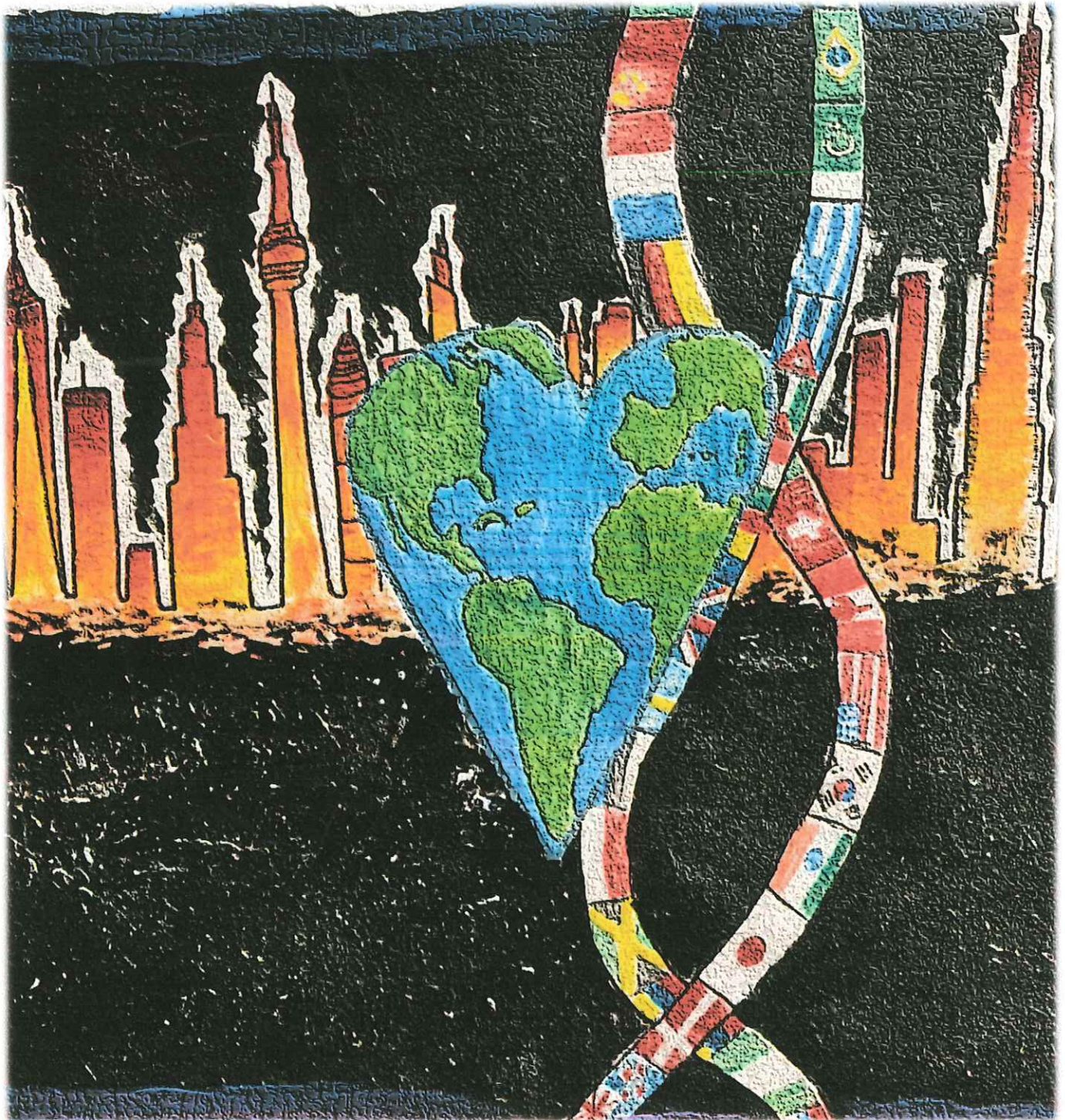


DMS Poetry and Art Anthology

April 2019



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"Writing Poems" by Zakary Khan, Grade 7

When I am writing poems in class,
I think very hard.
I don't have a clue what to put.
Pencil in hand,
gripping it with force
until my hand turns red;
head hurting with words like a tornado
swirling around, but
still, not a clue.

