

**DMS Poetry and Art Anthology**  
**April 2017**

# DMS Poetry and Art Anthology

## April 2017

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## “Light It Up” by Jonah Correia, Grade 6

Lightning:

a mysterious

sight to

see

at

night,

when all

lightning

strike.

Attracted

by metal,

reflected

by rubber,

but at

some

times,

you can't

see it

traveling

at the

speed

of

light.

## "The woods Are where I Stay" by Erin Thatcher, Grade 6

The woods are calm and quiet,  
in a place where everything looks the same.  
But, home is a ball of stress and confusion,  
so here, in silence, is where I remain.

The woods are also creepy and eerie,  
where giant creatures lurk in the dark.  
But home is a whirl of tension and limits,  
so here, in the ambiguous, is where I walk.

At the same time, the woods are lively and bright,  
moonlight filling the shadowy trees.  
And home is fine the way it is,  
But the woods are the perfect place for me.

## **“We are...” by Kaylin Rutkowski, Grade 7**

Human.

We eat, sleep, and breathe.

We grow, thrive, and live.

We have love, fame, and fortune.

We are content,

though some of us still make mistakes.

We kill, steal, and hunt.

We destroy, pollute, and vandalize.

We have surrounded ourselves pollution.

We have cut down half of our rainforests.

We are not thankful for what we have.

There are people who struggle to live.

Our generation can change the world.

We are determined, intelligent, and strong.

We can do it.

We will do it.

All it takes is people with the urge to help.

We are human.

## “Different” by Eddie Diogenes, Grade 6

In public, I act happy,  
full of glee,  
where lots of people admire me. I hope.

At home, I hide in the darkness of sorrow,  
scared of everything,  
with few glimpses of light.

I'm different.  
I have found some friends that I will stick with,  
'til the end.



## "Bully" by Sophie waite, Grade 7

Blackened hearts, empty eyes  
ghosts stand before me  
Shells of their former selves, broken is their story.  
Thrown into the darkness, thrust into the hate.  
Future decided, nothing left but fate  
They see my light shining through the emptiness  
Hunger for what they used to have  
Something to hold on to when all hope is lost  
Something to find, someday to shine  
Desperate to get back what was stolen from them  
Their innocence, their hope  
Their way to endeavor in the happiness  
when nothing is left to cope with  
when all is lost and you are falling  
Steal my light to catch your self  
Have a minute of glory  
I don't mind.

But realize taking my light will never add to yours  
It will only cause you to  
Fight that war for longer as you  
Fall deeper into the darkness  
Deeper into the hate  
Deeper into your destiny to await  
Darkness in the brightest light  
the dread of tomorrow  
Nothing left but never ending sorrow  
But if you act upon the kindness  
catch someone mid fall  
Your light will grow a thousand times  
For you have changed your story.



## "Survival Of The Fittest" by Cohen Walsh, Grade 6

Crinkle, crinkle, everywhere  
but not even a hare in sight.

An endless game of survival  
without any timeouts.

No time to take a break,  
it's survival of the fittest.

For the ones who can't survive,  
will eventually meet their demise.

