

Cambridge Public Library 24th Annual Youth Poetry Awards

On June 1, 2023 the Cambridge Public Library celebrated the 24th year of the Youth Poetry Awards with readings from this year's winning poets at the Main Library. The 59 winning poems were selected from among nearly 800 entries from K-8 students in 23 public and private schools in Cambridge. Each winner received a certificate and a poetry collection. We are grateful to the Friends of the Cambridge Public Library which has funded the prizes for this program for many years.

Following are this year's winning poems, in order as they were presented at the program. Congratulations to all who entered. We look forward to seeing your poems next year!



24th Annual Cambridge Public Library Poetry Awards

June 1, 2023

1. Caroline McIlvaine
"Trees"
2. Sati Stern
"Renewal"
3. Sam Goodman
"Ode to the Anthill"
4. Clark Rutherford
"Rey del océano/King of the Ocean"
5. Ariella Stein
"Vanishing"
6. Serena Cleary
"Stuffies"
7. Mi-Yun Macias
"Spring to Fall"
8. Shir Amir
"Tonight the Lion Roars"
9. Aram Klotz
"Point of View from a Shark"
10. Mariela Melgar-Emmons
"Swimming"
11. Matthew Andre-Fils
"Life Changing Poem: Lonely in the Street"
12. Bodhi Kendale
"Music"
13. Siyam Morshed
"Gold"
14. Noah Abebe
"Blue"
15. Ariyah Rondo
"Season"
16. Elan Haviland Berger
"Bud"
17. Nawaf AlQahtani
"Green"
18. Kenzo Quinones
"Spring"
19. Cleo Flattich
"Spring Butterflies"
20. Theo Berlin
"Woodchips"
21. Tazio Toledano
"Legos"
22. Halima Mohamed
"Chopsticks"
23. Luna Odessa Coleman-Brown
"Lightbulb"
24. Hazel Farbkins
"Shoe"
25. Ulf Holck-Colding-Grodal
"Yo no quiero escribir/
I Don't Want to Write"
26. Atarah Yahawadah
"Worried"
27. Chester Grenham
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28. Massimo Imbrescia
"My Haiku"
29. Seonah Kim
"Owls"
30. Owais Syeed
"Black"
31. Camille Foriel
"Black"
32. Rahamim Rakoff-O'Neill
"Animals"
33. Jeanie Panch
"An Ode to Horses"
34. Vera López Ferreira
"Vera"
35. D'Shaun Dawn
"Snow"
36. Isabela Onie Milder
"Car Headlights"
37. Pia Iturralde
"I Wait"
38. Izaiah Gomez-Santos
"Life"
39. Michael Joyce
"Pencils"
40. Lailah Chunnha
"Gaia"
41. Lorraine Erickson
"Green String Bean"
42. William Benanti
"The Daffodil in the Garden"
43. Lara Accioly Cavalcanti Madec
"The New World"
44. Esha Ziro
"Same as Always"
45. Setareh Zara Sekhavat
"Home Away from Home"
46. Isabella Watts
"La historia/History"
47. John Whaley
"Again"
48. Kallie Alexis
"The Butterfly Tunnel"
49. Son Schneider
"Shaking"
50. Mikayla Ronayne
"The Fungus Grows"
51. Anja Queen
"What Happened to Rumpelstiltskin"
52. William Kenney
"Losing Thoughts"
52. Marvi Spahiu
"Triumph"
54. Lilliana Serna
"Narval"
55. Evan J. Whang
"Shells"
56. Louise Redwine
"Dog"
57. Caedmon Huang
"Neutrinos"
58. Mia Andreoli
"I Am From"
59. Minna Mirghani
"Words Are People"



"Trees"

Leaves flow, buds grow

But is there more to it than the eye can see?

A world full of colors, a chain of life. A universe that changes left and right. It starts with a seed then to a huge canopy.

There are many names for it but I say a tree.

