

DMS Poetry and Art Anthology

April 2018



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“The Tree” by Kaylin Silva, Grade 7

I'm the big maple tree in Central Park,
the really old one. My bark is brown and crunchy.
Some people say I smell like maple leaves,
but I think I smell like pine.

People sit by me every day
and I can feel their warmth.
It makes me feel happy.

I like to watch people walk by,
And figure out what they are feeling,
I look at their faces, and the way they walk.
Some people are happy, some are sad,
some are angry, and some are glad.

One day a man proposed to his girlfriend,
right on my roots.
I could feel the spark between them,
which made me the happiest tree alive.
I felt important; like I belonged in the world.

I will always be the big maple tree
in Central Park.



“It Waits” by Sophia Waite, Grade 8

Under a blanket of snow, it waits.
Through the darkness of night, it waits.
Under a sky of diamonds, it waits.
In the cold, dark earth, it waits.

It is alone; it is dark; it is cold,
and still it waits.

Through the sunrise and the sunset,
through the dark and the light, it waits.
When everyone else has left, it still waits.
The ground warms, and the sun shines, but it still waits.

“Come out”
they ask, they cry, they beg.
“Come join us in the sun!”
It is warm and we are safe!”

But through their joyous cries, it still waits.
Alone in the frozen earth, it waits.
It waits through the bright days,
and the dark ones.

The water thaws, and it awakens,
like the light at the end of the tunnel
or the blinding blaze of a sunrise after the darkest night.

It pushes out of the thawed earth and prevails,
to survive, to live, to thrive
in Spring’s warm light.

“Abandoned House” by Kayleigh Hull and Julia Caron, Grade 6

A lone wolf,

you stand.

Shadows are your only friend.

Time has worn you away with deep sorrows and hatred.

I walk upon your splintery, twisted planks.

A wisp of wind could knock you down

You bow before me, with a slanted smile,

but you will always remain a solemn soul.

You watch in jealousy at the rest,

but only the best can see the true image

that is held behind a wall of stone.

A lone wolf,

you stand.

“I May Look Fine, But...” by Leigha Gippo, Grade 7

I may look fine, but
my sock is falling down.

As I'm walking through the hallway,
I realize it then

feel a small lump under my foot
and resist the call

to stop on the side
and fix my sock with a tug.

I know the white sock will soon disappear
inside my Converse sneaker,

but it's a busy hallway and
I don't want to stop in the middle.

A lot of people have bigger problems
and I know this is little, so

I get to the classroom,
look at the clock,

and then, finally pull up my sock.



“Oasis” by Penelope Sylvester, Grade 8

An oasis:

A little pool in a sea of sand,
A place of comfort, reaching for your hand.
An oasis can be many things.

A friend, or a song
Some people like it when their friends sing along
It's a nice book, or even a flower's smell,
A little puppy, or a swirly shell.

Something to hold on to, in your heart and mind,
But this world is full of infinite choices
So someone's oasis can be hard to find.
But it's gonna be okay!

In this world, so spacious
I hope that you, too,
Can find your oasis.

“The Words of a Book” by Alex Verissimo, Grade 7

I am what you pass by in the library.
I am what you read.

I can't help but notice you not look at me.
But when you take me off the shelf, I feel happy and free.

When you read me, listen to every word I say.
Make sure not to skip a single page,
because every word that I say is important
and every single word you will want to hear.

When you're done with me, don't forget about me.
I'll always be there when you want me.
You do your job, I'll do mine,
when you read me, read every single line.

When you ask yourself if you want me and say “no,”
just know that if you come back to me I'll say “I told you so.”

