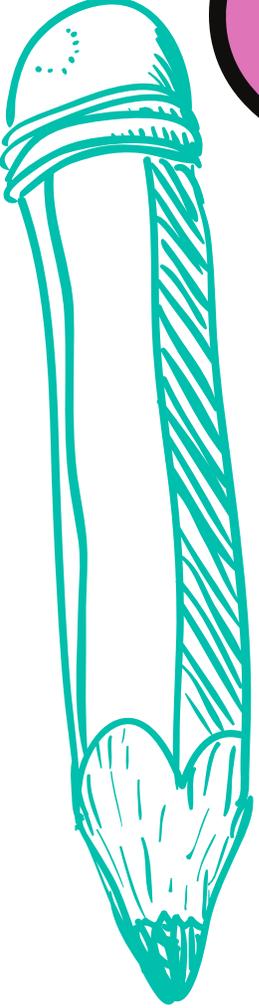




MEMORIAL  
HALL  
LIBRARY'S

18TH ANNUAL  
TEEN POETRY  
CONTEST



Awards Reception  
Monday, April 25, 2022

[poetry.mhl.org](http://poetry.mhl.org)

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We wish to thank: Gayle Heney for serving as the judge of MHL’s Teen Poetry Contest, the teens of the MHL Teen Room for selecting the Teen’s Choice Award winners and the Friends of the Library for sponsoring this event.

## Middle School Winners

### First Place: “The Hallway” by Nina Capaldi, Wood Hill Middle School

I tentatively place my foot down,  
 the sound echoing on, and on, and on  
 Bouncing off the wooden walls, and rattling to a stop at the metal doors  
 I fight the urge to flee, my eyes darting, my hands trembling, my knees knocking

I sit down, the cold bench grounding me, my backpack digging into my back  
*Just take it off*, I think to myself.  
 But I can't. Not now.  
 Now, I need to be ready  
 I drag my eyes upward, and they catch on a string of paper cranes.  
 They float in oblivion and bliss,  
 their wings catching the air, their eyes peacefully closed  
 Some big, some small, some medium  
 All different, unique, special

One crane has shifting colors,  
 and I trace the rainbow filaments in the air to a glass wall  
 Writing is scrolled on the bottom, but I don't understand it  
*I can't understand your language!* I want to yell, shout, shriek into the void

I pick at my uniform. This, I can understand  
*Will this be the only thing I will understand?*  
 A pounding fills my ears, and I close my eyes, breathing heavily  
**I'm here for a reason**  
 I try to focus, try to reel myself back to reality, but *what if?*'s flood my brain  
**I've got this**  
*What if they're mean to me?*  
**I'm special**  
*What if they judge me?*  
**I'm brave**  
*What if they talk to me, but I can't understand?*  
**I'm myself**  
 Am I sufficient, ample, enough?

BANG! A resounding crash makes me jump, as the metal doors almost fly off their hinges  
 I swallow a scream of terror  
 Kids of all ages stream past me, yelling and laughing in the language I don't understand  
*Please, help me!* I want to say, to cry, to scream

Then,  
 she arrives, a woman calling out to me, beckoning to me,

in a language I know, I love, I understand!

I'm saved

**Second Place: "Reality" by Simone Pillidge, Doherty Middle School**

When you're a kid,  
you dream of your happily ever after.  
Let me tell you now  
that little dream of yours  
ain't gonna come true.

Because in this world

There's simply the

loved,

the happy,

and the angels,

And those little angels, soar through the sky.

Then there's the

lost,

the sad,

and the devils.

Those devils? What do they do? They haunt you at night.

I used to contemplate this ALL the time. Crazy right?

Luckily something slapped me in the face hard enough to realize it REALLY wasn't worth my time.

I like to call that reality...  
IN a way, it brought me back.

Now feel free to take this with a grain of salt, maybe I'm just too sensitive...

Or maybe I was left alone in the dark for too long?  
Or maybe, just maybe,

someone turned the lights off.

Because I was and *am* a kid who's maybe like you  
lost and confused  
too dumbfounded to know what to do.

Thousands of thoughts flood your brain  
and you don't know if you can cope w the pain,  
and you don't know if you can refrain  
from the cuts, u manage to scrape over your veins.

Until there's nothing left  
But the rise and fall of your chest.

Hey,  
It's ok  
You are trying your best.