*Caroline McIlvaine
Cambridgeport School
Third Place, Third Grade*

"Renewal"

It is an insult
the word tree-hugger
By why not hug trees?
Those who hug trees
hug life itself

Flourishing leaves
That one pattern with the veins

Bark scrapes me
Grass tickles my heels

I do not see wind

I close my eyes
Darkness soothes me
rough and beautiful

In my mother's arms
I hear a heartbeat
and feel a pulse
her hand on my head
another on my back
rubbing steady circles

Birds pirouette on branches
a raven and a cardinal

The cardinal
My grandpa
In death he is here

Beautiful bountiful tree
my refuge

*Sati Stern
Cambridge Friends School
Third Place, Fifth Grade*



"Ode to the Anthill"

Here is the ant, a small little creature.

But sometimes I wonder, what does his life feature?

Do they have their schooltime, with little anteacher?

And is there antennis, with little sand bleachers?

When they wake up, what might the day bring

?do they just spend all day doing tiddly things?

Are there fashion malls? Do they care about bling?

Are there little antoperas, where the antdivas sing?

Do have `eater alarms in case of anteater?

Is there "Anto the Woods," at antbroadway theaters?

Would they take all kinds of crumbs, or are they picky eaters?

When told "tidy your room!", what's there to make neater?

Yes, I wonder all these things `bout the ant,

`Cause marching all day is all that I see,

But what I want him to answer (though I know that he can't),

Is I wonder, oh I wonder, what the ant thinks of me.

Sam Goodman

Baldwin School

First Place, Fourth Grade



Rey del océano

Universo de azul.

Silencio.

Un animal gigantesco como un monstruo.

Silencio.

Gris como el cielo cuando está lloviendo.

Silencio.

Su aleta un cuchillo en el agua.

Silencio.

Un pez solitario
Naranja como el sol.

Silencio

El rey mirando al pez que se mueve,
izquierda, derecha, izquierda,
derecha.

Silencio.

El rey ataca
Rojo en el agua.

Silencio.

El rey continúa nadando y desaparece en el agua negro.

Silencio.

*Clark Rutherford
Escuela Amigos/Amigos School
First Place, Fifth Grade*

King of the Ocean

Universe of blue.

Silence.

A huge animal like a monster.

Silence.

Gray like the sky when it's raining.

Silence.

Its fin, a knife, slicing the water.

Silence.

A solitary fish orange like the sun.

Silence.

The king stares as the fish moves.

Right, left, right, left.

Silence.

The king attacks. Red in the water.

Silence.

The king continues swimming and disappeared

In the depths of the black water.

Silence.



"Vanishing"

Milky turquoise
Ice flowing rapidly,
White furry
Padded feet,
Swim
Endlessly.

Vibrant red coral
Bleached white entirely,
Tortoise shell turtles
Floating hungrily.

Ancient trees' canopies
Burning fiercely,
Frantic kiss squeaks
Echoing,
Angrily.

Lush green
Trees painfully,
Cut consciously.
Young,
Gray silky,
Trunk hoping,
For fresh
Leaves.



*Ariella Stein
Baldwin School
Second Place, Fourth Grade*

"Stuffies"

They are cuddly
and soft
They keep me warm
for the whole night

and sometimes
my cat comes in
and purrs on me

*Serena Cleary
Fayerweather Street School
Honorable Mention, First Grade*

"Spring to Fall"

I watch as the flowers begin to bloom
Wondering if they'll ever fade to black
They're so pretty it's like a fire dancing in the wind
My cat stares at the flower as if she sees its spirit

Now the flowers start to droop as if their life is slowly fading away
Oh how fast they bloom, then droop to sadness
I wonder why they blossom so pretty and then have to hide.

*Mi-Yun Macias
Haggerty School
Second Place, Fourth Grade*



“Tonight the Lion Roars”

Tonight the lion roars
A deep and mighty growl
And tonight the lion roars
And across the desert he prowls
And tonight the elephant trumpets
His voice is like a song
And tonight the elephant trumpets
And they forget that anything’s wrong
And tonight the falcon caws
A cry of love and care
And tonight the falcon caws
As he takes to the air
And tonight the lion roars
A deep and mighty growl
And tonight the lion roars
And across the desert he prowls
Rooooaaaaaar!

*Shir Amir
Graham & Parks School
Second Place, Second Grade*



"Point of View from a Shark"

Seeing fish swimming
A Harpoon comes down on you
You feel blood. All black.

