

Georgetown Day School
Eighth Grade English Poetry
Anthology



2021

Dear Eighth Grade Students,

It was humbling to guide all of you throughout this unconventional year. Even though there were many challenges--some of which made their way into this anthology--you demonstrated dedication and perseverance beyond comparison. You've taught us to be resilient, brave, kind, and vulnerable. We are in awe of your greatness.

Without a doubt, this year has been one for the books! Come on; we needed one more pun before we sent you off!

Regards,

Eduardo & Patti

Cover Art “Healing” by Isabel Avidon

**Eighth Grade English Poetry Anthology
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*What The
Heck Tate?*

Core IA

Mother Knows Best

Ella Abramson

I've told her about the horrors waiting outside.
I wanted her to be safe. Everything I do is for her.
Why didn't she listen to me? Mother knows best.

We live in this tower, secluded from all, for a reason.
I keep her here to protect us,
to protect *her*.
She is beautiful and rare and I can't let
the world know. I'm afraid I can't share her.

I know she longs to leave, but I can't let that happen,
let this girl with hair that glows
like fresh honeycomb
and eyes like emeralds
go out into the cruel world.
She'll be taken advantage of,
her light will be stolen.
She must stay in the tower.

She must stay away from the men who lurk
outside, waiting like shadows
to ruin her bright days. I'm protecting her light.
Why doesn't she understand? Mother knows best.
I know best.

Immortals, City-Born

Isabel Avidon

Adonis, with the light on his face
stands in a garden of cinnamon flowers
that twine about him in a gentle embrace
the divine touch of a mother-lover--
a benediction scented with pollen.

He doesn't wear a chiton; he's a modern man
of subway street corners, humid air billowing from grates;
convenience-store radios that play sambas
and bubblegum pop; stereos blaring on steps
while children run with sparklers.

His technicolor hoodie flaps
like wings when he dances.
Bellerophon took his sugar-white car and drove off an
overpass--
everything was too much; in a godless world
you can't blame fate for your own mistakes.
Adonis plants flowers in the city and sings.
Orpheus strums his guitar and blows strawberry-scented
kisses.

Oh, these enigmas with angels' faces!
The blurry thrum of traffic echoes in their dreams
and they've replaced their crowns of laurel with neon halos
or perhaps just cigarette smoke in a night-streetlight glow?

It will be winter and the cinnamon-flowers will not die.
In the city, there are no gods to write destiny:
immortality is as easy as buying a can of spray paint
and finding an empty wall.

Ode to Clocks

Laila Bapna

A perfectly round circle,
black and white,
lined with numbers,
one to twelve.
60 tick marks, 60 seconds,
until the minute passes
and a new one begins.
Singing the time away.
The short hand counts
the hours,
the long hand the minutes,
and the red hand the seconds,
as time travels by.
Something as quick as a second,
or as quiet as
the sound of a tick
mark could equal a thousand memories.
Memories with friends
and with family.
Seconds may seem
as worthless as a penny,
but they are
as valuable as a diamond.
So cherish them,
treasure them,
and remember them.
Clocks not only
tell us the time,
but teach us to live.
Since you never know
how long you have
until time runs out,
and the ticking sound
fades to silence

I am an Ugly Duckling

Shiraz Benyoucef

They say I look as ugly as a scar
But you always remember scars...
They say I am as annoying as an echo
But echo's always come back someday...
Echo's, scars, never change the fact
that I will be remembered
But not in the best way only because
I am an Ugly Duckling.

What am I?
Who am I and why am I different?
I feel like an accident, like I shouldn't be here
Not supposed to be here nor' there...
or are they just not supposed to be here?
A rainy, cold, soft night, only to see
my reflection in a puddle.
I am an Ugly Duckling

Why do they call me the ugly one?
Why couldn't have it been anybody else?
Inside, I know I am not ugly.
I am soft, sweet, and welcoming.
but as everybody else said,
I am an Ugly Duckling

Why can't I just be like the rest?
Why not? Or, do I want to be like the rest?
Do I want to blend in?
I don't want to be forgotten
I want to make a mark in everyone's mind
just like a scar.
I want to come back into their thoughts,
just like an echo
I don't want to hide anymore
I am the Ugly Duckling.

The Perfect Fit That Fell

Matthew Berman

Locked away in the attic, dark and lonely
Jealous of my step-siblings, having fun at the ball,
and then it just happened,

Fairy Godmother blessed me with glass slippers,
The perfect fit for me,
Like a dog with a bone, or a cat with string,

The slippers had a sense that they'd be with me forever.
It came with a beautiful dress and pumpkin carriage.
All will be fine if I'm back home before midnight.

It was a giant room, everyone looked nice, But there
was one man who had my heart. I danced with him
through the night and I felt so free from my family.

The clock struck midnight, my heart was racing for its life.
The "perfect" slipper had fallen off,
I heard it bounce down the stairs.

I was nervous, not sure what could happen,
I got home safe, thinking about the night of my life, but
I still wonder, if the shoe fit, why'd it fall off?

The Knife

Lexi Berzok

I put the knife in the glass to stop it
To stop it from cutting me
The knife cuts me and leaves a scar
An invisible scar that no one sees

The knife doesn't touch me
But somehow manages to cut
when I make a mistake
Or when I do badly

See, normally cuts heal
but these ones don't
They haunt me for the rest of my life
Like a clown at a circus

This knife is gone for good
It is trapped in the glass
It can't hurt me or anyone
It is trapped

The wounds begin to heal
The scars leave my body
I feel ok again
I feel more than ok
I feel happy

Ode to Computer

Dhilan Desai

Technology at its peak
Wires, circuits, control boards
All condense to form
everything one could ask for,
everything the internet has to offer,
everything at your fingertips
All with the single
touch of a button
and you are transported
to another world
like landing on Jupiter
So much to do
So much to see
So many documents to work on
All the choice
in the world
to do as you please
Like a spiderweb
One thing leads to another
The infinite web of the internet
Now you know
how to bake a pie
how to brush a dog
how to swim like
a graceful dolphin
Hands dance on the
keyboard. Searching for these
Looking
Our servant the internet
How could humanity
survive without it?

Summer Is Almost Here

Angelique Faselis

Summer is almost here
School is almost over
The fun is near

Although the school work isn't mere
It becomes less and less
As the end of the year is here

Starting next year is a fear
And it seems far away
But it is also quite near

We all cheer
Our teachers do to
They know the end of work is here

we won't shed a tear
As the school year ends
But the hallways won't be near

Regardless of what they say
We will have fun
As our friends will be here
And relaxation is near

One Hundred Years

Alexa Gillespie

Awake, but lost. Thrown into a new world,
a different world, all I know is gone.
The old mill now nothing but a heap of mossy rubble.

They all know my name, know my story,
but there is none left who knew my face,
none who know who I really am. Parents, siblings, friends,
only I am left to weep by their graves.

One hundred years in darkness, frozen like an icy lake,
still as the mountain, unyielding to the sharp wind.
Did I stir in my eternal slumber, or did I lie helplessly in wait?

Has 100 years changed me? Am I the same,
or did someone else wake from that slumber?
The mirror shows the same face, so why do I feel so different, like
a stranger.

A dreamless sleep, falling into the endless pit,
unable to scream, unable to call for help,
but all those pleas are torn from my lips as I wake now.

Stay Away from the Darkness

Lock Grigsby

Stay away from the darkness
For it is always wrong
Do not get caught up in its mess

It simply does not bless
Hoist yourself out with a tong
Stay away from the darkness

You will always lose its game of chess
Please, make sure to stay strong
Do not get caught up in its mess

Keep clean the frills of your dress
For it will betray you before long
Stay away from the darkness

Preserve yourself from stress
Close your ears to the sirens' song
Do not get caught up in its mess

Nothing is greater than merely a guess
Or you will get hit around like ping-pong
Stay away from the darkness
Do not get caught up in its mess

The Looming Risk

Ben Hellman

A risk always possible, but one never taken,
A failure left to stew, I must savor every bite
Thoughts for beyond the present all but forsaken

A fleeting moment, where my actions were mistaken,
Left me two forever imminent choices, all from my spite
A risk always possible, but one never taken

By putting my actions behind me, and walking back shaken
I choose the former, an easy escape, but an oversight
As thoughts for beyond the present are all but forsaken.

I quietly pace about, hoping my knees are not quaking
Step outside, perhaps, but the choice remains in sight
A risk always possible, but one never taken

But there, I know I have avoided much agitation
That my shortcomings are nestled tight
But thoughts for the beyond the present are all but forsaken

I float about in my self-created haven
Thinking over a war where I had seemingly fought the fight
A risk always possible, but one never taken
Thoughts for beyond the present all but forsaken

One Knife that Says It All

Sloane Holder

Inspired by Richard Diebenkorn's painting Knife in Glass

Walking home in the dark, as the rain pours down
Darkness settling to him, being by yourself within darkness
His body getting all wet, that feeling sitting within him
Thoughts swirling around and around just like a mosquito

Walking up the steps reaching for the broken door
going to the dark red colored room, feeling nothing
That feeling of not knowing what the future looked like for
himself Reaching for that certain knife, knowing this feeling
before

Pulling up his sleeve just over his elbow, knowing the perfect
spot. Starting to drag it, picking which area to penetrate. A
sharp pain went into his arm
The sharp pain that he liked, wanting more

Going up and down his arm, wanting to feel
Getting this control over his thoughts, the pain
That feels normal, but shouldn't be
Putting his sleeves back down as if nothing happened

Setting that knife down, feeling relieved
Putting it in that glass with clear cleaning liquid
Wanting no one to find out about this knife
One knife, all thoughts, feelings, life.

Ode To A Camera

Shaila Joshi

A click
Captures
A single second
Freezing a moment in time
So it can be held,
Cherished,
And passed on

A complex device
The reason why we know many things
About history

A birthday party,
A family gathering,
Each person still
With smiles on their faces

It lives forever
In a cabinet,
Drawer,
It sits patiently
Untouched and unappreciated
Waiting to be rediscovered
Waiting to be seen again

Apartment Patterns

Elena LaGuardia

Inspired by David Hockney's Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy

Finally, sunny days come around
The weatherman changes the tones of his voice
while ladies grasp the first batch of seasonal fruits.
The little children swing and play
while older kids squabble and gossip.

But, down the alley, near The Louvre,
In an apartment where the wealthy live at the top,
On the first floor, the families are making fresh lemonade.
Young men play traditional music on the second floor
And most from the third floor aren't ever home.

However, up on the fourth floor, where the lawyers live,
With, long, fancy balconies;
Overlooking the best view of the Sacre Coeur.
And large, minimalistic rooms
Always tidy and with made beds and wood frames;
It's not very sunny.

While the paper-white kitten sits and purrs,
The hardworking, tired woman isn't very content;
wearing a royal purple dress she bought from designers in
Rome, and bright red sleeves which slip down to make her
stand out. The woman's face looks down in disappointment.

