

DMS Poetry and Art Anthology

April 2024

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"Anxiety" by Lauren Rose-Wells, Grade 6

Anxiety is like a volcano.

It keeps coming,

like lava, until it erupts.

Lava cries down

on the volcano

until it stops,

and becomes solid and heavy,

like a knot in your stomach.

Then, once most of it is gone,

it starts to pile up. Again,

and again.

You never know when it will erupt.

"Yellow" by Sophie Sylvia, Grade 7

Yellow is bright like the sun.

Yellow is the color of rubber ducks in your bathtub.

Yellow is the color of daisies in the spring, sprouting out of the ground.

Yellow is the fresh fruit that sits on my tongue in summer.

Yellow tastes like bitter lemons in your lemonade.

Yellow smells like the fresh flowers that sit on my grass.

Yellow sounds like the butter melting in the pan on the stove at home.

Yellow looks like Emery's shining when she smiles.

Yellow makes me shine bright.

Yellow is bright like the sun.

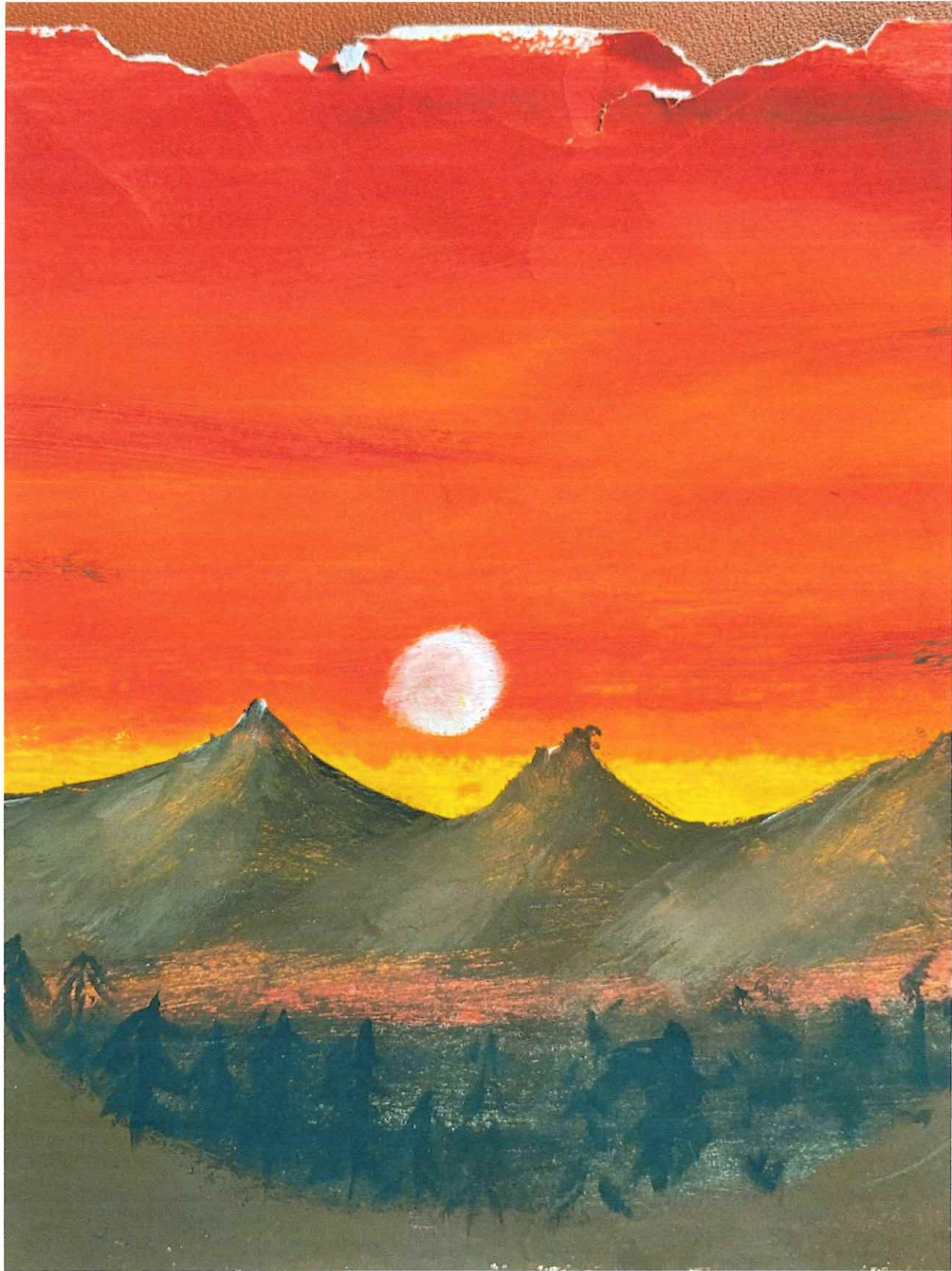
"The Creek" by Calvin Litwinetz, Grade 6

While some consider it a trek,
it is only a short walk for me.

While you can whine and complain
"it is too cold"
or "the thorns wouldn't leave my legs alone,"
to me, this place feels like home.

To you, it is just a little river in the woods.
To me, it is a land of memories.
Here's where I slipped;
over there is where
I tried to build a house.

"Why do you love it here?" you ask.
I'll respond with, "I don't know."
Maybe it is the nature;
maybe it is being all alone.



