18th Annual Teen Poetry Contest

Awards Reception
Monday, April 25, 2022

Sponsored by the Friends of Memorial Hall Library!
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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
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
coxes 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 shortling 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 exploads of emotions and thoughts
In my mind im lost in this parking lot
This sadness and anger it blows in my head
Sometimes truly 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 choses 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 dudez,
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 Izayiah 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