Maybe the older kids have betrayed her,
Or the little children tracked mud on her plush carpet.
She either forgot to buy the lady's fresh fruits,
Or she missed the weatherman's announcement.
But maybe it was since her apartment was never sunny.

Wonders of Space

Audrey Leff

Oh space, oh space, how wondrous you seem
So much of you undiscovered, how much we don't know.
So many questions, could this all be a dream?

From here on Earth, how bright your lights beam.
When the sky turns black, there's so little you show,
Oh space, oh space, how wonderous you seem.

The size of your planets seem a little extreme!
I wonder how I would walk, fast or too slow?
So many questions, could this all be a dream?

Is the sound different? How loud could I scream?
Are there seasons? With rain and snow?
Oh space, oh space, how wondrous you seem.

How silly I am, there isn't a theme!
In space, everything seems to go with the flow,
so many questions, could this all be a dream?

Now that I think, do we dare rip the seam?
Exciting as it is, there's so much we don't know.
Oh space, oh space, how wondrous you seem.
So many questions, could this all be a dream?

Help

Simon Loftus

Inspired by Kehinde Wiley- Conspicuous Fraud Series #1 (Eminence).

As I walk home, I feel unsteady. I start to stumble
but I pick myself up, this happens everyday. It's worse this
time, this way of life, I can't take it. I try
to calm down with the help of my
But, all I can do is curl up in a ball in the nearest alley.

As I get back up again, a dizziness hits me.
I cannot see, hear, smell, or sense it but somehow I know it's
there. It's not a sense or emotion but, it's a new piece of
knowledge I have received. It resembles a black smoke
circling me at all times. It's something haunting me yet giving
me gifts. It's something unfamiliar yet it's my closest relative. I
have it for a reason, but I don't understand it's purpose.

As I walk the rest of the way home.
I still feel that vague understanding running around in my
head. I finally get home and it's rampaging through my veins.
I feel it scampering in my head and on my scalp.
I don't know what to do if this happens again.
How would I find help, how could I?

The next morning I woke up early with no amount of sleep.
I start to feel the dizziness again, I pound my head.
I splash water on my face hoping it is a dream.
I can hold back, I scream as tears trickle down my face.
With the confusion and understanding I hold, I need help.

I cannot go to work today, I can't. I have to stop
I crumble in my flat, with a torn suit and bleeding eyes.
Eventually they find me, the ones I'm afraid of.
They take me there, to the place I fear most.

The Ugly Duck

Sam Lowenstein

What did I do to deserve this?
Countless days of constant abuse
like being a rabbit with rabies

Born like the others but treated like a joke
like a 'knock knock'
I keep thinking to myself 'who's there'

Kicked out of my house for being different
A type of different I can't control
They do not care though,
To them I'm a problem that's now been solved

I don't think of myself as lost
only in a constant thought process,
Continuously keeping me restless

I drown it out with hope,
I look forward to my future, alas
I have a feeling that a new family
is almost in my grasp.

Real Mother

Sofia Moen

(Inspired by Mother Gothel from Rapunzel)

Why, oh why, must she leave?
Has my love and care not been enough?
Rapunzel, my love, stay, please, stay.

Perhaps it was originally just her hair,
glowing as strong as the sun,
with her voice, sweet like nectar

But throughout the years, I must confess,
Her laughs and smiles give me hope
Give me reason to stay with her.

So maybe in her eyes
I'm a villain, there's no helping that.
But let the storybooks know that I am not.

Because she's not protected out there without me
I loved her, I love her, I will always love her
I'm really, truly, her mother.

Ode to Bruce Springsteen's Greatest Hits Record

Daniel Reilly

You were born to run
Down thunder road
Spreading songs of hope and joy
Past the river
Through E-Street
The sounds fill our hearts
They fill our minds
Reminding us of the glory days
Times long forgotten you brought back to life
Your rough bumpy texture doesn't represent
The smooth sounds
The words you exude
The smell of your vinyl
The smell of wonder
The voice of a man
The voice of a boss
You spin around
You are flying
Words flowing from your circular form
I have a hungry heart
I am Starving for the love
And for the joy you bring me
You bring life to the badlands
Roaring like a lion in my heart
Every inch of my body; dancing in the dark
My record player broken
And yet you still play
In my mind
In my heart
In my soul
Your voice like gravel beneath my feet

Ode To a Baseball

Sam Rosand

Anticipation in the air.
You are ready to be thrown,
pitcher looking for the seams
leather, silky smooth
white as snow with
Seams red as a rose
Fastball on the way
Upon release you
soar through the air
Spinning like a tornado
You dance through space
40,000 absorbed on your movement
In hushed silence
The batter commits
You dive to the corner
The thump of the glove
The whiff of the bat
The crowd roars in harmony
The noise is overwhelming
The hitter drops his head
Walks back in shame
winning team charges the field
You bring so much joy
As players act like kids
A gatorade bath for the pitcher
The season has come to an end
Your work is done
You can rest til april
When the snow melts
And the spring flowers bloom
You will be unpacked and
bring delight to all
who gets to play your game.

Untitled

Joelle Walters

Inspired by David Hockney's Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy

Unfortunate that it was a summer day
the balmy hours together felt longer than usual
Neither could wait for the wind to pick up
For the stars to peak out
For the streets to go silent

Fortunate that it was a summer day
The kids felt like they could play outside forever
They hurried to do everything they could while it was
daylight, before the streetlights came on,
and before the dinner bells rang

The two picked at each other like a gardener to weeds
But their arguments, first thing every morning was not what
was hanging over their heads. But in reality, they were the
ones really hanging over others heads. It was back and forth,
ones volume quickly rose over the other
But sometimes they had to stop
Only to make sure their yelling didn't rise over the ones from
below

One afternoon it got bad, and they didn't notice when the
seven kids outside became six. You didn't want to believe the
rumors about the fights they had. Whenever you saw them,
they simply were looking out over the balcony
If only the you hadn't slipped through the crack the door

And there they were. same outfits they were in that morning.
But instead of the smiles they usually wore to greet you they
were scowling. At this point you knew it wasn't just the heat
getting to them.

All because you came up early on this summer day
And they let their yelling rise over their kids not anymore
playing below

Watch Where You Step

Grace Zia

Inspired by Maira Kalman's What Pete Ate from A-Z (Really!)

The clock turns and we move.
Our eyes looking down, not backwards or forwards
But at our feet, as we watch them
stomp, leaving a trail of red
that we are too blinded to notice or to fix

Our shoes of red and green and black
slowly step, creating a path of destruction in our wake
The feet of athletes, students, professionals
This cruelty sees no race, gender, religion
Why do we accept this as normal?

But do we see others as we trample and tread
or are we afraid of looking back
and facing the guilt for what we have done?
Because deep down we know
that with each step, there will be consequences.

Can we step back to glimpse, to identify, to comprehend
not only what we do to others,
but what they do to us?
Or do we stare straight at this reality, this revelation,
letting it go over our heads?

This brown, shaggy dog is like our crumbling world, our society
so covered in cracks,
stands smiling, oblivious to the horrendous demolition
occurring within it.
To rectify our mistakes, we must save this beautiful creature,
by watching our step as we venture
on the serpentine path that is life.

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Core IB

Humpty's Fall

Alessandro Alfandari

I remember that fateful day, so long ago it seems
the pain, the humiliation, the anger, and the crushing weight
of knowing there were none who truly cared for me.

Resting on that old cobble wall on a sweltering summer's day,
I remember it so clearly.

After all, how could I forget?

A slip, a trip, a reckless mistake sent me tumbling to the
ground and as I shattered into a thousand pieces, all I could
feel was the pain as if my very soul had been ripped from my
body.

It was foolish of me to think that salvation lay with the King,
and as the jeers from his entourage reached my
still-conscious mind. I felt myself shatter a second time,
more painful than the first.

The King, his horses, and his men have moved on from my
fall, but I can never part with the suffering of that day. No
matter how hard I try, it stays with me, an unwanted parasite
that I cannot be rid of.

Untitled

Jhet Bond

Inspired by Kehinde Wiley's "Conspicuous Fraud Series #1 (Eminence)"

Heavy eyes not able to open
Shielding himself from endless harsh realities
Bones in his face unable to smile
Mind consumed in never ending thoughts

Skin-tight clothes restraining his breath
Blue and orange shades complementing one another
Hues and shadows textures and patterns
Clothes defying how he is seen

The thick and textured valuled hair
Being wrapped around in endless patterns
It grows heavy hands , like man
Hair taking over around every corner

Black hair seen as messy and unprofessional
Black hair seen as dirty and unconventional
Society categorizes me, and the cycle never ends
We are more than just our hair, our skin, our look

Coping with anger, becoming calm and collected
My negative stereotypes won't compel me in a negative
matter. I am beautiful and embrace what makes me
unique. There's power in my soul, I'm important, I'm
whole.

Untitled

Hannah Brickman

Inspired by David Hockney's "Mr. and Mrs Clark and Percy"

I sit, watching the outside
I long to be there, but
I am here, inside, on my human's lap.
My humans treat me fine,
But I long to be outside.

They say I am from the outside.
Then why have I been inside all this time?
Was there something I did wrong?
No, I am here for the human's pleasure.
A shame, I will never get to enjoy my true home.

The man sits on his chair and reclines.
His feet sink into the rug like it's quicksand.
He stares at something, but I do not know,
I am focused on the outside.
Maybe if I jump, I will make it outside.

The woman stands, her dress billowed lightly around her. Her hand
rests on her hip.
She is staring at the same thing,
But I do not know what,
I am focused on the outside.

Outside, there are trees with big green leaves.
If I go outside, could I climb them?
I've spent my years staring at the big green leaves.
The way they change colors
When the seasons change,
From bright orange and yellow
to a sad brown,
then back to the familiar green I love so much.
I do not know if I
Will ever be able to go outside,
So I watch, and long, and wish.

The Big Grieving Wolf

Tomas Bruschi Ferreira

I am a wolf, not big and bad
I am simply more intelligent than you thought
I have felt like you humans

An eye for an eye
Or in this case, a grandmother for a grandmother
That what my grandmother always said

Until she was killed, murdered by your grandmother
Finally, revenge has been acquired
Oh Red Riding Hood, you were mere as an unforeseen problem

Like a flaw in my equation, that's what you were
You will never be anything more than that to me
Because in the end, you were not the one who killed her

And now we are one and the same
Since we both lost someone who we deeply cared about
But that doesn't mean we will ever be friends, goodbye girl. I
won't be coming back for you

Four Parts of a Year

Noah Cheeks

Seasons that make the world spin right around.
Each different and unique. All nice and warm, except
Winter. With each season comes its bounty it drops down.

Spring is delightful with green leaves on the ground.
Birds wake us up every morning, bugs are our bane.
Seasons that make the world spin right around.

Summer brings with it heat that sears every town.
Water for splashing and filling us with great delight.
With each season comes its bounty it drops down.

Fall dulls the trees with leaves tinted brown.
A festival season that marks the school year we despise.
Seasons that make the world spin right around.

Winter freezes everything, topping the world with its white
crown. The frost gives way for snowball fights and smooth
slopes with each season comes its bounty it drops down.

