow
Is the complexion of Coco

- II I am no different than any girl
Ordinary as white paper
In which there was Coco

- III Coco skims through crowds
He is a wave of independence

- IV Coco is a piece
I am a piece
We make one picture

- V I cannot decide what's more intriguing
The imagination of imagery
Or the distraction of sound
Coco staring

- VI Dirt passes the floor
Wind of Coco
Breezes it all away
What is left
Is clarity

- VII Oh common people of the city
I see why you stop to embrace him
The interest of Coco
Only expands

- VIII I know there are many people
And songs, and shades of light;
But I also know something else
That Coco carries all
Both familiar and unfamiliar

- IX When Coco strolls away from the scene,
Legibility dims,
The focus has become cloudy

- X The sight of Coco
Even those blind to the eye
Sense his irresistible presence
Could sense his irresistible presence

- XI He traveled through Alexandria
In a fierce motivating run
Suddenly, an angel -
The one he longs for
To love

- XII The wind is breathing
Coco must be sprinting

- XIII It was night all morning
It was raining
And it would continue to rain
Coco found me
He rests his running legs
No more searching for Coco

By Alexa Huppa, age 15

Tortured Brilliance

The sky shimmers softly
Brilliant hills showered with dew
Hills glisten under the peachy sunset
With every glance, you lose your breath
If only you could have seen

Now dull and bleak
Morphed into the living dead
The air is heavy with smog
The same hills are now carved into a network of highways
Spotted with unwanted wrappers
It has become tortured brilliance

By Caroline Flynn, age 15



13 Ways to Look at a Burning Candle

- I White pillar waits
Beneath the sun
Black cover table
- II Black night
Pointed red needle
Illuminates light
- III Golden apple
On white tree
Near hardened plastic
- IV Shade scatters
In focus of small sun
Burning glue
Darkness gets unstuck
- V Ice scattered in my view
Earth cabin
Contains a snowman
Slowly melting by it red top-hat
- VI Colors of autumn leaves
Illuminating the bleached pole
Meditating on the trunk
Alone in the black cloud
Autumn leaves push the cloud
- VII The paper candle melts
On my new table
White dots on my tree
- VIII The painted red stains
In the dark lit room
- IX Influenced by fire flicker
Burning white walls
Gaps for breath
Reaching higher
Accelerated flames
Come to ice
But still light
And always light

- X Shining through my window
Toward white blankets
The only sound in my house
Was the cracking of the burning flame
- XI Near the colors of the stem
I sat and gazed
Directed at the window
The waves covering the moon
- XII An ocean in the tip
Of a lit candle
Sitting still
- XIII The castle on the table
Holds its red flag high
Waving in the air
Spreading it bright message

By Jonathan David Scharf, age 15

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By Caroline Flynn, age 15



Story of the Pencil

Orange that contains a point
Waits at the top wooden hill

Earth pulls it down
Coming to my laser stare

Time slows and I am conscious
Pencil put on its knees

The orange man crawling closer
My legs greet him

Examined by legs
Orange man falls

Into the doom
Of the saw magic trick

By Jonathan David Scharf, age 15

Escaping the Inevitable

My eyes get wet with worry for what lies ahead
Bright red embers settle to the ground
Musty smoke consumes the air
Hold my breath as you walk past
Puff puff your worries away
When you are done, they will be the same
Powerless to the demanding urge
Soon you are dead and I cry again

By Caroline Flynn, age 15

Eagle

Bald
With hair on it's' head
Wings stretch like a plane
Freedom shows with the American flag

By Johnathan Ricardo Flores, age 15

Cold

I shiver, each snowflake takes a degree.
Each branch of snow that crashes on me
Disrupts the bliss and beauty that I see

By Johnathan Ricardo Flores, age 15

Life on Hold

Ipods on repeat
 sending you into the sweetest coma of tunes
Rain falls on the window
 tapping in sinc
 so it seems
Bodies slowly succumb to slumber
 limb by limb.
Stars shine a silent good night.
The music droans on . . .
 mumbling quiet lullabies.
Eyelids slowly close
 letting colors erase worries.
Dreams attack your mind,
 putting life on hold
 for just the night.

