

“Remember that Time”

Remember that time
you were sleeping
and you hid
your feet
so the monster
couldn't get you
and you actually
feel safe
until it covers
your mouth
and starts to
batter you
but you manage
to hit it
and buy just
enough time
to yell
for your mom
so she bursts
through the room
and she looks up
surprised
because there's nothing
inside
so you point
to the bed
and you tell her it's
hiding
but she doesn't
believe you
she just begs you
to stop
or your stepdad
will leave her
so you come up
with a plan

you go find
your bat
then you
pretend to
fall asleep
and wait for
its attack
but your window
starts closing
so you
throw up your
blanket
and it runs
around trapped
so you swing
with your bat
but just as
you end it
your mom
steps in
and tells you
to stop
because
she lifts up
the blanket
and screams
you've made a
mistake
so you look
at the
ground
and start feeling
guilty
because your
stepdad
stands up
and says he
just came to

help
except the
monster's
still hiding
you have a secret
to prove it
but she
tells you to
stop
before you
ruin this
family
so you
pick up your
secret
and you lock it
away
because the secret
you're hiding
is that every night
the monster
comes out
and it makes you
feel pain
but you can't
tell your mom
because you're
afraid
you're afraid
it'll haunt her
you're afraid of
what she'll say
when you
uncover
the monster.

Abel
Rindge Avenue Upper School
First Place, Seventh Grade

“Lions”

Lions roar big jaws
Yellow eyes sharp claws
Iron thighs
Everyone races away
Except those who stay
To play on his back and neck
And with his long strong tail.

***Adelaide
Haggerty School
First Place, First Grade***

“Ein Buch”

Ein Buch ob groß ob klein, ob dick ob
dünn,
Egal ob wir's verstehen können.
Wo es auch liegt ob Wald ob Haus,
Egal was wir uns machen draus.
Was denn auch drinnen steht ob Lied ob
Gedicht
In schönen Wörtern oder schlicht
Egal wie viele Seiten in ihm auch sind,
Ob gelesen vom Erwachsenen oder Kind,
Die Magie bleibt in jedem Buch - auch,
Wenn sie in einer Welle aus Verwüstung
untertaucht.
Aber wenn du es liest, kommt diese Magie
auch in dich,
Und sie bleibt dort sicherlich,
Solange du an sie glaubst und sie nicht
verjagst oder ihr die Kraft raubst.
Das kann ein Buch tun,
Das kann ein Buch tun.

“A Book”

A book if big, if small, if thick, if thin,
No matter if we can understand it,
Wherever it is, forest or house,
No matter what we think of it.
Whatever is written in it, if song, if poem,
in pretty words,
No matter though
also no matter how many pages are in it
Being read by an adult or a child,
The magic is going to stay in every book
Even then, when a giant wave of
destruction is coming over it.
But when you read it, the magic will also
come in you,
And it is going to stay there,
As long as you believe in it and don't steal
its power.
That's what a book can do.
That's what a book can do.

Alexandra

Wild Rose Montessori School

Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

“Football Boots”

I got football boots

I got football boots

I got football boots that are so shiny

I got football boots that are floating in the
air

Sleeping alone in my room

Listening to the wind coming closer

I got football boots

Alham

Kennedy-Longfellow School

Second Place, Fourth Grade

“I Sit in Silence”

I sit in silence,
as words dance on pages,
lines twist and turn,
a maze I cannot follow.

Rhythms swirl in the air,
but they feel foreign,
like cold hands on warm skin,
nothing to hold onto.

I prefer the sharp clarity
of a simple truth,
the steady beat of life,
not the whispers of verse.

Yet here they are,
a puzzle I can't solve,
and I wonder,
is it wrong not to love
what others find beautiful?

***Aliyah
Amigos School
Second Place, Sixth Grade***

“Say it, Feel it!”

Happy feels like . . .

Your life is so interesting that you could
jump off the roof.

Sad feels like . . .

Nothing is good enough and there’s no
one to help.

Anger feels like . . .

Your pot is going to explode.

Fear feels like . . .

You’re gonna freeze in the same position
you are in.

Disgust feels like . . .

You’re so uncomfortable you’re gonna
vomit.

Depressed feels like . . . you’re a killer

whale that will do anything to escape
reality.

Surprise feels like . . . OH MY GOSH I SEE
A UNICORN!

Anxiety feels like . . .

You’re turning into a hedgehog
That thinks the spikes will help
But who knows?