### **Third Place: "Purple Lilly of the Sun" by Ziqi (Jessie) Zheng, The Pike School**

How strange to greet,  
winters frosty glow,  
sheen of its kiss,  
soft and low;  
breathed gentle whispers,  
to blossoms at dawn,  
sucking their breaths,  
till souls' all gone.

With stars I fall,  
past heavens dome,  
in night's thick veil,  
seven jewels shone;  
then rising anew,  
sun beams in hand,  
I climb dawns grey arch,  
spilling gold to the lands.

It seeps unseen in to sleeping ground,  
shining with flair,  
reaching the corners unknown to men,  
the earth embraces me bare;  
the golden glow sees past the mist,  
past heavy, curtains of snow,  
a purple lily blooms unknown,

the glorious Hyacinth grows.

Stunned by its beauty and grace,  
 it's delicate lilac glow,  
 such a marvelous treasure,  
 only for me to know;  
 Hyacinth my dear,  
 of violet eyes with strength not fear.  
 bright as the heavens,  
 how innocent you appear!

The jewel of the earth,  
 admired by all,  
 mortals, gods alike,  
 flower, you are a beings fall;  
 come winter frost,  
 you seek only me,  
 my company,  
 and I seek your brilliance, only I can see.

Hyacinth dear, dance with me,  
 hidden in heavens gardens, we'll twirl and leap;  
 frolic around dainty buds,  
 we'll tell lovely secrets, for us to keep;  
 we can play catch with the stars,  
 under the moon's soft shine,  
 sing with the seas, the wind, and the light,  
 Hyacinth, let's weave two rings of twine!

At dawn sometime, the sun did not rise,  
 with no fiery footsteps left in the clouds,  
 the world seemed to weep, a poor soul cried,  
 no words uttered out loud;

The flower had died.

## **Middle School Honorable Mentions**

### **“A Wish” by Lyric Bartleson, Wood Hill Middle School**

I wish you knew that  
 wishing-  
 doesn't bring forth the future you grasp at  
 everyday-  
 you try. Is it enough?

Are you enough.  
Will it be enough?  
In the end.  
Is it the vision  
you wish.  
Is it everything?  
Or is it nothing.  
Nothing of everything you work for to be enough  
for ever?  
Every day-  
A city skyline, a stage-  
A blinking cursor on a blank page.  
Can you choose?  
Is it wrong if you can't?  
Choose.  
What has been there? What is still there?  
Now  
Is not the time  
they always say.  
When? In some far off day?  
But someday that day *will* be today,  
and what would you do then if  
now  
is not the time.  
Just try. Another hand. Another hold.  
Pick yourself up.  
It's your goal-  
For now.  
For ever.  
For always.

You can wish.  
But a wish doesn't bring forth what you grasp.  
*He* said it will find you  
*I* say, if you make it known  
Be known.  
Is that what you want? To be known?  
Well,  
hell.  
How should anyone know  
if you don't  
go  
out there  
*Yell*  
Shout in the  
Street  
tear their

assumptions. Down.  
Because  
*How*  
can it ever, ever find you  
if you don't make it known.  
*And go!*  
Regret is for the weak!  
You're weak?  
No.  
Just think.

If you were weak, would you still be here?  
Standing, sitting,  
wishing,  
somehow it'll come true.  
You-  
should be known.  
Go.  
Make a wish,  
get your break.

One day you'll back and say-

*I'm glad*

for whatever you did to get you here,  
got you here.  
In one piece or less, still,  
you're here.

And I just wish you knew,  
that everything you wish?  
Can be true-  
And I just...  
Wish you knew.

**“Who am I?” by Nina Capaldi, Wood Hill Middle School**

What do you see,  
when you see  
me?

Am I another passing  
face  
in the crowd  
immediately forgotten?

Am I a  
student,  
sitting alone, a textbook in hand?

Am I the person who does  
Ballet,  
a fraud,  
not even considered an  
athlete?

Or am I the person marked into the school records,  
having only a  
Race  
Gender  
and  
Name?

Maybe I will always be  
stuck  
in the never ending cycle of  
boxes  
that must be filled out,  
whose contents decide who  
I am,  
and who  
I will be.

So  
who am I?  
The school records,  
bland descriptions  
devoid of  
life  
and  
inaccurate?

Or the  
assumptions  
made by strangers,  
to fit me into  
stereotypes?

Am I strong enough to  
shape  
my own life,  
and live it  
freely?

