

Poems

Flores/Flowers

Tanycha Gomez Candelario

Flores,
Libres como las nubes,[1]
Cuz they grow so freely,
Growing wherever they want.
Quiero ser una flor.[2]
Quiero crecer donde quiero.[3]
Spreading up from the ground,
So peaceful and quiet.
Aunque soy muy ruidosa[4]
Como una leona,[5]
Rugiendo cuando me enojo,[6]
Quiero ser una flor.[7]
Tho sometimes even flowers need to roar.
Even tho I want to be a flower,
Sometimes you're not meant to be a flower.
Sometimes you're meant to be the lion.

Fog of life

Emilio Leroux-Parra

Absurd
Weird
Can be thick enough
So you can't see
A foot in front of you
Like it or not
You're here
Welcome to the fog
Called life
Don't let your guard down
Or you'll get hurt.
Never look back
Don't look where you are
Always low forward
Keep going
You can't avoid
everything
Just do
Your best
And sooner or later
You'll find
Yourself at the end
Of the road
With the road
Clear
Of
The
Fog of life.

Battlefield

Camila Tedesco

On the battlefield,
Fighting
Two battles at once.
Always ready
Always prepared.
Until one day the enemy went too far
My grandma closed eyes
Alzheimers was one enemy
Cancer, another
She fought
so hard,
But it was just
Too much, there can only be
One winner
Through her suffering,
She laid in her chair
I could not look at her,
Eyes shut tight,
Tears streaming down,
Wanting to save her,
Keeping her
From not seeing light.

[1] *Free like the clouds*

[2] *I want to be a flower*

[3] *I want to grow wherever I want*

[4] *Although I am very noisy*

[5] *Like a lioness*

[6] *Roaring when I get angry*

[7] *I want to be a flower*

Poet's Soul

Sean Sulkow

2nd place, Grade 4

A poet's soul
is expressed through a poem.
If you spend time thinking up ideas,
are you a true poet?
I say no.
Poetry should just come to you.

When a poet
writes a poem
they write their soul.
Should a true poet spend hours
thinking up their soul?
Your soul is already in you
and by writing poetry
you bring it out.

A poet's soul
should be both inside them
and the letters they write.
For all good poets feel free
to express their soul.

“Sin título”
Jairee Torres
1er lugar (empate), 7mo grado

Una memoria
es una función del
cerebro que permite
al organismo codificar

Era un día perfecto,
soleado y caliente,
pero no
demasiado caliente
para ser una ola de calor

Miré los muchos árboles
desplazarse más allá
de la ventana
y los muchos coches
cayendo atrás,
ignorando lo incómodo
que se sentía estar
aplastada
Al lado de un adulto
en una furgoneta
que había alquilado mi cuñado,
Argenis

Sentí el viento
de la ventana abierta
junto a mí
que soplaba a través de mi pelo,
escalofríos bajando mi brazo
que colgaba
ligeramente
por la ventana.

Una memoria
es una función del
cerebro que permite
al organismo codificar

El cielo había superado
la fase de nube
y la fase del sol
había vuelto
Cerré mis ojos e inhalé
tomando la brisa fresca

“Untitled”
Jairee Torres
1st place (tie), 7th grade

A memory
Is a function of the
Brain that allows
An organism to code

It was a perfect day,
Sunny and warm,
but
Not too hot
To be called a heat wave

I watched the many trees
Scroll away
From the window

And the many cars
Falling behind,
Ignoring how uncomfortable
I felt
squished
Against an adult
In a van
That my brother-in-law, Argenis
Had rented.

I felt the wind
From the open window
Close to me
That blew through my hair
Goosebumps descending my arm
That hung
Lightly
From the window.

*A memory
Is a function of the
Brain that allows
An organism to code*

The sky had surpassed
The stage of clouds
And the sun's phase
Had returned
I closed my eyes and inhaled
The fresh breeze.

“La vida”
de Zack Bohart
1er lugar (empate), 7mo grado

La vida,
Nunca va como quieres
Si quieres
Puedes tener esperanza,
aunque no trabaja.

Puedes tener sueños
Pero solo son sueños
No la vida auténtica
Y nunca la vida existente.

La vida es como una metáfora,
Puedes comparar algo con la vida,
Pero no es verdad,
es falso.

Cuando sales de la cama,
Piensas que tu día será feliz
aunque no
Siempre sale lo contrario de lo que pensaba

A veces somos los hazmerreíres
y a veces somos los burlones
pero todos tenemos un papel,
o estar deprimido
o producir tristeza.

“Life”

by Zack Bohart
1st place (tie), 7th grade

Life,
It never goes the way you want
You can have hope
But it rarely works.

You can dream,
Dream away,
But it's only a dream
A non existent dream.

Life is like a metaphor,
You can compare with it,

But it is false,
You can think it is something,
But you're only thinking.

When you wake up,
Crawl your way out of bed,
You may think your day will be flawless,
But it's always the opposite.

Some are laughing stocks,
Others are teasers.
Like prey and predators,
We all have a part in the foodchain
Whether you're sad,
Or you sadden.

“La otra latina”
Sophie Butler-Rahman
2nd place, 7mo grado

Después de aquella sesión de campamento,
no la he visto desde el verano pasado.
Fue mucho más civil
de lo que yo pensaba.
Solo un saludo,
con ella actuando como si tenía
amnesia. ~
Estábamos muy lejos
en el sentido de tiendas,
ella en la montaña,
y yo más abajo,
Como en la vida real..
Con toda esta separación,
nos hicimos casi amigas.
Ahora, estoy más acostumbrada a los insultos,
no me importan las personas
que imponen su estrés y tristeza en otras,
aunque si me dicen cosas como ~-¡Ay! Para.
Estás intoxicando

mi mente con
tonterías-,
cuando le hablo en español.

Después de la sesión,
averigüé que sus padres
la enviaban con un sello a Vermont
para todo el verano
para casi
botarla.

Ella era aún más cruel
cuando yo recibía cartas casi todos los días,
y ella nunca recibía nada.
Menos un solo
fax.

Aprendí que hay más
que un lado de las personas,
las más crueles
en tu vida están sufriendo
por dentro.

Y
Que a veces
no tengo nada en común
con la otra latina.

“The other Latina”
Sophie Butler-Rahman
Amigos, 7th grade

After that one camp session,
I had not seen her since last summer.
It was much more civil
Than I thought.
Just a normal “hi”,
She was acting like she
Had a memory loss problem.

We were very far from each other
in the sense of tents,
She on top of the mountain,
And I,
Just at the bottom,
Like in real life.
With all this separation,
We almost became friends. ~

Right now, I know how to deal with
verbal abuse,
I don't care about the people
Who impose their stress and sadness on others,
No matter if they say things like
"OMG! Stop, you're intoxicating my mind with jibberish"
When I speak to her in Spanish.

After the absolute worst 3 weeks of my life,
I learned how her parents treated her.
They would ship her off with a stamp to Vermont
For the entire summer,
To almost
Throw her
Away.
She was even meaner when
I got letters almost everyday,
Although she got a fax
once.

From this day forward,
I have learned that
There is way more than one
Side to the rudest people
In life,
Who suffer inside.

And that sometimes
I have nothing in common
With the other Latina.