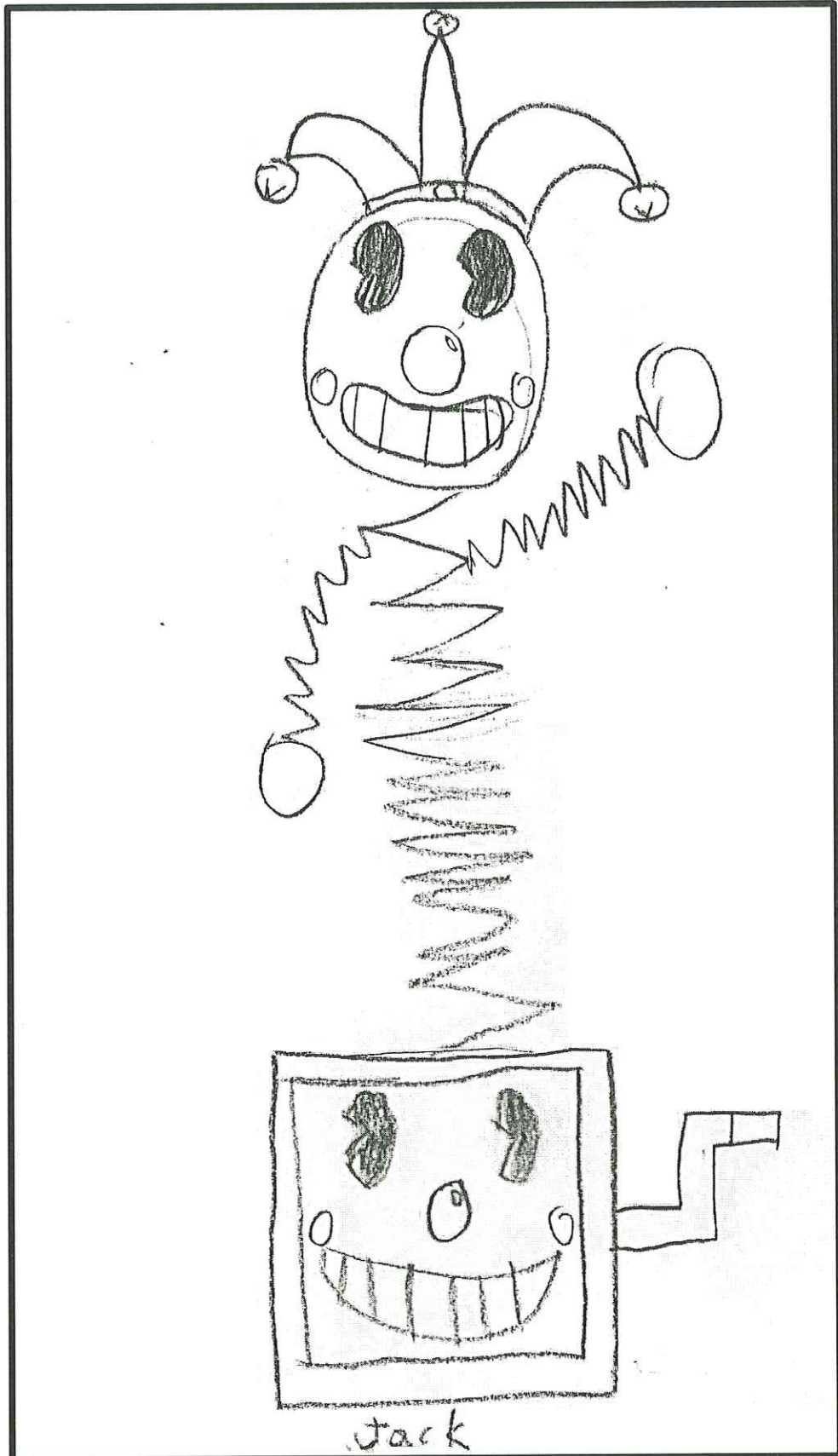
Every time you put me back on the shelf, it hurts.
Please don't be the one to hurt me.
I am fun to read – you will see!

"Bring Back Jack" by Ava Gardiner, Grade 7

I am the box that may have frightened you.
My appearance is fun to many, it's true,
The way it happens though! – the suspenseful music,
then, the quick... POP!

Your reaction was the best.
You threw me in a chest,
threw The chest down the stairs, then out the door.
And now, I am on the porch.
It's dirty, dark, and there's this odor...
Wait... is this your dumpster?

I want to apologize
for a scare I did not mean to emphasize.
Please. Take me back to your
paradise.



"The Cost" by Kaitlin Silva, Grade 8

What is the cost of war?

How many children must die?

Ten?

A hundred?

A thousand?

How many more must fall before you see

That it's pointless,

unnecessary,

worthless,

to kill a thousand boys

over men's problems.

Stop this.

END this!

How many more have to die?

How many more have to suffer?

You have proven your point.

Stop this.

END this!

We will not be the cost of war.

“Gurney” by James Robinson, Grade 7

I am the steer you put to sleep,
as you like to call the needle of oblivion.
I have come back to tell you
I loved you every bit.