Am I brave enough to not  
piggyback  
on others ideas of  
me,  
and to come up with them  
on my own?

Am I my own beautiful  
person,  
who is not shaped by  
others  
but by myself?

Who am I?

**“The Endless Journey of the Lady of Shallot” by Anna-Maria Grodowski,  
The Pike School**

A decrepit wooden boat steadily drifting, rippling through melancholy water,  
The air is still, the atmosphere a gray, dark, gloomy haze;  
Birds chirping their woeful ditty,  
Although the area was almost silent,  
You could hear noises that weren't there,  
As though they were trying to escape a body,  
It spoke without lifting its lips,  
Without even vibrating one vocal chord,  
For the only thing that chanted was a soul,  
A weeping, dejected soul.  
Such a beautiful soul, need not to be disturbed, for it seemingly already had been  
aggrieved enough;  
A soul that had been angelic, but a dark shadow cast upon it,  
Therefore perceived as downcast to its owner.  
The fear and anguish transforming into a formidable beast,  
A beast that slithers into their mind, whispering demoralizing, cynical thoughts.  
And that soul had manifested itself in a body,  
A body of a fair, young lady,  
Whose ginger hair flowed like waterfalls,  
Whose red cheeks faded into white  
Whose eyes magnified in size from holding all the oceans yet to be released.  
And that was the time I watched the Lady of Shallot,  
Ascend herself into her boat

Her silky dress engulf the sides of the boat,  
Voluminously waving away like a flag of surrender;  
Fading away into the mist,  
Never to be seen again.

**“Ramen” by Daphne Hatzigiannis, Wood Hill Middle School**

Ramen, my beautiful dove  
 These noodles, my one true love  
 When I drink that delicious broth  
 I almost forgot I was borderline goth.  
 My chopsticks clack  
 The familiar spices attack  
 My mind fills with glee  
 As I'm in good company.  
 Shows are watched, homework forgotten  
 Don't blame me, my brain is caught in  
 A trance, to say the least  
 I'll shut up now and feast on this feast.

**“The Best Memories” by Lexie Johnson, West Middle School**

The best memories are the ones other people tell.  
 You could've lived them,  
 Yet you don't remember.  
 You could've not been there,  
 Yet you feel as though you were.

The best memories are the ones you will never experience again.  
 You could've been with a loved one,  
 Yet they are no longer with you.  
 You could've been doing something you loved,  
 Yet you aren't capable of doing it again.

The best memories are the ones you only feel good about in the moment.  
 You could've been on vacation with your family,  
 Yet you don't remember the feelings being so wonderful.  
 You could've been walking around in the heat of summer,  
 Yet all you feel now is the unbearable winter cold.

The best memories are the ones you experience with a big group of people.  
 You could've been at graduation,  
 Yet that was when everyone went their own way.  
 You could've done something you're unlikely to,  
 Yet all you feel is embarrassed.

The best memories are the ones you only identify as feelings.  
 You could smell something familiar,  
 Yet the original memory of it is long gone.  
 You could do something that just gives you that feeling,  
 Yet the memory is just out of reach.

If there are so many good memories,  
Then why are we stuck only remembering the bad ones?

**“Sweet Singapore” by Lawrence Luo, The Pike School**

November always,  
Contains my favorite day  
You can savor exotic foods  
From distant lands even  
Before it comes onto your  
outstretched hands  
From thinly sliced roast beef  
And mouth watering pudding  
To steaming dumplings  
And overstuffed burgers  
And crispy noodles  
And stringy poutine  
And puffy falafel  
And boiling pot au feu  
And can look at,  
Multicolored paper lanterns  
Lights of diwali  
Menorahs  
And feel stones that makes up  
Glittering temples  
Stately mosques  
And tranquil churches  
While listening to  
Hindu bhakti  
Christian hallelujah  
And Muslim bahari  
All these clustered within miles of me

**“Poetry’s Performance” by Ishaan Padmawar, The Pike School**

How the words flow so fluidly off the page,  
dreams, ideas, and stories; performing on a stage  
Vivid visions spring to life, imaginations come alive.  
A perfect storm of words, phrases, metaphors, similes  
coming together to form an orchestra.  
Composing a piece;  
so wonderful to hear, yet so tricky to write.  
This is the symphony of poetry,  
spilling calmness into my heart.

This is the music of words,  
 knowledge set to impart.  
 This is the symphony of poetry.  
 A symphony for all to hear.