Anabiya

Haggerty School

First Place, Third Grade

“Blue”

Blue is wonderful to me.

Blue tastes like sticky cotton candy.

Blue smells like a bubbling slushy in my
mouth

Blue feels like the washing waves that
push me south

Blue looks like the bright sky in the day.

Blue sounds like birds singing in the
morning in May.

Blue makes me me.

Blue is my favorite color.

Ariyah

***Benjamin Banneker Charter Public
School***

Second Place, Second Grade

“Who Am I?”

Who am I?

Who am I without Cambridge,
Busy streets, familiar faces, unfamiliar
faces,
The melting pot of melting pots, different
faces, different clothes, different
cultures.

Who am I?

Who am I without the parks,
On the swing, off the swing, my mind
never left the swing.
The towers, they seemed unconquerable,
but I conquered them,
The zipline, holding on barely, it could
never end but it would stop.

Who am I?

Who am I without my house?
The painted walls, the rooms which have
changed but my love for them hasn't.
Things have gone but the memories
haven't.

People have gone, but their voices
haven't.

Who am I?

Who am I without faith?
Bracelets for Rakhi, they may wear off,
but they always stay there, somehow, in
my mind,
The gods: Brahma the creator, Vishnu the
preserver, Shiva the destroyer, you must
destroy to create new things.
I fear new things, I fear change, I fear what
I don't know.

Who am I?

Who am I without my family?
I have the eyes of my grandmother

I have the face of my grandfather
And I have the hopes of my parents
And I need something to pass on

Who am I without change?

I never leave any place, I just see new
places. I'm still there.

I never leave anyone, I just meet new
people, I'm still there.

People never leave me, they just move on,
they're still here.

In my head, in my heart, they never leave,
they never leave, they never leave.

So Who am I?

Who am I if I don't come home to the
smell of fresh food, smelling of spices
and the knowledge that comes with it,
passed through generations?

I'll make the food myself.

Who am I if one day I can't see my
grandmother and she can't tell me,
“esho” (come here)

I'll talk to her in a different way.

Who am I if one day, my mother, father,
and sister aren't here?

I won't be alone.

I am from hopes and dreams

I am from aspiration

I am from the journey

I can be the destination

And one day,

I will be the origin.

Arjun

**Buckingham Browne & Nichols School
First Place, Eighth Grade**

“Blots”

Blots is my cat

He is fat

He likes to sleep

He loves to eat

Blots thinks he is a dog

But he sleeps like a log

Arjun

Tobin Montessori School

Second Place, Kindergarten

“Flying in the Sky”

I wish I could fly anywhere
Nobody could ever tag me
We could play hide and seek in the
clouds
I wish I could fly underwater like
penguins
I wish I could go 200 miles per an hour
That I could go very high

***Asa
Baldwin School
Third Place, First Grade***

“I Am the Pigeon”

I am hungry.
I wonder *why don't I get to do fun things?*
I hear the word Nooo all the time.
I see a cool rollercoaster that I can't go
on.
I want everything.
I am hungry.

I pretend to be sad to get stuff.
I feel a giant hotdog in my hands.
I touch my food with dirty hands.
I worry about going to school.
I cry to get my food.
I am hungry.

I understand myself.
I say, “Give me it!”
I dream to take over the world.
I try to be kind, I guess?
I hope to get my way.
I am hungry.

Asya
Benjamin Banneker Charter Public
School
Honorable Mention, Second Grade

“Magic”

When you think about
Magic
You think about
Fairies
And unicorns,
But when you enter
The portal
Of the playground gates
To the world of happiness,
And think,
You get the answers.

Axel

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

“You Kids These Days Poem”

You kids these days don’t fly or walk on
water?
You know, back in my day I could go back
in time
And make a better rhyme
And then fly high in the open sky.
Then walk on water with a dead eye
Then read people’s minds
And then say goodbye.

You kids these days can’t breathe
underwater or run 200MPH
Back in my day, I could breathe
underwater with the fish and end up in a
dish with the goldfish.
I could also run 200 MPH with my power
and end up in a tower and sniff a flower.

You kids these days, you can’t talk to
animals or bring people back to life?
You know, back in my day I could talk to
animals
And say go back to your cave or say hello
to Dave.
I could also bring people back to life and
say I used my power kinda like that tower.

You kids these days...

***Bennett
Fayerweather Street School
Third Place, Fourth Grade***

“I’ve Seen Snakes”

(Inspired by Joy Harjo)

I’ve seen snakes.