Like an engine, I roar with fury.

My mind is dragged by a riptide
out into sea
where it thrashes.

SPLISH! SPLASH!

I think of the poem again, and all of it stops.

I try to relax;
my grip loosens.

I take my pencil to the top of the page.

The title...

it's so simple!

"Writing Poems," I put.



"Journey" by Braiden Norton, Grade 7

The day I was born
Everything appeared so norm
Soon after I turned one
My reality had begun

I was introduced to a world
that most people wouldn't know,
Filled with hospital visits
and surgeries I would undergo.

So many years of tears,
joys, and pain.
It was all a part
of this brain tumor life game.
Which my father and I
vowed never to complain.

I remember things like wearing a backpack
that had a tube running into my chest
Those four years
really put me to the test.

Many special and fun things would happen
to help make me not feel alone,
Like meeting Terry Fator
and getting a letter from Sylvester Stallone

I remember that third brain surgery
that came with a big cost.
It took months of rehabilitation
to relearn all the functions I lost.

My positive outlook on healing
was important not to lose.
To help me stay focused,
dad promised to take me on a Disney cruise.

To this day, many people support me
from near to far;
From prayers to funding to meals -
you know who you are.

I'm writing this with my dad
as we sit in our car
Driving to my MRI,
which total over 70 so far

So if your life seems easy right now,
it likely won't always be this way.
And through my experiences
I have something very important to say.

Listen up - and heed my advice
Stay positive and love your life.

“The Snow Globe” by Prutha Patel, Grade 7

See how the rooftops are covered in snow,
white as milk.

The people of the city
are frozen in time,
but wear a smile so wide
it stretches from ear to ear.

They wear big, fluffy coats
and tall snow boots.
They wear red and white scarves
and hats with vibrant colors.

The children are playing in the snow,
having the time of their lives.
They seem happy, but then
the earthquake comes to shake away their joy.

The snowflakes fly around and around,
finally free.

The people of the small city look delighted
but inside, they worry.
The blizzard strikes—again and again.
Their merriment is shaken—again and again.

“Untitled” by Connor Murphy, Grade 8

The night of the storm,
the shutters thrashed my windowpane,
and slammed me awake,
from my peaceful slumber.

I arose to see the lawn through my bedroom window
scattered with shards of lumber.
I rushed to lock the swinging shades.
The moment they shut, I heard the scratching of metal.

I ran through the doorway to the kitchen table.
A pole with a telephone cable
had crashed through the window.
My heart raced; my eyes darted around.

What could be causing me this torment?
What could I have done for this storm of disaster to strike me?

I ran outside and stumbled to my car,
the wind pushing me backwards,
I slammed the door, turned the key
and sped away into the downpour.

I feared that my past had come back for me,
that my sins were here before me.
The rain came down harder;
the roads grew slipperier, slipperier.

The steering wheel jumped in my hand
from side to side until I lost all control
and swerved off the road,
down the embankment, into the woods.

The darkness swallowed me forever.

“The Photograph” by Olivia Arruda, Grade 7

Black and white,
but shows the color.

Saved and preserved,
but easily forgotten.

It slowly retracts
from the rusted old instant camera.

The flimsy unexposed film,
yet to feel the air.

Blacked out, until the image appears,
leaving you on hold.

Fingerprints leave an imprint
of the second you remembered,

Captures the moments of loss or happiness,
all in one “*click*.”



"Hair" by Abby Maxfield, Grade 6

Ivy winding around,
Stuck in tight curls.
A million strands of yarn filled with natural color.

Tentacles with suckers,
Sticking to everything it touches,
Randomly, strangely.

As we get older,
thin twigs, gray, expiring
falling out, leaving home.

Threads weaving in and out,
Like a grandmother skillfully sewing,
Turning strands into thick, warm, braided sweaters.

Gardeners clip the long vines,
Changing the appearance.

When it storms and we aren't groomed,
Our branches intertwine, getting stuck together.
Tangled. Jumbled.

They put a rope around our perfect limbs
To keep our shape
And perfectness.

We are
Dead pine needles, thin and split
Or wide thick branches, cracked.

