

DMS Poetry and Art Anthology

May 2020



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Age

By Peter Quinn

Grade 6

There's a time in our lives when we are small
Everything out there seems so tall
As we grow older, we begin to see
The world was bigger than we thought it to be.
We keep climbing the stairs of age.
Another year over, another new page.
As we get older, we mature.
Each step of the way our mind knows more.
Then, we get to the point things are harder to do.
We can't do the same things that we all knew.
Life is going by so fast.
The time continues
And the days go past.



Artwork by Abigail Oliveira

My MOM

BY JADE O'NEILL

GRADE 7

I FEEL YOU AROUND ME.

BUT I CAN'T SEE YOU.

YOUR PRESENCE IS INVISIBLE LIKE THE STARS IN THE SKY

WHEN THE SUN SHINES.

I WANT YOU NEAR,

BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN...

AS SPRING BLOSSOMS AND THE SUN IS SMILING,

I FEEL YOUR PRESENCE MORE...

SO ONCE WINTER COMES, ALL IS GONE, THE SHADOWS RETURN...

WITH SAD NIGHTS AHEAD.

ALWAYS ON MY MIND, BUT YOUR NEVER FAR AWAY.

Crunch, Snarf, Slurp

by Sofia Faria

Grade 6

“Crunch” is the sound you hear when someone eats your favorite chip.

“Narf” is the sound you hear when your favorite dish is here.

“Slurp” is the sound you hear when your favorite drinks end is almost near.



Photograph by Makai Vincent

Water

by Norah Connolly

Grade 7

I change my shape to fit others

A Bowl

A cup

Maybe- A plate..?

I can fill miles of land

Or simply

Fill a bottle

Without me

Your head begins to pound

Without me

All the plants would not thrive

Without me

How would you possibly survive?

The Lonely Corona
by Brooke Miller
Grade 6

Hey, I'm Coronavirus but some people call me Covid-19.

I didn't mean to start a pandemic.

I just wanted a friend.

Now, everyone is avoiding me.

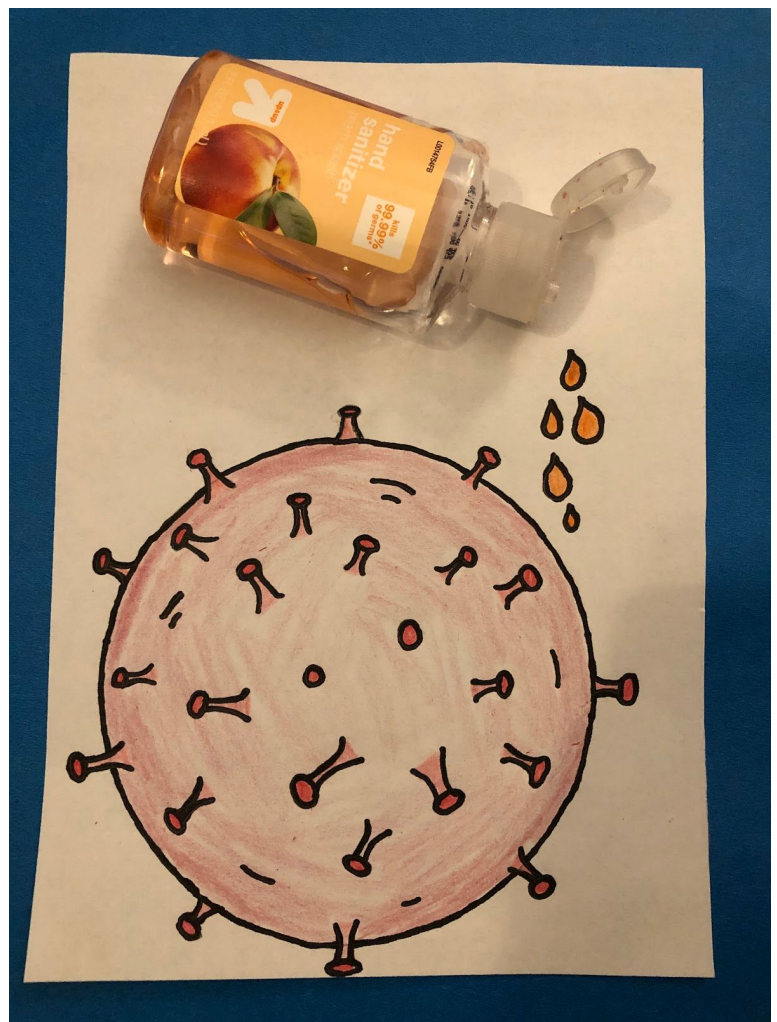
I didn't mean to kill all of those poor souls.

