

**SO MUCH DEPENDS
UPON
STRETCHING
YOUR
POSITIVITY**

POEMS

BY 6TH & 8TH GRADE STUDENTS OF I.S. 392



MELANIE MARIA GOODREAU

WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE

TEACHERS & WRITERS COLLABORATIVE

FALL-WINTER 2015-2016

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STRETCHING OUT YOUR POSITIVITY**

POEMS by the 6th and 8th Grade Students of I.S. 392

**FALL-WINTER
TEACHERS & WRITERS COLLABORATIVE
2015-2016**

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MS. CACHIA/CLASS 601—TEACHER
MS. GASTON/CLASS 601—PARAPROFESSIONAL
MS. NICHOLSON/CLASS 601—PARAPROFESSIONAL**

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COVER ART BY JAZMYN & JOSHUWA

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So much depends upon the words gathered here in this collection of your work. This collection of poems means that we worked together on something bigger than ourselves. This collection of poems was “born” from passing around a zebra can while listening to crazy music and asking ourselves questions about all the parts of our lives. This collection of poems means that the 6th graders were able to break down a teeny tiny poem written by Williams Carlos Williams and then write about the everyday things in our lives that we all “depend upon.” This collection of poems shows that you were able to use concrete descriptive details and even metaphors and similes in your Odes and love poems. This collection of poems means you read Victoria’s poem, “I Once Was a Child,” and thought about the changes that have happened in your lives between the years of being babies up until now— pondering change and maturity. This collection means that your teachers have strengthened your work ethic and have worked hard with you to give you a love of language, creativity, and yourselves.

For the 8th graders, this collection means you went real deep, real quick, and gave me goosebumps in most of our classes. We read symbolic birth poems written by Nikki Giovanni and Gregory Pardlow. You wrote “Because” poems thinking of significant choices you made in life after reading Ross Gay’s work, and many of you wrote poems that created portraits of key moments in your lives, modeled after Barack Obama’s poem, “Pops.”

I hope all of you enjoyed playing Poetry Jenga, Poetry Hot Potato, and making poetry statues to the words of Langston Hughes, Nikki Giovanni, and Mark Strand. I hope the words of Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes will live with you forever because your dreams are gold, and they do need to really happen; they are not meant to be “deferred.” And, I hope, as in the words of the great poet Kayla in Ms. Tasher’s class, that “your positivity can stretch beyond where the rainbow ends.” Please continue to find ways to bring life to your truths, to preserve your thoughts, and to stretch your positivity— because so much depends on it, and you!

Melanie Maria Goodreaux
Writer-In-Residence
Teachers & Writers Collaborative

WRITERS OF CLASS 601/MS. VALENTINE



Alexa
c. cruz 601

Beautiful Like Roses

Violets are red.
I am beautiful like roses.
Fantastic, motivated, determined.

Costume Tight

My hair flowing.
Costume tight, you can't imagine,
big nerd glasses.

So Much Depends Upon the Hot, Steamy Pot

So much depends
upon

the hot steamy pot with some chilly in it

red, hot, spicy, and tasty,
fruit juice with a lemon in a cup

beans, onions, pepper, salt
and tomato sauce.

Ms. Valentine

So much depends
upon
Ms. Valentine

teaching us humanities
giving us work so she can find out what work we're going to do next

blue suit with glasses
sitting at her desk working.

I Am Saturn

I am Saturn
I am an order of crab soup from the diner.
I am my great, great grandma.
I am the B train.
I am the beautiful Dazzie.
I am the buttery pancakes.
I am people yelling out my name, Titi.
I am a beautiful butterfly flying.
I am the plane singing on the stage.
I am greasy grits.

Superhero

Invisible and scary.
More powerful than a superhero.
Pinkish, cape, mask.

Your Laugh Is the World to Me

Oh, Mom! Oh, Mom!
 You make me smile.
 You are the best cook!
 That tasty meatloaf in my mouth
 is like heaven to my eyes.

Your blonde hair is like the sun to my eyes.
 I remember the love we shared eating a chocolate bar together.
 Your laugh is the world to me.

I remember getting sick and you cured me.
 I remember when you went to the Apple Store to get me an iPhone for my birthday.

Oh, *Kary!* I love you, my mom, called "Kary!"
 You are the bomb to me!

Beautiful Long Hair

beautiful long hair
 that flows through the wind
 dark brown hair

Playing Jazz

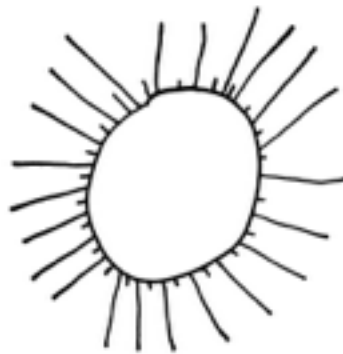
playing jazz in the 90's
 two people dancing the night
 away, unknown names.

Once I Was a Child

Once, I was a child, and I am still a child of my mother, Kary.
 One year, I always got a doll for all the years I turned.
 Then, one year, I learned how to cook eggs and bacon.
 Then, another year, I got a dollar from the Tooth Fairy.
 Then, another year, I got to spend time with my family.

Then, another year, I lost a friend and I found another friend.
 I lost my cuteness, but I found out that I can sing.
 I lost my bear, but I found another bear.
 I lost my freedom, but I found out that I want to be a doctor.

Now, instead of going to Camel Beach, I do dishes and I do my bed.
 Now, it's a struggle!!



The sun shines bright like a diamond
 when it's the good times, or bad but,
 the sun will always shines bright.

What's a Star

What's a star?
 Shiny in the sky, bright.
 It's just, when?

What's hip hop?
 When you hear it you
 can't stop to pop.

What is jazz?
 It seems to flow through
 the past?

The Sun of Venus

I am the sun of Venus.
 I am a hamburger from McDonald's.
 I am my great, great grandma. She loves flowers.
 I am a safe train.
 I am the sky.
 I am my pancakes and bacon.
 I am Rae or Lynn or Poke' and Superman.
 I am the hip-hop diva in my house.
 I am a craft with bedazzles.
 I am a TV watching *Law and Order*.

Precious Hometown Curry

Oh, Curry. Oh, Curry.
 My dear precious hometown curry.
 The real heart of Jamaica.
 When I walk through the door,
 I can't ignore curry. Smells like a
 village from the Caribbean City.

I remember the first day you made curry, mom.
 Your curry is so juicy and sweet;
 I can't compete.



Oh, Grandma

Oh, Grandma. Oh, G-Ma.

I love that you're so sweet, like candy.

I love that you're so soft, like sand at the beach.

I also love that you are as funny as SpongeBob.

When I was a baby, you were there when I cried and needed a hug.

I love you forever and ever.

Oh, Shoes! Oh, Shoes!

Oh, Shoes! Oh, Shoes!

I love that you are soft as cotton and that you are also gorgeous like the night sky that lights up.

I love that you make girls like me very happy.

When I wore you for the first time, I was super excited.

When we went to the restaurant you were *killing* my feet,

but no other shoes can be beat.