**“today” by Isabella Yan, Wood Hill Middle School**

today,  
 i shall rise above,  
 to all those who ever dared,  
 and laugh in those faces of mockery.  
 for i have stared too long—  
 hoped too long—  
 heaved too long—  
 upon that star.  
 my star.  
 and though i barely see it,  
 i know it's there.  
 so i'll take my bag,  
 decked of tools—  
 and throw it aside.  
 for today asked for,  
 me.  
 and alone,  
 i shall dance upon,  
 today.

**“The Trick of the Light” by Cindy Yang, The Pike School**

I see them, but they don't see me;  
 They won't see me.  
 It's so dark Inside, from my point of view.  
 And it's so bright Outside.  
 It's better, brighter,  
 and I can be seen,  
 every nuanced crevice lit by the light of the Outside.  
 But I'm Inside, and they don't see me.

I can't get Out;  
 I've tried that before.  
 Pounding against the unyielding and cold glass  
 until I bleed.  
 Then my raw hands just cling to the surface, made slippery with my blood,  
 Staining the clean panes of my two-sided mirror.  
 They don't see me.

No one extends a hand to help me Out.  
 No one squints past their reflection to see,  
 The scars down my wrist,  
 The hand pressed against the glass,  
 The eyes pleading to be seen.  
 They don't see me.

**“Achilles” by Derek Yin, The Pike School**

Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis  
 Of all the Greek warriors, he was by far the best  
 A lion, on the battlefield  
 Able to outmaneuver all the rest

Dipped in the river Styx as a baby  
 He has skin is as tough as steel  
 Nothing can touch him, and nothing would  
 He is completely invulnerable, except at the heel

Donning a shining, golden armor  
 Inspiring awe and fear in those he passes  
 He rides two immortal stallions  
 This guy doesn't need to take any battle classes

Speed, strength, and power  
 He has mastered the sword, spear, and bow and arrow  
 Able to disarm any enemy with his bare hands  
 Faster than a horse, as quick as a sparrow

Sailed to Troy with the other Greek heroes  
 There was a war to attend  
 When Hector, the enemy, killed Achilles's companion, Patroclus,  
 Achilles retaliated by slaying Hector, thus avenging his friend.

After that, Achilles fought with renewed anger  
 He was a killer bee, each sting a death blow  
 But alas, his fate was sealed  
 And he fell, valiantly, to the foe

## High School Winners

### First Place: “simple beloveds” by Michela Rowland, Phillips Academy

dishwater bubbles  
 hugging my chin like a beard  
 they fizzle and  
                   pop  
 corn with olive  
 oil, salt, & pepper, clutched in  
 smeared hands as we  
                   watch  
 bad t.v. curled  
 on sofa with five blankets  
 if we get cold  
                   (when)  
 the roku dies,  
 dancing – hands up, feet tangled  
 coaxes it to  
                   life  
 strewn on windows,  
 basil & parsley transplant-  
 ed to dirt, come  
                   spring  
 puddles to stomp  
 in, second nature to me,  
 cuffs of blue jeans  
                   soaked  
 in light, sun-kissed,  
 two books & afternoon splayed  
 out, abundant  
                   time  
 to ask questions  
 like, what bean are you today?  
 kidney, pinto,  
                   black  
 top chalk on pants,  
 unapologetic and  
 temporary –  
                   bold  
 people singing  
 without hesitation in  
 public, like my-  
                   self  
 when i do so,  
 learning to redefine love

as radical  
                   acts  
 that transform my  
 body into vessel for  
 something divine,  
                   mine

**Second Place: “Revival” by Catherine Kazmer, Phillips Academy Andover**  
*A Mimicry Poem of Marie Howe’s “What the Living Do”*

Catherine, the unfinished diaries still sit in a remote drawer, page after page neglected.  
 And our CD player acts as a table for a staple remover, and it hasn’t played music

in months since I unplugged it to charge our laptop. This is the everyday we spoke of.  
 It’s autumn again: romanticized foliage shrivels, tired sun sleeps before dinner, winter

comes soon yet for now it leaves us a brittle, lifeless fall, the season’s forgotten half drags  
 on.

Canceling evening plans and staying home to internalize biology until nature blurs,

I’ve been thinking: Is this what the living do? And last weekend, hunching over that  
 narrow desk for nine continuous hours, straining for perfection I claimed to reject,

I thought it again, and again the next morning, when rubbing my eyes: This is it.  
 Shaking. Scribbling with lamplight after waking in the dark. What you called success.