"It Hurts Me Too" by Ava Monteiro, Grade 8
(title from Elmore James)

It hurts me, too,
that you have other friends
than just me.

It hurts me, too,
when you don't hang out
with me anymore.

It hurts me, too,
that you're different
now.

It hurts me, too,
when you leave me a text saying
nothing!

It hurts me, too,
that we're not friends
anymore.

"the art of starving" by Olivia Scott, Grade 8

"i don't eat pig anymore because it grosses me out
that was once a living thing, you know?"
the lie comes along with a soft smile as i push my plate away
my stomach grumbles quietly
i keep smiling
behind my smile, nestled far beneath my tongue is a chain of paper girls
tucked away as a reminder of my commitment
they snake down my throat and coil in my stomach, beating on the walls as i
refuse my plate
i keep smiling
i ignore their sobs, stuffing them into the back of my mind and the crevices
behind my eyes where i don't dare peek anymore
i shield their eyes when the mirror grows fangs and a silver tongue
and their ears when being weightless sounds like much more fun than dinner
is there gravity in graves ?
i'm only curious
i keep smiling
i want to be weightless
good lord tell me how do i become paper thin? let me be paper thin
when the light behind my eyes dims and you can see the sunrise through my
ribs
when my wrists are thin enough to write my last letter on
when the hole in my stomach where my childhood used to be envelopes me until i
am but bones and promises
will i be small enough then?
tell me dear, how beautiful are the skeletons in your closet
and does the space where their eyes used to be unnerve you the way it should?
my stomach roars but all i hear is a squeal
i keep smiling
i don't eat pig anymore because they call me one
we used to be living things you know
i keep smiling

“Blue Eyes, Brown Eyes” by Thomas Silveira, Grade 7

Blue eyes, brown eyes--
one more rare
than the other.
Special talents,
we all have.
Ten year old
geniuses
and athletic freaks.
All rare and unique.
All have dreams.
Opposites with the same name.
Abilities emerging from below.
Traits falling from the sky.
We all have special abilities,
no matter how rare and unique.

Blue eyes, brown eyes--
Like the next Tom Brady,
or two twins named
Tom and Brady.
The chances are endless.
Whether getting a perfect bracket,
or getting hit by a flying tennis racket.
The chances are possible,
as long as you imagine it.



“Woods” by Elle Doran, Grade 7

Walk through the woods and everything is calm and quiet.

Step on a stick and the woods echo.

See a silhouette run across the trail.

Edge closer to see a white tail.

The majestic body of a deer roams by.

It turns around to look at me, and then it runs free.

Wonder later that day if it will have enough room to play.

These woods need to stay.

"Surfing" by Emma Delgado, Grade 6

Little fish swim around me like torpedoes.

When a wave comes,

the water weaves between my fingers.

I pop up on my board,

and I feel like I am on top of the world.

“Where the Oranges Grow” by Finnegan Coon, Grade 7

There is a place where the oranges grow.

Mangos, pineapples, and bananas, too.

A world of its own,
away from the cities and roads.

Yes, there the sun never sets;

It stays awake
in the breezes that blow.

It's there the tangerines bleed
their glowing blood.

Yes, there that mandarins rolled
along the luscious green hills.

There the Cara Cara orange bud blooms
and blows in the fruity wind.

We shall go to this place where Tangelos teeter
like a tower in a storm,

and fall to their demise with a SPLAT!!

This is the place where Navel oranges grow
as big as bells
and Clementines as small as golf balls.

In this place where paradise dwells,
this is the scene where trees grow tall,
bearing the weight of several Sevilles.

And there Jaffa oranges fall
like rain on the soft green ground.

This is the place

where the oranges grow.

Yes, it's here the Lima and Lamlin orange
grows wide, while the kumquat grow tall

Have you heard of a Valencia orange?

It's juice flows white.

Or the blood orange which glows
red, bright?

Here the Hamlin and Cherry oranges grow sweet
while the Bitter or Bergamot grow sour,

but no matter what you choose
these fruits are a treat.

Oh in this place, Lima oranges are strong
and the Satsumas grow long--in this place

where the oranges grow.

