

Whitman's Apprentices

An Anthology of Young Poets

Edited by James P. Wagner (Ishwa)

Whitman's Apprentices

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For Walt Whitman and the poetic legacy he has inspired.

Foreword

*Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater
than before known,
Arouse! for you must justify me.
I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the
darkness.
I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping, turns a
casual look upon you and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.*

~ Walt Whitman

In this poetic call of his, he urges the poets of the generations to come after him to pick up the mantel and carry the tradition onward. What better way to celebrate Walt Whitman's 200th Birthday than put together an anthology celebrating the Poets who came after him?

The "Poets to Come" as Whitman himself so elegantly addressed are a very large, growing and talented group of poets of the current era. This companion anthology *Whitman's Apprentices* is the youth version of that vision.

Containing poetry from around 150 young school-aged poets, represented by Elementary school children, to College kids, *Whitman's Apprentices* celebrates the next coming generation of wordsmiths. These poems came from classrooms and after school clubs, from mentoring programs and contests. And they all have one thing in common; they showcase the amazing talent of the next coming generation of poets. It has been a pleasure working on this volume, and I think I can say with confidence that Whitman would have been proud to see it.

~ James P. Wagner (Ishwa)

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Apprentice Poets of Norwood Avenue School

Sierra Albano

The Good Tree

I hope one day the world will show
Amazing things on trees to grow

Like happiness and love
hope brought down from branches above

For now the world is just ok
with war and sickness every day

For all the world's guilt and greed
should be gone with a growing seed

As the season begins to change
the tree will reach the sky one day

When the trees seeds begin to fall
It will grow once more just as tall

So plant a seed and watch it grow
care for it through the snow

Just a tree makes the world better you see
Just one good tree

Talia Aquirre

Anvil Tree

I never thought i'd see
something so peculiar as an anvil tree.
But that is what I saw.
If any fool doesn't want to
learn a terrible lesson,
in the anvil forest keep moving at
five meters per second.

Chloe Armstrong

Pets

Pets make love fun and joy
Pets make the smiles on your face
I bet your pet is happy at your place
Indoor Outdoor place is great
Pets are cute it makes your frown become a smile
If you really care about pets
The next one you have will be very glad
If you become a Vet thats the next step
Pets are waiting for all
And they love you too

Liam Armstrong

Gravity Falls

Why did you cancel our favorite show?
Is it the money your paid or do we not know?
Did the voice actors quit/retire?
Or are you being a liar?
But seriously we want the show back.
If it doesn't, you'll give us a heart attack.
So make the decision the choice is yours.
Or your gonna make us close the doors?

Sierra Beamer

Out From Behind the Mask

The disgusted face behind the smile.
The upset face behind the straight face
The battle between
The expression
The smile power
The straight face, peace.

The one, the chosen
The president of expressions
Smile. Hide behind
The smile.

Paul Beebee

The Derpy Tree

Derp derp derpy derp!

Here I am the derpy tree

I like the hills and the hot weather,

I'm healthy delicious and awesome too.

I'm the derpy tree!!!!

Presleigh Brill

Out From Behind the Mask

But when your cat is getting old
Can you really hold it back?
Sadness eeping into you
Like rain in a house filled with holes.
Your face burying in the blankets
When she can't jump no more.
But isn't happiness the best policy?
For some people, that is.
So your curl up your lips
But it's as fake as McDonald's.
And the mask goes away because
Of your heavy breathing
Your crying
Your worrying.
And the mask lays in the trash
Untouched.

Marley Caccamo

Summer Fun

When summer comes I have so much fun
I can lay in the flower beds
ride my bike in the warm air
go on to the beach i live on
take my new puppy out for a walk
go to my school and practice softball with my dad
have friends over and family
but the thing I love mostly about summer is
having fun with my family
and for being grateful for where I live

Kevin Carroll

Off With Their Heads

For Lewis Carroll

The queen of Hearts screams,

“off with their heads.”

But it is said

That after screeching and screaming

That they cut off hers instead.

Thomas Ciolfi

Pear Tree

Pears so yummy and sweet,
you can have them any time, any day.
Just grab a pear from this pear tree,
you'll have a special treat.
All you have to do is plant a seed,
let it sit in the sun,
water it and you're done.

Caragh Cote

Little Seed

I have a little seed
That is not going to become a weed
In an hour
It will be a flower

Lilly Curatolo

My Peace Tree

My peace tree shall bring them together,
my peace tree will keep us together,
my peace tree will bring peace to earth,
like how earth is to us.

James Drgon

Happy
Observational
Winning

Intelligent

Feelings
Emotions
Enterprising
Learning

Independent
Never giving up
Sad
Ideas
Daring
Entertained.

Julia Edington

Animal Tree

I think i may never see a animal tree.
With cute puppys and cats.
A tree in summer where
instead of picking apples
you instead pick up cute cuddly furballs.
With surprising kids saying ‘yippee’.
I may never see it but i hope one day.

Amelia Eldeiry

Leaves

This is a tree, who cares very much about her children,
which are leaves.

Each morning she wakes up her children
to go learn to fly through the wind.

As she says good bye, her tears go through the puddle
down at her trunk.

Soon, Fall comes again and her leaves change colors,
And they have to fly away again.

Soon a man was walking by
and needed a boat.

So he chopped the tree down,
made a boat.

One day an acorn floated
on the wind,
landed in a hole.

5 years later,
it grew.

Another tree story
began.

Jenna Famolari

Behind My Mask

Being stuck
Emotions held in
Hiding my personal feelings
Intelligent decisions
Never letting it out
Depressing

My emotions are sad
You never want to give your personal feelings

Mask are cover for your feelings.
As you can see, this mask is
Seeking emotions through my body
Keeping my hard emotions in.

Emily Fay

From a Tree's Perspective

I feel the wind blowing through my leaves
And pushing on my hard branches
My bark keeps me warm in the winter
My leaves wrap around me like a blanket
In the summer I feel the sun beating down on me
In the fall my leaves turn beautiful shades of red, yellow
and brown
I am a wonderful tree.

Lauren Fay

The Tree

Sometimes I look up at the gloomy sky
Sometimes the sky is so blue
I can see the flowers blooming
Down below me.
In the fall I have to start
to let go of my leaves
even though the world is less green
I still feel like it is spring.

Kayla Forsch

My Mask

My mask
Hidden face of lies
My mask
So many things to hide
Wonderful day at the mall
With my mom and shopping bags galore
When I get home
I must hide my things from my sister
But there's much much more

A frown I try to keep
But a smile is waiting for me
Playing with my new toys in my room
But when my sister comes
I must hide with a face of gloom
She will never know what happened today
But I will always have to hide
With a face of dismay
My mask.

Kathryn Gonser

I See Myself As

Some people see me as just a tree,
But I see myself as a beautiful bird,
Soaring in the sky on a sunny day.
I see myself as a raindrop falling,
On a rainy day.
I see myself as so much more
But these are two you can't ignore.

Paolo Greco

Out from behind the mask
In front that face
Disappointed but can't show it
Jealous but can't show it

Benny Gutleber

It's like being under a mask
That you can't pull off.
The heart does not match the face.
The heart tells you so much more.
You can't be sure, just to see
The face is not enough.

Jillian Heuer

Outside you see a smile
Until you break my mask off
To my surprise I smile.

From here to there
Round to things I don't love
Of my stuff I don't like getting
More, more I hide behind a mask

Because of a lot you hide
Either behind a mask or alone
Hide, hide, hide
Inside my face is glum
Not happy or sad
Don't tell me Ill love it
If I will not.

The ways of your mask
Are always different
Hidden from the world you stay
Everything is gone
My mask is gone
And I show my face
So uncover your mask and smile
Kindness is your only hope
To uncovering your real face.

Kale Hobbs

My face is a face
Mystery sad, happy mad
I just fake it to make
whoever happy
My face is a mask of emotion

Ryder Maag

Boring at church of course
All you do is sing
And say prayers
But I have to smile.

When someone makes fun
Of me I say
“Kid, go with the flow,”
But I still smile.

Maddie Mandel

Happiness In A Tree

Happiness in a tree
Is a big wish for me

It can help people in many different ways
It can even make people happy on their darkest days

It would be planted by the sea
And would look kind of like a palm tree

What a amazing tree it could be!!!

Sofia Martin

Don't look at the clock.

Don't look at the clock
or the time will fade away
don't look at the clock
and there will be no time to play
don't look at the clock
and you will lose track of time

(SO LOOK AT CLOCK IT'S TIME TO GO OUTSIDE!)

Necoletta Montiglio

Wish Tree

Don't you think the world would be better
If everyone had a wish tree in their backyard?

People would enjoy life
not have to look behind their shoulder every day.

They can live life knowing "I can be safe."
But there is no sign of any wish tree here.

Emma Murphy

Behind this mask,
I am feeling sad
Behind this mask
I am feeling happy
Behind this mask
I am feeling fine
Behind this mask
I am going to be me.

Harrison Radziul

The Rattlesnake Tree

Stzz Stzz

Rattlesnake Tree

give me the anti-venom serum

to let kids live!

If you don't you will pay.

I'll chop you up

and sell you on EBAY.

Chloe Reyes

The Peace Tree

I thought I would never see a tree
that gives us peace.

I thought I would never see a tree
that gives us love.

Here I am standing in front of this tree
that gives us love and peace.

Its so bright and sweet.

It will send peace all over.

Shelby Rizzuto

When you're in my situation you
Wanna cry, cry real hard
Sometimes but when you
Know you will upset, and it
Will upset your mom or dad you
Just hold up a mask
Of somebody on the outside
But on the inside, you're different
You change your outside
That mask, oh, that mask.

Carter Shin

The Superbowl

Superstitious

Upcoming

Predictable

Entertaining

Replayable

Breakable

Outstanding

Wisdomish

Loveable

Avery Shin

In The River

Sparkle and dazzle
Like the truth of my eyes
Curves and bumps
Like the sass of my mouth
The smell of mud
Like the muddy outskirts
Of Maine's low tide
Brown yet light
Like the milk chocolate I love
But if you put every part of this together
It equals me

Maxsim Sposato

Off the bus feeling sad
Under the mask you are crying.
The rain storm starts on your face.

For your friends you keep cool.
Round the desk you start to ramble.
Of the melting ice rink thing you've done
My face is as red as a tomato.

Being picked on makes you frightful
Even your friends are laughing at you.
Having glasses isn't weird
I want to run away
Never come back again
Do you know what it feels like?

The feeling is horrible
Having fun isn't a thing
Even you are putting on your mask

My face is a rain storm
And my inside is lightning and thunder
Sick is how I feel
Kicking is not right.

Mattea Still

Him

For Joyce Kilmer

Sometimes I see him
And he makes me grin.

But when he stares for a while,
I start to see a great big smile.

We sit together and write. We write for so long.
That I want to sing a song.
When he leaves I see,
How he thinks I'm a wonderful tree.

