

Pinewood Derby

The Pinewood Derby is a fast car race,
 all the Cub Scouts want to be in first place.

I put my car on the track,
 the lever went slick-clack.

My car started off slow,
 now watch me go, go, go!

I start to pass the car in third place,
 I hope I can win this race.

Look, second place has lost speed.
 I can get past him that is what I need!

First place is going faster,
 oh gee, I cannot get past-er.

I still had a lot of fun,
 even though the green car won.

I will try again without a doubt.
 The Pinewood Derby is the most fun part of Cub Scouts.

By Alex Neighbors, age 6

The Best Poem Ever!

I feel the rain
 I have so much pain
 I do my chores inside,
 Then I play tag outside.
 I have a ring
 I like to sing
 There is a boy,
 He hears a toy
 I like school,
 I am cool!

By Zain Ali Altaf, age 6

**Eating All the Healthy Foods in the World**

I am balanced,
 I am not imbalanced.
 I eat a lot of fruits,
 and green vegetables with roots.
 I exercise my mind,
 Which makes me shine.
 I keep my soul in shape,
 Like a superhero wearing a cape.

By Zain Ali Altaf, age 6

A Day Filled With Joy!

I feel cold that's why I'm shaking but I'm filled with joy.
 I hear birds singing and people talking
 but I'm filled with joy.
 I see many things like mountains covered in snow,
 but I'm filled with joy.
 I tasted winter but I'm filled with joy.

Revolutionary War!

Red coats are mean.
 Ethan Allen wrote an article, but he was lying.
 Very dangerous times.
 Over 1,000 people died.
 Lost a lot of good men.
 United States, wasn't the name for America back then.
 They loved tea.
 It was frightening back then.
 Over a thousand people didn't want war.
 No one wanted war.
 Revenge!
 You will hate war.
 War is violent.
 A lot of people loved tea, but not tax.
 Revolutionary War was terrible

By Victoria Darcy, age 9

Blue

Blue is the color of water.
 Blue is birds flying across the sky.
 Blue is the sky.
 Blue is the waves in the ocean.
 Blue smells like salty water.
 Blue taste like bubblegum.
 Blue sounds like blue birds chirping.
 Blue looks like high tide.
 Blue feels like ice as blue as the sky.
 Blue makes me feel happy as possible.
 Blue is wonderful.

Magnificent

Ordinary

Nectar drinkers

Art in the sky

Reach Mexico

Camp in a cabin of leaves

Happiness fills me when I see one

By Kevin Anthony Catal, age 9

The Bird Poem

I love the bird chirping
 I like to hear different birds
 Birds are beautiful

The fall poem

Fall is green
 It tastes like pumpkin pie
 It sounds like squirrels playing
 It smells like fresh apples
 It looks like kids playing in a pile
 Of leaves
 It makes me feel over joyed

By Elizabeth Manderson, age 9

Kindness

Dogs use kindness by sharing their bones,
 Cats use kindness by sharing ice cream cones.
 Lions use kindness by warning others,
 Kids use kindness by loving their mothers.
 Teachers use kindness by teaching friends,
 Friends use kindness by being nice to them.
 Kindness is important,
 Kindness is strong,
 Kindness is the best life skill of them all!

By Casey Regenbaum, age 7

Green Beans

Green beans are round
 And as bright as spring grass.
 I like to eat them cooked.
 And I like to eat them fast.

They're one of my favorite foods.
 In the summer they taste super great.
 They're easy to catch in my moth
 And they're easy to eat off my plate.

By Jacob Schuck, age 7

Daddy

My daddy is deployed.
 Makes me sad, but proud!
 He moves from place to place!
 Don't see him a lot.
 Think about dad.
 See him on skype.
 I'm HAPPY when I get a LETTER.
 I feel good and sad!
 Think about him when I go to sleep
 or go up to my where I have
 silence.
 Lonely.
 Gone.
 But he WILL come home SOON.

By Elizabeth Schuck, age 7

Gray

The sky gets gray.
 It tastes like sorrow.
 It sounds like thunder.
 It smells like led falling from a pencil.
 It looks like Friday the 13th! AHHHHH!
 It makes me feel down.