“Pressure” by Morgan Goncalo, Grade 7

**The same work pushed at our faces.
Every. Single. Day.
You’re pushing us,
but when is it too much?**

**There’s a world out there...
sitting there still waiting to be explored.
Pressure coats it—it coats everything.
School *is* everything—right?**

**No mistakes.
No mistakes.
No mistakes
can be made.**

“Earthquakes” by Jaiden DeMelo, Grade 6

The ground s h a k e s

Towns r u m b l e

Buildings f a l l

C r a c k s fill the street

Underground rocks b r e a k

People s t r u g g l e to get to safety

People are i n j u r e d

Earth h e a l s itself

People h e a l

They go back to l i v i n g a normal life.

“The Black World” by Summer Stephens, Grade 6

**Way up in the night sky
there is another dimension;
The Black World.**

**Tons of small sparkles, millions even
Spirals full of magic:
The Black World.**

**Somewhere in this blackness is us
In the Milky Way
Our galaxy**

**Stars, different shapes and colors
Bright ones and others not so much
The Black World.**

"The Marine" by Joseph Khalife, Grade 7

He is broken down
into pieces,
then put together
stronger than ever.

He is the enemy
you would never want,
and the brother
you are lucky to have.

He puts his needs
into a pause
to answer the needs
of his cause.

He is the power
on the darkest night,
and the strength
of our freedom.

“Showertime” by Leigha Gippo, Grade 8

After a tough, stressful day, I destress by taking a long, hot shower. For the most part, It is very relaxing—

Except when I forget that bottle of sweet-smelling shampoo in my room. But that’s just something little. I’ ll just work through my hair with my—oh, no brush either? Guess I’ ll use my fingers to brush through this giant knot. Ah, how relaxing this is.

Ok, ok. I’ ll be alright. Let’ s just smoothly shave my legs. OUCH Oh god—is that blood? Guess I’ ll just wait here bleeding until it stops. OH MY GOD! I have a huge school project due tomorrow! I haven’ t even started!

After twenty minutes standing there, I’ m worrying about situations that did not (and will never) happen. I want to sing, but I’ ll just be off-key. I want to finish shaving, but I’ ll just cut my other knee. I want to relax, but I just can’ t stop thinking!

Ah, showertime. Everyone’ s favorite place to overthink everything and ask themselves why they haven’ t made an album yet.

“Break Away” by Zachary Benoit, Grade 6

A rock is broken apart.
Rain whacks against its jagged side;
wind rakes against its rough, rocky edge.
Pebbles break away
into smaller pieces of sediment.
Then, the sediment, too, is carried away
from place to place throughout the day,
flowing through rivers,
carried by the wind
to far, far away,
through the dunes of the desert,
through a forest and a large, empty plain,
until finally it is deposited
in a small cave
creating new rock to be
broken away.

“Wings” by Elliot Dion, Grade 7

I miss the way your tail
would brush against my
face when I would cry,

as if to say, “It’s okay.”

I miss the way your giant
green eyes would stare at
me,

like huge, beautiful emeralds.