Powerful, Strong, Fearless

powerful strong fearless

is what some people are

inside their heart

So Much Depends Upon

So much depends

upon

Burger King

with the nice, juicy

double cheeseburger

sitting besides the golden,

delicious, french fries

and the coke.

Beauty Sleep

So much depends

upon

my bed and beauty sleep

with all my dreams

and imaginings.

Oh, Brother!

Oh, Brother! Oh, Brother!
My cute adoring friend.
The world's rudest boy.

You are most kind to me.
You have the funniest Caribbean-voice jokes.
You always follow in my right foot steps
when I'm around.

I always gave you my electronic play
and also gave you my DSI for you to keep!

I Am Mars

I am Mars.
I am Alfredo shrimp from Olive Garden.
I am my grandma from Trinidad and Tobago.
I am the last car of the train.
I am my mom. She is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.
I am the chefs in school and the favorite of mine is eggs with Spanish bread.
I am Leon, the Lover.

Ode to Prycles

Oh, Me. Oh, Myself and I--
The most talented girl in the world.
Well, at least in my eyes.

Your glorious brown eyes are
like twinkling stars in the sky.
Everytime I see you I never want to say bye.

Remember the time when we had some amazing pizza?
Remember the time we went to Six Flags Fright Fest?
Remember the time we got so scared we peed our pants?

Oh, Prycles-- you truly are Priceless,
well, at least in my eyes.

Standing Daydreamer

standing daydreamer
looking at her bright future
an interesting journey

Pretty P.

I am the sun because I bring light to everyone's day.
I am the pizza from Pizza Hut because the pizza there is so good.
I am my great grandmother Dorothy because she is the oldest relative
that is still alive in my family.
I am the picture ads on a train because I want someone to see me in those pictures.
I am Me because I think I'm the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.
I am the wonderful jelly bagels that my mom makes me.
I am Princess Rainbow Sparkles, Pretty P, and Priceless.

My Best Dad

Oh, Dad! Oh, Dad!
 My dearest father that's a brother.
 The most childish adult in New York City.

You are the brother I always wanted.
 Your meatballs are a war bursting in my mouth!
 Your personality is like having another kid in the house.
 I remember going to Disneyworld with you and mom.
 I loved when I was turning six and you took me to the museum
 so that the rest of the family could make a surprise party for me.

Oh, Dad! My best dad! I don't want to live without you!

I Am

I am my pink fire truck that I got for my birthday when turning six that had Oreo tires.
 I am the planet Venus because I like wearing the color red.
 I am an order of steak and potatoes at Applebee's.
 I am the New York City J Train.
 I am "Luigi" from the Mario series.
 I am Spider Pig climbing walls and eating bacon.
 I am an air conditioner on a train.

Television

So much depends
 upon

our big black television

bringing over one hundred
 channels to watch

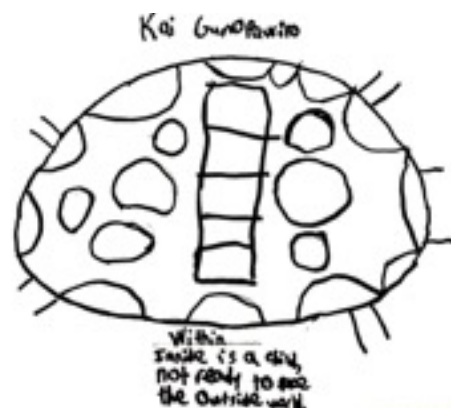
besides the black
 remote.

Parmesan Chicken

so much depends
 upon

the Parmesan chicken
 my aunt Michelle cooks

covered in a lot of grease
 besides the yellow rice.



Ode to Tacos

Oh, Tacos! Oh, Tacos!
My dear Tacos!
The best meal in my house.

Your tasty, crunchy corn shells are delicious
Your melty shredded cheese is so good to me.
Your juicy beef and hot salsa waters in my mouth.

I remember eating you a couple of weeks ago.
I remember the juicy taste of your mouth-watering beef and chicken.

I love every bite of you on Taco Tuesdays.
Oh, Tacos. My tasty tacos,
I love you!

That Is All

I am the sun.
I am fried chicken from Popeye's.
I am my great grandma Mabel.
I am the Pole.
I am me.
I am McDonald's sausage, egg, and cheese.
I am Quis and Gig Boy.
That is all.

Ode to Ms. Nicholson

Oh, Ms. Nicholson--
 you are sweet like candy.
 You are an awesome auntie to me.
 When I see you smile,
 you make me happy.

Your brown and black
 hair is like the warm
 waves of a silky blue
 ocean.

You remind me of a
 superstar.
 When you laugh, it's
 like a key to my love.

I remember the times
 we laughed together.
 I remember the times
 we cried together.

Oh, Ms. Nicholson!
 In my heart you are
 always there.
 You are the bomb
 diggity bomb to me!

Vibrant, Pink Rose

vibrant pink rose
 stem poking out her
 side
 beautiful, strong black

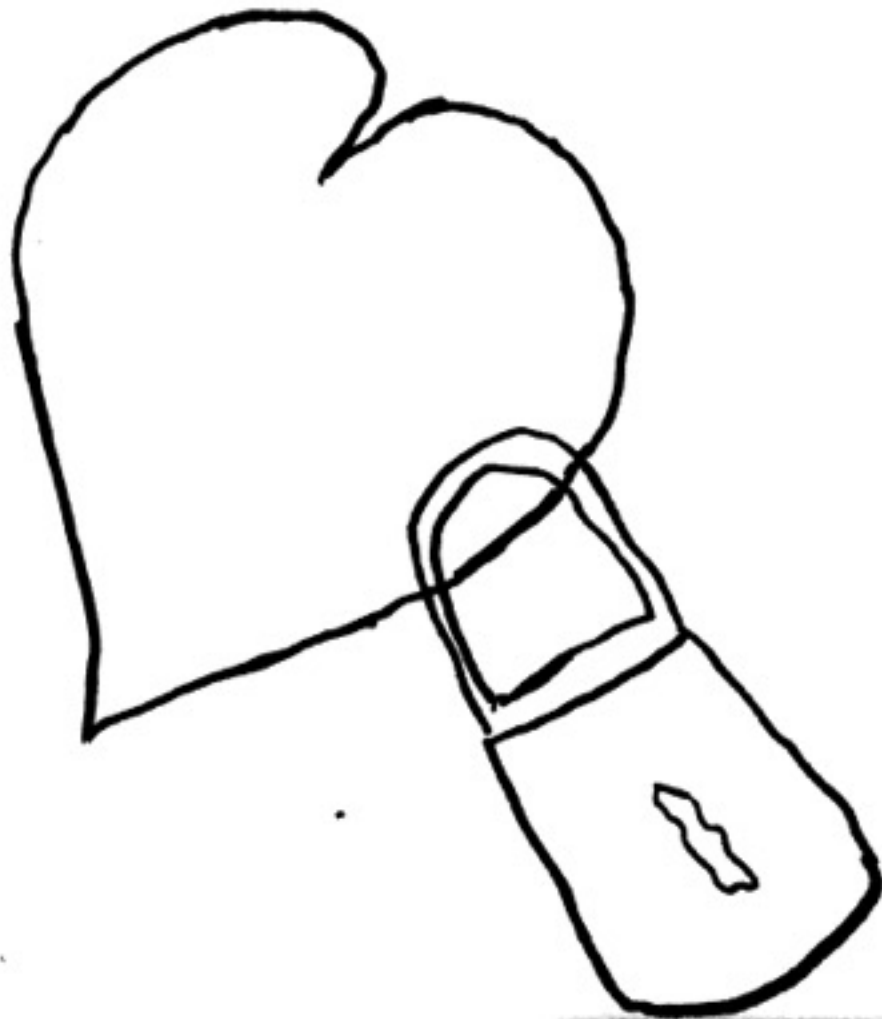
The Blue Sky

the blue sky
 brightening my day like
 always
 you are life

My Moon Too

the bright moon
 staring at me all the
 time
 my moon too

My Friendships Matter



Grandma's Cookies

So much depends
upon

my grandma's cookies

warm and delicious
and sugary

cooked with
perfection.