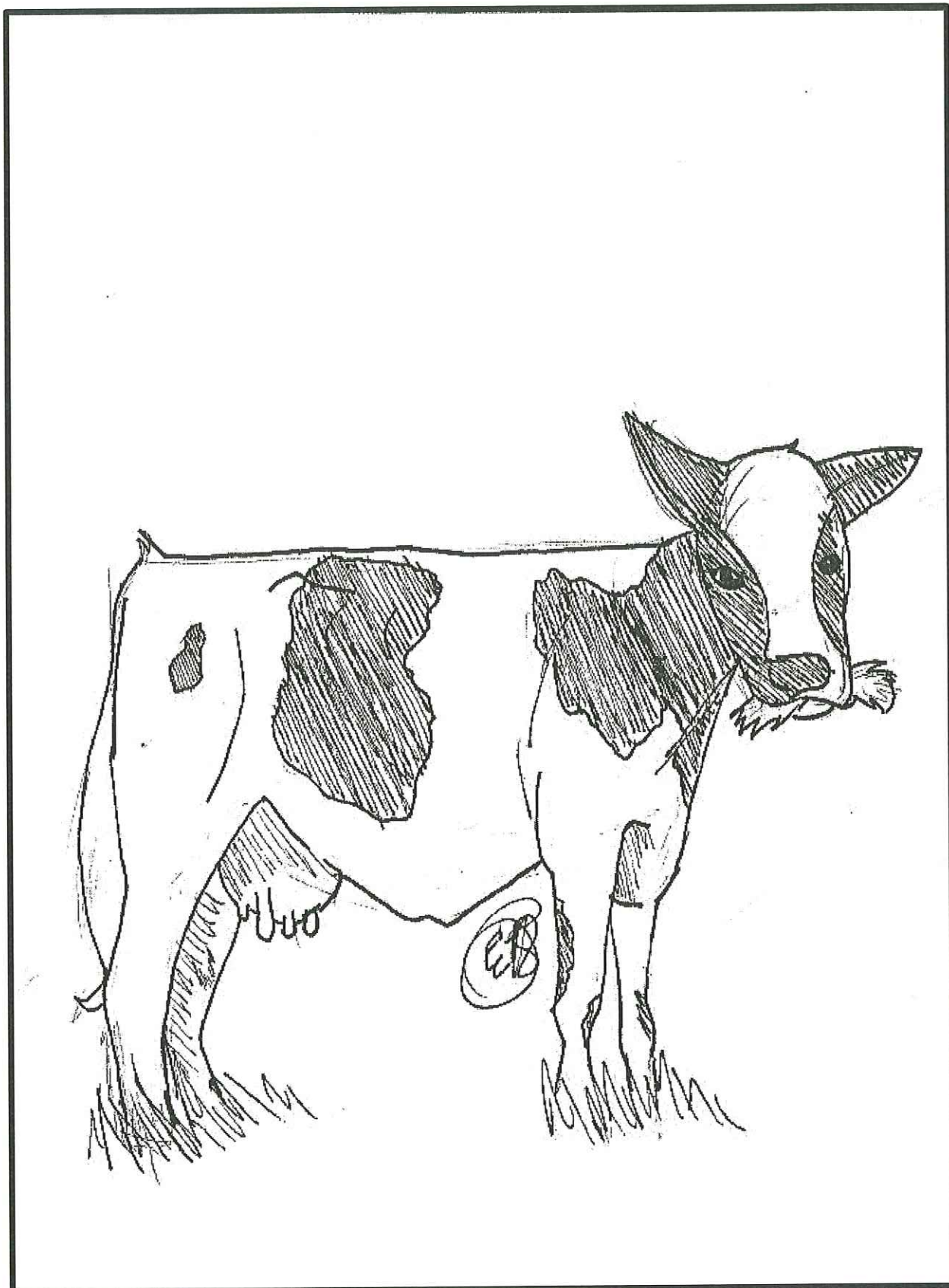
When I licked your face, it's because you were salty.
When I followed you home, it's because I missed you.
When you used me as a sofa, I never got annoyed,
because I knew there was good food coming.

When you got off the bus, I walked with you,
waiting for you to scratch me.

Sometimes, you didn't come see me for a while.
I would get angry.

But then you would appear, and give me a scratch,
and all would be good.

(Inspired by “The Revenant” by Billy Collins)



"Popcorn" by Teal Galligan, Grade 6

From the start, we are one.

One by one, we are plucked from our slumber.

We are reunited in a new place.

Phase 1.

We lay on the beach; some of us burn.

One by one we are launched from our cannon.

We survive a sudden transformation.

Phase 2.

We bloom into unique white flowers.

Rockets reaching for the sky, we hit the top and fall.

Gravity, our grounder, brings us back down into the cramped flower garden.

Phase 3.

Finally, we are thrown into another universe,

A black hole, and never seen again.

“The Sunflower” by Ryan Arruda, Grade 7

Oh, pretty sunflower,

You stand tall and bright.

You shine your beautiful golden petals in the sky.

You seem confident, but when winter comes, you sink down,
and you are scared.

But you have nothing to worry about!

Your roots come up and support you.

Even if the roots may fall, at least they know that their sunflower is
standing and shining.

Even the farmer sees you too.

But the farmer will never get rid of you.

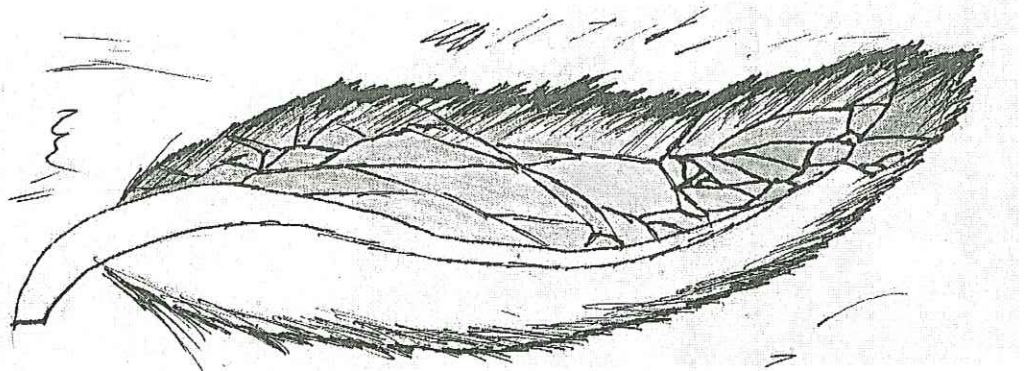
Why?

You are *his* favorite.