*Aram Klotz
Fayerweather Street School
Third Place, Second Grade*



"Swimming"

When I swim
I feel free
My eyes see the clear, blue water
My face looks at where I am going
My hands cut through the water
My body moves
My mind is happy

*Mariela Melgar-Emmons
Amigos School
First Place, First Grade*



“Life Changing Poem: Lonely in the street “

Yeah everybody,

Helpin me, yeah

I'm in the streets lonely, yeah

I don't really wanna do this

Aye! Haven't got food in days

Yeah, yeah, i don't really wanna do this, yeah

I just wanna be successful, yeah

How now I'm successful

Give to the ones that gave me

Yeah, give to my family.

*Matthew Andre-Fils
King Open School
Second Place, Third Grade*

“Music”

Music is life,
music is love,
music is joy.
Music is anything you need.
Music is true.
Music travels from me to you.
Music makes me feel
like I can fly.

*Bodhi Kendale
Morse School
Second Place, First Grade*



"Gold"

Gold feels like the sun

Gold tastes like special noodles

Gold smells fresh as a gold

treasure

Gold sounds like a gold fish gobl

Gold looks like a gold pen

Siyam Morshed

Benjamin Banneker Charter Public School

Third Place, Kindergarten

"Blue"

Blue is the color from the rainbow,
And the color of the sky,
And the feeling of happy.

Blue is the taste of blueberries
And the smell of Freddy's shirt.

Blue makes me feel fast.
It is the sound of the crunch of the recycling.

Blue is Sonic and I love blue.
Blue is one of my favorite colors.

*Noah Abebe
Haggerty School
Second Place, First Grade*



"Season"

Winter chilly cold
Spring flowers blossom brightly
Summer sunny days

*Ariyah Rondo
Benjamin Banneker Charter Public School
Second Place, Kindergarten*



"Bud"

The earth is muddy
But Bud,
You can come up.



*Elan Haviland Berger
Fayerweather Street School
First Place, First Grade*

"Green"

Green feels like tickly grass and leaves
Green tastes like cotton candy flavored grapes
Smells like sour lime
Green sounds like crickets in the summer
Green looks like tall grass in a field



*Nawaf AlQahtani
Benjamin Banneker Charter Public School
First Place, Kindergarten*

"Spring"

Sunlight comes a little more
People come out with different clothes
Red flowers grow a lot more
It's a little bit more warm
Not much night
Green, green, grass

*Kenzo Quinones
Benjamin Banneker Charter Public School
Honorable Mention, First Grade*

"Spring Butterflies"

They flap
into spring.
They flutter
they twitter
like two connected leaves
falling down
in the fall
Beautiful Butterfly
flap
into spring.

*Cleo Flattich
Morse School
First Place, Second Grade*



“Woodchips”

There are woodchips in my pockets
every every every day.

Not on the weekend,
just every every day.



*Theo Berlin
Cambridge Friends School
Honorable Mention, First Grade*

"Legos"

When I build with Legos,
I am a fool with happiness.
My eyes light up
My hands concentrate
My body is stiff as a statue
My mind swirls

*Tazio Toledano
Amigos School
First Place, First Grade*

"Chopsticks"

Little long ballerina legs dancing

Jumping,

Twirling,

Spinning

into your mouth

Bringing a piece of food with it.

YUM!!!

Halima Mohamed

Tobin Montessori School

First Place, Third Grade

“Lightbulb”

Lightbulbs are like a tiny piece of
Lightning in a glass football.

Lightbulbs are like 1 huge
Firefly with 1 huge leg.

*Luna Odessa Coleman-Brown
Tobin Montessori School
Third Place, First Grade*



"Shoe"

I am a shoe,
I am a dress for your foot,
Can you hear me when I talk to you?
Can you?
I tell you not to put me on,
I tell you,
"Don't you dare!"
But you don't listen,
No you don't,
You put me on,
I wince when you leap through the air!
As you put me on,
I curl away at the stench of your used sock,
Can you hear me when I talk?
Definitely not!

*Hazel Farbkins
Graham and Parks School
Third Place, Fourth Grade*



“Yo no quiero escribir”

Yo no quiero escribir
Yo me siento como
un globo
desinflado.
Quiero dormir.
Quiero dormir
para vivir.

“I Don’t Want to Write”

I don’t want to write.
I feel like
a deflated
balloon.
I want to sleep.
I want to sleep
To live.