Rick

This is my Rick.
 Rick lives in rich, rockets on running rabbits!
 Rick eats raspberries, rubber, radios, and rulers!
 Rick likes really, ridiculous rules!
 Rick can rip random, races into rivers!
 Rick rubbed red rubber all over my ruby, red shoes!

By Maya Mercurio, age 9

Sunshine

Sunshine, sunshine, melt the snow but not
 the love and I love You.
 Bumblebees floating with love. You're just like
 a love bug. But all together we will be,
 and loving is what we need.

By Angel Yarmus, age 7

Black

Black is the color of hate
 Black is a dark color
 Black does not look like gray
 Black is on signs
 Black smells like hatred
 Black taste like a hurt soul
 Black sounds like people screaming
 Black looks like death
 Black feels like families crying
 Black makes me feel sad
 Black is a horrible color

By Nicole Lupi, age 9

Smile

Its more powerful than a frown.
 Look up, instead of looking down.
 Open up so your teeth can show.
 Be happy and let people know.
 Even if they're not so white
 When you smile it's a huge bright light.
 Smiling's really fun to do
 Especially if there is pictures too.
 Smiling is a feeling to express
 You express less.
 If you wear a frown.
 So even if you wear a frown
 Be happy, and turn it upside down.



As A World

As a world we should act as one
 One that grows bigger and better.
 If we do that as a world
 We will work together
 United, hand in hand.
 That's how we would stand.
 No matter what religion, belief or race
 We would walk at the same pace.
 United, as a world.

By Taylor Mellon, age 9

American Revolution

A very bad day
 Muskets getting fired, boom!
 A glorious day.

By Shane Conway, age 9

Splash

Water
 Bubbles, waves
 Splashing, rushing, rippling
 Very good for you
 H₂O

By Joshua Keller, age 9

My favorite color

Green is the color of our dragon at school
 Green is the color of my classmates freshly washed coat
 Green is the color of grass under my feet
 Green is the color of the door in my classroom
 Green smells like freshly cut grass
 Green tastes like green grape juice
 Green sounds like Irish step dancers
 Green feels like cold limp pops on my tongue
 Green makes me feel happy
 Green is my favorite color

By Alexander Suarez, age 9

Red Is The Best

Red is the color of blood gushing through my skin
 Red is the color of a plump apple falling from a tree
 Red is the color of my heart beating heavy
 Red is the color of red leaves falling above
 Red smells like sauce being put on sspaghetti
 Red tastes like cherrys fresh from a store
 Red sound like red balloons popping
 Red looks like a brick stone house being built
 Red feels like sauce being thrown in my face
 Red makes me feel magical
 Red is on everending color

By Sabina Modugno, age 9

Brook Trout

Swimming all around
 Eating that's all they do snap!
 Big or small don't matter

By Shane Conway, age 9

Gray

Gray is not the color of a sunshiny day.
 Gray is like a tornado of fierce.
 Gray is the color of sadness inside people.
 Gray is the color of a big bridge I see.
 Gray smells like burning smoke from fire.
 Gray tastes like a dime down your throat.
 Gray sounds like a scratching CD.
 Gray looks like burning house.
 Gray feels like pavement hitting my face.
 Gray makes me feel emotions.
 Gray is like a rainstorm of sadness.

By Colin Cassidy, age 9

Red

Red is the color of a juicy red apple
 Red is the color of a big stop sign
 Red is the color of the stripes on my socks
 Red is the color of my take home folder
 Red smells like dry blood from a dead Civil War soldier
 Red tastes like yummy flavorful Hawaii Punch
 Red sounds like screech from a car after a Danger sign
 Red looks like the blood on your knee after you scrape it
 Red feels like a yummy, juicy hot hot dog
 Red makes me feel angry
 Red is my second favorite color

By Christopher DiMedio, age 9

Yum, Yum!

Lemonade is so cold.
 It tastes like lemons and mint.
 It sounds like ice cracking.
 It smells like freshly squeezed lemons.
 It looks like the bright yellow sun.
 It makes me feel excited with goose bumps.