All I wanted was a friend.

Everyone hates me, and I feel really bad.

It's all my fault.

I just want this to end.



Artwork by Steven Wei

Untitled

by Robert Weeks

Grade 7

The waves crashed, tiny white caps grew along the ocean.

My toes sunk into the sand,

Like a warm knife cutting into a cake.



Print by Alyshia Neider

Unnatural Absence

by Sarah Veloso

Grade 8

**Hallways bleak, Classrooms silent.
Band room but no Band, Lunch room but no lunch.
Dartmouth Public Middle School
Used to be different
Before the loneliness, the doubts, the goodbyes.
DMS was loud, filled with students, and staff alike.
Music comes from the Strings, Band ,and Chorus too.
The lunchroom serving pizza and cookies.
The students hiked up the stairs to class.
Teachers are always happy to do their job.
The library with its books checked out.
Though quiet, it was a good quiet
Peaceful, soothing
Now that same library has a different kind of quiet,
Unnerving
No students reading, the library abandoned.
That silence fills the once filled hallways.
Where are the kids now?
They and the teachers do work from home,
Using technology to connect and teach.
Most students think it's okay, but it's not the same as the old way.
While "social distancing" has gone on for 2 months, it won't last forever.
Soon, DMS hallways will be filled with students once again.
The teachers teaching again.
Band room with the band, lunch room with the lunch.
Life for DMS will return to how it should be.**

The Snowy Woods
By: Valerie Carreira
Grade: 6

I'm walking down through the snowy woods,
It's cold and pretty; put on your hoods.

I look at all the snowflakes fall,
Twinkling high, sparkling low.

"It's a beauty," I say,
A twinkling place.

I'm walking through the snowy woods,
Far beyond all neighborhoods.

With trees, and snow, and flakes and space,
Falling here, upon my face.

I love the snowy woods today,
I think I could rest here all day.

A feast of white and blue and grey,
A white Christmas will be my day.



Artwork by Adeline Ablett

The Monster Inside

by Julia Courchaine

Grade 7

The monster under your bed
Is not the one you should fear.

But the one inside

Am I doing this wrong?

Am I going the right way?

Don't let this monster turn worries into fear.

Don't let the monster trick you into thinking

There is only one way to look at the world.

One thing that is misunderstood by many is

We all have the strength to defeat the monster inside.



Artwork by Abigail Moura

Bubble

by Leona Bourland
Grade 7

We are all stuck.

Stuck in a bubble.

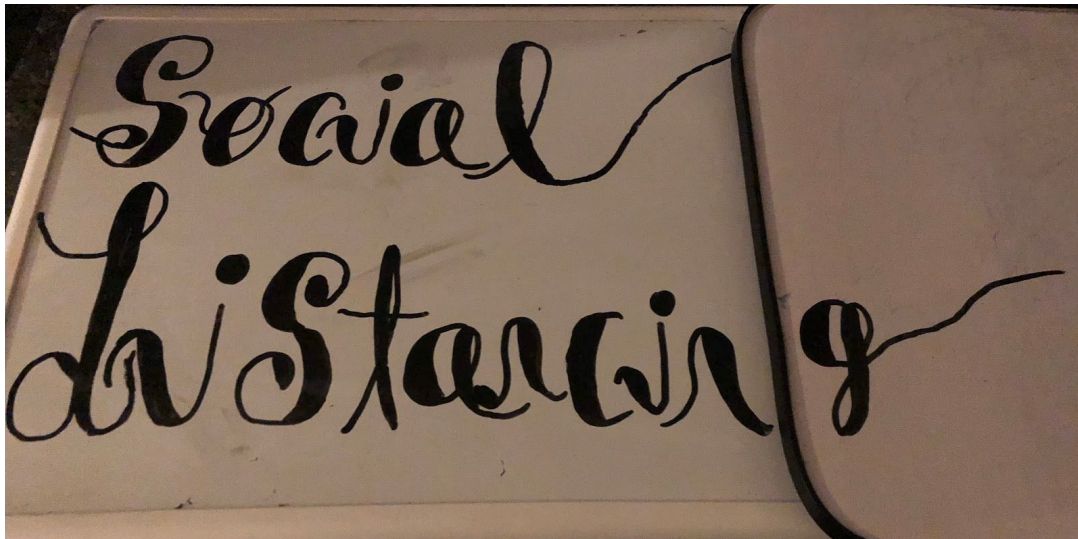
The bubble can be boring,

But the bubble is safe.