*Ulf Holck-Colding-Grodal
Escuela Amigos/Amigos School
Second Place, Second Grade*

“Worried”

Worried is
when big kids bully
you. Worried is when your
heart is
beating fast.
Worried is when
it's your first
day at school.

*Atarah Yahawadah
Fletcher Maynard Academy
Honorable Mention, First Grade*

"The Brain Storm"

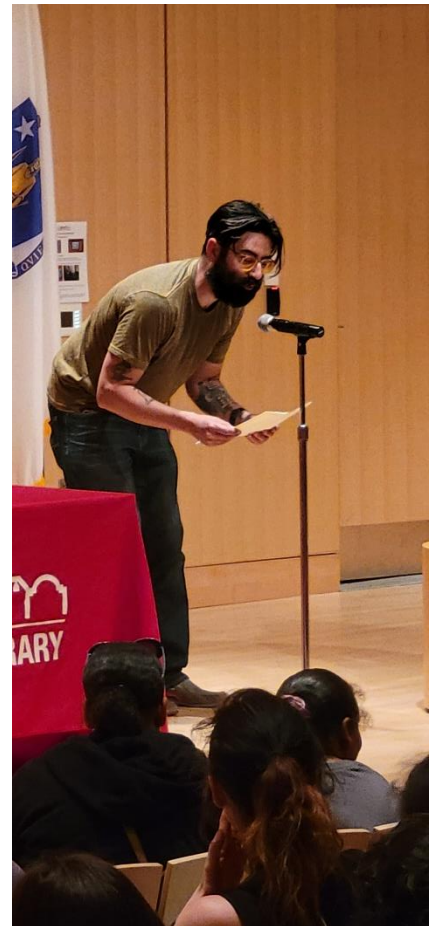
The storm rages on
It feels so bad I will puke
Finally it stops.

*Chester Grenham
St. Paul's Choir School
Honorable Mention, Third Grade*

“Hugs”

I like to give hugs
Squishy and soft, I love hugs.
Such a friendship move

*Massimo Imbrescia
Cambridge Friends School
Honorable Mention, Second Grade*



(Read by Massimo's father)

"Owls"

hoo hoo owl pellets
hoo hoo bones in owl pellets
hoo hoo scary owls
hoo hoo flying owls
hoo hoo owls in the night
hoo hoo goodbye owl.



*Seonah Kim
Haggerty School
Third Place, First Grade*

"Black"

Black is a ninja,
And a black panther,
And the feeling of wanting to fight.

Black is the taste of chocolate
And the smell of coal.

Black makes me feel powerful.
It is the sound of silence.

Black is night
And dark.
Black is one of my favorite colors.

*Owais Syeed
Haggerty School
First Place, First Grade*

“Black”



Black is the night
From stars and moon
To first morning light.
Black is a raven's beak
A small fish from the deep
And a cat from its tail to the tips of its feet.

Black is a blanket
A warm sweater
New shoes slapping the pavement to run better
Black is a sister
The oldest one of all
The one who will be there in the end, last.
Black is a boat floating on the darkest sea
Boldly sail into the great beyond
Black kind of hair
The opposite of fair.

Black will
greatly enhance the brightness of all things with one glance
It is elegance, power
But it can be very dour.
Black is scorched marshmallows on sweet crackers
A chocolate,
My favorite kind of boba tea.
Black is confidence
Mourning sadly
And a girl who wants to be taken seriously.

Camille Foriel
Morse School
First Place, Fourth Grade

"Animals"

The Animals
The mammals
The crocodiles
The reptiles
The birds
Chirp chirp chirp
They go
Together
They "sssssss"
They "grrrrrrrrrrrr"
They roar
All
Around
The
Earth.



*Rahamim Rakoff-O'Neill
Tobin Montessori School
Second Place, First Grade*

"An Ode to Horses"

Riding horses makes me proud,
But they can be quite loud.
They bring me joy.
They're better than any toy.
Horses are the best.
They're the opposite of a pest.
Riding horses is such fun,
Especially when they run.
I wish I had one of my own,
Or at least we could loan.
There are a variety of breeds they can be,
It's so interesting to me.
Even if your feeling sad,
they will cheer you up, I know it's rad.
They are so funny,
But worth a lot of money.
I can't walk away,
I like it that way.

