

20th Annual Cambridge Public Library and Cambridge Tree Project Poetry Awards

On May 30, 2018, the Cambridge Public Library hosted the 20th annual Cambridge Public Library & Cambridge Tree Project Poetry Awards. From nearly 1,400 entries this year, awards were given to 70 students from kindergarten through grade 8 before a packed house of family, friends and teachers in the Main Library's Lecture Hall. Each poet read their winning poem and received an awards certificate and a poetry anthology, thanks to funding from the Friends of the Cambridge Public Library. For more information about this annual competition, contact Amanda Gazin at the Central Square Branch Library at 617-349-4012, email agazin@cambridgema.gov.

Following are the 2018 winning entries, in order as they were presented at the awards ceremony. Congratulations to our winners, and to all who write poetry. We look forward to seeing your poems next year!



20th Annual Cambridge Public Library and Cambridge Tree Project Poetry Awards

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|---|---|--|
| 1. Luna Valayanopoulos-Akrivou
<i>What Is Poetry?</i> | 25. Caleb Frehywot
<i>Moonlight Stars Bright</i> | 49. Natasha Butler-Rahman
<i>Citas de me Abuela/My Grandmother's Quotes</i> |
| 2. Christopher Gould
<i>En el oscuro profundo/Deep in the Darkness</i> | 26. Judy Sohl
<i>Boom Screech</i> | 50. Ana Cardona-Izquierdo
<i>Ode al cofre de Amina/Ode to Amina's Box</i> |
| 3. Aléx Monteiro Leith
<i>El Árbol Americano/America Tree</i> | 27. Benjamin Scott
<i>House Sparrow</i> | 51. Jackson Phelps
<i>Living Double</i> |
| 4. James Foleno
<i>The Storm</i> | 28. Stella Grace Murphy
<i>Him</i> | 52. Esme Decola
<i>Independencia/Independence</i> |
| 5. Analía Fister
<i>Stay Close to Me</i> | 29. Emmett Correia
<i>Trees</i> | 53. Jack Ramde
<i>Ode to Thomas Sankara</i> |
| 6. Margot Kelsey
<i>Korb Lake</i> | 30. Adele Umeki
<i>My Imagination</i> | 54. Naseem Anjaria
<i>Obama</i> |
| 7. Stella Piper Sugiura
<i>Sunny Day</i> | 31. Henry Altenbach
<i>Pigs</i> | 55. Erin Campbell
<i>Sadness</i> |
| 8. Victoria Wilson
<i>Feet</i> | 32. Kamari Tyler
<i>Walking to a Farm on a Windy Day</i> | 56. Nik Malaviya
<i>Stand Up Tall</i> |
| 9. Nelia Magni
<i>Excited!</i> | 33. Amar Abreu
<i>The Sun</i> | 57. Celia Walsh
<i>42</i> |
| 10. Ella Sykes-Finkelstein
<i>Unicorns</i> | 34. Apple Sussman
<i>The Clouds</i> | 58. Ayaulym Wolfe
<i>I Stand</i> |
| 11. Georgia Lee
<i>Cat Pat</i> | 35. Cam Firouzbakht
<i>A Seed with Green Specs</i> | 59. Koto Tanie
<i>Love</i> |
| 12. Myles Esteves
<i>I climb up a tree</i> | 36. Peyson Bilimoria
<i>Love of India</i> | 60. Taya Thoms
<i>We Need Peace</i> |
| 13. Nicholas Kisich
<i>Scary</i> | 37. Maggie Winefred Green
<i>Science</i> | 61. Farai Sundai
<i>Step Up!</i> |
| 14. Colle Etcitty
<i>The Train Clickety-Clacks</i> | 38. Lucia De Icaza
<i>red flower</i> | 62. Emmie Knippen
<i>Don't Worry About Me</i> |
| 15. Noah Eastley
<i>Orchestra</i> | 39. Tyler Jarvis
<i>Flowers</i> | 63. Bennett Himmel
<i>That's How It Goes</i> |
| 16. Joudia Ouassaidi
<i>WOW</i> | 40. Bahaar Reinhardt
<i>Fall</i> | 64. Sofia Galvao
<i>Invisible</i> |
| 17. Emily Yakoobian
<i>The Two Trees</i> | 41. Mili Medwed
<i>Willow</i> | 65. Hugh Koschwanez
<i>Bloqueo de escritor/Writer's Block</i> |
| 18. Julian Karl Shabry-Lichter
<i>The Night Before</i> | 42. Abigail Fisher-Seufert
<i>Beyond</i> | 66. Quinn Farmer
<i>How I Draw</i> |
| 19. Kamari Martin
<i>My Mom</i> | 43. Charlie N. Marshall
<i>Melancholy World</i> | 67. Dante Randall
<i>Elements Save the Day</i> |
| 20. Tianna Wilkin-Ruiz
<i>El cielo/The Sky</i> | 44. Arsema Getachew
<i>Justice</i> | 68. Ella Ogden
<i>To Be a Tree</i> |
| 21. Iziah Knight
<i>The Baby</i> | 45. Keianna McGruder-Civil
<i>It Is All About Race</i> | 69. Aniket Srivastava
<i>What Is White</i> |
| 22. Isaac Goodman
<i>Leaving</i> | 46. Sorelle Curis-Chiang
<i>Wishing Tree</i> | 70. Aroon Kang
<i>Period</i> |
| 23. Leilani Rivers-Rivera
<i>Grandpa's Tree</i> | 47. Nairobi Cepeda Fajardo
<i>A Tree Is Like Hope</i> | |
| 24. Xavi Agnew
<i>Alone</i> | 48. Harmony Devoe
<i>Zebra</i> | |

What is Poetry?

Luna Valayannopoulos-Akrivou

Vassal Lane Upper School

First Place, Seventh Grade

When it comes to me
You see
Poetry is...
Well...

Is it lines?
Or maybe rhymes?
But does everything have to rhyme?
Do line and rhyme even rhyme?
Wait!
Hold up!

Poetry is like a hill
You can go up or down
Successes and Failures
Victories and Defeats

But what I learned from writing poetry
Is that your heart is key
You need to listen to it
And make sure you write the truth
You don't need
Anyone else to like it
But you

But what if it's not good?
You ask
Well, I don't have every answer
But as long as it is true to you
Then your question has been answered



En el oscuro profundo

Christopher Gould

Amigos School

Second Place, Eighth Grade

Esperanza, mi amigo
No vive en la perfección
Vive sin rostro, vive sin razón
Vive en un mundo que nunca tuvo una expresión
Vive en una cárcel sin sueños de liberación
Vive en los versos alineados por dolor
Vive en el odio, también en el amor
No existía sin los silenciosos susurros
Esperanza, mi amigo vive en lugares oscuros
Vive en las sombras de una sonrisa
Vive en cada momento que respiras

Deep in the darkness

Hope, my friend
Doesn't live in perfection
It lives without a face, it lives without reason
It lives in a world that never had a expression
It lives in a prison without a chance of freedom
It lives in the verses lined with pain
It lives in hate as well as in love
It wouldn't exist without the silent whispers
Hope, my friend lives in dark places
It lives in the shadows of a smile
It lives in every moment you breathe



El árbol americano

Aléx Monteiro Leith

Amigos School

First Place, Eighth Grade

U.S.A.

La tierra de soñadores,
Pero dónde sueños mueren.
Un país inquieto para cambio,
Pero que no hace un esfuerzo a cambiar.
Hay los que se paran con Trump,
Y los que se arrodillan con Kaepernick.
Hay los que aferran a ideas viejas,
Y los que marchan adelante para el futuro.

En 1776, sembramos una semilla en la tierra.

Una idea impecable de un país

Ideal,

Libre,

Fuerte.

Poco a poco, un árbol empieza a crecer.

Parecía cómo si iba ser la cosa más perfecta del mundo.

Pero en algún lugar por el camino largo,

Las raíces fundadoras empezaron a romper.

Primero una raíz,

Seguido por dos,

Y luego tres.

Poca gente se dio cuenta, y los que sí no tenían voces para hablar.

De una distancia, el árbol es lo que debería ser:

Alto,

Verde,

Perfecto.

Si no lo buscas con mucho cuidado,

No notarás las ramas torcidas,



Hojas marrones,
Flores marchitandose,
Corteza descomponiéndose.
Estos defectos están cubiertos por los fertilizantes artificiales
Que aplican al pobre, triste árbol.
Entonces, la próxima vez que te acerques al Árbol Americano,
Obsérvalo.
Quiero que notes el águila encima
De la rama más alta,
Encadenado al árbol.
Con ansias de dejarlo,
Para liberarse.
Quiere descubrir más con esas alas majestuosas,
A una nueva América.