By Mackenzie Cosgrove, age 9

The Color Orange

Orange is the color of a delicious orange fruit.
 Orange is the "Plan Ahead" sign in my class.
 Orange is the pumpkin on my Thanksgiving table.
 Orange is the Halloween lights on houses.
 Orange smells like the autumn leaves falling from trees.
 Orange tastes like orange Gatorade.
 Orange sounds like people having relay races on the orange ground.
 Orange looks like the orange sunset.
 Orange feels like the rough road.
 Orange makes me feel intelligent.
 Orange is my favorite color.

By Tolu Owotoubi, age 9

Ocean

Ocean
 Loud, crazy
 Calm, still, quiet
 There lives ocean life
 Sea

Green is the color of . . .

Green is the color of healthy grass
 Green is the color of the dragon for Cornwall
 Green is the color of the stem of a beautiful flower
 Green is the color when I'm sick
 Green smells like fresh mint gum
 Green taste like green gummi bears
 Green sounds like new leaves blowing on a tree
 Green looks like my soccer jersey
 Green feels like my boring math book
 Green makes me feel Irish
 Green is the color of a shamrock.

By Caitlin Dempsey, age 9

Falling leaves

leaves are falling down
 leaves are falling from a tree
 leaves are every where

By Andrew Singh, age 9

The Color of Blue

Blue is the color of the sky.
 Blue is the color of my volleyball t-shirt.
 Blue is the color of the tears dripping down my face.
 Blue is the color of my boot-cut jeans.
 Blue smells like the cotton candy I get at the fair.
 Blue tastes like the cool water running on my lips.
 Blue sounds like the ocean storms.
 Blue looks like the Duke Devils.
 Blue feels like the emotion I may get.
 Blue makes me calm and relaxed.
 Blue is my favorite color

By Olivia Vizathann, age 9

Red

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By Christopher DiMedio, age 9

Red

Red is the color of a bright cherry.
 Red is the color of blood when I get hurt.
 Red is one of colors of the rainbow.
 Red is the color of a blooming tulips.
 Red smells like something burning.
 Red tastes like a fresh apple.
 Red sounds like a big fire.
 Red looks like a leave falling down from a tree.
 Red feels like the pain I get when I bump into something.
 Red makes me feel frustrated.
 Red is a dark color.

By Ava Borelli, age 9

Yum, Yum!

Lemonade is so cold.
 It tastes like lemons and mint.
 It sounds like ice cracking.
 It smells like freshly squeezed lemons.
 It looks like the bright yellow sun.
 It makes me feel excited with goose bumps.

By Mackenzie Cosgrove, age 9



Grass

The grass is like straw
It is so dry it is white
Leaves fall toward the ground

Flowers

More and more flowers
Beautiful and colorful
Each one's different

By Rebecca Milsom, age 10

Spring and Flowers

Spring is filled with beautiful flowers. Spring is full of flowers that smell pleasant just like a dewy spring morning. Flowers are as delicate just like a baby chick's feathers. Some flowers are as a lamb's ear while others are like a explosion of color like the fireworks on the forth of July.

By Emma Conti, age 10

Hunting

A crocodile
Swam around in a swamp
In Florida
On a foggy day.
He was swimming around to find its prey.

By William Leonard, age 10

Grandma

Annoying, aggressive
Very high temper
Sometimes burst with excitement

This is a bunroll

A bunroll lives in California
A bunroll eats buns, rolls, cheese and waste
A bunroll likes to not be seen from people
A bunroll hates being in the bathroom
My bunroll ate my brother buns

By Liam Kendrigan, age 10

Rain

Rain looks like waters.
Rain tastes like the beginning of spring.
Rain sounds like knocking on the door.
Rain smells like a fresh pine tree.
Rain looks like dew drops on plants.
Rain makes me feel refreshed.

Snow

Snow looks like a white shirt on my bed.
Snow tastes like cold water.
Snow sounds like tiptoes in the hallway.
Snow smells like hot chocolate on a cold winter night.
Snow looks like white doves flying in the sky.
Snow makes me feel like a skier going down a mountain.

By Jenna Macleod, age 10

Bobzity

Bobzity bubbles in the Bahamas on beaches.
Bobzity eats bigs, boys, bikinis and blueberrys.
Bobzity likes boxing boxers, bananas and blasting stuff.
Bobzity loves blue trampolines and bubbling in the bath.
Bobzity blood on me and bush my bee.