*Jeanie Panch
Saint Peter School
Third Place, Second Grade*



“Vera”

Vera, Vera en
la primavera
va a la escuela
y en el verano
no va. También
en la primavera
la prima de Vera
va a visitarla
por una semana
entera.

Vera, Vera
goes to school
in springtime
and not
in the summer.
Spring is also the
time
when Vera’s cousin
visits for a whole
week.

*Vera López Ferreira
Escuela Amigos/Amigos School
First Place, Second Grade*



"Snow"

Let the snow fall on your face
Let the snow land on your hand
Let the snow blow in the wind
Let the snow touch you

*D'shaun Dawn
Fletcher-Maynard Academy
Third Place, First Grade*

“Car Headlights”

Either snowballs are falling
in front of me
or
light snow is falling
or
the hardest penetration
of pouring rain
or
the softest drizzle

You break the
fragile darkness,
car headlights

*Isabela Onie Milder
Amigos School/Escuela Amigos
First Place, Third Grade*



"I Wait"

I watch you go to work
I wait right at the door
I won't move a muscle
I listen to the cat next door
I wait and wait
Until I hear the door screech
I race around your legs
Filled with joy
I can't imagine
A better life.

*Pia Iturralde
Escuela Amigos/Amigos School
Second Place, Second Grade*



“Life”

Life is like a pencil.

You start nice and fresh with a long life in front of you.
But then you start to get sharpened, and you get smaller.

Life is limited.

Just like a pencil.

*Izaiah Gomez-Santos
Fletcher Maynard Academy
Third Place, Fourth Grade*

“Pencils”

Oh, that infinite line that long long line
that line if you pick the pencil up the line keeps going
that sharp sharp point could break a wall or doll
that creative lead will never run out
you can draw anything in a 2D world

*Michael Joyce
Saint Peter School
Third Place, Third Grade*



"Gaia"

Universe, oh universe
When will Gaia come?
Universe, oh universe
So dark and gloomy
When will Gaia come?

Universe, oh universe
You are so dry
Without Gaia, there is no water
Without water, there is no life
When will Gaia come?

Universe, oh universe,
So empty without Gaia
Without Gaia, there is no Ouranos
Without Ouranos, there is no sky
When will Gaia come?

Wait. I see some light
I see some life, some water
I see Ouranos
It is Gaia
She has brought her gifts to spread across the cosmos
Oh universe, you have a friend.

*Lailah Chunnha
Fletcher Maynard Academy
Second Place, Third Grade*



"Green String Bean"

Oh Green String Bean,
Oh Green String Bean,
Essential to my taste!
Boiled or fried or sautéed in a pan,
I eat you with much haste!

Oh Green String Bean,
Oh Green String Bean,
Green and crunchy and sweet,
This tubular veg,
Has a quite rounded edge,
As it sits on the ledge,
of my plate.

Oh Green String Bean,
Oh Green String Bean,
Oh Golly Gee, I do love thee,
I'll eat you for eternity!

*Lorraine Erickson
Peabody School
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade*

“The Daffodil in the Garden”

Soft

Smooth

Sweet like spring

Six sides

Longing for light and warmth

Yellow, green and a bit brown

A nourishing habitat

Spring is dawning

Patient and hopeful

Serene and flourishing

Finally and lastly

The daffodil is home



William Benanti

Haggerty School

Third Place, Third Grade

“The New World”

When day comes
We change the world
When we have the chance
We step up high
in the new world
We plant a tree
Our hard work will travel the sea
Under the ground
We remember the steps
Our ancestors made all for us
And they suffered the pain
But families gathered
In the light
We step up, we step up
To end the fight

*Lara Accioly Cavalcanti Madec
International School of Boston
First Place, Fourth Grade*



"Same as Always"

I open up my eyes
To the morning sunshine
The first thing I hear
Is birds chirping on the electric wire
I smile

I grab my backpack
And head out the door
My breath catches in my throat
When I see a dead squirrel in the middle of the road
I wish I could undo it
But I know I can't

At school
I walk down the long hallway
To my classroom
My friends are waiting for me

School is finally over
I see geese waddling on the side of the road
A car turns the corner
I yell wait
The car stops
And the geese fly away
Unaware that they had touched death mere seconds ago

Soon the day starts again
The first I hear
Is birds chirping on the electric wire
I smile.