I miss hearing your little
meow,
how gentle it was,

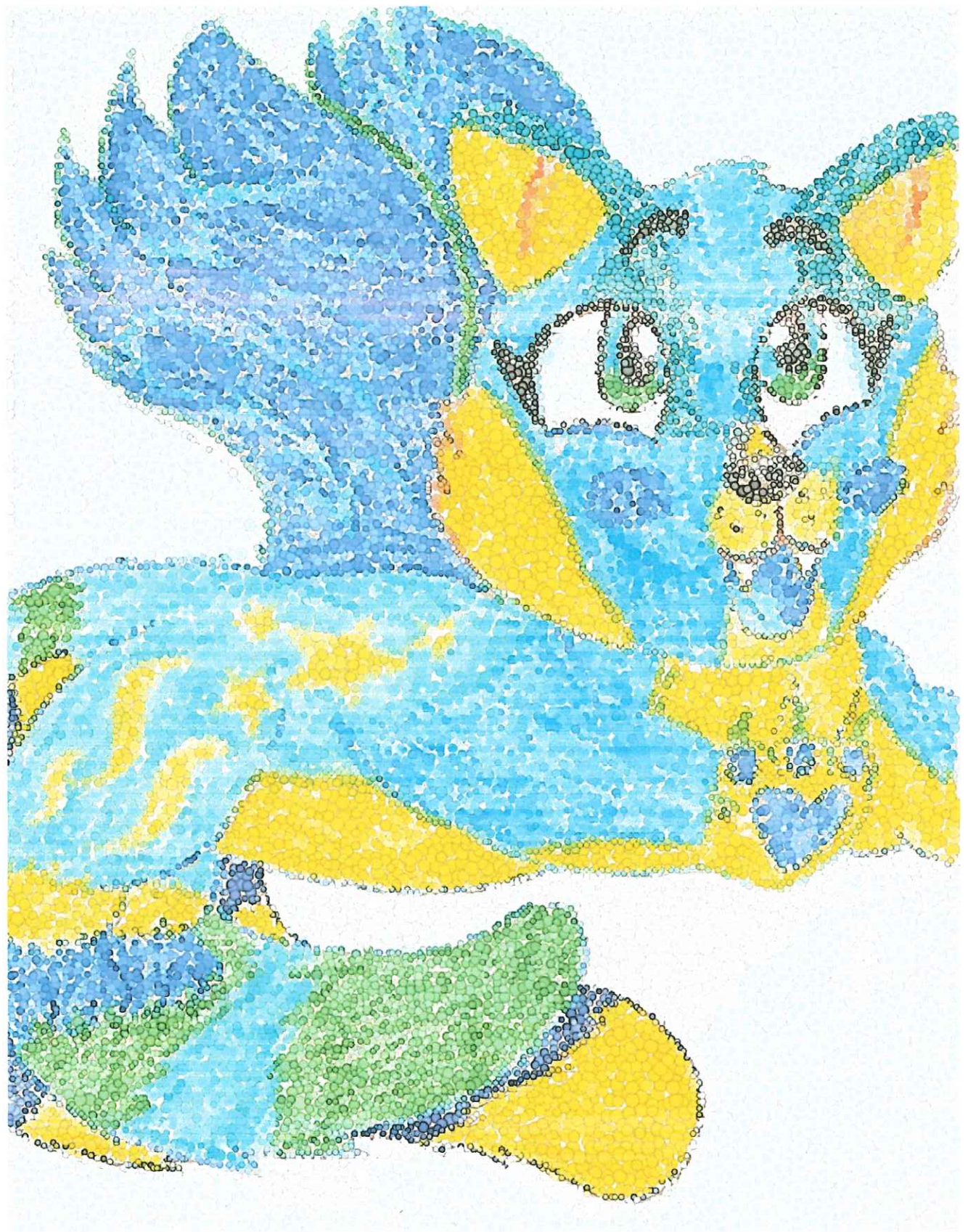
like a feather on my ear.

I can still hear it sometimes.

Everything around me is like
a photograph, reminding me of
when you were here.

But now you find your home
in that cloudy paradise.
You’ve grown wings; it’s time for you to

fly.



“Dreams” by Teal Calligan, Grade 7

As wondrous as the birth of a new star in the galaxy,
planted into your subconscious from small memory seeds.
growing and preparing for their turn to take you
on yet another imaginative journey.
Each one unique, none exactly the same.
This is the first chapter.

Blooming, for a time as brief as the cool Spring,
Once lit, growing as rapidly as a raging fire.
Fueled by creative juices,
expanding and bursting to their fullest,
for they do not have much time left.
This is the second chapter.

Flickering of a long burned-out bulb,
the images beginning to fade.
They are disappearing;
You try to hold on, but it's no use.
The inventive factory has grown too tired to produce new images;
its machine is an overheated projector.
The colors speed past you in a competitive race for an unknown finish line.
The images are a blur on the forever-spinning wheel.
This is the third and final chapter.

As amazing as this magical spell is,
It doesn't last forever.
The sun's morning rays play peekaboo with me
Peering from behind the curtains in my room,
The seeds have dwindled until all that remains are roots.
I wake...
Now comes the new day to fill the dream cycle,
all over again.