That is the only thing that matters.

"Quill" by Lucas Waite, Grade 6

*With the essence of the eight armed mollusk
and the flight leaf of a goose,
you can become the teller of stories,
for the people who can't hear.
And this thing, mightier than the strongest sword?
It can make even the sharpest blade fall to the ground,
or keep your secrets hidden away for only you to see.
For such a powerful weapon, it isn't appreciated enough.
It can end even the darkest night,
and start a happy ending.*



"Marks" by Mackenzie Belo, Grade 8

*Everyone strives to be the kind of person who leaves a mark
on a life.*

*Family and friends who care the most, who help you through
the things that will affect you through the course,*

*the course of your life, when you grow older, the way you act,
And the way you tell the stories you know.*

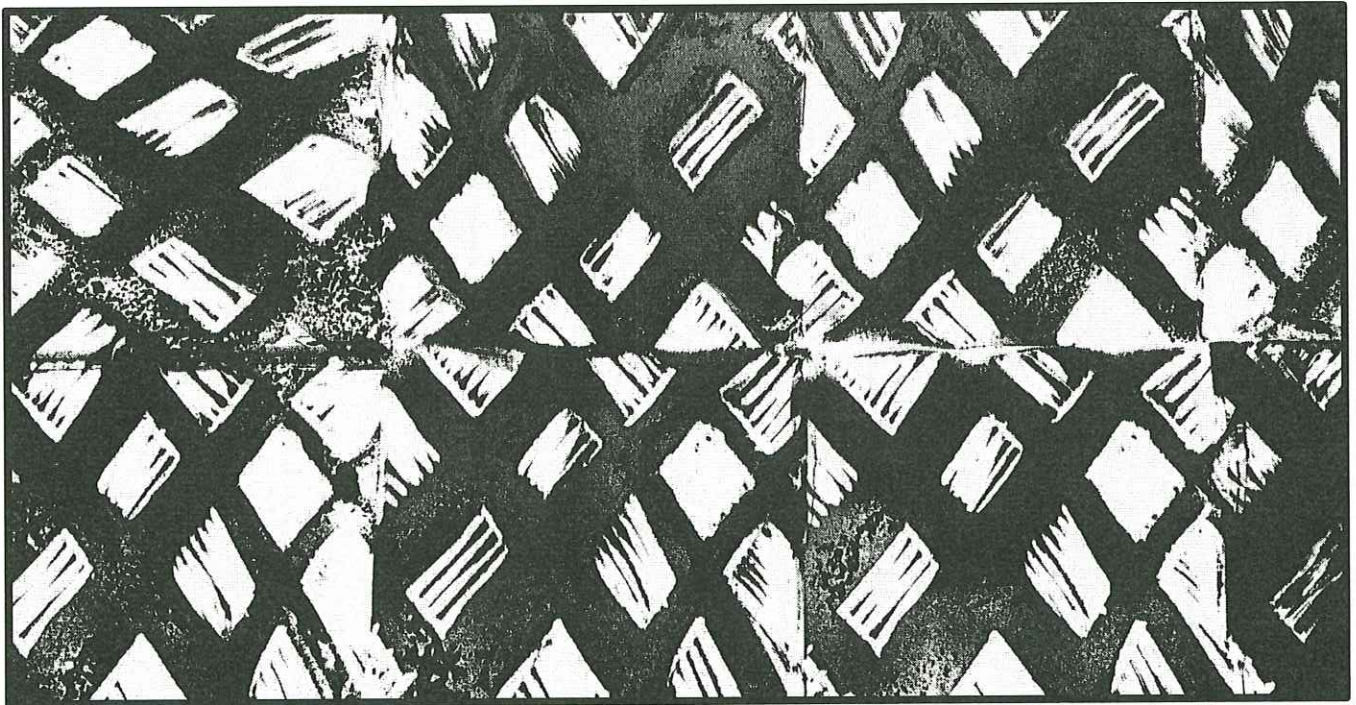
*To truly become that person who can leave a beautiful mark,
no matter how small, on someone's heart.*

*Whether it be through the smallest of deeds or something so
big that it helps them succeed*

*Marks are the map of a life and of all its struggles that ended in
light.*

“Elephant” by Elliot Dion, Grade 6

As it parades through the fiery haze, small critters cower beneath its timpano symphony. With limbs like tree trunks, it tramples over shrubs and brush. Teeth as swords, partnering one another, and a tail like a whip – it could be mistaken as a monster. However, it has no intention of pain, for it does not consume legged life. Its calm gaze washed over the yellowing blades of botany, as it slowly trudges past herds of blur. Surround the children, protect them from the enemy, is what they must do when harm comes in way. Worshipped by many, but feared by others, Ganesha!



"Unnoticed" by Camryn Ortiz, Grade 8

She is here
in this room
watching and waiting
for your next move.

She is the person who you do not notice;
the girl who you see, but do not acknowledge.

She is the one
who won't be here tomorrow,
but you will not notice
until her presence is gone.



“Alone” by Madyn Waskiewicz, Grade 7

Into the darkness,
by must, she stares.
Alone in her head;
no one is there.