*Esha Ziro
Morse School
Second Place, Fourth Grade*



“Home Away from Home”

The golden sun
dips
beneath the horizon,
painting the sky,
a beautiful ombre of pinks,
blues,
and purples.

Small white calves lay
and moo
from their pale pens along the empty road,
with splotches of black or brown covering their bodies
like someone painted them
by hand.

All the kids scramble out of the creaky front door of the
Liberty Hill farmhouse.
We hurry into our shoes,
to the grassy area out front.
Our noses twitch at the subtle wafts of stinky smell
coming from the cow barn.
The giant oval
of lush, green grass blows
in the fresh breeze in front of us,
inviting us
to play.

Some of us sway
on the tire swing hanging from an old, bumpy tree’s bow,
others laugh
and tumble around
on the grass.
Our sleepiness from a day
of beautiful melodies
we played on instruments
strains to close our eyes,
but our hearts beg to stay awake
to keep feeling
this playful delight.
There is nothing
that can stop us.
But...

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A call from the farmhouse
makes us freeze
and bolt for the front door.
We wash our hands,
sit down at the table,
and dig in.
The smells and sights alone
make us drool.
There's nothing
like Beth's home cooked meals,
the ingredients fresh and colorful
and seasoned
with her love,
then downed by milk
that tastes
even better
than milk.

As the last
silver
of golden sun disappears
I curl into my comfy,
familiar bed,
and I stare at the charming flower wallpaper
plastered against walls.
The wall who have seen
generations
grow up,
seen stories
passed on.
Finally
after being warmed
by the hospitality
shown to us
by Liberty Hill Farm---

I give in
to sleep.

*Setareh Zara Sekhavat
Buckingham Browne and Nichols School
Second Place, Fifth Grade*



La historia

Leo la historia
Página por página
Es como magia
Palabra por palabra
En mis manos
Las páginas planas
Hacen figuras
En una aventura
Príncipes y princesas
Con vestidos turquesas
Reinas y castillos
Con muchos anillos
Una historia gigante
Todo en un libro
Lleno de sueños
En palabras pequeñas.

*Isabella Watts
Escuela Amigos/Amigos
School
Second Place, Fourth
Grade*

"History"

I read the story
Page by page
Like magic
Word for word
In my hands
The flat pages
Create figures
On an adventure
Princes and princesses
With turquoise dresses
Queens and castles
With many rings
A gigantic story
All in a book
Full of dreams
In small words.



"Again"

It is dying,
Its many hands of many fingers sway,
Something small floats down,
And the now dead thing falls atop it,
Its lowest shard sticks up,
Rooted to the ground,
The small thing is buried by an avalanche of dirt,
It will always stay there,
Beneath the earth it opens over time,
And soon something else buds out of it,
Slowly fighting its way up,
Then it breaks free,
It finds itself within the pockmarked, hollow body of the
dead thing,
Shafts of sunlight break through the holes in the hollow,
One hits the thing,
Telling it that it is green
Eventually the thing grows a green raindrop,
Then a creature with countless legs smoothly walks
towards the thing,
The creature is larger than the part of the thing that it
sees,
However smaller than the thing in its entirety,
The creature consumes the raindrop,
The thing droops,
It is a long time until the thing recovers,
But then it has two raindrops,
Three,
Four,
It grows bigger until it has countless raindrops,

Then something new happens,
It begins to grow a dark brown skin,
Rough and hard,
A protector,
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As the thing grows the raindrops begin to spread away
from the thing on arms,
The arms grow longer and longer,
More raindrops accumulate on them,
The creature returns,
Consuming more leaves,
Then it does something strange,
It surrounds itself with a thin fabric and stays there,
The arm it is on bows,
But the thing keeps growing,
The hundreds of thousands of raindrops form a canopy.