The bribe you gave me. We want the autumn to pass, and the winter and every season  
 after it until you stop draining us, keep your promises. We want to live. We want you  
 gone.

But there are hours, sprawled on carpet, when I read your diaries and unearth a  
 fragment of you,  
 I see sincerity in your cursive inspirations, I realize you passed them on, gave me love  
 for

every wilting autumn and writing and dawn, and long after I crumple, I will be grateful;  
 You live on. I am you.

**Third Place: “Ode to Ultimate: A Collaborative Pome” by Sarah Barton,  
 Phillips Academy Andover**

siberia winds  
 come knocking to steal our discs  
 (our balance, as well)

aerodynamics be damned;  
 out here we are all  
 contortionists, twisting  
 with the frisbees that slip  
 out of our grasps  
 (and sometimes, back towards us,  
 flat chortling boomerangs  
 sent out only to thwack our heads.  
 constant vigilance is survival  
 and joy, here)

we, not subjects to the wind  
 but ambassadors, be made of  
 adrenaline, dirt and sweat, here.  
 sprints, catches, cut and throws—  
 frisbees released from fingertips to  
 fly high through  
 blue  
 gray  
 raining,  
 hailing  
 snowing  
 skies.

we be bopping and hopping,  
 doing ladders non-stopping,  
 we are runners, we are thunder  
 living for the disk.

## High School Honorable Mentions

### **“My Friend, the End, The Pretend” by Sarah Barton, Phillips Academy Andover**

My friend, let this not be the end.  
 Do not abandon me here,  
 Even if after today, it is all pretend.  
 Yes, I will still always lend,  
 Always give you my spear,  
 My friend, don't let that be my end.

Even if it is only for the weekend,  
 I shall still be sincere,  
 Despite you keeping it pretend.

We will make it around this bend,  
 My friend, there is nothing to fear,  
 This cannot be the end.

This may just continue to descend,  
 We might not be able to steer,  
 It might just only be pretend.

I refuse to not have us try to mend,  
 This thing we have, my dear,  
 As while it might be the end,

Let us still pretend.

**“Surrealist Reality and Fruitless Apples” by Anat Briskin, Andover High School**

If you never once think your veins are lightening you will never outrun the thunder  
 As soon as you remove your shoes and hat  
 You are just a skeleton  
 Some say you are a school of fish  
 One day you will open a soup can just to find tin foil and aluminum  
 We will have nothing to dip our bread into  
 One day when I open my hand  
 A city will lay there in my palm  
 You will sit and watch it burn  
 Sidelines are the newest form of depravity  
 Stand up, and you will fall apart at the seams  
 It takes cutting out your own tongue to realize words aren't words at all  
 Every time you speak you are forgetting more and more of yourself  
 If you keep an essence inside one vessel too long they will cease to exist  
 I watch you watch me  
 The longer you keep your feet on the ground the further you grow from the stars  
 If you were intended to see the ocean you would have kept your fins  
 The sea sparkles in the sun and I want to swim  
 I can  
 I point my gun  
 The bullet ricochets  
 Have you considered you'll never see the fall of all you can achieve  
 I tell them  
 Bon appetit  
 I tell god to eat their heart out  
 Wishing is futile

**“get clean 2-week supply” by Cristina Donovan, Phillips Academy Andover**

wake up and get clean tea says, as if  
 dirty till consumerism's holy water do let kiss  
 wallet thoughts temptations seen by  
 passing shoppers only gleaming  
 through a window tell me tell me  
 not good enough not clean enough you'll never be  
 pretty enough, and in goes that thought in the bank  
 esteem blows deep cut bloody organs

deem my worth mere steam on glasses  
 not true, you're more than nough already  
 this vision 'pairment blinds you. Kindly  
 let me tell you: beautiful and  
 beautiful and beautiful, giiirl  
 end the day and                      you are clean.