By Georganna Poindexter, age 14



The Teenage Stage

This is the age
 When life gets tough
 Yes, this is the beginning of the perfection stage
 When at school and home it gets rough
 It seems you are always fighting
 Just find a person
 Who you can trust and talk too
 To share all your problems
 To hear them say I love you and God loves you too
 To have this person that is always there
 They will help you grow
 So that you wont stay down low
 So keep this person close to your heart
 through this hard stage of life
 Focus on your goal
 And love everyone so
 And when you get old
 You will look back and say to that special someone
 “thank you so much for helping me so long ago”
 And where ever that person may be
 In this life or the next
 When they hear those words
 Their whole body and soul
 Will smile all over.

By Denthew Learey, age 14

Acting

Smile and dance now,
 the crowd wants to see your light.
 Is there point in this act?
 Do you really enjoy the game?
 Lend me your voice, your mind,
 I'd like to see what's behind.
 Shadowy plays preformed by a one man band.
 We know you enjoy allegories . . .
 so what's your deeper meaning?
 I'd like to see what you're really feeling.
 Curl up and lie,
 do you know yourself?
 Misplaced in the misery that consumes you,
 but it is all so undefined.
 Fall into footsteps already placed,
 showing everyone a fixed face.
 What is your inner place?
 Lend me your hands and your mouth,
 I crave to know what you're all about.
 Pull yet another mask out.
 Darling, life is not a masquerade
 Can you see or are you not swayed?
 Lend me your feet and your knees;
 I'd like to show you it's okay to be.

By Georganna Poindexter, age 14



Ten Ways of Looking at Jade Blue Grain

- I The dew in the morning
Sweeps along quiescence
Breaks open the dazzling grey
- II The wind on the fingertip
Flaps your face
I am Reading your language
Your wetness
- III The jade blue grain quavers in the wind
It is part of the adamancy
- IV The bright- red window is in between
I cry out
The snow
- V I do not know how to praise
The persevere appears in the setback
The pure innocence waves in the wind
The jade blue grain
Petty small
yet nothing else like it
- VI Among all fresh flowers in full bloom
The jade blue grain immaculately standing
Extraordinarily conspicuous
- VII Sun shines brightly
The jade blue grains are bud
In March
Do you know
It Gives off
the delicate fragrancy
Around the beautiful ladies
- VIII The moon shuns the dark thick sky
Compares favorably with the jade blue grain
- IX The wind is blowing
The jade blue grain must be blessing
- X The jade blue grain is speaking
The Nobleness
The Gratitude
And the pure love

By Xiaotong Yang, age 18

To you, Huangpu

Misty view locked up the night
With me and Huangpu
I stroll along your side
You gushed like a vivid dragon
Irrigated the life

You are once and for all
Not wild
And barbaric
They dehydrate your body
And filled with sludge

You lost your dominion
No longer accord with this land
And of the air in here
Dead and dread
Like nothing else there

By Xiaotong Yang, age 18

Kiss

Dew drops till it kisses the field
Splashing its soul
The flower bows her head low

By Seng Bum Kim, age 16

Bone Chiller

Crusty Ice
Branches starve
Moon beams
Stars twinkle
Trees shake
Winter's breathe
Nature's drama

By Seng Bum Kim, age 16



How to Write a Poem

First, put three spoons of child mind
 Second, little bit of young mind
 Third, mix together and take a deep breath
 Forth, rinse your sight and look nature
 Fifth, make your image as dough and leave for
 10 minutes or more
 Sixth, put dough into oven and wait for 30mintues
 Seventh, your oven brings some idea of poem
 Eighth, decorate the poem with twinkle words
 Finally, you make a poem

By Yong Jae Kim, age 18

Anecdote of the Bell Tower

We placed the bell tower in Cornwall
 Trees wrap the tower
 Tower grows with trees
 Blossoms shoot waves around the bell
 Tower beats its heart when we cry
 We cover tower when ground green
 It is image of Storm King School

