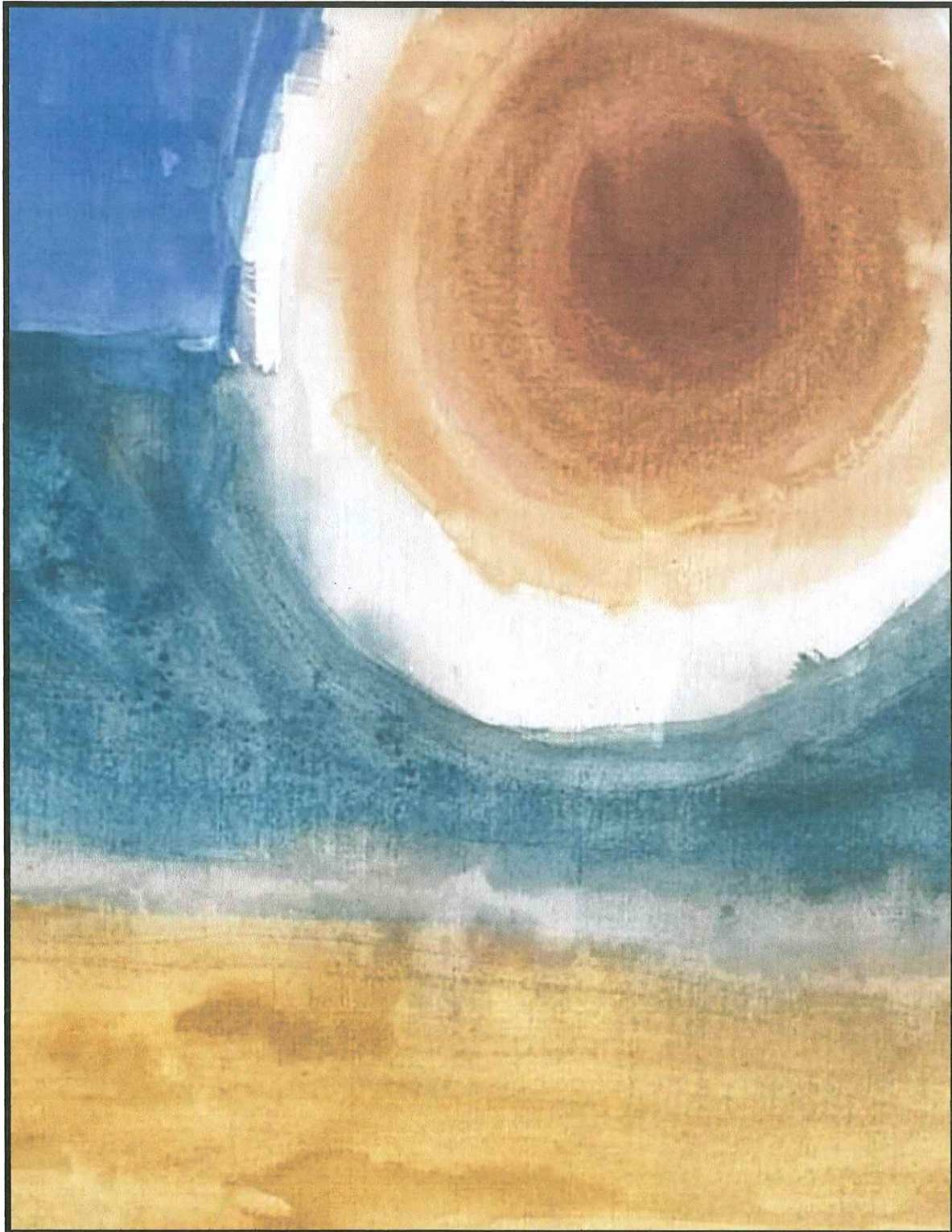


DMS POETRY AND ART ANTHOLOGY

APRIL 2023



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"Lost" by Marlee Moriarty, Grade 7

*Friends, gone
in a snap.
The people you trusted?
Not trustworthy.
You feel lost.
Lost in the rain.*

*The
 falling
 rain*

*You start to wonder
would we still be friends?
What if I said something else--
something different,
something that would make them want me,
something that would make them want to talk.*

*Talk to me.
Tears stream down your face
Gone?
You ask yourself
Are they gone?
Gone forever?*

*Will they ever talk to me again?
Will I ever hear their voice--
the voice that made me laugh
when sad--
the voice that made me calm
when mad?*

*Lost in all of your thoughts,
you wonder,
are they lost?
Lost like you?*

"Birds" by Taylor Beauparlant, Grade 6

People want them to be perfect,
want them to have
a beautiful singing voice,
beautiful colors.

well, they're never perfect.

People don't take them
for who they are.

They either have too much of a squeaky voice,
or they're too small.

well, that's me
Never good enough,
like a bird.

And while I could run away,
and birds can fly away,
we're too scared.

But why you ask?

Because we have questions
that we ask everyday
will it ever get any better?
will anyone come save me?

I'm like a bird
Sad.

And never quite
good enough.

"POMPEII" BY AMELIA SPIVEY, GRADE 6

WHITE ASH
DANCED AROUND THE CITY.
THE SOUND OF SCREAMS HUNG IN THE AIR.

WORKERS PRINTING.
PEOPLE HIDING.

MOTHERS RUNNING WITH THEIR CHILDREN, RUNNING FROM THEIR DOOM.
BUT I LAY IN MY DARK ROOM STARING AT THE CEILING WALL COUNTING DOWN
THE SECONDS
UNTIL MY DOOM AWAITED ME.