*John Whaley
Shady Hill School
First Place, Fifth Grade*



“The Butterfly Tunnel”

Once a dull rectangular tunnel
Filled with graffiti that was just
Profanities, scribbles
The tunnel needed change

Now with beautiful sculpted
Tree branches
Birds, moths' silhouettes
Inside the tunnel
All in black and white panels
I walk under the tunnel everyday
Aware of my front and back
Dodging cyclists
Other pedestrians
Dogs who wander
To the side that I am on
Stepping over the brown, mushy leaves
The icy, dry, crunchy leaves
Patches of black ice
The sound of the water
Tinkling into the drain

At the ends of the tunnel

Brown smudged footprints get
left behind
When it rains and snows
The tunnel is my break
from the chaos
Surrounding it
Including
The sun that previously
beat my face



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The butterfly tunnel
Is what it is called
Formally known as the
Yerxa road underpass
I walk underneath it everyday
Now I only just realize
How much it has done
for the community,
In which I belong

*Kallie Alexis
Rindge Avenue Upper Campus
Second Place, Seventh Grade*

"Shaking"

I am shaking
Fingers twitching hands trembling
Looking at my palms
Why do I do this?
Why do I lose control of my own body?
Who am I?
Who is this?

 Going home again,
To a family that also wonders
Mother worries the worst
She thinks I'm on Adderall
Or whatever other drugs make people like me
Father says I could have a tumor,
A brain one,
One that there is no cure,
A fatal one.

 My family
My own blood believes I could be in danger
Even worse they think I am lying,
Maybe they want me to be lying
Drugs are better than cancer
Or is it?
Hopefully, I won't find out
 Am I disabled?
What does it mean?
Does the treatment for cancer cause me to be bald?
Do I even have cancer?
Should I get checked out for my asking?
Yes
But no

If I wanted a check-up
My family would think that I'm worried about it
But I need to know
Do I?

(continued next page)

So many Questions

I convinced them I was muscle fatigue from the gym,

But I know that's not true,

Even on days I rest

I shake

Thinking about all this

Makes me shake

Shaking

Neverending shaking

While eating I'm shaking

While I walk I'm shaking

Even when I smile I'm shaking.

One day I woke up much earlier

I hear a sob

It's my mother

Worried about me

Her only son

Shaking

Asking my father

What should they do

They think the worst

I start sweating

Worried

Death?

What does that mean

Everything is moving quickly and

Huh?

I wake up

In my bed shaking.

Son Schneider

Cambridge Street Upper School

Second Place, Eighth Grade

"The Fungus Grows"



The fungus
Grows
It creeps
Down
The spine
Of
An old
Tree
Covers
Everything
In Sight
The fungus
Grows
It is
Vicious
And
Bites

Suffocating plants
Just trying
To survive
It wants
All
And
To be
King
The fungus
Grows
And grows
Never
Satisfied
Until
It has
Devoured All

*Mikayla Ronayne
Fayerweather Street School
First Place, Sixth Grade*

“What Happened to Rumpelstiltskin”

I sink into the moist soil,
I let the ground swallow me whole
Like an endless ocean of dirt,
When I surface a sharp pain hits me,
The realization of my situation,
A runaway,
A criminal,
I run,
Faster and faster,
Never slowing to a jog,
I find the tallest tree I can,
I start climbing.
The rough bark tears the skin from my hands,
I reach a fork in the tree,
I cover my hands with moss,
Blood soaks through right away,
I let the tears run down my face,
I am going to die,
I give into death,
I wait in that tree,
For hours,
Days,
Weeks,
Until death swallows me whole.
This time I don't surface.

*Anja Queen
Cambridgeport School
Second Place, Fifth Grade*



"Losing Thoughts"

In the deepest bottom of my mind
There are thoughts in which I cannot find
Always fluttering away
Into my mind's abyss each day

These memories they are confined
Even in the farthest corners of my mind
As I hold them with all my might
They still wither away into the night

These words were clean and bold
Now tampered, tangled and cold
They're so difficult to grasp
As they leave my mind's weak clasp

Losing thoughts, I explore and roam
My mind, a maze, no longer a home
As I search for answers that run and flee
All that's left is empty vacancy

As I scramble to find what is lost
A memory, a word, no matter the cost
For as though they go and fade away
My thoughts will find a way

*William Kenney
Cambridge Street Upper School
Third Place, Eighth Grade*

“Triumph”

On the pitch, the battle cries,
The thunder of a thousand feet,
The game is on, the time flies,
As the players dance to the beat,
The ball flies high, the crowd roars,
As the player run and fight,
Their skills on display, their hearts soar,
As they strive to do what’s right,
The ball is passed, the game flows,
As the players dodge and weave,
Each move a challenge, each goal a rose,
As they fight to win and achieve.
The sun sets low, the game nears an end,
The players tire, but fight on,
Their hearts ablaze, their spirits bend,
As they push themselves until dawn,
And then at last, the whistle blows,
The game is done, the victors crowned,
Their triumph echoes, the joy flows,
As they stand tall, the champions renowned.
So here’s to soccer, the beautiful game,
To the players who give it their all,
To the victories won, the memories that remain,
To the passion that drives and enthralls.

