

## *Cambridge Public Library 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Poetry Awards*



On May 22, 2019, the Cambridge Public Library hosted the 20th annual Cambridge Public Library Poetry Awards. Selected from nearly 1,300 entries this year, awards were given to 65 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 generous 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](mailto:agazin@cambridgema.gov). Following are the 2019 winning poems, 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!



21st Annual Cambridge Public Library Poetry Awards  
May 22, 2019

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 1. Aviv Heldman<br><i>"Be who you are..."</i>         | 23. Aislyn McCabe<br><i>Sloth</i>                        | 45. Amanda Berlin<br><i>Mixed Forever</i>  |
| 2. Olivia Blower<br><i>The Skies of Infinity</i>      | 24. Sophia Neer<br><i>Cow-ish</i>                        | 46. Ruri Duffy<br><i>Plan(et) B</i>  |
| 3. Calder Lewis<br><i>Sunset</i>                      | 25. Chase Fortier Rodriguez<br><i>I Am a Soccer Ball</i> | 47. Ethan Miner<br><i>"I come to realize..."</i>   |
| 4. Mia Oren<br><i>"In the sky..."</i>                 | 26. Stella Murdoch<br><i>The Ball Behind the Fence</i>   | 48. Gabriel Laroche<br><i>Haiti</i>  |
| 5. Korrey Kim<br><i>Peace</i>                         | 27. Musa Saeed<br><i>Video Game Controller</i>           | 49. Joshua Pite<br><i>Shoes</i>  |
| 6. Moses Rakoff-O'Neill<br><i>Sand Dollar Star</i>    | 28. Hamza Dawed<br><i>Scrub Wash Squirt</i>              | 50. Otto Gombert<br><i>Family Fightings</i>  |
| 7. Zeynab Hashemian<br><i>Sparkling Earth!</i>        | 29. Iyla Gray-Pai<br><i>Water</i>                        | 51. Annabel Abbott Howe<br><i>The Questions of Loss</i>                                  |
| 8. Eliana Araya<br><i>"Beautiful butterfly..."</i>    | 30. Nico Nesson<br><i>The Water</i>                      | 52. Olivia Jentillorme<br><i>My Mother's Cry and<br/>You Were There</i>                  |
| 9. Madeline Regal<br><i>Book of the Bird</i>          | 31. Bradford Christoforetti<br><i>Candle Stub</i>        | 53. Fabiola Campos<br><i>Anne's Annex</i>  |
| 10. Sylvie Pugatch<br><i>My Magic Hair Tie</i>        | 32. Angeliz Santiago<br><i>The Candle</i>                | 54. Catherine Johnson<br><i>Alone</i>  |
| 11. Floyd Simpson<br><i>Eraser Vacuum</i>             | 33. Birsa Reinhardt<br><i>Candles</i>                    | 55. Sonia Wu<br><i>Tsunami</i>   |
| 12. Vida Ristivojevic<br><i>The Pencil and Eraser</i> | 34. Ella Hubner<br><i>Winter</i>                         | 56. Camila Telemaque<br><i>Abuelita</i>  |
| 13. Bella Farina<br><i>Reading</i>                    | 35. Corinne Gavornik<br><i>Winter</i>                    | 57. Clio Bildman<br><i>Lady in the Dark</i>  |
| 14. Nicolas Howes<br><i>I Am a Tree</i>               | 36. Juliette Cluzel<br><i>A Spring Poem</i>              | 58. Rozalind Tupelo Deaderick<br><i>Layman<br/>"I'd never been escorted anywhere..."</i> |
| 15. Paul E. Raue<br><i>Tree</i>                       | 37. Susanna Barouch<br><i>My Life as a Tree</i>          | 59. Madison Bartee<br><i>You Don't Know</i>  |
| 16. Kai Fuse<br><i>Bark</i>                           | 38. Farhan Chowdhury<br><i>Nature</i>                    | 60. Rafaela Datel<br><i>untold america</i>   |
| 17. Trisha Iyer<br><i>"Green, wet and alive..."</i>   | 39. Georgia Lee<br><i>Life</i>                           | 61. Lea Louise Freiin von Hilgers<br><i>Fired Shots</i>                                  |
| 18. Jaden Brophy<br><i>The Right Tree for Me</i>      | 40. Tyler Jarvis<br><i>Storms</i>                        | 62. zuri vipa sueksagan moses<br><i>superwoman</i>                                       |
| 19. Sammi Brown<br><i>Lunch Time</i>                  | 41. Leo Goldstein<br><i>Eagle</i>                        | 63. Raul Cruz, Jr.<br><i>"Rodney King..."</i>  |
| 20. Mithila Das<br><i>Chocolate Ice Cream</i>         | 42. Jasper Mallon<br><i>The Sky</i>                      | 64. Agustina León Perdomo<br><i>Un dia / One Day</i>                                     |
| 21. Evan Atherley<br><i>Clumsy as a Bug</i>           | 43. Alex Levitt<br><i>Island of Color</i>                | 65. Violet Little<br><i>Art</i>  |
| 22. Sydney Dana<br><i>Enzo</i>                        | 44. James Constan<br><i>Independent Galaxy</i>           |  |

*Untitled*

**Aviv Heldman**

Cambridge Friends School  
Second Place, Kindergarten

Be who you are  
Nothing is wrong  
Just try it  
You will see  
Don't be afraid  
It's the best thing



***The Skies of Infinity***  
**Olivia Blower**  
Cambridgeport School  
Third Place, Second Grade

I wish to fly  
into the sky

Up high  
to the clouds

Up where the infinity  
awaits





***Sunset***  
**Calder Lewis**  
Peabody School  
Second Place, Third Grade

When the ocean swallows the sun and the  
Crimson light spearing the cloud  
It is so very bright  
When the ocean and the sun fight



***Untitled***

**Mia Oren**

Haggerty School  
First Place, Kindergarten

In the sky,  
In the night,  
In the stars so bright,  
When the moon falls asleep  
I will not make a peep.



***Peace***  
**Korrey Kim**  
Haggerty School  
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

Peace is in the world  
Swimming through the milky way  
Flying past the stars



***Sand Dollar Star***  
**Moses Rakoff-O'Neill**  
Tobin Montessori School  
First Place, Second Grade

I'm on the beach,  
I see the stars,  
and look  
one has fallen.  
Now it's washed up on the shore  
I think I'll go get it,  
but when I get there  
it's gone.  
I look up to the sky,  
that's it,  
good bye.





## ***Sparkling Earth!***

**Zeynab Hashemian**

Tobin Montessori School

Third Place, First Grade

The rain pours  
on your beautiful  
face. The rain is  
like clean white  
pearls. They  
fall drip drop  
down...  
down...  
down...

It falls on a  
flower like  
rose, tulip,  
daisy and...  
fritillaria bulbs,  
(Iranian flowers)  
They fall, the  
white pearls  
dropping  
on the beautiful  
Sparkling Earth!



*Untitled*

**Eliana Araya**

John M. Tobin Montessori School

Third Place, Kindergarten

Beautiful butterfly, way up to the sky.  
You're so pretty.  
I want to touch you, but you can fly and I can't.  
Butterfly up to the sky.



***Book of the Bird***

**Madeline Regal**

Amigos School

Honorable Mention, Second Grade

The librarian  
is organizing the library.  
It flies up  
above to put the books  
on the right shelves.  
The leafy bookmarks  
are in their places.  
And the birds are reading  
calmly in the hollow tree.