TIK TOK,
TIK TOK.

THE DARK CLOUD OF SMOKE CREEPED INTO MY DOORWAY.
MY DEMISE HAD ARRIVED.
ACCEPTANCE CREEPED ONTO MY FACE.

I TOOK ONE LAST DYING BREATH
AND LET THE SMOKE FILL MY LUNGS.

“Working On My Bike Late At Night” by William Roy, Grade 8

Working on my bike late at night,
something so simple can be so hard.

Like trying to get it running is such a simple task
but that task can still be so complicated.

Late at night can be a drag,
so tired but yet so motivated.

You take a hammer and you just hit and hit
thinking maybe it will fix it.

Trying to fix it can push your limits
as you blow out in frustration.

Your frustration is stopping you from going back in,
but you push it out of the way and go back for a retry

And you run into the same problem,
and you start to feel that frustration again.

Eventually, you take a hammer and you just hit it and hit it and you think
maybe it will fix it this time, but in the end you stop and realize

Wait, I took my frustration out,
but I think I just made things worse.

“Please Stop Complaining” by Olivia Gaspar, Grade 7

You say you're stupid.
But you're smarter than me.

You say you're ugly.
But you're prettier than me.

I say this because I'm tired
of hearing you complain.

All you say is “I'm ugly,” but really
we look the same.

When you tell me these things,
It makes me think.

“Why does my twin sister
say all these things?”

You say you're stupid,
but we have the same grades

So when I say this
I mean it with kindness.

Stop complaining
or I'm going to start agreeing with you.

We look the same,
we talk the same,

we're equally smart, and
we are both beautiful.

music



“Waves” by Marisa DaSilva, Grade 8

Waves rising
School and stress
Synonyms to me now
Days blurring together
Neverending work requires neverending effort
Effort which I do not have
How much longer is there
Until waves get too high?
Too rough?
Until the ship sinks?
Until I drown?

Waves crashing
I am allowed to breathe
My mask falls with the waves
I am allowed to *be*
Others join me in this release
Somehow
Walking through those studio doors
Makes me feel safer
No longer alone
All of us a single force
Dancing through calm, controlled waters
They help keep my head above water

Only a matter of time until
It is time to leave
And a sea of what was once
A vast sheet of glass
Is disturbed by the harsh rocking
And the familiar longing for peaceful waters again
My heart, which is weighed down in the deep,
Fights and struggles to get to the surface.
In a desperate attempt to restrain what is reality
But the waves rise and consume me again.

"It's So Hard" by Lihanna Sneed, Grade 6

It's so hard
To believe
We weren't made for each other

When I feel like our souls
Only exist
Beside
One another

It seems so wrong
To imagine
Ever loving another

But I guess that's how it is
When you lose someone you love.

"Angel" by Corey Conward-Johnson, Grade 8

Standing over her,
there is only silence between us

Though she cannot speak,
I feel a great sad connection.

I hug her and embrace our last moments--
an hour with her felt like 30 whole seconds.

Tears lay flat on my face.
All I could do was cry.

She was the best dog
and I didn't know how to say goodbye.

“Lost” by Trent Cosmo, Grade 7

We look into the same mirror.
Twins.
I see two.
I wonder why.
Are we the same?

People say we are
But I think he just copied off of me.
After all I was born first
so I wonder
are we really the same?

People say we are.
They call one of us the other
and I wonder why.
When I look in a mirror,
my side looks better.

I know why.
I am always 60 seconds ahead of him.
Or he is 60 seconds behind.
I am wiser and smarter.
My mirror is clear.

His is fogged and dark.
He seems lost.

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my side looks better.

I know why.
I am always 60 seconds ahead of him.
Or he is 60 seconds behind.
I am wiser and smarter.
My mirror is clear.

His is fogged and dark.
He seems lost.

Two mirrors side by side,
One is cracked.
I'm wondering why?
It's not mine.

Two mirrors side by side:
One is cracked.
I'm wondering why?
It's not mine.

It's my brother's.
Shards of me
that I see
trying to be like me.