*Marvi Spahiu
Cambridge Street Upper School
First Place, Eighth Grade*



Narval

Con una espada encima
de su cabeza
con peces pequeños al lado
y un bumerang
detrás

(translation)
With a sword above
its head
with little fish around
and a boomerang
behind

*Lilliana Serna
Escuela Amigos/Amigos School
Third Place, Fourth Grade*



“Shells”

Shells are the ocean’s gowns
Brought in by the waves
Like white horses dripping shining dew
As they graze in the field on a summer day.

Shining like pearls
Their glint dancing on the sand
Glowing on the dune
Sparkling land to land.

They tell of their home
Underneath the waves
Whispering the ocean’s language
In their own special way.

*Evan J. Whang
Graham and Parks School
Third Place, Fourth Grade*



"Dog"

A little dog
Walking along
Near the ocean sea
Melted into the waves
And never to be seen
But when the sun rises the dog does too
But when night falls he melts into the waves
 down down down into the sea
Until morning he is gone and never seen

*Louise Redwine
Peabody Elementary School
First Place, Third Grade*



"Neutrinos"

Neutrinos.
Invisible to all earth
Passing through your hand
One hundred trillion
Every second.

Size unidentified.
Blindly flying.
Around the universe.

Mysterious
Everywhere
Found in mass
Only in supernovae

*Caedmon Huang
Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. School
Second Place, Fifth Grade*

"I Am From"

I am from Italy,
From Taiwan,
From my parents,
But,
I am from so much more...

I am from Newton,
Growing up with 2 siblings,
And learning how to share.
From my brother,
Then sister,
Then welcoming 10 cousins.
I am from being told to be the bigger person in life,
And to go high when others go low.

I am from the summer trips to Nantucket,
Since before I could walk.
From swimming in the beach with my parents,
While learning
Oh - shun
O - C - E - A - N,
Ocean.

I am from the short rides to preschool,
And not letting go of my parents' hands.
Risking them being late for work,
So I could feel safe in their arms.
From brief commutes to preschool,
To dreadful trips each day,
From Newton to Cambridge.
From my bed to school.

I am from the anticipation of a new year,
And the first day back,
To the boredom of being a month in.
From my whole class counting down the days,
Because we have
One.
More.
Week.



(continued next page)

I am from the bonding opportunities,
As we drive to my tennis tournaments.
Planning a strategy for the match,
While studying for upcoming quizzes for school.

I am from the snow around,
As we drive up a mountain,
To only go back down on skis.

I am from the friendships that stay,
And the friendships that go.
From the emotions to hold on to,
And the ones to release.

I am from knowing what,
And when,
To say something,
Or when to move on.
From giving hugs,
To giving space.

I am from learning mistakes,
And my mom's life lessons.
From the hellos,
And goodbyes.
From the tears of sadness,
And the tears of joy.

I am from all of these things,
And so much more.
I am from what has happened,
And what is yet to come.
I am from living in the moment,
And from where it takes me.

*Mia Andreoli
Buckingham Browne and Nichols School
First Place, Seventh Grade*

"Words Are People"



Words are people
In so many ways
Some are sweet and gentle
Others set fear and commotion

Words can build you up
Or tear you down
Just like people
They can make you frown

But both can aspire
And both can teach
Words can reach higher limits
Than the hands can reach

Words can tell a story
Or paint a scene
Just like people
They can make you dream

Words are like people
They can bring us together
They can create Rhythm
In this world of Melodies

So treasure them dearly
And use them with care
For words are like people
And people are rare.

Around the world
Many words
Around the world
Many people

*Minna Mirghani
Rindge Avenue Upper School
Second Place, Sixth Grade*