Colin Tuthill

Conceal What is In

Trying to conceal the stranger
In your eyes
Maybe they won't see
The death in your eyes
After you don't have
Your eyes on the mask
You don't know what happens
You never know what wicked hides.

Zack Williams

My Poem

My poem may be small
but it is still a poem.
Poems are little songs
that are written in rhymes
or sometimes
in concrete
and one day peace.

Poems will be one of the parts
of the road to peace.
Most likely they'll also give us hope.

Walt Whitman Birthplace School Poetry Contest
Grand Champions

Ryan Derasse

Manhasset High School

Technology Is Taking Our Lives Away

In 2050 technology is taking our lives away and is melting our brain.

thirty years ago the old joke of momma screaming johnny you're gonna end up on the streets when you get older because of your electronic addiction and johnny laughing because he thinks that momma is just trying to scare him well that johnny is me. I should have listened.

I was strolling along the street with my fancy phone and I saw a less fortunate family who didn't have enough money to get into a park. instead of being upset they acted like they were in a party that was worth a fortune. they had a barbeque and they were laughing and playing as if nothing was wrong. I didn't see one phone or computer, which shocked me. but maybe what I was really thinking was how fortunate they were to not be ruled by electronics.

I continued on my walk checking my phone from time to time

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when I saw a small family
that spent extra money on a cabana and I didn't see any eye
contact at all.

they didn't even attempt to socialize with each other.
all they did was play on their phones not appreciating what
they had.
it sickened me. I took a note on my iphone.

then I saw a family who were using their phones for a game.
it was weird because they were having so much fun with a game
on the phone.

all of a sudden the phone died.
the family was in shock and the fun died too.
the parents blamed each other as the kids screamed and cried
it was a disaster. I checked my phone battery to make sure that
doesn't happen to me.

next I saw a family near them with the exact game just not on
the phone.
the kids were laughing and yelling to help dad get the word and
mom was trying to go
into some funky poses to help dad too.

it is the future. please spread the word technology doesn't
create happiness.
today was the day I realized we need to change so we can become
our best selves.
we need to use technology less.
what do you think?

Jade Eggleston

Ward Melville High School

The Cost

I hang my head in shame,
Fearful to look up and observe the world around me,
Bustling with industry and production, which eat away at
the Earth,
Choking her, stripping away at her resources, setting her land and
oceans aflame,
She does not resist, for all she can do is watch,
As the air takes each puff of pollution like a punishment,
And species flee north, endangerment, extinction on their tails,
And the ice caps cry countless tears, joining the ocean, whose
levels rise in defeat.
This is her fate, sealed by humanity.

Progress is the governor of the future,
He soothes humanity's guilt,
Claiming that we must pillage the Earth to satisfy our pursuit
of advancement,
The exploration of sciences, delving further into genetics,
space, psyche,
The refinery of technologies, becoming swifter, sharper,
sleeker, superior,
The shift from humble wood houses, to lavish stone castles,

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to sleek glass constructions,
Boundless buildings which stretch their slender metal palms to
the sky,
Begging to reach further, breaking new boundaries, pushing
conceived limitations
until there is nothing in their way,
They pave a path for Imagination, who joins Progress hand
in hand,
Guiding us to the future, at the Earth's expense.

For all its glory, advancement cannot mask corruption
Poverty still flashes his face in the streets, sporting the most
wicked of grins,
His sister, Gluttony, beams with pride as she watches us succumb
to her calls,
While Rage storms the Earth's terrain, provoking indecency,
violence, and war,
Atop a throne, Greed watches, cold, calculating,
Persuading us to renounce mortality when there is money to
be made.

I pray that future generations will overcome these challenges,
Reviving the Earth before she takes her final breath,
Pursuing innovation without becoming blinded by hatred and
material gain,
Recreating a future of advancement, without the cost.

Daniella Graffeo

Mount Sinai High School

The Utopian Dystopia from *The Utopian Dystopia*

One day, in the future,
Hundreds, maybe even thousands of years from now,
The world will be a much different place.
Mankind will spend centuries improving technology,
Only changing the world to improve human lives,
Not caring about all of nature's features cowering behind
massive buildings
Or being crushed by newfangled cars.
Mortals would think they have it all,
Living each day like the last,
Rising with the wakening sun,
Scuffling down golden streets all day,
Then collapsing in bed when the sky puts on its deep blue
nightgown.
But what if the very next day, the sun didn't rise?
Then what would humans do?
Would they wake up and just sit in bed, anxious to see a familiar
morning light?
Would they even wake up at all?
How would people get around, if the sun never rose again?
They wouldn't be able to see the intense "utopia" that took so

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many years to build around them,
And the world would be pitch black.
The only way to see the future would be to resort back to the past,
By using oil lanterns or miniscule flickers of light.
And in those little fires people will see the gold roads they once
walked on turn coppery.
On the mighty city's outskirts, they would find bruised flowers.
Drained of color and resting for an eternal nap.
They would find burnt stumps of once enormous trees,
The only thing left of those trees the rings of their age,
Showing how long they have lived before their tragic deaths.
They would find wide-stretching ditches where lakes used to be,
The water gone, already evaporated,
Attempting to vanish in the air like ghosts to escape human grasp.

And maybe, just maybe, that day will be branded in people's
minds,
As they shuffle around in the dark,
The day when they all realize that taking advantage of the world
around them
Never should have been a desired plan.

Tiffany Jiao

The Wheatley School

Sweet Poison

America...the beautiful?

Through screens, a parasite spreads a deadly electric plague.
It reflects a mesmerizing metallic color, sweet poison to my eyes.
Blinding white light of the digital world enchants and entices me;
I fall under its dark spell and become madly addicted to its keen,
but baleful, sting.

America...the beautiful?

No longer can I recall the sound of crackling leaves as they dance
during the midst of autumn.

No longer can I recall the way the golden rays of sunlight
fragment off waves of the salty sea,

No longer can I recall the subtle intertwinement between the
violet clouds and azure swirls of
summer skies;

I lie under the coral sunrise in a field of fresh daisies, only to find
myself looking down at the
screen in my hands, hypnotized by the sweet poison of white light
that reflects into my eyes.

America...the beautiful?

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How can I be aware of this America if I allow myself to be
blinded?

How can I be aware of this America if I do not cure myself of
this addiction,
this illness of the mind?

How can I be aware of this America if I allow my heart to be
torn out,
and watch as it is replaced with cold pieces of animatronic gears?

America... the beautiful.

I finally open my eyes to the vast wonders around me.

I free my soul from technology's deadly grasp.

I finally realize that sight is a gift, and that I had been chipped.

I see

the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

I see

the beautiful bouquet of diversity filled with a vast array of
colors and shapes.

I see

the power that human connection and love holds over violence
and chaos.

I see

the *true* America that exists behind the screen stitched to the skin
of my palm.

Cristian Martinez

Ronkonkoma Middle School

A Glimpse of Tomorrow

We have torn down walls before
I dream of a future without any hate and war
No caskets being flown home
Where family members are left to mourn
Instead, I see a beautiful cascade of colors
A sight that would bring tears to any man's face
Children living with no fear
Families not being ripped apart
Just for not being born here
No need for police and soldiers to barge into homes
Checking identities, judging and telling a family they must go
A world with no hate is what I see
I will tear down the walls with the words I choose to speak
We must unite, start to fight
It all starts with one person's courage
Go ahead and build your wall
We will tear it down, just as we have before.

Lia Rewkowski

Bosti Elementary School

The Evolution

The evolution will always be coming like the warm glow of
the everlasting light
on a freezing day.

Carrying us into high skies!

Seeing how high even the fiercest winds will take us!

The evolution of mankind, leaving history in the past and leaping
into the future!

Seconds, minutes, decades, centuries!

The future will not stop coming no matter how long it takes.
The changes are coming, fast or slow they will still be coming.
They will always be coming like the everlasting light on a cold,
freezing, windy day.

Matteo Spotorno

Mount Sinai Middle School

If Only the Planet Had Been Saved

Earth steadily grew smaller in the distance.
People looked out into space, watching it disappear.
The planet was not to be visited again.
It was free of humans at last.
Ships were headed away from this place.
People wished that they could have stayed.
If only the planet had been saved.
Earth's demise had been building for a while.
Autumn and Winter grew shorter and warmer.
Summer grew longer and took over.
Storms grew stronger and stretched larger.
Glaciers grew smaller and melted until they were gone.
Coastlines grew further inland and encompassed cities.
Cities grew overcrowded and polluted.
Grass grew less green and healthy.
Animals grew weaker and rarer with time.
Poor grew further into poverty and starvation.
Wealthy grew more powerful and power hungry.
Governments grew corrupt and careless.
War grew more frequent and intense.
Disease grew widespread and rabid.

Whitman's Apprentices

Faith stopped growing.

If only the planet had been saved.

People wished that they could have stayed.

Ships were headed to a better place.

A new planet would be host to humans.

It would be their second chance.

People looked into space, planning their new lives.

Earth disappeared in the distance.

Kate Sun

R.C. Murphy Junior High School

Thank You, Nest

As laugh lines sink into my skin,
I travel alone into lonelier woods.
My mother's watchful eye grows distant, and I peer forwards,
mind unshackled.
Whistles of independence haze and leer,
Filling the air with dust –
Lungs suffocating, eyes stinging,
But when the wind settles,
My abrasions no longer throb.
Laugh lines sink deeper,
Yet my hands claw, even more voraciously,
For branches unseen, but desired.

Walt Whitman Birthplace School Poetry
Contest Winners

Anjali Aggarwal

W.Tresper Clarke High School

Realizing the Future in the Present

I used to think
That my life could be mapped out,
That everything was already set
In the stone of my expectations

I used to think
About practical destinies
About realistic ways to go about life
Without considering anything else

I never realized
How fluid life is,
How unpredictable its currents flow
Like the holy Ganges river

I never realized
Why the future concealed itself
Why I couldn't control the very chains
That falsely restricted me in the past

Whitman's Apprentices

To realize the future

Is to lay down and breathe,

To take a minute to slow down

Because to realize the future is to enjoy the present

Jeanine Alfaro

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

Future Mistakes

Made out of iron,
Stiff as can be,
Charge me to full,
And then you shall see.
Producing more of me,
We are technology,
Tearing down buildings,
Like stepping on leaves.
From robots to zombies,
Like happy endings or screams,
Everything happens for a reason,
As bad as it seems.

Huda Ayaz

The Wheatley School

I See America Beaming

I see America beaming, smiles that spread from cheek
to cheek.

The students beaming as their vehicles touch down at school,
kissing parents bye;

The parents beaming as they compliment drawings kids hold
up with pride;

The instructor beaming through lessons, seemingly without a
care in the world;

The businessmen and women beaming, stepping onto
teleporting pods, no longer
enfeebled and enervated;

The doctors beaming as they exit successful surgeries,
returning to loving families.

I see America beaming, a happiness never known overcoming them.
As they, beaming, walk freely in the streets, seen and feeling as
equals to all.