I’ve seen snakes who are like a big ocean
wave coming to shore.

I’ve seen snakes who danced under
fireworks.

I’ve seen snakes who are as blue as the
sky.

I’ve seen snakes who climbed a creaky
mountain.

I’ve seen snakes who drop venom.

I’ve seen snakes who go to the darkest
oceans.

I’ve seen snakes.

Carla

Kennedy-Longfellow School

Third Place, Fourth Grade

“My Little Sister”

She was born in the summer
 She is a newcomer.
She has beautiful brown eyes
 She sometimes cries.
 She is as art
She belongs in my heart.
She walks like a ballerina.
 Her name is Lena.
She is my younger sister
 She shines like glitter!

Carmen

Tobin Montessori School

Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

천사 가족

손가락 하나로도 팔씨름을 다 이기는
우리 아빠는 무적 천사

품에 꼬옥 안고 에너지를 충전해주는
우리 엄마는 사랑 천사

모두의 얼굴에 환한 웃음꽃을 피우는
내 동생은 미소 천사

몰래 몰래 여기 저기 행복 가루를 뿌리는
나는 우리 집 행복 천사

“Angel Family”

With just one finger, winning every arm
wrestle,
My dad is the invincible angel.

Hugging me tight in her arms to recharge
my energy,
My mom is the love angel.

Making bright smiles bloom on everyone's
faces,
My brother is the smile angel.

Secretly sprinkling happiness dust here
and there,
I am our home's happiness angel.

Ejoon
Graham & Parks School
Second Place, First Grade

“Forests”

I look
A tapestry
Of
Green
The sun’s rays
Pierced through trees
Shifting patterns
Both light and shadow
I listen for the symphony
Birds, streams, and trees
I try to find the rhythm
Next time
I will perhaps
Play music
With those little birds

***Elaine
Amigos School
Honorable Mention, Sixth Grade***

“The Purple Dragon”

The purple dragon sits in the tree,
Awaiting a flea,
To snatch and eat,
Munch
Munch,
Outside my Baba’s garden.

My Baba has slayed
So many dragons
The purple one
No different.

Out he came
With a silver spear,
Glistening in the sun.
He was ready
And wanted
To pierce
The purple dragon
in the heart.
But the purple dragon was
Quick and strong.
He dodged my Baba’s jabs,
And in a flash
Flew to the mountain slopes.

The purple dragon sat on the mountain
slopes,
Awaiting an antelope,
Munch
Munch.
As soon as the antelope came,
So did my Baba.

He grabbed his golden rake,
The one he received from Mecca.

He wanted to slash
Or make a rash,
On the poor purple dragon.

But again,
The purple dragon could dodge any
Rake, spear or sword,
And he flew up, up
to the clouds.

There he sat for an angel,
Someone who could bless the purple
dragon.
But only a bird appeared
In the distance.
What could it be?
Chickadee?
Sparrow?

But as the bird drew near
The purple dragon saw only
a hawk,
That swooped in,
And stabbed the purple dragon's
heart.

***Eleanor
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. School
First Place, Fourth Grade***

“Ethiopia”

Ethiopia
Hot dry
Sweating burning blessing
My favorite place ever
country

***Ephratah
Benjamin Banneker Charter Public
School
Third Place, Second Grade***

“The Perfect Day”

Today,
I told the Sun I loved her.
She reached down with her heat
And ran her fingers along my body,
Tanning my skin,
Streaking my hair,
Gracing me as though I were
Baptized by sweet tea.

Today,
I told the Stars I loved him.
He smiled down at me,
His eyes sparkling,
His teeth a bright white,
And he shared with me the
Wonder of a thousand worlds.

Today I told the Sea I loved her.
She laughed and sighed.
She called me into the ether,
Tossing me this way and that,
Ascending me to
Her steady rhythm.

Today,
I told the Ground I loved them.
In return,
They stained my knees and palms with
that
Sweet, green perfume they wear,
Guiding me to
Incandescent bliss.

Evelyn

Buckingham Browne & Nichols School

First Place, Eighth Grade

“The Burden of Literacy”

Literacy is a cage of words,
A prison built from endless verbs.
Literacy is a heavy chain,
Each letter pulls, each word gives pain.

Literacy is a storm that rages,
It fills my mind with endless pages.
Literacy is a silent scream,
A dream that fades before can gleam.