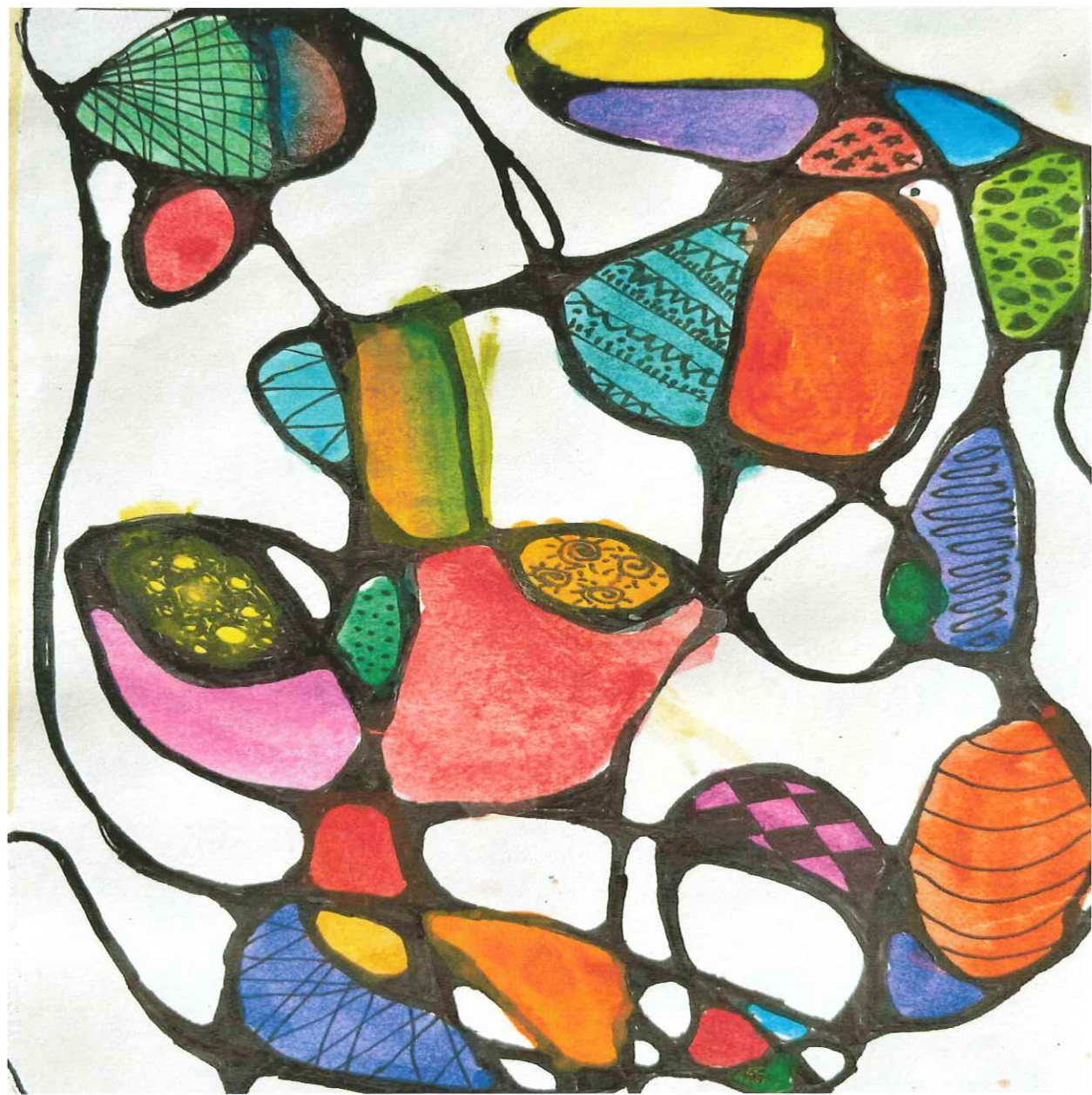
Yes, this is the place

where the sun never sets,
where the breeze smells fruity,

where the water gleams sapphire,
and the trees rise with beauty,

but most importantly it's the place

where the oranges grow.



"It Always Comes Back" by Sophia Lemieux, Grade 6

Winter is the worst season
It is cold,
and I have to wear a jacket all the time.

The snow falls slowly.
The ground is covered in a thick sheet of snow.

Day after day, the snow disappears as the air gets warmer.
Now the snow is all gone, but will come back.

It always does.

The sun beams with light.
People playing at the beach.
Summer is coming.

Everyone has forgotten about winter,
until it comes back again.

By the time it starts getting colder,
people start wearing big jackets and gloves.

Finally, it snows again.
It may look like a wonderland, but to me, there is nothing good about winter--

Children having fun,
playing in the snow,
making snowmen,
and snowwomen.

I finally realize...
Winter is important.

"The Meadow of Life" by Emily Reid, Grade 6

It's spring, it's spring, the bluebird sings.

The aroma of flowers fill the air,

a soft warm breeze blows through your hair.

The birds will sing sweet melodies,

while they make their nests in blossom filled trees.

The newly born animals find their feet,

while the geese fly home in a V-shaped fleet.

So join me here, come take my hand,

for in the meadow of life, we shall stand.



“Poem” by Ben Pogash, Grade 7

I don't know
what to write about.
I am stuck, or just don't have ideas.
So many things to write about,
it is hard to pick one.

When I try to write,
my mind goes blank,
and it took me an effort
to even write the last 8 lines.

You can get caught up
writing a poem,
or writing a poem about how
you can't write a poem.
Write a poem about that,
and you're still caught up.

But I got lucky, and was able to write a poem.
Not the best, but it will do.
And a 100% will (hopefully) be given for it.

"Adolescent" by Audrey Ostiguy, Grade 7

When I wake up in the morning
My thoughts float to my hair,
And then my clothes,
Where's my phone?
Wait, back to my hair.

I get up, stretch
Wonder, are my shoes clean?
Are they presentable,
Acceptable?
Up to date, maybe?

When I get to a mirror,
I take a long look at my face,
Is it symmetrical?
I get skeptical,
But I'll look better more awake.

When I get to school,
I know that image doesn't matter,
It's about textbooks,
And not my looks,
But flawed hair sits on my brain.

When I get home, off the bus,
I'll stare up at my ceiling,
Think of interactions,
Their executions,
And whether this all matters.

But it's when I get to the table,
That I'll realize, it doesn't,
I have good friends,
And in the end,
I've got other things to be fond of.