Cascading Waterfall

beautiful cascading waterfall
beautiful decorations in the snow
karate in China

Romantic Couple

romantic couple dancing
couple dancing in the sunset
romantic date scenery

My Heart of Gold

Oh, Mom! Oh, Mom!
My beautiful and precious mom.
My heart of gold.
You are my beautiful sunset.
Your smile reminds me of the time I was born.
Your laugh is the thing that warms my heart.
I remember the time you first cuddled me.
I remember that time we first ate Thanksgiving dinner.
Oh, Mom! You are my guardian angel.
You are the world to me.

I Am the Blue Ocean

I am the sun of the Dominican Republic
I am a lobster at Red Lobster
I am the New Jersey train.
I am the blue ocean.
I am the ham in my breakfast sandwich.
I am Wonder Woman.
I am Jessica.

Ode to Fried Chicken

Fried Chicken, Fried Chicken,
I had you for Thanksgiving--
every Thanksgiving, it's a family tradition.

Crispy and seasoned well,
golden like fries,
fresh out of the pot and always tastes nice.

I remember sharing with my sister.
I remember eating you on a hot day.
I love that you fill up my tummy!



Finding your heart is a journey

Blue Birds

Beautiful, blue birds
fluffy, baby-blue, and calm
flying around house.

Voice

dancing with rhythm
soul music and sing-along,
beautiful singer, voice

Fast and Slow

calm, soft music
people listening and rocking feet
fast and slow

Drama

two people dancing
jazz music with untold mystery
unknown names, drama

Joy

Native American culture
people dancing in a circle
drums, joy, march.

Oh, Mother! Oh, Mother!
My dear mother is always faithful to me.
The real heart of New York.

What I love about my mom is that she cooks for me.
She cooks and it smells like joy.
The taste is like heaven.

I remember that we went to Chucky Cheese and we were enjoying the pizza.
I remember that we went to Italy.

Oh, Mother! My good okra, mother!
I love you so much!

In the Rain

In the rain
lonely, having nothing to do.
soaking wet city.

It Was Love

Oh, Mom! Oh, Mom!
My precious and luscious caregiver--
the real love comes all from me to you.

You are so bright; you're like a dictionary.
Your love and perfection is what makes you.
Your smile shines so bright like a horizon.

I remember hugging you day after day before school.
I remember me getting into trouble, but you still loved me.
I remember when you would help me every weekend to ride my bike.
When I cried when I was born, it was love.

Sunset

The sunset will be so bright.
It will light up my heart tonight.
Did you see a sunset?

Brain in My Head

So much depends
upon

the brain in my head

getting the education that
is needed

keeping my red brain

nice and juicy.

I Am Saturn

I am Saturn.

I am an order of spaghetti and meatballs at Olive Garden.

I am my great great grandmother Alexandria from Trinidad and Tobago.

I am the L train that comes by my house.

I am the beautiful flower in the park.

I am the IHop on Ralph Ave.

I am people calling me Tay Tay.

I am Kaya.

MetroCard

So much depends
upon

a blue MetroCard

it has yellow words
on it

it fits inside
your wallet,

it also gets you on the bus.

Black Pot of Rice

So much depends
upon

the small black pot of rice

my mother cooks
with water

sitting beside corn bread
on the black and white stove.

Oh, Snowflake

Oh, Snowflake. Oh, Snowflake--
 a cold piece of ice in the sky that shines like a diamond
 in the sky, smaller than a mouse.
 Each snowflake is different
 with their own pattern.
 You make me feel like as if I am in the North Pole,
 each snowflake like a crystal.
 I love your shape and how you are all unique,
 like humans themselves and the shine you make.
 I love the cold feeling you give me when I catch you.
 I remember when, on my birthday, in December
 you always surprise me every year and chasing you all day until I could catch one in good condition.
 And, I remember on New Year's Eve
 when I saw you coming down like an angel watching the countdown
 with apple cider in a cup.
 Oh, Snowflake. Oh, Snowflake—
 a cold piece of ice in the sky that shines like a diamond in the sky
 smaller than a mouse. I love you.

**Lion**

strong, beautiful lion
 yellow hair like the sun
 fast, majestic, fierce

Soul

soul music expression
 convinces you, dance, passion, movement
 dance, art, love

I Will Conquer the World

I am the sun, a hot star actually the brightest and Venus.
 I am a steak with sour cream onion rings and cheesecake for dessert
 from Dave & Buster's.
 I am my grandma June with gray hair, short, and good at sewing from Barbados.
 I am on a train holding on to a pole who found a 10 dollar bill.
 I am an angel costume prom dress glitter a waterfall and me in church.
 I am a cream cheese bagel with pancakes and oranges.
 I am Mickey Mouse, Cat Woman, Black Widow, Gamora, Monkey, Mckalie, Ponokia, and Batgirl.
 I am Makalia Bradshaw Forrester.
 I am a fashion designer or dancer.
 I am smart black and beautiful and intelligent.
 I am an artistic golden angel or devil, but mostly all of me.
 I am the girl who always gets fours, and the girl who will be Valedictorian. I'm t going to go for anything lower—
 not even Salutatorian.
 I will conquer the world.

I Was A Child

I was a child. I was a child. I was a child!

When I was younger, and I was one and two, I got most of the attention.

I was a child and I had free time.

One year, I went to Splish Splash, Amazing Land, Meteor Beach, Christmas Land, and so on, and so on.

Now, even though my sister had a daughter, nothing much has changed
and my niece gets as much attention as I do.

Now, I've gained knowledge and I'm responsible.

When I was young, I couldn't get a cell phone, but now I have one.

I haven't lost much, except a few hours, one or two.

I have a lot of intelligence and, now, I have homework.

When I was younger, I was interested in only a few subjects.

Now, I'm interested in art, sculpting, and music.

Light and Shadows

lights and shadows

two contributing forces, eternity and forever

century-old feud

Endless Cycle

a night of gazing at the moon before

the shining crispy sun

the endless cycle of war and peace

Our Era

an era where

no technology exist, before

our era, non-existing

I'm Related to the Sun

I'm related to the sun.

I am chicken tenders and french fries

I'm my great grandfather Alan.