Literacy is a lock without a key,
It locks me out and traps my plea.
Literacy is a weight I bear,
A load too much, too much to spare.

***Georgii
Haggerty School
Third Place, Fifth Grade***

“Spam is like an Unsolved Mystery”

Spam is the Brazil nut of canned meat.
You never know what you’re gonna get,
like a low-quality school lunch,
It is also the sibling of the burgers and the
mystery meat they serve.
It is very salty, almost as salty as a strict
parent,
So salty that when you lay your eyes on it,
your entire digestive system becomes an
acrobat.

***Gianluca
Fayerweather Street School
First Place, Third Grade***

“All People Are Different”

He likes cats, and I like dogs
I like rivers and he likes bogs
I like tigers and he likes frogs
We’re all different.

***Greta
Wild Rose Montessori School
Second Place, Second Grade***

“Familia”

La familia es como una promesa
como un amor interminable
como una luz cristalina que ilumina hasta la
más oscura noche
Pero a veces esa luz nos ciega
nos vuelve incapaces de ver que otras
personas
también sufren
también necesitan una familia
también necesitan libertad
El amor es saber cuándo dejar ir
saber cuándo acompañar
saber cuándo acercarse
No importa donde estés
como te sientas
lo que hayas hecho
La familia nunca te dejara
de amar
Nunca te dejara
De dar esos dulces y cálidos
abrazos
que huelen a lavanda
Ni te dejaran de decir
esas palabras que
te ayudan a seguir
No tienes que compartir sangre
para ser
familia
Solo tienes que
compartir recuerdos
compartir experiencias
Solo tienes que
Siempre estar allí
para ellos
Y ayudarlos a cumplir
su sueño
incluso cuando ellos ya no están

"Family"

Family is like a promise
like an endless love
like a crystal-clear light that shines through
even the darkest night.
But sometimes that light blinds us,
makes us unable to see that other people
also suffer,
also need a family,
also need freedom.
Love is knowing when to let go,
knowing when to stay close,
knowing when to draw near.
It doesn't matter where you are,
how you feel,
what you've done—
Family will never stop
loving you.
They will never stop
giving those sweet, warm
hugs
that smell like lavender.
Nor will they stop saying
those words that
help you go on.
You don't have to share blood
to be
family.
You just have to
share memories,
share experiences.
You just have to
always be there
for them—
and help them reach
their dream,
even when they're no longer here.

Hab'chahim

Amigos School

Third Place, Sixth Grade

“Vanishing Nation”

The blood spilling out their bodies and
bullets going through it
Yet we choose to seek the ease and
money

Their cries of hunger and massacre
continue to grow
Yet we choose to seek the power and
greed

A vanishing nation just asks for some
regard
Yet we choose to seek the benefits and
convenience

Those people and children and innocent
or not continue to be underlooked a
vanishing point is near their view yet we
continue to ignore and say, “It’s okay”

As the under-looked has a color of skin
which cannot truly be one of a saving-
worthy and innocent one despite the fact
we are all the same

They resemble monkeys and wild animals
are not worth our time and truly aren’t
saving-worthy

We must instead focus on our kind, the
whites, the dominant, the significant one
who is worth our time.

We continue to ignore this dying nation
These people and these lives

Their lives still aren’t really truly even life

We continue to ignore their stories and
significance

ምንም እንኳን ሁላችንም አንድ ነን

(despite the fact we are all the same)

Hedase

Cambridge Street Upper School

Honorable Mention, Eighth Grade

“Through the Flames”

Through the glowing flames I hear
A gleeful cry, a sounding spear
First the left, then the right
Two scarlet wings beat out in flight
Again and again, it is reborn
Elegance in its purest form

After the hundredth year
It sheds away its sorrow and fear
And with a truly blinding light
It sets ablaze the dark, cold night
Again and again, it is reborn
Elegance in its purest form

If it senses the end is near
It takes to its wings, an airborne deer
It then descends from its height,
A fire begins as it completes its plight
Again and again, it is reborn
Elegance in its purest form

Hugh

Baldwin School

Second Place, Fifth Grade

“The Inspiring Bird Situation”

From the library window I saw a bird in the dirt
It was lying as still as roots of trees
This made me curious how the bird got hurt
Maybe it got knocked down by a bird named
Cheese

I wondered if the bird chirped helpfully
Maybe the bird covered its ears at loud recess
Maybe the bird should have flown away
slowly
Maybe the bird should have stayed in its nest