We should all stay in our own bubble.

And don't pop any others bubbles,

For your sake.



Artwork by Connor Picard

The way of the **Wave**

by Annie O'Neil

Grade 6

The rim of the sea aches from the rumbles,
It aches from the rumbles of the crashing waves that border it,
The waves that paint the big blue sky with the spray of the frothy foam,
No one knows why,
why the wave does what it does,
The waves are pretty clear and blue but don't get too close,
Though the wave looks friendly, warm and inviting,
If they sweep you up,
There is nothing you can do,
No one knows why,
why the wave does what it does,
why it slides under the fins of a surfboard,
or why it scrapes the sides of a rocky cave,
But I guess that's just the way of the wave.

Blossom

by: Basia Yurovitsky

Grade 6

Quietly you watch

As the bud begins to expand,

It flourishes in the sunlight

And glows with joy and beauty.

The petals flutter everywhere

With birds singing enchantingly.

This scene is a miracle.

Its radiance is an escape.



Photograph by Whitney Berger

Quarantine

By Ashley Pacheco
Grade 7

I get in the car.
We go for a drive
Past my grandmother's house,
As she waves from inside.

Down by the ocean,
So pretty and blue.
Joggers run by with masks
and gloves too.

We drive past a store
But the lot is all empty.
I want to go in,
But my dad says "We have plenty."

We want to go back
to school or to work,
But we won't risk it,
For if you do,

We'll all get the virus.
You
You
And you...



Artwork by Sadie Gifford

Alone

By: Natalie Murphy

Grade 7

Alone, trapped inside,
No human contact.

“I am here if you need anything”,
but stay 6 feet away.

We'll get through this together.

Together, yet somehow alone.

We are a community,
But don't get near each other.

Everyone, alone,
Unsure of what is to come.

You may have your family
and say you're not alone

But...

it's not the same as it was before,
You are more alone than you think.

You just have to wait it out,
Wait for the spread of the virus to slow,
The loneliness will fade with it.

The Birthday

By Emily Westfall

Grade 8

The people gather around
Sacrifices held aloft in hands
Chanting together in harmony
The candles f,lickering quietly
In the middle sits the honored
Everyones silently watching
The beloved now smiles
For it was time to wish
The adored takes a breath
The candles are snuffed out
The delicacy is sliced



Snowboarding

By William Gibson

Grade 7

I look out as the wind blows
The white fluff rebounding the sunlight,
Across the jagged landscape

The chilled feeling of the mountain frost
Runs throughout my body.
The steep descent below me.

I strap in
Listening to the click of every tightness.
Pull my goggles over my eyes
And turn the nose downward.

My speed picks up as I descend
And so does the frigid air.
I make a few quick turns to slow my speed.

And blow up a puff of snow that covers my vision for a second,
While I ride through the cloud.
I can feel the sting of snow that made it into my jacket.

I keep going,
Eventually reaching the bottom.
Looking back up at the small curving track,
Through the deep powdery snow.

Adrenaline running through my veins.



Drawing by Savannah Mongie

Darkness Falls
by Mikayla Staples
Grade 6

Darkness takes over the world,
Although the stars light up the sky.
The moon shines over the darkness,
As millions of sparkles shimmer in its presence.
It feels as if the darkness washed my worries away.