America Tree

U.S.A.
The land of dreamers,
But where dreams die slowly.
A country desperate for change,
But that does not want to be changed.
There are those who stand with Trump,
And those who kneel with Kaepernick.
There are those who cling onto old ideas,
And those who march on toward the future.

In 1776, we planted a seed in the ground.
An aspiration for a country that would be:
Ideal,
Strong,
Free.
Slowly but surely, a tree began to grow.
It was on track to be the greatest nation in the world.

But somewhere along the dusty road to utopia,
The founding roots began to rot.
First, a root,
Followed by another,
Then, three.
Few noticed, and those who did were silenced.

From a distance, the tree is what it promises:
Tall,
Green,
Perfect.

If you do not look very closely,
You may miss the crooked branches,
The browned leaves,
The wilted flowers,
The decomposing bark.
These flaws are covered by artificial fertilizers
Applied to the poor, sad tree.
So, the next time you approach the American Tree,
Get closer.
I want you to notice the eagle on top
Of the highest branch,
Chained to the tree
With dreams of abandoning it,
For freedom.
She wants to discover more with her majestic wings.
To fly toward a new America.

The Storm

James Foleno

Vassal Lane Upper School
Third Place, Sixth Grade

Pelting pouring liquid crystals
Crashing tidal waves and tsunamis

My mother calls out to me,
“Are you okay?”

Fiery shield lit, lava erupting

She tries again,
“Let me help you.”

Swirling mist arises
Lava hardens, earth cracks
Wound opens up
Blue liquid flows and cries pain

Her voice softens,
“All is well.”

Ice grinds up
Joy floods
The storm has passed



Stay Close to Me

Analia Fister

Vassal Lane Upper School
Second Place, Seventh Grade

If we were walking on the sand
And my path came to roughened land
Never would I let go of your hand
So I might stay close to you

If you were traveling in the sky
I'd grow silver wings and fly
And would look you in the eye
So I might stay close to you

If someone should come your way
Entrance you, love you, take you away
I'd run on light and leap over waves
So I might stay close to you

Stay close. Stay close.



Korb Lake

Margot Kelsey

Graham and Parks School
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade

gray sky
blue water
fog lifting
sun rising

waves sketching shadows
upon the rocks

you are a world of stillness

the light dim
and humble
not sparkling
not shining

clouds of mist
draw away
revealing you
like curtains

I'm ready
for the show



Sunny Day

Stella Piper Sugiura
Fayerweather Street School
Second Place, Fifth Grade

Sunny day
Swinging back
And forth
Not a cloud in the sky
The water
Like glass
Reflecting mountains
And trees

I sit there
Still as I can
Clouds roll overhead
My toes brush
Sandy earth
I breathe in
I breathe out
I smile



Feet

Victoria Wilson

Benjamin Banneker School
Honorable Mention, First Grade

Big feet, small feet

Tall feet, short feet

I hear some tapping to the beat.

I'm clapping to the beat with my feet.



Excited!

Nelia Magni
Fletcher Maynard Academy
First Place, First Grade

Teeth showing.
It felt like a
rainbow
is over my
heart.
Eyebrows
Up.
My cheeks
are popping
out and
do you feel like
roses are coming
out of your hair?



Unicorns

Ella Sykes-Finkelstein

Maria L. Baldwin School

First Place, Kindergarten

Unicorns are real
They don't come out long
But they come come come
Like rainbows
Some people think unicorns and rainbows don't exist
But they always do



Cat Pat

Georgia Lee

Maria L. Baldwin School
Honorable Mention, First Grade

My cat likes to chat
With my sister named Pat
At the laundromat.
They sat and washed their hat.



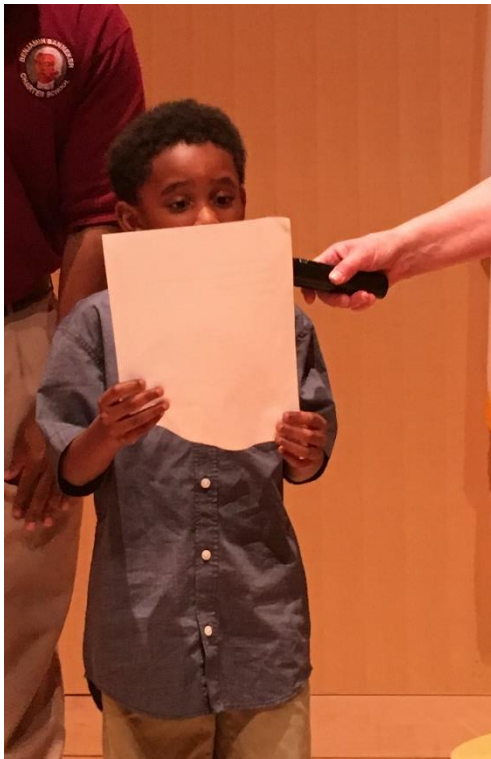
I climbed up a tree...

Myles Esteves

Benjamin Banneker School

Second Place, Kindergarten

I climbed up a tree and I
grabbed some honey. A bee stung me and I fell out
the tree and I dropped the
honey.



Scary

Nicholas Kisich

Cambridge Friends School

Third Place, First Grade

Dark is scary
Monsters are scary
Being alone
In the dark
Is scary.

Boats in storms with lightning,
Being in the sewers when it is dark,
Being in a plane when there is lightning,
Are scary too.

But only when they
Actually happen.

The Train Clickety-Clacks

Cole Etcitty
Tobin Montessori School
First Place, Kindergarten

The train clickety-clacks

By the city.

It is night.

The people go by.



Orchestra

Noah Eastley

Cambridgeport School
Second Place, Second Grade

It
sounds
so
touching
so
different
so
wonderful
fingers dashing across keys
fingers plucking strings
bows playing with their friends
can you
imagine.

WOW

Joudia Ouassaidi
Graham and Parks School
Honorable Mention, Second Grade

WOW!

It is so beautiful.

Why I don't have that?

I have to!

I have to take it from her.

OHHHH my god!

My mind gonna explode.



The Two Trees

Emily Yakoobian

Morse School

Second Place, Second Grade

“I wish I
were you”
explained Red Maple.

“But I wish I
were you”
countered Evergreen Tree.

“I wish I were
you
because
you stay green
and
your leaves
never fall
off”
argued Red Maple.

“I wish I were
you
because
you get new
leaves
and your
leaves change
color”
pointed out Evergreen Tree.

Moral: Nobody’s perfect

The Night Before

Julian Karl Shabry-Lichter

Peabody School

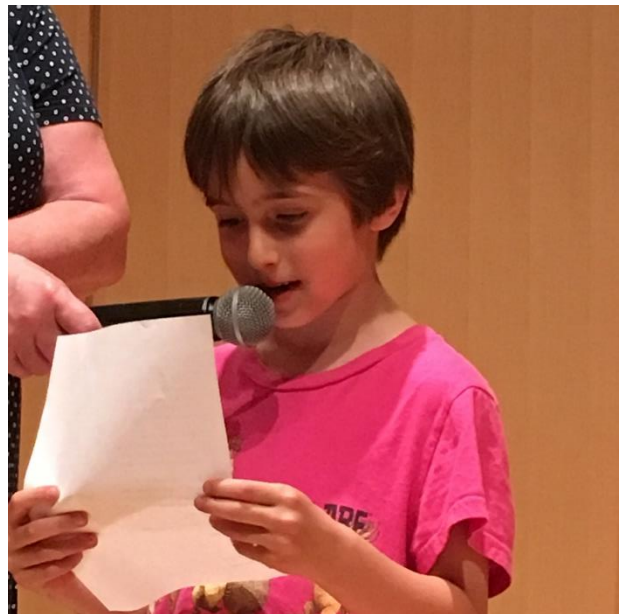
Second Place, First Grade

It was the night before,
and Mr. Fox came to my back door.
“Hi, neighbor! I know it’s you.
I need some sugar. A cup or two.”

‘Twas the night before,
and Mr. Fox came to my back door.
“Hi, neighbor! Don’t like to beg,
But could you give me one big egg?”

‘Twas the night before,
and Mr. Fox came to my back door.
“Hi, neighbor! For goodness sake!
I forgot! Got coconut flakes?”