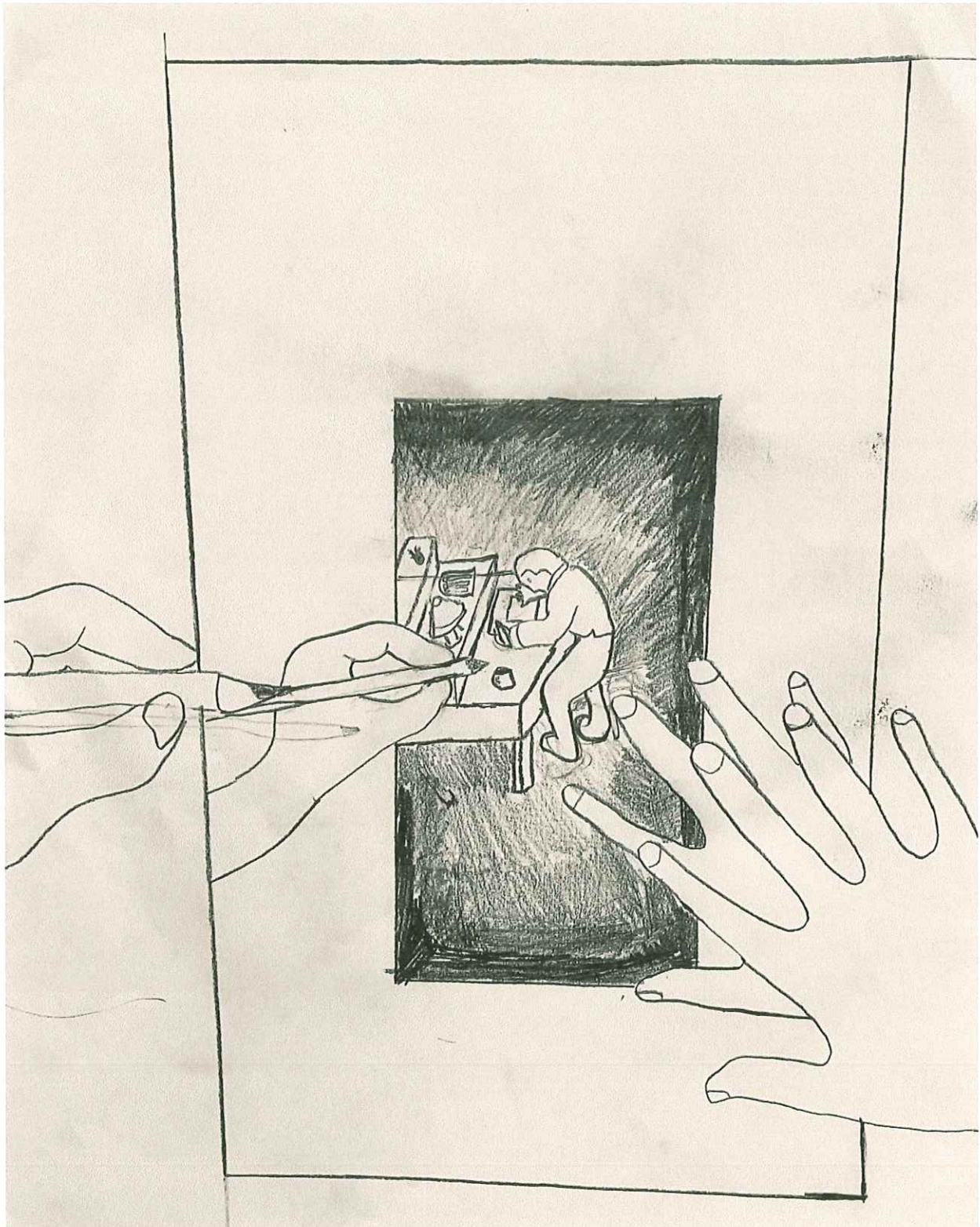
It's my brother's.
Shards of me
that I see
trying to be like me.

People think
(I start
to sink)
we're the same,

People think
(I start
to sink)
we're the same,

but the fame
and the shine
of the mirror
reflect off me, not him!

but the fame
and the shine
of the mirror
reflect off me, not him!



“Replaced” by Liam Stevenson, Grade 8

When my brother Logan was
born I thought I was being
replaced.

I tried everything to get rid of him.
I tried to mail him and even tried to
sell him.

But no matter how many times
I tried, I could not get rid of him
so I accepted being replaced.

All of his evil plans
had worked.
Then, after weeks of being sad,

my parents asked me what was wrong.
I said “I hate being replaced by my
baby brother.”

My parents said I wasn’t replaced.
They told me they would love me
no matter what.

“Drum Poem” by Logan Hutson, Grade 6

Drums can be loud
if you hit them hard,
if you hit them with ease
it could be a new beat,

be creative
the drums are yours,

the beat is untouchable
and so are the sticks,
the beat is yours
to twind and rewind.

“The Wall” by Ava Monteiro, Grade 7

It's painted white,
with pretty pink blossoms
has pictures of everything I love--
pictures of me when young,
preschool fall pictures,
pictures of my family,
memories of
vacations,

the wall that has everything I love,
my memories.

"The Ones on The Side" by Isabella Pires, Grade 8

*Books are simple:
The guy gets the girl
and the story ends happily.*

*But what they don't
talk about is the ones on the side.
We sit here and we wait.
What else could we possibly do?*

*No one likes to hear the story about the people who blend in,
The people who just sit and watch,
The girls who read the books,
But are not the girls in them.
She's just the girl who wishes to escape
To the fake world that she creates in her head.*

*Now who would want a story when the girl can't keep it together,
When the girl never could find someone who wanted her,
When the girl is too curious for her own good,
When the girl is never good enough?*

*Sometimes us girls,
We wonder if we even want to read our own stories.*

“My Puppy, Luna” by Ben Pogash, Grade 6

We got her on a Friday night
the sky was dark, the moon was bright...
The moment I held her in my sight
I knew she would become my heart’s delight.

In the night she sleeps in my bed
Nestled closely beside my head.
She licks the bowl clean when she’s fed
And she loves me so much, that’s basically what she said!

Luna rolls over for a belly rub
And licks my feet—just like a scrub.
Even though she hates the bathtub
She is an awfully good “cub.”

She is just so cute with all of her “ewok” hairs
And she shows she loves me with deep, long stares.
I have been wanting this dog for, oh so many years,
And it seems as though she is the answer to all my prayers!

“I Hate You” by Kaylee Albernaz, Grade 8

I hate you.

Hate is one of many feelings.
Although hate is the strongest of them all.

I hate you.

Your bloodshot eyes, glaring at me in the halls.
Your snobby little smirk you reveal as you try and make me jealous.

I hate you.

How could you have spoken those awful words of me after everything we've
been through?
I look at you reminiscing about our past through your current friendships.

I hate you.

The dirty lies you told of me, so effortlessly,
and the smile you put on right after.

As much as I say **I hate you**,
deep down, I miss the old us.