## "Swishhh" by Casen Chaves, Grade 7

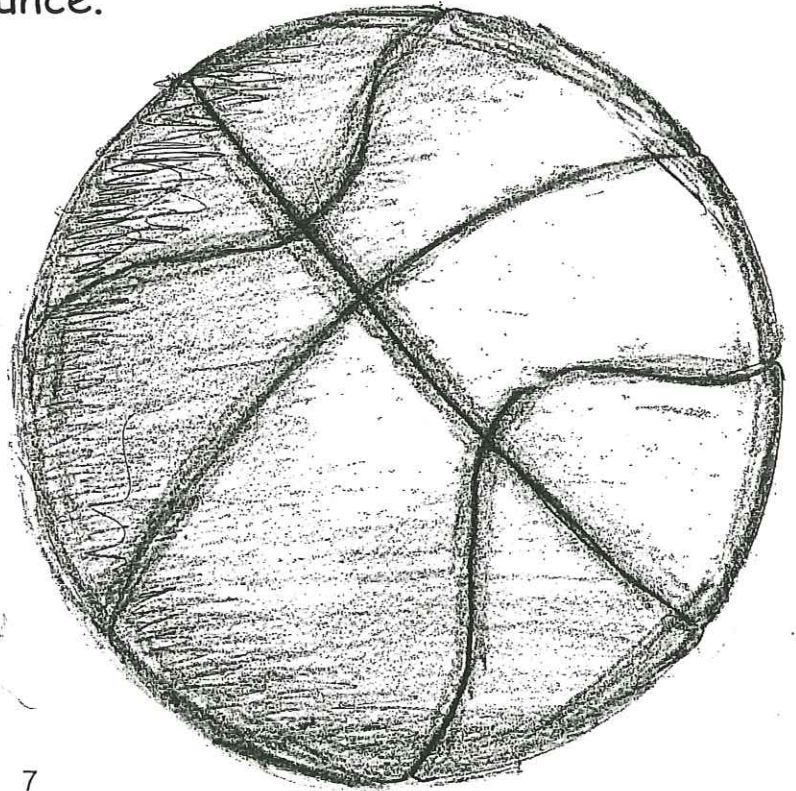
Stomping, walking, running  
Squeak,  
Jump!

Rockets shoot up into the sky,  
Fight for the orange star,  
Rush to their side.

Passing and dribbling the orange star,  
Scheming and stalking their prey,  
Looking for a chance to pounce.

Someone breaks free,  
An open chance,  
A shooting star.

Swishhh...



*Casen Chaves*

## **“Field of Dreams” by Ally Oliveira, Grade 8**

The field by Old Farmer Pete’s  
is said to be the Field of Dreams.

A person can walk through the field at night  
and discover their wildest dreams.

They may find what they dream of  
or what they hope for;  
Wealth, Peace, Love.

However, to some  
It is known as the Field of Nightmares.  
For those with a tainted heart,  
impure soul,  
walk through the field and discover  
Despair, Heartbreak, Misfortune--  
their demons.

Some who return, claim they see monsters  
in the night. Others never return at all.

I look at people passing by.

I can never tell who they are,  
what they will find.

Their hopes and dreams?  
Their greatest fears?

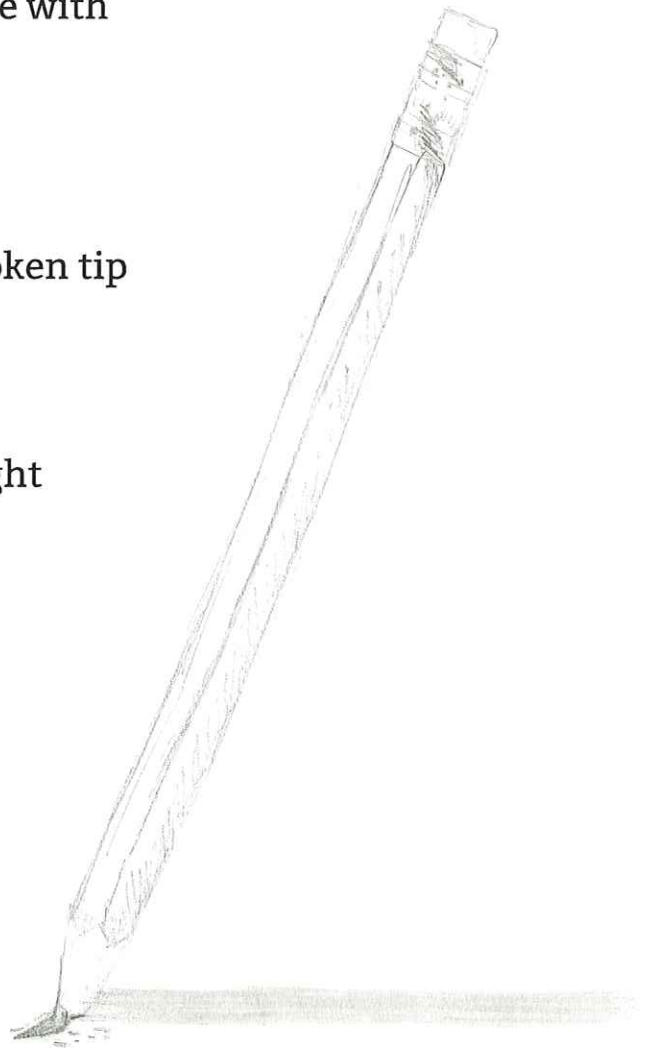
But it is not a question of what I know,  
but what you know.