The Revolutionary War

Battle
Bloody, intense
Kills, destroys, screaming
Colonists yelling at Loyalists
War

By Olivia Livingston, age 10

Books

Books
Different sizes
Fun to read
Holds lots of words
Novels

Baby birds

The eggs are hatching.
Baby birds want lots of food.
A new life is born.

By Seth Bywater, age 10

The Intelligent Zebra

The intelligent zebra
Sat with his friends
At his desk
In the classroom.
He was tutoring his friends.

By Megan Fay, age 10

W-W-W-W-W Poem

Who: Mrs. Daizy
What: is going crazy!
When: since she broke up with Mr. Waizy.
Where: all day at school.
Why: Because she is just crazy since she broke up with Mr. Waizy.

By CarolLynn Walsh, age 10

Fantastic Sisters

Sisters
Sweet, trusting
Loving, caring, hugging
I love my sisters.
Family

By Kayla Salomone, age 10

Eggplant

Purple is the color of my tight headband.
Purple is my hair tie holding my hair back.
Purple is the color of my finger when I squeeze it.
Purple is a peace sign on my shirt.
Purple smells like fresh eggplant in my cousin's garden.
Purple tastes like soft, delicious eggplant rollentini.
Purple sounds like the squishing of a grape under my foot.
Purple feels like eggplant seeds dropping on my feet
While my grandma's cooking with eggplant.
Purple makes me not feel well when I see someone
Squeezing a body part and making it purple.
Purple is one of my favorite colors.

United

Working side by side
Come together and make peace
We are united

By Megan Sanchez, age 10

I Feel Gray

Gray is the color of angry clouds casting lightning
Gray is the patch of silver on a thick rock
Gray is the feeling when I need to hurl
Gray is the grayish color of a mustang that is ready to go
Gray smells like poster color wiping away
Gray tastes like rusty nails
Gray sounds like an elephant honking
Gray looks like a bird that is looking for prey
Gray feels like there is a sharp blade near my throat
Gray makes me feel tired
Gray is not close to being top on the color list!

By Daniel Lee, age 10

Dragonflies

Are so beautiful
Gliding over the water
Skipping in the sky.

Butterflies

So fragile and light
Exotic and beautiful
Gliding on the wing.

By Morgan Hurst, age 10

Fantastic Sisters

Sisters
Sweet, trusting
Loving, caring, hugging
I love my sisters.
Family

Purple

Purple is the color of my amazing room.
Purple is one of the colors in the colorful rainbow.
Purple is the softness of my body gliding along.
Purple is the background of the responsibility sign in my classroom.
Purple smells like the beautiful purple roses in my room.
Purple tastes like the fruity taste of yo-gos.
Purple sounds like the care beeping in front of my driveway.
Purple looks like the buds on the lavender bush blooming.
Purple feels like the soft and fuzzy rug on my bare feet.
Purple makes me feel that I have sympathy.
Purple is the last color of the rainbow.

By Kayla Salomone, age 10

Cotton Candy

Colored cotton that is edible
O.M.G., It tastes to good!
Time to eat some and
Time to stop eating some!!!
Over a million kinds of flavors
Nothing tastes better than it!

Can't stop eating it
Always tastes great!!!!
Never say it tastes bad
Do you want some now???
You know you want some now!!!

By Mike Cassidy, age 10

My Weird School

My school is big.
My school is tall.
Homework is bouncing off the wall.
My school is strong
My school is long.
10 more minutes till it's done.
Next year is Middle School.
Oh boy I don't want to leave my weird school.

By Julia Sherman, age 10



General

Why are you not dead, General?
Even though everyone else is sleeping.
What happening out on the battlefield, General?
Their eyes open, mouths closed.

You notice things you shouldn't, General.
Such as the monsters inside the armor.
You wonder what it means, General.
But we do not know either.

Now, General, we should leave
taking your sad soul with us.
But you have more to do in this world.
And we leave you, broken and beaten.

General, until you're seen what we've seen
you will not know true pain.
So march forward, head up, eyes straight.
And do not look back again.

General, do not look back again.

