

The Letter



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Badeh Yigit

Brandon Eam

Bijou Kebbay

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Fiona Schiro

Grazia DeMato

Mrs.Gayle Hicks

Jet Rodewald

Lucy Ngo

Liz LochLead

Lilah Silcox

Nomu Anglamenga

Nolan Kirabo

Neo Ndebele

Olivia Medina

Obehi Momodu

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Bijou Kebbay

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Isaiah Lora-Pena

Arabian Nights

Sasha Albarelli



Upon Us

Obehi Momodu

Dry winds cross the Veldt
as plain debris swell
 Bypassing hair-like reeds
and those malleable slivers of light
 which stray porous from navy, settled fogs

So, laid back we sit
 along twigged branchioles, spit
To breathe in the antler-deep, Summer gnats:
 Their busy needing whisps

With the south-facing red eye
 That is —Eternal so to speak
rising from the cavities
 between living carnage: meat.

So I, as a seeker of dreams will take heed
 As I need.
For I have heard this deafening noise
 With nary a will to define me
But have seen a life so grand
 The wind regales to supply me
With a purpose to share upon us all.

On a Hilltop

Alice Miller



Ice Hockey Pantoum

Mrs.Hicks

I see him coming down the ice
He thinks he's going to score
He's already tried it twice
It's not going to work anymore

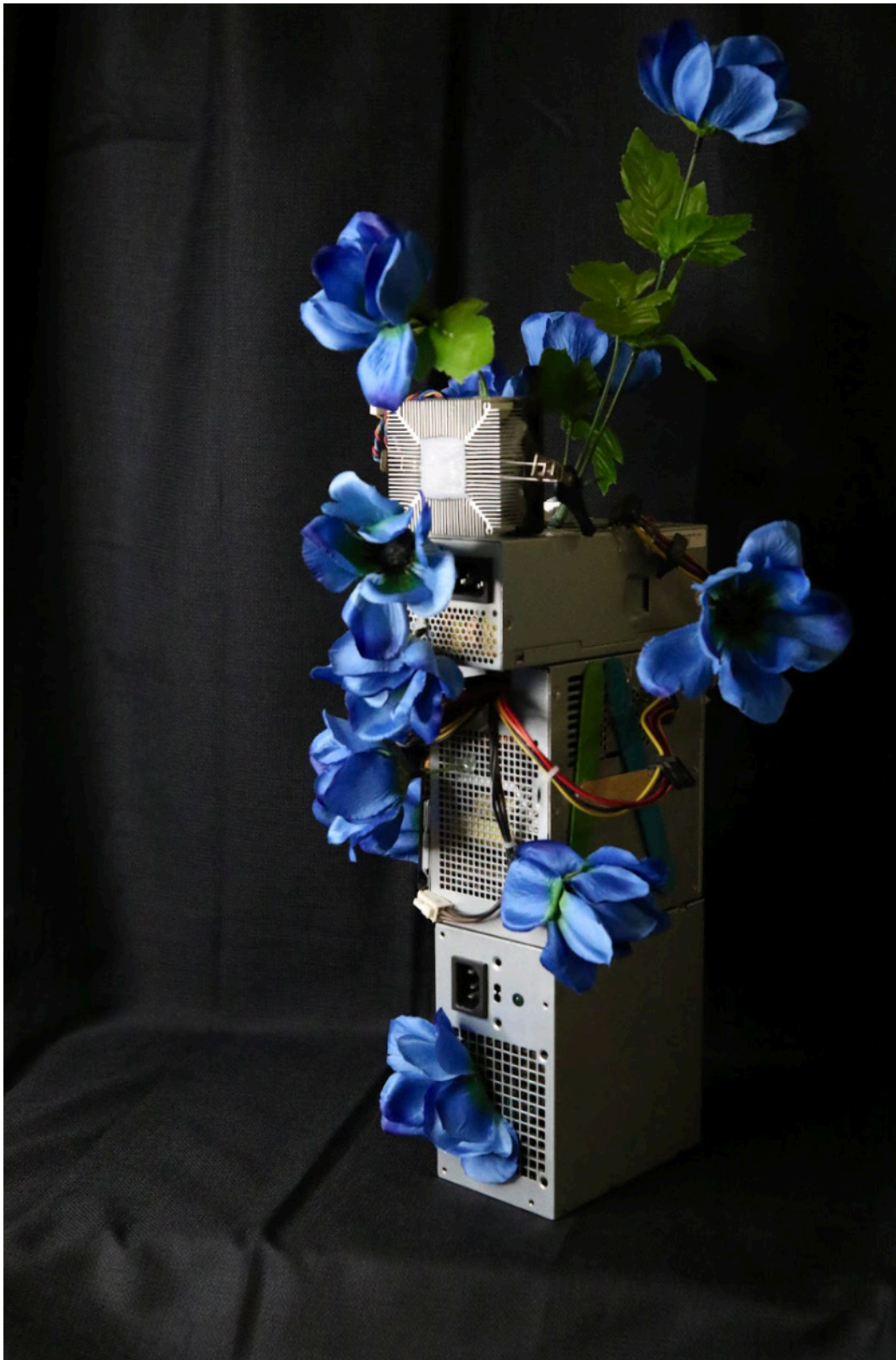
He thinks he's going score
My goalie stick says otherwise
It's not going to work anymore
He now has fear in his eyes