So I ask,  
“What field will you walk through?”  
The Field of Dreams?  
Or the Field of Nightmares?

## Untitled by Charlie Fairfax, Grade 7

Fresh start,  
but shaving lost in thought  
to a big angry machine with  
temper so hot.

Redemption for the broken tip  
is in need  
to shape the thought  
of a writer.



***"La Vida Es Como Una Flor" by Gabriela Reardon, Grade 7***

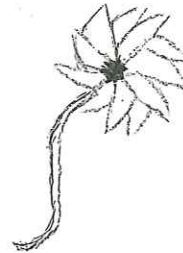
*La vida es como una flor;  
fragile, soft, delicate.*

*If you aren't careful, it will crumble.*

*But the more you care for it,  
the better it will turn out.*



*Each unique,  
each beautiful,  
each special.*



*Always growing and changing,  
Sometimes something unexpected happens.*

*Sometimes a petal falls.*

*But in the end,  
a new day will blossom.*

## 'Every Time I See You...' by Jiniyah Dumas, Grade 8

Every time I see you, the first thing I see is your eyes.

They shine like the sun in the summer skies.

Though you never see me, I always notice your eyes.

Your voice, the ability only grew with your age.

I've never seen you happier than on a stage.

Your voice, I love, only gets better with age.

Though you're not six feet tall,

well, I don't mind that at all.

It only matters that you're taller than me,

But your height doesn't matter, you see.

Your hair falls softly and perfectly.

When you're focused, you mess with it absentmindedly,

And if I mess it up, you fix it urgently.

When I think of you, these are some things that come to mind.

Even though you may never be mine.

You are perfect in my mind.

## **“Lost” by Marcus Mourato, Grade 6**

It was morning and I was determined.

The one I love had run away.

I must search for my lost love.

I must search for my pet who went stray.

I entered the forest,

saw the sky above,

heard the whispering of the woods,

and hoped to find the pet I love.

I searched and searched,

but her, I could not find.

I need my pet back,

to get me out of this bind.

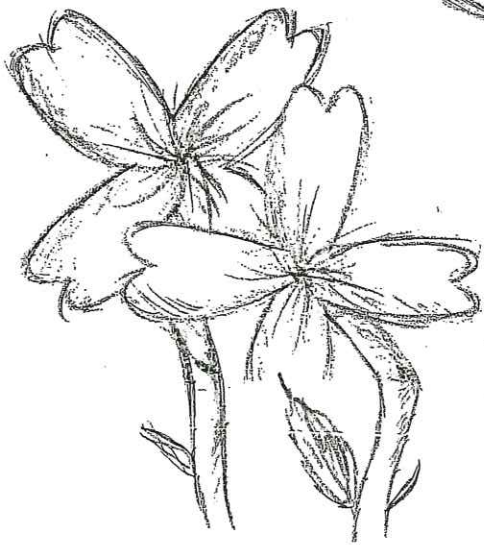
But, like a boomerang,

my pet returned.

I exploded with happiness!

With love, my heart churned.

*"Pretty Flowers" by Samarah Bruce, Grade 6*



*The flowers that bloom  
grown by the sun  
from a tiny seed  
to roots as one.*



*The stems grow high  
and the colors ignite  
as people watch,  
a beautiful sight!*



## "Washed Away" by Amelia Ablett, Grade 7

One light on, in a single house, on a dark street.  
Rain, pouring down outside,  
matching her feelings.  
The trees are heavy with water.  
They slowly sway in the wind.

Creaking windows  
hide the sound of crying.  
She sits in the middle of her bed,  
holding the memories  
of what she has lost.

A sob escapes her lips  
and she reaches for a tissue,  
then crumples it up  
and throws it  
on the ever-growing heap.

She cries late into the night,  
exhausted by the sobs racking her body.  
In the earliest hours of daylight,  
she lays back down,  
and silently cries herself back to sleep.