## ***My Magic Hair Tie***

**Sylvie Pugatch**

Graham & Parks Alternative School

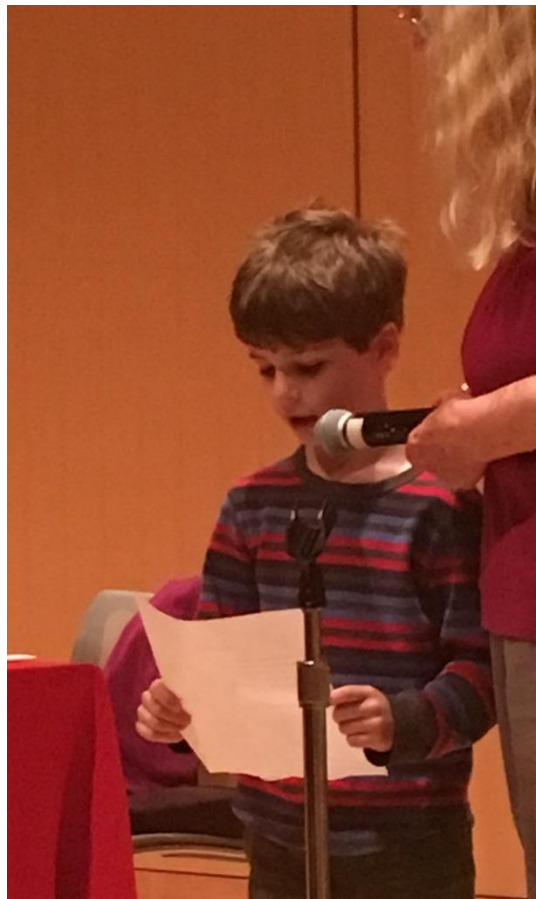
Second Place, First Grade

My magic hair tie  
It gives me power  
I never give up  
I speak up  
strength  
to and from.



***Eraser Vacuum***  
**Floyd Simpson**  
Morse School  
First Place, First Grade

I see an eraser vacuum  
Sweeping on the paper rug  
It sucks up all the words  
and then it rolls away  
While it's scrubbing it goes  
chug, chug, chug, away





**Vida Ristivojevic**  
Cambridgeport School  
First Place, Third Grade (two poems)

### ***The Pencil***

Its yellow glows like a field of sunflowers.  
But its magic hides as a black point looking worthless.  
It spits out imagination, making new worlds and ideas.  
As it touches the page,  
It swoops and dives performing a magical show.  
Its wood is its heart, small and rough,  
But it's friendly enough to make your thoughts true.  
When the show is finished, it waits quietly for next time,  
To make thoughts, ideas, and worlds true.

### ***Eraser***

Pink and soft, it's a pencil's worst enemy.  
It will destroy the pencil's hard work,  
leaving the pencil gloomy.  
Small, but powerful enough  
To erase the wrong thing from this world.



## ***Reading***

**Bella Farina**

Peabody School

First Place, Second Grade

Reading is like swimming in a deep deep sea  
I open my book and I start my adventure  
The words spill into my mind and I hear them  
going through my head  
The pages flip and the words on them rip off  
And they make a beautiful story  
Reading the story is as amazing and intriguing as  
swimming with dolphins or sharks  
When the pages are done flipping  
When the words are cleaned up from spilling  
Your story is an adventure  
So when you open another book  
You start another adventure



***I Am a Tree***  
**Nicolas Howes**  
Peabody School  
Second Place, First Grade

I'm a tree  
I'm a tree  
Oh marvelous me!

I am in the garden  
And do you know what I see?  
I see a blue bird making a nest on me.

It tickles  
It prickles  
Baby birds are hatching.

I'm a tree  
I'm a tree  
Hooray for me!

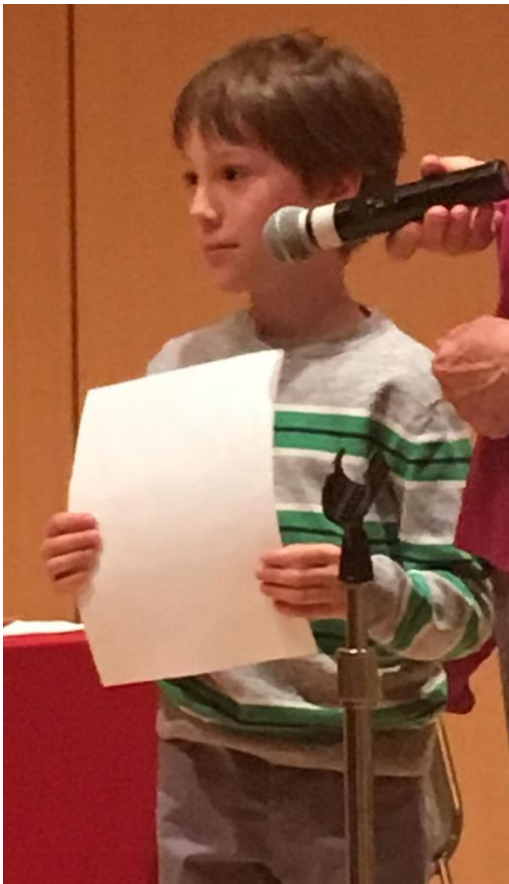
***TREE***

**Paul E. Raue**

Morse School

First Place, Second Grade

His old arms rustle  
His body shakes  
His toes freeze  
In fall  
His golden dress  
Falls  
In the doom  
Of autumn's  
Colors



# ***Bark***

**Kai Fuse**

Peabody School

Third Place, Second Grade

a raft  
in the water  
carrying insects  
from one side  
to the other  
this mysterious raft  
moves across the rapids  
carrying insects  
from one side  
to the other





*Untitled*

**Trisha Iyer**

Cambridgeport School  
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade

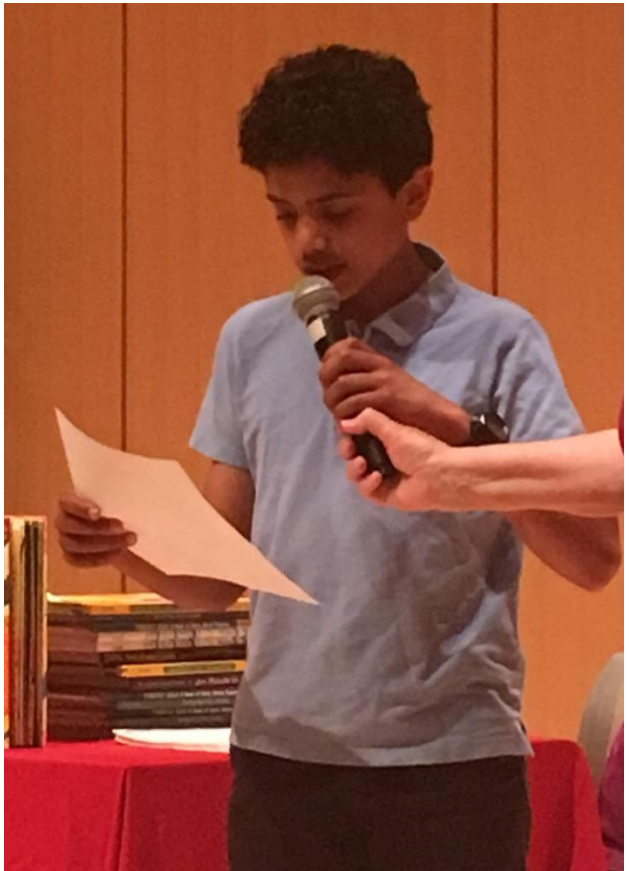
Green, wet and alive.  
The rustling in the bushes pinches your ears.  
The oxygen is humid, muggy.  
Wet and earthy, feels deserted.  
The monkeys howl their low, sad howls.

RAINFOREST!!!!!!!



***The Right Tree For Me***  
**Jaden Brophy**  
Fletcher Maynard School  
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade

Tree tree  
The one for me  
As thick as a seal  
As small for me  
An apple tree  
An orange tree  
A watermelon tree  
Naaaah  
Those don't suit me  
How about  
A cookie tree  
That's more likely  
For me



## ***Lunch Time***

**Sammi Brown**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols

Second Place, Second Grade

I see people rushing to eat  
Lunch boxes run to their tables  
I hear the unzipping of lunch boxes  
and people telling riddles  
I smell the yummy, juicy, tasty, sweet, delicious snacks  
Fill the air with flavor  
I taste the yummy, delicious strawberries in my mouth  
And the delicious goldfish crackling in my mouth  
I touch the cold pizza in my hand  
and the warm, chewy bar in my mouth  
I see the people packing their lunch boxes  
and leaving the classroom  
I like this feeling!