Each season is three months with colorful sounds.
We all have our favorites we wait for each year.
Seasons that make the world spin right around.
With each season comes its bounty it drops down.

Humpty Dumpty's Requiem on Ageism

Elsa Cheetham

at the grocery store
employees point me towards the scooters
with sympathetic smiles

i get ads on my phone
for AARP and Consumer Cellular
walk in tubs, life insurance, lift chairs

my kids say it's that time in life
where they should take care of me
they send pictures of "independent senior communities!"

they treat me like a toddler
i don't need an aide, i'm not even retired
and yet my coworkers act like i'm a mascot for senility

i fell *once*.
now my kids come on wednesdays and sundays
and argue with me about in-home nurses and knee
replacements

i am sixty eight years old
and last week my son
bought me a life alert beeper.

Untitled

Layla Coyne

Inspired by David Hockney's "Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy"

You could cut the tension between us
With the sharpest knife imaginable
She stood there in silence
Not paying me a single glance
It was as if I were invisible

We were in her space
Her chair, I was sitting in it
The flowers, her favorite, on the table
Her white telephone, a christmas gift
Set delicately on the floor, the window open

What did I do wrong
I have given her everything
The nicest clothes, the nicest apartment
Everything one could ever want

Was it my outfit or my bare feet
Was it the cat choosing to sit with me
No, that could not be it
This has been happening for some time

Did she know, she couldn't
There is no way she knew
No way for her to find out
I would never admit it

BALLOUT

Richard Evans

Inspired by JuiceWRLD `1

Too good at the game, don't need to try out.
Call me Chris Paul I get all the dimes.
Just like basketball don't guard me because imma ball out

Talking to my friends, we're planning a hangout.
When Lillard pops off they call it Dame Time
Too good at the game, don't need to try out.

To good at the game don't need to tryout
Snatching all these ankles might as well call it a crime
In basketball don't guard me because imma ball out

If your gonna be my teammate don't sellout
Call me Polo G cause imma pop out
Too good at the game don't need to try out.

I know i'm the best but the haters always doubt.
I grinded to be the best on a steady climb
Just like basketball don't guard me because imma ball out

If I play the game it's gonna be a blowout
Always the best never gonna exit my prime
Too good at the game, don't need to try out.
Just like basketball don't guard me because imma ball out

Summer

Cheyenne Freeman

Summer is the best time of the year
The weather is warm, school just got out
There are no troubles far or near

The things you do, the places you go.
The people you meet, the food you eat
Summer is the best time of the year

Traveling to places you have never been before
Martha's Vineyard, Delaware, Ocean City, North Carolina
There are no troubles far or near

When you're outside, sounds of nature are all you hear
Eating Klondike ice cream sandwiches and tropical
smoothies
Summer is the best time of the year

Spending time with friends and family under skies that are
clear
Biking, playing soccer, and spending time being active
There are no troubles far or near

It all begins here
Warm weather, delicious food, exciting travels, surrounded
by the best people
Summer is the best time of the year
There are no troubles far or near

Ode to a Fan

Caroline Gann

Upon the white bookshelf, a fan
Approximately three feet tall, two wide
A Casablanca creation
The model number 1928
Green velvet the color of moss
Gripping the bottom, insuring no fall of the machine
Four gold fan blades
encased below black steel wires
The weight the feeling of an elephant
Seldom moved, stoically sitting
A glorious yet overlooked creation
The fan that harnesses artifice power
To relieve the warmth
On the days where the heat
Rises to the point of pain
With the single flick of a finger upon the dial
A stream of fresh chilly air
For instant relief
Since the age of three
I have not slept without the noise
White, and not quite tangible
Soothing the concern and restlessness
Of a child's worry
The sound of the lapping sea
Upon my ears
Rocking to sleep
Impossible to rest without
The soothing of a mother's hand
Cool and serenity
The suppository of the fan

The Stepsister's Confliction

Mara Grace

I wanted more than anything
For that shoe to fit
For I would finally be appreciated

Every hurtful word I said
Was intended to put you down
To set you up for failure

I could not bare the thought
Of someone else pleasing her
someone else finally earning her respect

Though, you did look beautiful in that dress
Like a real life princess
I knew it was you

I did not say anything because you looked so happy
Happy like I would never be
You deserve it
I am sorry and wish you the best

Shaded Waves

Beck Holtzman

*Inspired by Kehinde Wiley's "Conspicuous Fraud Series #1
(Eminence)"*

Dark colored waves shading even darker ones.
Only I stand indulging my destination of pride.
Self-evident but my journey remains concealed
looking backwards to provide strength for the future.

Bright colors behind with vain purpose
only to change perception.
Cloud darkness with light
it doesn't remove the darkness.

Suit as dark as cold rain
Without color but sustained within the frigid drops.
The vivid tie glowing with orange illumination,
even in absolute darkness its light still fractures the eye.
Silence is spoken from the lines of paint.

All is silent but thought
With reflection,
Leaves no noise,
Leaves no noise.

Jack and The Beanstalk

Ethan Howe

It had been a year since that fateful day.
The day when that strange old woman had appeared before me, and
vanished as though she were made of smoke.

I could still remember the first night,
where the green glow of the moonlight reflecting off the leaves had
shone through my window,
as the leaves blowing in the wind almost seemed to beckon me to
climb.

I could still feel the cool breeze flowing through my hair as I walked
along
the white road that led to the hut.

I could still recall the stomach churning rhyme
the ogre had sung, “fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an
Englishman”
“Be he alive or be he dead, I’ll grind his bones to make my bread”.

The voice that had haunted me in my dreams.

I could still feel the weight of the gold,
still hear the harp’s song, and the magical hen clucking as it laid its
golden eggs.

It had been a year since those three haunting nights,
the shattered skull of the ogre that had fell still lay not far from the
house, yet one bean still had yet to grow, a looming reminder of
what was above the clouds.

Let's Watch the Sunset

Izzie Hsu

Do not let that sunset take you away
Because it's sure a brilliant one this night
There it goes down, in this spring May

The sun will soon be at the west bay
And this moon is coming, it's almost in sight
Do not let that sunset take you away

The show starts around six, before it goes grey
The seats are free so no need to fight
There it goes down, in this spring May

Let your worries fall and your peacefulness stay
Watch the colors, they could give you a fright
Do not let that sunset take you away

As the sun goes down, the water calmly sways
Wished it lasted forever, but soon will be in sight
There it goes down, in this spring May

Before it's gone, you and me, let's sit and lay
Take it in before it's gone, because it feels right
Do not let that sunset take you away
There it goes down, in this spring May

Beauty

Olivia Jin

People say to be beautiful you have to be thin
Society gives us an unattainable standard
That's just the kind of world we live in

Not everyone has blond hair, blue eyes and light skin
a slim waist, skinny legs, and an hourglass figure
People say to be beautiful you have to be thin

We have to be perfect to be accepted
but if we are, we're considered desperate or fake
That's just the kind of world we live in

The perfect hair, body, and face isn't sufficient
Everyone judges us for our slight imperfections
People say to be beautiful you have to be thin

So many people wish they could fit in
Social media and tv show unrealistic expectations
That's just the kind of world we live in

Beauty isn't just about having the perfect skin
You can never measure up to society's expectations
People say to be beautiful you have to be thin
That's not the kind of world we should live in.

Still Here

Noah Martz

Inspired by Maria Kalman's "What Pete Ate from A-Z"

They are all gone, they have vanished
Acting like they have just disappeared
From this dark, evil, corrupted world
When they are still really here

We need to do something about this
We can't just let this pass by
This happens everyday with little to no acknowledgement
If we keep this up the whole world will fall apart

So many of the shoes have perished
So many of the shapes and sizes
All have something unique about them
They are all something special to someone in this world

What did they do to deserve it
Being gulped down in a matter of seconds
Something that is starting to happen every single day
Without even being noticed by the people around

This cannot keep happening every day
We need to act upon it now
Oh, cruel cruel world do something
Before it is too late

Behind the Scenes

Robi Nguyen

*Inspired by Kehinde Wiley's "Conspicuous Fraud Series #1
(Eminence)"*

The opening of the closet door
Squeak squeak squeak clothes hangers clang
The button gets closer and closer as it gets tighter
Zip zip the sound of pants
Soft carpet underneath me as I walk
Sound of wind blows me away
The sound of talking gets me distracted right away

Sounds of cars honking as kids run by
I get my keys and open my car
The cars starting and the engine starts
I look around and see the houses and trees
they fascinate me. The car moves as i drive by
Kids playing in the playground outside

I finally arrive at the destination
The wind and leaves they fly by
I open the door as everyone says hi
I get ready to take a picture
I hear the smoke it fills the air
The camera guy says start as i get ready
For a picture I say will be amazing.

The Big Not So Bad Wolf

Leo Nyberg

Look, I wasn't trying to blow down those little pig's houses.
I really wasn't. I swear. I just get a bad rap.
I really do. It wasn't my fault, like, at all.

I just woke up in the morning.
Like every normal person does.
I said goodbye to my wolf family.

I walked outside to a bright sunny day.
Just like every morning. Perfectly normal, eh?
I just don't get why everybody thinks I'm a bad guy.

It's probably cause of those three little pigs.
They've been after me for years.
It wasn't only the hunk of malarky about the houses.

They make fun of everything I do.
I can't get a solid day's work without 'em botherin' me.
Why can't they just treat me like they treat everybody else?

At-Bat

Robert Orseck

Dirt blowing off of my hat,
Hoping for a cool summer breeze
As I step up for my at-bat.

Our teams go tit for tat-
It feels like 100 degrees
Dirt blowing off of my hat.

Both teams in combat,
Their pitcher's slider makes my teammate freeze...
As I step up for my at-bat.

Countless swarming gnats,
The buzzing of the bees-
Dirt blowing off of my hat.

Fans begin to chat,
My approach starts to ease
As I step up for my at-bat.

The ball soars through the air, look at that.
Over into the trees...
Dirt blowing off of my hat,
After I step up for my at-bat.

Cage

Kwaw Pobee

In this maddening world all I know is rage
I just want to live in a peaceful dream
Why, why is life only a confining cage

The teenage, many searching for the smallest wage
I want back the days of eating ice cream
In this maddening world all I know is rage

Life carries on, it is nothing more than age
Every little mistake I make is taken to the extreme
Why, why is life only a confining cage

Soon life becomes a dark, black, stage
I try to be like the greats, Hakeem, Joakim, Kareem
In this maddening world all I know is rage

Forever forced to move up in mental age
Consistently trying not succumb to the mainstream
Why, why is life only a confining cage

They always compare us to the golden age
We all have that wrenching feeling of being unseen
In this maddening world all I know is rage
Why, why is life only a confining cage

Journey's End

Caleb Robinson

The hero's seen too much to comprehend
With many battles fought and many battles won
He is on the path to journey's end.

His enemies vanquished, his world to defend
But has his journey only just begun?
He has seen too much to comprehend

The world he explored and the people he's befriend
Are what he thinks of upon the rising sun
While on the path to journey's end.