“Vavó’s House, Christmas” by Isabel Lavoie, Grade 8

*When I go to my vavó’s house on Christmas Day,
It looks like it’s about to burst.*

*My mother, vavó, tías, aunts, and adult female cousins
Are gathered around my vavó’s kitchen table,
while my father, vavô, tíos, uncles, and adult male cousins
are all in the living room, arguing
about whether or not “Die Hard” is a Christmas movie.*

*Along the side, we have my cousins running around, showing off the cool
stuff they got, as well as the babies being passed around like they’re on an
assembly line, between the kitchen and the living room.*

*My vavó’s marble countertop is covered with turkey, chicken, steak, and my
tía’s famous bean that everyone loves dearly.*

*Even though the conversations of the men and women are different,
You can hear them all at the same time.*

"Spoons" by Steven Wei, Grade 6
(a remix of Forks, by Charles Simic)

This peculiar and mostly metal object must have

lurked out of a world of fire.

It almost mimics a person's hand and forearm

that is cupped and doesn't have any moles.

As you hold it in your real hand

and try to carve a piece of sorbet,

you can see a mini-version of your arm,

supported by your faithful friend,

picking up a heavy, but small chunk of ice.

"Lost, but Found" by Ava Dragon, Grade 7

I'm lost

in my own cluttered mind.

I can't see or hear;

It's like I am blind.

Even though I'm going through a tough time,

I know I'll be just fine,

because I'll look up to the sky

and pray to God

to keep me under

his very own watchful eye.

“

“Eclipse on Earth” by Carlos Jeronimo, Grade 6

**All goes black on Earth.
A ring, like light floating in the air.
The moon, a dark knight in shining armor
on the pitch-black battlefield,
shielding us from the burning light army.
As the new moon comes,
the old must go.
But as the seconds go by,
light wins the war.
All is well in the solar system
while the dark goes to hide for seven years.
The eclipse is a piece of history.**

“The Lonely Pumpkin” by Tabitha Cobb, Grade 7

I am the pumpkin you left to rot.

You left me behind for a better me.

Was I no good with all my lumps?

Did you find a bruise from being dropped back from the place I laid?

Was there too much dirt on my back for your white shirt?

Was my orange too dull for your green-flaked eyes?

Was I too small for your carving design?

You’re not the only one who thought this way.

I’ve been rejected by many hands before.

But the more and more that come around,

the more wounds appear to roll around.

Soon, there will be nothing to love.

To the eyes of you, I’ll be a pile of rot.

I’ll be all dented, brown, and falling apart,

with holes that cover me all around.

My stem, broken and my tears rolling out.

I look around to see

that there is no one left

but me.

“Watercycle” by AJ Pragana, Grade 6

The amount of water on Earth never changes.

The water you drink has been on this Earth for millions of years.

The water cycle is a continuous movement of water on, above, or below Earth’s surface.

The sun provides the energy that drives the water cycle and moves water from place to place.

There is no beginning or end, because it is continuous.

You will start your investigation

in the hydrosphere, the largest reservoir.

The world’s oceans,

lakes,

ponds,

rivers,

and streams.

"Spring" by Charlotte French, Grade 6

A cold wind blows through my hair as I step out into cold air

That seems to move so smoothly, I almost don't feel it.

Birds chirp in their own conversations,

As the sun sets over the horizon.

An owl sits in a nearby tree.

I like trees.

I sit down and write.

My hands start to tremble.

The winds may be bothering me after all,

And I think,

Why do the birds chirp?

Why do the trees turn green?

I get up and walk around

And still, I write.



“Weather” by Morgan Gonsalves, Grade 6

Splish, Splash, Splish, Splash

The rain drops,
diving to the ground,
glistening in the dark,
while the breeze is making
the leaves dance.

The sun is rising.
The warmth takes over the breeze.
The rain slowly stops.
The sun beams brighter.
A shimmering rainbow appears,
full with color and peace.

From the rising dawn
to the setting dusk,
while my body was sprawled across my medieval mattress
to when it roamed the creaking halls
of my ancient home,
you were there.

Out there
waiting,
tapping,
whispering,
watching.

Whether I was in the deep forest
or the driest deserts,
you were there.

Always watching,
spying,
staring,
knowing
my every move.

Why was it
you chose me,
a lonely hermit,
to carry out
your quirky deeds?