Just last night,
NOT the night before,
Mr. Fox came to my back door.
“Hi, neighbor! But just one more thing.
Do you have
a match?”
“Happy birthday,
neighbor!”



My Mom

Kamari Martin

Cambridgeport School
Third Place, Fourth Grade

My mom is so nice you can already see how much you
can be her friend.

She is so warm like a candle.

When she is mad, she melts like wax.

Her eyes are as bright as the sky when the sun is setting
in the evening.

She is an oven.

She is a fire that can never be defeated. She's like justice
that is strong that can defeat injustice.

She is my hero.



El Cielo

Tianna Wilkin-Ruiz

Amigos School

Third Place, First Grade

Tía y tío
Si ustedes
Quisieran ser
El cielo yo
Quiesiera ser
Los nubes

The Sky

Aunt and uncle,
If you
Wanted to be
The sky, I
Would want to be
The clouds



The Baby

Iziah Knight

Morse School

Second Place, First Grade

Every day, my mom's tummy
Grows,
And grows,
And grows.
It is a baby brother.
I am excited!
I can't wait to see what he looks like.
And I will help him.
And I will give him milk.
And I will change the baby's diapers.
And I will play with him.
And I will carry the baby.
And I will put the baby's pants on.
And I will put the baby's shirt on.
And I will put the baby's socks on.
I will share my things.

Leaving

Isaac Goodman

Maria L. Baldwin School
First Place, Second Grade

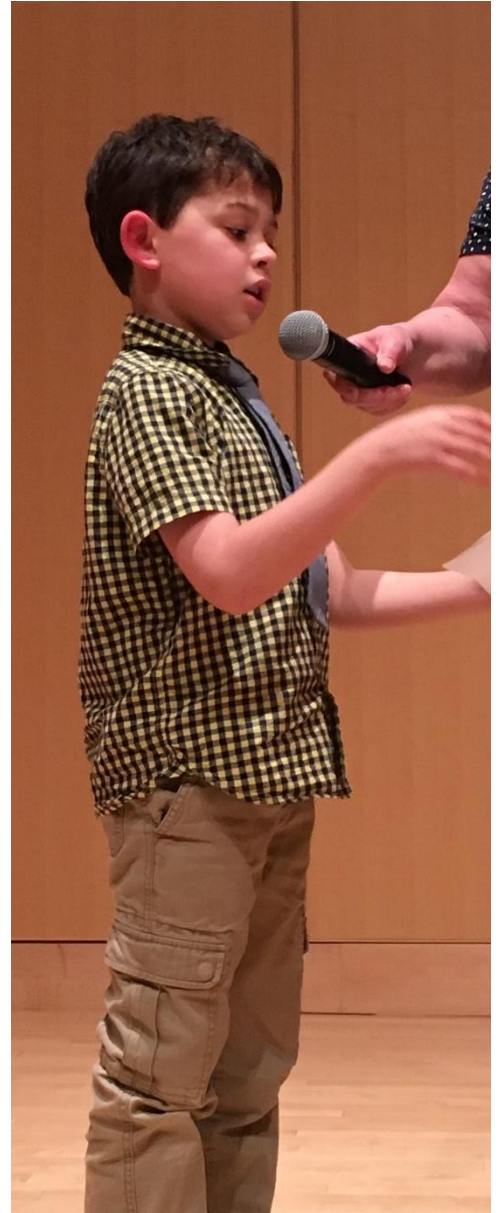
As I looked at the apartment,
I began to cry.
As I packed my bag,
With a tear and a sigh.

You see my grandma and grandpa were moving,
I'd never see this place again,
Well, I guess I might see it some more,
But I don't know where or when.

I was weeping sadly,
I wept the whole way to my car,
Yes, that was four whole blocks,
Yes, that was somewhat far.

My Dad and Grandma tried to comfort me,
At least my tears stopped to fall,
But inside my heart was still sad,
I wasn't happy at all.

At last we reached my car,
And off we sped away,
I shouted "Goodbye, New York!"
But I'd come another day.



Grandpa's Tree

Leilani Rivers-Rivera
Cambridge Street Upper School
Third Place, Sixth Grade

One summer when I was little
I went to this park
Across the street from my grandma's house.

Me and some of my family
Sat under this big tree –
It was a beautiful tree.

Before my grandpa passed,
I would sit with him under the tree.
Even though I don't remember his words
I'll always remember how he looked at me
And how it felt to be with him.



Alone

Xavi Agnew

Peabody School

Second Place, Second Grade

Alone

Alone all is dark.

The fire-pit is going out.

It's getting cold.

The roof is leaking.

There's a puddle at my feet.

My porridge is stone cold.

Alone



Moonlight Stars Bright...

Caleb Frehywot

Maria L. Baldwin School

Third Place, Third Grade

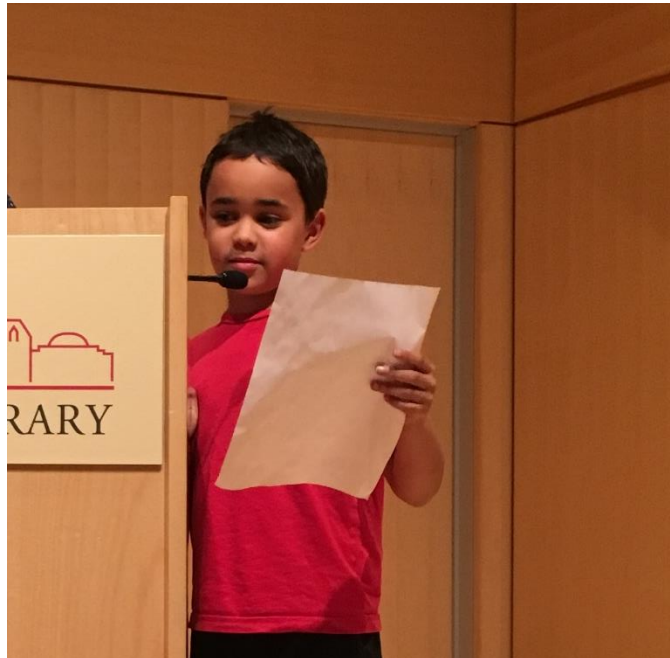
Moonlight stars bright, volcanoes spreading
ash tonight.

Lava rock fills the mountaintops.

Lava flowing into the creek of the mountain
but now there is only dust and ash.

Floating above the town and mountain tops
sleepy volcano sleeps day but not night

I watch it day and night and
only sleep when the volcano does.



Boom screech...

Judy Sohl

Fletcher Maynard Academy
Third Place, Third Grade

Boom screech
whirl twirl spinning
turning into a massive
destruction. Pick up
cars like The Hulk

Boom boom
boom crash bam.

Flowers, pots,
pans flying around.

Houses roofs
and plants fly fly fly.
Sounds like a train
goes by.



House Sparrow

Benjamin Scott

Peabody School

Third Place, Second Grade

Little sparrow
Dancing in the dust
Little sparrow
Little sparrow
Scavenging for food
Little sparrow
Jumping into flight
Oh, the little nest thief
With little eggs
Little sparrow



Him

Stella Grace Murphy

Cambridgeport School
Second Place, Fourth Grade

Light
Then dark
A piece of my life
Floats away
Like a cloud
Filled with rain
And thunder
And lightning
So many feelings
I feel like I'll
Explode

I grasp on to the
last breath of air
Floats away
I watch it go
Knowing it
Would be foolish
To chase it.
I wish I could.

Everything explodes.
My heart shatters
A million pieces pulled apart.
Tears come rushing
A whole river
And when they
Disappear
I leave a puddle.



Anger charges into me
Like a bull
Why him?
Why him?
Is the question
That runs through my mind
Why him?
I try to push the
Thought
Out of my mind.
It stays.

Anger,
Rushes through
my blood.
I could topple over a mountain
with the touch of my hand.

Then, the anger goes away.
All I feel is defeat.
Please, I'll do anything
To get him back.
Please?

The truth washes over me
Like a wave
And I know
He's
Gone.

I spend nights grieving
Wishing for one thing
Him.
I fight the truth

Tell myself
It's only a dream.
I promise myself
When I wake up
I say to myself
I'll play with him
I'll love him
It's fine.

But the dream goes on
forever
Wake up?
Please?
But,
It never happens
Each day the truth
Ebbs further into me

Why him?
Why him?
The truth's
Jaws open up
To devour me.
I feel as trapped
As a mouse
In a cage.

Let me go
I demand
But it just clutches tighter
I don't want to know.
I don't
But it tells me.

I feel like
I'm being ripped apart
Help me
Please
BUT
NO
HE'S
DEAD.