I am driving the train.

I am one of the most beautiful things I've seen, flowers.

I am my mother and my father.

I am Brand-Brand and Little Rick.

I am Brandon Charles Smith, son of Ricardo Smith.

I am compatible with football.

I Am a Beautiful Garden

I am crab legs from Red Lobster.
I am my great grandma Shirley, who is 82.
I am the 3 train.
I am a beautiful garden.
I am the golden brown grill cheese sandwich I made for myself at 7:00 PM.
I am De De that my aunt calls me.
I am Bob Snickers that I call myself.
I am Super Snickers, my superhero name.

Childhood

I once was a child,
my mother's child.
She would give me a lot of gifts from the toy chest.
One year, it was a teddy bear. Another year, a Wii.
The next year I got a Wii-u.
One year, I lost my great grandma.
Another year, I got a little sister.
One year, I lost my friend. Another year, I found a new one.
Now, that toy chest is gone.
My crib is gone.
Homework is here.
Teachers are here,
and my childhood is gone.

Oh, Tink

Oh, Tink! Oh, Tink!
You're so small and chubby.
You make me smile and laugh.

Your hair is smooth like a soft blanket.
Your smile is like a bright sun.
Your laugh is so cute.

I remember eating ice cream together.
Remember the time I took you to the park.
Remember the time you hit a boy because he hit you!

Oh, Little Cousin! Oh, Little Cousin!
You're so smart and cute!
But, keep being you!

Hands reaching towards
orange, purple, yellow sky saying,
Olivia, Olivia, Olivia.

I Was A Child

I was a child, am someone's child still.
Most definitely, my mom's child.
When I was little, I would get big teddy bears.

When I was little,
I remember dancing in my diaper running around the house.
One year, we went to Disney World.
One year, my family went inside a haunted house. I was the only one that did not run out.
One year, I had a hamster, his name was Snowball.
One year, I found out I was an amazing dancer.
One year, I fell and broke my arm.
Now, the days go by washing dishes, arguing with my mom.
Now, I go on FaceTime with my best friend.
Now, there's going to be a baby welcomed to our family.

I Used to Play Hopscotch

I once was a child, am a child, and I'm someone's child.
 I used to get a dollar for every and anything.
 When I was little, one year, I was the cry baby—
 sitting in the corner crying over my turtle.
 When I was little, one year, I went to school with blue and white on.
 When I was little, one year, I had my sixth birthday in school with my little friend.
 One year, I lost my nana to cancer.
 One year, I found a new family member.
 One year, I used to watch the young Dora.
 One year, I found out that Dora grew up on me.
 Now, the days go by with me walking myself to school instead of getting pushed in a stroller.
 Now, I have an instagram with almost 2000 followers
 Once, I used to play hop scotch.
 Once, I was a child.

So Much Depends Upon

So much depends upon
 my brain and my teacher

me helping my sister and cousin.

So much depends upon me.

So much depends upon
 my sister with her spanish looking hair and black and bright eyes chubby cheeks like a teddy bear's, sitting at
 her desk in the back at her computer printing papers.

Sunset

Oh, Sunset. Oh, Sunset.
 Why would you take my grandma?
 She did the best to protect me.
 Oh, Sunset, oh Sunset
 Will you take the rest?

I Am Earth

I am Earth with the first people.
I am fried chicken with ketchup.
I am my grandmothers from my mother and my father's side.
I am MTA trains with comfortable cars.
I am myself.
I am the grandma in the morning.
I am Jay, JJ.
I am speedster power of speed.
I am a Ferrari and a Lamborghini.
I am Adventure Time.

All Night Long

The sunset goes down at night
at the time you go to sleep
so your dreams
can last all night long.

Rhymes

I have a lot of wealth
when it comes to health.

You can not bend my bones
not even with sticks and stones.

I have the courage
to eat that last bowl of porridge.

Health is a gift, it comes swift
but it happens with a kiss.

Thunder Woman

I am Mars.

I am an order of snow crab legs
with melted butter at Joe's Crab Shack.

I am my great granny Mary Ann Langley.

I am the seats of the train.

I am a waterfall in the Bahamas.

I am the pancakes and bacon from my grandma.

I am the nickname Nana's.

I am the superhero SC Thunder Woman.

I am the cool kid.

So Much

So much depends
upon
everything I
touch
my brown skinned
chubby hands
with dark brown
spots on my knuckles.

So much depends
upon
everything I
hear
my small monkey
ears
both ears connected
to each side of my face.

So much depends
upon

the oxygen
people breath.

The oxygen is
everywhere so
you can breathe.

It goes in and out
to your nose and body
then out.

Love Ode

Oh, Grandma. Oh, Nanny.
The chief of delight
the Queen of the house

you are the tutor of smarts
you are the Christian on Sunday
you are like my second mom

I hope we can rewind the fun
and play it again
I remember the souse with cucumber
and cow's foot; I remember the love when I'm sick.
Oh, Nanny. Oh, Nanny.
Second Mom, you're so great.

Once, I Was a Kid

Once, I was a kid, someone's child.
Mommy, Shameka, and Daddy, Steve.
I had special treatments of special hugs
and the twinzee outfit my mom and I had.

One year, we took a trip to Barbados and met my cousin.
One year, my sister was born, 2007.
One year, I burned my hand in soup.

One year, I lost my kindle to my cousin.
One year, I found an LG Phone.
One year, I lost my stuffed bunny.
One year, I found \$5.

Now, I have to mature and have responsibility.
Now, I have to work hard at I.S. 392.
Once, we played with toy shark in water.
Once, I had no school.
I was a child.

Me, Myself, Beauty

me, myself, beauty
brown braids down her back
perfect, beautiful, Shelby.

My Darling Ri-Ri

Oh, Me! Oh, Me!
Oh, Me! My darling Ri-Ri!

my beautiful hair
so thick and so full
my dimples appear when I smile

My bright eyes
so big
staring into people's eyes

Oh, Me!

Rag Tag

I am Mars.
I am bacon and eggs from IHop.
I am my oldest relative Rashee.
I am Williams Smith.
I am stuck on the train.
I am the most beautiful thing I've seen.
I am the eggs and bacon and cheese Eggo that my mom made for me.
I am RiRi and RagTag.
I am my superhero, Stephen Curry.

Sunset

amber
summer
glows
in sky
beauty
dusk
down
Jamaica

I Am Spaghetti

I am the earth.
I am spaghetti.
I am my grandma.
I am nothing.
I am me, myself, and I.
I am cereal.
I am Sha Sha.
I am a diamond.
I am Spiderman.
I am Shana.
I like basketball.
I am lazy.
My favorite color is purple.

Sky

clouds
blue
surrounds sun
above everywhere
birds
moon
darkness
stars

Fireworks

It's beautiful.
Makes you happy.
Your sweet dreams.
Fire.
Glitter.
Celebration.
Sparks.
Caring.
Shapes.
It's in the sky.