I have my sisters,
I have my music,
I'm trying out softball,
What if I'll pursue it?
And everybody has their things,

Like art, or sports, or violin.
I mean we all have positive attributes,
Hard to find buried under the pursuit,
Of fake qualities that makes you like everyone else,
Because being different feels like being less.

Sometimes (most times) image
is our limiter,
But hey,
it's part of growing,
to be insecure.

"The American Revolution" by Aydan Costa, Grade 6

In days of old, when liberty did call,
a nation born, a spirit tall,
from sea to shining sea. A land to stand,
a beacon of hope, a nation grand.

The redcoats came, with tyranny's stain,
but freedom's flame, could not be stopped.
A revolution born of courage and might.
The birth of a nation, in one fierce fight.



"Anxiety" by Emma Dury, Grade 6

RING - RING - RING
The class fills
with a chattering crowd.
Everyone tripping over
books and bottles.

The teacher opens her book
waiting for silence,
a void of soundless breathes
fills the room.

Anxiety pans over to me
as the teacher
reaches
for
the
English tests.

My foot taps
fast
on the floor
and my breathes
heave.

Sitting in confusion
at the
words in front of me.

“Silence” by Callen Cosmo, Grade 6

I ran upstairs
and through all obstacles--

nothing in my way,

I ran to my room

and slammed the door.

Then I sat,

in silence.

The thought of my games,

made me mad.

The thought of my work,

made me sad.

My thoughts are just imaginary

and my life is real,

so, I have to get over it,

and not disappear.

“The Bowl That I Hate and Love” by Savana Hilton, Grade 7

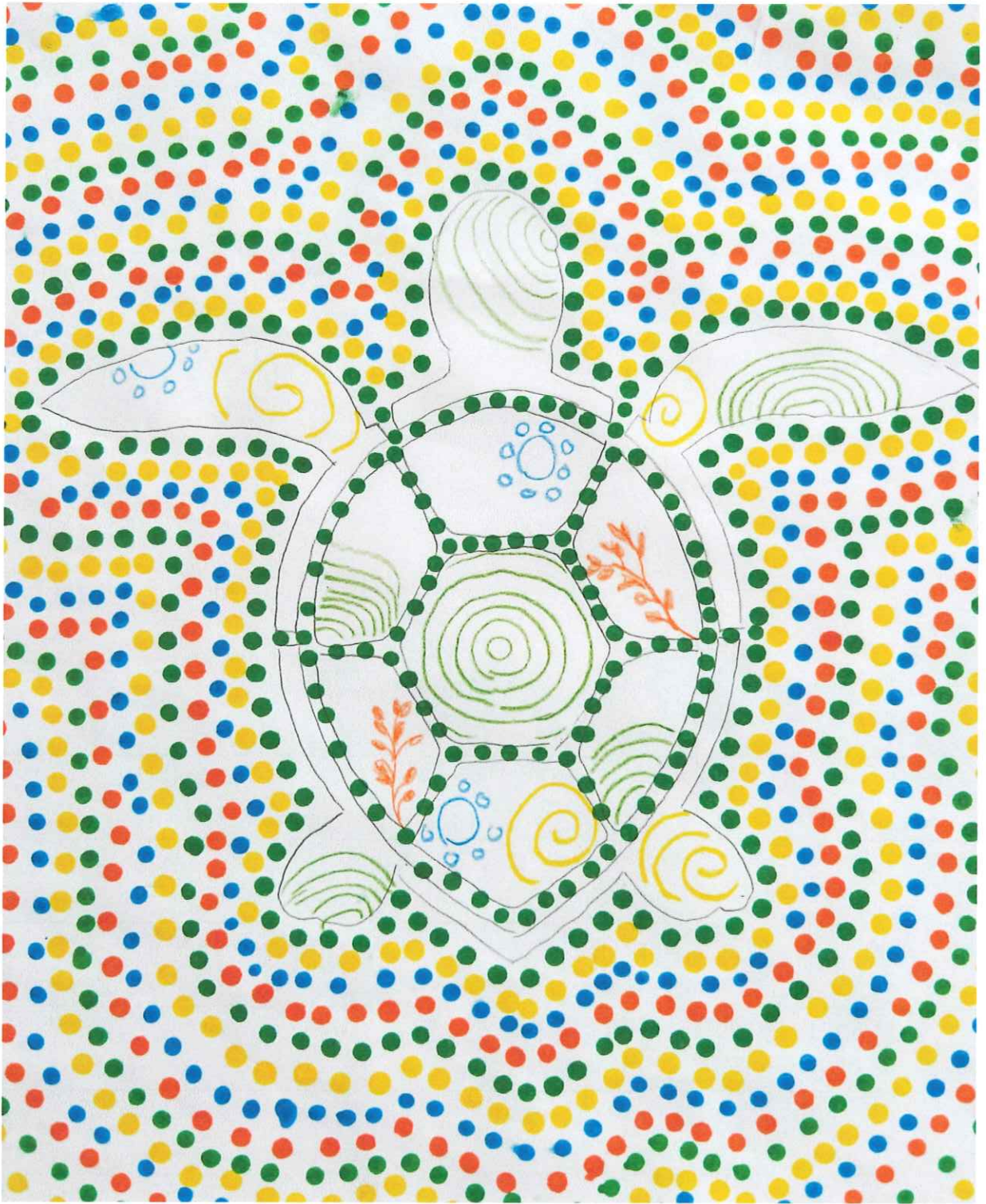
I sat there,
sulking.
I watched there,
tears dancing down my face.
The piece of you on my palm,
a hair, swayed to the floor.
My hands went over my eyes,
needle in her hand.
I wish it was to heal my sorrow,
but it was for you.