The sound of the cars
and flashing lights
shining so bright
together,
in the cold winter nights.

But alone in the darkness,
none of them know.
A creature in silence,
without a home

As all the lights flash,
she sits alone;
The monster inside her
just wants a home.

“Black Holes” by Haley Jenkins, Grade 6

Blank and mysterious
in the middle of a universe.
Hidden in the thick black layer
of our unknown universe.
Trapping nothing but light
that can never escape.
Go in, and get expelled.
But you never know
what's on the other side.

“In a World of Technology” by Katherine Quinn, Grade 8

We live in a world of technology
electricity it also contains
but when weather interferes
with
snow
wind
rain
the electricity disappears
for a while
it can become
quite a trial
though we are also launched into a
time machine
we live similar to those
centuries passed
when candlelight was the norm
sun or storm
we learn to empathize with the people
who lived without electricity
though no walk in the park
they constantly
lived in the dark
so at times we
lose power
over an hour
we learn
to appreciate what has become
taken for granted
the seeds of understanding are
planted.

“Why?” by Ella Gibson, Grade 7

Why must we destroy this planet?

This poor,
helpless creature,
whom we’ve taken over
and demolished.

Why do we feel the right to be in charge?
We’re not the only inhabitants of this lovely place.

From the trees
to the worms,
We are not alone.

Yet, we act that way.
Ignoring all signs of distress;
plowing down forests and burning animals alive.

Why do we let this go on?
Why haven’t we stopped?
Why has it taken so long to see that what we’re doing is wrong?
So wrong, that all we’re left to do now,
as the newest generation,
is ask ourselves
Why?

“Emotions” by Jackie King, Grade 6

Strong as an
 Ox,
Deep as the
 Sea,
Bright like the
 Sun,
Everyone has
 Them,
Including you and
 Me.

Foggy as a
 Storm
Tight as
 Jeans
Harsh as
 Lightning
Everyone has
 Them,
Especially
 Teens.

You face them everyday
 They lead to a
 Cave

Sometimes they're so unbearable
 You can't sculpt them out of
 Clay

But you have to be
 Brave



"Extreme Heat" by John Brum, Grade 7

I am the machine whose levers you push,
As you like to say, "the machine of toast."
I am back to tell you one thing:
I never liked the edge pieces, not one bit.

When you put in the edge piece
I thought of disintegrating it.
When I watched it burn,
I got very happy,
but sad, by your enjoyment of it.

I resented the way it was formed:
the lack of squareness,
the way it would burn
from back to front.

I would have powered off,
but had no arms to press the cancel button.
The creases in the back were awful.
But the greatest insult – the wonderful taste.

I admit the sight of toast
would excite me,
but only because
I thought it could kill it.

You don't want to hear this,
but I hated the stench
of your fingers on the toast.
It almost made me circuit out.

You ruined my life.
But I've got another to live.
This time I will be
a washing machine.

(Inspired by "The Revenant" by Billy Collins)

“Love” by Eavon Doyon, Grade 8

It was born
the day you gazed into eyes
that saw so much more than you could.

It crumpled
the very foundations
that you lived on.

You became,
hopelessly and painfully,
attached to someone
with a life so drastically different than your own.

You tumbled
into a pit, inescapable;
Or flew into a cloud that took your senses,
and guided you only with the beat of a heart not yours.

You didn't know what it was:

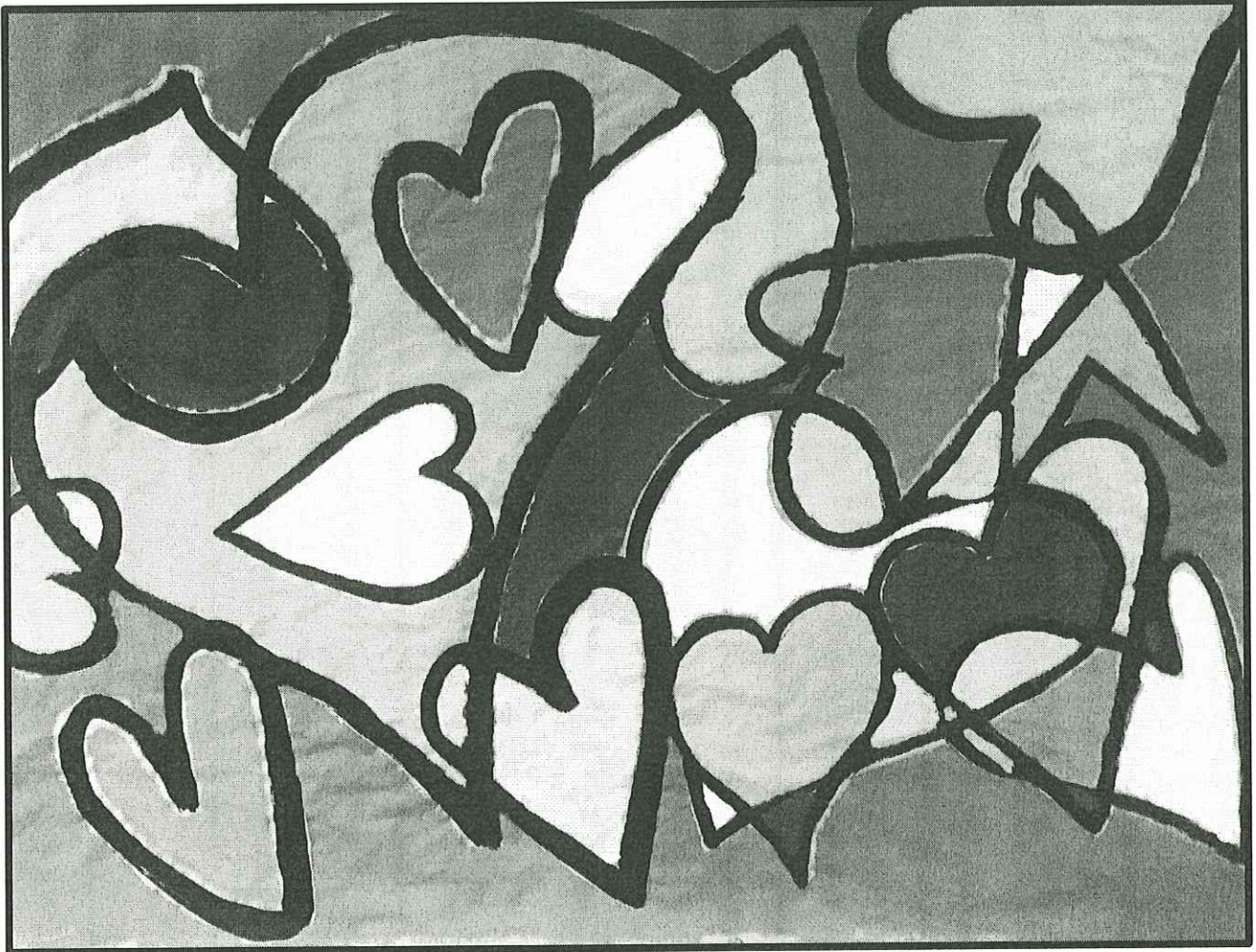
A force drawing you in,
or an animal dragging in its latest kill.
It was a secret, hidden in corners
and closed in boxes.

You wanted it gone.
You poisoned it with flaws,
beat it with hate,
but it stuck to you.

Nothing could take it away.

Not poison, not pain,
not even the pleading of your heart so full,
stretched to the limit.

You have no choice to ease your heart.
You share it with the one, the one with the eyes
who have seen so much more than you ever, ever could.



"Mime" by Lucas Waite, Grade 6

*Beware the man who speaks in hands, some people say,
for he is the master of ultraviolet objects.*

*He lives in his invisible house,
on his invisible bed,
with his invisible cat.*

*To others, his world is fake,
but he knows his happiness is real.*

“Farmer’s Mix-Up” by Emily Westfall, Grade 6

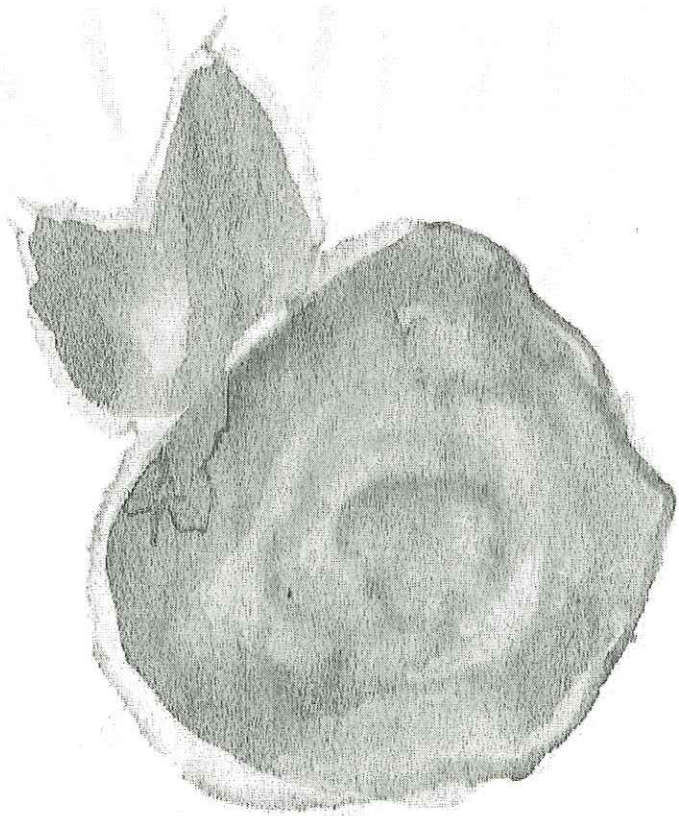
The apples are on the cornstalks.

The corn is on the trees.

The pigs are doing the farmer’s work

And in their pen?

There’s me!