All who know can't always see.
Eye Symbol



Amira Rossman

WRITERS OF CLASS 602/ MS. TASHER

Me, Myself, and I

I am Anna-Bug. I am Beautiful Anna. I am Super Diva.
I am the express train zooming very fast,
making winds blow through people's hair or...scalp.
I am my aunt Lilla cooking up her delicious famous sweet potato pie.
I am my sky-walker given to me by my favorite/only uncle.
I will never be someone that chews just like a cow chewing grass on a nice beautiful day.
I am a white shirt with a blue skirt playing on the swings in front of a house on the hills.
I am my Anna and Elsa (*Frozen*) blanket that covers my face blocking the sunlight.
I am me!

So Much Depends Upon

So much depends upon
my silver and black pen
filled with its black ink
moving up and down
left and right
on my white paper
sitting on top my purple notebook.

So much depends upon
the humongous black pot
filled with chicken soup
made with soul by my beautiful mommy
on the stove
in the white kitchen.

So much depends upon
the nice hot water
coming out of my silver shower head
hitting my body
right next to the toilet.

Skinny Jeans

I am Brianna.

I am Black Katana (as that's my superhero username.)

I am very nerdy.

I am a Star Wars shirt and skinny jeans.

I will never be a person that blasts music out in the street.

I am a bad school lunch and frozen milk.

I am just a weird person.

Coffee

So much depends

upon

the caffeinated drink

filled with sugar or spice.

What an invention—

a master mind that created this thing we call 'Coffee.'

School

So much depends

upon

the Seven hours of our life.

The most important hours of our life.

We cry and laugh and learn math with

life lessons and more in between.

I Am Awesome

I am Cam, given to me by my mom and the rest of the family.
I am Cammy, a name off the top of my head.
I am awesome man, spreading my awesomeness through town.
I am a spectator watching a guy play the guitar.
I will never be a fly buzzing in my ear.
I am my mom, who is almost as awesome as me.
I am a fresh pair of Jordan 11 Blackouts with all black clothes.
I am my new laptop given to me about a week ago from my loving mother.
I am my phone when I go to check the time.
I AM THE AWESOMEST PERSON IN THE UNIVERSE!!!

I Once Was an Irresponsible Kid

I once was a child, my mother's child indeed.
Had her personality and looked like her too.
I would always get candy for being a good child and sometimes,
if I was lucky, she would let me use her phone.

As a child, one year, I ate candy almost every day.
One year, I learned about cavities.
One year, I was able to go to the store every once in awhile.
One year, I was able to have friends over.
One year, I lost my video game cases and had nowhere to put the disks.
One year, I found a way to persuade my mom into giving me more freedom.
One year, I found out about technology.
One year, I lost my computer to viruses.

Now, the days go by as I quietly play on my phone.
Now, I sleep all day long.
Once, I had lots of fun.
Once, I was a child.

My Love For Xbox

Oh, Xbox! Oh, Xbox!
My fun and awesome console.
One of the best of modern times.

You are like my best friend.
Your comfortable controller in my hand like magic.
You are super fun to play late at night.

I remember beating people up in GTA V
I remember leveling up on Call of Duty

Oh, my super fun Xbox, I love you so much!

Waiting

I am a star waiting to shine
 up in the beautiful sky.
 I am the moon shining on
 others
 giving them a good night.
 I am an apprentice waiting to
 be a master.
 I am a caterpillar in a cocoon
 waiting to be a butterfly.
 I am a bud waiting to be a
 flower.

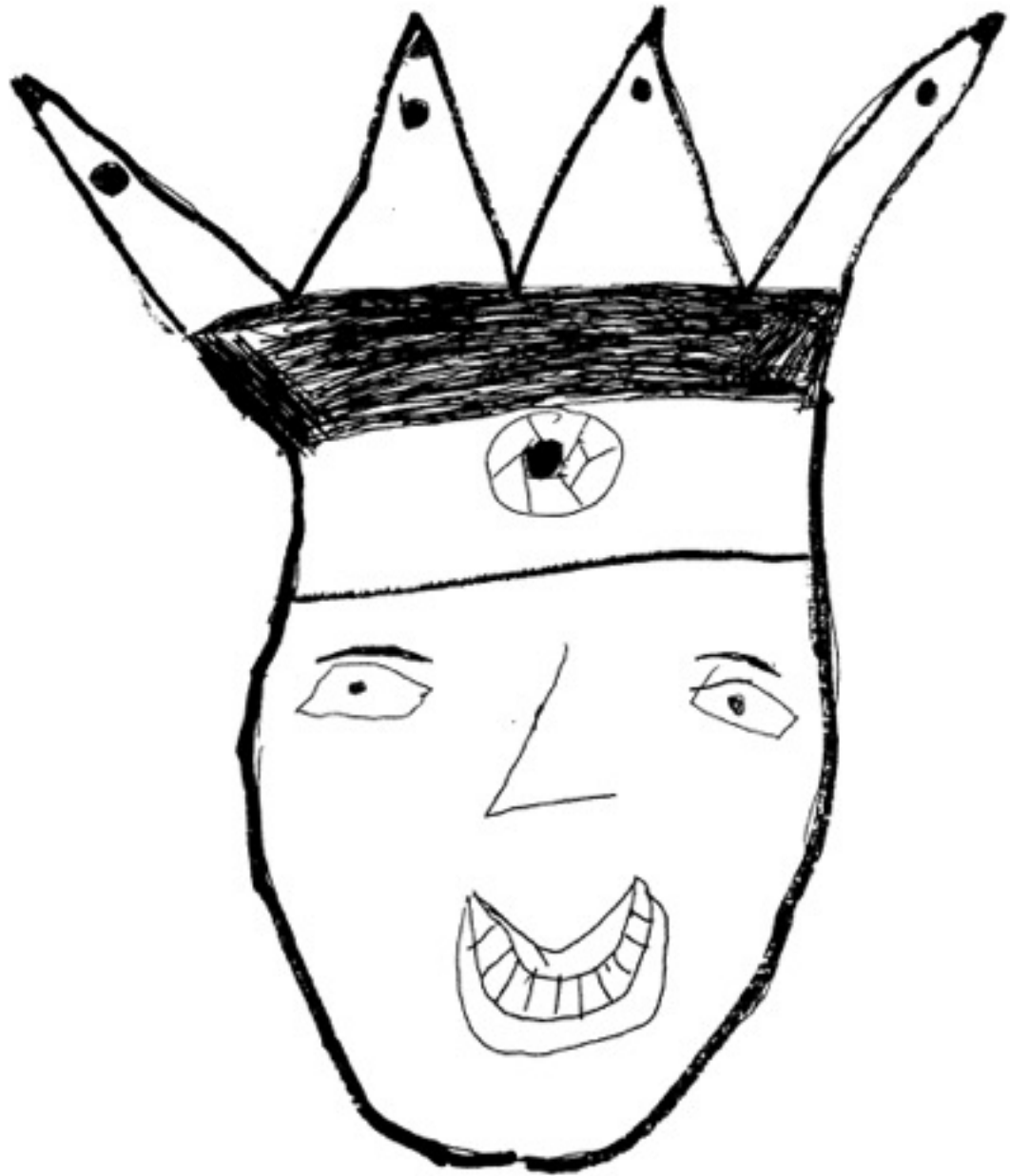
Caged

Cops cage my dreams,
 because of my skin color.
 Abusing me with words and
 hands because I'm BLACK.
 Punishing me, because, if
 I'm free, they know I'll
 succeed,
 and fear I will do greater
 things if I'm out of that cage.