I really hate to admit that **I miss us**.
But when I say I miss us,

I don't miss **you**.



"I'm Too Tired" by Jackson Belong, Grade 7

I want to write a poem for a poem contest
But I am too tired.
I'll write one tomorrow.

I want to write it today,
but my cat kept me up,
so I'll write it tomorrow.

I thought of my poem all night so I had no sleep
I am too tired to write a poem today
I'll do it tomorrow.

I have my fencing classes
so I have no time
I'll write it tomorrow.

If only I had more time today.
I have to take care of my dog.
I'll write it tomorrow.

School today was hard and I have a ton
of homework, so i can't write it today.
I'll have to write it tomorrow.

We are 5 days
away from the due date.
Now they say it will be a grade!

How I worry and stress all day
but, I am too tired.
I'll write it the next day.

Today I can't stress I have kids crossfit
So I can't today since i have to sleep
I will write it tomorrow

I am too tired because my alarm went off too early.
It is the day before the day before it is due
and I have no time to write.

I must work on it tomorrow
otherwise, I get
a goose egg.

I wake in fright to the sound
of my alarm clock at eleven.
I must work now before it is done.

So I hop on my computer and begin to type
Only thirty minutes remain
I think about this week and what I could write about

Until it hits me and I begin.
Now here I am with the final line done
I check the time and it's 12:01.

Guess I have to wait till next year.
For now, I am too tired,
so back to bed I head.

"This Summer" by Elle Doran, Grade 6

This summer, oh this summer,

I will go to the beach and swim across the sea!

This summer oh this summer,

I will go on hikes and climb the highest trees!

This summer oh this summer,

I will make a garden and pick all the blackberries in my field!

This summer oh this summer,

I will catch some butterflies and eat ice cream until I'm satisfied!

This summer oh this summer,

I will grow some watermelon, dice it up and add some ice to make it really nice!

This summer oh this summer,

I will just be me!

This summer oh this summer,

Will be extraordinary!

“Ships in the Harbor” by Carli Pinheiro, Grade 8

The pain of your absences still lingers
like a ship who won't leave its harbor.
Grandma still weeps.
She can't do it without you.

Oh what I would give,
what we all would give, to have another day with you.
Since that cool somber morning of April,
it hasn't been the same.

This house is more quiet.
The joy hasn't been at its highest.
Who will be there to read to me?
Who will be there to braid my hair on those school mornings?

But I guess I've learned how to
without you,
and as I move on, so must the ships
that leave the harbor, despairingly.



“New Kid” by Alexis Ferreira, Grade 7

Leaving the school where I have been
my whole life.

Now I have to make new friends,
meet new teachers.

I just want to be alone.

What if I walk in
and everyone makes fun of me?
What if I’m alone
with nobody to talk to?

Alone. Alone. Alone.

I don’t want to be alone, but that’s what I feel.

Alone in my seat.

Alone with my fears.

Alone in my heart.

I can feel eyes watching me, my every move.

Will I be stuck being alone forever?

"Keep My Heart Safe" by Sophie Sylvia, Grade 6

One day I will say to you " I hate you and I don't ever want to see you again!"

Not true.

One day I might say " I am going to leave you!"

Not true.

My bond with you will always be forever.

True.

You take care of me.

True.

You're the one that will always be there for me.

True.

Once you die we will keep that bond.

When you die, it's going to be a tough time.

You brought me here--

that saved me.

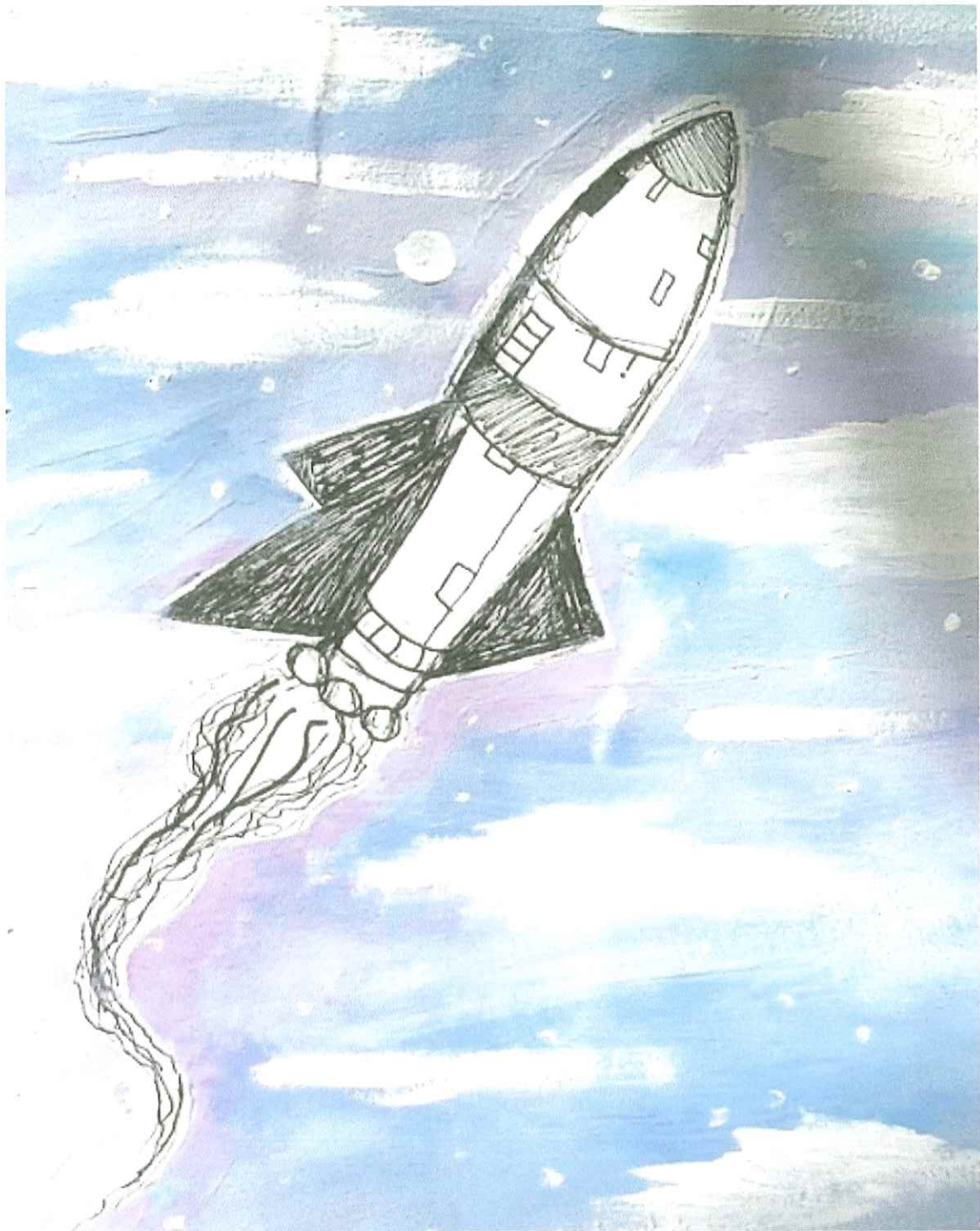
I don't know if I can make it here without you when you die,
but I will try my hardest and keep your heart with me.

