

DMS Poetry and Art Anthology

April 2022

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“Why Read?” by Adriana Ptaszenski, Grade 8

When people ask me why I read
The answer was always simple.
“Why read?” They ask. “Why always have your head
stuck in that book?”

I get wisped away
Into a new world,
Somewhere one doesn't have to worry,
Somewhere one's anxiety never hung about.

The book would dissolve in a misty haze
Allowing a new world to appear.

The world around me
In my reality,
Disaster strikes, every waking moment.

The world around me
In my reality,
Spins the walls and caves my world, every waking moment.

But as soon as the pages are opened It all vanishes
No reality, no problems.

Only the ones held in the palms of my hands,
The ones the protagonist always fixed,
The ones where kingdoms,
Dragons and magic were said to be.

When people ask why I always read
The answer was always simple, I read always to escape,
Because this reality, will never simply be
good enough for me.

"The Candle" by Ronald Lee Taylor III, Grade 6

Life is like a candle,
you light it
and light it
until it dies.

Thousands of candles
can be lit
from a single
candle,

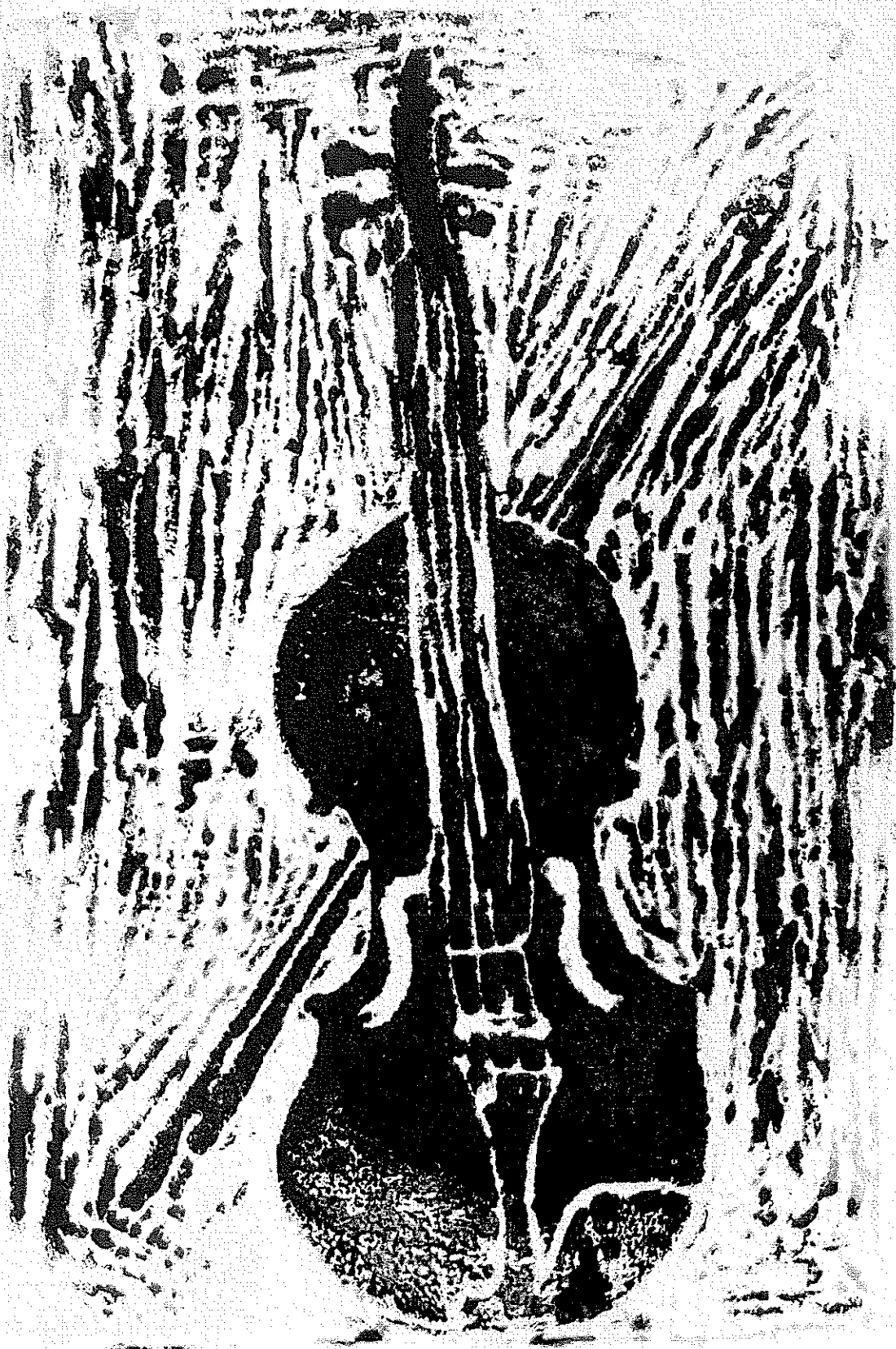
Happiness never fades.
To see a candle's light
one must take it
into a dark place.