"Sugar Free" by Julia Gilchrest, Grade 8

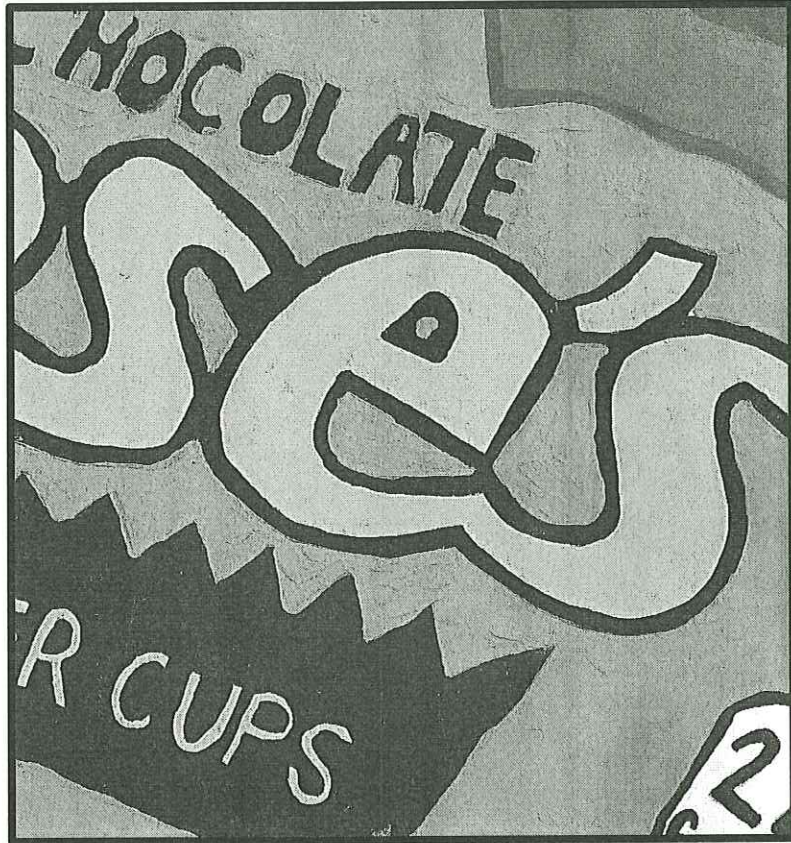
In just a few years, we'll be gone and done,
saying goodbye to brothers and mothers, "Bon Voyage!"
Sitting in a dorm in a college far away,
we'll have all these bills, student debts to pay.
I don't think I can grow up that soon;
but, there's a loophole, and I'm going to jump through.

'Cause we've got sugar free candy.
Sugar free, that's who I want to be.
Sweet. Fun. Without commitment.
Time management? I'll work on it.

We'll be driving our cars and hanging at parties,
beyond the days of Sprite and Smarties,
always saying, "After graduation!"
Now we're here, what's our motivation?
Black and white, its coming fast.
I don't think I can be that serious.

I've got sugar free candy
Sugar free, that's who I want to be.
Sweet. Fun. Without commitment.
Time management? I said I'll work on it.

Does it count as cheating,
because I want to stay sweet?
So, I'll grow up
and be a Bubble Gum Queen,
so I can be sugar free.



“Teacher’s Promise” by Leah Jalowick, Grade 7

The soul of a school;
the heart of a class,
the true mind behind the message.

You’ll never hear them judging,
as good as your best friend.
Role models to students,
who try to do their best.

Creating a wiser, creative world.
Help us bloom, like a flower;
help us grow, like water to a seed.
We become better people with each discovery.

The roots to our knowledge.
Leading children from 5 to 18.
Fulfilling dreams are now possible.
Inspire to become a leader like you.

Memories are forming,
the challenge helps us grow,
including the one when you let us go.

"The Kiss of 1945" by Kaitlyn DaSilva, Grade 8

I hopped off the trolley in Old Times Square.
The war had just ended and I was much aware.

I heard the news from a nearby crowd.
All the nurses, including me, were extremely proud.

A group of couples stormed out of the theater,
Cheers and smiles were their feeders.

My heart was thumping from all of the flashes,
Cameras everywhere made loud crashes.

The hats thrown in the air never came down
and not one American could be found with a frown

I strolled the busy street, crowded with people
Only to meet a sailor soon to be under a steeple

His hat was bright white like my dress
And I definitely wasn't very impressed

His girlfriend stood behind as he took me by the hand
He spun me around and dipped me so I couldn't stand