"Galaxy Poem" by Kaelyn Medeiros, Grade 6

As I stare at the galaxy
I use a telescope, of course.
There are too many to count
All with stars shooting in and out
All with purple, blue, and white.
Almost like a firework
But with less boom, and more beauty.
Every night I lie in bed
I imagine the galaxy in my head
I hope and wish that I will see the galaxy again,
not just in my head.

"Final Moments" by Adam Mowager, Grade 7

(A response to the poem "Turtle Came to See Me")

In my hospital bed,
I took a crayon
and began drawing.

I drew myself still as a child
Playing on the warm sand
on the beach.

My whole family there in my room
as I was moments
from my last breath.

As I finished my drawing
I left a blank person
walking next to me.

I set the drawing down.
My grandson took the crayon
and drew himself walking next to me.

A moment later, my eyes shut
and my body was
lifeless.

"Stars" by Syrina Nadeau, Grade 6

Stars, bright balls of light
That light up the universe like fireflies,
Twinkling in the night sky.
A spectacular array of colors
Displayed right before your eyes,
When you simply look up into the darkness above you.
As you lay in the soft grass,
You marvel at their beauty.

In the dea of night,
The stars provide light
To guide you through the dark
On your way home.

"Books of the Generation" by Cole Berry, Grade 7

You have picked me up
And bought me for \$7.99.
You brought me home.
You started to read me.
You thought my story was interesting
And thought you'd get into books,

But the truth is that you were born
With electronics, not books.
You slowly stopped reading me.
Slowly, I get beaten up and torn,
My pages turned to tan from age.
It's been one year—and you still haven't finished me.

"Steps" by Hannah Santos, Grade 7

One step.

I look down at the unclean floor that has dirt the
people carried on the bottom of their Nike shoes.
My heart was thumping
like a wild animal
trying to escape my chest.
Why?

Two steps.

I look up,
sweat starts forming.
My cheeks are as pink as flamingos.
I put on my music,
inhale,
exhale.

Three steps.

People stare at me
like I have a giant elephant
on the top of my head.
Why?

Four steps.

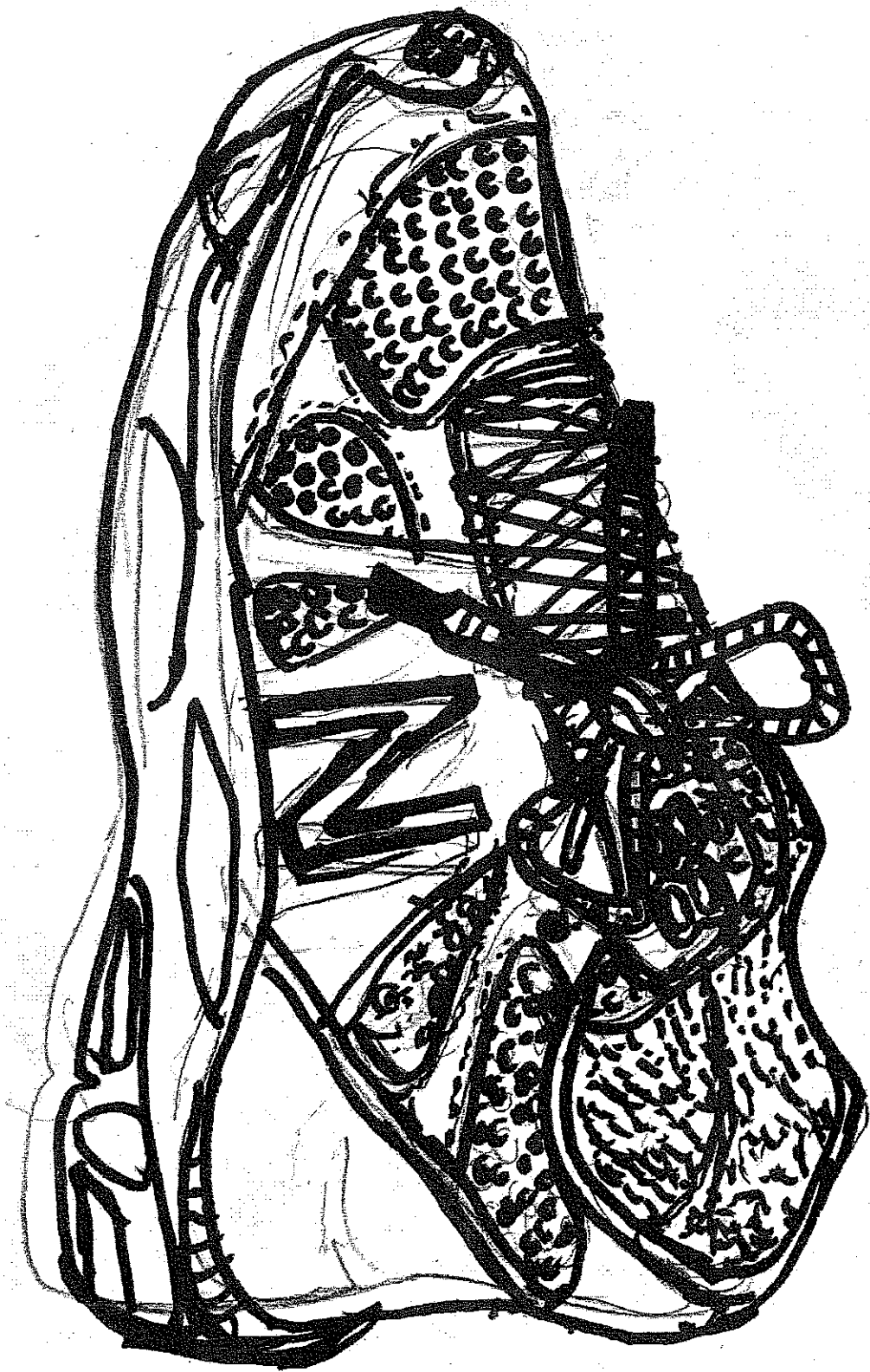
Then, murmurs.
Murmurs here, there, right in front of me.
Still staring at the dirty floor,
I refuse to look.
Why?