## ***Chocolate Ice Cream***

**Mithila Das**

Fletcher Maynard Academy

Third Place, Second Grade

Chocolatey!

Oreo cookies on top

Stepping in the ice cream!

Chocolate bars

Digging!

Fruit!

Chocolate drizzle

Slides down!

Refreshing on a soupy hot summer day!

Thin wide cones!

Soft!

Milky!

Whipped cream as white as

Snow

Soft as snow!

M and M's!

Chocolate chips! Chocolate sundaes!

Cooling and cold!

All sorts of sprinkles falling!

Sweet cherry on top!

Yummy! Yummy!

Drip, drip

Eat it before it melts!

***Clumsy as a Bug***

**Evan Atherley**

Fletcher Maynard Academy

Third Place, First Grade

Clumsy as a bug

Brave as a gorilla

Loud as a lion

Tough as bull

Put all together and

You've got me!!!



***Enzo***

**Sydney Dana**

Amigos School/Escuela Amigos

Third Place, First Grade

Enzo has a tiny  
head.  
Soft like a  
blanket in  
my bed.  
So crazy  
jumping as high as a  
shooting star.  
Sloppy kisses like  
a waterfall.  
Not like any dog but  
the best dog ever.  
I love Enzo.



***Sloth***  
**Aislyn McCabe**  
Morse School  
First Place, Fourth Grade

Slowly  
Eating  
Leaves

Slowly  
Writing  
Poems

We  
Are  
Basically  
The  
Same  
Thing



***Cow-ish***

**Sophia Neer**

Maria L. Baldwin School  
Third Place, Third Grade

Sweet smelling calf,  
new to the world.

White sky with black clouds,  
broomstick tail,  
big eyes roll around.  
Dark, light eyelashes  
Still blinking

Full of beauty



***I Am a Soccer Ball***  
**Chase Fortier Rodriguez**  
Peabody School  
Second Place, First Grade

I am a Soccer ball  
I sit there all day  
until the most risky  
time of day. Recess.  
They pick me up and  
bring me outside.  
They start kicking me!!!  
I have no clue why!  
It hurts so much  
I wish I were  
A Basket ball.



***The Ball Behind the Fence***

**Stella Murdoch**

Cambridgeport School

Honorable Mention, Third Grade

Damp from the morning dew,  
Shining the color of crystal blue,  
Covered in wood chips and leaves,  
Hidden underneath the trees.  
Hidden right behind the fence,  
With other things that have been:  
Forgotten, lost, and misthrown.





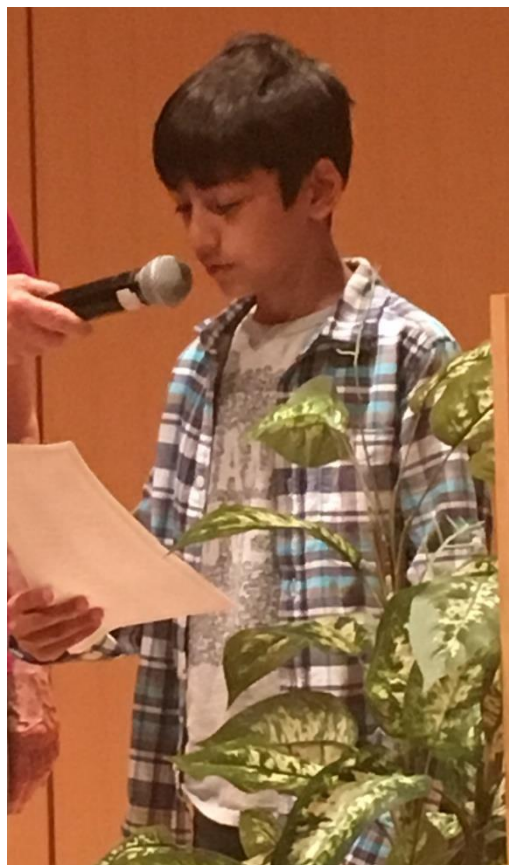
## ***Video Game Controller***

**Musa Saeed,**

Cambridgeport School  
Second Place, Third Grade

In the cool living room,  
sitting on the foam green couch,  
sits a cloud gray VGC with many  
curved edges.

It's like a mom raising 14 little baby  
buttons with stained zapping colors.  
The shimmering VGC takes your mind  
to a place where Imagination is the  
number **One** priority.



***Scrub Wash Squirt***  
**Hamza Dawed**  
Haggerty School  
Honorable Mention, Second Grade

When you go in to the bathroom you got  
To scrub

Scrub

Scrub

You got to

Wash

Wash

Wash

You got to

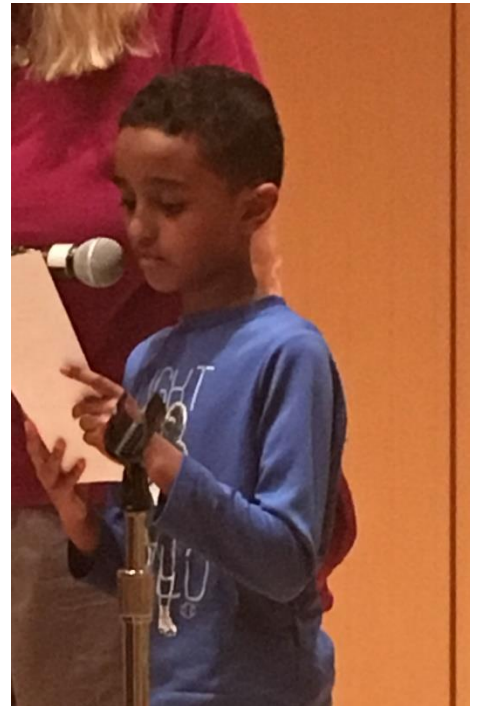
Squirt

Squirt

Squirt

You got to find a bubble and see what's inside

Are you inside?



**Water**  
**Iyla Gray-Pai**  
Cambridgeport School  
Second Place, Third Grade

Water.  
A wonderful liquid

The first drinkable one  
Before juice,  
And tea,  
And coffee.

It is  
In lakes  
And rivers  
And ponds  
And also  
In your cup.

Water.

Your cylinder bowl  
Grazes  
The tips  
Of your gentle lips,

And you pour it  
down  
Your dark, mysterious hole, filled with shining, solid stars.  
Who knows where things go?

It slithers down your soft throat,  
Speeding down the slippery slide,  
Swirling in your belly.  
Then coming out the other end-  
I really gotta go!

Water.



***The Water***  
**Nico Nesson**  
Peabody School  
Second Place, Fifth Grade

My rippling reflection in the dark water scares me

Who am I

The water doesn't respond, only a soft wave passes by,  
gracefully

Silvery cold, and beautiful

Please, tell me who I am



***Candle Stub***  
**Bradford Christoforetti**  
Cambridgeport School  
Third Place, Third Grade

The light and hope it used to bring  
is gone.  
It ceases the shine and sing.  
The beauty it  
used to bring  
is long lost  
it is now  
a token  
of sorrow  
and loss.



## ***The Candle***

**Angeliz Santiago**

Cambridgeport School  
Second Place, Third Grade

The glowing bloom  
Popped up  
From the inside of the candle,  
As the glowing bloom  
Made the room smell refreshing,  
The candle started to get hot and feel like a hard rock,  
A little bit shattered on one side of the candle,  
The other side melted,  
But not the whole side,  
A little while later the glowing bloom went away,  
When you looked at the side that melted  
The line was as smooth as a smooth cloth  
The side that shattered had a really bumpy side,  
The right and left side both looked like  
Big waves from the ocean,  
When I looked at the inside of the candle  
It looked  
Like ashes from a house that burnt down.