With every man and woman beaming as they pursue the life that
they themselves chose.

With every child beaming, learning after every mistake no matter
how much they fail.

I see America beaming, cherishing moments of the lives they
so prize.

Yet the students beaming do not see the blue haze around
The parents beaming as they kiss goodbye;

Whitman's Apprentices

Yet the do not know that

The material their drawings are drawn upon are no longer of trees as they cease to exist.

The instructor beaming had died centuries ago, living on as a holograph, taking on a job that humans no longer needed to take part in.

Yet the beaming businessmen and women do not know of all the lives lost to create the same teleporting pods they use to go to and fro work and home.

Yet the beaming doctors do not take notice of the monotony of their days simply

instructing robots who “are much more precise than we humans can be!” as the higher-ups say.

Yet those falling and learning, beaming children, do not know how much knowledge is stripped away from them in the first place.

Yet those pedestrians beaming do not take notice of just how similar they have become;

Of just how few jobs were left for them to choose from in the first place;

Of just how differences, as much as they divided us, defined us.

And how without them, we are reduced to mere specks in this Brobdingnagian universe;

And how with them, we mattered

But without them, we are foreshortened to nothing but matter.

Taylor Bechtel

Northern Highlands Regional High School

Sing My Legacy

I ask for nothing for the future but a bookshop, blue awning,
mountains away from here, the only one
of its kind, a boy behind the register
listening to jazz, a couple kissing
in the science fiction aisle, the snow outside
just beginning to stick, no track marks or footprints, clean.
Bestsellers in the windows painting the glass
with their colorful reflections and bold
titles, poetry section in the back, drenched in a light layer
of dust, the lingering scent of freshly ground coffee
haunting the pages, dreamers listed
on thin spines, untouched, still loved. A book
on the floor, placed there by a child's wandering,
clumsy hands, a girl's face on the back cover, smiling wide,
all teeth,
no lips, cheeks and eyes and hair wound back
by the breeze. Pages opened
to a poem about the docks, a child
chasing birds, feet bare, palms open
to a waiting sky, falling and kicking through
the water below like it's time, carefree and wild,
and when her head resurfaces, she goes under once again.

Whitman's Apprentices

Or maybe I don't need bestsellers, bold titles, or bright covers that
paint the windows with their reflections, spines or dusted covers.
Maybe my future is a page. That's all.
A poem.

Kylee Bijari

Saddle Rock Elementary School

What Comes Next

There's so much to see in this world.
But no one knows what will come next,
Flying cars, singing bears, time travel and more?
Or maybe it will turn out bad,
No plants, no people to see, no nothing, no world?
Only stars to see, with planets, but no earth?
No one knows what's next.
Will there be nothing, or will there be more?
The future is a mystery,
Who knows what's next?!

Olivia Brown

Howard T. Herber Middle School

Emotions of the Future

Drifting slowly to sleep, fading to black ...

I woke in a field of green

Clovers surrounding me

The aura of luck filling my senses

Flashes of the fortunate events that would make instead of break
future nations went through me

mind

Until I faded to black yet again

Waking again on a throne of fire

Finding myself full of hate, seeing civilizations that would one
day burn to the ground

I saw red, blood clouding my vision

I closed my eyes, escaping from the nightmare

Clouds of all rainbow colors, representing hope and joy,

Greeted me when I woke

Maybe all is not lost in this world

Maybe someone or something can save it....

Closing in, the clouds brought me peace and rest

Whitman's Apprentices

I woke again
Stranded in a sea of gray nothingness
The rubble of abandoned civilization surrounded me
So that they may restart in space
Somehow this accomplishment filled me with unease
So, so lonely, no one there or wanting to help me find my way
I fell into a black hole screaming for help yet knowing none
was there

This, I thought, is representing our world now and the future of
the world to come

Ava Cai

R.I. Meyerholz Elementary School

Future of the Earth

In one thousand years or so, the Earth overheats like a hot potato
In one thousand years or so, we'll be living on the blue planet
The blue planet is Pluto
Cold and windy, minus three hundred
We'll shiver in our houses are made of ice,
While hail is bigger than a truck!
The sun that once shined with happiness,
Has left us all behind, 3.6 billion miles away
The world that we could never forget
The world that still holds our brains
The world that we destroyed
The oceans once filled with coral reefs
With clown fish hiding in their grounds
The Dolphins swimming in pods,
While the seahorses nibbled on plankton
The buildings stood tall and proud,
While the cars scurry around like ants below,
The air turned from cold to warm
Then from hot to boiling
We left it all behind.
We learned the language 'Baldini'
Taught by a group of aliens.

Whitman's Apprentices

We eat food that bounces
Like spider eyes and solid air
We do back-handsprings with ease
In one thousand years or so,
The Earth will explode.
We will watch it from our new home,
Pluto.

Neliah Cherisme

Meadowbrook Elementary School

What's on the Earth in the Future

There might be flying frogs or
Trees as tall as sky
scrapers

Leaves as pointy as needles.
Blades of grass with the little raindrops on
the tippity top that look like the sparkling night sky.

Pools as big as the oceans.
Cars as big as trains.
Beds that fly in the sky so very high.

Robots that help you live your life.
I can't wait to see what's in the future.

Kaitlyn Dambrose

Lindell School

What Will The Future Bring?

Will there be cars that turn into submarines?

Could there be flying cars?

Will there be talking computers?

Will there be flying boats?

Will there be phones that do your work?

Will there be water bottles that keep on refilling alone?

Will there be crayons that change color?

Will there be a kid language?

Will there be water to drink?

Will we find new planets?

When will the future come?

Does the future start now?

Kathryn DeRose

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

Beautiful Worlds

When the future comes upon us, o' beautiful it will be.
The sky shiny with snowflakes, sun flickering off of them.
When the future comes upon us, it shall be great.
With the dancing beauty right in your eyes.
It makes you seem like the world is non-existent
With the beauty upon you, nothing can stop you from
looking into the wind of the water.
The lovely dancing petals are so pretty.
It seems that the water is dancing, the petals singing.
The beautiful world, so pretty and bright.
The shiny sun seems like a star in the night sky.
The moon shining on us as we stare up upon it.
The pale light shifting on our faces.
It seems like you can feel the brightness.
So pretty as pretty can be.
The night birds chirping upon us.
We walk along the soft sand to find the gate of magic.
We stare up on it just to see its magical gaze.
We hear the magical melodies of the moths.
We look up and the beauty wisps us away.
The shimmering beauty is so very pretty.

Natalie Dreyer

RC Murphy Junior High School

2100

What lies before your last dying breath?

The family you once loved?

The life you once lived?

No! What changes your life the big and the small is up to you.

For no one person can change the world.

For many revolutionaries have created these paths of destruction,

The world changed as they roamed.

Their joy changed to sorrow.

Their love changed to hate.

But nothing has changed.

The world grieves the losses of good men and women,

So senselessly tossed into the tornado of swirling conflicts.

Death is but one of the problems that these revolutionaries have
forged.

Unforeseeable consequences on the roads they paved.

For the skyroads that lead to the heavens,

And the paths that failed the people down below.

What was meant to provide optimism spread hate and prejudice,

Not purposely so,

But true nonetheless.

Whitman's Apprentices

I too, was a revolutionary.
So my last dying breath was filled with remorse
I too, apologize for my sins caused by my fellow revolutionaries
That is what lies before my last dying breath.

Sierra Ebert

H.Frank Carey High School

A stroll through the park

I was strolling through a park
Leaves were everywhere on the
Ground and they were skipping
in the wind.

Passing by the lake the
Ducks and geese were circled
In conversation.

As I sat I felt the warmth
Of the sun cover me like a
Blanket.

We can not have grey unfriendly clouds
Covering the sky instead of a
Beautifully shining sun.

For this is my dream to come to life.

Caroline Egan

Manhasset Middle School

Mother

My mother of many years
The boundaries of time, do they pay tribute to your glory?
Is it over yet, do the lights of your opportunities glimmer like
your seas?

Legacies of matter in your arms
In ruling worlds of might
Here we are welcome
The home you can never leave, of material being
Means from living for the next day
Yet to come the disconnect for youth
No Bias, for the sake of fulfillment
Though, bright eyes and wishes whither through the blinding
graciousness of time
Travel beyond your truth, into prisms of hope
Your creation in time

Jennifer Esfahany

Ward Melville High School

Here Is What Will Be

Last one left to clamber over the mountainous ruins of our earth,
Last one to witness our resources drained to leave a shell devoid
of life,
Last one to observe cities demolished by ignorant greed and
arrogant power,
Alone to bear the cumbersome weight of utter isolation.

Kneeling and praying; begging and shouting; pleading for
someone,
Someone to appear from the crushing reticent stillness,
Crying and calling; whispering and rocking; needing for someone,
Someone who can make it all go away.

Shut your eyes and squeeze them tight,
Cover your ears, maybe it will stop the unending ringing,
Not loud enough to be surrounding you, not soft enough to
leave you alone,
It won't help, won't change what's happened,
There is no waking up this time.

You pass a house, or the gutted remains of one, with only
three walls left erect,

Whitman's Apprentices

An oven door open, the lost scent of burned cookies, blown away
by the acrid wind,
A table marked by arguments and affection, collapsed in the
middle of the room,
Cabinet doors hanging by a screw, shattered plates littering the
white and yellow tiles.

Look away before the lump in your throat triggers tears
burning your eyes,
Look down at sand and rubble crunching beneath your step,
Look towards the gray sky to see the clouds thwarting the
sun's glow,
Look anywhere but there, because there is where you face it.

Adapt to this new world, scavenge for your needs,
Push forward beyond this ultimate brink,
Try and try again, do not let this fear hold you back,
Accept it as your own, as it is for you and only you to conquer
and master.

Ripped away from a life once thought limitless,
We were warned for too long, but we listened for too little,
Gone is what once was, here is what will be.

Greta Flanagan

Oyster Bay High School

Words

Words! Words! Words!

The ability to control and create with only pen and ink!
To bring someone to life with simple black strokes,
And to fill them with emotions as clear as day –
Images and people float off paper with clarity and feeling,
And fly, like a black raven soaring across our thoughts,
They are honored, in one mind, in two, in a thousand –
What a wonderful ability, to create such a thing,
How joyous it would be, to connect future millions with
only prints,
How joyous, indeed, if that were me.

Thomas Frycek

Mount Sinai Middle School

Second Chance

The darkness of space feels cold and quiet.
Day after day, night after night,
Torturous time ticks as we approach our second chance.

The old world we leave behind blurs
From blue and green to shades of grey,
The impact of trashy humans is too great to measure.

With 260 days to contemplate the corruption,
We are hopeful that we can use our second chance smarter,
superior,
But fearful that history will repeat itself.

Earth was once as clean as Mars until humans had their way.
A new land awaits!
It's red and dusty enough to darken daylight, cold as
winter's night.