I looked as if I dunked my head in the well,
as you sat quietly along the grass,
Waiting for me to pour it in the bowl.

I saw the table you lay on,
Covered in confusion.
I couldn't do it,
But I had to.
It was for the better.
I turned to you and gave you a hug,
as the needle,
went
down
into
your
skin.

I bawl.

I don't think I can go home.
Looking on the floor,
the bowl with your name, reminded me too much of
you.



“Life is Too Short” by Addison Simmons, Grade 7

Life is too short.

And although it's hard to say,
life won't always stay the same.

The life people have, can quickly get swept away, and
the time that we have on this beautiful planet will not stay.
And although no one likes it, like a vapor, people pass away.

And if there was one thing that I could do, or that I could say,
it would be, “Live for what you love and don't ever change.
Take every opportunity and don't waste your brain.”

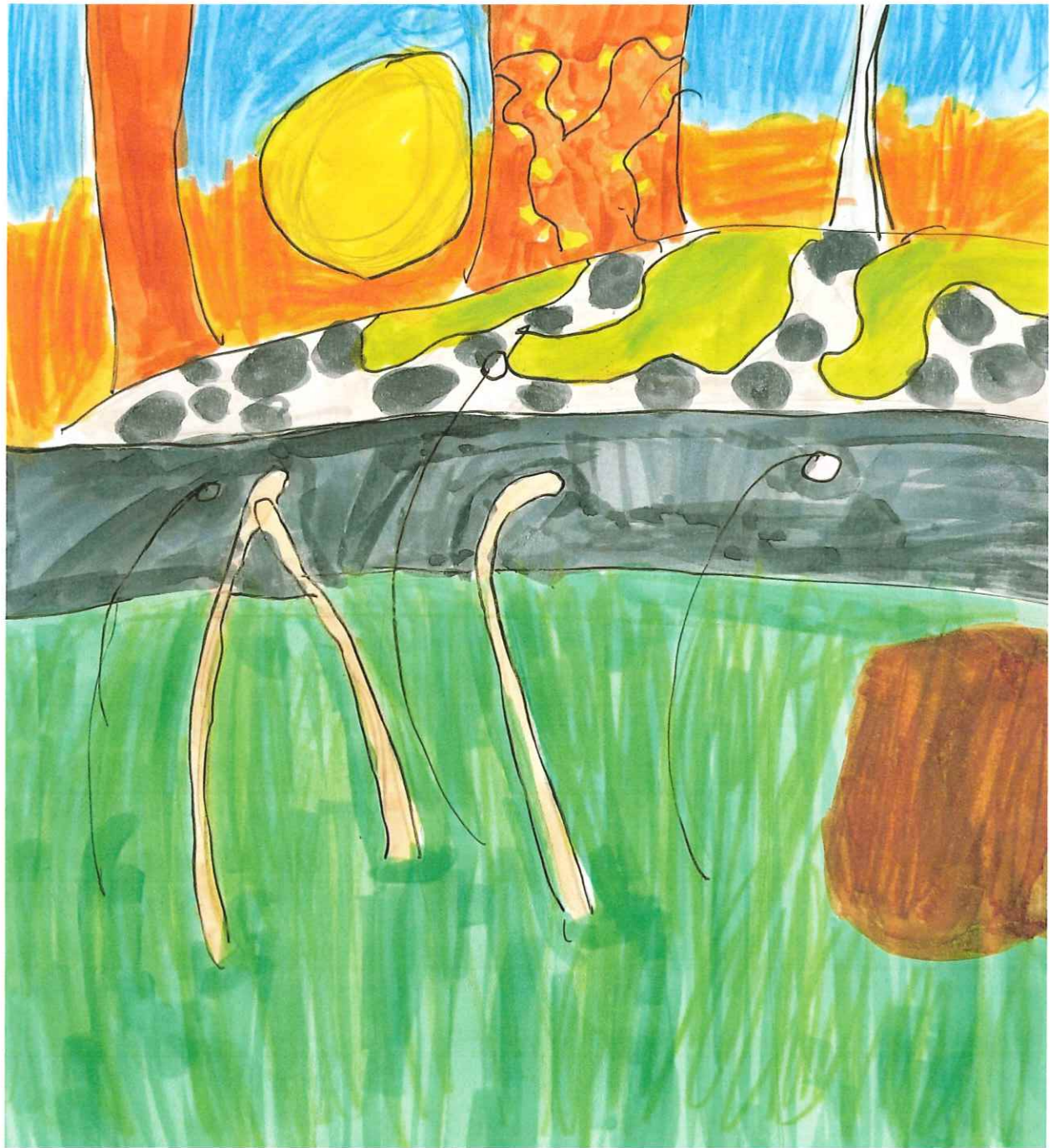
There will be a time when you take your last breath,
and at some point, you will have to face death.

But that's how it is and it will not change.
If I could, trust me, I would.
I would bring you back--back to me.

And that's how my perfect life would be--
me and you, living in perfect harmony.