You will always and forever be my mom, no matter what .

True.

“boy among the stars” by Olivia Scott, Grade 7

I knew a boy who was made of moonbeams and glass
sand and sky
shrapnel and silk
the gods themselves had braided starlight into his very being
weaving it through his soul in delicate ribbons
threading the steadiness of the mountains
and the whiplash strength of the seas
into the tapestry of his essence
he held his own atmosphere
a gravity so strong it smarted to pull away
he could calm the storms of mars
and play horseshoes with saturn’s rings
rival the sun with the way he shined
milk and honey soaked his voice
his touch was damp with mercy
and I found that I would do anything for him
run to any corner of the earth
or depth of the sea to appease his warm heart
even now
what feels like an eternity since we first met
I know that deep within the twisting and fiery depths of my own self
I’d perform the impossible just to draw out that starlight smile he always seemed to
have
because I love him with all of my heart
everything that I am and will ever be
my boy among the stars



“Heartbreaker” by Kayleigh Leandro, Grade 8

Confusion,
frustration--
all connected.
No matter the time,
effort,
nothing is made.
I give you the space.
I take time for myself.
But somehow you end up back.
Do we step the same?
Are we meant?
Why do I care?
My heart breaks
when all I can think about is
 you chose someone else
the pain I get from looking at you.
When I hear my phone ring,
I no longer look.
I don't even bother.
I just let it go.
My brain is all foggy.
I have to regain myself
before it's too late,
before I'm caught up on someone
who is just a heartbreaker. . . .

"Honesty" by Casey Gonsalves, Grade 6

Honesty is like a cloud.
You're happy to see it,
and happy to go through it,
and it is peaceful like the crashing of ocean waves.
It can be the most beautiful thing

Lying is like a thunderstorm.
You want to leave when you see it,
and are scared to go through it,
and it is obnoxious like symbols banging.
It can destroy lives.

“Sounds I Hate” by Samuel Jansen, Grade 8

Pushed back
on the chair
Let out the screech
of a scare

SCREEEEECH

Nails
on a chalkboard.

SKRRRRRT

Unsheathing
of a sword.

SHIIIINNNGG

The harsh wrath
led on a path
to my teacher’s voice.

GET BACK TO WORK

Cover
your ears
to the sounds
of tears!

“Imagination” by Audrey Ostiguy, Grade 6

I'm inside a submarine,
floating under the water.
Now I am a princess,
The king's most favorite daughter.
I'm a fierce, hungry, dragon,
Conquering the skies.
And now I'm a powerful witch,
Highly skilled in reading minds.
I can be a police officer,
or the prisoner he is jailing.
I can be a sea monster,
or on a large ship calmly sailing.
I can be a doctor,
or a conductor at a train station.
I can be in a rocketship,
on Neptune I vacation.
I can be anything in my vast imagination!

"Flower Poem" by Kai Dixon, Grade 8

Raise your hand now if you garden.
Raise your hand now if you just like flowers.
Before performing, I'm pretty sure a lot of people in
the room now
just raised their hands.
Flowers are all so different,
yet so graceful.
Roses,
Sunflowers,
Violets,
Hydrangeas,
Orchids,
Peonies,
the only thing they have in common is the fact that
They are all flowers.
We all expect certain things from them.
Beautiful petals,
Nice smells,
Etcetera.
I mean wouldn't it be so weird if a sunflower
faced the moon instead of the sun?
Of course, flowers need certain things to thrive.
You're thinking right now,
Nutrients, water, sunlight, good soil
But I said *thrive*.
Not survive.
Not just the bare minimum
so why are some flowers denied
so much until all they have is the
basic things they need to survive.
Again, survive.
Not thrive.
Thriving would be taking genuine interest in the
flowers
Thriving would be kind words and protection
Survival of the fittest does not apply
If everyone else is thriving and it's just you.