Our second chance lies before us like a field of freshly
fallen snow.
It is at the same time
A gift and a responsibility.

Sally Gliganic

R.C. Murphy High School

Ceres Awaits

Crispr

Its intentions to cure unknown human afflictions
By editing the human race inorganically.
Bringing a revolution to science.

That's how it was supposed to be.

Inevitably hijacked by the empowered and rich
To fulfill the dream to have eyes that match the sea,
Smiles that reflect against the sun's beams,
Bodies with perfect curves,
The perfect life,
O Venus! Fortuna!
As we, the imperfect tail on, watching the new generation
dominate.

Like a creeping ocean mist, the plague came slowly over the
perfect ones
Although the new generation was perfect, their blue eyes began
to fade to grey,
Perfect bodies shrunk to the bone,
Perfect teeth fell out

Whitman's Apprentices

That perfect life of this generation is now gone,
The unintended consequences of thinking that human vanity
and greed
 could replace natural selection.
Now we, who are left,
Our hair, teeth, life, is still unexceptional
But our mediocrity gifted us with vitality, immunity, fertility.

Brian Jimenez

Sanford H. Calhoun High School

David

Vida dura sin consejos de una madre o padre
Pero sus abuelitos le enseñaron los valores que el crecía de
aprender en la vida.

Con toda la tristeza

Del mundo David agarró camino dejando a sus abuelos

David sabía que su viaje no estaba seguro pero sabía

Que con la ayuda de Dios lo iba a lograr.

Solo recuerdos quedarán.

Cruzó ríos valles

Y montañas para

Llegar.

Cruzó desiertos aunque

Creía que no lo lograría

Continuó hasta llegar por que Dios con él estaba

Nuevas personas.

Nuevos acentos.

Nuevos idiomas.

por ser nuevo

De el se burlaban.

La vida no es igual pero te enseñaron haberla igual

Problemas desgracias y bendiciones

Whitman's Apprentices

Vendrán con el amor de otras
Personas de ubicarás aunque
No sea un padre o una madre lo entenderás qué
Porque la vida duros golpes
Te dará pero con amor
Y fuerza los resolverás
Y con la ayuda de los que te quieren
Adelante tu saldrás
Dios y tu familia contigo
Estarán porque ellos nunca te abandonarán.

Whitman's Apprentices

David

A hard life without advice from a mother or a father
But his grandparents taught him the values
That they learned in life.
With all the sadness
In the world David started on his way
Leaving his grandparents
David knew that the voyage would not be safe but he knew
That with the help of God he was going to succeed.
Only memories will remain.
He crossed rivers and valleys
And mountains to
Arrive.
He crossed deserts although
He believed he wouldn't succeed
He continued until he arrived because with him God was
New people.
New accents.
New languages.
And because he was new
They made fun of him.

Life is not the same but it will teach you to have it the same
Problems, misfortunes, and blessings
Will come with the love of other people
People near you, although
They may not be a father or a mother you will understand that
Because life hard punches
It will give you, but with love

Whitman's Apprentices

And strength you will solve
And with the help of those who love you
Ahead you will move forward
God and your family will be with you because
They will never abandon you.

Angelina Johnson

H. Frank Carey High School

Art of the Future.

Shaped from the Past, sculpted in the Present and to be lived in the future. Time's way of letting wonder pass through our minds, like winds amidst the trees. What lies ahead unknown, technology, people, life would be improved. Communication is unheard of, only through the screens we possess in the palms of our hands. As the years go on the spices and ingredients of the melting pot will fully mix and we will all be equal.

Nate Johnson

Bosti Elementary School C-Quest Program

When the Future Comes Around

When the future comes around,
Our homes may circle the enormous ball of brown, green, blue,
and white,
We can go back to ancient times with the push of a button,
The flying vehicles with blades may be like cars,
Push a remote button and with a ZAP and a BOOM,
Something will be somewhere else!

When the future comes around,
The lawmakers will have computer brains,
Amazing airplanes may be just heard and not seen,
Cowboys will be swift as the wind when they start riding cows,
Emergency boosters will save super ships,
Cute little bots will be the main toys,
Magnificent machines will make anything!

All of this may happen,
When the future comes around.

Jude Joseph

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

Cosmic Race

Oh I dream of a day to travel to space
And unravel the mysteries behind the stars.
I dream of a day to travel to mars
And find Aliens with cool looking cars.
But I am not a fool thinking aliens are cool
They might not even have a face.
Or even destroy the whole human race
Maybe Aliens on Mars disappeared without a trace.
Or they might be scared to ever show their face
But whos for sure they're not all bad.
They might help us with something really rad
Maybe these aliens created spaceships.
And probably they can give us some tips.
These aliens might be very smart
But whos to say they have a heart.
I still have a dream of going to space
And see the wonders of the cosmic race.
Maybe they live close by
Someday I want to say hi.
The planet they might be living on is very far
And maybe their whole planet is made of tar.
Maybe these creatures have sharp teeth like bear

Whitman's Apprentices

That were made to destroy and tear.
Maybe these aliens look exactly like trolls
That can roll around like moles.
Maybe aliens are so cruel
That someday we might have a duel.
Aliens come from all regions of space
Will they ever show their face.
Is that the case.

Matteo Karcic

Manhasset Middle School

I Look Across Towards the Future

Just as the seagull flies over the sea, I look across the horizon
towards the future

A minute away what will be? Happy or sad only time will tell
A world full of driverless cars and emotionless people running
around with nowhere to be

I hold my breath and wait for the minute to pass

Just as the kangaroo jumps through time, I look across the great
plains towards the future

An hour away what will be? A text, voice mail, tweet, or snap
A world full of Bluetooth phones with people chattering on but
nothing to say

I close my ears and try to enjoy the silence of the moment but am
unable to

Just as a horse gallops across the meadow I look across the field
towards the future

A day away what will it be? The news, a sitcom or made for
TV movie

A world of flat screen skinny televisions their glowing boxes
hypnotizing many

I close my eyes and imagine myself not sitting on a couch but

Whitman's Apprentices

outside in nature

Just as a frog leaps into the pond, I look across the lake towards
the future

A week away what will it be? The clicking of the mouse and key
board inside my brain

A world of printers killing trees while we print out love letters that
will never be sent

I close my nose and try my best to ignore the sour smell of
fresh ink on the printer page

Just as the dog runs across the living room floor, I look out the
window towards the future

A month away what will it be? The sound of pots boiling over and
a rare steak sizzles on the grill

A world of microwave dinners. Flavorless and bland. Simple to
make, difficult to digest

I close my mouth and imagine myself eating my mother's home
cooked pizza

Just as the shark swims towards its prey, I look out across the
ocean towards the future

A year away what will it be? Telling my cousin I miss him
through my cell phone

A world of interpersonal connections where we don't touch or
connect with one another.

I close my feelings and imagine myself hugging him with all
of my might

Whitman's Apprentices

A minute, an hour, a day, a week, a year away. Time passing us
by like runaway freight train
Waiting, preparing, hoping for the next.
Looking towards the future and hoping for a change
Did you see it? Because it already passed

Ashley Kim

Bergen County Academics

Foreign Tongues

Diversity will be a curse.
And failure to revel in the opaque vowels of the lettered
white-man
will be a sin worthy of excommunication,
Why introduce knotted tongues to the purity of a neatly-woven
America?

I have already assiduously re-programmed myself
to regard my tongue as nothing less than “American”
prideful of having sloughed my tongue of its Asian snake-skin,
no longer labeled as a “migrant” worth shunning
by the clunky inflections that arrest her foreign tongue.

Yet my mother sits at her vanity with a glass of wine,
laboriously mouthing an ill-fitting language in the mirror,
her tongue clumsily dancing a tango, not knowing that America
is a waltz.

And though my mother’s American label reads “alien,”
“intruder,” “displaced,”
I feel my own tongue paralyzed by an unexpected shame,
for despite my efforts I have found,

Whitman's Apprentices

that as unnatural and alien as is my mother's tongue,
that in escaping the foreigner's label,
I'll become a different kind of refugee,
one adrift from her own identity.

Taylor Korn

Plainview-Old Bethpage Middle School

Wants & Needs of Posterity

The tomorrows that await us lurk behind the shadows,
slowly creeping up on

every single one of us, until no one and nothing is left.

When the waves come crashing in, unpredictably, unexpectedly,
unknowingly, and

what's gone cannot be restored, cannot be refurbished, cannot
be repaired.

The sun sets, the clouds come rolling in, preventing the sunlight
from shining, sucking

the life and color out of everything,

And once it's gone it cannot be brought back, cannot be brought
to those who need it

most, to those suffering in the absence of it.

When the most basic, necessary needs cannot be met, when
someone is overlooked,

overseen in a time of need,

When one's wants are considered more important than
one's needs.

When what's taken for granted, used uselessly, without any
meaning, direction, or

guidance whatsoever could be put to a better use,

Seeing that need is taken into consideration, over want, over any

Whitman's Apprentices

thing and everything else,

So that those who need something don't have to wait any longer
than they have already.

Carly Lawrence

Sacred Heart Academy

I Was Born in Space

I was born in space.

I've never felt the soft green grass, or swam in the blue ocean, or touched the hot sand.

I've never felt a cool breeze of wind, or breathed real oxygen, or felt the sun on my face.

I've never stepped foot on the ground, never seen a real plant.

Ever since Earth was toxic, we have been living on a space station.

When I look out my window, I see the black sky and stars.

I want to visit earth.

I want to know what it was like on earth.

What was it like to breathe real oxygen?

What was it like to drink real water?

What did the sun look like?

What do flowers smell like?

What are sunsets like?

What does snow feel like?

What are animals like?

But the reality is I will never be able to experience earth

Hopefully one day my descendants will and fulfill my wishes.

Colin Lawry

Saint Ann's School

The world will become

The world will become an Ocean
all water and all blue
all sea horse and all whale
with us forgotten completely

The world will become a Forest
all huts and all canoe
all fish and all cattle
just like the olden days

The world will become a Space Ship
all electric and all mechanic
all perfect and all beautiful
is what we want to believe

The world will become a burned Crisp
all burned and all hot
if humankind does nothing
this is what the world will become

Gianna Levine

Sacred Heart Academy

Dear Meat-Eaters

Dear Meat-eaters,
Imagine a world where animals were friends and not food
Where the cows weren't kept in small boxes to be milked
Where bacon wasn't cherished
Where that beefy burger you ate didn't require a slaughter
Where that pig got to watch its baby grow up
Where that chicken got to run forever in a boundless green field
Where that baby lamb could agitate a crowd with its
symphonious "baa"
Where slaughter houses became human zoos
Where humans understood that animals have feelings too
Where we learned to love all life

How the world would change if we ate veggie burgers or
bright red apples
instead
Or if we played with these new mammalian friends of ours
Or if we ate a meal with no death on our plate
Or if we focused on fruits and vegetables as our main sources
of food
Or if vegans were praised instead of mocked
Or if we had the same respect for a pig as we do for a dog

Whitman's Apprentices

Or if we showed all life love and attention
Lives should be valued no matter the kind
Animals should be loved not eaten
One day this ideal world will become a reality
Presumably,
Your Local Vegan

Neola Low

Manhasset Middle School

Owl's Convention

This meeting is called to order
As the majority of this planet,
we have to take control.
And teach humans to
reach into their soul.