“riot!” by Olivia Scott, Grade 8

we used to breathe kindness
we would stretch in the mornings, inhale the dewy scent of sunlight and exhale good intentions
we used to be kind
we slept on beds of grass to keep the bugs warm and the wind kissed us goodnight
we were human
now we are innovation
we are technology, we are language, we are shade and hue and watch your tone
don't mention the flowers or they will begin to profit from them
we are trademarked, stamped with quality assurance
our morals are weak but at least they're biodegradable
we are on an IV drip of the American Dream
our cities run on war-won oil and the blood of the homeless
but no more
this is a call to the children of disruption
hear the trees whisper for change and scream for it in their name
awaken from the dark corners of Sleepy Hollow and smell the blood in the water
we will paint the streets with our stories and let our names seep into the stone
march at dawn, awaken the ones who sleep peacefully
their blond heads cradled by the hands of slave children
we are the offspring of chaos
born with pitchforks in our hands and change in our hearts
we carry a torch for the peacetimes, for the greater good, not for mankind but for humans
for who the earth once raised us to be
there is kindness, I know, in protesting
we march and we fight
we chant the words our fellow rebels cannot, but we hear them echoing off of the mineshaft walls
do what the children who lost limbs making your cell phone cannot
bite and scratch and claw and riot
we used to breathe kindness, children
but now we breathe fire



"Two Halves, Never Whole" by Alana Johnson, Grade 7

Cool September night.
Me, playing in my room.
My baby sister, crying.
My mom, in her room.
A night, like any other night, until it wasn't.

Mom calls me into her room.
When I meet her,
there's sadness in her eyes.
Mom tells me "daddy isn't living with us anymore."
Everything goes insanely silent.

Even my sister stops crying.
The sting in my eyes burned.
My vision starts to go blurry.
I go to bed
in a sad haze.

He's gone. My dad's gone.
Not really gone,
but distant.
My mom and dad,
never together again.

My mom,
my dad:
two halves,
never
whole.

"One Day on the Ice" by Lucas Ovesen, Grade 6

*The line change so quick and fast,
Skaters everywhere, in a flash,
Get to your position, in a dash,
Because it is final and that's a fact,
Puck drops, you must go fast,
Your time is now, don't look in the past,*

*Skate it up and cross the line,
This is it, this is your time,
There you go, over that second line,
The nerves start setting in,
All over and under your spine,
Finally over that last line,
Deek left, deek right,
There's an open goal,
Here it is,
This is your shot,
There it is!*

"Please, Momma" by Brooklynn Pina, Grade 8

You devoured my fears,
And never once wiped my tears.
Often you made me feel like I was not enough,
And often I complained it was tough.

You deemed me unworthy.
It's hard to hear coming from the woman who
birthed me.

Hear me momma.
Hear me mom, please,
I need you,
I've become so weak.
But you deny your actions with such ease.

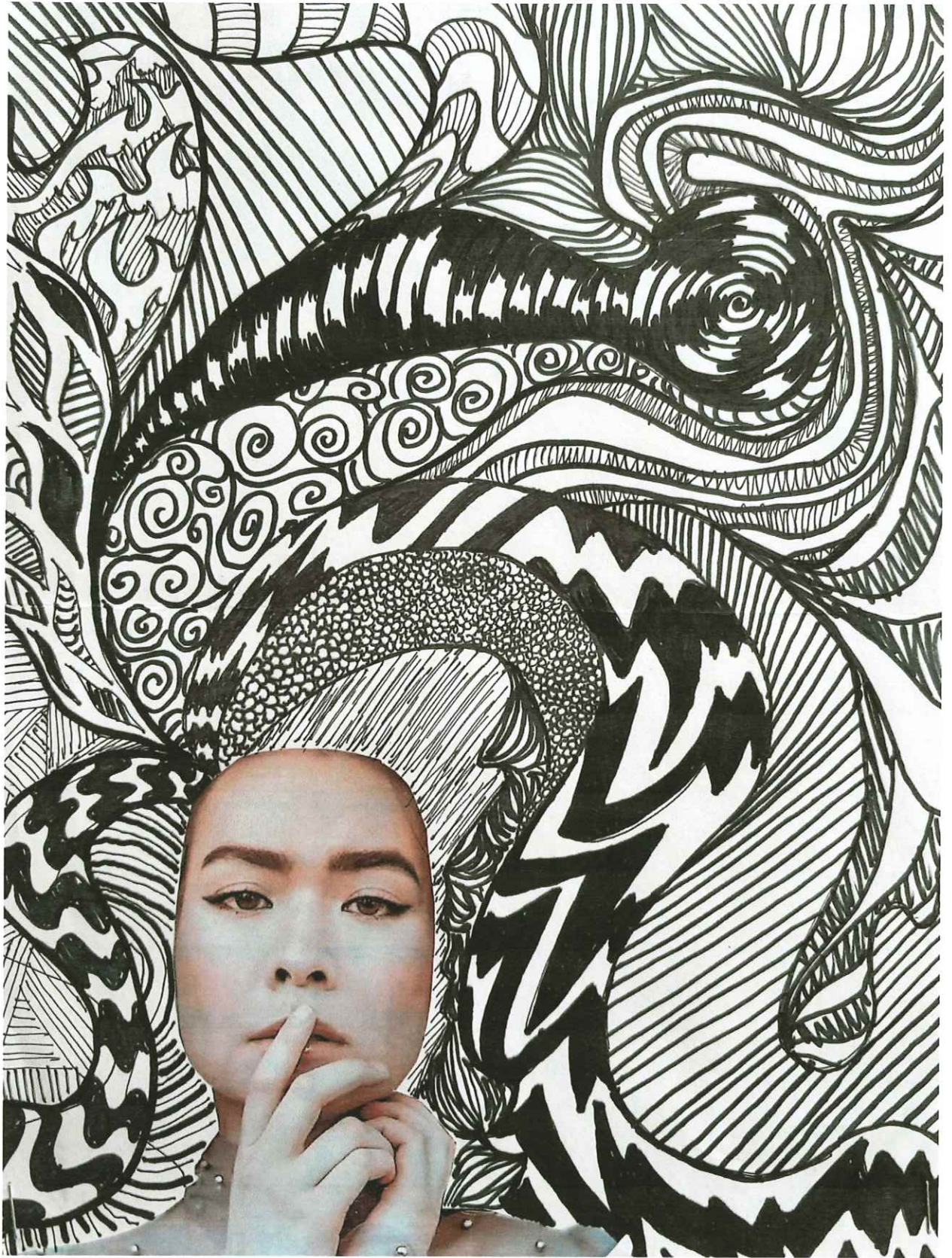
It would be so much easier if you were just evil.
But instead it is just your words that have
become so lethal.
You've done nothing but love me,
But you love yourself more.