Basketball of Mine

My basketball, oh, my
 basketball--
 The one connection I have
 with my dad,
 the key to my "happy place,"
 your glorious round shape,

the beautiful noise when you bounce,
 the feeling while holding you is like me hugging a best friend!
 I remember shooting you from half court at the school gym.
 I remember buying you on my sixth and first birthdays.
 Oh, basketball--
 my big, orange delight,
 we will be together forever!



Past and future

I once was a child, not my dad's, my mom's.
Most definitely Cadera's.
When I was 3, at the doctor, he used to give me candy,
used to give me a lollipop.
When I was little, I remember being in the stroller,
wanting my bottle, my mom gave me my pacifier instead.
One year, we went to Six Flags in Long Island.
One year, we went to McDonald's in the Green Jeep.
One year, I lost my wise mind.
One year, I found my hope.
One year, I lost my Grandfather to lung cancer.
One year, I found a memorable picture of my grandpa.

Now, the days go by with homework, chores and dishes.
Now, I daydream a two-bedroom house with my mom.
Once, my mom took me to sleep in my crib.
Once, I was a little helpless baby.

T-Cool

I am Ty. I am T-Cool. I am Freeze T.
I am the train moving along to Sutter.
I will never be a person with stinky breath in my face talking.
I am my grandma that watches General Hospital at 3 o'clock.
I am leather pants with a graffiti shirt with Gold J's at Friday's eating mozzarella sticks.

Much Money

So much depends upon
a green paper
that buys anything it wants
besides my brown leather wallet
waiting to go in my hand.

STRETCH

My positivity stretches longer than where
the rainbow ends.

How long do you stretch out your positivity?

Daddy's Princess and Mommy's Adventure Bag

I once was a child.

My daddy's princess and my mommy's adventure bag.
kisses that I get from them will make me jump and smile.

Younger me had a big forehead.

One year, I went to Jamaica and looked at everybody wrong.

One year, I went to the beach and got lost three times.

One year, I lost my box of diapers.

One year, I found my dignity.

One year, I lost myself.

One year, I found my positivity.

Now, there is more work and pressure.

Now, I try to be me.

Once, I looked at a big yellowish moon with my family.

Once, I was a child

Kay Kay

I am Kay Kay.

I am Kaysylvania Queen.

I am King Kayla.

I am the girl who had to hear the man who is screaming his music from his headphones.

I will never be a person with lots of bugs and rodents in their home.

I am my oldest living relative, my great aunt who is 97 years old.

I am in a black dress dark like a vulture.

I am a turquoise glass box from my neighbor.

I am the one who looks her brother in the face with nasty garbage breath.



Oh, Computer!

Oh, Computer, you help me so much.
You are like the King of Knowledge.
You're a great helper I can count on.
You are like heaven in a smart way.
Your keyboards are the sound of determination.
You help us repay our debt from dangerous situations.
I remember playing Roblox on your soft keyboard.
I remember me and my brother searching on you for a great middle school.
I remember fixing you.

Oh, Computer, you helped us in a lot of ways.
Now, Computer, you are the best thing I could ever have.

I Can Do More

I was a child, once someone's child in a baby crib sleeping quietly.
When I was young, I went to McDonald's shop eating those crunchy chicken nuggets.
When I was young, one year, I went to Nigeria with excitement.
One year, me and my friends ate a juicy turkey.
One year, I played in the park with the scary kids.
One year, I played my epic games.
One year, I lost my wiggling tooth.
One year, I found a fast deer in Maryland.
One year, I lost my toys and legos.
One year, I found some new friends.
Now, I can make more friends.
Now, I can talk better than before.
Now, I can help people with their work.
I can do more.

The Invisible Force

invisible force
pushy tornado
fast
hitter
crazy speed
blow
away
quickly

Lost In Reality

My thoughts stretch to my mouth.
How do you stretch your Ideas?
My eyes glare with Anger and fury.
Do you ever see someone with fiery eyes?
The cop glared at me with his hand where the gun is.
Do you get a glare from the cops?
The wise, the men of freedom?
Did your dream come true because of that man?
I push my dreams to become a reality.
Do you push yourself?
Smiling is the definition of happiness.
Do you start your day off with a smile?
Lost in my thoughts, but no way out.
Is there a door that can help you be free in your thoughts?

Different

I am the nickname Mal.
I am the MetroCard in the train station.
I will never be a pencil that breaks!
I am a person with a creepy costume.
The first thing I saw this morning was my dog licking my face.
I am Intelligence.
I am the dark energy that my friends called me in the 5th grade.

My Pencil

So much depends upon
my hand grabbing my pencil
my knuckles on my fingers bending back and forth
writing my essay for my homework.

So much depends upon
my alarm clock waking me up for school
my mom getting me up and ready out of bed
my mom driving me to school.

So Much Depends On

So much depends on
 my smiling mother making breakfast
 each day for school
 so I don't get hungry
 always being there for me,
 folding my laundry,
 helping me,
 every step of the way.
 If I didn't have a mom
 I wouldn't be here!



Life

I was once a happy girl always smiling, laughing, and always jumping for joy.
 Loving everything and everyone--
 I would always make cupcakes for everyone I love.
 My mother kissing me goodnight every night,
 feeling the warmth of her lips pressing on my cheeks,
 waking up every morning to the smell of blueberry pancakes,
 turkey bacon, cheesy eggs, and turkey sausages.

Things change in life:

your body changes,
 your age changes,
 and so does your family.

Losing my step dad to a car accident
 knowing that the car flipped over and over and then over the rails,
 landing upside down.

I can remember going to the bank and the nice bank lady always giving me a dollar
 for each time I came just so I can put it in my bank account, and giving me a lollipop.

I can remember my favorite aunt before she died of cancer and a heart defect,
 she would always take me places and buy me toys and clothing.

Losing my old home and getting a new one,
 getting new sisters and making a new family and getting a new life.

I have gone through many things in my life:

death, home loss, and losing family members that I loved,
 but I realized that they taught me a lesson.

They taught me to be strong when things are bad,
 to ignore the ones who hurt you
 and to never give up. Even though they're dead now,
 I know that there still looking down on me.

Bright Glowing Sky

dawn

above horizon

glowing light

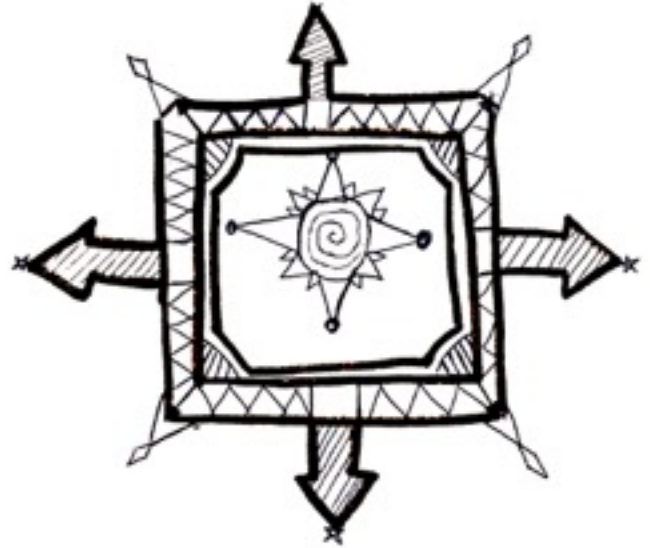
early

in

the morning

bright sky

sunset



Who I Am

I'm a Superhero: Brains and Brawn

My Nickname: Nellie

I am a guy playing the drums on the train platform.