Our first matter that we should take into concern
shall be the loss of our habitat.
Our loss of home and food,
will lead to a combat.
And I am sure that both parties,
will rise the thermostat.

Our next discussion will be the
global warming and causing of
careless pollution that is an unspoken crime.
Landfills, acid rain, and deforestation have taken the land that
we love.
They promised us a future full of hope and growth but
the raven chased away the peace of our dove.

This meeting is now adjourned but

Whitman's Apprentices

let me say a few final words before my breath fades away.

I am old now and I've seen a lot.

Words are empty but actions are not.

It's up to you 'th' to save our future.

Brave souls, do not despair.

Alexie Lugris

R.C. Murphy Junior High School

In a Year

In a year I'll still be alive
Still breathing the shallow breaths

My feet will still be taking steps
My heart still beating

My hand will still be reaching
My mind still yearning

In a year I'll be a year stronger
I'll be a year wiser

In a year I will be one year closer
To my destination

Allison Marx

Eastport South Manor Central School District

The Bright Light in Our Pockets

When people are uncomfortable in a situation, we go on our phones to feel invisible.

When people are happy, we go on our phones to record moments.

When people are sad, we go on our phones to seek comfort from other people.

When people are bored, we go on our phones for entertainment.

People are as protective over their phone as a dog is with their bone.

Technology is a scapegoat for misinterpreting messages.

The bright light in our pockets has great powers.

Technology is like a wizard because it gets people to do crazy things.

Phones, iPads, Laptops, Wireless earbuds and Virtual Reality are just the beginning.

In the future we are going to have so many advancements in technology that we aren't going to have to do anything for ourselves.

We are going to have robot that cooks, cleans, and caters to our very need.

We are going to have self driving cars so you could take a nap on your way to work and when you open your eyes you will be there.

Whitman's Apprentices

We are going to have a camera on us 24/7 so we never miss a moment.

We are going to have a TV in our house that is the size of three walls.

Technology is the thing that sucks the attention out of the room.

Technology is taking over the world gigabyte by gigabyte.

Technology is the soft, smooth, sleek touch of the screen that calms people down.

Technology is the death of real conversations.

When you go to a restaurant you look around and see everyone on their phone playing

a game or texting the person right across from them.

The ping, bang, and buzz of phones bring all conversations to a halting stop.

The many games and videos keep toddlers entertained for hours.

The use of a calculator on your phone helps people from making silly mistakes.

The music that you can listen to with earbuds can make you feel like you're the only one in the room.

People scream if they don't have their screen.

Yusuf Meghji

The Wheatley School

The Bald Eagle's Wings are the Same

I stand for the pledge, standing for freedom, standing for liberty,
standing for justice,

Yet people try to take a stand by refusing to stand, and not placing
their hand on their hearts,

not making their hand feel the beat, the beat of their heart,
claiming they "...beat on, boats against the current, borne back
ceaselessly into the past..."

Hardly remembering the past, but forgetting our ancestors all kept
paddling. They reeled in a large
marlin, avoided sharks, and ended up on Wall Street...

They believed in the green light, and left their children singing...

"May we all get to grow up in a red, white, and blue little town..."

To let the red, white, and blue represent the United rather than the
Untied States,

To let the fifty white stars represent fifty states of unity;

But may we all let the red, white, and blue not exclude the black,
yellow, or brown;

Let us all remember the bald eagle, t'was chosen to display our
strength and freedom.

The eagle spreads its wingspan, mindful that its left wing is
equivalent to its right wing

Not having a blue and red wing, left wing not Liberal, and right

Whitman's Apprentices

wing not Republican;

Remembering how George Washington selected this bird
symbolizing freedom and strength,

Reminding us factions will only cause fission in his farewell
address.

“[But] Lord knows it’d do us all some good

To walk down a street and smile at a stranger,

Heart on your sleeve and love thy neighbor,

No matter what shape, no matter what color

Break bread instead of fighting each other...

Slip on a pair of another man’s shoes,

You’ll see by the time you get back,

This old world would be a whole lot better place

If we’d all just embrace the fact...

That people are different...”

And if we actually embraced that fact, that people are different,

That star-spangled banner would yet wave...

Over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ashaz Moen

Bosti Elementary School

Cries of the Future

O! The cries of the future!

They are whispering, but every day, they are growing louder,
until it comes!

Extremely insufficient farms, and abundant gadgets will be
everywhere you look.

And the heat!

It will be like the world's biggest blanket, screening everyone!

No one can escape the wrathful rage of such vicious heat!

The beautiful world!

It will be infected with pollution made of trash, like mold or ivy,
growing in your home,
spreading and disorganizing everything!

But, there is still hope.

We can prevent and conclude all of it by capturing bad air that's
unleashed, cleaning up
oceans, and forestalling having scarce farms and abundant gadgets,
and balancing their
scales.

There is still hope,

For we may restrain the future ...

Brianna Morris

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

The Amazing Future

A lot of people wonder what the future will be like
There could be flying pigs and cats made of ice cream
And chickens and roosters who can actually scream.
Robots that can think for themselves and talking alarm clocks
People riding hoverboards down the block
Floating cars driving people to their jobs
And alive gelatin blobs
The future could be amazing
Like in this poem
That's why it is the amazing future

Andrea Mosca

Ward Melville High School

Love in the Blood

A cloud turns pink every time the words “I love you”
Escape someone’s lips, spoken with truth.
Every birdsong represents a new life coming into the world.
The oceans are our biggest trading partners,
We refrain from discarding our wastes into their bodies
And they promise to keep our planet clean, efficient, and
always smiling.
The White House is not white, and does not house any one
specific person,
It is just an ordinary house.
The serving presidents of the country live at home with their
spouses and children,
And continue with their daily routines.
Political parties are canceled, the people residing in the country
Nominate whomever they choose from the year’s running.
All people want the same things –
Love, happiness, and communication.
Cancer is treated like a head cold, just pop a pill and give it
a week.
Cell phones are outdated, and books are the new fad.
Children go to school and learn how to be good people
Instead of finding the degrees of unfriendly trapezoids.

Whitman's Apprentices

Violence is outlawed, and conversation is enforced.
Every man, woman, and child
Slips into sleep each night
With a mind infused with hope, love, and tranquility.
Dreams are dreamt when the eyes are closed,
And continue even after the eyes are open.

Kate O'Sullivan

Eastport South Manor Central School District

Future Doctor

Helping others is my dream
Helping others those in need,
Helping to heal and cure
Helping those who walk through the hospital door.

Wearing my baby blue scrubs
Wearing my scientific stethoscope
Taking your temperature
Checking out your sore throat

Hearing the patients milkshake laughs
Seeing the patients in Sunday sleep
Waking them up from surgery sweet, sweet like a lollipop treat

Soak up your delicious rest
I tell you you're okay, heaven fed
A feast of kisses from your family, the ache of dreams, that is
now reality
Seeing your sweet butteryellow glow, warms my heart, I hope
you know

Whitman's Apprentices

We are the future
I am the future
I will take care of you
And help you grow

Eddie Paniccia

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

The Flying Car

Oh what fun it is to ride in a flying car.
So glad I am up here and not below.
There is so much traffic; smog and it is so slow.
My bright hover car has special wheels.
They spin like tires on the ground zzzzz.
When it gets too crowded they flip down flat and start whirring.
They catch the wind and start to hover ...shhhh.
Next the hidden wings appear ...kashhh.
They help me go upward fast and hold steady in the wind.
The car flies like an eagle in the sky.
The trees wave softly.
The sky turns orange, red at sunset.
Oh it is time to land.
There is the parking space.
It is the roof of my house.
I climb down stairs of my attic.
Horray I am home!
“See you tomorrow Red Hover!”

Lauren Quinn

Bosti Elementary School

Futuristic Pets

If I had a dog in the future
I wonder what it would be like
Would I give it some food or take it for a walk
Would it help me improve my mood
If I had a dog in the future
I wonder if it would die
Because if I had a dog in the future
It would be hooked up to wi-fi
If I had a dog in the future
Would it be water proof
Would it have to be charged every night
If I had a dog in the future
Would it be a living thing
O' if I had a dog in the future

Christian Ramcharitar

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

MY Dream

Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream,
and fought to make it come true.
I wish to follow in his footsteps,
and help to make the world better too.
He helped the world in many ways by winning the fight,
and I will try to help the people to do what is right.
He had a dream that one day we would all be considered one,
coming together equally to put down that gun.
MY dream will not be a dream anymore,
it will come true one day for sure.
The future is near and let it be clear,
Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream is one which will live on
without fear.

Camilla Riggs

Laurel Hill School

Shadow

When the sun gets tired darkness takes over and fills the sky.
In the wink of an eye, all of our joy and delight can tear into
pieces.

Thoughts of hatred and sorrow ramble in the back of our heads,
A dull gloomy place with no sunshine.

Shadow! The devil of our minds.

Where the smallest mumble is heard as a roar.

Our world can be turned upside down because of this dark place.

Such a place is locked away, all in our brains.

Shadow slithers within you, throughout the day.

Shadow tiptoes behind you, waiting to jump out.

Shadow creeps into the places our unknown.

But after roving through our reason,

One thought comes to mind

Sometime eons hence

Will there be any sunshine?

Will there be a sky so pure and blue?

Will we have long slender vibrant flowers?

Vast oceans with waves standing gallantly against the winds

Whitman's Apprentices

Or will tyranny and harm strike?

Where bullets rain down

Screams ring out

And eyes water in pain.

Can we find a way to push out all the sadness and agony?

I wonder

Or will we never touch our high point?

Can we change our old ways and usher in some new?

So our world may not end in strife.

Can we make a free untrodden world where Shadow does not
over rule us?

Press one switch and shift our shadow into sunshine.

Luca Riggs

Laurel Hill School

Travelers

Dear future,
Change this bountiful earth!
Use me as your lesson
Continue in your efforts to help the lives to come
Let your pioneers be unchained!
Heighten your senses, so that you may hear the bluebird who
sings a song of, "Future!", alone in
the dark.
Sharpen the teeth of the lone fox lurking in the shadows, to be
rightly recognized once more.
Unleash your animals and wild things upon us to guide this past
And allow me your, grand future.
Tear into me like talons if you must
and make out of my blood, memories.

Dearest Past,
What you wish for cannot happen only by me
For there to be an unchained future there must be an
unchained past.
So you create wild things and atrocities and mistakes.
Unsheathe the minds of the present and do unto me ability
to mold, create and restart

Whitman's Apprentices

over and over until disruption.

End another era and begin anew

Repeating and repeating until you, do something different.