At the library people were reading in a happy
place
This dead bird in the soil made me sad
Something blue fell off my face
Thinking of the life the bird could’ve had

Then my feelings changed to happy by
something in my palm
A picture to remember this forever was cool
Because the sound of birdies makes me calm
Like listening to peaceful time music at
school

I also felt inspired by the bird situation
And a sign at the same window to take a
poem
I could turn my curiosity into a creation
By writing a poem myself at home

Ilana

King Open School

Third Place, Kindergarten

“A Secret World”

A steady fire
burns inside my fingertips
as I cling to the wall.
I reach up to the next hold,
this one shaped like a baby's head.
I rest,
accidentally looking down on the people
below.
I'm forty-five feet up.
I again reach up
this time grasping a glob.
Finally, I arrive.
The gigantic window, my destination.
The city spreads its wings in front of me,
a flowery mural,
the roof,
a semi-sunset, yellow-blue swirl,
a view no one has seen before.
The secret world of the sparrows and
chickadees
and maybe another like me,
someone who is curious,
someone who is willing to work for a view.

Isa

Homeschooled

First Place, Fifth Grade

“Le Dragon”

Le dragon
De charbon
Est marron,
Comme un macaron.

Quand il est fatigué
Ou est caché
Il va se poser
Tout en bas,
Car il est aussi gros
Qu'un lavabo
Éclaté en mille morceaux.

Il n'aime vraiment pas les escargots!
C'est un véritable sumo
Avec un gros dos.

Il se bat sur le ring de boxe avec ses amis:
Un énorme zucchini
Et un kiwi.

“The Dragon”

The charcoal dragon,
Brown as a macaron.
When he's tired
Or feeling shy,
He lies down low
Where no one goes by.

He's as big and round, you know.
As a sink blown into a thousand pieces –
whoa!

He really can't stand snails at all!
He's a true sumo
With a giant back and a heavy flow.

He fights in a boxing ring, you see,
With his best friends:
A giant zucchini
And a kiwi.

Julien

École Française de Boston

Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

“Weakened Soul”

People moving their feet with every beat
Out of every step with every word.
We seek for the truth and it is deserved.
Echelon, where do I stand?
Rights, where are mine?

***Kamal
Cambridge Street Upper School
Second Place, Eighth Grade***

“Mind Colors”

When my mind is blue,
I learn things new.
When my mind is green,
I think of places I’ve been.
When my mind is pink,
I paint with ink.
When my mind is red,
I go to bed.
When my mind is yellow,
I feel mellow.
When my mind is white,
I fly like a kite -
Up, up, high, high,
In the sky.

Kurian

St. Peter School

First Place, Kindergarten

“Lia Lu Lu”

Lia Lu Lu

Lime Lime

Lemon Lemon

Liu Ms. Liu

Leaf Leaf

Live Live

Lia

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. School

Honorable Mention, Kindergarten

“The Library”

Up those stairs
All those stairs
Is a door
Behind that door
Is a library
A big one
With all those books
And quiet.

In that Library
Is a couch
A purple couch
And a rug
A comfortable rug
And all those shelves
And all that
Quiet.

Behind those shelves
With all those books
Is a door
A secret door
Maybe behind that door
Are more books
And more
Quiet.

In that library
I read
I write
I relax
I travel to other worlds

I anticipate
The next
Chapter

Like a sports commentator
For the next play
But everything is
Quiet.

As I go down
All those stairs
I think
Of all those books
And shelves
The purple couch
And
All
That
Quiet.

***Lillian
Amigos School
Second Place, Fourth Grade***

“Sounds of a Tornado”

Tornado sirens wail
Thunder booms
Hail clicks
People rush to their tornado shelters
Wind whooshes
Then a deep roar
Debris hits the wall
The wind screams
Then it's all over
Only light wind
But total destruction.