Hear me momma.
Hear me mom, please,
I need you,
I've become so weak.
But you deny your actions with such ease.

As I walk in your footsteps,
I often see you in me.
I apologize,
To avoid making others feel weak.
If you were just evil,
Hating you would be so easy.
But being your child,
For your love I am greedy.
Stop making me feel so needy.
For I am just a child,
Who wants her mother to need me.

Hear me momma.
Hear me mom, please,
I need you,
I've become so weak.
But you deny your actions with such ease.
Please
love me the way you love
yourself.

Stop leaving me.
Please, momma,
Please.



“Drenched in Passion” by Marina Franzese, Grade 8

Raindrops cascade in a glimmering curtain before me as I step onto the pitch
a symphony of nature’s percussion.
The soft mud beneath my cleats transforms into a tactile canvas
each step leaves an imprint,
a temporary work of art sculpted by rain drenched soil and the weight of my body.

Simple movements turn into a dance with the elements.
The rhythmic patter of the rain becomes the soundtrack to a unique performance,
One where passion collides with the soothing embrace of downpour.
The ball at my feet is slick,
Glistening with possibility.

It glides with such grace across the wet grass
leaving a trail of displaced water in its wake
As I dart past my opponents
The rain becomes my ally,
masking my movements in a watery camouflage .

The pitch transforms into a watercolor work of art,
where the vibrant hues of our jerseys blend seamlessly with the gray sky above.
My jersey, now heavy with earth’s tears, clings desperately to me.
Yet as I line up my freekick
a wave of tranquility washes over me.

The goal stands resolute,
a beacon of light amongst the misty sky.
I inhale the earthy scent of water meeting soil,
feeling the satisfying connection between ball and cleat,
Much like the rain, the trajectory is unpredictable.

The ball soars over the sea of heads
creating a halo as it trickles down the soggy rope of the net
just out of reach from the goalie’s ravenous hands.
And once again,
I am drenched in passion.

"Spaces Between" by Kelsey Ferreira, Grade 7

My whole life I've been known as the smart one.
Reading and writing feels like the only thing I can do.
I stare at the letters on the screen,
the very letters that define my worth.
My future.
My whole life.
This is where the endless worrying begins.
If I don't have good grades I'm not worth anything.
"Be a doctor," they say.
"Be a scientist," they say.
Not my choice.
I'm just a display,
never seen.
I stay in the spaces between.

"Clouds" by Breanna Vento, Grade 6

Clouds, clouds, in the sky! How the moon shines so bright!

In my dreams and in the air, clouds are something they both share.

White as a marshmallow, soft as a kitten--I look at your beautiful glisten.

Tucked in bed and snuggling tight, sleep is something I don't fight.

My dreams are a wonderland and a place I go.

My clouds are a safe place. You should go!

It'll take your stress and worries, too !

Because clouds are perfect--just like me and you.



"The Broken Pencils" by Sophie Farias, Grade 8

Broken pencil

One a day,

Thrown away,

Snapped right in two,

Still no clue.

Shouldn't there be two

Halves?

There's one,

Oh what fun!

Where's the other?

Where's its brother?

"The Disattentive Mind" by Rose Wilson, Grade 7

*A class,
a mind,
a thought,
a train.*

*A class mind,
with a thought train.*

*A class filled with
the minds of the young,
creative,
inventive,
peers.*

*I sit in that class,
pondering,
wondering.
What may I be wondering?
The meaning of life,
or just a small thought
brought into bigger perspective?*