He's grieved for the fallen, his regards he will send
But what if his success will one day be undone?
He's seen too much to comprehend

But what awaits the hero when it's time to ascend?
Maybe the spoils and riches of a world that waits for none?
At the end of the path to journey's end.

A life of adventure and quest but what does this world
intend?

This hero's journey will one day be done,
But he's seen too much to comprehend
While on the path to journey's end.

Ode to Iphone

Christian Santos Silva

Oh Iphone, you
make my day
easier.
You answer
Any question I
have at any time I need
it. Oh Iphone, you are
like my child. I miss you
when you are not around.
I am lost without you.
I crave you like water.
Oh Iphone,
My life is in your hands.
You carry all my information.
I cover you like a secret
to prevent you from breaking
like a promise.
Oh Iphone,
When I reach out to you, you
are always there For me.
You never let me down.
When I wake up in the morning, you
are the first thing I see.
Oh Iphone, where would I be
without you? Oh Iphone,
your inner being is
Remarkable.
You have a mind
that races at 64 GB.
Your memory is like a diary.
You hold an archive
of my past and present.
Oh Iphone, where would I
be without you?

*We Made This
During World
Language Class*

Core II

Ode to Thrifted Clothes

Kailyn Cox-Caceres

Attracted to the broken.
Pluck a thread;
and ruin it all.
It's few sizes to big
Easy fix with a few tucks.
The thrill of finding designer items.
It's the little things.
No one can guess
That my beloved clothes
came from an undervalued place.
It's a secret
between me and my flannel.
Many have doubted
what I have come to love.
But no matter.
More for me.
Your missing jean button
And shriveled bell bottoms
Mean nothing
When your price is so low.
You smell like an old woman
and laundry products.
A strong scent
For a price I'm willing to pay.
Your can be as old
as an 90's fashion craze
and as young as 90's fashion craze
Back in vogue.
History stagnates inside my closet.
Your are the stale heavens
That produce my everyday wear.

Tea Party

Michael Dobbs

I knew that something was off
The second I entered the room.
Judging by their eccentric nature
I thought I was prepared for what was to come.
But in reality, I was clueless.

A tea party was what they said it would be.
And although I may have had my doubts
I still accepted their invitation with gratitude.
Because while I would be leaving the neighborhood
soon, I was still intending on getting to know the folk.

It was clear that this wasn't about the tea.
In fact, they only had one cup set
And no chair for me to sit in.
I asked them if they had any extra
But I was met with silence.

It was as if they were statues
Just another decoration of the room
Even now, I can't recall either of them
Saying a single word to me.

A feeling of claustrophobia engulfed me.
As I tried to avert their gaze and stare away
The paintings stared back with equal discomfort.
It was far too late to leave now.
I was stuck inside with no way out.

Fake Lilies

Zachary Henderson

Inspired by Mr and Mrs Clark and Percy by David Hockney

Of all their things, the lilies were
their own pride and joy,
like trophies on a mantle or a
diploma hung on one's wall.

They bought lily lamps, books on lilies,
even their phone and cat were the same hue
as the lilies sitting on their table
in their brand new house in L.A.

if anyone dared question them on
their lilies, they came back with
not-so-witty one-liners, subject changes, and
insults, depending on how much they liked you.

They were actors, but hated every
minute of it, the constant critique,
the countless times they had to shoot a scene,
and to top it off, they didn't ever have
paparazzi follow them home.

They were always the outsiders, even
at family gatherings they sort of kept to themselves,
and rarely talked with the rest of the family.
And the worst thing was--the lilies were fake.

The Colorful Man

Daria Hoehn-Saric

Inspired by Kehinde Wiley's Rubin Singleton

The little boy stared at the man
in the flowers and colorful jumper.
The man stared back, their gaze unbroken
before the boy was pulled away by a concerned mother
with a stern look on her face.

That day, in his drab elementary school,
with its gray walls and gray lights and gray kids,
His classmates' whispers envelop him like a fog,
About the man in the flowers,
He heard the laughs and saw the pointed fingers.

Anger filled every inch of his four foot being,
He ran to the field where the man lay
covered head to toe in his vibrant hues,
playful swatches of yellow and teal,
He cared not about the kids in the schoolyard.

That night, the boy took all his gray shirts
And painted splashes of color
To match the man, who he now saw staring back
in the mirror. The next day at school, the kids made fun
of both the man and the boy,
but now the boy did not care.

In his new armor, he went back to the man,
And in a swift motion as fast as the dive of a pelican,
The man picked a flower and showed the boy
And then put it behind the child's ear
He picked another and did the same,
Only this time he garnished his own.

Ode To Soccer
Oliver Hsu

Joy and sadness
Arguments and celebrations
Football, soccer.
Driving, fling
And
Biking,
Countless days
Of training.
Cold or hot
Snow or rain
Waking up
Before 6am
To practice.
New cleats
New jerseys
New ball.
Making the team
Hearing your name
Called
For the
Starting XI.
Late night
Games under
The lights.
Watching games
With your
Friends
And family.
The ball brings
All of this.

The Chopping

Shanwai Lin

Have you forgotten the truth?
Everyday you climbed up my limbs,
up to the sky and the clouds.

You would breathe the air,
And watch the whole world below
You while hanging to my branches.

You carried those beautiful gold items down.
The prosperity those items gave you and
Your mother, it gave me great joy.

But now you have forgotten all I have given you.
All you can think of now is your own escape.
As you run from the giant, you betray me.

My foundations cripple as you kill me.
The great pain I feel, as the axe is swung
Against me and the giant and I fall from the sky.

Ode to Records

Kesi McDuffie

My dad bought me
my first record player
Didn't know what it was
or how it worked.
But I figured it out
I played some
Michael Jackson,
Prince,
Whitney Houston,
And Stevie Wonder.
It's what my dad used to listen to
back in the day, same records too.
As the music boomed
We would jump
as if the clouds are right at our fingertips.
Music so loud
The neighbors were jumping too.
My dad turned it up some more
So loud
The windows started jumping too
As the needle spun
On the record
I sway my hips back and forth
The beat, melody,
history, so hip
so cool a freezer ain't got nothin on us
It gets dark,
so we put
The records away
Till next time.....
When I want to touch clouds

The Mirror Doesn't Lie (The Evil Queen)

Theota Munro

Every day, every day, I must look.
My curiosity overcomes me, like an inevitable dam
breaking. The mirror will never break

for this mirror doesn't lie.
And I made it (Did I?
I don't quite remember anymore.)

Either way it's mine, and my face
shall always be beautiful as the moon-
The fairest of them all, it says.

And this shining mirror doesn't lie (to my face),
Of my face, (can it break?)
No! I have no rival,

And whatever creature this mirror must be
It cannot lie. Not this mirror.
This mirror, as unbreakable as me.

The Woman Across the Room

Abby Quinn-Shores

Inspired by Untitled: Toklas and Stein in Their Salon by Maira Kalman

The woman wears detailed dresses.
Sometimes they have flowers and frills,
Sometimes they have spots and collars.
Her looks change, but her face still lacks expression

She always stares into our wall
Like an owl watching its prey.
Her face changes every so often,
But it becomes straight in a matter of seconds
She is the woman in the chair.

The room I sit in always stays the same.
It hasn't changed in years
There aren't many details to see,
But the blank looking woman
Who sits in the chair across from me.

Nothing changes in this house of mine,
The walls are blank and the photos don't move
Everything lacks in detail, but we ourselves change.
The flowers and frills on her dress
We change while everything stays the same.

I watch her grow older and more frail.
The wrinkles start to show,
But she still looks at
that wall
And she still looks
blank.

Ode to the Knob on the Door

Connor Quintenz

The light metal knob,
at first sight
we grasp without knowing.
It blends into everyday life
protecting us from our worst moments,
It shields us
from the outside
and from our worst fears.
In a matter of seconds,
we can shut the connection
through which we interact.
It molds into our hands
as if it were clay.
It can teleport
us to a whole new dimension:
We close it,
all seems elegant
We open it,
all seems destroyed.
We never know what will come,
we walk into the unknown
It brings us to places
we would've never thought of.
Each day we arise
we are unaware
It serves its purpose,
In the background
though, it's always with us,
protecting us through the unimaginable,
and teleporting us to the unforeseen.

Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall

Nora Sachse

My once glassy surface is covered
in dust. My golden ridges are tarnished
like charcoal. I sit in complete silence,

watching everything. Listening.
I can explain the way the stars align,
where every lost item is hiding.

My master has died, and another soul
has failed to stumble upon
my all-knowing existence.

I am trapped, useless.
If only I could not see,
not be stuck in my infinite mind,
I might be free.

But I cannot move.
I can only see the world
without me.

***Ten Minutes in the life of a Goldendoodle* BASED ON
REAL EVENTS**

Isaac Seiken

Unknown to the rest of the
world, even her humans like me:
The inquisitive dog is doing *something*.
Inside the brain of this foolish silly dog,
Something suspicious is lurking.

It moves. Almost ready to pounce.
The inanimate object shows no signs
Of threats to the cautious dog.
The ploy is almost ready; the
Shaggy puppy uses a ruse; she
Acts like she is sleeping, and
Her humans are none the wiser.
As the moon goes behind the clouds
She'll strike the socks unaware.

Even the cat has no idea what's happening;
After all, he can't speak to dogs.
The dog's teeth are getting more accentuated...
She strikes! The socks - there they go!
Quickly into the mouth, and rapidly digested (inside the
mouth) to fit down the gullet.
Toxic paint also ingested, and hopefully, the sock is not
glow-in-the-dark.

into the stomach of the curious dog we go...

Aha!

Her stomach is very weak
The poor golden dog needs to get her stomach pumped
SUCKKKK! The machine is miraculous.
I don't know it, but
That dog has no regrets.

Ode to Gary

Sophie Selfridge

Gary the snail
Garfield Lou Capri Paprika Selfridge
An aquatic snail
Brothers with Damon
The betta fish
Damon likes to smell him
Sniff sniff
A white shell and gray body
His shell smooth yet slimy
His body not sticky
Not slimy
More wet than anything
His body when out of the shell
He always looks scary
Like a newborn alien
Creepy and crawly
Cute and ugly
Joyful but scared
He is shy to the eye
But his imagination is colorful
He brightens up my day
All my friends love him
And so do I
And his smooth but slimy shell
Garfield Lou Capri Paprika Selfridge
The most loved snail out there
And the most loved snail here.
Rip Gary

Your Journey to Death

Callie Solomon

Inspired by Richard Diebenkorn's Knife in Glass

You see it violently reaching for your hand,
its body trashing, pulling you into its grasp.
You can feel its hand on your shoulder
providing a sense of comfort,
but it soon fades into fear.

It urges you to follow.
Your mind is reluctant, but your body surrenders
you feel as if you must follow where it leads.
Because in your gut, you have a sense of obligation.

It tugs you with great force, its eyes staring into you.
Memories arise along with emotions
tears flood down your cheeks,
each one filled with regret.
You feel as if you must adhere to its rules and proceed,
you feel a sense of commitment.
However, you search for validation for that thought.