**“ode to this life” by Japire Estevez, Greater Lawrence Technical School**

Life is just a line full of feels  
 Everytime I sob ; I just know it kills  
 Everyone I know and everyone I love  
 They grow their wings and start flying above  
 I scream and I scream my head is pounding  
 Deeper and deeper these cuts are rounding  
 I regret it every single day; cause now my smile  
 It begins to fade  
 There is nothing in my head that I can solve myself  
 I cry and cry but nothing can help  
 The voices in my head they make me free  
 I want to die  
 I want to be free  
 I can't stop my head from screaming  
 I hit and hit but it won't stop bleeding  
 These words that fly by  
 I hate them and cry  
 They cut deep inside  
 Like the knife; on my skin, it will glide  
 I will look fine  
 But no matter how hard i try  
 I cry and i cry  
 I can't find my butterfly  
 You said you would save me  
 You said you would care  
 But now I tug and I tug  
 Every last strand of my hair

It looks like depression  
It looks like I'm dead  
It looks like the bombs blowing off in my head  
I have my opinions  
And i have my positions  
But deep down  
I know that im quitting  
Not only on myself  
But my body as a whole  
This cavity in my heart thats eating me cold  
I bite and bite  
My nails and skin  
But still nobody can see its starting to win  
They tell my family  
They dont care what i say  
They said they are required to ; there is no other way  
This looks like mistrust  
You brought out from within  
It looks like this war inside me and the enemy is going to win  
It sounds of my crying  
It sounds of "im fine"  
But really I stare at that number for my friend's line  
They say the love me  
They say they care  
But were you really there  
When i pulled out my hair  
Back turning red and i start to cry  
But really I keep it down just hidden inside  
My mind explodes of emotions and thoughts  
In my mind im lost in this parking lot  
This sadness and anger it blows in my head  
Sometimes truely i wish I was dead  
All you hear are the screams and cries  
The silence of lies  
All the past lives of my heart  
They cry and cry  
I remember so well and yet you discard  
Just what keeps me from falling apart  
You never understand  
You never will know  
But nobody deep down knows what happened those years ago  
I remember those year where it was mostly black  
Crying in the sea  
Crying with a cat  
It sounds like crying  
It sounds like death  
It sounds like the despair i wont let take over my heart yet

It sounds like pride  
It sounds like care  
It sounds like a cat who chooses to save a hare  
The soft skin that gets covered in blood  
Staining fur  
Staining grass  
All the I see is that Cat's wrath  
It feels like blades  
It feels of cold  
It feels of knives slicing through bone  
It feels of heat  
It feels of sweat  
It feels of nothing in that bed  
It feels of tiredness  
It feels of scared  
It feels of failure when i can't do my best  
It feels of tears dripping down my cheeks  
It feels of nothing as those cuts it bleeds  
Everything is numb  
Everything is gone  
Everything is just me and the ghosts of long gone  
The demons and angels that follow beside me cry and cry when they see this pain  
Everyday I have fallen  
But not once did i let it win  
I want to survive  
I want to strive  
I want to help others through their lives  
I dont care what itcosts me because I feel like need  
This needto let it out and save this world as a child that lives in me.  
It smells of iron  
It smells of death  
The burned rotten flowers that die under that bed  
A prickly cactus stuck by the rod  
The rod of power that reaks of shocks  
Shocks that hit and dye my numb  
The cherry flavor that lasts in the air  
The crying salty tear  
The iron liquid that drips from wounds ; its not something I fear  
Fear is my friend just likes these demons that hide  
I hide my anger  
I hide my fear  
It tastes of my despair  
I taste that heart beating in my chest  
A broken eye that bleeds in hot  
Lava that drips down  
A hot iron taste that circles in my bones  
The same one that makes me who i am

You say im a girl but i know thats now who i am  
 I am nobody but a person in this world  
 I act like myself  
 I act like them ; sometimes not even me  
 But deep down I know  
 My fight is not done..  
 So this is only an ode  
 And ode to the life I was gifted after the rest of mine  
 Now I tell you life

I wont die.

**“Elegy for Mobility” by Catherine Kazmer, Phillips Academy Andover**

Of rooms without windows.  
 Of land beneath mountains, of this gravity  
 daring to acquaint us with ground,  
 our nonnegotiable wall.  
 Oh, the injustice of wings  
 and the lies of inertia.

Oh, to hear the sound of the stratosphere.  
 To be spoken to in breath  
 and light and waves  
 from far, far  
 below.  
 Unbounded.  
 Let me view earth from above,  
 behold every world and lifetime, exist  
 beyond this three-dimensional flatness.