I
Long for
His sweet smelling
Fur his
Beautiful meow
The love
All of it's
Gone
For real
For Ever.



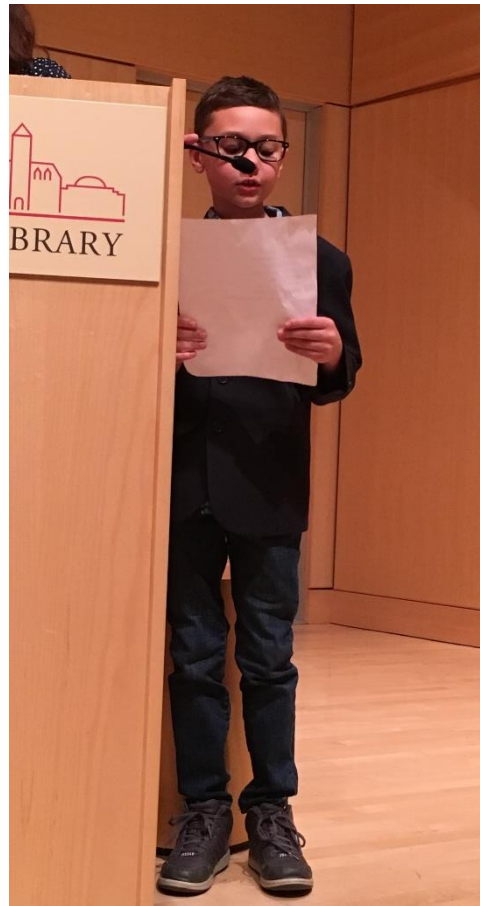
Trees

Emmett Correia

Morse School

Third Place, Second Grade

Trees are like mysterious
Shadowy monsters
Looking at you from above
They look scary
With hundreds of arms
Reaching out to grab me.
...or is it that they might be saying hello?



My Imagination

Adele Umeki

Kennedy-Longfellow School

First Place, First Grade

I'm a princess twirling around.

I'm a superhero saving people.

I'm a wolf howling every night.

I'm a feather fluttering around.

I'm a bird getting a view from up high in the sky.

I'm just me, actually,

at the park.



Pigs

Henry Altenbach

Graham and Parks School
Honorable Mention, First Grade

Pigs oink and eat scraps

Rolling in the dirty mud

Pink mammals with hair.



Walking to a Farm on a Windy Day

Kamari Tyler

Peabody School

Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

Whose pigs these are I think I know.
His barn is in the farm, though;
He will not see me coming here
To pet his pigs covered up with mud.

My little brother must think it wrong
To come without a house near
Between the house and the farm
The windiest evening of the year.

He gives his small bell a shake
To wonder if there is food near.
The only other noises the oink
Of loud pigs and hard wind.

The pigs are pushy, dirty, and soft,
But I have Things to do
And food to get before I sleep
And food to get before I sleep.



The Sun

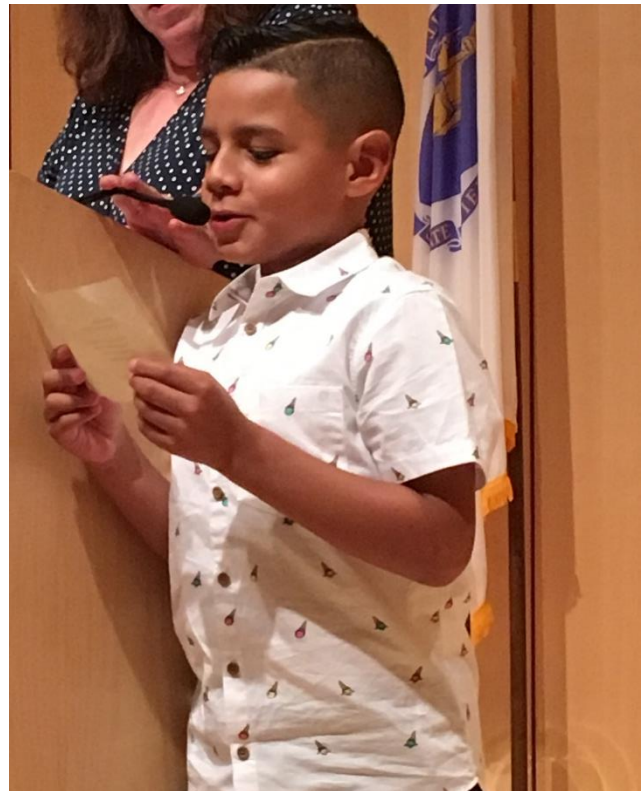
Amar Abreu

Morse School

Honorable Mention, Second Grade

High up in outer space
The big flame in the sky
Looking down at us
With big lazer eyes

The sun is
A big ball of happiness.
A big flashlight.



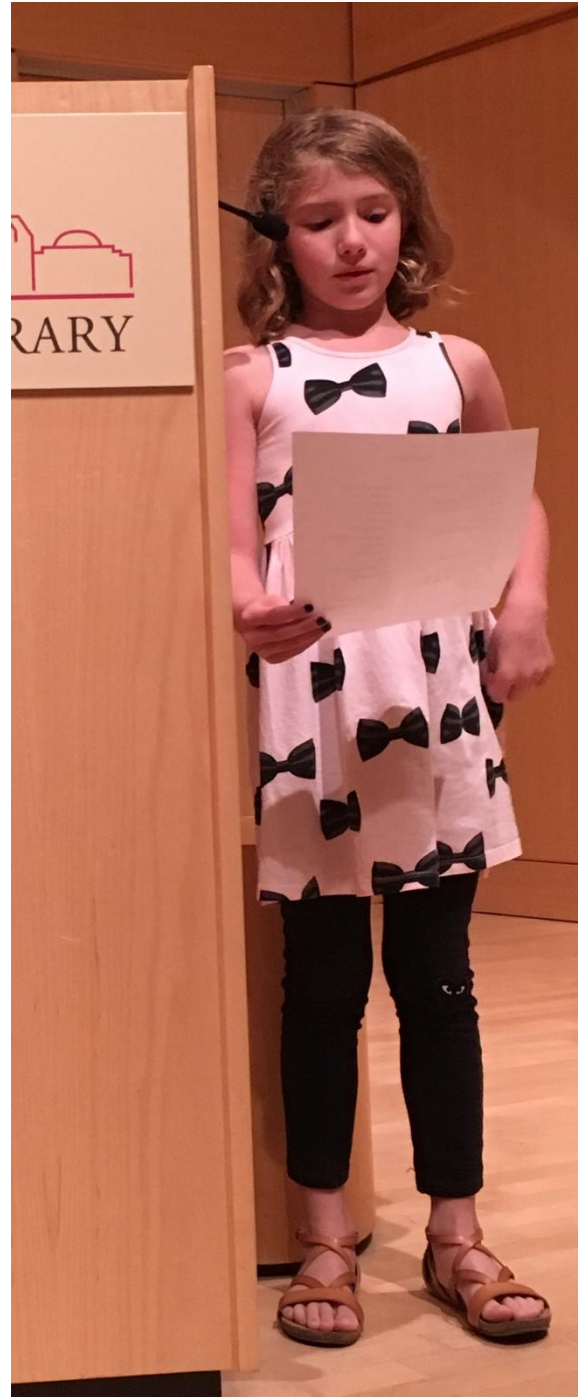
The Clouds

Apple Sussman

Morse School

First Place, First Grade

The Clouds are
 Fluffy, flowy, and floating
The clouds are
Slow, soft, and smooth
When I look up at the clouds
Sometimes
They look like animals
Like
A bunny,
A bird,
Or maybe a tortoise.
But
When the clouds
Form together the fluffy
Clouds turn gray and dark
It looks like
A evil storm
Took over
The sky
 Or
A spell got cast
On the sky
Boom!
Boom!
Boom!



Goes the sky
It sounds like a giant
Stomping
On a street
Then
The giant gets tired
Of stomping
And
Exits
And the clouds
Turn fluffy, flowy and floating
again

A Seed With Green Specs

Cam Firouzbakht

Cambridge Friends School
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

So much depends
Upon a seed

With green
Specs

That can create
A whole world

Love of India

Peyson Bilimoria

Shady Hill School

Third Place, Fifth Grade

In a warm embrace

Is the love of India

May you hold it tight



Science

Maggie Winefred Green

Amigos School

Third Place, First Grade

Science is my heart
It makes me smart.
Lotions potions
Or not my explosions.
Science, science
Experiments too
I am happy
And science is too
Science, oh! Beautiful science
Sparks flying through...
The air!!!



red flower

Lucia De Icaza
Shady Hill School
First Place, Second Grade

I went by
this building.
brown, mostly gray
like all city smoke
and noise got ground
into those bricks.
the window glass so black
it looked like tar
and I thought
nobody lives there
to quiet, too dark, too gray
when I looked up and saw
one window open
the curtains blowing in
and a red flower blooming.