You are seen as the weed in the garden.
Rather than a flower waiting to flourish.
You are the survivor among the rich.
Using you for money they don't need.
You are the sunflower facing the moon
rather than facing the sun like the rest of them.
Those words of encouragement mean a lot
to a flower on its last petal.
You can't just tell a flower
it will never be beautiful
Or it's too different
Or it will never fit in
and expect it to continue growing.
You can not shame something
for not being beautiful
if it hasn't shown you its full potential.
You can not tell a bud it will be disgraceful to your
garden
if it has not had the chance to blossom.
Judge me not when you see me,
Judge me when you see my potential.
Judge me all you'd like
But only judge me when you know
me.

Sometimes I feel
like
a
flower.

“Enjoy it While it Lasts” by Nalisha Chaneco, Grade 6

**The smallest things are the things we must enjoy the most.
Enjoy them while you can, for it won't be long until they're gone.
Enjoy the walks you take during spring and what joy it brings.
Enjoy the laughter of your mother, enjoy the jokes of your father.
Enjoy your friends and family until they're gone.**

**Don't spend time thinking about what they've done.
Forgive and forget and enjoy them for the past cannot be undone.
Enjoy the sunrise and the sunset.
Enjoy the prizes and surprise us with what you've won.
Enjoy it all until it's gone.**

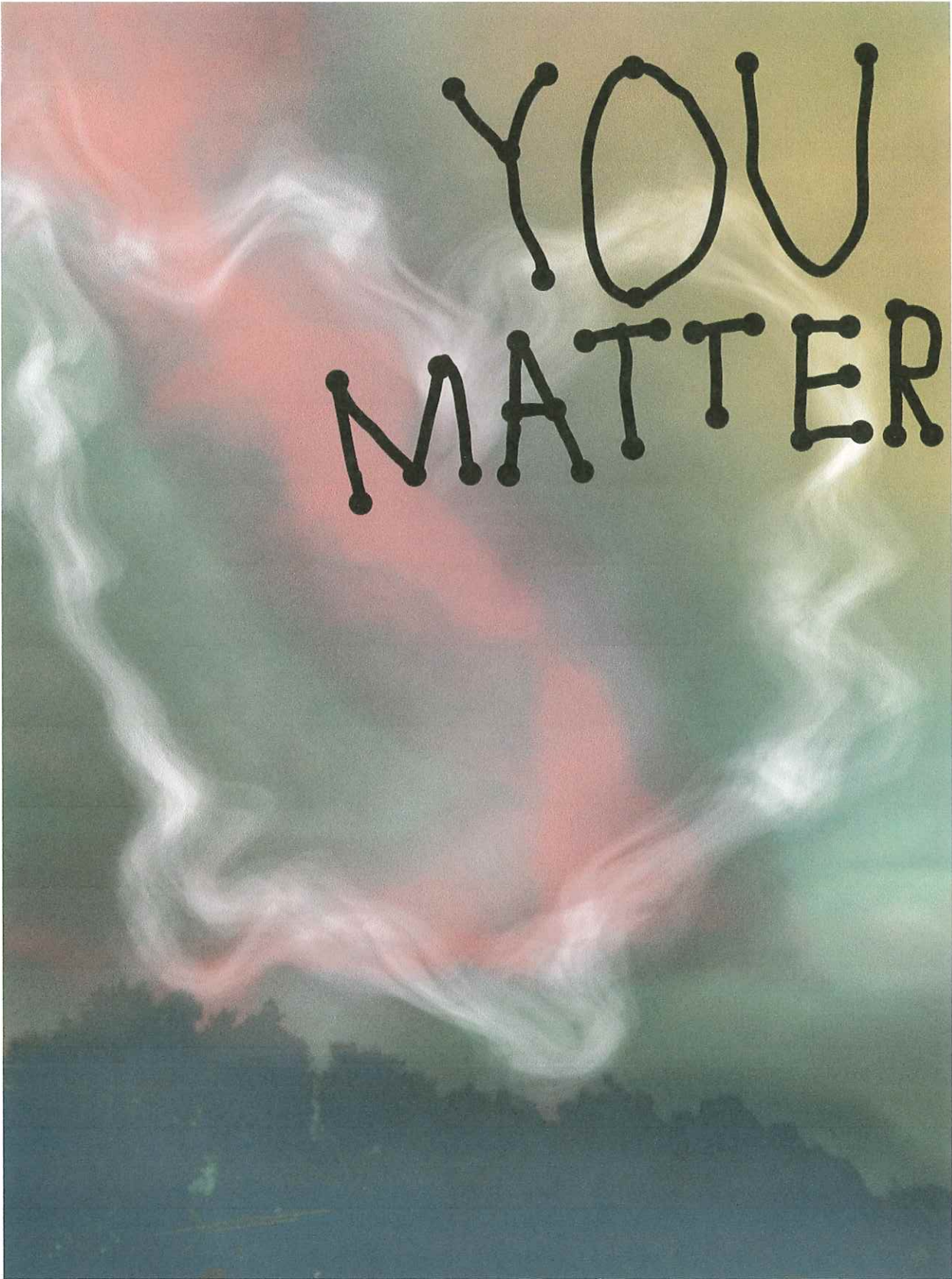
**Time flies so be timewise.
Don't let something so small make you ignore all.
Be mindful and know that if you stay angry you will come to regret.
Enjoy everyone and everything until they are no longer there.
You will not be able to change the past.**

**What is done is done
and cannot be undone.
Enjoy what you have for it won't be long
until it is gone.
Listen here, *listen, hear*.**

**Please do not hold any displeasure against anybody.
Please listen to these words and enjoy what the world has to offer.
Enjoy those who support you and are always there for you.
Do not get angry if they miss something that was important to you.
Listen here, *listen, hear*.**

**Enjoy these things while they last and remember this
You cannot take back an opportunity after it is lost.**

YOU
MATTER



“Storm Emotions” by Jayden Mears, Grade 8

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Is all I hear
Sister crying in the ear
All because of thunder, storms bullet
The lighting is the recoil

Flash....Flash....Flash
Like when my mom takes a picture of me
Blinding my vision for a split second
And I reckoned that it is because of the lightning.