So that I could change your faults to your most

beautiful-fullest dreams

I will always be, because you always are.

Jamie Ryan

The Wheatley School

In the Eyes of an Eagle

At great heights, an angelic eagle soars through thin skies.

She notices a large city engulfing the once free, fertile land.
She sees identical, gray buildings scraping the sky with their cold,
pointy edges,
She watches monochromatic profusions of people walking in
expeditious, linear patterns,
She hears silence amongst these rushing rivers as they flow
through rectangular channels,
She feels a sense of despondency because of the lack of
communication between the city dwellers,
She is disturbed by the bland, enervating nature of the fish in
this sea.

Does original perception always yield true understanding,
however?

Only when the eagle descends closer to this peculiar exhibit can
she get a real depiction of the
scene below.

The city actually encloses a plethora of green gardens and
tiny trees,

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The buildings are dressed in solar panels and convoluted draining systems to preserve rain water.

The tall windowed, brightly colored, circular rooms within the buildings foster healthy group discussions,

The colors that fused together at higher altitudes now divide and reveal unique, sovereign individuals,

The discerned silence stems only from distance; the citizens actually engage in passionate conversation.

The despondency the eagle felt is replaced by pride.

The eagle has falsely perceived the city's inhabitants as the quiet, isolated generation of the past.

People have taken steps toward reversing the trends of global warming,

People have learned to look past the first impressions of people from online profiles,

People have realized it's time to look up from their phones,

People have rediscovered the importance of listening to those possessing differing opinions and compromising.

The eagle spreads these new American values to the rest of the country as it glides from one end to the other.

Manan Shukla

The Wheatley School

I Hear America Asking...

I envision America asking, asking with its ears wide open,

Asking the women, the women who cry out “Me Too,” how to prevent victimization in America.

Asking the athletes, the athletes who took the knee, how to provide equal treatment to all races in America.

Asking the students, the students who say “Enough is Enough,” how to prevent school shootings in America.

Asking the teachers, the ones who get up so early in the morning to teach, how to better the education system in America.

And asking Europe, first to limit the unstoppable growth of Face book, how to protect the data of citizens in America.

And asking the patients, the ones who can no longer afford healthcare bills, how to reform the medical system in America.

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I envision America not singing or shouting, but asking and listening. Listening to people, people who seek to make change in America.

Because with listening comes the motivation to make our country a better place.

Kinley Simmons

Laurel Hill School

The Future is Near

The future is near,

The future is the predictable days of tomorrow where one wasted sheet of paper doesn't make a difference.

The future is next week where a lonely plastic bag rolls across the path of two people too busy to notice the man-made sea-animal death trap.

The future is next month where a stray soda bottle tumbles across the smooth beach sand and into the ocean

The future is the fresh start of next year where the wrinkled sheet of paper is used to express the love of the land, where the lonely plastic bag is recycled to carry heavy groceries from the store to the home, and where the soda bottle is turned into a work of art.

The future is near.

Olivia Silver

Oyster Bay High School

Sight

The look ahead suggested the idea of something more.

The feeling and sense of the light upon her skin.

The wind in her hair.

She was so focused on dwelling in the past, that the thought of there being more exited her mind.

She shut her eyes and the image of her dark past kept playing through her mind.

The blank stare of his eyes in her almost always a constant.

Eyes so dark it surrounded her.

It filled the void of what was once described as warm.

Yellow.

Was now cold and dark.

Black.

She awoke and thought what life would be like without his stare.

She rose and commenced a new beginning.

A new future for herself, without him.

The filler on its own.

No longer a part of her.

As it fades away so does the darkness.

She shut her eyes once again, but he was no longer there.

Instead a blank void of nothingness.

Whitman's Apprentices

Waiting to be filled with warm thoughts of joy and
non-superficial love.

The space that was once filled with thick opaque thoughts, was
now becoming transparent.

Clear.

Empty, ready and eager to be consumed.

Shortly after the void filled.

No longer with the darkness.

The cold.

Now currently filled with light.

The Warmth.

Pooja Solayman

Herricks High School

Aureolin

It's inevitable; the light that is.

Ripples

We jumped into puddles as children; slipping through the water into our armor.

The thunder whispered *creativity*: the pastel army charged at the enemy, the blank canvas.

We capered, watching the dial turn faster than we could comprehend. Losses were inescapable, but habitual. Superiors stained their fingertips; the pigment spelled: *Seneca Falls, Susan B.*

Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Alice Paul, stop.

Colors wrenched from their grasps, *they* didn't believe in us. But the tint already bled through their hands; whirling our lives into eddies of the wind.

We attempted to speak but the bullets flew like birds and feet frantically ran like soldiers who

Whitman's Apprentices

cried out in war until the crimson is spilled. When *they* purged we grabbed the canvas, scribbling:

Nineteenth Amendment, Equal Pay Act, Title VII, Roe v. Wade, stop.

We fought, we fight, we will always fight.

We create a light: Flashes of white, specks of gold, and glimmers of hope. We dance and dance as the gold slithers into view. We are unstoppable: United States v. Virginia, Lily Ledbetter Fair Pay Restoration Act, Violence Against Women Act, Women in Military Combat, stop. Beads fly like birds and feet rhythmically tap like footsteps on pavement until a hue frost's out of the forgotten dew drops.

We can't *stop*, we've only just begun: *March for Women, #MeToo, 104 House Members, 21 Senators.*

Splash

I reach into the puddle only to realize the light radiates solely on my reflection

Brendan Theisen

Laurel Hill School

Future

Is the future good?

Does the future have flying cars?

Do all houses use solar panels?

Will trees be able to be planted on other planets?

Will we find a new galaxy?

Will there be pollution on planets?

Will we make friends with aliens?

But what if the future is bad?

Could the earth look like the earth
in WALL-E?

Could all trees be gone but we can breathe?

Will buildings be built out of our trash?

Will all animals be extinct from earth?

What will happen to animals in the future?

Will animals be extinct?

Or will animals be safe?

Would animals be living a good life?

Or will animals be very sick and hurt?

What will the future be?

I hope the future has no pollution.

I hope the future has flying cars.

I hope in the future that all animals are safe.

Whitman's Apprentices

I hope in the future we make
friends with aliens.

I hope in the future we make
robots that are kind and will protect us.

That is what I hope In the future.

Jayden Uralil

Meadowbrook Elementary School

Teleportation through time and space

In a blink of an eye, I would be in Mars
Away from the noise, I go to Mars for peace
I look at something new like a red, red sky
I see a greenish, blue marble of Earth
It looks small and satisfying but there is no time for peace on
earth because
of the polluted crowds
They crush my brain with what to eat, what to wear, what
to drink, what to
think of.
On Mars, there is no Wifi to do what I want.
Just time to think my own thoughts and relax my brain
I am going on an adventure to see new things
There is red, rusty, rocks under my feet
There are craters to slide down like a sea lion to the ocean floors
In a blink of an eye, I would teleport to Mars

Janalee Watson

Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

The Future of Despair – 2151

1. I look through the smog and feel the acid rain on my face
A world no longer lush with green but now burnt with brown
and red

Where have all the flowers gone?

The red, the orange, the yellow, the green, the blue, the indigo, the
purple, the pink, the white

The trees are dry and shriveled and look like armies of the
living dead

The lakes have become barren land with pollution toys of
industrial man

Where have all the cats and dogs gone?

The Russian Blue, the Persian, the Siamese, the Scottish Fold, the
Abyssinian, the Labrador, the

Poodle, the Bulldog, the German Shepherd, the Greyhound,
the Yorkshire Terrier

The spirit and soul of the past have vanished and replaced by
despair in 2151

2. I look around at the folly of man as the earth cries that she
cannot understand

The breeze is dry as the rancid scent of the atmosphere

The ozone rips open the hot rays of the sun as the sky rains down

Whitman's Apprentices

its searing gold

The glaciers shed their tears into the ocean where the fishes
cannot swim

Birds have long gone over the rainbow looking for a place to roam

Where have all the things of the past gone?

A visit to the park, a sailboat ride, a nature hike, a picnic in the
sun, a swim on the beach, a

horseback ride, a walk in the garden

Is there no hope for tomorrow? Have we lost our yesterdays? Is
this a dream or reality?

Am I in 2151?

Ella Woodruff

Mount Sinai Elementary School

Ode to the Future

The future shall be so much more,
Oh the things I could do,
Teleport as rapidly as a bolt of lightning,
And dinosaurs returning to Earth,
And time traveling back to the past!

Oh how bright, oh how grand the future will be,
Maybe living somewhere else entirely,
And learning a language animals know,
And finding a cure for ALS,
And driving in flying cars!

The future, oh the future,
Can it really be?
I know about today,
But what about tomorrow?

Serene Wu

Sanford H. Calhoun High School

The Fragrance is Spreading

You are a seed to begin with.
Freedom is your sunshine.
You absorb it and you start to grow.

The seed germinates.
Natural rights are your rain.

And then, you have some leaves.
Democracy is your nourishment.
Finally, you become a flower
Attracting everyone's eyes.
Diversification is your root.
Equality is your stem.
United is your heart.
Separated powers are your petals.
You are so pretty and brave.

After the snow,
You will be stronger.
There will be some bees coming for you.
Don't be afraid
Because your fragrance is spreading.

Maya Yu

Jericho UFSD

Hands of Mother Nature

Humankind has not woven the web of life,
We are but a mere string within it.
The impact we have on this web affects all nature,
All lives bound by these seams,
All lives connected.

All lives of nature are scriptures,
Sacred writings written within the bindings of our world,
For a grain of rice is no less impressive than the mighty
Fuji mountain.
Its beauty, life, protection.

The Earth does not belong to us; we belong to the Earth,
Yet, we watch as Earth helplessly falls into oblivion,
Gasping for air among the pollution,
Its imperfection, death, and destruction.

The jaw-dropping scenes of nature,
The lively landscapes of lilac mountain ranges,
All of Mother Nature's beauty will dissipate into abysmal
landfills.

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The single greatest threat to your planet – to our planet – is the hope that someone else will save it.

Change needs to start, and it starts by one person,
For we are living on this planet as if we have another one ready in stock.

Sign petitions against harmful environmental bills,
Vote for leaders who are adamant on climate change,
Rally to promote environmental awareness.
There is no time to lay idle in the calloused hands of
Mother Nature.

Poet Laureate Mentee Program Poets

Melanie Aguilera

Ode to the Moon

The moon
Lit from within,
Saves us from
The obsidian silence we would discern
If she didn't glisten so unconditionally
Selfless.
While others gawk and moan in awe,
I blink twice
Trying to carve the moon
Into my eyes.
If I could only capture her beauty
Within my iris,
Maybe I could close my eyes
And always be able to see
The swell of the moon
Which rains upon me
At night.