“Sweet Scent” by Elijah Champagne, Grade 8

The exotic view of the delicate orchids
Walking through the garden.
With the sweet floral scent.
So lavish and calming.
The exotic view of the delicate orchids.

The radiant color.
So bright and so pleasing,
From macaroons to long dresses’
Is so very satisfying.
The radiant color.

They flow in the wind,
Like the bow on the string.



“The Fingers that Make the Earth” by Kate Taylor, Grade 7

A mountain once sighed and told me a tale
The breath of the wind followed
The lake also chimed in its way of babbling
The mountain started in a voice from below
A rumbling tune and one of old
One with both happiness and sorrow
He started the story with wistful eyes
He began with the likeness of a man
Recalling the hands that made the earth
That turned the tides and sifting sands
That took up roots and pulled up trees
From the dirty ground
That finally took up colored clay
Drawing curvatures with curled fingers
And outstretched hands
And so came us.

"Flowers" by Taegan Terrenzi, Grade 6

*The sweet smell of flowers
tickles my nose.*

*Their beautiful colors
make me jealous.*

*I feel the flowers' soft petals
and know that each one has a purpose*

*its shape,
its size,
its power
to make people happy.*

*I wish I could be more
like a flower.*



"Life" by Aiden Saunders, Grade 6

Life.
What is it like?

You
Me
Have we completed life if we have accomplished
All our goals?

Sometimes
You or I
Want to go back,
Back to the simpler times

Whether it's a family member
Or a friend

Have you ever wanted
To start a new life? A different life?
Or wonder what is life
If you were never born?

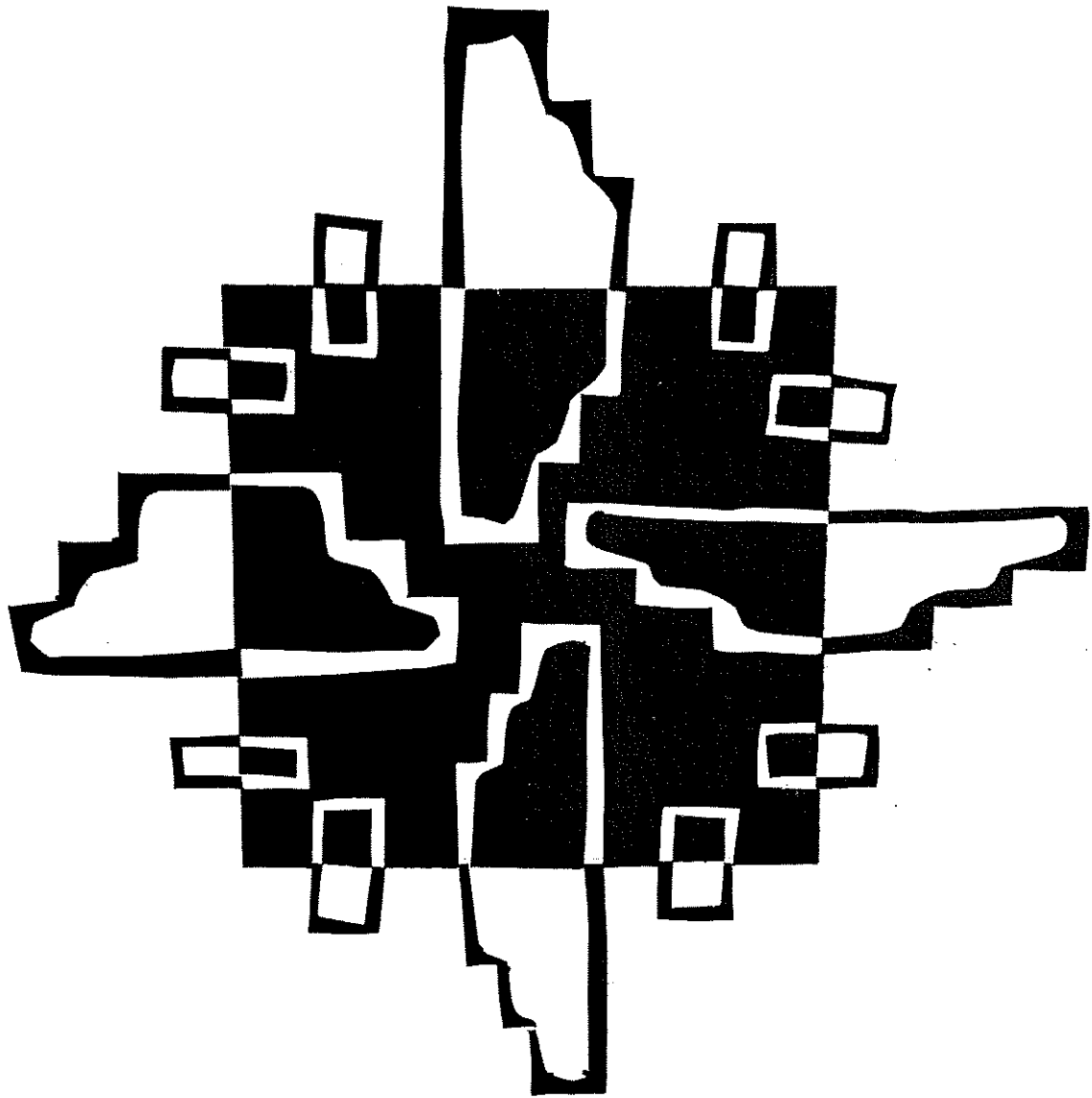
What is it like,
Life?