## "Hairbrush" by Leigha Gippo, Grade 6

Today, I woke up  
with a dragon on my head.  
It wasn't there when I went to bed.  
I look for my hairbrush, it wasn't there.  
"Oh my," I am saying, "where, where, WHERE?!"  
I see my hairbrush on my shelf.  
It was lost I blame myself.  
I try and try to brush this mess, but  
my head looks like a bird's nest.  
I'm jealous of my brother his hair sticks like glue  
and in the morning, he just runs his fingers through.  
I take my hair ties, I take my clips,  
I take my headbands, my whole hair kit.  
I try to tame this lion, but I cannot 'cause it's a school day  
"I can't do this!" my hair yells at me, even when I touch it.  
"I can't go to school  
I'll look like a fool!"  
I look at my clock, "It's already 10!"  
Then I wake up, up from my bed.  
My hair isn't bad!  
It was just a horrible nightmare  
about my hair.



Madison Mehan Gr 6

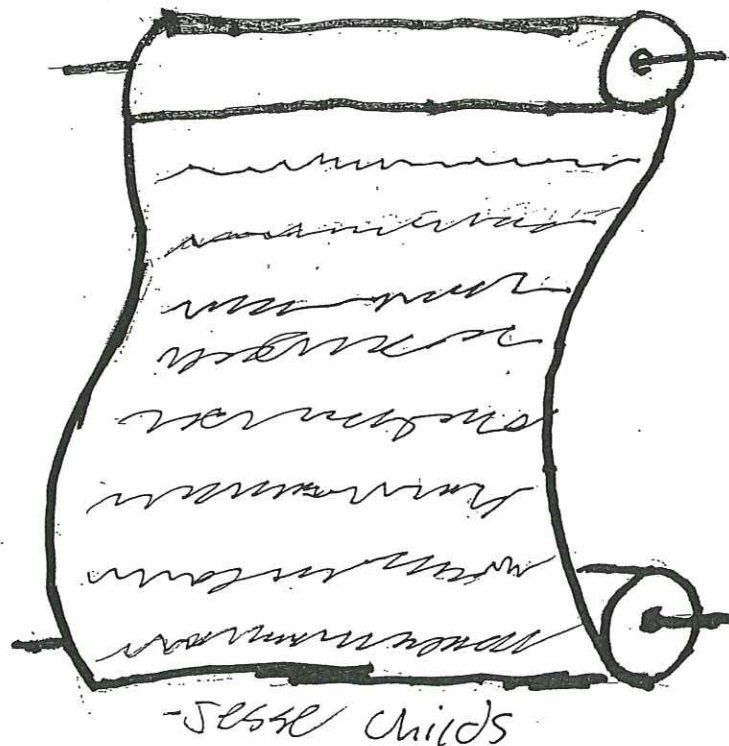
## “We, The People...” by Andrew Magalhaes, Grade 8

We, the people of the 8th Grade Social Studies class, are always up for any task.

We conquered the colonists and learned of John Paul Jones. We even learned how the British got owned.

We complete our projects and get them in on time. As well as get straight “A”s in a line. Yes, we’re quite smart. We are indeed.

Because in the end, History’s all that we need.



## **“Galaxies” by Emma Smola, Grade 6**

Three main types of galaxies:

Spiral, elliptical, irregular.

Each containing many stars,

Some older, and some redder.

Some of these are oddly shaped

with large amounts of gas,

and some consists of stars

whose twinkle will not last.

One of these we live in.

It's called the Milky Way

Don't try to cross its boundaries,

for they're too far away.

*"Broken" by Ariana Enos, Grade 8*

You could see it in her eyes-  
the shattered pieces of her past  
that had finally mended back together,  
slowly breaking apart again.  
Pieces of her soul falling down her face in tears.

"Darling, why are you crying?"

"I can't take it anymore, I can't do this, I just... can't"

"Let that beauty you have in you  
shine through these broken eyes,  
soak in the sun's rays of positivity,  
and instead of letting the negativity control your life,  
give positivity a try."