My goalie stick says otherwise
My glove thinks the same way
He now has fear in his eyes
Now he is my prey

My glove thinks the same way
I see him coming down the ice

Beginning

Akhil Patnala



To Love

Bijou Kebbay

In Sierra Leone, I cherished the beach
We would go every week
In London, I enjoyed the fair
In New York, Time Square
In Kenya, I adored the buildings, stark and tall
And that there was no spring or fall
Different countries with different cultures
But I loved them all

I loved and we left
I try to remember every step
From New jersey to London
Kenya to Sierra Leone
I try my best to cling on to
All the places I've called home

Here I love the trees
The call of the gentle, evening breeze
I love the sound of laughter
And the hushed voices at quarter after
I'm scared to call this place my home
I'm scared that I will soon be gone

Here I love the trees
The call of the gentle, evening breeze
I love the sound of laughter
And the hushed voices at quarter after
I'm scared to call this place my home
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It's been four years
Laughter, Anger, Tears
This new beginning is about to disappear
My greatest dream to graduate, has become my greatest fear
Despite concerns, I called this place my home
And as I predicted, I will soon be gone

Familiar faces will weed out and wane
Joyful memories will bring me pain
I'll miss a uniform I used to hate
And I'll contemplate this strange fate
I'll think of all the paths I've crossed
Cry as I remember all I've loved and lost

Memories in the back of my mind, cramped, shoved
I love has become become I loved
I struggle to see the beauty around me
This clean slate has me on a bent knee
Begging to go back
To cover this lonely white page with black

The fair and square are gone
The seasons change quick like the rising sun
Another culture and country
Another setting and story
Other roles to fit and places to be
A completely different version of me

In the midst of a new beginning
In the midst of a world that's spinning
I have to look around and find things to love
Admire their beauty and thank the God above
But I'll always remember the beach, the fair, time square
And I'll always love them as if I'm right there