"The Mirror" by Isabella Pires, Grade 7

To everyone I am happy
I have the perfect life
To them, my struggles are nonexistent
To them, I am the rock
Not quicksand
I don't break when someone steps on me
And makes me feel small
Like quicksand
I can't
I have to stay sturdy
And bolder through all struggles thrown my way
Like a rock
One day I look in the mirror
To see a girl with tears rolling down her cheek
I don't recognize her
For when I touch my face
All that there is
Is a perfect little smile
And me being the rock for everyone to rely on
I might not have a perfect life
Not even a good one
But I have learned to play the role
And I have learned how to perfect
The perfect smile.

“Emotions” by Avahlyn Farias, Grade 6

Fake smiles,
Fake laughs,
Feelings going many miles per hour
in different paths
Holding it in
while emotions sprout
like a flower,
Always in doubt
of who to tell,
Second guessing,
never ending
like long hallways,
I'm stressing,
but they say I'm progressing.
Mind full of gray
when writing an essay,
But when I spill my emotions.
it's exciting,
spilling my ocean of feelings
on the paper.



"Sun and Moon" by Elena Sobran, Grade 8

I would like to think the sun
loves the moon very much.
Us creatures from day to day watch them lose each other.
We watch the sun burn in anger.
We watch the moon weep in waves.

I thought love rises in the east
because we praise it so much from day to day.
I just thought that love rises in the east
and that he, the sun, the great battery of life,
smiled from day to day.

If I were the sun, I'd hate lying stranded.
I'd extend to the moon, power and light
I think when I would rise every morning western bound, naive
I'd smile. I would pray Moon was there waiting for me to join her, however pale she may be.
That would make me smile.

As the moon, I'd pray for eastern dawn and western dusk.
I would yearn so much to be anything else but the moon.
Though I would guide Sun's nights and stand you on your feet,
I'd never have anything,
I'd never be granted the time to smile.

Oh, what they must feel like
How lonely it must be
to be the sun.
And how lonely it must be
to be the moon.

“Sky” by Brayden Rainville, Grade 7

You see me everyday,
so far that I or you can't touch
some people might even
stay away from me in fear

Sometimes, I am as blue as a sad sorrow.

On a nice morning
you may look at me
and think about your future
or maybe your past.

The oceans' blue is as blue as me

I like the ocean, although
sometimes it makes me feel gray;
sometimes I make other people feel gray
as cold and windy as any dark day

I watch from above, as everyone lives their lives.



"Know You Are A Woman" by Maya Fowler, Grade 8

stand tall
young woman
stand tall,
old tree,
let your roots guide you
past where you cannot see

the sun shines on shoulders
made of polished oak and milk,
tongues made of honey,
folds made of silk

the woman is a masterpiece,
carved by God's own hand
sent down from heaven
to bless the burning land

remember the ones
who came before,
remember Strong's message
unafraid to soar.