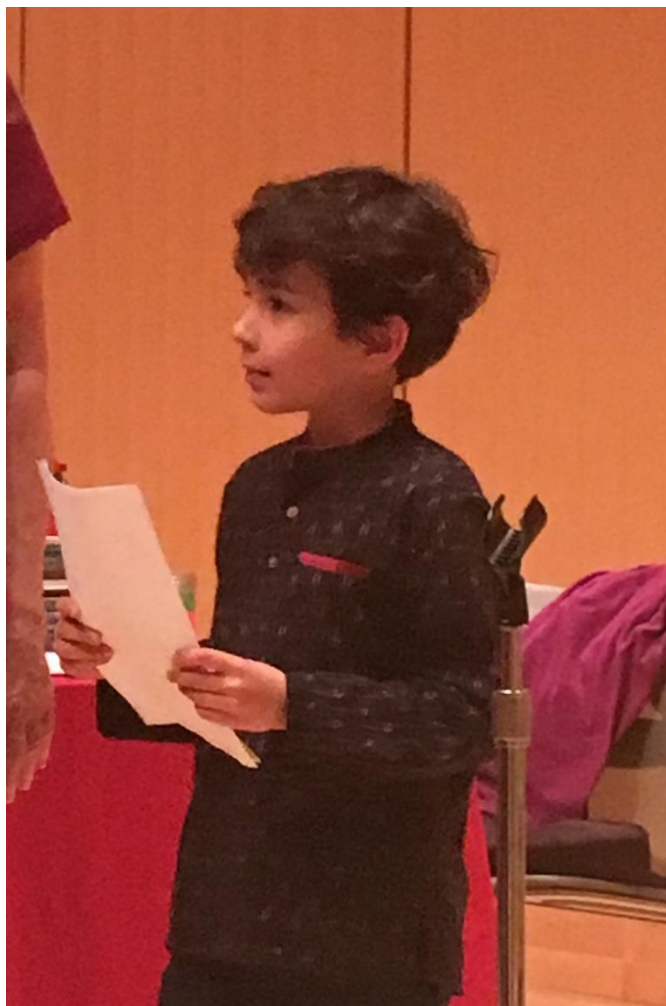
## ***Candles***

**Birsa Reinhardt**

Morse School

Second Place, Second Grade

Rain drops made of fire.  
On colorful candy sticks  
Lighting the way,  
In the dark,  
Or on a street,  
Birthday Cake!





***Winter***

**Ella Hubner**

Morse School

Second Place, Second Grade

Blankets of snow  
Covering the ground  
Keeping it warm  
Frost everywhere  
Cold white people  
Made of snow  
Waving their stick hands  
At me!



## Winter

**Corinne Gavornik**

Peabody School

First Place, Second Grade

A cold dark shadow  
Creeps towards me  
Howling in a scratchy voice  
It gets closer and closer  
Until...  
It swallows me



***A Spring Poem***

**Juliette Cluzel**

St. Peter School

Third Place, Fourth Grade

I can hear the chirping of birds, the buzzing of bees  
As I sit under the old willow trees  
I can see the dragonflies zooming and zooming  
And the flowers blooming and blooming  
As I sit under the old willow trees.  
I feel a warm breeze at last.  
Spring has come so fast  
I smell the smell of the fresh earth and new turf.  
The creek trickling and the crickets snickering  
As I sit under the old willow trees  
As the sun shines gently on the prairie  
I cannot help but feel merry  
Fresh trout in the stream  
I cannot help but beam  
As I sit under the old willow trees.

# ***My Life as a Tree***

**Susanna Barouch**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols

First Place, Sixth Grade

I first started life  
Above the world  
In my mother's crown  
Her green leaves glistened in the sunlight  
Her arms reaching out

One day I fell  
From my mother's grasp  
Onto the forest floor

A squirrel picked me up,  
Ran with me  
Clutched  
In its paw.

It dropped me somewhere new  
A hole in the ground.  
And hid me from the light.

There I stayed for while  
But, like all living things do,  
I grew.

*(continued next page)*

Out from the ground  
I emerged,  
My small body bending  
To the will of the winds

I uncurled my leaves  
To embrace the sun

The seasons passed:  
Cool fall,  
With its browns, reds, oranges, and yellows  
Frozen winter,  
With ice clinging to my branches and snow covering the ground  
Warm spring,  
With buds blooming and new plants sprouting  
Hot summer,  
With green leaves casting patterns across the floor

It's been years now  
Since that squirrel  
Picked me up  
And brought me here

I return the favor now  
And house the squirrel's family  
Friends come and go,  
Birds perch on my arms,  
Squirrels and chipmunk run over my body  
Raccoons nest between my feet  
Where I cling to the earth

*(continued next page)*

Countless years pass  
I have seen all of the seasons  
While I chat with my friends  
The Maple  
The Elm  
The Beech

It will be spring soon  
The snow will leave the ground  
Buds will show  
Flowers will bloom

Then in summer I will grow heavy with acorns  
Waiting to drop,  
Where the creatures of the woods  
Can take them where they please

Then, job fulfilled  
With a thud one stormy night  
I lay down to rest  
Where I will sleep.



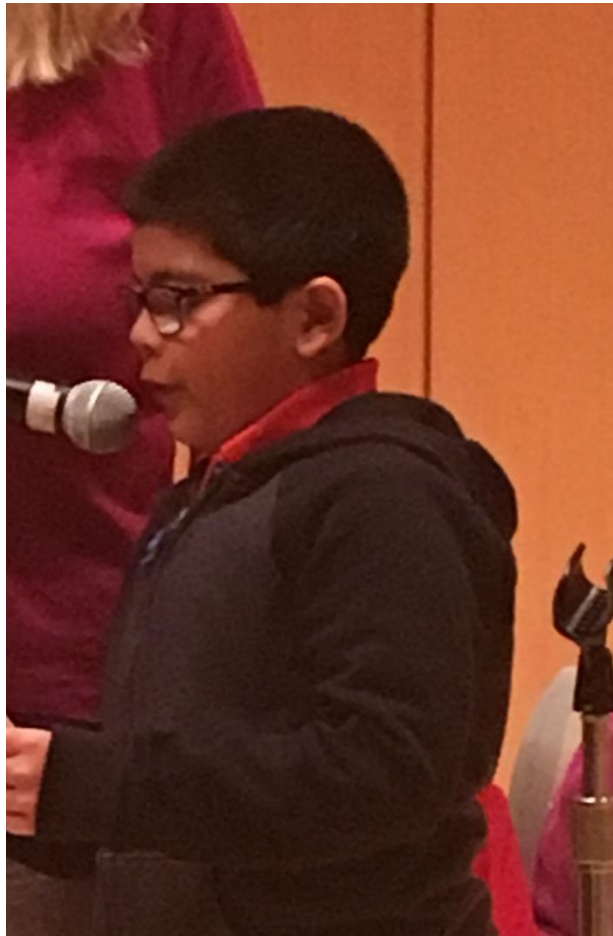
***Nature***

**Farhan Chowdhury**

Graham and Parks School

Third Place, Third Grade

Nature is in the air,  
In the seas, in the wild, everywhere.  
And it's in you, too.





***Life***

**Georgia Lee**

Maria L. Baldwin School

Honorable Mention, Second Grade

the steady thump of our feet...

the birds chirping...