Flowers

Tyler Jarvis

Morse School

Second Place, Third Grade

The...

the...

the...

Flowers?!

When they come too close their pollen makes me sneeze

I sneeze

and sneeze

and sneeze!

Headaches and runny noses

and worst of all?

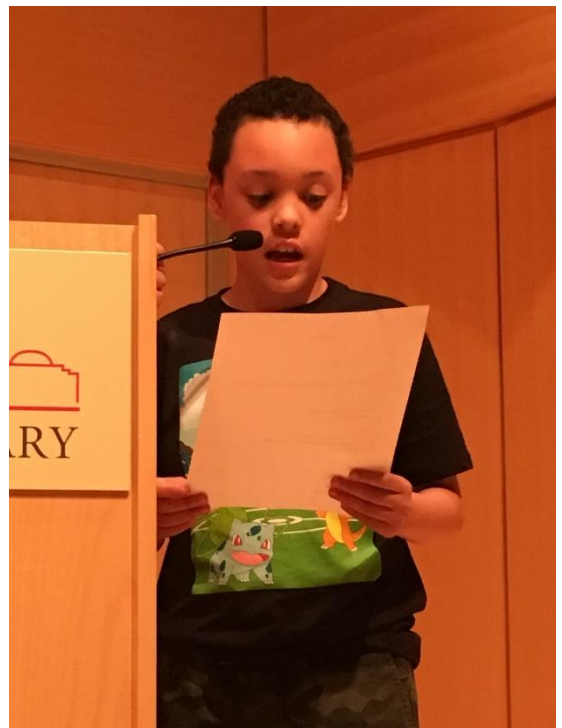
More

sneezing.

What do those mean flowers do?

They just laugh, and dance and sing all day

Darn you flowers!



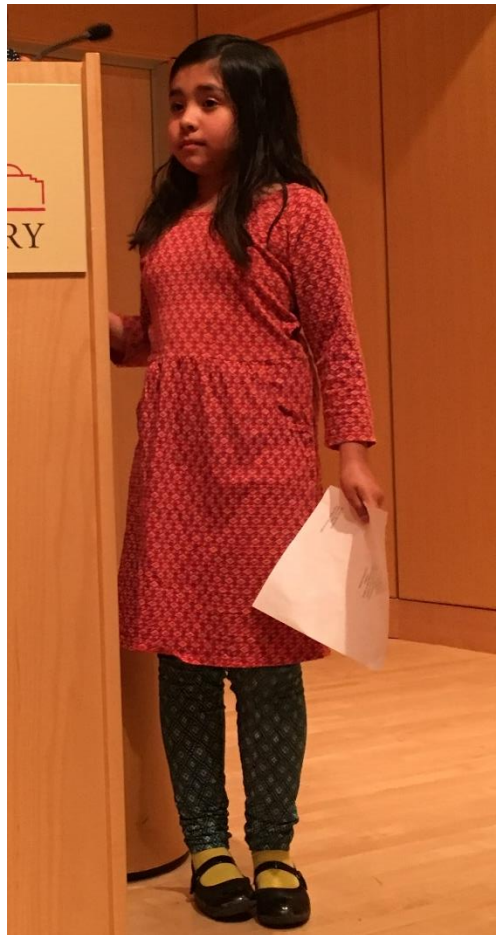
Fall

Bahaar Reinhardt

Morse School

First Place, Third Grade

Fall is
A spider
It weaves a
Web
Of rotting leaves
And apple trees
Catching the first
Cold
Of the year



Willow

Mili Medwed

Buckingham, Browne and Nichols School
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade

Even if their petals fall thousands of miles away
They fall into our outstretched hands
And if they really were ours
Our hands would be too busy to catch them.

If their leaves fall thousands of miles away
We watch them fall later, a video sent by a friend
They could have fallen years ago
I can never be sure.

Technology shows us things we've never dreamed
And opens doors into other worlds
But sometimes it's hard to see meaning
On a 5 x 2 screen.



Beyond

Abigail Fisher-Seufert

Peabody School

First Place, Second Grade

Beyond you I cannot see
Beyond you is murky and unfocused
Beyond you the dreams are scratchy and unkind
Beyond you...
Are failures you don't want to share

I am gripping on to you
Pleading for you to stay...
But you are reaching towards the danger ahead
Uncertain
Then
You come back
You show me what is beyond
And now you will stay



Melancholy World

Charlie N. Marshall

Peabody School

Second Place, Third Grade

Sadness is as encasing as a box
And as huge as a mountain.
It creeps up as quiet as the wind
But hits you as hard as a bull.
Flowing like a river, tears fall down your face
As heavy as a burden.
The sadness pushes you to the ground
And you become
part of the melancholy world.

Justice

Arsema Getachew

Peabody School

First Place, Third Grade

You walk into this place
with a smile on your face
just to realize you're the only
friend you have in this place
Kids knot up your heart like lace
You run to the only place you
can call safe, home. You walk in
only to see a corpse no more,
all the life sucked out of
someone you love you can't
even see her face to face.
Violence. Practice your aim
that's the only way you can
stay tame. Violence. You feel
like it's going all great and then
You suffer heartbreak. Revenge
sweet bitter taste now let's
Get to the part this party is
showcased. Pow. Student one
Is dead pow student two bled
One trick shot one quick
Shot student three pled.
Now let's stop all the school
shootings in the U.S.A.



It Is All About Race

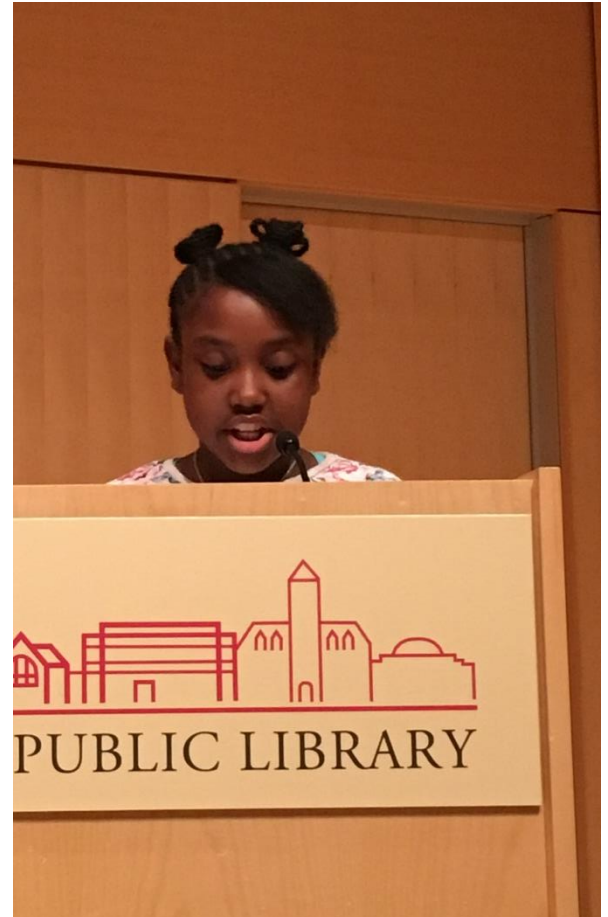
Keianna McGruder-Civil

Cambridgeport School
First Place, Fourth Grade

Everybody is scared
Blood is flying in the air
The war is in place
Take your kids and run
It is all about race

Everybody killing
Everybody is scared
Everybody's body's blood is in the air
It is fear just fear
Hope comes after fear
Just go to bed and hope it goes away

The guns spit out bullets on to people
The knife walks in
And runs out
The war is in place
Take your kids and run
It is all about race
People's faces are in rage
The redness on their faces spread and it
Spreads like food
On a plate



Wishing Tree

Sorelle Curis-Chiang

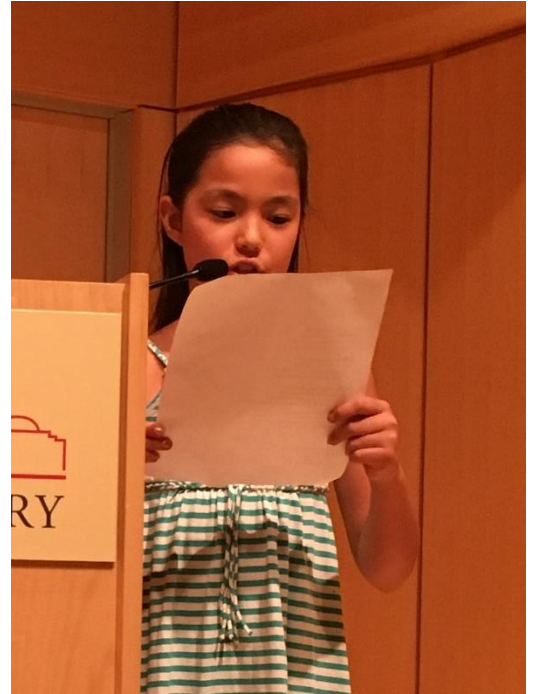
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. School
Second Place, Fourth Grade

I wish upon a wishing tree,
That someday I shall be free.
From slavery that holds me tight,
I ought to fight with all my might.