Starburst

Ava Estes



The Mountain

Lilah Silcox

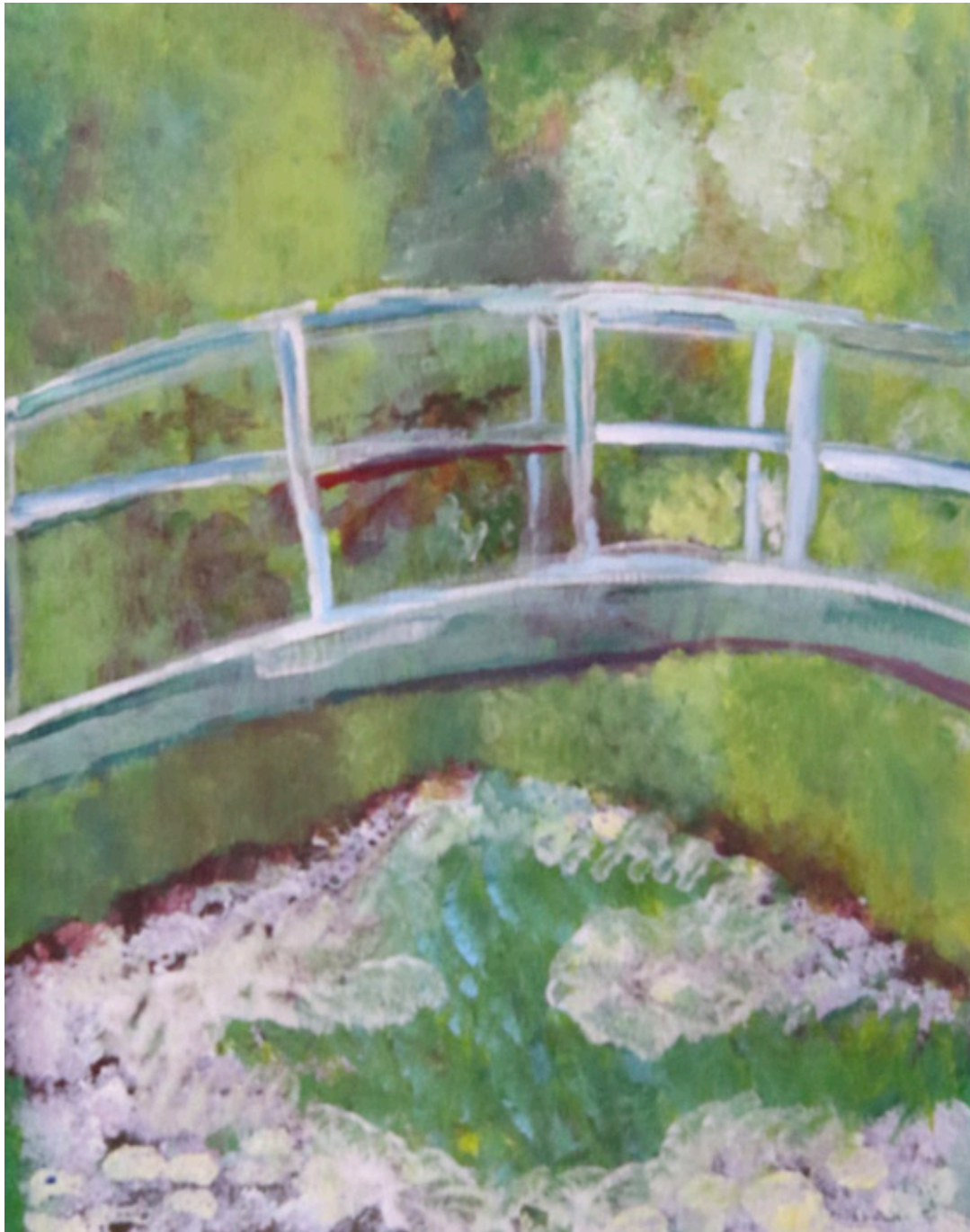
Forest wide
And valley deep
Trees of oak
The sun their keep

Creatures of all kinds
Big and small
Covered in fur or scales
Fly, jump, or crawl

Dappled leaves
Kissed by sun
Delicate webs
By spiders spun

Japanese Bridge Over a a Pond of Water Lillies, Clade Moent, 1899

Anh Nguyen



Before I Actually Started Living

Badeh Yigit

Before I cracked my head

Before I moved to Ras Al Khama

Before I became social

Before I moved to Turkey

Before I more active on media

Before I made my bestest friend

Before I went to RMA

Before I found joy in my phone

Before I cherished memories I knew

I was just but a tiny baby inside my mom

Kicking and punching my mom's belly

Getting ready for life in Dubai and Istanbul

Untitled

Jet Rodewald



Back and Forth

Brandon Eam

If I walk, run, drive
The feeling is never the same
One day a cool breeze, refreshing feel to the
face
Another I come back to a warm, humid, damp
night
I always remember the distinct feeling of my
squeaky bed
Somehow always comfortable
My cat standing at the stairs, startled by my
arrival
The smell of my mother's linen scented fabric
spray hits me
I always remember the food at home
Eggs, noodles, all of the above
But in the end I remember this isn't my only
home
The flickering lights at the end of my street as
if waving goodbye
Hoping to see me again soon
The door creaks as if asking me to stay home
The feeling is never the same