“Gravity” by Chris Arruda, Grade 6

**Gravity:
the unseeable
but the noticeable.**

**It’s the force
that pulls you down onto the surface;
the pressure that allows you to not escape,
unless with something stronger;
the universal force of attraction acting between all matter;
the downward pull that the earth exerts on your body.**

"SNOWFLAKE LADIES" BY MARIELE TURNER, GRADE 8

A MILLION DANCING LADIES,

SILVERY WHITE SKIN,

GIANT FLUFFY TUTUS,

SHINING LIKE POLISHED TIN.

PIROUETTING THROUGH THE WISPY WINTER BREEZE,

FOLLOWED BY FROSTED GLITTER.

UPON THEIR FALLEN SISTERS

THEY LIE WITHOUT A STIR.

SNOWFLAKE LADIES ARE JUST SO SHY.

THEY WOULD HIDE

IF FATHER WARMTH WERE TO COME BY.



"Dear Boy, Dear Girl" by Kai Dixon, Grade 7

*Dear Boy,
Dear boy who lives in my heart.
I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry that I must still shield you
from this disapproving world.
I hear the way you beg to be let out,
but I can't yet unlock the cage called hate that you're stuck in
with the key called acceptance.
I'm tired of living in the shell of who
My younger self was.
I'm so sick of living as someone who I am not.
For I know
You are the dear boy in my heart.
The dear boy I wish to be.*

Dear Girl,
Dear girl in whose body I am trapped.
I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry that you can't differentiate
Who we are now and the shell we live inside.
I hear the disapproving arguments of your grandmother.
I hear your sobs when you look in the mirror
just to see the body you hate so.
I promise that one day,
Some time in the future when people will understand
we shall be set free from this shell.
But for now,
I'll remain the dear boy in your heart.
The dear boy that you wish to be.
The dear boy that the shell of our body begs to become.
We will be okay,
Dear girl in whose body I am trapped.

"Perfectly Me" by Aerro Gove, Grade 8

My hair's not straight

My stomach's not flat

My face has pimples

And my sides have stripes

But inside I'm burning

Burning with fire

Glowing

Fighting

I'm beautiful the way I am.