***Luca
Baldwin School
Second Place, Fourth Grade***

“The Breeze”

As the breeze
 swept through the trees
I was on my knees
 Looking for bees
Now was my time
 for making up rhymes
 during class time
 in the springtime
My notebook flipped
 when the breeze did lift
my pages had rips
 but I had to sit
What came by surprise
 was the wind in my eyes
 I’m not gonna lie
 It was time for goodbye

Mari

Haggerty School

Second Place, Third Grade

“City Kid”

I am from the wail
Of cop cars and ambulances,
Threading through city streets.
I am from church bells on 53rd
And 5th raining down on Central Park.
From the playground noise at PS5.
I am from Columbia and NYU
And the New School. I am from
Red lanterns and Peking duck.
I am from an uncle who tells the
Same jokes every year, and an auntie
Who anchors her hair with chopsticks.
I am from the volleyball court
Where sprained ankles reign.
From the ski slopes and their flagged
gates.
I am from hallways crowded
With student posters about flags of
Belize.
I am from lunchrooms that smell of
Peanut butter and jelly.
I am from classes that never end
And summer nights that last forever.
I am from Sharon and Tony and Selina.
From a family who loves to hug.
I am from where the air is crisp
In April and the birds melodic.
I am from thirteen and counting.

Marina

Buckingham Browne & Nichols School

Third Place, Seventh Grade

“A Cow”

My dog and I once saw a cow
Who said, “Cow-cow”
Then it ate a cow-cow bean.
Then along came another cow who ate a
chocolate bar
Made out of cow-cow beans.

Then my dog turned
Into
 A
 Jet
 Plane
Out of amazement
My dog . . . zoomed
 Into
 The
 Sky
Then bumped into a star
And fell
 Back

 Down
Onto

The back of the cow
Who ate a cow-cow
Bean.

Meike
Fayerweather Street School
Third Place, Third Grade

“At 249 Years”

You’d think it would be so different from
how it was then
And maybe it was
Back before I coughed in annoyance
whenever I saw a Tesla
Before I tensed at an “I voted” sticker from
2024. 248 years, and most people voted
that
Nothing would change.

When I see an American flag at the top of
its pole I wonder
Why didn’t they take it off and burn it?

Is this the sort of resistance I hear about
in books?

And stickers. They are powerful. Someone
gave me a sticker,
Said not to let us have a fascist America.
I saw some bumper stickers on the
highway home: “I plead the second.”
There are more guns than people in this
country, so the second
Is not just a sticker, you don’t need a
sticker.
I wish we needed the sticker, but it’s
already been painted onto the flag.

While I sing and enjoy myself,
People are snatched from the streets a
few blocks away
Warning, desperation, did you text him?
I know we’re pissed at him, but this is his
life we’re talking about.

Forget these annoyances that just a few
hours ago seemed so agitating.
Where is he? He was there, where is he?
He’s a kid. He’s with someone who looks
American
You have to look American. Do you?
We are kids. But we are scared because
today we are not kids, adults are always
scared.
We can’t be kids anymore, our age
doesn’t matter. Respond. Text everyone.
Be vigilant.

Next fall, I start high school. 250 years
and we are still alive.
250 years, but I know all I will think of is if
we will live to see 251. Thinking of that
When I should be thinking of AP Algebra
and college. We are always occupied,
never
Truly free.

Myra
Amigos School
Honorable Mention, Seventh Grade

“Taking out the Trash”

Take out the trash my dad yelled
My palms got sweaty My eyes welled
I looked in the trash . . .
There were apricots, banana peels
Ripped up shirts, worn down heels
Red underwear and old smelly socks
An old stale bagel, salmon and lox
Flowers that were all shriveled up
A very cracked plastic sippy cup
I looked in horror at all the smelly trash
I could not do it — I ran away in a dash
I fell right down in one quick flash
It all came falling down in a crash
Apricots, banana peels
Ripped up shirts, worn down heels
Red underwear and old smelly socks
An old stale bagel, salmon and lox
Flowers that were all shriveled up
A very cracked plastic sippy cup
Clean up the trash my dad yelled . . .

Second Place, Fourth Grade

“Winner Child”

On that bright
Sunny day
At the park
We giggled
As we ran
Across the once green grass
Now full
Of exposed dirt
And
Prickly yellow
Patches

We hopped
Along the rust colored
Brick path cutting
Through the field
Pretending to be rabbits
We bunched together

When the whistle blew
Kids dashed forward
Some pulled ahead
Or went the wrong way
Others distracted by
A caterpillar on the ground
Or a bright turning leaf

I stayed
Behind my mom
Peering through the crack
Between her legs
Too scared to go ahead

In the end
Kids lined up
Smiling proudly

Encouraged to go
I stepped forward
Feeling brave
A plastic golden medal
Was placed
Around each our necks
We held them to the sun
Admiring the sparkle

That medal
Is gone now
Lost somewhere
In the basement

+++
Playing family
I was the child
Again
But I didn't mind
Lying on the carpet
Under the leopard print blanket
With the scratchy underside
Rubbing against my skin
Surrounded by
A house of wooden blocks

Wait here
I was told
By my mom
Who was wearing
A fluffy pink
Mesh tutu
I'm getting dinner

I waited
5 minutes
10 minutes

15 minutes

Twenty

Only to learn my mom
Had gone to help her mother
To fix her a snack and
To pat the blue veins in her soft speckled
hands
As she was waking from an afternoon
nap.