Perhaps I am attached  
 to attachment. I require trees and touch  
 and solid ground  
 full of knotted roots.  
 Yet someday take me  
 to a mountain. Hold my hands  
 above the drop. If only  
 for a moment, please, only for a moment,  
 restrain me—do not let me close my eyes.  
 If only by my fingertips, duct tape me to the sky.

**“always remember you” by Geralin Rosario Pena, Greater Lawrence Technical School**

Si amarte fuera verte y verte fuera  
 perderte,preferiría amarte  
 sin verte, que verte para  
 perderte solo el verte me hace  
 amarte más y el no poder hacerlo me hace llorar.

Solo de pensar en lo mucho que  
 te ame me hace ver que mi mundo es  
 al revés sin usted,hágame saber  
 que hacer solo para que usted pueda  
 volver a mis cálidos brazos y  
 volver a caer otra vez.

Devuélvame la luz para volver a resplandecer  
 con usted y poder amar sin didez,  
 dígame usted? porque amarte si fue un  
 placer, solo pregunte lo mucho que  
 dure para poder hacer de mi vida otro atardecer.

Pregúntele a la vida lo mucho que lo amé  
 aún sabiendo el daño que podía cometer ,de ese  
 daño dude y nunca me separe de usted  
 solo por el amor que obtuve de ese lindo y  
 tierno corazón otra vez.

Sigamos en nuestro amorío aun sabiendo  
 que hay personas que daño nos pueden hacer  
 solo con la mirada poner,solo tenemos  
 que confesarles a todos nuestro amor  
 para algún día permanecer amándolo  
 y viéndolo a usted a la misma vez.

Siempre tenga en cuenta de  
 que si amarlo fuera un pecado  
 seguiría comentiedolo una y otra vez.

**“Justice?” by Izayah Sapon, Greater Lawrence Technical School**

Feeling my chest Pitter Patter,  
 Gasping for air, trying to take in everything.  
 Crimson red stains me  
 It stains my clothes as much as my heart.  
 Holes stretch far and wide  
 Bullets plague my ears rupturing my heart.

Were all in God's image yet we kill one another,  
 It's the American way  
 An eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.  
 Once this moment passes I'll lock it away forever,  
 If i even survive in this God forsaken world.  
 I hold a corpse in my heart  
 Headphones playing the song that now traumatized me.  
 If the government doesn't get me the people will.  
 My brothers and I aren't accepted here,  
 Because of my skin color?  
 Is the men in the blue better than me?  
 As I lay on the car, hearing the sirens ring  
 Locked up for being me  
 Locked up for my culture  
 Locked up for my color.  
 There's no justice  
 Just Death..

**“Memorization Game” by Alicia Zhang, Phillips Academy Andover**

I've never been a sneaker junkie  
 but I've somehow memorized  
 every scuff and scratch on  
 your shoes-  
 the curve of his sole,  
 the fraying threads on her boots,  
 the yellow and green  
 stained canvas of their flats.

And to be honest,  
 I really hate how they look.

I would much rather  
 memorize your faces-  
 the curve of her smile,  
 the freckle below his eye,  
 the dimples on their cheek.

But the sidewalk isn't  
 wide enough for all of us.

So for now, I'll stay where I am,  
 trailing behind,  
 memorizing your shoes.

**“you don’t know” by Lyric, Andover High School**

You.  
 You don’t know what it’s like  
 To always, always have to fight  
 Just to be treated right  
 You  
 You don’t know what it’s like

And you,  
 You don’t get to say  
 What I wear or who I date  
 It’s not, not your place to hate.  
 Yeah you,  
 You don’t get to say.

I don’t understand why you feel it’s your business  
 To tell me my existence  
 Is against your religion.  
 You can believe what you believe  
 You can do what you want  
 But if you can’t say something nice,  
 Then keep your mouth shut.

And you  
 You can’t say who I am  
 Cuz I  
 I don’t give a damn  
 Give google a chance  
 Maybe you’ll understand  
 That I’m the only one who knows who I am.

You? No.  
 You don’t know.

**“Inside” by Lyric, Andover High School**

Anybody else feel like sh\*t?  
 Me neither

Wet hair dripping onto paper  
 Looks like the tears I can’t cry  
 I don’t wanna be sad  
 I don’t like being sad  
 So it all gets pushed down inside

F\*ck you, I won't go to sleep  
Middle finger to the pain that I keep  
Buried inside, only surface in my dreams  
So f\*ck you I'll stay up all week

Anybody else feel like sh\*t?  
Me too