I wish upon a wishing tree,
That someday I shall be free.
From pulling lots and lots of sugar cane,
My bones are beginning to be in pain.

Soon at night I leave for freedom,
The sky is dark and so very clear.
I begin to walk following the north star,
And I finally reach the place that I've been dreaming.

Thank you! Thank you, tree!
My wish was fulfilled!
Someday I will tell your story,
Of the hope that you gave me.



Untitled

Nairobi Cepeda Fajardo

Cambridge Street Upper School

Honorable Mention, Sixth Grade

A tree is like hope –

Its roots give you memories,

Its leaves give you beauty,

Its bark gives you confidence,

Its branches give you freedom,

It stands tall like my pride.

Zebra

Harmony Devoe
Graham and Parks School
First Place, Third Grade

Black and white, hand in hand

All together as friends

Are we going to keep putting walls of heavy lead between us?

Or are we strong enough to stand up and fight for what's right?

We can be like a herd of zebras stampeding for justice

We can be like a zebra's stripes

Black and white

All zigzagging, twirling, mixing, and intertwining together in
peace and happiness

A zebra is how we should be

All of us

Together



Citas de mi Abuela

Natasha Butler-Rahman

Amigos School

Third Place, Seventh Grade

*"Yo no soy reina.
Si quisiera ser reina,
Estarías mirando a la reina
De toda Europa."*
Mi abuela se ríe
con una confianza magnética
Que despierta al sol.

*"Esa camisa es bella,
Natasha!"*
Mi abuela comenta,
Aunque sabe que ella misma la compró.

*"Las mujeres viejas se ven ridículas
Con pelo largo."*
Mi abuela dice con asco
Cuando vemos al anuncio de
"TJ Maxx - Maxx You!" durante nuestras novelas.

*"¡Ay, no entiendo esta moda pasajera!
No es una camisa
si no cubre tu ombligo,
Chiquita."*
Mi abuela declara
cuando yo la obligo a ir a Forever 21 conmigo.

*"El mundo es bello
Por dios.
Pero mi pelo es bello
Por Wanda Montes."*
Mi abuela se anima
Cuando nos vamos a cortar el pelo en su salón de belleza.

*"Ay, pequeña,
¿Cuál es el punto de siempre estar hablando de ser feminista y eso*



*Si escuchas estas canciones
De los hombres horribles
Con las miles de novias?"*
Mi abuela dice entre risas
cuando yo le muestro mi lista de canciones de Spotify.

*"Si yo fuera parte de esa época,
Yo estaría casada con Alexander Hamilton."*
Mi abuela me anuncia a mí y a mi hermana
con entusiasmo
Cuando lee su libro de 800 páginas.

*"Todos pueden decir lo que quieran,
Pero este huracán solo me ha hecho
Aún más fuerte."*
Mi abuela afirma con fuerza
Cuando la escucho por primera vez
En lo que se siente cómo años
Aunque sólo ha sido algunos meses.

Necesito sus citas
Sus palabras C
uán ridículas
O razonables sean.
Su acento
Una mezcla
De francés
haitiano
puertorriqueno
e inglés
Me recuerda
De que
Siempre hay una flor latina
En un jardín americano.

(English language version next page)

My Grandmother's Quotes

(English language version of *Citas de mi Abuela* by Natasha-Butler Rahman)

"I'm not the queen.

*If I wanted to be the queen,
You'd be looking at the queen
Of all of Europe."*

My grandmother laughs
With a magnetic confidence
That rattles the sun.

*"What a beautiful blouse,
Natasha!"*

My grandmother comments slyly,
Knowing surely that she bought it for me herself.

*"Older women cannot pull off
long hair."*

My grandmother
"admits" with pure shock
When we see the
"TJ Maxx - Maxx You!" ads
During our daily programmings.

*"I refuse
To understand this fad!
It's not a shirt
if it doesn't cover your stomach."*

My grandmother declares In utter disgust
When I force her unwillingly
to go to Forever 21 with me.

*"Don't get me wrong,
God made the world beautiful,
But Wanda Montes makes my hair beautiful."*

My grandmother encourages me
To get beautified by her
Infamous hairdresser.

*"Here's an important lesson!
There's no point of being a feminist
If you're gonna listen to all of these songs
About horrible men
With a million girlfriends
Who talk about anything but their personalities?"*
My grandmother giggles
When I show her my Spotify song list.

*"If I was living in that time,
I would be in holy matrimony with
Alexander Hamilton."*
My grandmother announces to me and my sister
With enthusiasm
While reading her 800 page book.

*"People can say whatever they want,
But this hurricane has only made me
Even stronger than I already was."*
My grandmother affirms with strength
When I hear her voice for the first time in what feels like
Centuries
Even though I could count the months
with one hand.

I need her quotes
Her words
No matter how ridiculous
Or incredibly reasonable
They may be.
Her accent
A mixture
Of french
Haitian creole
"Puertorriqueña"
(Because I can't say "Puerto Rican" without cringing)
And american.
She reminds me
In the twisted way that she must
That there is always a latina flower
In the ever-growing american garden

Oda al cofre de Amina

Ana Cardona-Izquier

Amigos School

Second Place, Sixth Grade

Encima de mi mesita de noche
Está el cofre de mi madrina
Un poco más grande que mi puño
Y aún así sostiene un universo

Fotos, Cartas, Monedas
Recuerdos de mi infancia
En mi país bello
O lo que solía ser

Tiene arañazos, huecos
La tapa está mal puesta
Como una niñita
Caminando en los zapatos de su madre
Y aún así
Sostiene y cuida mi universe

La foto de Marco, igualito
La foto de Sarah, tan diferente
Monedas sin valor
Ya que un bolívar no es nada más que un
recuerdo

(English language version next page)



Ode to Amina's Box

(English language version of *Oda al cofre de Amina* by Ana Cardona-Izquier)

On top of my nightstand
Lays my godmother's box
A bit bigger than my fist
And even so it holds the universe

Pictures, Letters, Coins
Memories from my childhood
In my beautiful country
Or what it used to be

It has scratches, holes
The lid doesn't fit perfectly
Like a little girl
Walking in her mother's shoes
And even so
It holds and takes care of my universe

Marco's photos, reflecting the same face
And the photo of Sarah, so different
Coins with no value
Since a bolivar is nothing more than a memory.

Living Double

Jackson Phelps

Cambridge Montessori School
Second Place, Seventh Grade

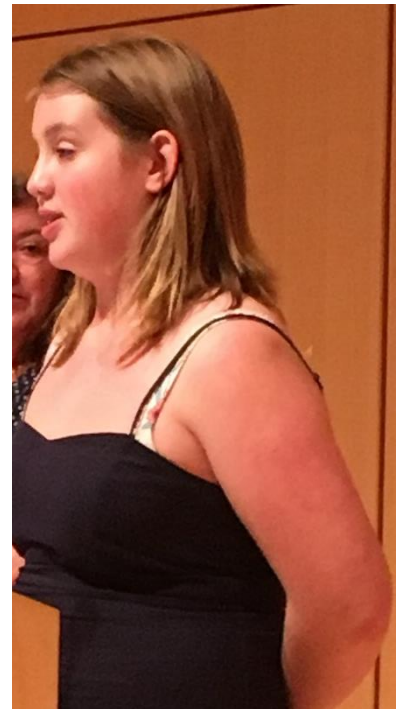
Two houses, two beds, to sleep in at night,
Double the couches to cuddle up tight,
Two different closets with double the clothes,
Two separate lawns that need to be mowed,
Double the holidays, those are quite fun,
But sometimes I wish that I only had one,
One bed I can sleep in, all bundled up tight,
Two parents that agree and together, unite,
One house, one kitchen, one creaky front door,
One closet, one toothbrush, one ceiling, one floor,
Doesn't this version, seem so ideal,
The one problem is, it isn't real,
Living with two of everything of course,
That's what you get when your parents are divorced.