BOOM! OH MY GOD!
The lighting flash turned into a broad fire
Within seconds.
The fire spreads.

HELP!
One of nature’s wild emotions turned into a traitor.
Fire everywhere
Hitting everything up in seconds

It always wants seconds
With no hope
One of nature’s emotions saved the day
Clouds were crying heavy

The clouds sob
Cleaning up the fiery mob
Rain fixed everything
But not everything needs to be fixed.

“Confusion” by Kayden Silva, Grade 7

Feeling dazed and confused
Losing not one, but a few
Feeling lost, I can't find my way
Feeling like I can't be myself in any way

I feel lost in this world
like no one wants me here
Maybe I should just leave, but that's what I fear
Being alone, no one wanting me here

Maybe I'll just leave, not like they care
I hate putting on this act like I'm ok
I hate feeling this way
Some people don't understand the true feeling of confusion

But that's not me

I feel lost and confused and I don't know my way
People don't understand this feeling at all
This feeling is not something someone should feel at all
I want to be free from this feeling.

I hate this feeling of being alone in this world I just want someone to save me
I don't care who or what I just need someone
This feeling of confusion like I just wanna run
Run far away and fast and never look back

I have all these emotions and my vision just sometimes goes black
I get lost in my thoughts and I think and think and think
I think until it breaks me in two
I want to get back on track but I don't know how.

I don't know anything anymore. I've lost everything and don't know what to think about,
I've gone throughout life without talking about anything
I guess I just can't go silent anymore
I need to let these emotions out and I need people to know

I'm drained throughout.

“We Might Drown” by Mia Gomes, Grade 6

The world,
green and blue,
is now affected by you.

The sky was blue
and now gray. Plastic
is now here to stay.

It's only used once,
but tortures oceans
for months.

We have to act
NOW
before everyone goes down.

We
might
drown.

"give me the moon" by Olivia Scott, Grade 7

that night under the stars
you promised me the world and the sky above
you cupped my face and told me you would give me the moon if i asked
but i don't want your pocket-sized world
and your oil slick sky brings me little joy
so i know now that i don't want your moon
i don't want a moon infested with locusts and shame
i don't want a moon that will create its own craters in my cupped hands
sear heart shaped divots into my palms to make room for its sorrows
i don't want a moon that doesn't really want me
i would rather have a piece of asphalt
ripped from a sidewalk on the bad side of town
that will stay here forever
than a moon that will leave me at dawn

"Worth the Wait" by Zoe Beckman, Grade 8

Tired and bored

A three hour drive filled with sad sighs from my parents,
and the whines of children, bored out of their minds.

But it was worth the wait,
Those three gloomy hours.

It was almost like someone had reached up and grabbed a piece of the sun.
In my arms, a small golden puppy, looking back at me and my family.
He was no bigger than my head, but he filled the room.

Their cries turned to giggles,
Their sighs turned to smiles,
Then I knew, it was all
worth the wait.

"Opposites" by Avahlyn Farias, Grade 7

How do I forgive someone who ruined my life
Someone who left me alone and forgotten
Who let me suffer with their cold-heartedness for years?

How do I forgive someone so selfish
Someone who put their needs before mine
Who was never even on time?

How do I forgive someone so inconsiderate
Someone who can leave a naive soul all alone
Who looked back too late?

How do I say thank you to someone who saved my life
Someone who helped me and bettered me
Who watched as I grew?

How do I say thank you to someone so selfless
Someone who helped me become who I now am
Who did all they could to make me feel loved?

How do I say thank you to someone so compassionate
Someone who tried their hardest to mend my past
Whom I can thank for being where I stand reading this today?