The fifth step.

The very last step.
I look up.

The school lights are brighter than the grand sun that shines brightly outside.
The lockers are getting closer and closer, like they are going to crush me at any second.
A tiny, salty tear falls from my left cheek, just like the drizzle of rain that comes right before a
storm.
Why?

I realize then
All of it was in my head.
I wipe away that tear.



"Lava" by Aydyn Santos, Grade 6

Trickling down a volcano I come

Red. Hot. Sizzling.

With a red-black, burning embrace

Demolishing anything in my path

With no hesitation.

Red. Hot. Sizzling.

2,200 degrees of blood-red flowing molten rock

Oozing from vents in Earth's crust

Don't get too close to me

I'll make you flee.

I can flow fast and slow

Whenever I feel

Red. Hot. Sizzling.

"Last Week" by John Brum, Grade 8

Monday:

ugh. And it's back to school for me.
Got out of bed like a possessed demon.
The day moves as slow as molasses,
And I still can't do my work.

Tuesday:

Another day, another homework assignment.
Does this teacher not have a life?
With the amount of work we get, I'm starting to wonder
if I have a life. Dinner tasted like algebra, thank to her.

Wednesday:

Hump day. That camel must not be in school because this day
does not bring me joy at all.
I'm seriously considering getting an emotional support camel
because they seem so happy on this day.

Thursday:

It's almost the end of the week—but don't let that fool you.
Your only hope to not have a test is for a substitute teacher.
And that's as rare as not having homework on the weekend.
Half the time the so called study guide is no help to you at all.

Friday:

Thank you to everyone who got me to this milestone.
Can't believe I survived
another whole week of eighth grade.
You need some special skills to do that.

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go sleep for fifteen hours
and then do nothing important.



"Christmas Lights" by Natalie Purrington, Grade 7

I stand in the cold night
I can see a cloud in the icy air
Small fairies of white light
Make me warm
As they stand frozen in ice

They flicker like fireflies
Telling me a message

There are also ladybugs and grasshoppers,
Glowing like Rudolph's shiny nose

But they too have become petrified, in glowing amber
Telling me stories
I didn't know.