By Sydney Kay Korycinski, age 13

Lovely Change (*Shakespearian Sonnet*)

Tomorrow snow will cool the brightest light,
It's trickled, liquid fire, by each touch
The sun bestows within dark fields that might
Become a living hollow, warm and blushed

The moment snow fell down from winter's gale,
The blossoms freeze in time beneath the frost,
The blush turns blue beneath the icy veil,
And sheets of crystals gather as it's lost

What withers, petal's bones would turn to ash,
Would die beneath the sun that blessed its birth,
But stays forever frozen, living glass,
Eternal moments taken for no worth

It's petals glist'ning, silver as cold rain,
Its frozen time awaits more lovely change.

By Erin Milson, age 14

A Bird's Villanelle

There on my back I saw the world fly by.
Bit by bit
Singing a tender lullaby.

There in the sky, Oh my Oh my.
They tweet they twit
There on my back I saw the world fly by.

Some how far, but yet nearby.
Now sunlit
Singing a tender lullaby.

Now wishing I could see from a bird's eyes,
internal fit
There on my back I saw the world fly by.

Alas, my dreams are an endless supply,
now moonlit
Singing me a tender lullaby.

I'll close my eyes and heave a sigh
I submit
There on my back I saw the world fly by
Singing me a tender lullaby.

Once Again

So once again,
Our Paths have strewn.
You took one road.
I took my own.

Things keep changing
Why we don't know.
We look back and regret,
Losing those we've met.

You took one road,
I took my own.
Hearts filled with neglect,
I only hope one day our paths intersect.

So once again,
Our paths have strewn.
You take one road,
I'll take my own.

By Amy Dunaief, age 14



Read Between the Lines

Ready my frosted grave for the darkness to wash away
Every flurry of white light lending hope
 And drown out even the shadows dappling the snow; it's
Devouring all that it is not, changing it, it's

Beckoning, so cold, so cold, it's
*Emanating crystal clearness, it grows in my up-
 lifted deceased heart, it's*

Targeting my soul and planting its seeds of dark
 Resentment,

*Wielding the pure cool truths of what life was
 really for,*

Each thorny rose twin showing me that life was for
 Nothing,

Each instant, opening my misty eyes wider, it's
 Now frosting over my loss of blissful ignorance, it's

*Touching me with the clear music I rise and
 dance with*

Harmonious ghosts are moaning as they drift,
Eliminating the pain with their songs, I'm not

Like I wish I could be, I'm in brooding black waste,
 Rising from the grave in vain
*In quiet sorrow or yearning, I'm as light as the
 white snow, drifting away*

Nothing but the snow matters anymore as I close my
 Cold eyes but cannot rest,

Every light I've seen and loved is forever
 Silenced.

By Erin Milson, age 14

My Dear Sweet Jackie . . .

Every since you were an infant
 I blessed you with my love
 I knew you were a gift
 From high above

Through good times and new birth
 Through divorce and pain
 All I want you to know is
 I've loved you all the same

I would do anything to help you
 No matter what you need
 I will be another mother
 Without extra mouths to feed

I will be there to hug you
 And tell you it's alright
 And if a nightmare scares you
 I'll hold you through the night

I will be there when no one cares
 And you've just had enough
 When you just can't go on
 I will get you through all that stuff

When you have your first love
 And all those broken hearts
 No matter who he is
 I know he can't be smart

To give up the girl
 Who I would dive for
 The kind of a girl
 Who leaves you wanting more

Of her charms and laughs
 Her games and her smiles
 When the world knocks you down
 You and I will play "Barbies" for a while

I will teach you all I know
 And learn from all you do
 I just want you to know, Baby Cuz
 I will always love you!

By Olivia Perrone, age 13



Young Love

Ending as quickly as it began
Like when your doctors gives a shot

Seemingly doomed from the start
Some say you can blame

The immature heart
Why speculate or gossip

The ending is set in stone
Young love equaling heartbreak

And heartbreak alone

By Kyle Monestime, age 15

Barrel

Laying on the cobblestone street
Still as mountains breathing in
Out

Empty, void and bare
Mourning for something
To carry or to hold

Once full and content
Satisfied with its own satisfaction
Now desolate with grief
Till picked up
And filled once more

By Dominique DeFreece, age 14

Rainy Days

The rain drips down the glass
Of the window, outside my class
The teacher's words sound in my ear
But I'm trying so hard not to hear
The whispers, the gossip, all to onear