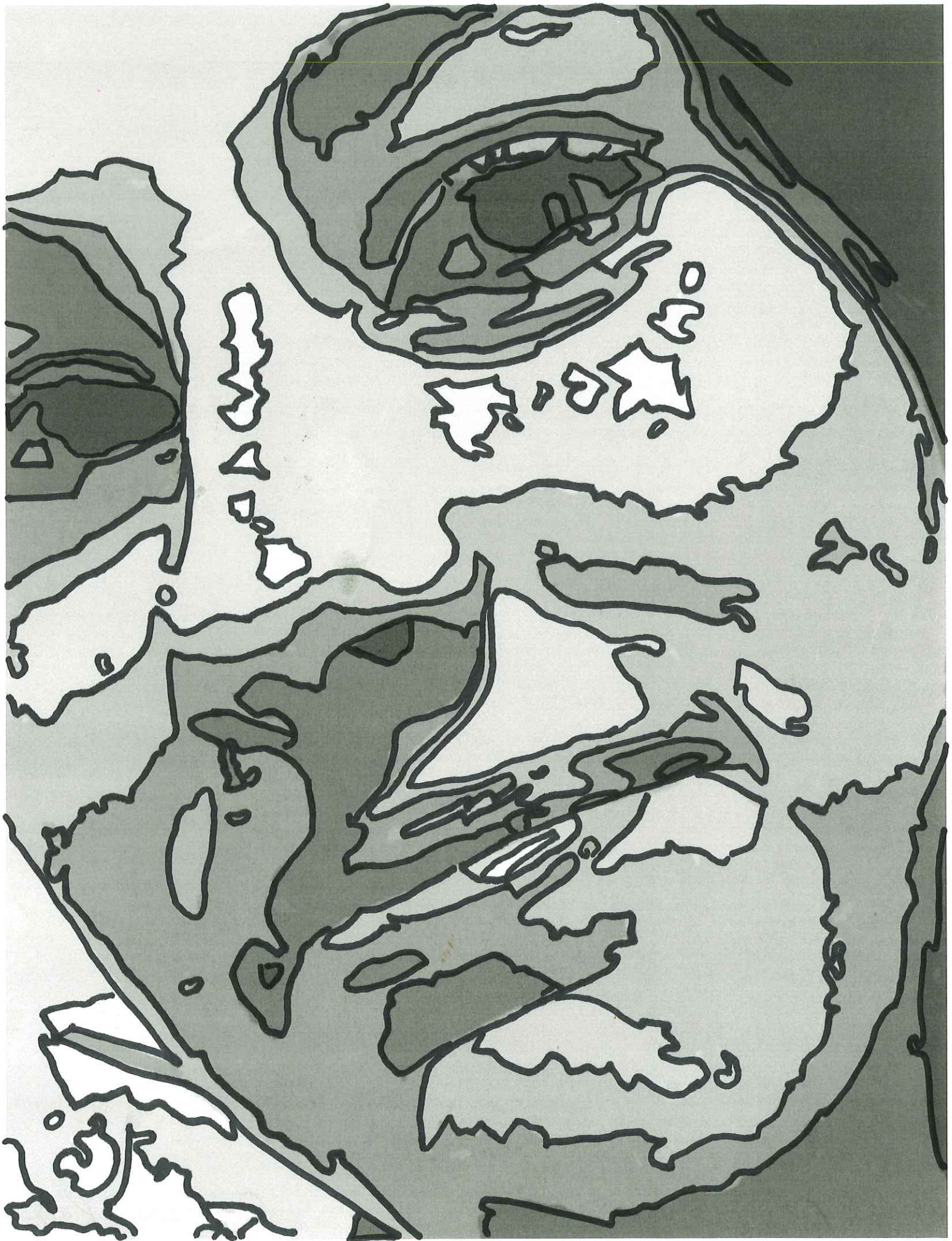
## **“Staring At The Night Sky” by Katherine Quinn, Grade 7**

When you stare at the night sky,  
what do you see?  
Some may say stars, the moon,  
or Mercury.

My eyes look at the gift  
looming above my head  
and thinks of all the other things  
I could be instead.

A dark blue ocean, dotted with boats;  
invisible Cyclops, wearing fuzzy coats;  
fans at a concert, enjoying a slow song;  
jewels in the roof of a cave that is long.

When you stare  
at the wondrous things in the sky,  
think of the other things it could be  
to the eye.



**“ISN’T ME” BY MACKENZIE BELO, GRADE 7**

BEHIND MY FADING SMILE...  
IS A DEMOLISHED HEART.