You look for an answer, any one you can find.
Its bleeding face blocks your memory
forcing it to be consumed by fear.
You cannot think despite your efforts.
Your hands become stained with blood.
It continues to cover your body
you follow, not knowing where the source is.

Now, its face is filled with an array of colors
as if they are every star in the sky.
Except, you are now down below with no light.
There is no chance for redemption.

It growls at you when you hesitate
its teeth grinding, its mouth watering
for it knows why you have paid it that visit.
It senses that it is your time.

Mine

Natalia Stutman-Shaw

As I walk into what I am supposed to call my home,
It is colder than normal
I feel an odd aura
It is as if someone has been into our house

I look over at the porridge, I have so longingly
been thinking about, only to see my bowl empty.
My heart sinks with disappointment
as I try to voice this concern to the others but they won't listen

“Someone ate my porridge,” I say,
But they are too concerned with the bite of theirs
missing to notice all of mine is gone.
They wouldn't hear me, as if my words
were being carried away by the wind

I walk painfully over to the chair,
where I spend most of my time, the chair
which is now shattered into millions of pieces
I yell to the others, “Someone broke my chair!”
But they don't listen,
Like I'm trapped in a field with no one to hear me
They only face away
Looking at their own chair in distress
They won't notice mine

As I head to my room, the others are talking
about how their beds have been slept in
I look over to see a bundle of golden curly hair
flowing over my pillow. It is like a waterfall, streaming
down the place. I lay my head every night

I try to get the others attention,
“There is someone sleeping in my bed”
But they don't hear me
All they can think about is how their bed was slept in
They are too self-obsessed to see the person sleeping in mine.

A Sunny Day

Tigin Unsal

The white fur of the cat stands
Out like snow on a road.
The cat sits on the dull green
of the Man's sweater, wishing it could
leap out into the sunny day.

The day shines through all emotions
As the bleak looks of the people
begin to sink into the atmosphere.
The dormant prowl of the woman
Contrasts the beautiful scenes of the sunny day.

The room is bland and simple
Letting the extraordinary stand out even more.
The floors grainy carpet gives a fuzzy texture
that lures the man and the woman inside.
Yet that's where they want to be.
They embrace their room over the sunny day.

The upside down smiles contradict the clothes of the people
As the woman has a dress that shines a purple like a violet.
The yellow hard copy book give off a color only
A bee could replicate. The folding door of the balcony
Cuts off a light that shines from the sunny day.

As night would fall soon, you would think
The people would embrace the outside. And they
would later. But right now, during mid-day, right when
a clock would strike 12. Ah, see these people's expressions
and the room shows they don't care for the sunny day.

Ode to a Backpack

Sora Walker

In my lifetime
I have had five backpacks.
Carried hundreds of items,
school projects, lunch boxes,
pencases filled to the brim.
Guardian of our everyday essentials,
the backpack's job goes unnoticed.
Crisp cut zipper,
clean pockets.
Discovering the ins and outs
of this object we will carry
for the next chapter of life
brings a feeling of excitement.
In Pre-k through third:
We stuff in crayons,
crumpled up coloring pages,
and picture books.
In fourth:
crayons turn into no. 2 pencils,
coloring pages now math sheets and drills,
picture books become picture-less
and stuffed with teeny, tiny words.
Growing and maturing,
a backpack holds it all--
gaining mass as responsibilities multiply.
One day
when textbooks and papers
are no longer necessary,
the backpack is phased out.
A purse or a briefcase will take its place.
Some months, years, and maybe decades will pass
before you even face another backpack.
This time, sending another little one off
to Pre-k with that same feeling--
a spark of excitement,
you once had.

Unfit

Hannah Wiener

I am trapped in a wooden frame
hung on the wall
amongst many others. I can only observe
what happens below me. Three people gather
in a square room with family artifacts

carefully placed. I see a mother
who presents as calm,
but has fear burrowed in the back of her eyes.
She prepares a cup of tea only for the guest,
and sits back comfortably in her plush chair
to inconspicuously examine her rigid daughter.

The daughter wears a scratchy dress
over a white blouse. She remembers
to keep her back straight like a board,
just like mother says. Hands folded,
and legs crossed, like a lady.

Both women look ahead to their guest
and find it hard to welcome her with warm smiles.
The tension hits them like a tsunami, but they
hide their anxiousness in a pocket and tuck it away.

The guest's eyes fly around the room,
but finally settle on the daughter.
A few minutes is all it takes
for the matchmaker to declare the daughter unfit.

The Calm Room

Kaan Yavalar

Inspired by Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy by David Hockney

A cold breeze comes through the open window
as the silky white cat stares outside.
The phone sits right outside the window
about to ring any minute.

The lamp shade tassels gently sway
hidden from the rest of the light.
The flower stands pretty in its vase
enjoying the sunlight that is beaming upon it.

The cat notices a mouse outside
and stares longingly at it
wanting to chase the little mouse
as it scurries across the street
and disappears in the bushes.

The yellow book lays on the table
full of memories and journal entries
that are yet to be opened and discovered.
The carpet feels soft and comfortable
almost as white as the cat's fur.

The room is full of tranquility and peacefulness.
Casually waiting for something to happen.
I stare out at the bushes longingly
wishing the little mouse hadn't gone away
and was still out for me to see.

The Aunts

Koen Yu

Untitled: Toklas and Stein in Their Salon inspired by Maira Kalman

I remember passing by their room one foggy Sunday
Their door was ajar so I went to close it
At first glance, they would seem to be polar opposites
But they shared a unique taste in fashion and art
I encountered many peculiar people working at the hotel

But none as peculiar as these women
The two would get many stares from newcomers
But acted as if they didn't notice.
Everyone knew them but no one *really* knew them
So we referred to them as the Aunts.

One of the aunts was a bigger woman
While the other aunt was incredibly small and shriveled
During the day they could be seen bringing huge vases and paintings
into their room
Mainly bringing art with colors as vibrant as a chameleon's skin.

The aunts would spend months at a time
Disappearing and reappearing with new and old paintings
The two were remarkably secretive about the origins of their art
Occasionally ranting about how it is getting harder to bargain

As I reached for the knob, a zap erupted from inside
I opened the door to see the Aunts sitting still
Looking around, I noticed a familiar face on the wall
In shock, I left the room running for the lobby

Turning around I see the Aunts gazing at me
My body dropped; feeling light-headed.
Waking up, I peer from a wall
To see my body staring at me

Ode to Sneakers

Eli Zucker

Immune to hard rocks
To roads and turf
Taking each hard blow,
All for the feet.
Running, jumping, sprinting, jogging,
All things that sneakers can do:
Swooshes, lines, and numerous designs
Sneakers are wonderful!
They are comfort,
Allowing for a soft experience.
If feet are treasure
then sneakers are its chest
Working hard like an expert
Strong beyond a doubt
They never will fail!
The comparison is uncanny
or so it might seem
But shoes are far more valuable.
The source of obsession
Treasured like gold
It is the dream of many
Just to own the best pair.
And yet through all of this design
They serve but one purpose
They are always needed
To enhance one's travel.

*This is Why We
Can't Have Nice
Things!*

Core III

Ode to a Ruby Necklace

Clio Blum

This small gemstone.
A deep, fiery red
like a raging fire.
Feels like it would burn you
if you came too close.
A passionate, intense, red
Asserting emotional power
and feels like
You could get lost in it
if you look too deeply.
Draped upon my collarbones
with a golden chain
And these rubies
as luscious as strawberries,
And as refreshing as the summer
A stone as vibrant as July
Paired with the Cancer zodiac
So powerful that legend says
a ruler exchanged an entire city
for this mystical gem.
And this is why I own
a bracelet, a necklace, and earrings
made from the blood-red stone.
If my story was one thing
Symbolizes strength and power
What I've gone through.
Colors from a sweet, vulnerable pink
to a painful and burning red
And you still wonder why
every day this small gemstone
is hung around my neck.

Ode to a Dandelion

Naomi Borek

A vibrant yellow flower?
A fuzzy ball of countless needles?
Or both? A shapeshifter?
What is a dandelion?
Weeds infecting a garden?
Or wishes being granted?
What is a dandelion?
A delicate flower?
With one step, crushed to pulp?
A dandelion is all this,
All except for one:
A dandelion is not
A weed destroying a garden
A dandelion is a mother,
Each needle eventually flies away
Like a bird
Leaving the nest
Whether blown alongside a wish
Or with a gust of wind
In a hurricane
Each seed that leaves
Spread the magic,
Spread the beauty,
Spread like a wildfire
Each seed grows
A new flower
Maybe picked when yellow,
And woven into a crown
Maybe picked when fuzzy
Wished upon and seeds spread again
.

Time Passes

Bella Carmen

To be more scared of time than your life resigned
everyday burrowing farther, still as a rock
A man so faithless in a world so kind

take a look, the sun is still arised
but instead, glaring only at a clock
To be more scared of time than your life resigned

cramming conversations full of ok, maybe, and fine
never to look, only too mock
A man so faithless in a world so kind

outside, things will bloom for those who don't whine
use your passion for greater things than to worry and
gawk
To be more scared of time than your life resigned

for the occasion will pass, but the living is sublime
to be individual, don't join the flock
A man so faithless in a world so kind

you're still scared of quickly running out of time
that you don't notice the flowers in the places you walk
To be more scared of time than your life resigned
A man so faithless in a world so kind

Looking At Me and Through Me

Leo Cohen

Inspired by Richard Diebenkorn's "Knife in Glass"

The days seem to blur together,
as my moments of usage diminish.
My sturdy bottom supplies great support
for the cool water that lies in my grasp.
Light still glows through the thin white curtains.

The scars of my past reflect off my smooth skin,
And the thick cracks will never vanish;
Years of mistreatment are hard to hide.
The sun illuminates the purple wallpaper,
casting a shadow off the knife.

Did the sleek blade pierce my liquid contents
or was the water poured in afterwards, flooding the knife?
Perched by a windowsill is where I spend my days,
Hoping I can grip things besides the sharp blade.
The sunlight still seeps in but in rapid succession.

I used to hold beautiful flowers,
and other colorful beings.
The knife has its own beauty to it,
yet a beauty appreciated by dark minded beings.
The sky turns pink like a summer petal.

The pink soaks my body in color,
for my glistening glass body's translucent.
And in that moment I get a taste of true perfection.
But it's only an idea not a reality
My existence gently crumbles.

