

“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.