I will never be chalk squeaking on the chalkboard.

I am my grandfather Vernon who loves riding his bicycle.

I am dark blue jeans with a maroon hoodie and sneakers going to school to pick up my brother.

I am a trip to a fancy restaurant with my entire family.

I am my mother and my clock saying it's 7:00 am and I'm late.

I am the future, through time I will go and unfold for the world to see.

I'm a Child

I once was a child,

I am a child--someone's child--my mother and my father's.

My grandfather gave me cherry lollipops and rich chocolate cookies.

One year, everyone got stuffed animals.

One year, everyone got awards.

One year, I got a trophy

Very young, I lost my grandmother, but I gained new friends.

I lost my baby teeth, but they all grew back.

I lost my silliness, but I gained responsibility.

Now, I am a bold, confident young girl with a bright future ahead of me.

I may lose things along the way,

but I will gain new things in place of what was lost.

Me

One day, I woke up ready to brush my teeth.
I looked in the mirror and saw my looks.
I noticed how many people judged me,
but I didn't shed a tear because I am my own kind of beauty.

Things were said, but it didn't hurt me
because, if I wore something, I could make it work.
There's no need to feel bad because in the world things can change
and nobody can tell I'm ugly.

Someone who made my life complete,
she was like my twin, she's my best friend.
She was the other half of me and I knew,
I knew they liked me for me.
They were never to be seen,
but I wasn't sad 'cause my emotions can't get the best of me.
I've learned and lost.
I forgive and forget.
I also fought hard.

I hope you remember the good and bad.
You're special because you are you.
Red-headed darling made of fire
nothing can put you out.
I looked in the mirror one more time and saw
that I
best knew me.

Friendship

So much depends on a person who hugs you,
defends you, and loves you.
They might get you mad, but it's a part of life.
If you get sad, they will be by your side,
not behind.

Future

So much depends upon the future.
Where would life take you or where would you go?
Thinking about the past, present, and the future.
Where would your friends be or end up?
Life or death and Heaven or Hell, the ride that ends your life.

Nighty NY

I am New York, New York.

I am Nighty New York.

I am Captain Crazy Nice.

I am the slow 2 train coming down Times Square.

I will never be a person eating with my mouth open.

I am my Uncle Kester that lives in Florida who's funny and loving.

I am a sweetheart neckline on a blue dress with two-inch heels on a boat ride.

I am my LG phone my father gave me.

I am my little sister Naomi.

I am Captain Crunch cereal this morning.

I am a fashion designer.

Devil

The devil glaring into my good soul
wishing I was like him.

Making evil plans to stop me,
but not even his glare can!

LG Phone

So much depends upon
my silver LG neon phone with a black screen
ringing and vibrating
when people call or text me
charging on my black charger
next to my Ipad mini.



It's Disgusting

I once was a child, am a child, am someone's child--
Definitely my mother's child, definitely my father's child
When I was little, my mom treated me with some type of special treatment.
Compared to the rest of my siblings, I was treated like an angel.

As a child, one year, I went from wearing diapers to tighty-whities.
One year, I went from wearing tighty-whities to wearing boxers.
One year, I went from playing rated-E games to playing 'Call Of Duty.'
One year, I went from losing my kind and generous uncle to gaining my annoying nephew.
One year, I went from losing my teddy bear to gaining my PlayStation.

Now, I am sitting on the couch watching television and playing video games
eating Cheetos, gaining more weight by the second.
It is disgusting.

So Much Depends

So much depends
upon

my black belt
with a buckle

that keeps my pants up at night
and not at my ankles.

So much depends
upon

my big black flat TV
with black speakers

which keeps me occupied.

My Dog

Oh, Muchi! Oh, Much!
My dear and precious dog!
The real heart of my family.

You are a glorious white pooch.
Your hot skin is like a fire on my hand.
Your hair is like a wave going back and forth.

I like when you sleep next to me every night.
I like when you lick me to wake me up.
Oh, Muchi, my good ole fluffy friend.
I love you.

Still Momma's and Daddy's

I was a child, am a child, am someone's child,
still momma's and daddy's.
When I was little, my teacher would give me special treatment-- she'd give me candy
every time I came to her class.
When I was little, I remember the little blue cradle in my mom's room.
One year, we went to Las Vegas.
One year, we drove from California to New York.
One year, we made a candy cake.

One year, we lost someone.
One year, we got a puppy.
One year, we lost our candy.
One year, we ate our candy.
Now, days go by with responsibilities and other things to do.
I dream of becoming a billionaire and giving to the poor so they can become wealthy.
Once, I was a child.

The Perfect Me

I am XyXy, I am ZZ, and I am Queen Z.
 I am the three trains on Sutter Avenue speeding past, everyone seeing them, telling to slow down.
 I will never be a booger about to be eaten by disgusting people.
 I am my grandma Miriam who has diabetes and can only see through one eye.
 I am a crop top in ripped shorts and pink Jordan's
 looking like I am about to go to a party with so much perfume on
 that I could make a public bathroom smell good.
 I am an American girl doll given to me from my aunt Merrill.
 I am my mom screaming at me to get out of bed in the morning to go to school
 and get there on time.

The Loving Food

So much depends upon
 my white stove with its silver burners
 cooking my loving dad's pasta alfredo
 sitting beside the juicy shrimps
 a little burnt yet tasty in the peach kitchen.

My Loving Days

I once was a child, am a child, am someone's child still—
 most definitely, my mom's, and most definitely, my daddy's child.
 When I was younger, my godmother, Stephanie, would always take me to her shop
 and give me candy like gum and magic pops.
 When I was little, I remember the black flying snakes
 stomping on them and throwing rocks at them.
 One year, we went to six flags and I almost drowned.
 One year, we drank apple cider in our hotel room in Atlantic City.
 One year, we bought a lot of Chinese food and ended up eating it all.
 One year, I almost lost my dad to a car accident.
 One year, he called and we knew now that he was alive and well.
 One year, I lost many teeth but did not grow them all back.
 One year, we went to the beach and ate ice-cream on the rocks by the water.
 Now, the candy does not even pass by me!
 Now, I've got new friends and family who love me for me.
 Once, I made cake and cupcakes for my pleasure and happiness,
 and I made smoothies for the joy of my parents and family.
 Now, I know I have to be more mature and responsible.
 ONCE, I WAS A CHILD.