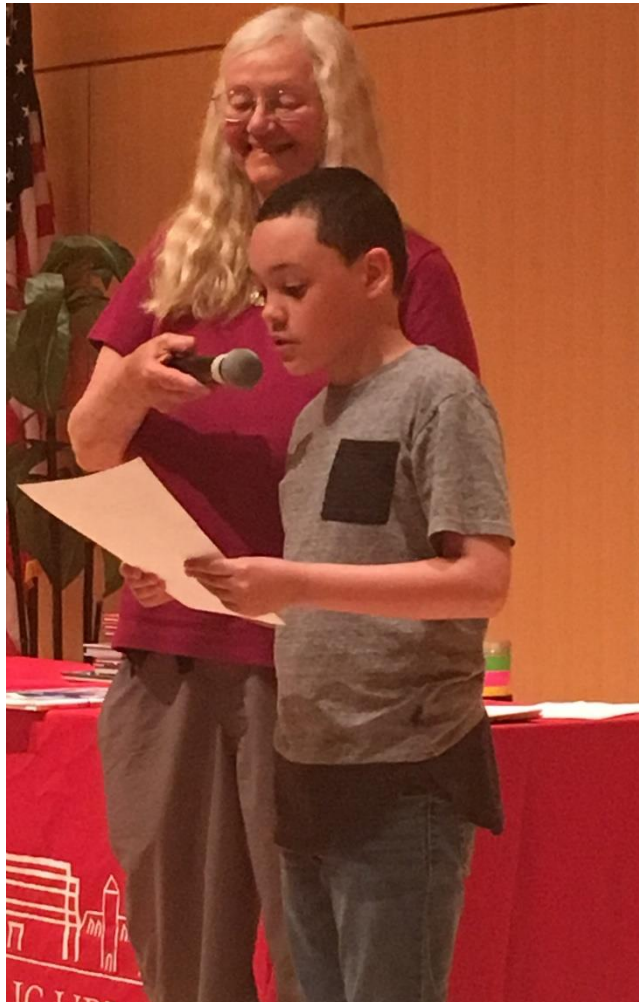
the car rumbling by....

this is life.



***Storms***  
**Tyler Jarvis**  
Morse School  
Second Place, Fourth Grade

A storm is just a cloud with a headache.  
So I gave a cloud some soup.  
Then it rained noodles.

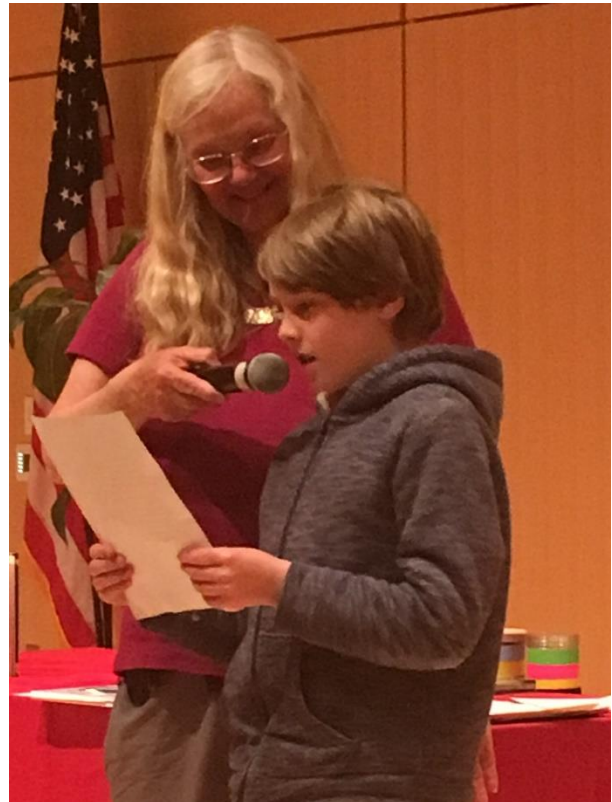


## ***Eagle***

**Leo Goldstein**

Graham and Parks School  
Second Place, Fourth Grade

Fly free fly free eagle  
Go up to the throne of starshine  
Rule across kingdoms  
You're an all powerful lord  
Fly to an empty darkness  
Create a rhythmic pattern of growth and loss  
The rise and fall of a nation  
Fly free, fly free eagle  
You brought a symbol of a community  
Adopt the poor and hungry  
Set others in the sky as symbols of history  
Fly free eagle  
You created our story  
One thing after the next  
Until now



## ***The Sky***

**Jasper Mallon**

John M. Tobin Montessori School

Second Place, Fifth Grade

You reach up to the sky.  
And it feels  
Like you're flying  
Reaching out  
You can touch the clouds  
As you go by.  
You smile as you see the ground.  
You spent so much time  
Looking up  
That looking down is a new adventure  
But then you open your eyes  
And are pulled back to reality  
Like by an invisible string  
And there you are.  
Standing with your arms reaching up  
  
On the ground.



## ***Island of Color***

**Alex Levitt**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols  
Second Place, Sixth Grade

The ground hard, rocky  
beneath my exposed feet,  
the island of color  
surrounded by a swirling sea.

The tendrils of  
the sea reaching out into  
the abyss,  
searching

for new  
canvasses to embrace with  
its brilliant  
watery colors.

The painter's signature,  
carved on the fading surface  
of the sea.



# ***Independent Galaxy***

**James Constan**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols

Second Place, Sixth Grade

In the distant cosmos,

Millions of C

H

A O T I

C

electrons t w i r l i n g,

around intense magnetic fields.

Whipped up material roughly s w i r l i n g,

An i n d e p e n d e n t constellation galaxy.

Gas in the hot sun, horizon's exquisite glare.

Sharpen shadow detail

Bends and spins gravity

Rapidly changing quest

Immense challenge succeeded

Emotional moment of powering surprise

Existence!

Clery, Daniel. "Shadowy First Image of Black Hole Revealed." *Science*, American Association for the Advancement of Science, 19 Apr. 2019, [science.sciencemag.org/content/364/6437/217](https://science.sciencemag.org/content/364/6437/217).



***Mixed Forever***  
**Amanda Berlin**  
Amigos School  
Second Place, Fifth Grade

When I play my music,  
I am off in my very own world.  
Just me and my guitar, together forever  
Under any weather, rain or sun or even none.

As my hand swishes down the strings,  
The notes escape from inside me.

Every note is a feeling,  
Happy, sad, surprised, envy  
All together mixed forever



## ***Plan(et) B***

**Ruri Duffy**

Cambridge Street Upper School

Third Place, Eighth Grade

There is no plan(et) B.  
For you've written in pen,  
scratched your marks and words  
so deep into the paper  
that the ink is spilling into the oceans  
like oil.



## ***A Change in Atmosphere***

**Ethan Miner**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols

Third Place, Sixth Grade

I come to realize  
That they do not want to admit  
That the reality they want to believe  
Is far more convenient than the truth.  
But give up I do not  
Instead, I persist:  
Change is happening.  
And it is happening to our climate

Fast.

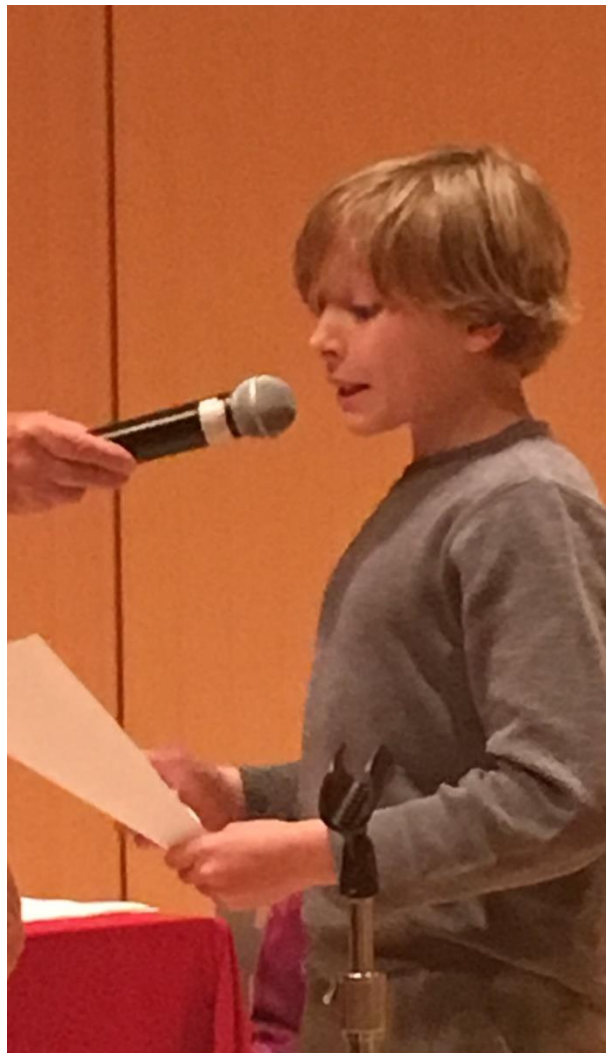
I tell them that earth is our home-  
But they say that earth is a weapon.  
I tell them to embrace it as a fact-  
But they preach against it as if it is a belief.  
I tell them nature is to be harnessed-  
But they continue to exploit its gifts to our kind.