By Yong Jae Kim, age 18

A Starry Soiree

Myriad iridescent stars mosaic
 Serene monochrome paper

Quixotic Snow White
 Rapt in cooking nosh-up

Step on pellucid slush
 Tap on ebony entrance

Photogenic stars' ulterior prattle
 Protean stars waft

Redolent blithe memories
 In one wintry day

By Yoo Won, Shin, age 16

A Dewdrop

Dangling at the
 brink of beryl bloom
 Dandling glee and gloom
 Eas pricks the bubble
 Pop

By Yoo Won, Shin, age 16

Magic

Wind sprinkle perfume
 natural

Wind raises me up
 from weary

Wind guide me
 on my way

By Beum Jun Park, age 17

The Limpid Stoneware

Put much amount
 stuff

a limpid stone
 ware

chilly with hard
 things

By Beum Jun Park, age 17

Glaze a Window

Yellow lagoon ripples in the zephyr
 Sun makes it gold color
 Scorches the earth
 Water billows in breeze
 Shadow scatters on the coral
 Everything in mirror's halo

By Shiqing Zhang, age 17



Best City Shanghai

I walk on the street Shanghai
 I see cars and people Shanghai
 Cars are shuffling Shanghai
 People are sluggish Shanghai
 Too much work for them Shanghai
 What a busy city Shanghai
 I see a tall building Shanghai
 I get on the top Shanghai
 I see more buildings Shanghai
 And river Shanghai
 What a beautiful city Shanghai
 I am asking you Shanghai
 Do you love me Shanghai?
 You are not quite Shanghai
 Even the night comes Shanghai
 I hear people shouting Shanghai
 I see people dancing Shanghai
 I want to join them Shanghai
 What a prosperous city Shanghai
 I keep walking Shanghai
 More and more images Shanghai
 More and more sounds Shanghai
 I reach for a book Shanghai
 A book about Shanghai
 It tells me the history of Shanghai
 It was a village Shanghai
 It tells me the future of Shanghai
 It is getting perfect Shanghai
 I love you Shanghai
 Good night Shanghai

By Shiqing Zhang, age 17

Kiss

Dew drops till it kisses the field
 Splashing its soul
 The flower bows her head low

By Seng Bum Kim, age 16

My Friend

I can't sleep my friend
 I open my eyes and lay on my bed my friend
 I am thinking my friend
 I am missing my friend
 The moon is like a little white light illuminate me my friend
 The night is sleeping next to me my friend
 I hear the bird's songs around in quietly dark my friend
 I see the chiropters fly though the deep forest my friend
 I think my dream is like a cat in the shadows my friend
 I am running across the street with nobody my friend
 Crossing the street with nobody that is the same my friend
 And I have never seen it before my friend
 I get hurry and this is the wind my friend
 And dark and cold and loneliness my friend
 I afraid my friend
 I am trying my best to run away my friend
 The moon is dullish they will be covered my friend
 I open my arms my friend
 I can't close my eyes my friend
 I call my friend
 I cry my friend
 I am calling my friend
 I call you my friend
 Would you come my friend
 No longer my friend
 My friend, my friend, my friend
 My friend
 I can't sleep my friend
 I am missing you
 My friend

By William Zhang, age 17

Bone Chiller

Crusty ice
 Branches starve
 Moon beams
 Stars twinkle
 Trees shake
 Winter's breathe
 Nature's drama

By Seng Bum Kim, age 16

Thirteen Ways of Stay With You

I Among thirty people with white clothes
The only colorful things
Was the red bag on your shoulder

II I was of ten figures
Like a ghost
In where are you here

III You walked with autumn leaves
It was a small part of living theatre

IV A coffee and a store
Are one
A coffee and a store and you
Are one

V I do know how to choose
The beauty of inflections
Or the beauty of innuendoes
You are humming
Or just soon

VI Snow stack the long pew
With drop woods
The shadow of you
Crossed park, wait and fro
The mood
Thaw in the shadow
A dim light

VII O this men of park
Why do you thinking about the infante
Do you not see how you
Walk across the street
Of the beauty of you?

