

**“Ode to Cake”**

Ben Martínez  
1st grade, Amigos

Hi, I am Cake  
And I love  
Birthday parties  
And I come  
From Mike’s Pastries

**“Glasses”**

Emma Keating  
Sixth Grade for “Glasses”

We are twin pieces of glass  
Perched on your nose  
With our tails,  
Curled  
Lovingly  
Behind your ears

We help you see  
Each new page,  
New chapter  
Offering  
our fresh clear perspective  
On the world

Without us  
You are nothing.  
A snail without a shell  
A dolphin without a tail  
A bird without wings  
We are your companions  
Always with you  
Loving you,  
Showing you the world

We are an extension of you  
We trust you  
You trust us  
We show you the world as it is

You see what we see  
We see what you see  
We are one  
We depend on each other We help each other

Together, we are

## UNSTOPPABLE

### **“Where I’m From”**

Shirine Daghmouri  
Sixth Grade

I am from  
Another continent across the world  
Which is not my house  
but is my home.

I am from  
A language like a song  
Which I cannot understand

I am from  
A turquoise sea covered in  
Junk and dark veils.

I am from a country drowned in politics  
And covered in assumptions  
Surrounded by war  
Verbal or bombs  
Both as dangerous

I am from  
Loud weddings blasting Arabic music  
Elaborate dresses barely covering my stomach

I am from  
A family of cultures  
From  
Hanukkahs to Christmases to Eids.

I am from  
generations of  
Dreamers to achievers

I am from  
A broken down apartment  
In the *9eme* of Paris

I am from  
so many places though the passport says 3.

I am from

A messed-up beautiful place  
Called earth

**“Where I’m From”**

Francesca Ciampa  
Sixth Grade, Longfellow Poetry Competition

I’m from the underground,  
Loud noises,  
Lots of lights and  
People everywhere I look.  
I’m from the crooked,  
Busy streets,  
Tall buildings,  
Lots of laughter, love and  
Friends and family all around me.  
I’m from a place  
Where people never sleep,  
A place where wherever you go they say “Forget  
About it!”  
But then it was time  
For the butterflies to migrate.  
Away and away,  
We went  
To a place we don’t know.  
A place where there were  
No tall buildings,  
No crooked, busy streets.  
No family or friends all around me.  
A place where we had to start new,  
We had to get a new pasta pot.  
Where when you made sauce  
It tasted weird  
And strange.  
A place where I didn’t know.  
7 years later.  
The sauce started to get better,  
It started to taste better,  
More fresh,  
More like home.

**“En la casa de mi abuela”**

Myala Callender  
7th grade, Amigos

En la casa de mi abuela  
Había un sillón café  
Paredes blancas  
Alfombra beige

Una televisión vieja  
Y una mujer  
Tenia pelo oscuro como la noche  
Escondiendo estrellas de gris y plateado  
Recuerdo sus manos de seda  
Sus ojos cansados  
Recuerdo las pequeñas botellas de soda que me daba  
Cuando estaba triste  
Y los abrazos de amor incontenible

Cuando respiró por última vez  
Recuerdo las lágrimas de mamá  
El rostro de piedra y ojos doloridos de papá  
Siete años después  
Miro hacia la pintura

De una mujer  
Con pelo oscuro como la noche  
Escondiendo llamas de rojo y anaranjado  
Cara de sueños  
Cara de futuro  
Cara de juventud infinita

No la conocí a mi abuela como joven  
Pero puedo imaginar los ojos de mi hermana  
La actitud protectora de mi papá  
Y su piel de caramelo.  
Su legado y presencia me rodea.

**"In my grandmother's house"**

Myala Callender  
7th grade, Amigos

In my grandmother's house  
There was a brown recliner  
White walls  
Beige carpet  
An old television  
And a woman  
She had dark hair as night  
Hiding gray and silver stars  
I remember her silk hands  
Her tired eyes  
I remember the bottles of ginger ale she gave me and my sister  
When we were sad  
And the embraces of uncontainable love

When she took her last breath  
I remember my mom's tears  
My dad's hard face and pained

wet eyes

Seven years later  
I look at the painting  
Of a woman  
With dark hair as the night  
That hides red and orange flames  
Face of dreams  
Face of the future  
Face of infinite youth

I did not know my grandmother as a young woman  
But I can imagine

the eyes of my sister,  
the protectiveness of my dad,  
and my caramel skin.  
Her legacy and presence surrounds me

Like light poking through the trees

So close I can almost touch it.

**“Frontera tras frontera”**

Isabella Lozada  
7th grade, Amigos

Frontera tras frontera,  
miles de millones de millas,  
hasta lo desconocido,  
esperando un destino diferente.

Sacrificios,  
trabajando sin descansar,  
sufriendo por el dolor  
todo para los hijos,  
porque algún día serán el futuro,  
tu futuro.

Sin inmigrantes ilegales  
yo no estaría aquí.  
Si el sol  
no había conocido la luna,  
no tendría el universo.

Una semilla esperando florecer.  
Sin vida,  
sin amor,  
sin emoción.

Mi piel  
Mi sonrisa  
Mi cabello oscuro  
Mis ojos marrones

Las mismas que él tiene  
las de mi orgulloso padre,  
quien trabaja sin parar  
para que podamos tener vidas distintas.