When our climate starts changing,  
And the times are different,  
Humanity must look elsewhere to sustain the city lights,  
As birds must find homes elsewhere,  
When the days grow cold,  
And the nights grow long.

*(continued next page)*

But we are stuck on our old ways.  
Of Fracking,  
Fighting,  
And tearing up the earth.  
Of oil  
Pollution  
And never looking back.

So I ask you  
One last time:  
Do you choose  
*Your*  
money  
Or *our*  
lives?



***Haiti***

**Gabriel Laroche**

Fletcher Maynard School

Third Place, Fifth Grade

Haiti

So Rich

Not

Poor

Some people may think that

But I know for sure

Haiti

So

Beautiful

Haiti

So

Loud

Haiti so sweet

And Haiti so magnificent

Haiti oh Haiti

Don't let people think of you that way

Haiti oh Haiti

Why do people think of you in that way

First black country

To have independence

First to have

Many many more

Haiti oh Haiti oh Haiti

***Shoes***  
**Joshua Pite**  
Amigos School  
First Place, Fifth Grade

Shoes are designs

Colors

Inspirations

Trendsetters

And shoes

There are a million different types of shoes but in the end they are all shoes

They could be high tops, sandals, heels, and so much more

They could be red, green, blue, purple, any colors in the world could be the color of your shoes. But there is one shoe I am in love with

Kevin Durant 9 Fire and Ice

Those shoes are as beautiful as stars flying in outer space

One of the shoes is red while the other one is blue

They smell like my smelly feet

The sound like you're running up the court and there is the squeaky noise

They feel soft and warm on the red one and cold on the blue one

They are the best shoes in the world

Shoes to me are like the sun to the sky

Like peanut butter to jelly

I could never live without shoes, they even make my day.

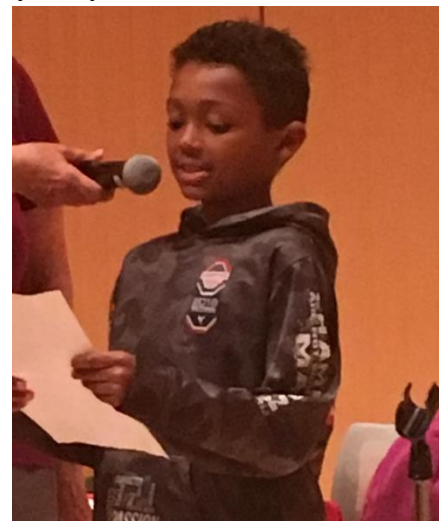
My shoes have imaginary legs

I jump and then a second later I am flying

Shoes are my feet with extra style to them

Shoes are wonderful

Thank you for everything a shoe can be





***Family Fightings***

**Otto Gombert**

Graham and Parks School  
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade

Family fightings are world wars.  
When it begins,  
It takes the rest of the day to end,  
“Unhee, bump, noooo”  
But when the night begins,  
It’s one only peace.



## ***The Questions of Loss***

Vassal Lane Upper School  
Second Place, Seventh Grade

How do you grieve over someone  
who you didn't know  
Someone who never spoke  
Who never returned I love you  
How do you grieve over someone  
When your life was better without them  
When they never left  
Only 45 minutes away  
How do you respond when people say  
"I'm so sorry, that must be so hard."  
When it was harder when he lived at home  
How do you explain to someone  
Your brother's not here  
"I'm an only child"  
You don't mind missing seeing him on Sunday  
How can you be honest with your family  
that you don't even remember  
When your brother lived at home  
When you see your parents' deep sadness  
And feel terrible  
Not for your brother  
But for yourself  
Because you feel nothing



**Olivia Jeantillorme**  
Peabody School  
First Place, Third Grade (for two poems)

***My Mother's Cry***

Colors of dark, grey and black  
Fill the room in which I live in. No  
Other feelings could possibly be  
Worse than this, where once was a  
Room filled with laughter and cheer  
Now stands loneliness, emptiness  
And despair



***You Were There***

When tears fell down from my eyes you  
were there to brush them away when I was  
lost in confusion. You were there to say that  
everything would be ok.

***Anne's Annex***  
**Fabiola Campos**  
Cambridge Friends School  
First Place, Fifth Grade

This annex is freezing cold  
Books are thrown about messily  
Cooking food. It smells strange  
Empty, dry, quiet attic  
Warm, soft bed

The light is dim  
My room is barely lit with my tiny lamp  
The warehouse is eerily dark  
The kitchen is bright with faces

My knitting needles click  
Boxes thump around in the warehouse  
Pots and pans clang  
The wind howls outside

Will we get caught?  
Will we survive?  
This lingers and writhes in my brain

I feel nervous  
I want to go outside  
I feel so sad

Cold  
Cold  
Cold

## ***Alone***

**Catherine Johnson**

Dr Martin Luther King Jr School  
Second Place, Fourth Grade

In a vast ocean,  
There are no people,  
No blankets, no bed  
Only sorrow.  
Only fear.  
Only pain.  
All alone.



# ***Tsunami***

**Sonia Wu**

Cambridge Street Upper School

First Place, Eighth Grade

It starts with a shake.  
It starts with a rumble.  
It starts with a small pang of panic.  
Shake leads to waves.  
Every splash  
Grows bigger.  
Every crash  
Grows louder.  
Every wave  
Gets bigger  
Stronger  
Wilder  
Reckless  
Destructive  
Harmful.

The waves  
Are so strong now.  
There's no stopping it.  
All you can do is take it in.  
It's so loud in your head.  
The waves hit you so hard.  
All you can do is take it in.  
You can scream for help  
You can cry for help  
But no one will hear you through the crashes.  
Maybe you'll get dragged into the water  
Thrash  
Wildly

*(continued next page)*

Spray splashes of water everywhere  
But no one will see  
Or care.  
Maybe you'll get dragged under the water  
Dragged deep till all you see in your eyes are  
Water.  
Salty  
Bitter  
Hot  
Water.  
You're drowning in all that water  
But no one will save you.  
No one is there anyways.  
No one even knows there's a giant storm  
In your head.  
Even if they did know, would they care?  
Would they care long enough to come and save you?  
You've been dragged into the water.  
You're thrashing.  
You're squirming.  
You're trying to swim to the surface.  
You scream for help  
But nothing breaks  
the  
silence.