VIII I know men's hobby
And play, enjoy, laugh
But I know, too
That you stay away from them
In what I know

IX When you dissapper in the air
It hint the winter
Of one of many snow

X In the eye of you
Crossing the red and yellow neon light
Even the bar of voice
Will laugh around stridence

XI I rode over bridge
With blackbirds songs
Once, a cold pierced me,
In the my mistook
The shadow of my heart
For you

XII The day is coming night
You must be going back

XIII It was bight all evening
It was raining
The sky is going to rain
You lie on bed
With your hot coffee

By William Zhang, age 17

Poor Man

He is starring at my bowl
And his hair is as messy as wilting grass
He has the wrinkles like my grandfather
He is bowed with the cruel of realistic
In my eyes he is not very old
As a wheel full of age and tears and sour

He will never sleep on a soft and warm bed
And he does not dare to seek a lover
And his dream of living in a fancy house will never real-
ize
Make a pray every day
And he wishes for a better life
Stop at the sign of "PEACE"

By Siyin Qu, age 18

To The Grave

My Andrew whose breath chills the skin of the spineless
 Whose gaze ravages like starving hounds
 Whose hand traces the wrinkles on my weathered face
 Whose voice ruins laughter
 Whose voice incinerates feathers
 Whose tongue slithers between his teeth like the hands
 of a prisoner through jail bars
 Whose nails dig through my spirit like worms in soil
 Whose smile nails the coffin shut
 The strength of a freight train that's run off the track
 Whose hands freeze like dead winter ice
 My Andrew whose palms are rough like sand paper
 With lips that burn like rays of sun on black upholstery
 My Andrew whose eyes nail the body against the bedpost
 Whose weights on the wrists keep from escape
 My Andrew whose 5 o'clock shadow burns with every brush
 Whose veins pump the lust of a teenage boy
 Whose touch solidifies fear
 My Andrew whose touch tares out pages from
 lady liberties hardback
 And the heart of a young girl
 That are the nightmares sneaking into the head
 Whose grasp chokes out the light of day
 And an alloy of guilt and robbery
 Whose thighs scream murder with every thrust
 In the filth embedded into the skin
 My Andrew whose teeth are as stained like tea split
 on a marble floor
 Whose hair is unforgiving like the frost of winter
 German Sheppard's mauls newborns
 My Andrew whose shoulders are like that of a stallion
 Whose elbows creak like rusty hinges
 And the monster living under the bed
 My Andrew whose skin is filthy like the streets
 And radiates like shadows
 And the darkest depths of the ocean that receives no sunlight
 My Andrew whose lips are as pale as an apparition
 Whose abdominals are like a chain link fence
 Reaper of ribbon from brunette locks
 My Andrew with the strength of ten beasts
 With a handful of pony tail
 And lessening of a grip
 My Andrew whose back drips like a broken faucet
 And energy that comes and goes like a thunderstorm
 My Andrew whose lungs heave like a horse cantering
 That beat an enraged gorilla
 And unforgivable accuracy

My Andrew whose pride stands taller than the great wall
 Who's cowardice dog with tail between legs
 My Andrew with the arms of a lion
 A crack in stone
 With the jaw of a piranha
 My Andrew with breath acid rain
 My Andrew with fingers like claws
 Glares slicing like shards of a broken mirror
 A potency that could infect a nation
 The ability to murder trust
 My Andrew whose breath will always linger on my neck
 My Andrew whose memory will corrode with me

By Shea Kaarby, age 17

Swimming

Swimming in the
 Blue swimming pool

Swimming with
 Family

Warming up in
 Warm weather

Swimming in the
 Swimming pool in an
 Island of summer

Swimming in the
 Swimming pool by
 Swimming tall trees.

By Caleb Shon, age 17



Blank

On my sweatshirt
On my shoulder
On my neck
I feel you linger

On every pillow case
On all the sheets
On my good night dreams
I feel you linger

On the piano and the notes
On the rod and on the hook
On all of my memories
I feel you linger

On every birthday card
On gifts that I've kept
On the envelope seal
I feel you linger

On leather interior
On the steering wheel
On the stick shift
I feel you linger

On the glasses at the bar
On the olives in the fridge
On the bottles in the cabinet
I feel you

On the sofa cushion
On the coffee table
On the remote
I feel you linger

On old suits
On embroidered handkerchiefs
On expensive neckties
I feel you linger