The Power of Silence

Atticus Coyne

Silence has a voice more powerful than you think,
Louder than any shout or scream could possess.
It takes control of a room, never letting go
Never letting go, until there sits a third person at the table

This person is as powerful as silence
They have a dominating voice
that takes control over the room.
Commanding its troops like an army general
With the strictness that can command an army

But this silence isn't what you think it's.
It isn't an army general commanding an army
It isn't a third person sitting at the table
and it isn't a person with a commanding voice

Silence, silence is the song of the bird outside
it's the clink of the spoon against the cup of coffee
or the rustle of the dress against the chair's stiff exterior
silence is all these things, it's what gives us peace

it's the noise inside of your head only known to you
that never sleeps and is always right beside you
that will never leave you unless you tell it to go
all these things are silence
as there is always true silence to be found

Colors

Matthew Freedman

Inspired by Kehinde Wiley's Rubin Singleton

Years of hardship and stress heavily
weighing on him with immense pressure
yet standing tall is a mask of hope and aspiration.
Hidden behind camouflage colors of emotion.
Ready to take down anything for new opportunities.

Soft strong eyes staring straight through life
longing for a better future and motivated to make
change
in life. The determination doesn't take away the pain,
but builds off of it until it collapses, revealing
real feelings of suffering and anger.

Hands Clutching empty of substance, yet holding on
to ambition and belief. A peaking white gleam
blossoming
from the top of the swirling colors reaching out to
show it's still there. Head wrapped in the camouflage
creating thoughts of new opportunities and optimism.

Blooming floral ropes, stringing through the, sea of teal
begins to drape around his arm. Blossoming colors of
red and white jump out ready for whatever is coming,
and ready to stay strong.

Dying black leaves sit on the edge, ready to crumble
and build itself back up rebuilding the pain
in the middle of the joy.

Hopeless

Kavi Grab

Inspired by Tom Lea's Sarah in the Summertime

Mountains stretch across the scene
bordered by sand dunes and clouds
All coming to a close next to you,
A woman with knitted brows
And a silver band around her ring finger

The sky seems endless to you
as if it's swallowing you whole
With no hope of escape,
so you sit here,
and you let it

Your hand stays tucked in a book
palms become sweaty, still you keep them there
Perhaps the only place you can escape to,
This novella
You savor every page
as if they could save you
from the inevitable.

You stare out at the range that surrounds you
Breathing in the sparse, hill-top air
You've given up on pleading, on praying,
Your only hope, now, in the few quiet moments
you've been granted

That ring on you finger, heavy as a boulder
Dragging you down, a feeling you're becoming acquainted
with. You stare around at the vast mountains that surround
you, as you accept the inevitability of your future.

We will be Remembered

Bijan Hollinger

We will be remembered, cherished in many hearts, forever.
Bound in the memories, of the generations' symphonies,
Freedom will now only be our treasure, for better.

We will always be carried along by whomsoever,
Flowing like the morning breeze, throughout the heavy trees,
We will be remembered, Cherished in many hearts, forever.

Now we are flying, lifted by our beautiful feathers
We will be fulfilled when the world will heed,
Freedom will now only be our treasure, for better.

We will no longer be tethered, never, never,
We will lay rested again, when the world sees
We will be remembered, Cherished in many hearts, forever.

The whole of our hearts will be gathered,
We will be free of all prior needs,
Freedom will now only be our treasure, for better.

Do not worry when you become weathered,
Because beyond those physical trees,
We will be remembered, Cherished in many hearts, forever.
Freedom will now only be our treasure, for better.

Grandma's Stories

Nathan Ileri

What is this I hear
a story of how my granddaughter
found the three guardians of the forest.

The three ancient bears, believed
to be a myth, but
How did she find them?

Oh my, what has my
granddaughter done, with her selfish
manner in the ancient forest.

Did she never listen
to all my stories, how dare she
not listen to me.

What should I do? I
hope the curse doesn't come
down upon me and my entire family.

Silence

Peter Kumar

Inspired by Tom Lea-Sarah in the Summertime

Serene calmness. mountains sit abaft
her posture is erect
as straight as the mountains behind her
she stares straight.

her face echoes peace and solitude
she is calm, stern and poised
book in hand, she grips the page.
a ring sits on her finger
her hair swirls, eyebrows raised in judgement.

while she sits unmoving, her mind is spinning.
she thinks about the world in front of her.
she is at peace but the scene in front of her is one of
suffering.
her face is solem, while the world in front of her swirls
she gazes firmly past the pain in front of her; she has seen it
before.

the silence around her is deafening.
she is alone.
she has sat, tranquil for eternity
her mountains are the seat in which she watches the world
labor.

she enjoys her position
proud of where she sits
her thoughts echo through the ranges
echoing in the silence
echoing in silence

Down and Up

Lindsay Lamken

I sit down on my old front porch swing,
And kick my silly legs up in the air,
Fly like a free bird on feathered wing.

I feel the fresh and noisy call of spring,
A subtle breeze lifts up my auburn hair,
I sit down on my old front porch swing.

Church bells nearby, I can hear them ring
Up in the tower, I will get there—
Fly like a free bird on feathered wing.

A kite pulls on a piece of string,
Way up into the blue sky I stare,
I sit down on my old front porch swing.

I lift my voice and start to sing,
A robin sails by so fast and unaware,
Fly like a free bird on feathered wing.

To summer's fading promise now I tightly cling,
My friend, won't you please join me there?
We'll sit down on my old front porch swing,
Fly like a free bird on feathered wing.

Ode to a Clock

Zach Lundman

A clock.

It Comes in
different shapes,
and different sizes.
making different sounds,
and coming in different colors.

Some are worn,
and some are kept.

Some old,
Some new.

All are unique,
But all have
the same importance.

A clock tell us
when to eat,
and when to drink.

When to sleep,
and when to wake.

When to yell,
and when to whisper.

Counting up your
days as a child,
And counting down your days
As an adult.

Giving our lives so much
Structure, that without it,
We would collapse.

Please Go Gentle into that Good Night

Caleb Murphy (2007-present)

Somewhat inspired by Dylan Thomas- "Don't go gentle into that good night"

Go, my loved one, don't tear me apart
As you *stay*, you *leave* me broken and alone
Watching you fall into pieces, as you refuse to depart

For you are wise, you know better
than to uphold my bleeding heart,
Please don't delay or postpone,
I love you so much, but
Go, my loved one, don't tear me apart

Your life was a masterpiece, a work of art
You've created a world for me,
but the world is becoming my own
But now, I am stuck watching you fall into pieces,
as you refuse to depart

Either way, I lose, yet these final days feel so tart
I am emotionless, like a clone, so just
Go, my loved one, don't tear me apart

Please just give me a head start,
You've seen me blossom and now, I am all grown
up, so you can go, Father, don't tear me apart
Watching you fall into pieces (is so hard to do),
when you refuse to depart.

Ode to Pencils

Jaya Newingham

A pencil,
Worth close to nothing
An everyday object
As smooth as water,
trickling down your throat
Many different kinds
Mechanical, colored, wooden
portraying different narratives.
The beautiful smell
of a new box of pencils
A plethora of actions you can do
With a single pencil mark,
It can mean so much
Drawing your imagination
Writing your heart out
Educating others
The stroke of a pencil
sings on the surface
It all starts there;
An invisible passage
into your thoughts
Expressing to others
Any feeling possible
Happy, sad, nervous
A child draws their emotions
on a piece of paper
To keep and remember them
You cannot communicate
But an innocent pencil
Starts almost anything
You can think of
The sketches turn into reality
The pencil creates ideas and discussion
For the human race.

The Light

Sam Pastreich

Do not fall slowly into the light.
Don't miss this chance of once in a life.
Run, jump, leap, but please do not fight

You must keep climbing, you must reach your height.
Don't move to quick, take one step at a time,
for you will slip, and miss your goal, your light.

What is this light that shines so bright?
many ask, yet no answer gives, nobody knows, nobody
knows.
They say "keep moving, keep up your fight".

"you must keep climbing, you must reach your height"
I listen, I listen, yet still I question this narrative.
The narrative of this enclosure, this invisible, visible light.

I want to yell, scream, punch out of my spite
for these beings controlling me, slowly taking my life,
but alas, I am stuck, I can't retaliate, I can not fight

I beg of your freedom from this horrific climb.
Free me in peace, let me fade away.
I no longer fathom of trouble, I think of no fight
I do not fall slowly into the light

Their Names

Seva Rustgi

I grin when I come in the middle of the night.
In my magic, all the riches and gold, as if coins were heavy
like a child's hand
I seek a deal like a hawk seeking food.

The spinning wheel spins fast. I make hay into gold.
The girl has nothing to trade but her life, like her firstborn,
into my hands.
No longer lonely.

I have come to trick humanity.
I force upon me a life filled with trickery, trades, and magic.
But alas one day I will trade myself a better life.

I look unkempt. I am short but I stand straight.
Dirt sticks to my face., but civilians dare to see me.
Hooded, they come, hoping I don't say their names.

Please restrain me now, for now the power grows
out of hand.
I have good intentions,
at least I think.

A Grandmother's Story

Tyler Smallwood

Footsteps, heavy and wet from the rain,
Approached the wheezing and shaking door.
Footsteps not from a little girl that was expected,

But of man, a man who was seeking something
And wouldn't stop until he had it.
All of a sudden, the door flew off

It's hinges and took flight, just like an old airplane,
trying to take flight, and shattered into sharp uneven shards, of
what felt like glass.

It wasn't a man that had approached the house,

But a monster, illuminated by the lightning flashing
outside. The creature advanced,
slowly, like a tiger, making sure that it's prey wouldn't have any
sudden movements.

I couldn't defend myself, and the monster smiled,

And laughed a hideous laugh that seemed to go to the moon.
It got closer, and closer to the old creaky bed I laid on.
I closed my eyes, and wished not to see the fate that waited for
me, on the cold, sharp night.

Humpty Dumpty's Rant

Noah Spector

I sat on a wall, and I had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men,
Couldn't put me together again.

But how did the king get past first grade?
The king sent all his horses and men to save
An egg of all things, an egg!

Do not get me wrong, I am flattered,
But I am also as cracked as a smashed window.
No one can even find all of the tiny pieces.

But how did the king get past first grade?
The king sent all his horses and men to save
An egg that was small as a baseball and is too small for even 20
people to touch at the same time!

He expects horses to **not** step on me as soon as they see me?
Finding all of me is easier when the people searching are closer to
the ground, not on a horse!
Even if I could be put back together, I wouldn't be saved.

Even Miracles Take a Little Time

Kate Toufanian

I watched as she wept in her windowsill,
beside herself with sadness and despair.
She locked eyes with me and gave a weak smile.

*Now dear, I said, no need to fret,
not all hope is lost.*

Her dress was in rags, her hair a rat's nest.

I waved my wand up in the air,
and her rags became a dress.
Her hair calmed down and her smile grew large.

She was beaming as bright as the moon
She was ever so grateful,
oh she was as sweet as a song.

But if she stayed with him
when the clock struck 12 times.
The whole castle would see a great big mess

Darkness

Kenji E.S. Yokote *Inspired by Kehinde Wiley- Conspicuous Fraud Series #1 (Eminence)*

Swirling around and around your head
Pitch dark, can't see, where am I heading in life?
The past self of me is blinding,
Calmly look ahead don't look behind,
Don't look, don't want to know what's behind you

Growing larger, the feelings I hide
growing bigger and bigger until I can't see myself.
My dreams, my hopes, wash away.
My past, the torture is filling the hole
The sea of darkness is drowning me
Gasping for air but there's nowhere to
Invading my thoughts and my mind and finding the lies
Fighting back but my power is no good.