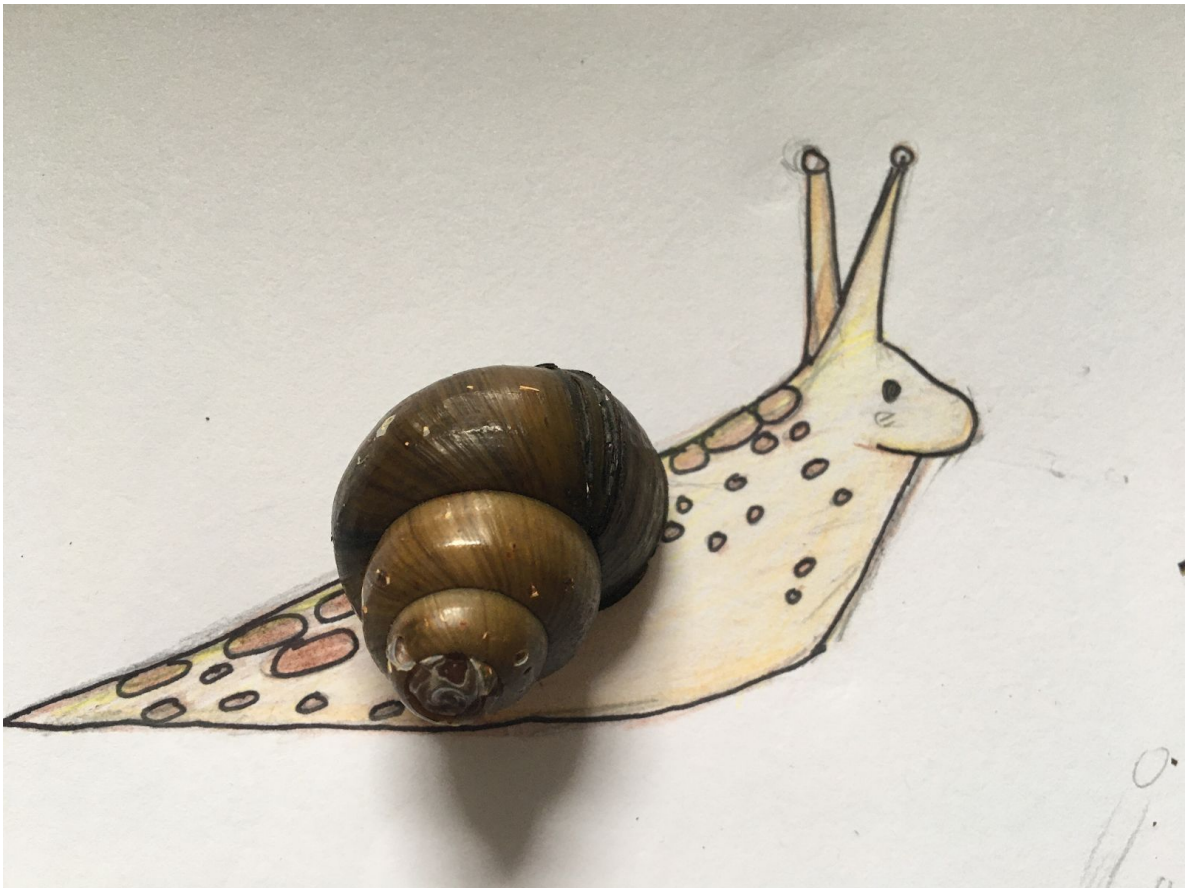
Laying on the grass
Feeling it's rough touch on my palm,
I look up into the night sky,
The sound of crickets fills the air.
The stars align into shapes.

The big dipper, the little dipper
And the man on the moon.
It feels as if I am in a dream land.
The shapes of the moon stick out tonight, anyone could agree
Chirp Chirp Chirp the crickets call out to me.

Darkness takes over the world.
Although the stars light up the sky,
The moon shines over the darkness.
As millions of sparkles shimmer in its presence,
It feels as if the darkness washed my worries away.