On the deck in the summer time
On the window sill at dusk
On the beach in the afternoon
I feel you linger

On waves of soul
On the brightest star in the sky
On the last breath of night
I feel you linger

On the wings of a falcon
On the box of Marlboros
On the flint stone
I feel you linger

On the stain of her face
On the tears of kin
On the laughs of past times
I feel you linger

On the frozen grass
On brisk winter dews
On mugs of hot chocolate
I feel you linger

On the face of every watch
On ticks of the second hand
On anniversaries missed
I feel you linger

On the stone engraved with your name
On the rose that had died on your bed
On the smiles in pictures
I feel you linger

And through your last breathe
I embark on a journey
I strive to make you proud
To honor your memory

By Shea Kaarby, age 17

Heart break

Little yet big to you
A mountain standing against the whole world

In a dorm full of girls

You get used to seeing certain faces
A hurricane changes everything

Mothers, the ones we rely on

The ones who will hold you up so you don't drowned
A rock home to seals

By Kara King, age 17



TIMOTHY MUMFORD
MEMORIAL
POETRY COMPETITION

The Tenth Circle

I drew *circles* with
My foretell finger
As big as *bowls*
More and more
One over another
Holding the sands
In both *hands*
I filled the circles
With the sands
One two three four
Five six seven eight
Nine
I poured my *love*
Into my heart
But the missing—
Missed since the start
The sun hid its *lamp*
Hid itself
I still drew my *landscape*
With silence and *blue*
It was time to go back to *sleep*
Forget sorrow forget *smile*
I prefer remembering pains
To leaving blanks
Lights nights and I
Won't say goodbye until death
Since the shadow is still breathing
You will never get used to Soledad

By Yutong Wei, age 18

Naked Tree

Pazuzu, a joker of gale
Frozen wind round
Pricked by stick of ice.

Rough dry skin Dryad
Skinny skeleton of the poor.
Lift sensile hand of old lady.

Tremble tangled hair like witch's

But, she stands there.
She never submits or seduces.

By Son Ho-jin, age 18

My Home My Love

My love whose face is a colorful, naughty baby
Whose roads are the machines in the factory working
all the time
Whose cars and buses and trains are a honeycomb
Looks orderly but unsystematic
My love whose trees are the hair of maiden swimming
in the wind
Whose lilacs are the eyes of purity comfortable your heart
Whose park is the weather of June
Whose sticks of sugarcoated haws are cordial
Whose river is a gentle strict mother
Is the quiet strong father
My love experienced wars
Whose walls are the pictures of Harbin newspaper
Whose streets are the footprints of soldiers
Whose architectures are the textbook of culture
My love is Hawaii's sexy girl
With golden hair and amorous eyes
Is the Olympic goddess
With noble, and pulchritudinous blood
My love whose spring is the stature of kids
Whose summer is fire on the prairie
Whose autumn is oranges in the palms
Whose winter is Saussurea involucrate on the Peak
of Tian Shan Mountain
A place left on the earth by Heaven
Whose winter is red plum blossom
Smiling in the piercing wind
Singing in the frozen sunshine
Waving on the silver stage
My love whose ice is a diamond heart of neonate
Whose snow is a wedding dress of the happiest bride
Whose rain is a perfect concert
My love with the sun with the future
With the moon with the water
With the stars with the quicksilver
My love with daytime full of green tea ice-cream
With daytime of rainbow
My love with night of mirror
With night that steals the last sight of rainbow
My love with night that grip the drifting quicksand
My love with night that are the charming wish
of my heart and my love

By Yutong Wei, age 18

Snow White

Golden Gate Bridge

In a boat flows with times under the Golden Gate Bridge
 The sadness I hide at a corner of my heart
 Our loves hide far away from me
 After the cold season ends with the cold words

Boats and water secretly flow away
 While a one-man-kind of girl still wait

The boatman steers the boat in shore
 The one with the scarf that I knit
 Stands in the wind with a warm smile
 Sadness flows with the boat and my heart finally comes back

Boats and water secretly flow away
 While a one-man-kind of girl still wait

Love filled with misunderstand
 My beloved solves the puzzle
 And solves the issues
 How simple our love is after the problem being explained