*You'll never know.
Sometimes,
even I don't know.*

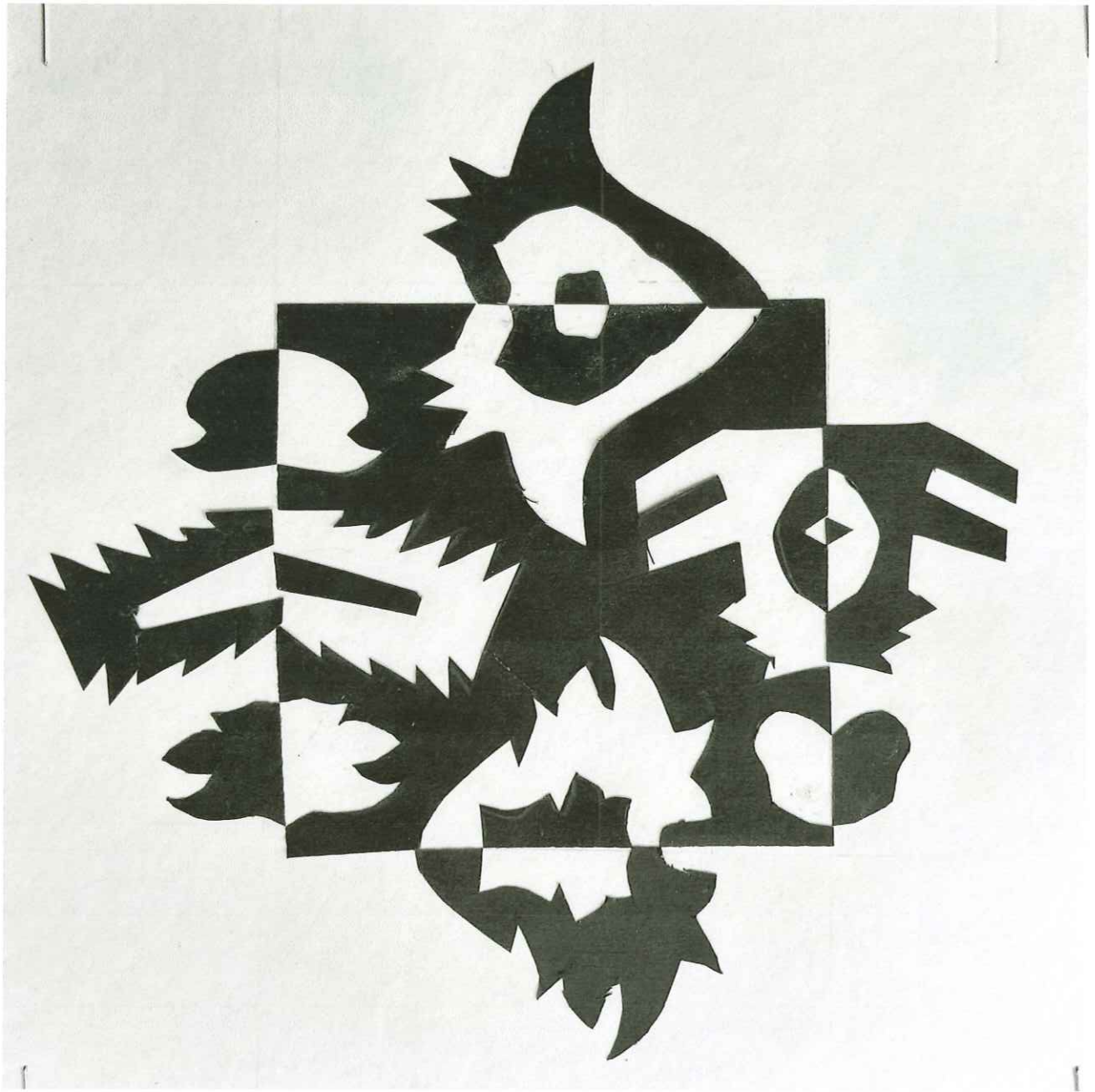
*Like in Charlie Brown,
your words sound dull,
for I have wandered,
and I might fall,
but I know sometimes,
it's good to wander,
for that makes me stronger,
in mind,
body,
and life.*

"Dying in This Mess" by Julian Lazaro, Grade 6

Waiting in the heat,
feeling like you're beat.
Trying to survive,
preparing for that dive.
Taking your heart and soul,
set your mind to the goal.
See it in a different way,
rid yourself of the shame.
Dying in this mess,
overwhelmed by stress;
dying in this mess,
overwhelmed by stress.

Suffering for years.
Listen to my peers,
screaming in my face.
What a shame
you can not face it.
You must confess
you are dying in this mess,
overwhelmed by stress;
dying in this mess,
overwhelmed by stress.

Hearing them criticize,
hoping for your demise.
Just listen to me.
Everything will be
hard in your life.
There will always be
a moment where you are
dying in this mess,
overwhelmed by stress,
dying in this mess,
overwhelmed,
by
stress.



"Love" by Savannah Bettencourt, Grade 7

When I'm in love,
I feel like I've been given a hug.
My heart feels like it's being tugged,
torn from my past.
Thoughts of maybe this one will last,
but who knows?
It's just love.

Will he be the one,
or is he playing with my heart for fun?
Will he give me roses,
or does he love me just for poses?
But who knows?
It's just love.

A week after we're done,
the moment just begun,
I saw the pictures
with his new one--
the girl he told me not to worry about.
I thought I was the one,
but I guess my time is done.
But who knows?
It's just love.

"Ghosts" by Lily Weisberg, Grade 6

I'm always there, but no one knows,
in the corner, all alone,
trying to get myself to be noticed.
But no one cares when you're not like them.
It's always "dress like me!"
Social conformity.
So they ignore you
like a Ghost.

“Forever” by Alaina Pelletier, Grade 7

Maybe, when people said *forever*

They meant for

Memories

Not people.

When you told me we would be *together forever*

I think you meant that our

Memories

Would always be *together forever*.