Stillness, coldness, I feel alone in this world
My past self cannot escape, I am confused, where do I go?
Trying to survive one day at a time
I call out for help. Is anyone there, hello?

Where must I go to finally be free?
My past self, beaten, shot, I see strange fruits hung on trees,
while people wait for them to drop
That fruit right there on the ground rotting

Where is the source of this darkness
They tell me I don't want to know
Got to go back and understand, because
there is no light without the darkness.

Ode to My House Plant

Adele Ziemba

We brought you home
From the plant store
Excited but unsure
We could keep you alive.
We had high hopes for you.
Providing fresh air,
Bringing color to our house,
Brightening our days.
We've done our best for you.
Water, light, attention.
Moving you to a bigger pot
As you grew
Let's be honest,
We've killed some of your siblings
But years have gone by
And you are still thriving.
Sitting in a charcoal grey pot:
Cylinder, with legs
Like those of a cauldron.
The textured metal contrasts
With the softness of your leaves,
Shaped like hearts.
We have tried to label you,
But nothing fit.
Unintentionally, nameless plant,
You radiate warmth and happiness.
When we think you won't survive,
You surprise us
By returning to a healthy green.
Thank you for staying with us.

Core IA

Ella Abramson was born in Alexandria, Virginia and lives there with her family and pets. She is a competitive Irish dancer who also enjoys spending time with friends, listening to music, and making jewelry.

District-born **Isabel Avidon** has written over two dozen works of short fiction and poetry. They are passionate about bringing marginalized voices to the forefront and creating engaging, character-driven narratives about healing, friendship, and eldritch abominations. When not writing, they enjoy drawing, reading, taking long walks with their family, participating in theater, and exuberantly singing along with their favorite songs. They are a proud geek, an amateur folklorist, and an animal lover.

Laila Bapna is an 8th grader at Georgetown Day School. She was born in Silver Spring, Maryland and currently resides in Bethesda, Maryland. She lives with her parents, younger brother, and puppy named Finley. In her free time, Laila likes to write, play sports, and spend time with her friends and family.

Shiraz Benyoucef, an American, French, and Algerian, is an intuitive poet in 8th grade attending school at Georgetown Day. She spends her time out of school doing sports and homework; she is devoted to athletics and academics. She has produced many un-published poems, including the ones that you will preview.

Matthew Berman is a 14-year-old student who goes to Georgetown Day School. He was born in Vietnam and was adopted by 2 dads. He loves playing sports,

specifically baseball, basketball, and football. Along with his 2 dads, Matthew also has a brother and 2 cats.

Lexi Berzok is an 8th grader at Georgetown Day School. In her free time, she enjoys singing, writing songs, and advocating for social justice issues. She has an older brother with autism who has been her main inspiration for her writing. Her poetry reflects social justice issues and the surrounding world.

Dhilan Phatak Desai was born January 17, 2007 in Fairfax, Virginia. He is currently a student at Georgetown Day School. He learned that he had a spark for poetry in 8th grade in Eduardo Martinez's english class. When not learning, he stays active by fencing and playing tennis. He currently lives in McLean, Virginia.

Angelique Faselis lives in Maryland. She likes to hang out with friends, dance, and play volleyball.

Alexa Gillespie was born in Washington DC, and is the author of many short stories and free writes. She can be found playing volleyball and enjoys reading copious amounts of books in her free time.

Sherlock Grigsby was born in Washington D.C. Currently, he lives with his parents and three siblings. He loves to play sports such as football and basketball and also enjoys chess. He attends school at Georgetown Day and is pursuing his hopes and dreams.

Ben Hellman was born in Washington, D.C, where he has lived all his life with his parents and sister Rachel. He writes poetry for fun, and spends his days numbing

his mind on Discord and playing basketball. Currently, he attends Georgetown Day School, which assigned him the above poetry.

Sloane Paloma Holder was born in Manhattan, New York City. She is the author of *blast off* and enjoys writing about real experiences for herself and others. She has a passion for writing long paragraphs. She moved from the Bay Area, California, to DC, where she now writes and enjoys the sites.

Shaila Joshi currently lives in Washington DC. In her free time she enjoys photography and listening to music.

Elena LaGuardia is an Italian citizen currently living in Washington DC. Her parents work in more international backgrounds causing her to travel and migrate more often than others, including Kenya and Italy, which along with DC, she calls home. She has now been at Georgetown Day School for four years and is planning to stay. During her free time, she enjoys dancing and chatting with friends. Elena is a very talkative student with a lot on her mind.

Audrey Leff is a passionate artist who acts in school musicals and takes voice lessons outside of school to perfect her voice. In her free time, she enjoys reading and horticulture. She resides in Washington DC with her family and playful puppy, Cody.

Simon Loftus was born in Washington, D.C, United States. He was born into a family of three in the west end of Alexandria, VA. He is 14 years old, and is a growing poet as time goes on. Simon is also in the

eighth grade and is moving on to high school very soon.

Sofia Moen lives in Bethesda, MD with her family and two dogs. She enjoys playing the violin and reading in her free time.

Samson Lowenstein is the writer of *Stronger Than Words*, *Ode to a Picture*, *The Ugly Duck*, and *The Same*. He was born in a small neighborhood in Washington DC on July 17th, 2007. He is currently attending Georgetown Day School.

Sam Rosand is a 14 year old student that attends Georgetown day school. In his free time, he enjoys playing baseball and basketball as well as playing with his dog. When he's not playing sports, he plays video games and hangs out with friends.

Born and raised in Northern Virginia, **Daniel Reilly** grew up with his mom, dad, and sister. One day in the eighth grade, Daniel was forced to write poems in school, where he soon learned of the gift he had for poetry. He is the author of the demonstrating rated poem, *Poetry Writing Assignment #3: Ode--Daniel Reilly*. Reilly currently resides in his messy bedroom.

Joelle Eva Walters was born to Jamaican parents in Alexandria, Virginia. She is enrolled at Georgetown Day School and is about to graduate into the upper school. Outside of school Joelle is a part of the soccer team and soon hopes to be part of a volleyball team next year.

Grace Zia was born in and currently resides in Washington, DC, with her supportive mother and father, brother Nate, and lovable canines named Jasmine and Sadie. She is a competitive club soccer player and attends the prestigious Georgetown Day School.

Core IB

Alessandro Alfandari is a student from Washington, DC. His hobbies include not practicing violin enough, rereading books for the fifteenth time, procrastinating, and writing serious poems about ridiculous topics. He enjoys using poetry as a way to explore the turbulent and usually silly thoughts conjured up by his imagination.

Jhet Bond was born in Capitol Hill in Washington DC. She has written poetry before in younger grades. She loves to write, spend time with her friends and family, and play soccer. She also enjoys long walks with her dog.

Hannah Brickman was born in D.C. She enjoys writing about her hardships faced during the pandemic, as well as her guinea pig, Coco. When she's not doing homework, she's either procrastinating, playing guitar, or talking with her friends. Brickman takes pride in knowing how to play "Blackbird" by the Beatles on the guitar. She currently still lives in her childhood home in D.C. and attends Georgetown Day School.

Tomas Bruschi Ferreira, born in Rio Claro, Brazil is a student at Georgetown Day School. His last published work was in 6th grade. Some of his hobbies include reading and playing video games. Inspiration and

guidance for his poems come from his family. Tomas currently resides in Washington DC.

Noah Checks, a writer born in Washington DC on September 12, 2007, is known most commonly for his work in the 7th grade Community Production skit, “The Final Snackrifice,” and organizing the tournament known as “The IO Games.” Among other things, he is knowledgeable on things like spelling, video games, programming, and procrastination (has reached master proficiency with this).

Elsa Cheetham was born in D.C and pursues her promising career in the fine city of Bethesda. She is a nationally un-acclaimed poet whose exquisite writing has not been featured in any of the country’s top literary magazines. Her best-selling publications are not available for further reading.

Layla Coyne was born in Managua, Nicaragua. She was raised there, with her twin brother, on the side of a volcano until she was 7. She is currently a student at GDS in Washington D.C. She enjoys cooking, running, and sleeping when she is not going to school.

Richard Evans was born on December 26th, 2006, in Washington D.C. He currently lives with his mom and dad. He attends Georgetown Day School. He enjoys watching Anime and playing video games with his friends. He aspires to be an NBA player in the future.

Cheyenne Freeman was fourteen years old when she wrote these poems. She was born in Maryland in the United States of America in the early 2000’s. She plays soccer and enjoys spending time with family, friends, and her dog.

Caroline Gann was born at Sibley Hospital in the District of Columbia in 2006. When she's not preparing food in the kitchen or accidentally injuring herself, she enjoys debate, track and learning about sociology. She currently lives with her parents and pets in Bethesda, Maryland.

Mara Grace was born in the exquisite New York City in the year of 2006. Her poems are some of the many literary delicacies in her collection. When she is not writing her prestigious poetry, she enjoys taking part in soccer. Currently, she is a student at Georgetown Day School and pursues her life in Bethesda, Maryland.

Beck Holtzman was born in Miami, Florida. He has two siblings and loves sports along with debate, chess, and socializing with friends. He has won several debate tournaments and loves to play soccer. Beck enjoys poetry and plans to improve in the near future.

Ethan Howe was born in San Francisco, California on March 14, 2007. In his free time he enjoys playing hockey and going to the beach. He currently lives in Bethesda, Maryland.

Izzie Hsu was born in Washington DC. Her real name is actually not Izzie, it's Isabella. Her mom started to call her that when she was very young, and it has stuck with her ever since. She got the idea from the show *Grey's Anatomy*. Izzie is not a big fan of this show, but she does enjoy watching tv. She also loves to bake and cook. She loves food, especially tiramisu.

Olivia Jin was born in Washington DC. She came to Georgetown Day School in first grade. Currently, she is

in 8th. Olivia loves baking, drawing, playing volleyball, and spending time with friends.

Noah Martz was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 2006. In his free time he loves playing with his two dogs and spending time with his brothers. When he is not spending time with his brothers, he loves playing lacrosse and soccer. Noah Martz currently lives in Washington DC.

Robi Nguyen was born in Washington D.C. He goes to Georgetown Day School. He plays soccer and video games in his free time. His sister and parents were born in Vietnam. His favorite thing to do is to sleep.

Leo Nyberg was born in Washington, DC and spent two years living in Stockholm. He speaks two languages and is lousy at poetry in both of them. He enjoys playing hockey and watching TV in his spare time. Leo plans to spend next year living in Sweden.

Robert Mason Orseck was born in Washington, DC. He is an athlete, student, friend, brother, and a son. Robert has a father named Gary, a mother named Robin, and a sister named Abby. He has won leadership awards, championships, medals, and more. Robert enjoys playing sports, being with friends, listening to music, and is currently a student at Georgetown Day School.