Boats and water secretly flow away
 While a one-man-kind of girl still wait

Times pass by with the issues, which caused problems
 Stand far away
 No sadness comes again
 Only boats and times flow away under the Golden Gate Bridge

By Siyin Qu, age 18

Snow White whose hair like black pearls under the sea with
 Whose thoughts are suspect ion of wonder
 Whose canary of mind never sees the sunlight
 Whose ideal never to be swallowed
 Whose wonder never be smiled
 Whose waist is a sorrow of heart
 Whose mouth is the color of apple coated with sugar
 Whose teeth is white gold with gratitude
 Whose tongue is a weary of mind
 Whose tongue smiles with tears
 Whose tongue of wife a manner of princess
 Snow White whose eyebrows are known to be hidden
 Whose eyebrows are full of sweet candy
 Snow White whose flows in the canal of mind
 Whose shoulders in sprinkle manners of her father
 Snow White whose fingers are like red tundra
 Whose fingers are the irises of her mother
 Whose arms are a blind spot for her children
 Whose arms are circular sweet dreams of mice
 Whose legs are white symptom of cutting hay
 Whose legs are seen below the birthday cake
 Whose mind of fission burns with worry
 Whose smile in lightening announces a prize
 Snow White whose mystery of willingness to be eaten
 in best manner
 Whose nail is the grace of Moses
 Snow White whose giant mouth is the blood of an angel
 And a copy of chewy candy
 Snow White whose hair is from the womb of her mom
 Whose hands have commission from God
 Whose wonder is never to be wronged by evil
 Whose feet never to be rounded by snow
 Snow White with the space of heart in the small of the giant
 Snow White with the ambiguous feeling of three trees
 without sparrows
 With neck of the preferred genre of books
 Snow White whose eyes are full of desire in forgiven heart
 Snow White whose eyes die from sweet phony
 Whose mean mouth is never heard of
 Whose kindness has been awarded with royalty
 Whose head is shaped with Eros' arrow
 Snow White whose mind is peaceful
 And word of great prophecy
 Snow White reigns the mother of the earth
 Never mingles with anyone in the world of stars

By Hyo Jeong Tak, age 18



Him Who I Forget

He says now with his head
 But that is the positive sign on me
 He says yes when I pay attention on him
 He says no when I forget about him
 He cries
 He is remembered
 And all the atmosphere around him
 Suddenly fly to me
 And he takes
 The smile I had and the dream
 Memory and signature
 Sentences and words
 And avoid what I say
 With the face on color
 With the eraser on the board
 On the sharpener of my dream
 He erases anything I had

By Hyo Jeong Tak, age 18

Steal My Mind

Love
 Sends chills through my spine and cools the butterflies
 fluttering in my stomach.
 My heart pulses faster than a driver in a stolen vehicle.
 My racing thoughts took a permanent rest stop to think
 of you.
 The miles between us only draw us closer.
 I've found a new appreciation for shopping and
 maxing out my credit card.
 Changing the channel from Sports Center to Lifetime
 seams like a good idea.
 Welcome to my life.
 Our life.
 Don't ever leave.
 Love.

By Jon Szklut, age 17

Mother

My heavenly hero here beside me
 Supporting my support less life

 Never envy neighbor
 Helpful like St. Maria
 Almighty like Jesus
 Intense like Heaven

 Never miss its merit
 Smile like St. Maria
 Love like Jesus
 Harmonious like heaven

 Opens road like Moses
 Covers like comfortable blanket
 Sacrifices like Jesus

 My heavenly hero here beside me
 Supporting my support less life.