“Pictures” by Morgan Gonsalves and Whitney Berger, Grade 6

A golden frame,
A delighted smile,
The colorful scene
Filled with radiance
The love and sorrow
The anger and laughter
Show the way through
Life’s journey. Birth
To death, we show our
Memories through these
Frames. Light or dark, rain
Or shine, the pictures can
Always tug at our heartstrings.
They can trigger emotions
And bring warmth and love to
Our homes.

“8/7/18”

by Autumn King
Grade 8

She is not made of glass.
She is sick of clichés and words used so often they
become buzzing in her ears.
she is made of ceramic,
pretty to look at from far away but once you get close
you see the spider web cracks spreading from the center,
If you drop her, she will break—
not shatter—
and she can be glued back together.
When she showers, she washes off hopes and dreams,
goals and aspirations.
She watches as the tinted water swirls down the drain.
When she goes to bed at night,
the only thing illuminating her soul
is the light from her phone,
brightness turned halfway down,
displaying Tumblr pages and Google search results.
The clock shows 2AM when her breathing becomes
steady
and her soul falls into darkness.
The reason she wears black is not because it is as dark as her
soul,
but because she can't see colors anymore
and black is the only one she can be sure of.
She floats in the hallways,
her feet never touching the ground
because she is never really there.
She talks to friends and answers questions,
maintains high honors and no social status
which is fine by her.
She was taught from a young age
that it is much easier to be invisible
than in high saturation.
When she is home, she etches poetry into the walls,
the dresser,
her skin.
Invisible stanzas in invisible ink on an invisible girl.
No matter how hard she presses with her pen, she will
not shatter
for she is not made of glass.



"Rose Petals" by Olivia Cranç, Grade 6

Falling, one by one

Like jumping off a mountain

Like diving thousands of feet into the sea below

Falling

Falling

Until there's one less piece of beauty to obtain

The fragile fragments of elegance cruise through the breeze

As they lay open a blush pink bed of shadows

Resting by each other

Dying, hand in hand

As the crisp Spring air reaches them again,

They replenish their beauty once more.

“What a Career!” by Shreyas Rathod, Grade 7

At the age of 5, he was imagining trotting around the bases in the big league,
the crowd chanting his name,

Wishing he would be drafted first overall in the draft.

Hoping to be playing with the Derek Jeters of the league,

Seeing himself in the Hall of Fame.

At the age of 22, he is debuting with the Red Sox on Opening Day,

Playing first base and batting second,

Thumping his bat on home plate,

Staring into the eyes of the pitcher,

Making plays, left and right.

Now at the age of 50, he is looking at himself in the Hall of Fame,

Remembering his early years.

He thinks to himself—*what a career!*

“Because of Books” by Isabel Lavoie, Grade 8

Because of books, I was tossed and hurled
through a closet that lead to another world.
I fell through a book that lead me to a bookworm and a class clown,
that stood in awe as fairytales walked the lands and towns.

I cried for a boy who died,
while he tried to stop a church from burning down,
and learned what happened to a girl
who moved to a Paper Town.

I met a blonde shadowhunter named Jace,
and met an unusal boy with an extraordinary face.
I met a sassy warlock who loves his boyfriend and glitter,
and fell through a loop where I met Peculiar Children and their caretaker.

I stumbled upon a camp for demigods,
who are the children of both men and the Greek Gods.
I survived the deadly Hunger Games with a fierce girl named Katniss,
and ran through a brutal maze with a brave boy name Thomas.

I learned new spells with the brainy Hermione,
and bore a shadowhunter’s angelic runes.
And I did all these things
without leaving my room.

Spaced Out" by Mason Langlois, Grade 6

Long outside my reach,
there's a world of a million lanterns, calling.
Bodies rotate on a never-ending cycle.
Filled with life, dust, decay, and more.

In endless orbit, revolving around one goal.
A ball of fire bringing warmth and light.
The chain goes so far light may not reach it,
With its cold atmosphere touching.

Then there's the outcasts or the dwarfs,
Ignored and alone.
None with recognition, except Pluto.

Now thousands of lightyears away from here
Lives a planet that is bigger than all of the rest.
His name, the variable of X.

And so we come to the end of our trip,
Back to Earth in our spaceship.
Welcome back to Earth, my friend!
Now what did YOU see when you did ascend?