COPICUT RESERVOIR
BY MADALYN DUARTE
GRADE 6

CONTENT SENSATION
CLEAR WATER, DRIFT WOOD, RIVER GLASS
SEARCHING COLLECTING



ARTWORK BY NORAH CONNOLLY

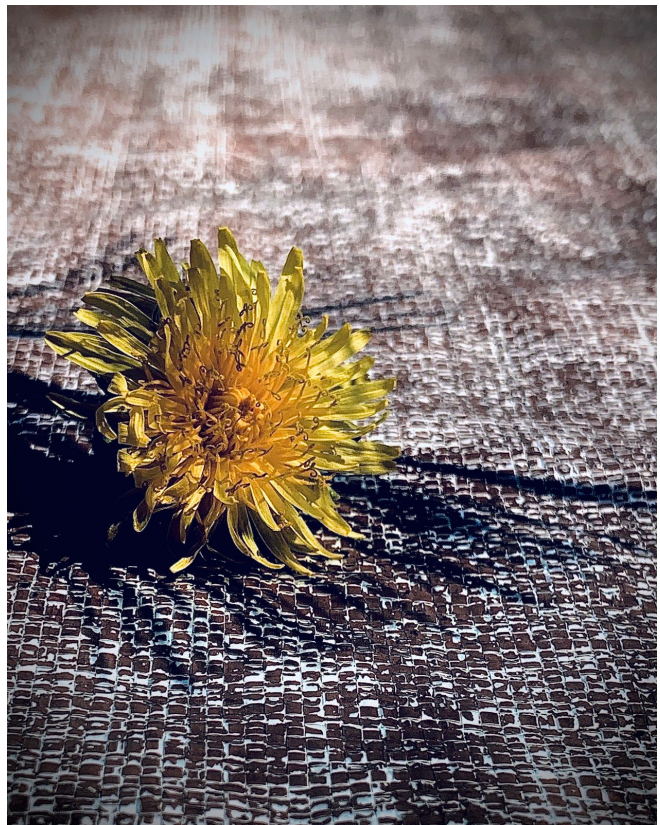
It's Invisible...
By Bryce Fisher-Rose
Grade 6

Where did it come from? Nobody knows.
But people think China is where it arose.

It grew so rapidly and got out of hand,
It began to infect every woman and man.

People thought, "Oh no, when will it strike?"
Now, we're on lockdown and I can't ride my bike.

The death toll is rising all day and all night,
Will we end up winning the fight?



Photograph by Abigail Moura

Ingot

By: Zachary Amaral
Grade 7

Here I lay, dormant in earth.
A primal vein, ripe for harvest.
If only light could glimpse my surface,
Others would witness the warm reflection of a star.
I wonder the day that I shall be forged,
Hammer thin, like paper, and molded to a bar of wealth
Or plated on silver, shielding the truth.
Here I lay, dormant in earth.
Waiting for light.

Dreileben

By Leila Hijazi

Grade 6

A gunshot

Trying to escape

A known face on the ground.

Soldiers behind the trigger.

April 1961

THE DARKEST HOUR

BY MATTHEW JORGE
GRADE 7

AT THE END OF A STAR'S LIFE, YOU SHALL NOT LOOK
UPON IT BECAUSE OF THE BRIGHT LIGHT THAT SHALL BLIND YOU.

THIS LIGHT, THIS ENERGY, WILL CAUSE CHAOS THAT MANKIND HAS NEVER
SEEN. BUT YET IN ITS WAKE OF DESTRUCTION, THERE IS HOPE, HOPE FOR A NEW
LIFE, A NEW WORLD EVEN IF EARTH IS SWALLOWED WHEN OUR SUN EXPANDS.

NOW THIS WILL NOT BE A MARS. WE MUST EXPAND OUR TOUCH TO THE GALAXY AND
FIND A PLANET THAT CAN SUIT OUR NEEDS. WE MUST ADVANCE OUR TECHNOLOGY
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE TO SAVE HUMANITY FROM A DARKEST HOUR.



ARTWORK BY AUDREY KERTSCHER

Jackpot

Daniel McIlhargey

Grade 7

I am a deceiver of all, cunning and clever even without a human form.

My arm grows stiff and hard to pull, and my eyes change shape and color with every spin.

I can be appealing to dimwitted fools but black-hearted to others even though I lack one.

I am the darkness plaguing people's hearts, tormenting their souls, and corrupting their minds.

The cards I play are always in my favor.

People make deals with me that they can not fulfill.

I am always hungry and yearning for more, never stopping the flow of gold.

I am the puppet master and every one is a pawn in my game of chess.

I toy with their feelings, and slowly break their hearts.

I control their feelings, thoughts and emotions with fruits, bars, and numbers.

I steal their souls and pockets and fill them with nothing.

My childhood was full of dice, chips, cards, and lies.

I have become the ravager of greed and desolation.

I slowly drain people's happiness and innocence.

My metallic body has caused people to wither away along with their bankroll.

No matter, their efforts are futile, always getting less than they put in.

I always have an ace up my sleeve and I can always defeat the kings and queens of my clubs.

This is who I am, but people still bet on me.

DANDELION CRAYON

BY ELANA PACHECO

GRADE 7

The color of the sun,
As beautiful as a flower.

Bright like a school bus on a cold winter morning.

A pineapple you eat , while tanning at the beach,
the lemonade I drink on a summer day.

Adding brightness to my paper,
bring a smile to my face.