By Caleb Shon, age 17

Orange Light of a Road Lamp

In harsh weather of snow
 Road lamp looks down at his feet
 It waits for a snow day a long time
 With its frozen reddish face

 Illuminated orange light
 It is going down
 Slowly slowly,
 Like a snow fairy
 Wicked snow evil whips
 Poor reddish old gentleman

 Snow meadow dyed
 By orange juice
 Snow cleaner cleaned
 The white flour ground

 Old reddish gentleman
 Painted his feet in snow hurricane
 He is faded from my sight
 Like closed part of film

By Son Ho-jin, age 18



The White Mountain

Rise ground tender
Above

The calm white
Mountain

Remain with bright
Snow

Beside the pure
River

By Michael Huang, age 18

A Bottle

I placed a bottle under the leaves
And alone it was, beside a stream
It made the gloomy desolation
Enclose that region

The desolation rose up to it
And expand further, no longer alone
The bottle was round among the stones
And rise and of a water in air

It dominate everything everywhere
The bottle was clear and deserted
It did not give of squirrel or grass
Like nothing else on the group

By Michael Huang, age 18

Sun First Appears in the Sky

Starry starry starlit night
Midnight sky is hazy
Sun rises, scorch the earth
A lagoon billows in the breeze
Still and serene in the sunlight

By WonSuk Chung, age 17

In an Empty Space

Dust has collected on the furniture in an empty space;
Longing begins to accumulate in my mind.

By WonSuk Chung, age 17

Nanjing

I miss you, Nanjing
I am thinking you, Nanjing.
You just like a warm bed,
Waiting for me back.

I am waiting you, Nanjing
I am hearing you, Nanjing
You just like mother,
Calling me back home.

I can remember every street,
I can remember every building,
They like my scars on my body,
I can remember all of them.

I forget your past, Nanjing
I forget my past, Nanjing
But I cannot forget,
What we work on the thing we want.

I miss you, Nanjing
I am thinking of you, Nanjing
You are just like a sign on my back,
I have to carry it all time.

I am waiting you, Nanjing
I am hearing you Nanjing
I can mean any song,
Which is relative to you.

I will hug you, Nanjing
I will trust you, Nanjing
I will please you, Nanjing
I love you, Nanjing
You are the most beautiful thing I have never seen.

By Di Lu, age 18



Lonely

The lonely cup
Beside my hand
No water inside
Just like an empty heart

By Di Lu, age 18

To My Friend -- Yinguo Zhang

My Yinguo whose lips are crisp cherries with the earl
morning dew
Whose teeth are the crystal shells covered by white sand
under the sunlight
Whose tongue is the tongue of a languid cat after post-
meridian desserts
Whose smile is the smile of Hollywood stars in golden age

My Yinguo whose eyes brighten the endless night with
the god-given light of firefly
Whose eyelashes are the bushy feathers of leopard
Whose eyebrows are tender willows tripping in the wind

My Yinguo whose hair is Chinese silk with the luster
of black pearls
Whose earlobes act like white chocolate cookies
Whose cheeks are juicy peaches

My Yinguo whose clavicle is a volant butterfly
with vibrant wings
Whose waist is the waist of a lithe carp
Whose legs are finespun jades

My Yinguo whose fingers are summer butterflies
flying around flowers
Whose fingers are dancing like flowing creeks
The figures beat out the shimmering stars

My Yinguo whose skin is the white of eggs
Whose skin is like warm snow
Whose skin is waxed woodcarving

Ms. Yinguo, my friend, who are the softest part
of my heart

By Han Sun, age 18

Imitation to Centaur—Chinese Dragon

It's fantastic. I met the Chinese Dragon. It was on the
clear sky above the Forbidden City, cloused scattered
like cushions. The Chinese Dragon's coloring? Golden
yellow. Eruptive moun— and his squama. More a horn
of a buck than an ox. I couldn't stare at it, so speechless,
and my compatriots were too frightened to remark, more
anxious than me. O motherland why do you make your
people suddenly epiphanic?

By Han Sun, age 18

Why Did It Have to Snow Today?

Why did it have to snow today?
The car won't start.
The children are going to play
They'll probably catch a cold
I really pray
That the plow will come soon
I can't find my way
Through this monstrosity
This isn't okay
My car can't drive through this
Oh what a day?