Pero con una pared  
yo no estaría aquí.

Soy una flor arrepentida  
mi voz callada  
mi corazón roto

Una flor tendrá la fuerza  
para recuperarse  
al contrario que una pared

Esperaré el día  
en que  
Podré abrir mi propio capullo  
como lo hizo mi padre  
al entrar los Estados Unidos,  
el país que supuestamente es  
la tierra de los libres  
y el hogar de los valientes.

**"Border After Border"**  
Written by: Isabella Lozada

Border after border,  
thousands of millions of miles,  
towards the unknown,  
hoping for a different destiny.

Sacrifices,  
working without any rest,  
suffering from the pain  
all for the children  
because someday they will be the future,  
your future.

Without illegal immigrants,  
I wouldn't be here.

If the sun  
hadn't met the moon,  
I wouldn't have the universe.

A seed waiting to bloom.  
Without life,  
without love,  
without emotion.

My skin  
My smile  
My dark hair  
My brown eyes

The same ones he has,  
the ones of my proud father  
who works nonstop  
so that we can have different lives.

But with a wall  
I wouldn't be here.

I am a repentant flower,  
my voice silenced  
my heart broken.

A flower has the strength  
to recover  
contrary to a wall.

I will await the day in which  
I will be able to open my own bud  
just like my father did  
as he entered the United States of America,  
the country that supposedly is  
the land of the free  
and the home of the brave.

### **"Después del juego"**

William Kaufmann  
7th grade, Amigos

Después del juego, lo que pasa ya pasó  
La puerta de emoción abierta, entonces ya cerró  
Cuerpos transpirando, cerebros ralentizando  
Puños sueltos se desploman  
Caras enojadas desenrojan

Pies cansados se relajan  
Brazos utilizados no trabajan  
Manos que antes querían pelear  
Se dan la mano sin pensar  
Dos amigos, enemigos por horas  
Caminan juntos dejando su conflicto atrás  
Durante el juego, sentimientos explosivos  
Nervios estimulados, adrenalina activa

Ojos llenos de emoción, corazones de fuego  
Pero todo termina, después del juego

**“After the game”**

William Kaufmann  
7th grade

After the game, what happened now is done  
The open door to emotion has closed  
Bodies sweating, minds whirring to a halt  
Clenched fists relax, angry faces calming  
Tired feet can rest  
Heavy used arms cool down  
Hands that wanted to fight  
Shake after without a thought  
Two friends, enemies for hours  
Walk arm in arm, leaving everything behind  
During the game, feelings were explosive  
Nerves in high alert, flowing adrenaline  
Eyes bent on success, heart of fire  
But everything has finished, after the game

**“Home”**

Camila Tedesco  
7th grade Longfellow Poetry Competition

Home is  
not where  
the furniture is.



It is not  
where  
you need to keys  
to enter

You carry  
your keys  
with you  
wherever you go.

You carry your home  
in your heart.

A house  
is not a home

Because  
you carry your home  
In your heart.

**“Tired”**  
by Willa Rudel  
8th Grade

The camp  
Looks dull  
Empty.  
We are in the last group to leave. My baby sister

Now five years Of age  
Gazes up at me Eyes sparkling With curiosity Of what lies

At the end of this train ride

I wish I shared her  
Excitement  
But after years of  
Rations that fit the palm of my hand No proper structure in sight

Water the color of mud

I am used to Disappointment.

My mother’s eyes Tired of the sight Of hundreds of Skeletal bodies Are dull

She has given up.

I squeeze her hand  
She looks at me  
But can’t muster a smile.

I wonder

Who will we be in this  
unfamiliar place?

Outsiders?  
Or  
Three  
Of thousands?

I don't want to know Where we are going Or  
When we will get there

I am tired of disappointment.

### **“Little ghost of guilt”**

by Maya Clemente  
8th Grade

When you lie in bed at night what do you think about? what you'll do tomorrow?  
What you did today?  
People?

What about guilt.  
The heavy presence that sits on your chest.  
Eating popcorn like at a movie theatre,  
Watching you struggle with the bad things you did that day

No matter how small or big the bad choice, the ghost comes.  
Knocking on your soul,  
Your conscience.

Telling you he know what you did and so do you You better fix this he says before it rips you  
apart, Piece by piece

Minute by minute.

In the end you know what you have to do,  
After sitting and thinking for hours  
With your little ghost of guilt sitting on your chest.

### **“The family of a soldier”**

by Victoria Heitzmann  
8th Grade

My brother salutes  
In an orderly manner  
As my father shoots  
Glances, full of wander.  
He is never quite secure  
Since his service in Vietnam,

He always has to measure  
Possible risks, just to be calm.  
He inspects my room  
For any specs of dirt  
Making me groom and broom  
From the floor to the ceiling, until it hurts.  
He teaches us to stay strong  
No matter the circumstances  
White or black, right or wrong,  
Never, ever take any chances.  
But at night, from time to time,  
I wake up to the sound of tears  
Trickling down his cheeks, a crime  
To let weaknesses show to your peers.  
My dad, he is very good to hide  
What lies deep down in his heart,  
But Night always knows how to steal his pride For He holds the key of memories  
That releases ultimate darkness  
And, at last, silences the soul.