Sol y Luna

Olivia Medina



Milestone

Brandon Eam

From the beginning, everyone tells me I have
grown so much
I still ask how sometimes too
I just can't see it

Something I don't remember
Yet I still feel it happened
From learning how to walk
To picking up an instrument

It's... Here somewhere right?
In the space of my mind

My parents are proud of me
Finally for something I remember doing
Going to school, learning new things every
day
I'm still changing

Untitled

Jet Rodewald



My Neighborhood

Neo Ndebele

During the winter, when I go back to my happy home, I see a basketball
Court where many memories were made. I see children playing in
The snow. I skip to my house, and fresh cornbread
Greets my nose, and grilled chicken makes the
Smell even Sweeter. as I skip up the stairs,
I see my bedroom with my cozy ray of
Sunshine that I call my blanket.
For a second I lay down to
Rest, thankful to be
Back in my
Happy
home.

Overwhelmed

Olivia Medina

Overwhelmed
a feeling almost impossible to shake off
yet you can, no matter what others say
the feeling that feels like being hit by a car, and not coming back to reality
It's always the first day
the first mile
the first death of a family member or friend
the first doubt
the feeling will always come back to haunt you, no matter what you do
unless you learn to cope with it
but it will be there
no matter how hard you try to hide it
you can be the most picture-perfect person
no sadness
no heartbreak
no doubt in your life
but you will always have a wound that no one else sees
a wound so broken it can't be healed
a wound caused by your own doing
a wound made by comparison and sadness
this feeling
this wound
this stress and second thought
is overwhelming

you become overwhelmed by trying to fit in so hard
by comparing yourself to someone you're not
by working so hard, you can't rest until you die
this pain, you think will last forever, but doesn't

you work so hard to be someone you're not
you forget who you really are
you create this hole in your heart
but someday you will learn to fill that hole