Whether my hairs curly

Or I have a stomach

Or I have a few pimples

Or my tiger stripes across my body

Because I am me

And I'm proud of that title

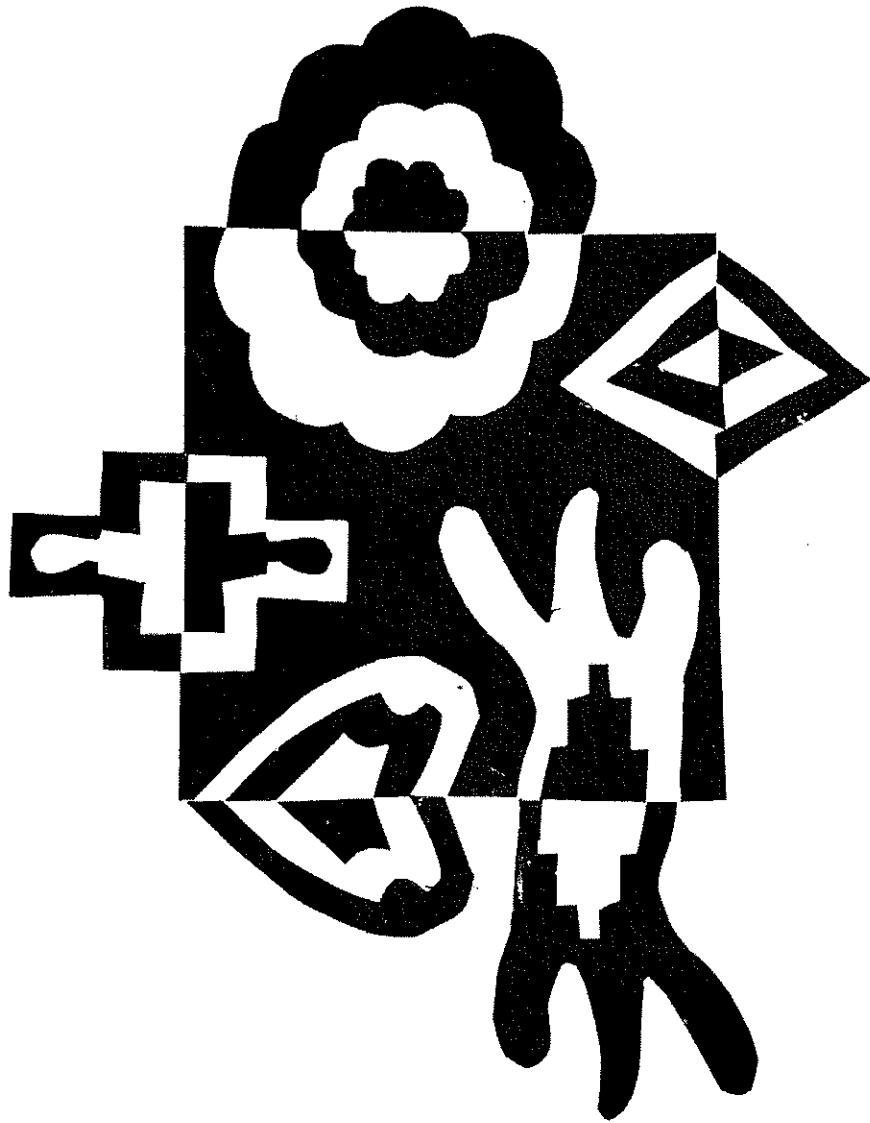
Because

I'm perfectly me.

"ICEMAN" BY JANESEA MATOS, GRADE 6

ICEMAN
IS REALLY STUCK
IN THE ROCK WITH
THE ICE ON TOP.

BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW
THAT HE IS STUCK
IN THE ROCK WITH
THE ICE ON TOP.



"Run" by Kelsey Reilly, Grade 8

Run bluebird,
Life still has plans.
Run bluebird,
For your tale mustn't end.

The raging fire is no match.
With just a flap,
You can outpace
Even the quickest of unseen enemies.

“Earth’s Change” by Brendan Martin, Grade 6

Earthquakes *rumbling*

Fault lines *crumbling*

Storms are *thundering*

Rain keeps *pummeling*

Volcanoes *grumbling*

Lava *smothering*

Glaciers are *tumbling*

Rivers keep *gushing*

Hot springs are *bubbling*

The days are *numbering*

Humans are *wondering*

It's all quite *puzzling*

What **next** is *coming*?

"The Veracity Of Life" by Lilah Brum, Grade 8

The rings and whines
Twist my ears.

My smile melts to dust.

And when these people
Hold me up

I am yet to feel their touch.

The echoing screams
That haunt my dreams

The ones I call my own,

I am lost in black
Please bring me back

To the place that is my home.



"WHO SAYS CACTI AND PEOPLE AREN'T ALIKE?"

BY ASH RODRIGUEZ, GRADE 7

I AM LINED WITH JAGGED SPINES AND THORNS
THAT SLICE FINGERS AND STAB KNUCKLES.

WHEN IN THE PRESENCE OF ME,
THERE ARE NO SWEET BUBBLY CHUCKLES.

NOBODY DARES COME NEAR, FOR NOT EVEN ONE BEING
WISHES TO CALL ME A SWEET NAME LIKE "DEAR".

BUT BEHIND THE THORNS OF ANGUISH AND FRIGHT,
I AM SIMPLY A SOFT AND GENTLE
GREEN PIGMENTED PLANT OF MIGHT.

SO HOW COULD YOU JUDGE IF YOU WOULD NOT LOOK,
BEHIND THE THORNS AND SHARP SPINES,
EACH ONE SHAPED AS A TREACHEROUS HOOK,

TO FIND THE GUARDED, YET VULNERABLE CENTER,
WHERE MY HEART, YOU MAY ENTER.

"b r o k e n" by Lily Duval, Grade 8

the smell of burning fires,
the bang of a gun,
the cry of an unaccepted teen,
the pound of a fist,
the struggle to breathe.

our world that
isn't ours.
our words that
float away.
our tears that
fall free.

no one is
perfect.
but why is
no one
kind?

we are
broken.
we have
broken
our world
that's been so
generously
gifted.

“Thunderstorms” by Olivia Scott, Grade 6

Seeing as I'm painfully aware of
the lack of consistency in my life,
I find it odd that
I like thunderstorms so much.

Maybe it's the crisp, mis-matched pattern in the way
the rain falls,
like sheets of crystal down
onto emerald ground.

Maybe it's the sounds, like a thousand dreams
pelting my windows and soothing me to sleep,
combined with the delayed rumbling of an electric touchdown
that gives the storm its name

Maybe it's the way it looks on the windows,
like the dew drops are racing to an end goal,
to whatever's at the bottom of car window slots,
or the blinding white of a lightning strike, cleansing my mind in the night

Maybe it's the way that whenever the lightning touches down, it's as though time stops,
and the world gets a little more calming and a little less nonsensical,
and thoughts seem to fade
into a stream of background noise

The one thing I can always rely on is a good thunderstorm to soothe me,
cool my burns, heal my farther internal wounds for a bit,
and just let me live in my head. Just me and my thunderstorm,
at peace in its eye.