“Society” By Sienna DaSilva, Grade 8th

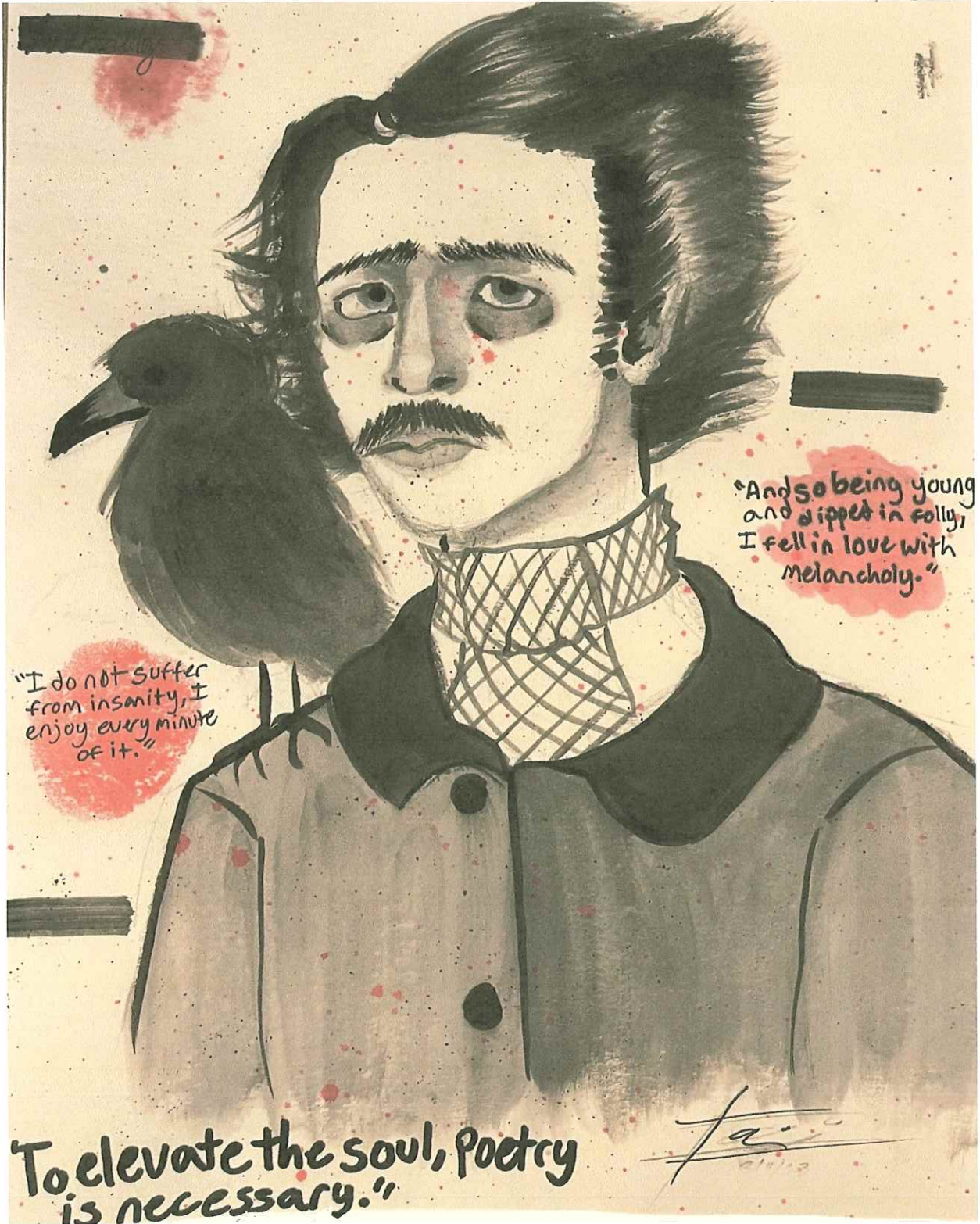
He opened his eyes to this world,
for which he thought it was at peace.
The noise from outside was violent,
and gruesome,

loud and hurtful.
It's just unacceptable.
He could see a group of people, fighting about something,
while one has a weapon in their hand.

BOOM

The bullet went through.
Pain. Agony. Suffering.
They couldn't get another chance.

One and another taken away from a weapon.
No one thought this existed.
Is it true, are people becoming more cruel to society?
And they're treating it badly for our future?



"I do not suffer from insanity, I enjoy every minute of it."

"And so being young and dippet in folly, I fell in love with melancholy."

"To elevate the soul, poetry is necessary."

Jani

"A Different Kind of Princess" by Marina Franzese, Grade 7

Forget the glass slippers,
this princess wears cleats.

The jeans and dresses can take a back seat.
For this princess wears sweatpants and a jersey with her number
Written so neat.

Not a number of likes,
or hearts on a post,
but a number that helps her become something bigger.

A number that unites her to a greater force--
A team--
her pack.

A team that will teach this princess to love and to grow,
to persevere and to try.
A team that will be with her for the laughs
and the cries.

This princess is part of a pack.
All working towards the same goal,
all dripping with sweat that flows to the beat,

The beat of her own drum
and the ball at her feet.

“Candles” by Kai Dixon, Grade 8

Let's say you have a candle.
You need to keep this candle burning
And simultaneously protect the flame.
Covering it with a glass jar
Would only smother the flame.
The life of the flame would burn out completely,
Very slowly.
If you use your hands,
Eventually it would burn you.
Protecting the flame would be to let it burn.
Allow it to dance
And shine light among the darkness.
To the candles with flames nearing death,
Allow that flame to spread
And ignite the burnt-out wicks
That need the help of another flame.
Eventually, millions of wicks will be dancing,
Swaying together,
Thriving and burning together.
Isn't that beautiful?

"Dust" by Taegan Terrenzi, Grade 7

The thing about dust is it never goes away.

Just like memories,

Memories that are good or bad.

Dust that is dirty or clean.

They'll be there.

It will be there even the tiniest amount that you think you swept away.

So don't try to hide the bad times

The dust will come back.

The dust you try to sweep to someplace else and forget about,

It will always follow you,

It will try to hide but will always be found

So let the dust be what it is and accept it.

“Sunsets” by Alaina Pelletier, Grade 6

As I lay there,
toes in the warm, clear ocean,
hair flowing through the breeze,
the sun shining on my body
and the clouds rolling through the sky,
I thought I'd finally found true beauty,
the most beautiful thing someone could experience,
until I realized that the sun was setting,
behind the clouds and shining out on other places
disappearing from my view.
As the moon began to rise,
I heard a voice next to me,
“The moon is beautiful, isn't it?”
That's when I saw *you*,
and realized that the most beautiful thing,
was right next to me all along...