By Dwight Ramseran-Hyman, age 16



A Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep
 I pray the Lord my soul will keep
 And if I am to live my life
 I need to help my friends survive
 Kids think that Ethan's gay
 This thing with Gave has got to end
 As Abby battles anorexia
 Help her remember she has friends
 And please tell Gavin steroids
 Don't make him more a man
 Though OCD is taking over
 Bailey's doing the best she can
 Please leave in Bella's past life
 The pain, abuse, and rape
 And Hannah's not so immature
 She's just a little late
 Keep Zack safe from any teasing
 Because he's in play
 And keep my mom and dad
 From having a fight today
 Lord I worry about Lily
 She's working way too hard
 And a special prayer goes to that girl
 Killed in her front yard
 Don't make Emma learn the hard way
 Not to abandon friends
 And keep down my school's drug use
 And hope someday it ends
 I'm sure Sophia's brother
 Is up in heaven now
 Make the cancer leave Anne's body
 Though I do not know how
 God help Charlotte and her boyfriend
 God bless their baby girl
 And please make Jasmine realize
 She doesn't rule the world
 God bless the future and the past
 And God bless me today
 Cause if I die before I wake
 There's no one left to pray.

By Alyssa Rose Trombitas, age 17

A Toast

For the jacket in the lost and found
 That no one wants to claim
 For the old raccoon hit by a car
 Who's left to die in pain
 For the frame that has a photo
 No one bothered to put inside
 For the child lost in Hide and Seek
 Found only by their cry
 For the gifted shirt that's set aside
 And never, ever worn
 For the fresh new jeans that play outside
 And come back ripped and torn
 For the programs scattered on the seats
 After a Broadway play
 For the "hi" that receives silence
 Each cold and stony day
 For the nurse that has to realize
 The sudden lack of breath
 For the handsome bride that is the cause
 Of countless, countless deaths
 For the wheelchair-bound director
 Who never got to dance
 Here's to the innocent guilty
 Who never got the chance

By Alyssa Rose Trombitas, age 17



Where I will lay

On cliffs so high
On the tracks
On train trestles
This is where my memories lay

On bikes
In trucks
On roads and highways alike
This is where my memories lay

On facebook
On yearbooks
On bedroom walls
This is where my memories lay

On two eighteen
On windy roads
On rainy days
This is where my memories lay

On friends minds
On hearts of loved ones
On the eyes of God

This is where my memories lay

By Jordan Behrens, age 17

Saying Good-Bye

I don't know what's going on
In this black and white movie
Hands holding together
Under the pure cloud
I see the day we run in huge circles
I see a fish without water
It seems the world is gone
The landscape looks endless
Not like love
Which I thought was nonstop
Lightning bugs
Move crazily under the lamp
Just like my heartbeat
Blue ocean still wide and deep
As my admiration
Although the fish tries
To close its eyes
Because of worry
It cannot sleep
When it thinks
About the beloved
It smiles,
O heartbeat
O red eyes O breathe
You will never get
Used to loneliness

By Yoo Jin Choi, age 18

Seven Ways of Looking at a Black Cat



The engine sings a candied tune
 I love how she sounds
 She screams with each twist of the throttle
 Octane flows through me
 Let us ride till the moon lights our path
 Helmet strapped, goggles on its time.
 The roar as I kick her over
 The fuel ignites her
 The power in her voice
 Octane flows through me
 Let us ride till the moon lights our path
 Every day passes
 All high octane ratings burns away
 How quickly it runs dry
 How expensive fuel is
 Octane flows through me
 Let us ride till the moon lights our path
 The days pass before her next drink
 Oh how thirsty she has become
 She shall hydrate soon
 Upon her back a boy becomes a man
 Octane flows through me
 Let us ride till the moon lights our path

By Jordan Behrens, age 17

- I The black cat
 Is an unseemly blot
 On the
 Pure
 Snowy
 Landscape.
- II Like ink on blank paper
 A black cat trudges through the snow
 Continuing the story of its life.
- III The sight of the black cat
 Stalking predatorily towards me
 Chills me to the bone
 For it is a bearer of bad omens.
- IV The arch of his back
 The ebony gleam of his fur
 The glowing warmth
 In his orange eyes
 Thank God for
 My black cat.
- V A black cat observes me
 Curiously from my window
 And I am reminded
 Of the eyes of a child.
- VI When the black cat appears in my house
 I know something bad has happened
 To the mice.
- VII Something magical is afoot
 The black cat's arrived
 There must be witches
 Nearby

By Dwight Ramseran-Hyman, age 16