Just Us

Nomu Anglamenga



Save Those Moments

Ava Estes

I remember when my childhood best friend and I met

As

first day of kindergarten

she saw me

crying and afraid of this new school

we had so many sleepovers

laughing

chatting about crushes

telling secrets

after she left my school

I found a new best friend

he lives near me and he's nice to me

we went on many trips together

we were Best Friends for seven years

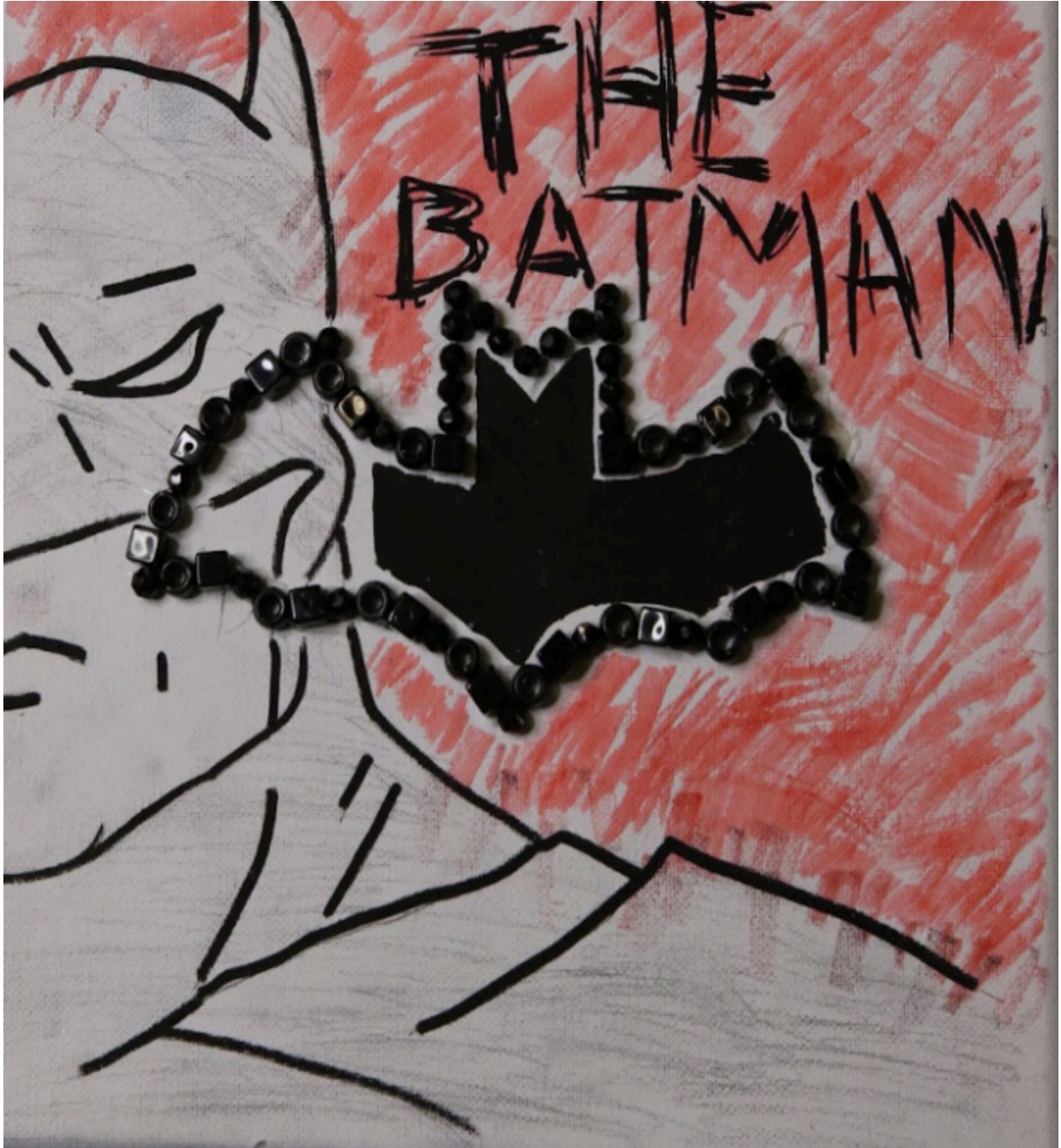
why did we have to be more than friends

now we are

strangers

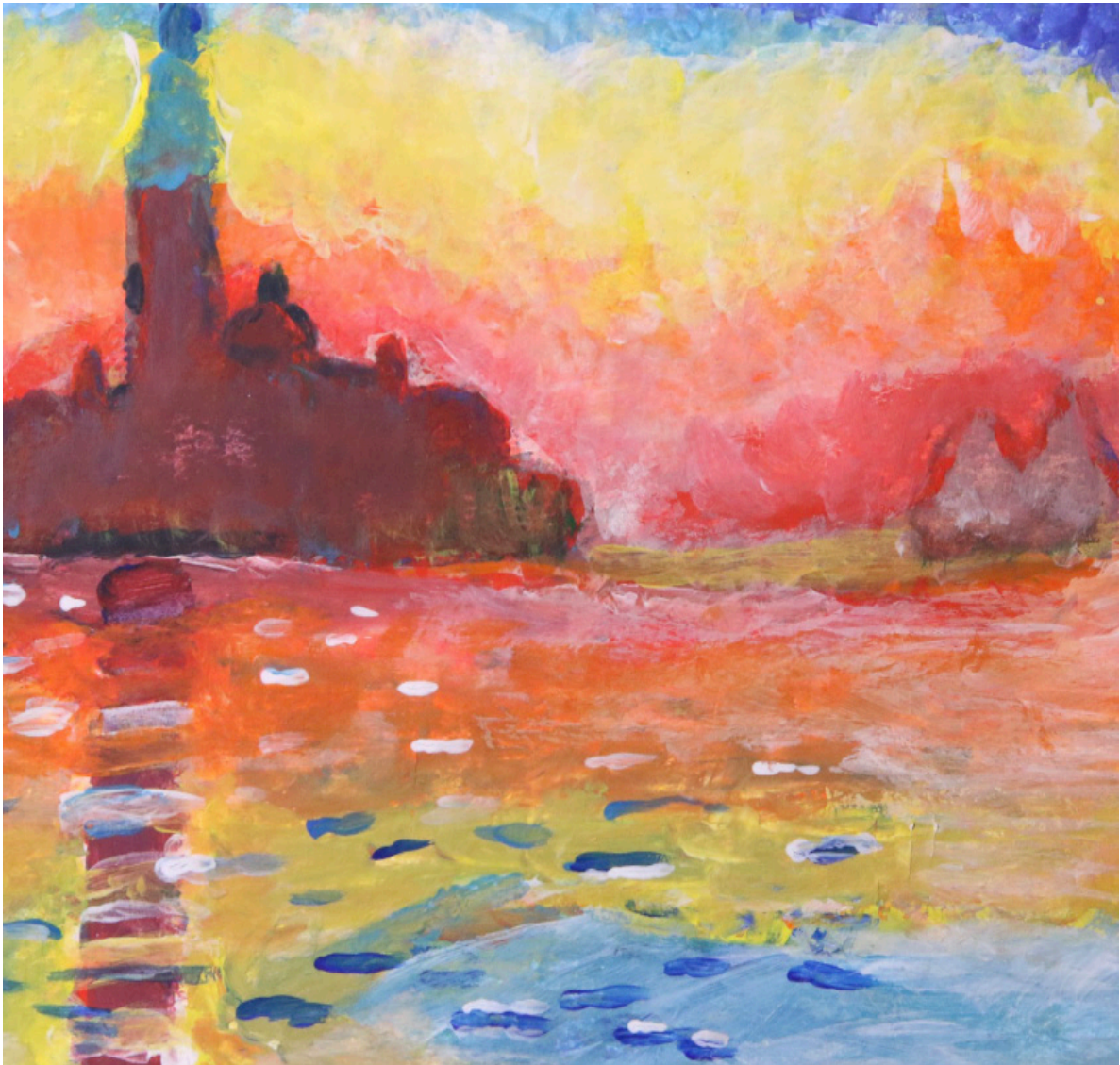
Vengeance

Nolan Kirabo



Replica of Forger is a Form of Flattery

Xavier Spriggs



Best Friends

Olivia Medina

Maximilliano was my very first best friend
We met in Oruro, Bolivia, on the first day of school
I already knew him because his sister and my brother were best friends
We were going to our first class, which was English, and we just started talking

Maxi thought it was so cool that I spoke the tiniest bit of English
We told me that he wished he could speak as well as I could
But I never understood what he meant
Later that day, we went to the mercado to eat
Ad we found out we liked almost all the same things
I still remember asking him to be my best friend
One of the best times of my life was that moment

When I moved to America, it was hard
I forgot how to speak English and didn't know anyone
I went to school that day and was missing Maxi
Then I met Maria-Eduarda

She was the sweetest girl
She was also new to the country
She was Brazilian
I think the reason why we became best friends
Was that we could relate to each other

I don't remember much about her
I do remember her smile, her laugh
And her competitiveness
Which was very extreme with soccer

When I moved to Front Royal, I knew no one again
It was a feeling I forgot
Until I met Marianne in the 3rd grade
We are still best friends

One day, I was in PE class and I saw this girl
She was playing with all the other girls I didn't know
She invited them to play, and ever since then
We've been best friends, it was as simple as that

Later on, she invited me to more things
And I did too
She invited me to her church
And introduced me to her friends

Marianne is a blessing
She's super kind
And funny
She's artsy, and I love her

Lastly Riley
I met her last year
I was talking with some girls
And I invited her into our volleyball circle

We talked for a while as if we knew each other since we were babies
We were so similar to the point
Where my family thought I had another sister they didn't know about

We even got the best duo at the end of the school year as our superlative
She left the school this year, but we still find ways to talk

Her mom doesn't let her have a phone like me
So we wrote letters
Then we started calling each other like we used to last year
That is why I think we worked so well together

Me and Riley never let drama get in between us
We never let boys get in between us
And we were so similar in so many ways
I miss all these people, but I miss Riley the most.