Dripping quietly as the rain
I'm trying hard to mask my pain
Tears fall from cloudy eyes
To show what's inside that I want to disguise
A silent picture of a girl's demise

What they say is all a lie
They work so hard to make me cry
And I do almost every day
To express what I have locked away
To say things I could never say

Pitter Patter goes the drops
I for the end and when it stops
The voices fade, I'm free once more
From what I've hidden behind the door
For when I open my heart's locks and feel the downpour

By Olivia Perrone, age 13

Stain Glass

Specked drops of light
Shine through the intricate window
Like sugared gum drops

Shapes frolic
Moving in a circular pattern
Beneath the window of infinite color
Beautifully placed

Capturing essence of light
To release a new hue
On the carpet like a
Rich diverse sunset

By Dominique DeFreece, age 14



Spring

white dirt mixed with
ice memories

sun washes out
the winter's face

green leaves
tan mosaics

iridescent hopes
dye the land

bees trace the fragrance
please with bashful blossoms for honey
butterflies bragger with dandelions
who nod to the greater beauty

breezes brush my cheek
ladybugs swing on the leaves
birds begin a race across the blue

spring
invites

Paper Cranes for Fukushima

Paper cranes

Abrupt earthquake
Stirs Japan
Eats up human spirit

But ties up
People's minds
And nationalism

Constructs a bridge over different continents

Real tears drench make indifference disappear
But bring benevolence soaked with grief
Inside empty hearts

Now I' am make paper cranes
To zip up the gaps

By Yoo Won Shin, age 17



Love

It doesn't sneak in somewhere
If you open the entrance,
You will start the journey
The happiness, the surprises,
You can find anything.
go on,
Be brave
Find love!

Travel

Paris,
I fall in love with the clothes!
China,
I live at the Great Wall!
America,
I am in New York!
Where should be the next stop?
The road points for me.

Nature

I open my arm,
I am near the sky.
The clouds are kissing me,
The water is feeding me,
I open my eye
Green fills
My eyes.
Oh, there is the music!
Winds are dancing with me!

By Katrina Wu, age 17

How it ended

You left
With the last snow of the cool winter
Did you know
The bud was under that cold
And here you come the spring
You left
With the last sulk of the dark night
Did you know
The stars were all over the sky
And here you come the dawn
You left
With the whole world you gave me
Did you know
The dirt in the air has the smell of you
And here you come
Another end

The way to go

Here is the way to go
Dreaming of the day you achieve your goal
Wakening up in the morning and ready to go
This is not something new
It depends only on how far you want to go

Agitate then cry
Give up half way then die
What?
Get up and then try
Again, again, then fly

Doing what you want isn't getting what you want
Fire up, and clear your way to go
go, and then goal

By Sam Knight, age 18



It's finally gone

Well I'm sure that some of you ol' folks up there sure
do love the snow

But god it takes me to a place where it's a lightless show

Nothing to watch nothing to see, it's kind of pointless
having winter if you know what I mean

It's not all great but hey I guess no need to make a scene

I'm here to tell you what's in store for all the days ahead

Warmth and fun and light and joy I think it's good instead

So now it's warm and greatly nice for all who like the
scene

The sky is blue the flowers are up so I guess the grass is
green

The tides are high the breeze is nice and I just want
some waves

And when I'm done I'll sit in sand with friends I'll just
sit there and lay

So that's my dream of after snow it could be better but
it's nice and pretty

I can't help feeling the overall sensation of me just
being giddy

So if it's nice and greenish brown I guess it'll be okay.

Because that's half way there so I'll be happy that day

Can't it just get here
PLEASE!!!

By Jared Cutler, age 18

Crazy

She yells and screams and has a bit but we just shrug it off

She tells us it's a benefit be we don't believe the cause

We think she's trying to be mean but really she means well

For if you fail without her help your life will turn to hell.

We need to stop and need to listen to what she has to say

Because the words that come from her mouth must see
the light of day

She looks above us like a caregiver but at the same time
a dictator

We pray for the day we can escape from her grip and not
say that we hate her.