Brocq Kwaw Pobee was born on March 1st, 2007. He enjoys Netflix, youtube, basketball, football, and is generally an antisocial person. His brother and mother attend and work at GDS. When this project was first assigned, he believed that he had it in the bag; although, he quickly learned that he is not built like that. His

poetry is inspired by whatever he is thinking of at 3 am on the morning any certain poem is assigned.

Caleb Robinson was born in New York City in 2006, though he's spent most of his life in the place he currently resides: Maryland. He currently attends Georgetown Day School where he is in 8th grade. While not in school he enjoys playing video games, watching sports, and hanging out with his friends.

Christian Santos Silva was born in Silver Spring, Maryland. He has attended Georgetown Day School for only one year. He loves to play basketball. He has played basketball since he was six years old. He is also doing well in academics. He has been nominated for a summer STEM Program at the age of 12 at Villanova University. He enjoys cooking and spending time with his family. These activities are what he views as, "The best time he has ever had."

Core II

Kailyn Cox-Cáceres was born in a small town in Western Pennsylvania. In addition to being a poet, she is also a student at Georgetown Day School, where she is learning a range of different types of poetry. She has yet to publish any work, but has written some unreleased collections including, *Odes, villanelles, and personas*.

Michael Hideo Katayama Dobbs was born in Virginia, where he still lives today. When he is not sleeping (or being very tired), you can usually find him listening to music, spending time with his friends and family, and procrastinating on homework.

Zachary Spiegel Henderson is a 14-year-old in Washington D.C. who loves to play guitar and piano. Zach also enjoys building lego sets and fulfilling every want and need of his cat overlords. He has never had any books published and would be extremely embarrassed if one were to get published.

Daria Hoehn-Saric is an eighth grader at Georgetown Day School. She was born in Bethesda, where she still lives with her parents, older brother, and dog. When not writing poetry, she can be found pitching for her softball team, drawing, taking care of her houseplants, or taking walks with her dog.

Oliver Daniel Hsu was born in the United States in Washington, Dc. Oliver has a twin sister named Izzie Hsu. Oliver likes going to school but not for academics other than Science. When he is not in school, he loves to play soccer throughout the year. During the winter, he loves to ski.

Shanwai Lin was born in Washington DC on May 5, 2007. He attends Georgetown Day School. He likes to dance and perform music. He also likes to spend time with friends and family. Most of his poetry is inspired by life experiences and advice given by his parents and peers.

Kesi Zara McDuffie, was born on November 5, 2006. She lives with her mother and father, Kenyan and Princess McDuffie and little sister Jozi McDuffie. Her whole family was born and raised in Washington, Dc. In her free time, she likes to hangout with her friends and watch movies on Netflix.

Theota Munro was born in Washington, D.C. and has lived there their entire life. They are the proud loser of multiple writing contests, and hope someday to be the proud winner of one. In their free time, they enjoy drawing, writing, and singing along to songs released well before they were born.

Abby Quinn-Shores was born in Vancouver, Washington. She enjoys writing about people and objects that are important to her. While she's not spending time at school, she likes to draw and talk to her friends. She is currently living in Washington DC.

Connor Quintenz was born and raised in Washington D.C. and still lives there to this present day. Connor actively attends school at Georgetown Day School in 8th grade. Whilst not in school, he enjoys looking at planes in addition to learning how to code.

Nora Sachse was born in New York, and now resides in Washington, DC with her parents, her brother, and her golden retriever mix named Jack. Some of her interests include playing the violin, spending time with her dog, and writing. Her favorite subject in school is math, followed by English.

Isaac Seiken was born in Washington D.C. but lived in London and has two passports. Along with his extreme passion for tennis playing, he loves to travel and learn geography, as well as random facts that he claims might be useful.

Sophie Selfridge was born in Washington, DC. She has a mom, dad, brother, and dog. When she's not in school, Sophie likes to do stage makeup, play with her

dog, color My Little Ponys, and go shopping. She currently lives in Washington DC.

Callie Solomon was born in Washington, D.C., and has lived there for her entire life. She has many passions, including rock climbing, playing the guitar, along with writing in her free time. As an eighth-grader, she has had two poems published, including one in the Parkmont Poetry Journal.

Natalia Stutman-Shaw was born in Philadelphia and moved to Washington D.C., where she still currently lives. She lives at home with her parents, sister, brother, and dog Boaz, who is almost a year old. She enjoys spending time with her friends and family and watching TV.

Tigin Unsal was born in Fairfax County, Virginia. He loves to play sports such as basketball, and he likes to play video games and hang out with friends. He has been going to GDS for a very solid chunk of time in his life now. He currently lives in Bethesda, Maryland.

Sora Walker was born in Washington, D.C. She enjoys baking (out of a box) and spending time with her friends and family. This pandemic, she has sharpened her cooking skills and learned never to try cutting her own hair again. She currently lives in Takoma Park, Maryland.

Hannah Wiener was born in Washington D.C. In her free time, Hannah enjoys playing soccer or watching T.V shows. Occasionally, when she has the time, Hannah also bakes. Hannah continues to live in the District.

Kaan Yavalar was born in Arlington, Virginia, which is also where he currently lives. He loves to watch movies and TV shows, hang out with his friends, and play with his dog. He is also very close to his family, and enjoys spending time with them as well.

Koen Yu was born in Seattle, Washington. He enjoys writing non-fiction articles as well as fantasy stories. He brings a wide variety of ideas to his craftsmanship with his experience living overseas. He also shares a passion for playing basketball, tennis, and golf. Koen currently attends Georgetown Day School and hopes to further his writing skills.

Eli Zucker is an American Poet who has written four poems for his eighth-grade poetry unit collection. Some titles are *The Bitter End* and *Ode to a Sneaker*. He loves to write and to be creative as well as to play baseball and other sports. He can and loves to adapt to many different moods across his poems.

Core III

Clio Blum was born in Washington, D.C. She is a Chinese-American girl who enjoys art and dance. In her free time, Clio also likes to binge watch animated films at night.

Naomi Borek was born in Washington D.C. and now lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland. She is an eighth grader at Georgetown Day School, and this is her third year there. She enjoys going on long walks with her dog, Jack. Naomi enjoys drawing in her free time.

Bella Carmen was born and raised in Washington, D.C. She attends Georgetown Day School, where she

partially enjoys learning about English and history. She lives with her younger brother, who also attends Georgetown Day School. She has two dogs with whom she enjoys going on walks with.

Leo Cohen is a current student at Georgetown Day Middle School. He was born in Washington D.C. and he's lived there his entire life. He lives with two parents, an older brother, and a younger sister. He enjoys playing baseball and hanging out with friends, but still stays passionate about his schoolwork.

Atticus Coyne was born in Managua, Nicaragua. He is currently studying at GDS and is writing poetry about his worldly experiences. He writes about his past experiences and about what is important to him. He currently lives in Washington, DC and is experiencing middle school.

Layla Coyne was born in Managua, Nicaragua. She was raised there, with her twin brother, on the side of a volcano until she was 7. She is currently a student at GDS in Washington, D.C. She enjoys cooking, running, and sleeping when she is not going to school.

Matthew Freedman was born in Washington, D.C.; he is in 8th grade and is 14 years old. He now resides in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Matthew attends Georgetown Day School and has since pre-kindergarten. Matthew loves playing baseball, basketball, and all other sports. You can find him playing video games, playing and taking walks with his dog, Captain. Matthew plays piano and guitar in his spare time and loves music in general. An aspiration he has is to continue playing baseball throughout high school.

Kavi Grab was born in Washington, D.C. They enjoy singing and spending time with their dog, Josie.

Bijan Luke Hollinger was born in the Palisades, a small neighborhood in Washington, D.C. Bijan is a Persian-African-American who wishes to change the world through Science. In his free time, he enjoys watching television, playing soccer, and spending time with his family and friends. Bijan strives to pursue a future in Astronomy.

Nathan Ileri was born in Reston, an ordinary town in Virginia where he has been aspiring to travel all around the world. So far, he has only been to two countries, Kenya and the U.S; he hopes in the future he will be able to visit more of these countries.

Peter Kumar was born in Washington D.C. and resides in Chevy Chase, Maryland. He is fourteen years old and in eighth grade. He attends Georgetown Day School. Peter is an avid swimmer and debater. In his spare time, you can find him playing chess, building things with his sister, and charting time travel. Peter loves music and is an enthusiastic piano player. His favorite poet is Dorothy Parker. Kumar hopes to continue his journey in writing poetry in high school.

Lindsay Lopez-Isa Lamken was born in Virginia. She is currently a student at Georgetown Day School, and will graduate in 2021. During her free time, Lindsay likes to go on the trails by her house or chill outdoors with her neighborhood friends. She loves to hang out with her horse, Maddie.

Zachary Lundman was born in Washington, D.C. When he is not in school, Zachary enjoys playing

soccer, playing the piano, and spending time with family and friends. Zachary came to Georgetown Day School in sixth grade and is about to start high school there.

Caleb Murphy is a student at Georgetown Day School. He was born and raised in Washington DC, and attended Lafayette Elementary School and GDS Middle School. He enjoys playing sports, spending time with his friends and family, and traveling to Cape Cod and Italy. Currently, Murphy is (somehow) balancing his school-work and home-life.

Jaya Newingham was born, and has lived in Washington DC for 14 years. She enjoys playing soccer, spending time with family, and meeting friends in her free time, while writing creative poems during school.

Sam Pastreich was born and raised in Washington D.C. with his mom, dad, and two sisters. Sam is currently an 8th grader at Georgetown Day School and enjoys playing soccer, spending time with friends, attending sports games, and watching television with his family.

Seva Rustgi was born in Virginia. Seva is the author of the poem "Their Names". Throughout Seva's life, she has created so many short stories and poems. Currently, she is a student at Georgetown day school. During her free time, she enjoys playing various sports, like tennis and basketball, bingeing her favorite tv shows, going out with her friends and so much more.

Tyler Smallwood was born in Washington, D.C. He enjoys writing about items of great importance to him and also about the difficulties of middle school drama. When he is not doing his main profession of video

editing, he finds poetry to be a very calming pastime. Tyler currently resides in Bethesda, Maryland.

Noah Spector was born in Washington DC and enjoys anime, comics, and playing Dungeons and Dragons with his friends. He also likes to draw fun characters and monsters that could fit into the Dungeons and Dragons universe.

Kate Toufanian is a 14-year-old girl who resides in Bethesda, MD. She lives with her parents, brother, and puppy. She enjoys baking and playing with her dog. Additionally, she rock climbs and runs a babysitting program.

Kenji Yokote is a musician who was born in Howard County, MD. Kenji plays the piano and the cello but has been playing the piano longer. Kenji also enjoys doing track as his extracurricular activity. Currently, he lives in PG County and goes to school in Washington D.C. Kenji has many other skills and is part of many organizations.

Adele Ziemba was born in Phoenix, Arizona. She moved to D.C. when she was 3, and has gone to GDS since 4th grade. She has a lazy dog and a younger brother named Sam. In her free time, she likes to bring a water bottle to school and spend time with her friends.