***Abuelita***  
**Camila Telamaque**  
Amigos School/Escuela Amigos  
First Place, Sixth Grade

Mi abuela era una líder  
Una líder exiliada  
Una leona en jaula  
Exiliada  
De su país  
Su casa  
Su refugio  
Cuba  
Era más  
Más que  
un país

México  
No era como Cuba  
Era  
El lugar de nacimiento  
De mi mamá  
De mi tía y tío  
Era el lugar de su casa  
Pero no era Cuba  
No fue el hogar  
De toda su familia  
Por generaciones  
Y generaciones  
Era diferente

Después  
Después de tres niños  
Después de mudarse  
Después de México  
Después de escapar  
Después de todo  
Ella se enfermó

*(continued next page)*

Ella pasó sus días  
Viendo a mi vida  
Como si mis 13 primos  
No eran tan importantes  
Viendo a mis ojos marrones  
Cuando ella se reía  
Es ruidosa  
Y en sus ojos  
Puedo ver la bandera cubana  
En sus ojos  
Puedo ver las exiliadas

Un día  
Hice café cubano  
Pero era demasiado caliente  
Yo lo recogí incorrectamente  
Me quemé  
Como si fuego estaba corriendo por mi mano  
Lágrimas cayeron al suelo  
Mi abuela llamó a mi mamá  
*Vivian, la bebé está llorando*  
Yo tenía nueve años  
Pero ella,  
Ella me recordó como una bebé

El tiempo vino  
Una ola pasajera en la playa  
18 años enferma  
No podía pararse  
Ni sentarse  
Ni siquiera caminar  
Me senté en mi cama  
Y hablé con Dios  
Cada día  
Para mantenerla segura

*(continued next page)*

Y un día  
Paré  
No converse con Dios  
Y ese día  
Vine a casa  
En su cama  
No había nadie

Ese día  
No comí cena  
Ese día  
Estaba sola  
Ese día  
Ella murió

Pero yo  
Todavía soy cubana

*(English translation starts next page)*

(

## ***Abuelita***

My grandmother was a leader  
A leader in exile  
A lioness in a cage  
Exiled  
From her country  
Her house  
Her refuge  
Cuba  
It was more  
More than  
A country

México  
Was not like Cuba  
It was  
My mother,  
My aunt and uncle's  
Birthplace  
It was the place that contained her house  
But it wasn't Cuba  
It wasn't her family's home  
For generations  
And generations  
It was different

Later  
After three children  
After a move  
After México  
After an escape  
After everything  
She got sick

*(continued next page)*

She spent her days  
Watching my life  
As if my 13 cousins  
Were not as important  
Looking at my brown eyes

When she laughed  
She was loud  
And in her eyes  
I could see the Cuban flag  
In her eyes  
I could see the exiled

One day  
I made Cuban coffee  
Only it was too hot  
I picked it up incorrectly  
And got burned  
As if fire were running across my hand  
Tears fell to the ground  
My grandmother called out to my mom  
*Vivian, the baby is crying*  
I was nine years old  
She, she,  
She remembered me as a baby

Time passed  
Like a fleeting wave at the beach  
18 years of illness  
She could not stand  
Nor could she sit  
She could not even walk  
I sat in my bed  
And spoke to God  
Every day  
To keep her safe

*(continued next page)*

And one day  
I stopped  
I did not speak to God  
And that day  
I came home  
No one  
Was in her bed  
No one was there

That day  
I did not eat my dinner  
That day  
I was alone  
That day  
She died

But I  
Am still Cuban



## ***Lady in the Dark***

**Clio Bildman**

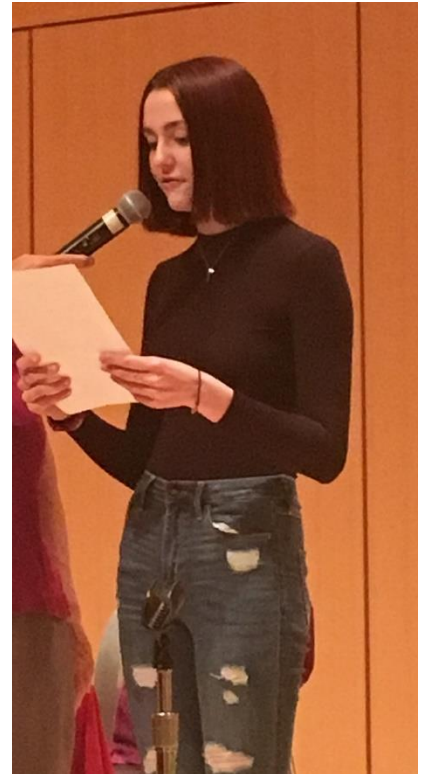
Cambridge Street Upper School  
Second Place, Eighth Grade

I can't even walk down the street  
Late at night  
Without the passing feeling of major fright  
He sits over there  
Half asleep, sipping a corona  
Oh how he stares  
Stares me right up and down  
He wipes his mouth when he stumbles on over  
Reeking of marijuana and grief.

He says,  
*Hey baby, what that mouth do*  
I just ignore the absurdity  
I keep walking a little bit faster  
As I hear the subtle steps of the trembling man behind me  
*Where you goin' bitch !*  
He shouts  
I was just so tempted. To punch him right there, in his mouth  
But I just keep walking  
He starts to follow, so I pick it up a step  
He starts to slow down, finally  
*That's fine, you're a slut anyway.*

He trembles off  
His words don't phase me because I know my worth  
It doesn't mean that it don't hurt.  
I wish I could say that that was the only time,  
But being a woman, it has happened multiple times.  
And as a woman, I know it'll never end  
Because of all the childish men.  
We learn to protect our women from big scary guys

But how about we just teach the men how to respect?  
There wouldn't be a need for protection, if we weren't in danger.  
It builds up a courageous anger  
What it's like to be a lady in the dark







***Untitled***  
**Rosalind Tupelo Deaderick Layman**  
Cambridge Street Upper School  
Second Place, Eighth Grade.

I'd never been escorted anywhere  
As if it wasn't giving me a scare  
But who the hell thought I'd resist  
This place is nowhere to exist  
It's dark and shabby  
Cold and bleak  
But what would you expect  
Bright colors?  
Music?  
A clown with silly feet?  
No  
It's dry as a pill  
For the mentally ill

She asked me why I was here  
I showed my arms  
Only to be responded with nothing close to shock

The morning after a wide light  
That burned in my eyes  
As I tried to dream myself away  
The morning after I sat by the guarded window  
The covered window  
You know  
So I don't get any ideas

I watched with sorrow  
The kids walking to school  
The world living on  
With no idea that I sat there  
Wondering what I could use to make my stay longer

*(continued next page)*

The staff was nice enough  
With seemingly  
Legitimate  
Care  
But it was their job to care  
So why care whether they cared?  
It's why they're paid

It'd be optimistic to say  
That my pessimistic way  
Was only a mere affliction of the day  
But still  
I hoped that it was just a passing thing

They upped my dose  
Fed me five pills a day  
Two for sadness  
One for general health  
One to help me sleep  
And the last for stomach aches

They searched me  
Stripped my clothing  
Until I wore a blue hospital gown  
If you could just do three jumping jacks, please?  
Ah  
I'm not that creative with my blades but sure

A positive light was that the apple juice was wonderful  
It was the perfect mixture of sweetness  
But I must say  
For a place that was home for depressed kids  
The orange juice really could have been better

Screams  
Screaming  
Screamers

*(continued next page)*

The kids that couldn't handle it  
I've never heard  
A 16 year old  
Cry for their mommy  
Nor have I seen a 15 year old  
Be pulled down the hall  
Kicking and refusing to be cared for

But you get used to the noise  
The guy that crushed  
And snorted his meds  
The kid who tried to escape every night  
The girl that had four versions of herself  
And the girl who loved Josh and Tyler  
As much as I did

I told DR about the jellyfish  
That would eat him  
In Indonesia  
He said he regretted the plane ticket  
I told him I'd gladly take it  
If it meant that I get eaten  
He frowned and told me to see a counselor

Along with the apple juice  
The vanilla ice cream was lovely  
The chocolate was okay

The girl on the last day scared me  
She stared at me  
She shrieked at my friend  
She told the staff to go to hell  
She twerked on the bench  
She threw a gingerbread house across the room

*(continued next page)*

On Christmas Eve we watched an Adam Sandler movie  
Lord knows he helps with depression  
And on Christmas morning I got a deer  
And stickers  
And a notebook  
One girl used the paper from the bag  
To slice-  
Well  
And in summary

Far be it from me  
To be a tad dramatic  
But I wanted  
Nothing more but to stay  
For decades

My wreckage could be fixed  
My mess would be cleaned  
My arms would heal  
And I'd maybe even kneel  
And thank God  
That I was far from my own mind



## ***You Don't Know***

**Madison Bartee**

Cambridge Street Upper School

First Place, Eighth Grade

You don't know  
What it's like  
To not know.  
You don't know what it's like  
To be split  
In two  
To be ripped  
In half  
You don't know  
What it's like  
To hear  
Both sides  
Of the biggest debate  
And not know.  
It's easy for you  
Your identity  
Tells you  
What to think.  
But what happens  
When your identity  
Has two pieces?  
Do you ignore one  
And listen to the other?  
Do you pick up a shovel  
And bury it deep down,  
Just to have it ripped up again  
By "one of your own"?  
You can never  
Live my life.  
To feel the torture  
Of wanting to fix it

*(continued next page)*

But not knowing  
How.