Because what we say seems like it couldn't hurt
someone like her

But deep inside the feelings build and arguments do occur

So listen close yes listen good to the words I have to say

I know how you feel I've been there before but don't
just turn away,

Listen listen listen close to the tips hints and advice

Because the things she says will do much more than
simply just suffice

By Jared Cutler, age 18

Should I make a sound?
Or does silence speak better?
When all you do is offend,
And all we know is pretend.

Our story has no end, it takes us nowhere
We all know we have things to care.
I'm glad, we're buried in laughter.

When stories have no ending
It takes us nowhere
In the middle of the night
We wonder about tomorrow
And the day after,
We wonder where the darkest place would be
And where life will bring us
What are we going to be?

Look to left where nothing is right,
Then look to the right, where nothing is left.
Forward, please.
We are trapped in confusion, rejection and depression
But, no worries, we have youth.

By Phuong Vu, age 17

Pieces of You

Your smile makes me feel like I'm walking on air.
Both of us have so many things to share.
Your eyes glisten in the sunlight just like glowing stars.
You look at me as we both play our guitars.
Your hair blows in the sunlight.
I am always in your sight.
Your hands are smooth as a rose.
Your kindness overflows.
And your strength helps me hold on.
Your cheeks are never wan.
You have dimples that are very fine.
You never fail to make me shine.
My heart beats for you all of the time.
Leaving me alone would be a crime.
You make me feel content
I have always loved your scent.
You must stay with me.
For forever we will always be.

Do we really know who we are?
Or are we just pretending to know?
Maybe we are putting on a false front
It's sad, but I guess that's how we do things
We like to hide
And we like to play
But is playing going to help us in any way?
We have to be truthful and show the real us
We are not going to get anywhere if we stay still
Stopping and staring will get us nowhere
It will keep us wondering more
All of us have one life to live
So everyone has to make it count
Don't count the days
Let the days count them selves
It's difficult to say what will go on the next day
And the day after that
Who really knows where
We will be tomorrow
And who knows what is going to happen next
Nobody knows

By Elana Klyde, age 17



The World's Broad Spectrum Blends as One

Paint me blue
Paint me yellow
I am human
I am the same

Take his money
Take his job
He is the same

Give her a home
Give her hope
She is the same

Give us rights
Give us life
We are all the same.

Untitled

Michelle is her name but I call her Mona Lisa
So lovely and pure
Why can't I be that work of art?
That Mona Lisa
She steps through the door
What dreamers dream
And lovers love
Mona Lisa
I want to be that Mona Lisa
But then inside I see
The ugliness of she
Her beauty put to shame
Mona Lisa is no more

By Samantha Pepe, age 17

Cat's-Cradle

We have accomplished,
surviving the battle of existence,
defending our fort of reality.

After the whirl pool of the sky shifted
the black runs of the storm case with blue;
we claimed victory.

We thought it over
ehile the cracks on the wall sang to us of our
downfall.

The cracks on the wall
the delicate lines,
the cat's-cradle suspending the universe
watched our ignorance.

Winning we deemed the culmination of success
and the cracks on the wall only remind us that we
are fooled,
the grains of time slipping out of our reach.

The base of our striving
became our murder.
the suspending cracks of our reality,
grew from the walls of limitation
and we were trapped.

We would always be trapped.

By Claire Louise Redden, age 18

Cutups

Lord Byron's "Love and Death"

William Shakespeare's Sonnet 20

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
 I watched thee when the foe was at our side
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 Were safely hopeless — rather than divide.
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling
 Ready to strike at him — or thee or me
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling
 Aught with one loved save love and liberty
 And for a woman were thou first created
 And bade thee cling to me through every shock
 And by addition me to thee defeated
 I watched thee on the breakers, when the rock
 But since she priced thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be love and thy love's use their treasure.

By Polina Goryunova, age 16

Waiting for the spring

Today.
 The snow in April.
 The bitter cold, and
 The runny nose.
 The next day,
 The rainy clouds.
 The smell of ocean, and
 The frozen air.
 Another day,
 The warm shower.
 The rhythm of raindrops, and
 The red rain boots.
 Today,
 The bright sunshine.
 The music of birds, and
 The beginning of spring.

By Seoyeon Choi, age 18



Narcissus

Sitting beside the lake,
I look into the water.
The white-bloomed Narcissus
is trying to tell me something
Just then I see a face in the mirror.
As I turn back
he speaks with his sparkling eyes:
I am Narcissus.