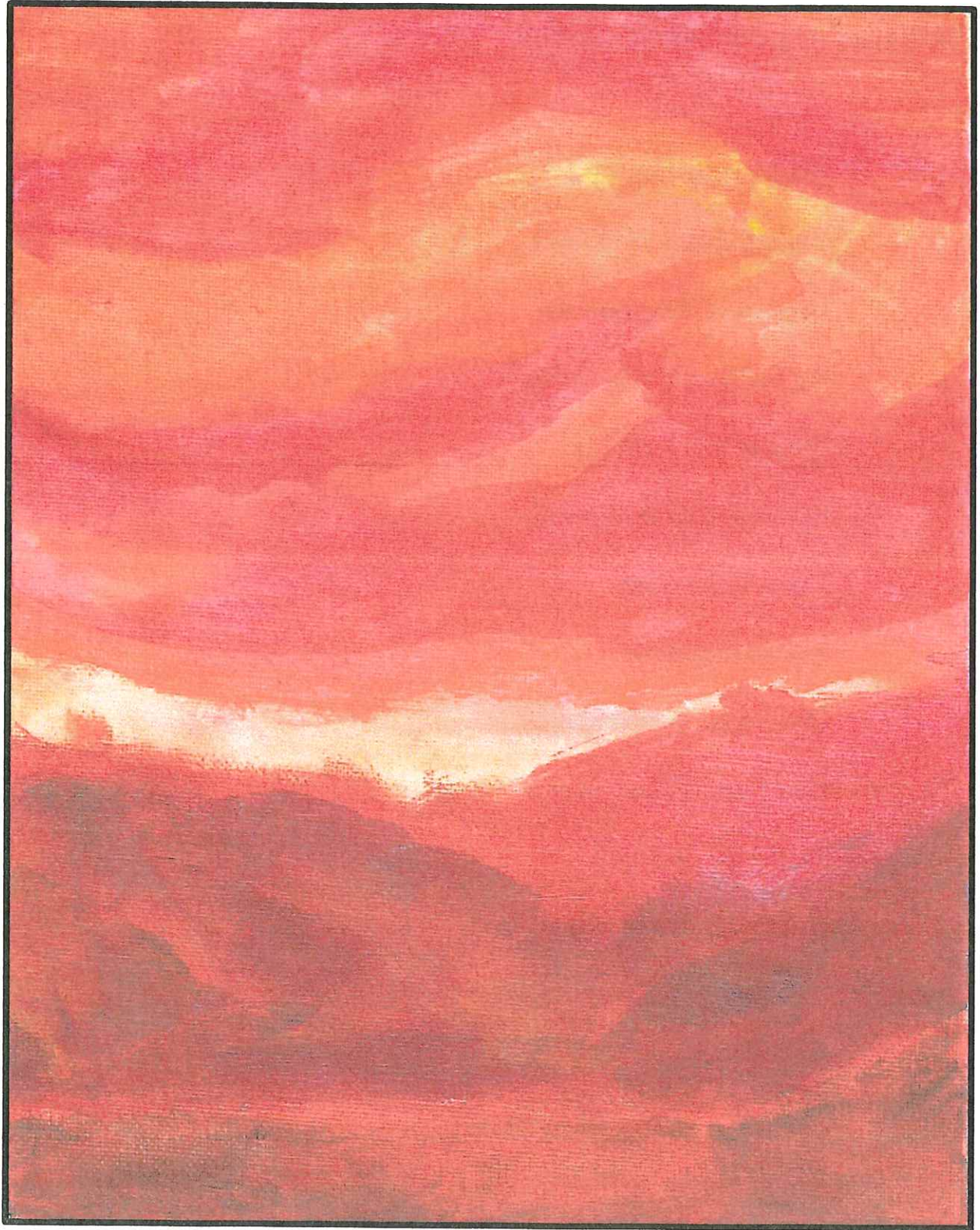
He kissed me without warning, eyes closed shut
A bright camera flashed and he began to strut

I was left alone a soon moment later
And the man who took that photo is known as the love locator

I look back now and I see a story:
an iconic kiss and a war winning glory.

“Moments” by Allie Adams, Edric Esplana, and Adam Gadd, Grade 6

*And in that moment,
the preceding lilac twilight,
it mellows,
becoming a globe of dimmed light
like a giant fruit
in the platter of blue
to be gobbled away by starving hills
or by ferocious ocean tides.*



“Volcanoes” by Joline Sahady, Grade 6

Hot lava spewing out,
melting things all around.
Loud roars, like thunder
Big rocks start to crumble.
Burst of fire, crackling.
Flowing magma, burning.
Vents in the crust;
molten rock flows.
Convergent boundaries
most form. Temperatures
hot, inside the Earth,
erupt on land and make a burst.

“Who Talks About Darkness?” by Brontë Massucco, Grade 7

Sometimes I wonder
if darkness is simply a curtain
behind which to hide our intentions
and conceal all emotions,
if darkness is but
for protecting scarred hearts
and placing barriers
between these people as people.
I wonder if darkness is here to aid
or be the destruction of it all.

People disregard darkness
as child's play and child's fear.
But maybe destruction, a cue to flee,
darkness is not what we may have thought?
And even if it is, it still maybe is not?
Who says light is pure and dark is evil?
Who says they make the rules and we're here only to listen?
Sometimes darkness conceals our deepest thoughts,
the ones that we put these barriers around to keep out.
But what if there weren't barriers,
or villains,
or dark?
Who says that would be good at all?

"Trampoline" by Annika Spivey, Grade 8

I am the bouncy web you jump on,
as you like to call the active game of fun.

I am here to tell you one simple thing:
I never enjoyed your painful fun – not one bit.

From stretching me out,
or tiring me out,
laughing as I wince,
I squeak to try to let you know
how painful this really is.
I never enjoyed your painful fun –
not one bit.

(Inspired by "The Revenant" by Billy Collins)