Maria Anderson

Where I'm From

I am from lavender, from wax and fire smells.
I am from the tall grass, tickling, pure green,
hiding the small kittens.
I am from the gardens, the dandelions blowing ever
so slowly in the wind.
I am from Christmas Eve dinners and freckles,
From Kim and Erica, from Michael and Shawn.
From the Martins and the Andersons.
I am from woods and tents under the stars.
From “Maria go to bed” and “clean your room.”
I am from in God we trust, from early Sunday mornings and,
“My Father who art in heaven.”
I'm from Patchogue and Sagaponack, New York,
potato corn chowder and pasta.
From the stitches my sister got from the dog bite.
The alcoholic bridge incident my great grandfather
mastered very well.
I am from albums and shoe boxes, capturing moments
meant to be frozen in time.
I am from the past, the old, the forgotten, and the colorless.
The moments long passed since my first breath, the people
long gone since my first step,
The cherished memories that slowly fade with each new day.

Lyla Butler

Crusade

Little clouds float for days
Caught in the sky's soft fabric
Soon the glistening stars will dance
Along the edges like threads
The silver moon will speak through the darkness
Calling out to the animals
The forest is tall and dark
Wandering through
Gleaming eyes
Attached to bodies that you don't want to see
But still you make it out
The yellow banks of sand reaching out
With their long, shell-like fingers
A sailboat dips and dives
On the verge of submersion
The ocean bats at it like a cat
The stormy sky arguing with the wind
Squids' ink dots the sea
White stripes are painted
Across the sea by the wind's hand
The waves turn restlessly in their sleep

Sam Civil

rain

i run, and no matter what direction i go, i am drenched.
the street lamps shine a spotlight on the pouring rain hitting
the road, and the only sound detectable is pitter-patter and white
noise. i bask in this (almost) silence as people around draw their
curtains and shut off the lights. i jump. i jump as high as i can!
the water pours harder and keeps a steady beat, as i dance out on
the road, flying and twirling and cartwheeling, and it's my
favorite song every single time. water runs down my face as i
open my mouth and tilt my head back, feeling and feeling
and feeling.

i could run down the block and the rain would still be there! this
night is a stage as the trees shake and the wind howls and we
twirl. there is this music everywhere! we do not see each other but
as our clothes fill more with water and the dance roars on and we
feel such wonder as we skip around we know that there are more
dancers with the rain out and about. and though there will be
many more nights of unrelenting, profusely flowing water from
the sky, it will feel like feeling for the first time, every time.

Amanda Lee Fedele

Dreamland

Blue daffodils and glimmering violet skies
Jolly Rancher green grass and truffle sweet air
Golden apples and sparkling rainbow trout
The ground up above and the horizon down below
A place where the sky is the ocean and clouds
Float across like sails on calm seas
Yellow blooms sing joy in various tunes
A crown crested white horse rider glides by through the brush
You look from afar
Peering into his galaxy eyes
Shooting stars fly across his face
Look left, sneak a peek at books that read themselves
Turn right, catch a glance
Of a trailing romance
Inhale it all
You are but
Surrounded by bubbling, boiling magic
While the sun shines light on various moons.

JJ Hillen

Autumn's Bright Nature

Pine cones falling on people's houses,
Acorns falling on squirrels,
Birds chirping,
Leaves falling— red, yellow, green, gold,
Wind whistling like paper,
Shingles chiming in the wind,
Vines prickling out,
To find all this,
You need to be walking about.
Trees are getting bare.
It's getting colder.
Dogs are barking.
People blow leaves off lawns with leaf blowers
And cut their lawns with lawn mowers.
I feel sun shining on my body.
I feel cold and hot at the same time.
It's like a pot of beans steaming
And ice cream melting on top.
Leaves crunch under our feet,
It feels like a good warm beat.
Leaves are blowing in the air,
Wind is whistling in my hair.
Heat is coming from a log,
And that is truly the best dialogue.

Leanna Hsu

The Creek

you walk along the narrow sidewalk
admiring the world around you
the spring air
fresh and crisp
you hear all the sounds
then

 you stop
at the creek
it seems to reflect a beautiful silver complexion
a lonely lily pad sits there in the middle
little drops of water slide down the slippery exterior
like tears
it is waiting to be noticed
all it wants is a frog to land on it
to appreciate it
to be adored
it makes you wonder about the world

Cristian Martinez

The Glory

When I lace up my cleats
I get ready to avoid defeat
All the hard work I have put in
Helps me stay focused to win
No matter the obstacle thrown at me
I rise up to the challenge to overcome
I play until I can no longer breathe
The adrenaline helps me
When the final whistle is blown
Even if the outcome goes the other way
I can say that I played my best
I will never stop chasing the glory
Of the favorite sport I play

Eliza Mayer

The Albino Deer

I once saw an albino deer.
It was very white.
It was the prettiest deer I ever saw.
I saw it in the morning light.

Amelia Moeller

Kittens

I am a kitten
Wearing 4 mittens
I walked home so cozy
The dogs are being nosy
I got home at 3
My owner pets me
I eat kitten food
I'm in a good mood
My kitten friend came over
Finds four leaf clovers
I want to go to bed
So goodbye Ted

Autumn Moeller

My Poem for Uncle Danny

When my tears came falling,
I thought I heard something calling.

As if my heart had felt so dreary,
and my eyes were weak and weary.

Until I kept him in my mind,
it's almost like I hit rewind.

He will always be in my heart,
though we are forever apart.

One day I hope we meet again,
forever love will reign.

*Danny O'Brien was tragically taken at 19- years-old in a
motorcycle accident.*

Brandy Moeller

I Am the Wind

I carried and distributed
One too many stolen truths.
I fear I have contributed
To a slight crime against some youths.

I knew that I was witnessing,
A silly fight between two friends.
I saw some others listening
I thought I'd help them make amends.

Blew their words to the eavesdroppers,
And then they took them everywhere.
The gossip spread without stoppers,
Until one day nobody cried.

Yet, I've learned to let humans be,
No more interference from me.

Savanna Moeller

Kitty Says MEOW!

MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW
MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW
MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW
MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW
MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW
MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW

A person comes over and pets me

PURR PURR PURR PURR PURR PURR
PURR PURR PURR PURR PURR PURR

DOG COMES AND CHASES ME

ROFF ROFF ROFF ROFF ROFF

MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOW!!!

R.I.P.

Kimberly Mortenson

To Danny O

I love you so much.
I miss you so much.
You are the best in the world.
I wish you were here—
To see how I am. You are
The best one in the whole world.

Love, Kim

P.S. I love you.

Carissa Muller

Why I can't write & Why I can write

1.

Sometimes I stutter
Or lose the words in my head
Because I work too late and have to go to bed
The hardest part for me
Is making the time
Too stop the thinking and start the rhyme

2.

The words come so easy
They flow like the sea
And when they come forth
There's a tiny piece of me
Each word has its match
It's a delicate dance
Where the moves are formed
Without second glance
There is nothing such like it
To be able to see
And hopefully write
Such a balanced word assembly.

Ariane Quintero

Thoughts on Love

Compared to you, everything else seems cold.
I give, and you give, and we both take a little.
You're hot, enchanting, enticing—
Seductive.
You're steamy rooms and flushed cheeks,
Secret smiles and stories under the moonlight.
You're addicting, really.
You make the sun, the moon, and the stars all
Shine so brightly.
And I'm stuck here on the ground,
I can only watch you in the sky.

Still, you are destructive.
Your wrath is incredible.
Your rage is amazing.
But terrifying all the same.
Ready to destroy the moment you
Are not treated in the right way.
Ready to make your screams heard, your pain,
Your anger, no thought to who it will hurt.

Whitman's Apprentices

Yet, you're still so human.

You need to eat and breathe to live.

Too much water will make you drown.

And we're both like fire, in a way.

We can never leave this world without leaving behind a mark.

Vivian Rose

Best Friends

As we walked along the sand,
our minds thinking thoughts of
the same thing, I said it.
But not really.
She already had one,
one who she could tell anything to,
because she wouldn't to me
anymore.
I felt sad, and alone.
But why?
We were so different,
yet we both loved that day
on the beach,
we both loved the rain
as it softly fell.
We took pictures as the sky
rumbled, and danced as
everyone else fled from
something harmless.
That was how I felt of the
days that passed.
Our friendship, slowly sinking
but we just watched.
No tears, just watching
as it sunk farther and farther
away.

Emily Schropfer

The Horse

Still and calm
loyal and loving
kind and compassionate
then he bolts
searching for a friend
The stallion whinnies
galloping over to his mate
muzzles touch
eyes lock
They are speaking a language
a language of love and protection
and of care and loyalty
They are inseparable
an image of friendship

Julia Schropfer

Never Again

Sorrow may envelope you
and burn a fire in your heart,
but anger lets the madman win
as he tears you apart.

Tell your story to the world
let it all unfold,
it will never happen again
'cause your story's told.

Let it be more than a dream on a bed.
It's the thing we all hope for:

Hatred's end.

Alliya Penella Shamin

Karate

Ichi. First punch. Good form.

The monster inside me channels its power,
Coursing through my veins,
Reminding me of the blood, sweat, and tears
that I have shed.

Ni. Second punch. Good form, back straight.

My frustration, grief, doubt,
All feed the monster, raging inside me.
I yell, scream, cry.

San. Third punch. Good form, back straight, square body.

I face my future, for I know
I cannot run from the monster, myself.

Shi. Fourth punch. Good form, back straight, square body,
knees bent.

I feel suffocated, unsafe,
No one to rescue me,
No shelter to keep me hidden.

Whitman's Apprentices

Go. Fifth punch. Good form, back straight, square body,
knees bent, more power.

Trying to escape the tight grasp of my monster,
I wear my fake smile
But still my head is hung low
As I fight with myself.

Roku. Sixth punch. Good form, back straight, square body,
knees bent, more power, keep your balance.

The war with this indestructible monster continues,
Leaving deep wounds.
Outside I seem confident, happy, cheerful.
But people don't understand, people don't see,
My silent monster inside
Consuming life out of me.

Shichi. Seventh punch. Good form, back straight, square body,
knees bent, more power, keep your balance, speed up.

My head filled with negativity,
I hear the mean comments full of hatred speak—
“You're an Islamic terrorist.”

Hachi. Eighth punch. Good form, back straight, square
body, knees bent, more power, keep your balance,
speed up, stay focused on your invisible opponent.

Whitman's Apprentices

I have never done anything wrong.
I have been misunderstood.
Afraid to speak,
Afraid I will become a bad child,
I didn't do anything,
I have merely been misunderstood.

Khuu. Ninth punch. Good form, back straight, square body,
knees bent, more power, keep your balance, speed up,
stay focused on your invisible opponent, stay strong.

I may train as much as I want,
I may practice punching as much as I can,
But even so
I never fought back.
“You are an Islamic terrorist”
Becomes the monster inside me.

The last punch decides my fate:
To fight or to forever hide.

Juu!

I yell as the shadow of my monster towers over me,
Its body one with mine, throwing my balled fist in front of me,
My arm lurching forward with it:

“I am Islamic. I am not a terrorist!”