Independencia

Esmee Decola

Amigos School
Second Place, Seventh Grade

Siento que
Independencia
Es idem de dejar el barco durante
Una Tormenta
Pero no es un Ventisca perfecto
Es desertar todo que
Sabes
Tu familia
Tus memorias
Es abandonar su ropa que te queda bien
Y cambiarse de piel
10 tamanos mas grandes
Pero cuando te vas cuando brincas al océano
Puedo sentir
La sal
Todos los sentimientos
drenando fuera de ti
Ser refrescado
Pero cuando una grande ola viene
Y la
Resaca de la madre de naturaleza
Te agarre
Más profundo en un grande oceano
Donde estas rodeado de animales
Pero todavía me siento sola
El océano
El te lleva a su propio tiempo
Pero hasta qué puedo asías por aire
Las dorsales empieza a rodear
En una manera te consuelan
Alrededor
Y
Alrededor
Como reloj
Como tiempo
Que es además rápido
Pero es Infinito
El océano



(English language version next page)

Independence

(English language version of *Independencia* by Esmee Decola)

I feel as if
Independence
Is the same as leaving the boat during a storm
But it isn't a perfect storm
Its deserting everything you know
Your family
The memories
Its abandoning the skin that's a perfect fit
And changing into
Skin that's 10 sizes too big
But when you leave
That first jump into the ocean
You can feel
the salt
All of your feelings
Draining out of you
It refreshes you
But when a big wave comes
And
The undertow
Grabs you
Where your surrounded by animals
Yet still feel alone
The ocean
She carries you at her own tempo
But as soon as you can
Grasp for air
The dorsal fins begin to circle
In some ways they comfort you
Around
and
Around
Like a clock
Like time
Que es además rápido
but infinite
The ocean she carry you to her own tempo

Ode to Thomas Sankara

Jack Ramde

Fayerweather Street School
Second Place, Sixth Grade

Thomas
How you supported women's rights
And first African president to recognize AIDS
How you made a self-sufficient country

Thomas
How you hated foreign aid
Thomas
As smart as a dolphin
And brave as a tiger

You were inspired by the people from Cuba
The oldest of ten
Watched out for everyone

How you watched out for the country and the people inside
Mankind's hero
Lover of basketball
Strong, tall

This guy outdid himself
He pushed himself
To make our country unique
When you die your legacy lives on

Thomas
You were
As gentle as a leaf
And as hard as a rock

Obama

Naseem Anjaria

Fletcher Maynard Academy
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade

How nervous he was
When he sat in his room
With friends and family around him
He sat, hoping, praying, even singing

He watched the votes rise, rise, rise
Watching, hoping, praying
To win and be the king
Is the biggest honor

Especially for a black man
Father from Kenya
Born in Hawaii
All American

He won, he did it
Tears on his face
Hugs, kisses
Congratulations coming from everyone

Nine years later
We are here
He is not

He is lounging on the beach
While our president
Sits in the White House
Making bogus laws
All with his arms crossed

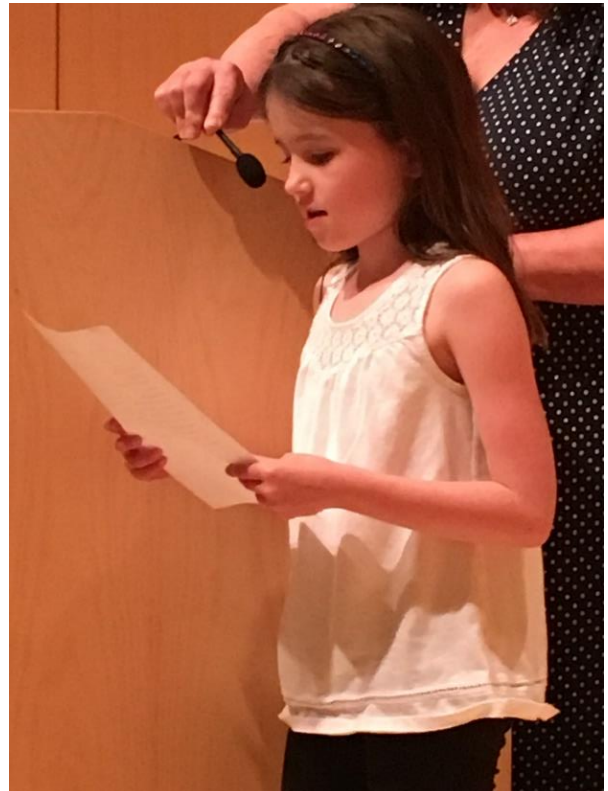


Sadness

Erin Campbell

Fayerweather Street School
Third Place, Fourth Grade

My day is like
garbage
that never goes away.
and a
laundry pile
that never gets clean,
I don't have any friends
everybody hates me,
I move from person to person,
and sometimes through
families and schools,
but everybody pushes me away,
why?



Stand Up Tall

Nik Malaviya

Cambridgeport School

Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

I just wanna hide. I cry at night. It's like my life, is just a fight.
I just wanna hide. I don't stand tall. I start to crawl. Yeah,
I don't wanna hide, I know there's some light.
I know there's some hope, and I'm gonna be bold.
I will stand up tall, I will break these walls.
I will never crawl, I am not small, You will fall on your knees, you'll be
begging me please.
I will not surrender, these will be your last words.
I will stand up tall,
I'm not your bowling ball.
I will stand up tall.



42

Celia Walsh

Morse School

Second Place, Fifth Grade

42
shot in the US
each week
42
faceless, nameless
people killed
dead
because we can't,
won't,
put up laws
to ban guns.
Why?
If it's your right
to own a gun
then it's our right
to live.
Apparently
the two things
don't go together.



I Stand

Ayaulym Wolfe

Shady Hill School

Second Place, Fifth Grade

Standing with the wind blowing on my face

With my friends I stand

I stand for justice and peace

We are one

I stand for the 17 killed at Parkland High and for everyone

I stand

I am scared for what might happen next

I'll stand for what is right

Making a change throughout the country

I stand

Love

Koto Tanie

Fletcher-Maynard Academy
Second Place, First Grade

Love loves family
Love loves you
Love loves me
Love loves us
Love is kind
Love loves Earth
Love loves you
Love loves me
Love loves us

Bang!
What was that?

We Need Peace

Taya Thoms

Maria L. Baldwin School
Third Place, Fifth Grade



Peace.

Such a short word
Yet it means so many things
to so many people.

It means:

Having a safe place to sleep at night.

Not having to fear
what tomorrow will bring.

Waking up
knowing that you don't have to run,
you don't have to hide.

Knowing that you are welcome
wherever you are.

Whoever you are.

Because who you are
is the most important thing of all.

No one should be able to take that from you.

Maybe peace has not reached
every corner of the world,
and maybe it is not even close.

But even so,

It is important
that you keep hoping,
keep believing

That one day,
peace will come.

Are you brave?

Are you willing to stand up
for a world of peace?

Step Up!

Farai Sundai

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. School
First Place, Fifth Grade

Everyday sprouts a new problem
But what do people do to solve them?
From marches to protests and protests to petitions
For some reason it doesn't seem to help
From discrimination to poor communication
Many people are aware
But don't seem to care
I don't understand their rash decisions
People need help
And we may need theirs'
So come on
If we're a nation
Then step up
be loud
and take *action!*



Untitled
Emmie Knippen
Cambridge Street Upper School
Third Place, Eighth Grade

Don't worry
About me
I'm good
I'm fine
I'm okay
No need to worry
Not your problems,
Mine.

Don't ask if I'm okay
I will say yes
I won't confess
That I want to
Die
To fall into oblivion
To stop the suffering,
The thoughts
Of hate
And worthlessness
And fear
To stop the
Salty tears
Of endless regret
And guilt.