On the plane to New York

Today.
The snow in April.
The bitter cold, and
The runny nose.
The next day,
The rainy clouds.
The smell of ocean, and
The frozen air.
Another day,
The warm shower.
The rhythm of raindrops, and
The red rain boots.
Today,
The bright sunshine.
The music of birds, and
The beginning of spring.

By Sophie Wang, age 18

How like a winter hath unforgotten past!
From thee, the pleasure of the lady of the lyre!
What freezings have I felt, of deeds too vast
What old December's bareness of flood and fire
And yet this time removed was spring
The teeming autumn, but not with years to tire
Bearing the wanton burden of the everlasting wing!
Like widow'd wombs after for once to fling
Yet this abundant issue seem'd thy own triumphal harp along
But hope of orphans and echoes yet may ring
For summer and his pleasures wait on a friend of song!
And, thou away, the very birds may wave
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a grave
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

By Ollie Ochs, age 17

Innocence

And so I stood,
stone cold under the shadows of bleakness;
light smothered by the greater power
Man.

And so I stood,
stupidly, dumbly, innocently,
waiting for the hurt, waiting for the thrill
waiting to wake up.

And so I stood,
the flows of souls streamed by,
the traffic coursed with shouts of discord,
and even then I knew.
but I stood.

And so I stood,
the silver sky turning to its truth
a silver sheet of clouds
wielding my red umbrella
shutting out doubt
smoothing my skirt.

And
the clouds burst.

And
my heart yelled.

And
I walked home in silence

By Claire Louise Redden, age 18



Epiphany

What is it?
 Something that is bestowed.
 No words, no sounds.
 The five senses are unnecessary.
 Who does it?
 How should I know?

Masks

Different faces,
 Look at me,
 I look at them,
 They stay looking.
 Painted eyes are motionless.
 But they know the past,
 Remember the past?

By Holly Harrell, age 18

In a far away country
 There is a school
 school
 A poor school
 A small school
 A feeble school
 But my lovely school

My friends, my tears
 Always stay with me
 Understand my feelings
 Jump out with a laugh
 Emerging with every emotion
 Together with me forever

By Sam Park, age 18

First pet

Simon, he is old
 When I was five
 I first touched his fur
 Tan and yellow
 Wet black nose
 Simon, he is now old

Assignment for English 11

Nothing to write
 I don't know how to write
 What to write
 Ticking sound of the clock
 I hate to write poetry
 It makes me feel loney

By Alejandra Rincon, age 17

Pledge (Friendship, Romance, Family)

Giving you my hands
 Unite us
 No doubt
 In our amity

Proving the actuality
 It is love
 No suspicion
 Persists just us two

Sacrificing is free
 We are blood
 No destructiveness
 Guard kin as always

By Katrina Wu, age 17



Winter Boy

Stretching his thin arms,
Without any warmth,
Looking around for someone,
Waiting for spring to come
Come, come,
So I can wear my greenery again.

Summer Boy

Shining brightly,
Heating up the Earth,
Smiling at us,
Looking at you,
The only happiness in my life.

By Henry Kim, age 17

In the darkness of the night

In the warm breeze of the day
When the leaves dissipate in the winter
And the storms rage
Where are you where am I
Where are we at the end of the day?

To cuddle up at night in an empty bed

You have yourself but no one else
Are you starting to feel dead?
I would tell you that I miss you
But what are words if they're not true
You had me at your finger tips now should I laugh at you?

By Kara King, age 17

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

Dewdrop

Hazy cloud hazes ground
Dew flew on yellow mallow
Gentle breeze breezes in haze
The wind curves, knives leave
Dew drops and kisses the earth

By Chris Chung, age 18

A Painful Game

Serving, set after set
My back signals painful messages
Like a stick, lashing painfully on my back
With heat
Time out—need to stretch
Ameliorate the situation
I miracle must come so I
Can finish the match.
No miracles come
Something tangles all my movements
Through my back
I struggle,
Grunting as I serve
A roar of pain—the serve
My only wish to win, a rare chance.
“Staying Execution” - a pro will forfeit
A game if need be.
But I still wait for a miracle—and
I am let down.

By Franklin Lan, age 17