Arianna Shamin

The Northern Lights

As the sky is asleep,
with stars above as bright as fire,
the moon, still a thin crescent,

I lie below and wait.

I watch as ribbons purple and green
spread across the sky, bursting!

Spinning! Waving! Colors all about!

The sight fades.

The dark sky goes back to sleep

Jack Snyder

The Ship that Once Sailed

Every day, I'd wake up to that foul, horse smell,
the cold
air that whipped you like a tamer, those small cliffs
which took you up to the main deck.

For you,
climbing a step might be as easy as walking.
For me it was like a small war on my mind—
to hoist the sail,
pray for the ice to release me,
then break my back over a few crustaceans.
The creaks. The groans. Find the passage through.
Yes!

Everyday that small war would rage on and
on telling me: "No don't do this, jump off the boat.
It'd be better than this hurt..."

Yet that small war never made me an ally.

Whenever you think of all the pleasures of life,
think of me, hoisting that sail
that once pulled a ship.

Andrea A. Wilson

The Flame

You flash in and out
Not solid not liquid nor gas
Royal blue then brilliant yellow
You glow with a unique haze
Dancing up, down, side-to-side
Radiating warmth and wonder
You are a light that sets off infinite questions
An illustration of purest possibility
An indescribable light
A flicker of a star burning in the night sky
You are born from a fiery ball
Yet you look so innocent
Capable of so much but for now
You're just my little flame

Beville Middle School Poets

Gamar Abdulgalil

Phone ringing. When answered, “REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.”

Hearing people screaming, “Nooooooooooooo!”

Ooof! I fell off my chair.

“Beep!’ I said.

I almost fell down again. Whoops, I was pushed.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Alimany Bangura

Birds fly peacefully
in the beautiful, blue sky.
Winter migration

Christian Barrera-Matute

Phobia [Fear]

The phone is ringing.

I'm as scared as a mouse that's scared of a cat.

The house is shaking.

This might be the end of me.

I can't unsee what I just saw.

Before I can scream, IT attacks!

Hafsa Bunairee

My Best Friend

She is like a good time because she is fun

She is like a shoulder to cry on because she is always there for me

She is like a sister because we have each other's backs

She is like a roller coaster because we have our up and downs

She is like a star because she always shines

She is as funny as a comedian because she makes me laugh

She is like a ride or die moment because we'd do anything
for each other

She is like a mom because she looks after me

She is like my journal because I can tell her anything

She is my best friend because I love her

Eric Caycho

Jumpy jaguars jumped at a deer
One jaguar caught it, and everyone cheered
The jumpy jaguars went back to camp
But the hunter who caught them was crowned the champ

Brandon Cayetano

My Pencil

My pencil is my pal.

I don't like pen markers.

All that matters to me is my pencil.

When I have a test, I use five pieces of lead,

And I get straight A's.

I love my pencil.

Timothy Clapp

Best Friend Poem (My Dog)

He is like a pillow always lying down
He is a blanket, lying on my back when I sleep
He is a happy dog always smiling
He is like a clumsy dog, fighting with his sister
He is lazy as a couch potato, always lying down
He is sweet as a flower, always listening
He is dirty always stepping on mud
He is an alarm clock always waking me up
He is a plushy toy that's always soft
He is my dog and I will always remember him.

Karsten Clotey

Panicking while watching a
Horror movie.

Oh, the boat shakes as
Big crocodiles surround the boat.

I'm terrified watching *Bird Box* when
Aliens attack the earth.

Jaden El

People enter a haunted house
Having spirits watch their every move
Opening to find more secrets
Behind they hear unusual noises
In the dark they roam
After dusk comes dawn

Jason Flores

Can I get all the presents?
Here is where the mess begins
Ready to open the gifts
I'm grateful for what I get
So, is there anymore gifts for me?
Thank you, God, for bringing us Jesus
Merry Christmas, people!
A beautiful gift was brought on this day
Santa, thank you too

Giselle Flores-Lazo

My binder -
Full of stuff I use.
It has important papers.
After school, it sits in my backpack.
Sometimes, I forget my binder on the counter.
It waits patiently for me.
Sometimes, I forget it in the car.
It is so heavy.

Ashley Galindo

I am creative and a bird lover
I wonder what I will be when I grow up
I hear birds chirping
I see a thousand people playing with each other
I want infinity dollars
I am creative and a bird lover
I pretend to be an actor
I feel happy to see my imaginary friend
I touch a bird's soft feathers
I worry that people don't like me
I cry about birds that are dead
I am creative and a bird lover
I understand that animals love me
I say, "Birds take me away."
I am creative and a bird lover

Duaa Jan

Happy singing songs of cheer
Oh, holidays are the best!
Little and big gifts everywhere
I enjoy giving as much as getting
Doesn't everyone love the holidays?
All we do is give and give.
Yet, some people love surprises.
So happy to be sleeping late

Giselle Jimenez-Carbajal

Children opening their gifts
Hoping to have a happy holiday
Ready to open the presents
I love giving and getting
Singing holiday songs with everyone
The best holiday of the year
Making or buying people gifts
Always seeing smiles
Seeing if there are more gifts for me

Mason Kelly

Sad

Is an upset panda,

Who glumly moves its paws,

Living in a cave all alone

Upset because other animals bully him.

Jefferson Lazo Lopez

Plot diagrams make your stomach throw up.
Hoping for dear life that ghosts don't scare you.
Onomatopoeias stuck in people's brains.
Bouncing spiders that act like bunnies.
Igloos falling on top of you.
Ahhhhh! You scream when hear ghost sounds.

Victoria Le

I Am

I am funny and small.

I wonder about space.

I hear the alarm clock in the morning every day.

I see bright smiles.

I want free internet.

I am funny and small.

I pretend that I'm shy.

I feel the bottom of an ocean.

I touch my shoes.

I worry about poor children in other countries.

I cry when I wake up for school.

I am funny and small.

I understand that I'm not that shy.

I say I don't like sports.

I dream of life getting easier.

I try to keep my spirits up.

I hope that I pass 6th grade.

I am funny and small.

Austin Makuta

Slowly losing
Planning on giving up
Everyone is better
Loudly the crowd cheers me on
Lose, I will not
I keep going
Not ever going to
Give up and stop trying

Brisia Maldonado-Cortez

Happy to be with family.

On a break.

Laughing with family.

I can't wait to see family and have fun.

Days feel like minutes,

And weeks feel like days.

Yes, we don't have to go back to school.

So, now it its over. Dang.

Brian Martinez

Point of View

Half

Of

My

Energy

Wasted

On

Really useless

Knowledge

Jayceon Matthews

My sister -

She is funny as a circus clown.

She is as soft as a playful puppy.

She is as cool as the winter wind.

She is like summer always making me warm.

She is like a mentor always giving me good examples to follow.

She is as bright as a star.

She is like a proton, always positive.

She is like my phone protected in my pocket.

- I love her!

Jackson McNeill-Lozada

My iPad

Lies on my bed or dresser.

He's all cracked

And broken at the top.

He's just waiting to be used

To play my many different games.

All I wanted was for him to be fixed

So, I could use it

Over

And over

And over again.

Ashley Medina

My dog is my world,
because my life revolves around her.
She is fluffy like a mini-Muppet monster.
She is hairy, because we haven't got her a haircut yet.
She has beautiful, big, brown eyes like chocolate chips.
She is nice, silly, and dumb all in one.
She likes to run into walls like she's a tank.
She is playful and gets treats when she is being good.
She is my best friend, and I love her!

Alexander Arnez Ortiz

My Dog

He is like a blanket, so soft.

He is like a parent, someone to talk to.

He is like a car, so fast.

He is like a statue, very still.

He is like a book, I can see what he wants.

He is like a T-rex, he has sharp teeth.

He is like the Statue of Liberty, very tall.

He is like a body guard, he protects me.

He is like a blender, very loud.

He is like my family, always there for me.

He is my best friend, and I love him!

Jocelyn Reynoso

Sometimes thinking of
Putting effort on my new skills
Entering the field
Love for soccer
Love for playing soccer that's what I love
I have all the support I need
Not giving up on my hard work
Giving my time on practice

Litzy Villanueva Salmeron

Caroling singers at your house
Help prep food for the night
Rich creamy yummy cookies
Ice cold snow falling on your tongue
Sweet little treats and presents
Twinkle eyes on kids' faces when they see presents
Many days until Christmas, I can't wait
As the days come, I get more excited every day
So much presents under the big tree on Christmas morning.

Areeba Shah

Two poets could not agree
One was blind and could not see
They had a big house.
They lived with a mouse.
The other could not pay the fee.

Jabez Suraphel

Silly Fears

Penguins peck on people's pants

Helicopters hop on heads

Oh, how wide can spiders open their own eyes!

Bugs bite baby's bottom by night

Igloos so icy they intercept a ball

Ants and antelopes are amazingly bad

Maya Tahir

Panic attacks

Haunted houses

Oh, a little spider brings great fear!

Bird Box, the movie

I am afraid of clowns!

And my mom, whenever she's mad at me

Belinda Salazar Villasenor

Spiders crawling on the ground
People getting together to have fun
Eating food with family
Lots of people screaming
Little Akeelah was getting bullied
Illusions of how life would be
Nouns all over the room
Groups screaming and cheering.

Anna Vuong

Rapid shots being fired both from the Britains and Militia.
Everlasting war, no one knows when it will end.
Victory is being fought for on each side.
Officers in red coats pass by the fallen soldiers.
Lives of the colonists are all at risk.
Useful supplies don't last long, so use them sparingly.
Thomas Preston was accused of ordering to fire.
Independence was demanded by the colonists.
Overpowered by the Britain in many battles, Washington still
 didn't back down.
Never backing down, allowed Washington to win the
 Revolutionary War.

About the Editor

James P. Wagner (Ishwa) is an editor, publisher, award-winning fiction writer, essayist, performance poet, and alum twice over (BA & MALS) of Dowling College. He is the publisher for Local Gems Poetry Press and the Senior Founder and President of the Bards Initiative, a Long Island, NY based non-profit dedicated to using poetry for social improvement. He has been on the advisory boards for the Nassau County Poet Laureate Society and the Walt Whitman Birthplace Association. James also helped with the Dowling College Writing Conference. His poetry is also used to autism advocacy, having appeared at the Naturally Autistic Conference in Vancouver and in Naturally Autistic Magazine, as well as his essays. James believes poetry is alive and well and thoroughly enjoys being a part of poetic culture. His most recent collection of poetry is *Ten Year Reunion*. He is the Long Island, NY National Beat Poet Laureate from 2017-2019. James has edited over 50 poetry anthologies.



Local Gems Poetry Press is a small Long Island, NY based poetry press dedicated to spreading poetry through performance and the written word. Local Gems believes that poetry is the voice of the people, and as the sister organization of the Bards Initiative, believes that poetry can be used to make a difference.

Local Gems Press has published over 200 titles.

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