BEHIND MY SILLY LAUGH...  
I AM TRULY FALLING APART.

BEHIND MY SPARKLY BROWN EYES...  
ARE TEARS THAT FLY IN THE STARRY NIGHT.

LOOK CLOSELY AT ME, YOU SHALL SEE  
THE GIRL I SEEM TO BE...

ISN’T QUITE ME.



## **"One Single Line" by Sofia Dias, Grade 6**

In my costume, all ready to go,  
waiting backstage, I get nervous just to think,  
"Will I mess up?"

Now I'm walking to center stage  
and it's my time  
to shine.

Curtains open  
and bright lights  
fill my eyes.

I finally say it.  
My one single line:  
"May we show you the gowns now, your highness?"

I bow and walk away finally,  
And quickly,  
My time is done.

I had one time.  
Only one line.  
And now it's over.

**"Freedom" by Camryn DaSilva, Grade 7**

Freedom is like a dog without a leash  
to hold it back, running through the grass

Or a person with a passport  
to wonder the whole world and what wonders it has.

Like a person driving on the highway  
with the wind blowing their hair back.

Not having a care in the world.

## **“Type A Will Save Her Day” by Grace George, Grade 8**

She knows what people say,  
“She’s definitely a Type A.”  
If she doesn’t have it her way,  
you know you’ll go the highway.

So full of ambition,  
everything is her decision.  
Never relaxes for a minute.  
She always has to win it.

You might think she’ll never rest,  
but she just wants to do her best.  
A bit tense, A bit assertive.  
All the best, she does deserve it.

Yes, she is a Type A.  
And maybe that will save her day.  
She doesn’t care what others think.  
She won’t give up with a blink.

**“My Addiction - Video Games”  
by Lance Fernandes, Grade 6**

I relax in my soft rocker game chair,  
as the virtual world of video games  
takes over my mind.

The racers race each other;  
As colored lights flash by,  
I move my race car to where I need to go.

The engine roars like an angry lion.  
The faster I go,  
the louder it roars.

My race car,  
yelling for attention  
as I move closer to the finish line.

I quickly save the fun  
and dreadfully turn off  
my gaming console.

It is time to rest my mind  
and go to bed,  
'til the next race.