Penelope

Third Place, Sixth Grade

“Rosa Parks”

Get up, move
She did not
Sit up or else I will call the police
You may do that
JAIL
She had to pay bail
BOYCOTT
MLK Jr. led it
Walked to work
And then
When the buses were back in business
Black people could sit
Wherever they wanted

***Quincy
Kennedy-Longfellow School
Second Place, Second Grade***

“The Tale of Tater and Tot”

Hear, O hear, the lovely sonnet,
Of love and death and well-made fries,
Of a Tater with taste and a Tot with a
bonnet,
Now hear the tale of the fry franchise!
Little Tot was so hot, she came straight
from the oven,
Tater was no hater, and later they knew,
It all started then, this delicious bit of
lovin’
Put tray and tray together, and it’s gnocchi
for two.
For them it was love at first bite,
As he looked into her fries,
They were made for each other (despite
being made for dinner — this they didn’t
realize).
These Patatas, so Bravas, had been,
Though they didn’t know it, building their
pyre.
Though frying was all right for their kin,
It was out of the frying pan, into the fire.
Nobody knows if they’re married or not
‘cause
Fate’s grim for the potato who loves —
We think they were made into latkes,
But that’s tomahto tomato.

Sam

Rindge Avenue Upper School

First Place, Sixth Grade

“Ode to a Poem”

Haikus and cinquains and the odd
acrostic,
It’s strange they’re not mentioned in the
ELA diagnostic!
Limerick and free verse and lyric and
rhyme,
Opera and ballad, and — sorry, wrong line
—
I meant spondee and iamb — I am
befuddled
Amphibrachs and trochees always get
muddled.
Shakespeare and Ed Lear, it’s good if you
know ‘em,
Whoever thought I’d rhyme with poem —
Well, this’ll show ‘em!

***Sam
Rindge Avenue Upper School
First Place, Sixth Grade***

“Setareh”

She was born from the words of a country
With an ugly mask
But a big heart
That needs searching
To find,
Born from the tall grass and purple
flowers
That bloom over dressed tables
In spring.

She was born from the canvas of
darkness above her
From the bright dots flecked across the
swirling black sky.
She cups their beams in her hands
As she sips their meaning,
Sings their lyrics
With an accent as sweet as nectar.

She lives in the lush hills
That roll up towards the sky,
Swoop down
And curl back up again.
She lives in the gentle breeze
That brushes your cheek,
A soft surprise on a warm day.
She floats in the clouds,
Rises towards her home
Her culture
Flowering across the sea.

Her skin is kissed by the lips of the sun,
Her face shines with the hearts
Of daisies,
Her breath as soft as petals in the
summer,

As brittle as the drying leaves
In Autumn.
She is a Persian rose,
Hidden amidst wildflowers
And understood only by those who try.

She was born from foreign words,
She lives in the drifting clouds.
She seems so simple,
Just a label,
Like a sign for a plant in a garden,
Only three syllables long.
But she embodies
A person.

Setareh.

She means the stars
And much more.

Setareh

**Buckingham Browne & Nichols School
Second Place, Seventh Grade**

“Spinning”

The world
Spins
Faster faster
And faster
The wind rushes
In my ears
My friend’s voices
Becoming
Farther and farther
Away
My body
Stops
My world
Doesn't
I yelp
And the ground
Rushes up
To meet me
So I lie
Quietly
And wait
My eyes squeezed shut
For the world to be
still

***Shireen
Erie Street School
Second Place, Sixth Grade***

“I Am Poem”

I am a fresh student.
I wonder what will happen if I pull the fire
alarm.
I hear Ms. Martin’s conversations.
I see Ms. Straker’s text messages.
I want to have Ms. Straker’s Mentos.
I am a fresh student.

I pretend to fake when my mom comes
into the room.
I feel hot.
I touch my food.
I worry my teacher will call my mom.
I cry when I get screamed at.
I am a fresh student.