Luminous

Grazia DeMato



Title

Fiona Schiro



The Whale

Catie McElwee



Untitled

Jet Rodewald



Uncle Boa

Daryl Muhindo



Haywire

Grazia DeMato



The Final Seconds

Ava Estes



Radiant Respectivly

Akhil Patnala



In Days of Darkness

Ura Inaju

In Days of Darkness
Square A. Laterson

T 1) Dark/Gloomy days
2) When you're going through rough times
3) Cloudy, dark rain, storm
4) How to handle the darkness
5) Retelling of the dark times

A The speaker feels close to the girls who she writes about. She feels a sense of responsibility and duty towards the girls. She cares for them, takes care of them and believes they need her, especially now more than ever.

C - You, the second mother
- Paid for every thing so they could live
- memories of how you wept
- There is a tone of sadness and a feeling of responsibility that is evoked from these phrases. The speaker has made sacrifices. Rhyme and rhythm make the poem make sense. Allow for flow.

S The first two stanzas detail what she did, the sacrifices she made. It makes it seem like helping the girls gave her purpose in life. The third stanza bridges the first two to the fourth and provides context about her career and goes from explaining simply what she did but the affect it had and the legacy it left.

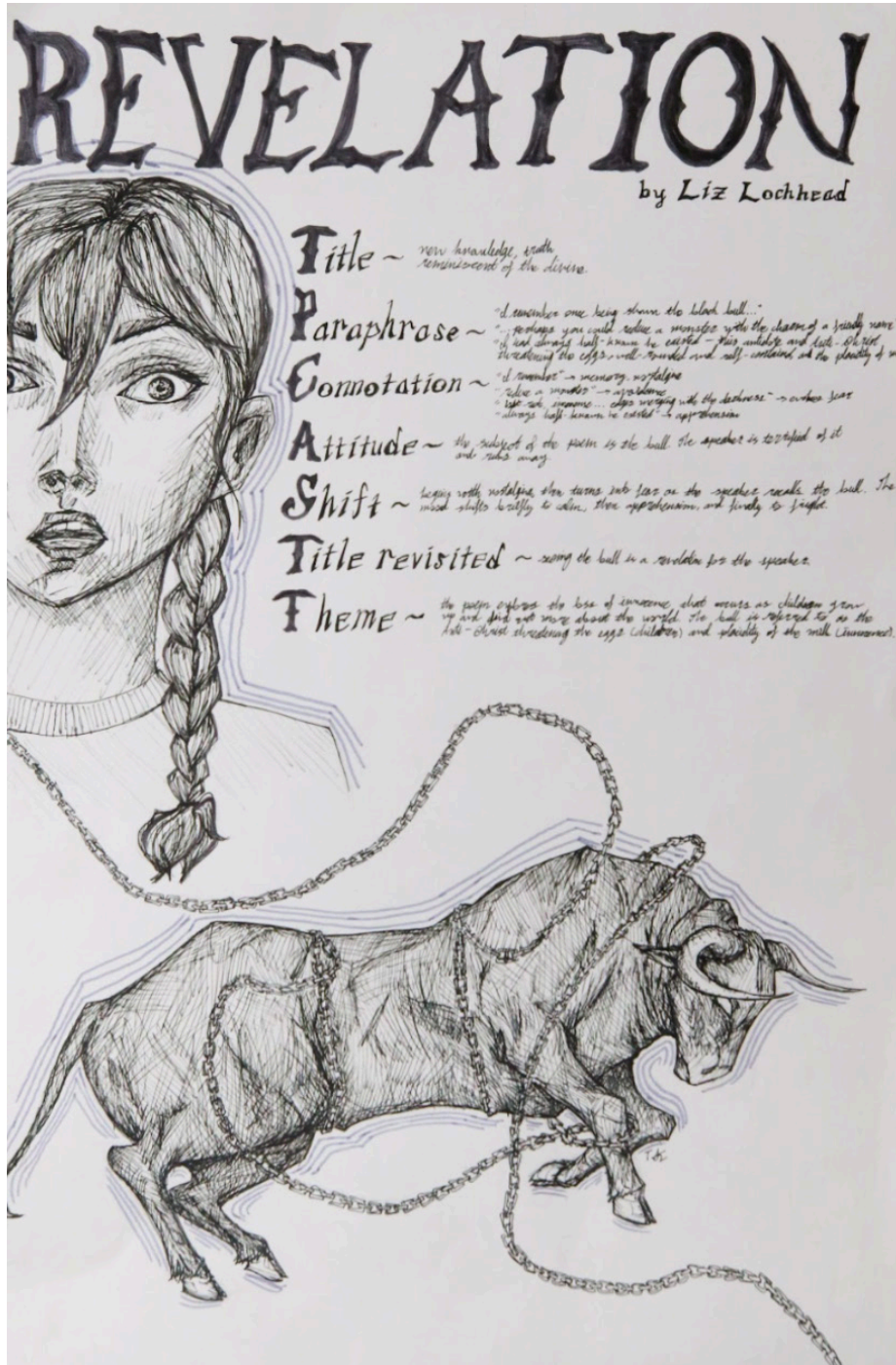
T The days of darkness is about the holocaust. Those are the dark days and the poem is about what she did and the role she played during the days of darkness.