**"Braces" BY AILEEN BOYLE, Grade 7**

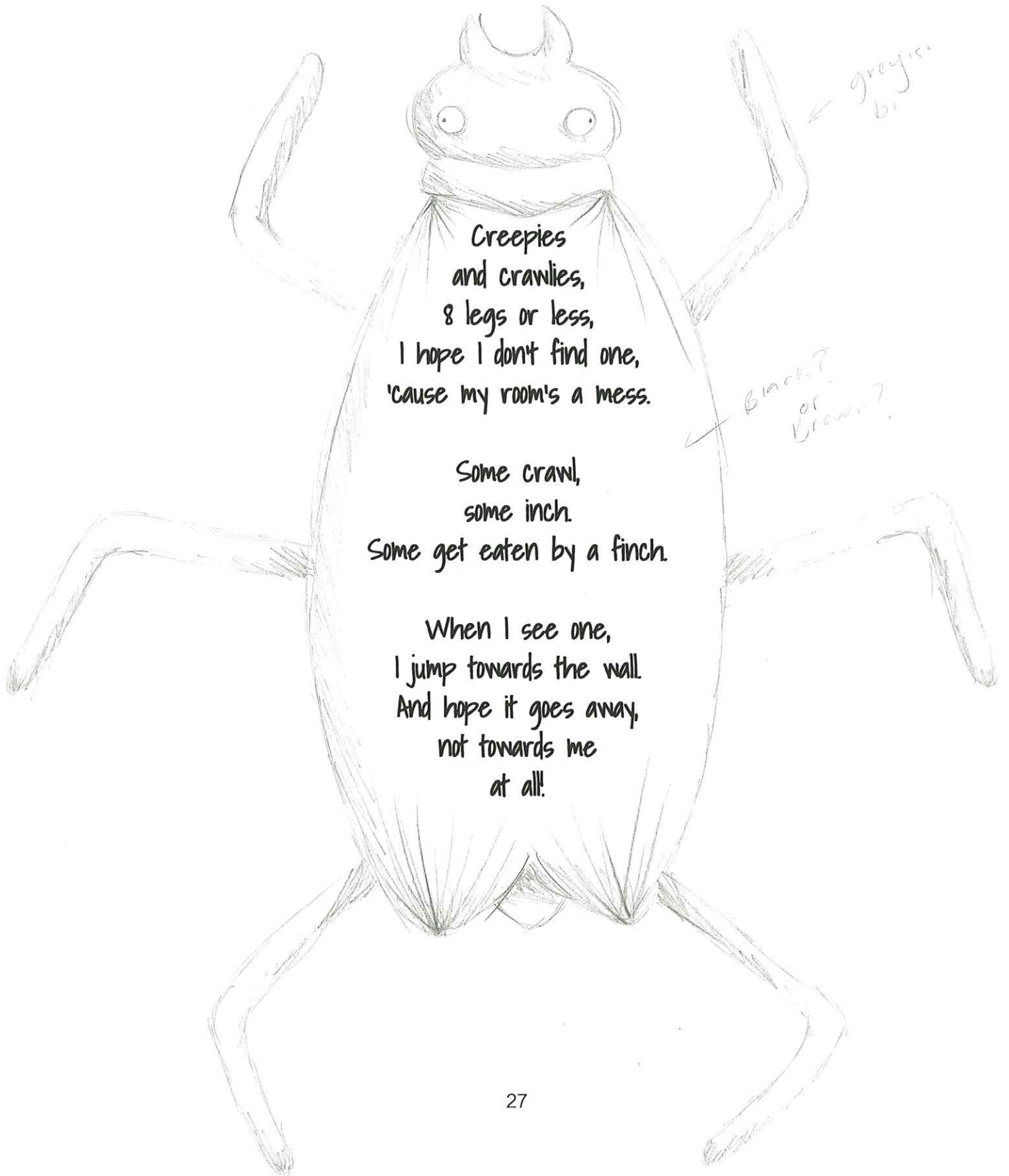
Train tracks in a cave.  
BUT NOT IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

THEY LEAD TO NOTHING.  
BUT STRAIGHTEN OVER TIME.

EVEN THOUGH THEY HURT,  
THE PAIN WILL GO AWAY.

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW YET  
THE NUMBER OF DAYS.

"Creepies and Crawlies" by Ezra Schudrich, Grade 7



Creepies  
and crawlies,  
8 legs or less,  
I hope I don't find one,  
'cause my room's a mess.

Some crawl,  
some inch.  
Some get eaten by a finch.

When I see one,  
I jump towards the wall.  
And hope it goes away,  
not towards me  
at all!

## **“Outer Space” by Ava Gardiner, Grade 6**

Outer space is  
a place  
far, far away.

Stars sparkling in the sky,  
meteoroids flying through the atmosphere  
so high in the sky.

Eight planets surround  
one big sun, so hot  
that with one look,  
blinds your eyes.

High, very high, in the sky,  
small icy objects known as comets  
soar through the sky.

And that's why outer space  
is a magical place,  
far, far away.

## Untitled by Olivia Emery, Grade 8

Dartmouth Middle School,  
the place to be.  
Where rare qualities  
come out in each.

Friends and teachers,  
you're in a great place.  
Don't be nervous,  
your journey awaits.

The fun you have,  
the memories you make,  
how great it is  
to be in this place.

We shout with pride,  
and scream with glee.  
How I'd never imagine,  
my 8th grade year to be.

The impacts that were made,  
the courage to push forward.  
There's a gift in all of us  
waiting to bloom.

How fun my years were.  
How sad I am to leave.  
I'll have every bit  
stay with me.



"UNIQUE" BY VICKY DASILVA, GRADE 8, AND ROBERT PEREIRA, GRADE 8

I AM DIFFERENT FROM MY HEAD TO MY TOES.

I AM DIFFERENT FROM MY EARS TO MY NOSE.

I COME FROM WORLDS FAR AND WIDE.

PLACES UNIQUE WITH THINGS TO LEARN AND TRY

I AM ONE OF A KIND AS YOU CAN SEE,

BUT I ALWAYS HAVE A SENSE OF LOVE IN ME.