I understand fractions.
I say water.
I dream about getting Roblox.
I try to move my clip up.
I hope I can get food from the teachers.
I am a fresh student.

Sifan
Benjamin Banneker Charter Public
School
Third Place, Second Grade

“Fish Out of Sea”

Fish out of sea
We are spread across the universe
In different timelines
Orbiting some strange sun that keeps us
together,
Light years apart.

Fish out of sea
We pretend to know each other
We pretend nothing ever changed
But it's impossible to ignore
The language we don't share anymore,
The jokes we can't relate to.

It's hard to forget
When the first ten years of your life are
Missing.

It's hard to explain to those who don't
understand
And everyone has their own life now
Sometimes we meet at crossroads,
But it's not the same anymore.

Nowadays I spend my days walking
behind my classmates,
Fish out of sea,
Because the sidewalk is narrow.

I've run off a cliff
Trying to reach the other side
Where the rumors said the grass was
greener
But some invisible string is keeping me
Suspended
In the air,

Choking as I watch the others jump
Towards their new lives
And I am forced to keep watching
As they run around in found heaven.

Fish out of sea,
It's been three years.

Fish out of sea
I'm still right where you left me

And everything is identical
But nothing is the same.

Siran
Buckingham Browne & Nichols School
Third Place, Eighth Grade

“Free Verse Poem”

On Kburler Street there was a boy named
Cort.

At his school bullies called him Blort.

This made Cort sad and start to boil.

So he went to anti-bully.com and bought
some super spring and coil.

So on the next day he waited for the right
to put the spring and coil on his bullies
and they were sent into space.

Siyam

***Benjamin Banneker Charter Public
School***

Honorable Mention, Second Grade

“Harvey Milk”

He did not get
To see his dream
Come true but
Other people saw it
And he made a
Rainbow flag and
More and more and more
He even made the
White House
Rainbow the same
As the rainbow flag

***Sofia
Kennedy-Longfellow School
Third Place, Second Grade***

“Aaron Gave Me a Cookie”

Aaron gave me a cookie.

The cookie was pink.

The pink cookie was a planet.

The pink cookie planet had an elephant
on it.

The elephant threw a party on the
Pink cookie planet.

I ate the pink cookie planet.

The pink cookie planet party continued
In my stomach.

Sydna

Fayerweather Street School

Third Place, Fourth Grade

***“Nuestra Amistad Nunca Será como
Pangea”***

Nuestra amistad
Si es verdadera
nunca será como Pangea

Pangea paracía firme para siempre
Pero BOOM
Solo mira al mapa y te explicará
Eso no fue lo que pasó

Si nuestra amistad es verdadera
No vamos a ser como Pangea
Nunca nos vamos a separar

***“Our Friendship Will Never Be like
Pangea”***

Our friendship
If true
Will never be like Pangea

Pangea seemed firm forever
But BOOM
Just look at a map and it will explain to
you
That is not what happened

If our friendship is true
We will never be like Pangea
We will never separate

***Victoria
Amigos School
Third Place, Fifth Grade***

“In the Car”

I wanted to sit in the back
But then I did not
And that was that.
I could not control the air
And that was not fair.

***Violet
Amigos School
First Place, Second Grade***

“Singing Stream”

Past the valleys,
Past the town,
Past the sunrise,
Down,
Down,
Down.
Past the farmer,
Past the cranky old woman that nobody
visits,
There is a place
I like
To be.

It's quiet,
All I can hear is a
Singing stream.
A stream with fish,
Seaweed,
And even a turtle.
If you find the turtle at the end of the
stream, it shall tell you,

“This is our stream, our home, and we
love it, so fight for its rights, for one day I
will rise, rise up from this stone and drink.
I will drink a sip from this singing stream.
When I do, I will taste a clean, healthy
stream that we all fought for.”

Then it will,
It will taste freedom,
Relief,
And happiness.

Save our singing stream.

***Vivi
Fayerweather Street School
First Place, Third Grad***

“The Sky Is Blue”

The sky is blue like
Neptune and like
Sadness.
Sad like the earth.

***Yusayrah
Haggerty School
Third Place, First Grade***

“When all the Stars Flew”

If there is a time when all the stars flew
away

I would be a member of NASA today

And I would get inside a rocket ship

Grabbing all the stars saying, “Zip, zip,
zip!”

And I’ll hear the stars say, “Hey, hey, hey.

Please don’t take me away today!”

Yutong

King Open School

First Place, Second Grade