T The main idea/ theme of the poem is about helping other, specifically children, and remaining a light even in the days of darkness, just as she did.

C - You lived and breathed your school motto, learning elevates.
- No excursions to arrange...
- growing hands and fingernail inspect.

Revelation

Liz Lochhead



REVELATION
by Liz Lochhead

Title ~ new knowledge, with
remembrance of the divine.

Paraphrase ~ "I remember one being shown the black bull."
"perhaps you could reduce a monster with the charm of a friendly name"
"if not already half-known to, created - this white and dark, white
the darkness the eggs, well rounded and soft, contained and the plenty of milk"

Connotation ~ "I remember" - necessary, nostalgic
"reduce a monster" - a reduction
"light and, someone... edges meeting with the darkness" - another face
"always half-known to exist" - apprehension

Attitude ~ the subject of the poem is the bull. The speaker is terrified of it
and risks injury.

Shift ~ heavy with nostalgia then turns into fear as the speaker recalls the bull. The
mood shifts from happy to calm, then apprehension and finally to fright.

Title revisited ~ seeing the bull in a revelation for the speaker.

Theme ~ the poem explores the loss of innocence, what occurs as children grow
up and find out more about the world. The bull is referred to as the
"half-known" creature, the eggs (children) and plenty of the milk (innocence).

The End and The Beginning

Wisława Szymborska

The End AND The Beginning

by Wisława Szymborska

Title:
The poem is talking about people who rebuilt from the aftermath of the war and how they think about the new generation, romanticizing the war.

Attitude:
1-7 stanzas, speaker is recalling memories of aftermath of war and people who rebuilt from aftermath.
8-10 stanzas, speaker describe people after ~~the~~ reconstruction. Next generation, the speaker comment about

Paraphrase:
"After every war, someone has to clean up."
"We'll need the bridges back, the new railway stations!"
"And finally as little as nothing"

Connotation:
- Ashes: Aftermath of a war. What's left after the war (End)
- Bridges back: Rebuild connection
- razed: how hard people worked to bring it back
- Recal: Unforgettable

Shift:
Shift occurs when the speaker starts talking about people's attitude. Shift from past to present. People who worked and remember to people who forget or not know. Next generation.

Theme:
Aftermath of a war. People who build bridges, clean up everything and remember the war and people of next generation who romanticize the war and people who did all the hard and remember.

Sketches of Tomorrow

Lucy Ngo