Or to feel the pain  
Of being  
Rejected  
By both  
The left  
And the right.  
You don't know  
But you can  
Listen.  
You can  
Try.  
If you listen  
To the  
Undercover  
Suffering.  
The cry for help  
Covered by  
A smile.  
Then I can help.  
But if you turn your back  
Or make jokes  
Because you think  
This is a privilege  
I cannot help you.  
Help me  
Help you.  
You don't know  
You can't know  
Unless you try.





***untold america***

**Rafaela Datel**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols

First Place, Seventh Grade

I could never understand why you filled yourself up with so much  
empty hate.  
there's too much in the world you can't drown out now  
like how when my sister was a baby my mom would be stopped on the  
street and then asked, "are you the babysitter?"  
because my sister has pale skin  
like how I've learned to clutch the keys in my hand long before I reach  
my front door  
and walk on the safe side of the street  
and i've saved all the pins on Pinterest that say to call "fire!" instead of  
"help!" if you're assaulted  
because people will be more likely to help if you claim a building's  
burning down  
than if you say that you're being twisted like you don't own your body  
anymore

so.

those people? that you wanted to string like twisted fairy lights  
from trees as you watch the glow in their eyes fade  
spines snap like twigs

(you like to break things)

now we're struggling to build a  
tin foil shield against  
ricocheting bullets and toxic slurs  
that fill your bloodstream like thick molasses

*(continued next page)*

and those children? you closed the cages, all  
i-can't-breath/metallic-tasting/knees-gritting/*quiero-a-mi-mamá*/pain  
and you prowl, tiger's jaw snapping between pale skin, eyeing your  
prey

(you like that power)

America! Land of the free!  
where every revolution lasts a day  
where you try to vote over human rights -  
hasn't anyone ever told you you shouldn't be allowed to tell someone  
to stop existing?

and those victims? you grin, sharp white teeth like hospital syringes  
as you watch the judge, *she should have kept her legs closed*

(you like being on top)

I suggest that men stop thinking of girls as consumable goods  
and I suggest that we stop excusing it  
when they do

I suggest that we start fighting back

- *you don't like being told that we're fighting back*



## ***Fired Shots***

**Lea Louise Freiin von Hilgers**

Buckingham Browne and Nichols

Honorable Mention, Sixth Grade

School is no place for shootings  
School is no place for violence  
Schools should not be  
the place where sirens are heard  
the place where ambulances are called  
School should not be  
the place where lives are taken  
But the place where lives are developed  
The place that is home to students  
The place that is united  
The place where voices are heard  
Where ideas are understood  
But now  
School is the place where sirens are heard  
School is the place where ambulances are called  
School is the place where shots are fired  
Where change is desired  
Where voices need to be heard  
And where ideas need to be understood  
Where laws need to be changed  
And Where lives need to be saved



***superwoman***  
**zuri vipa sueksagan mores**  
Cambridge Street Upper School  
First Place, Eighth Grade

the most disrespected person in america is the black woman  
the most unprotected person in america is the black woman  
the most neglected person in america is the black woman  
but why would you neglect, disrespect, & not protect treasures like us

you detest our natural hair because it is “unprofessional”  
it is “not normal”  
and when we conform to your standards  
you shame us for wearing weave and straight hair because it is “not natural”  
and box braids and straight backs are deemed to be “ratchet”  
too bad i am beautiful either way  
so fuck your beauty standards, i know i’m bad

despite my tendency to apologize and accommodate to the needs of others  
i am no mammy  
and i don’t care how good looking i am to you, how curvy my hips are, how much  
skin i show, i am no jezebel  
and no matter how much my resting bitch face is set in just screaming a great big  
“fuck off” i am no sapphire

and i’d love to think that i am absolutely not what you think  
for i am not your expectation and i am not what meets the eye  
because under all this hair my head holds the brain of a real albert einstein  
i am not your typical black girl  
i am the beyonce, the shirley chisholm, the lauryn hill, the angela davis,  
i am your maya angelou because even though i carry the weight of the world on  
my shoulders,  
still i rise  
and i know that i can’t do it on my own because i am only human  
but, just like alicia keys, even when i’m a mess, i still put on a vest with an s on my  
chest,  
oh yes i’m a superwoman

***Untitled***

**Raul Cruz Jr.**

Fletcher Maynard Academy  
Third Place, Fifth Grade

Rodney King with his broken ribs,  
Cops got to go to court,  
But he ain't no victim, yeah.  
Because he's from a port!

Jury always lying, yeah  
They favor them more  
But that's always expected, yeah  
Now / got to go to court!

Judges say they innocent,  
But they ain't ever right.  
Beat Rodney right til he bleed.  
But he didn't want to fight!

LA all up in the flames,  
Can't even sleep on pillows  
Military with their shields,  
Looking like the Marvel heroes!

LA Riots in Hall of Fame,  
Sparked activists round the world.  
But we never finished, yeah  
We always still fighting yeah,  
Cause this ain't no disneyworld

***Un día***  
**Agustina León Perdomo**  
Amigos School/Escuela Amigos  
Second Place, Seventh Grade

I come home  
Mi cabello mas grande que mi cabeza  
I run upstairs and wait for the arrival,  
Of my mom  
Cinco clases al día regresa con cansancio en sus ojos  
Me da un beso con una sonrisa en su cara  
Aunque las dos sabemos que sería más fácil llorar  
I feel elephants parading in my stomach  
A feeling so gruesome it breaks my heart  
The thought of change and new routine fills me with uncertainty  
Día y noche, la vida de mi mamá da vueltas alrededor  
De mi hermana y yo  
Perdóname  
Que no pude ser algo más por ti  
Me dice  
What she doesn't know is all she can do  
Is all I've ever wanted  
Lloramos, hablamos, sonreímos juntas y solas  
Todos no preocupamos  
Todos de tiempo en tiempo  
Nos ahogamos  
But at the end of the day  
It's easier to count the blessings in your day  
Than to cry about the burdens  
Al final del día  
Somos estrellas que viven en la tierra  
Cada familia,  
Todos brillamos  
Pero es fácil to let the bad outweigh the good

Pero siempre tenemos que acordarnos  
De los días que brillamos  
No solo como estrellas  
Sino como constelaciones

*(all English language version next page)*

## One Day

I come home  
My hair larger than my head  
I run upstairs and wait for the arrival,  
Of my mom  
Five classes a day, she returns with tired eyes  
And kisses me with a smile on her face  
Although we both know it would be easier to cry  
I feel elephants parading in my stomach  
A feeling so gruesome it breaks my heart  
The thought of change and a new routine fills me with uncertainty  
Day and night, my mother's life encircles  
My sister and me  
Forgive me  
For not being more  
She says  
What she doesn't know is all she can do  
Is all I've ever wanted  
We cry, chat, laugh, together and alone  
We all worry  
All of us, from time to time  
We drown  
But at the end of the day  
It's easier to count the blessings in your day  
Than to cry about the burdens  
At the end of the day  
We are stars that live on Earth  
Each family,  
We all shine  
But it's easy to let the bad outweigh the good  
Although we all need to remember  
The days we shine  
Not only as stars  
But as constellations.





## ***Art***

### **Violet Little**

John M. Tobin Montessori School  
First Place, Fourth Grade

Art is a way to show who you are,  
Talk through it, live through it, feel through it.  
Art is us, we are art.  
The flowers, the trees, the air that we breathe.  
The animals, the sky, the rivers that flow.  
Art is the earth, the land that we walk on.  
The bushes and the trees, the fish in the sea.  
Art is a movement to show how you feel.  
Art is the sun, the moon, and the planets.  
Art is outer space, the stars, the whole universe.