That's How It Goes

Bennett Himmel

Fayerweather Street School
Honorable Mention, Eighth Grade

so.....i'm really, really gay
i'm like that every single day
saying that it's just a phase
sets my eyes into a blaze
I've known this since I was age of eight
Hiding it because I couldn't face the hate

i use they, i use them
people think that's as rare as a gem!"
but it's not, there're probably at least ten

i can never pass
it's a pain in the...there are children here
but no matter what, i get called a man
can i take it? i can
but how long?

trump is in charge
dear lord please discharge
my rights are in question and i cannot breathe
i cannot see past an orange haze on my lens
when will this end?
will i be able to marry?
will my gender be on the cards i carry?
it kills me
i'm serious

so we celebrate love
a gift from above
let out the doves
but how long will it last
before love is cut down by the government?



and this is not just about me
let's sound out a plea
protect the women being invaded
please protect DACA
protect the children
black children are being killed
others grow hungry

Please protect the people sitting holding cardboard signs
protect immigrant husbands and wives
stop the pain in the partners' hearts like knives
please, people open your eyes!

celebrate love while we can
so put down your chocolates
put your phones in your pockets
talk to who's next to you
and remember it all as you sniff a rose
that's how it goes

Invisible

Sofia Galvao

Amigos School
First Place, Sixth Grade

Am I invisible?

Maybe.

Am I really here?

Perhaps.

Do people ignore me?

Yes.

Do I exist?

I'm not sure.

But the way people look at me

Or talk to me

Tells me no.

Am I a ghost?

In the hallways

You walk right past me

Like I am only air

Never really there.

When I call your name you only stare.

Am I really invisible?

That is what I ask myself every day

Locked in my room.

Alone.

But,

Still,

I go to school

Every day

And pretend that I am not invisible

And that I belong.

I belong

And I believe that.

And I will keep believing that.



Bloqueo de escritor

Hugh Koschwanetz
Amigos School
First Place, Seventh Grade

Bloqueo de escritor

Es como si quieres hacer algo pero no puedes
Es como estar atrapado en una telaraña en tu mente.
Tus ideas cercas pero no puedes agarrarlas
El gran araña de la fecha límite
Arrastrándose hacia ti.

Writer's Block

Writer's Block

It's like you want to do something but you can't
It's like being trapped in a spiderweb in your mind.
Your Ideas close but you can't reach them
The giant spider of the deadline
Crawling towards you.



How I Draw

Quinn Farmer

Shady Hill School
First Place, Fifth Grade

I sit here thinking, daydreaming
About friends and people
And what they could be
Gods, action figures, heroes
In another world
Then
I want to draw it
On paper
I think
If they were here
What would they do?
Save the world?
Fix my problems?
Help my friends?
Then they come
In bunches
Everywhere
Sitting, standing, flying, running, walking
So I try to tell them to be still
But they won't
They move more
Am I the only person seeing this?
Only me?
I take a deep breath
Pick up the pencil
And make my mark.



Elements Save the Day

Dante Randall

Haggerty School

Third Place, Fourth Grade

I move as quick as lightning
I'll defend – I won't be fighting.
My soul is as clear as air for me
I have no pair when I'm angry.

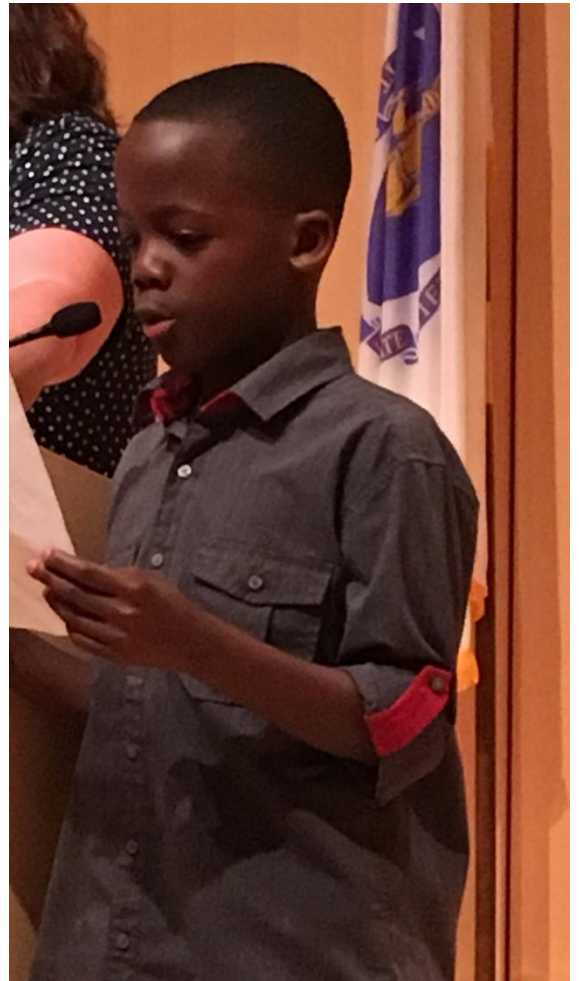
I'll turn red like fire
Then I'll let it roll like a tire
Down my back as my true self comes back
Then I'll flow just like water.

All these elements are
Like my partners
When people are afraid
I'll be standing. I'll be brave.

Pushing through...
I hope you'll follow too

As we move on
We will sing our song.
With our awesome band
everyone hand in hand,
everyone will take a stand.

As the elements
save
the
day.



To Be a Tree

Ella Ogden

Shady Hill School
First Place, Fifth Grade



I stand tall,
high above the ground below
of yellow daisies.

watching
as kids from the village
climb up my
thick trunk.

Aware,
as the kids
scale up my long branches
and Gather at my peak.
I am a playspace.

I stand wide.
The ground around me
covered in my newly fallen leaves.

watching,
as a girl settles at
the bottom of my trunk.

Aware,
as she writes and writes.
Hours passing by,
And she doesn't move once.
I am a playspace.

I am a den.

I stand strong.
Soft white snow
covering the base of my trunk.
watching
as a group of tall boys

throw ice balls
at a smaller boy.
Aware,
as the boy runs to the
far side of me for protection.
Staying even after the group leaves.
I am a playspace.
I am a den.
I am a sanctuary.

I stand peaceful.
Green grass sprouting again
around my trunk.
Watching,
as I wait for company.
My newly grown leaves
Rustling in the air.
Aware,
As no one comes.
But I stand here still ready yet.
Because I am needed.

Because
I am a playspace,
I am a den,
I am a sanctuary.

Because I am a tree

What Is White?

Aniket Srivastava

Morse School

First Place, Fourth Grade

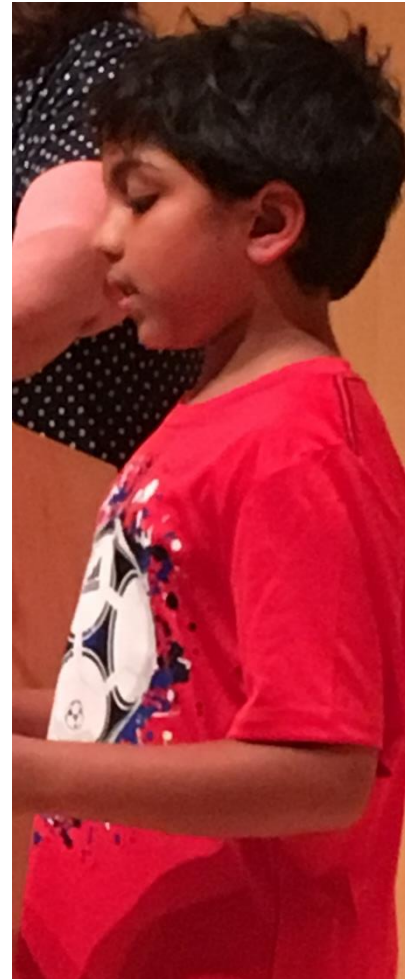
White is nothingness
A blank piece of paper
I don't know what to write
A whiteboard
Clouds are white too
White is a food called tofu
The wind is white
A dove is white
While it's in flight.

White is a swan
On the river bank
A bottle cap
A tissue paper
A snowflake
A snowman.

White is black's enemy
Although opposites attract
Gray is white's father
Although it is dull
Silver's white's mother
Although she has friends.

White is lonely because it is plain
White's expression is bored and sad
White has no friends like his mother does
White is not cool like his father is.

White is the color of a grandmother's hair
White can be good things
Good things and bad!
That's what white is.



Period

Aroon Kang

Maria L. Baldwin School
Second Place, Fourth Grade

Must I put a period
I don't want to end
Periods end everything
Your writing, your sentence, even your imagination
Why do you exist, oh ending one?
Why end kids' dreams to end their story
Why do you exist, oh mysterious one?