Street Performer

I am Terra, god of earth.
My nickname is 'Fat Boy' for most of the summer.
I am a street performer playing a saxophone.
I will never be playing loud music.
I am my great grandfather who is 90 years old
who has awesome memory.

Stuck In a Cup

I once was a child, a little toddler that cursed a lot.
One year, I was late for my parents' wedding.
One year, I got my hand stuck in a cup;
I cried because I thought my hand would never come out.
One year, I met my great grandmother.
I lost my innocent face and I found out I can get away with anything by being quiet.
I found out I have a brother living in Florida.

Depends

So much depends upon
sliced of bread being
with peanut butter.
My body depends on it
to give me nutrients to move around.

So much depends upon
my mother
bringing home cereal.
Eating it,
and knowing my mom
loves me.

My Grand-Loving Tree

Dear tree, my tree--
My life source of air! The inspiration in my life!

You are a wondrous soul by my window.
Your leaves feel like soft feathers upon my skin.
Your presence comforts me as a mother does her child.

I remember when I was lost without imagination and you
filled me with it.
I remember that night when I thought I couldn't breathe,
but then saw you and breathed once more.
When I was lonely, you were there with me.

My Grand tree, I love you for nothing,
yet I love you for my everything.
Right here, right now, forever.

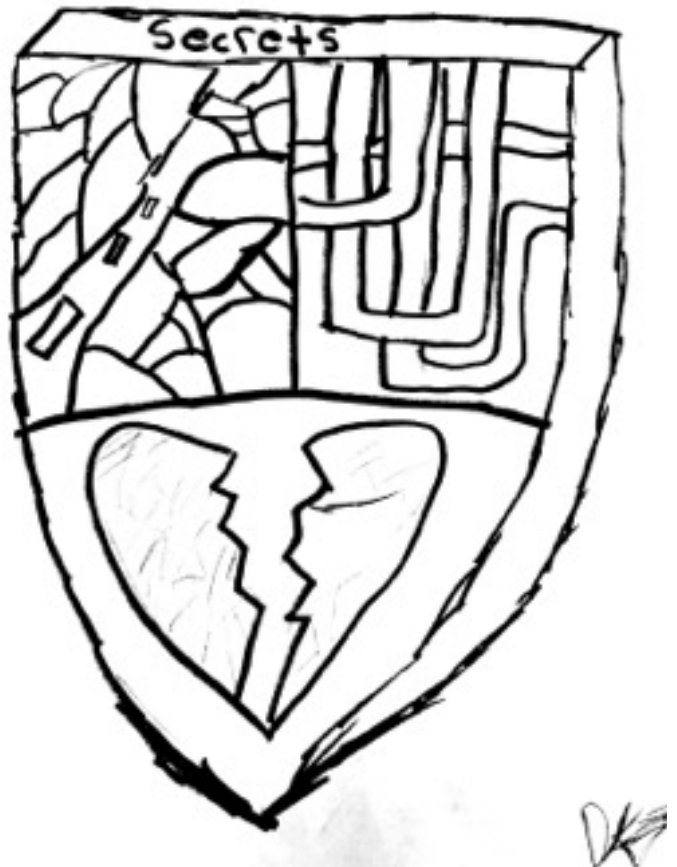
The True Me

I am Dee Dee.
I am Miss-Know-It-All.
I am the doors that open and close on a subway train, too
fast to get in.
I will never be a smoker
who inhales the repulsive toxic gas from a cigarette
into my precious body.
I am my Uncle Ken that is 73 in Toronto
and the oldest living relative (that I know of)
in the Thompson family.
I am that black lace dress with divine boots
and a necklace made of pure silver
standing lonesome in the nightfall of a full moon.
I am the \$100.00 gift card my grandfather gave me because he cares.
I am the mirror that lay upon my wall where I saw my reflection
when I wake up so flawless.
I am the five different personalities that make up me,
and can change any time.

Victory and Bloodlust

So much depends upon,
the brave souls
of fighting soldiers,
going into
a certain place of Death,
to the battlefields of
victory and bloodlust.

Sometimes it's best to keep things to your self



My Timeline About Me

I once was a child when I was a baby, sleeping in my mother and father's bed.
 Once, I was a quiet baby who cried for things she wanted,
 and smelled the smell I love from my dad's shirt that made me fall asleep.
 And, my mom and aunt tricked me with that smell to make me fall asleep.
 One year, I got my first puffs of hair.
 One year, I learned how to walk.
 One year, I was finishing 5th grade.
 One year, I lost my grandma's life.
 One year, I found a filling to that hole which is more family.
 One year, I lost my BFF's trust.
 One year, I found out my brother isn't that bad at all.
 Now, I text my new and old friends.
 Now, my new beginning is opening wide.

Me

I am DJ Jazzy the DJ of the music because I put the 'PA' in party--people call me "Jazzy."
 I am the secretary of my girl group called the "Pinkie Divas."
 I am my Wii U given to me by my uncle from the Chris-Kringle.
 I am the Q Train speeding to places.
 I will never be a TV in my room that fizzes up on the people who watch me.
 I am my oldest relative--my cousin's 90-year-old grandma.
 I am a wish that I have where I'm wearing a sparkling pink diamond dress that can fly.
 I am in my mansion that has hot Asian men in a pool
 and in many of the drawers in the mansion there is unlimited food that doesn't spoil.
 There's mucus-filled tissues in my clear garbage can in my room.
 I am a fabulous girl that has a wonderful world
 and is very picky about stuff that she wants—and, that's me.
 I'm the queen of the daycare I used to go to
 because I did many things with them.

My Family and Friends

So much depends upon
 The big 4th floor house with my family member's rooms
 the bathroom with the shower we sing in
 the kitchen where we cook food
 the place we have parties in our backyard.

So much depends upon
 my trust and care.
 The person who gives friends advice for their life when you are not in a good mood.
 The one to keep your secrets safe, like in a safe
 To make your life easier
 To take stress off your mind with fun and games and lots of laughter.

Mighty Miss

I am Mumu called by my classmates.

I am gorgeous O.

I am O.

Mighty Miss O.

I am the 4 train going on an expressway through the tunnel rocking back and forth.

I will never be a cow pooping maniac.

I will never be a cow saying moo.

I am a gram who is my friend's grandmother who loves me as if I am her daughter.

I am a gold flowing diamond dress with black feathery shoes glowing like a disco ball.

I am Bella an American doll given to from my best friend.

I am a tall glowing most beautiful women that is my mother,
which I saw as I arise from bed to the bathroom.

I am Mighty Miss Oumou.

Flawless Oumou

Oh, Oumou, you beautiful, young flawless girl.

You determined spirit.

You queen of love, peace, and beauty.

Your wise words are like a sister to me.

Your compassion is my mother.

Your kindness is a brand new day.

I remember the time we played mother and daughter you were like a next mother to me.

I remember the time we laughed so hard that our heads almost exploded.

I remember the time you sat me down and told me always be the best that I can be
and I took your words with me everywhere that I went.

Oh, Oumou, my sweet best wise friend.

You mean everything.

Mel

I am the girl named Mel whom you can trust
I am double girl of two
I am the superhero named Wonderful Mira
I am the musician who strums her instrument
I will never be a cracked door that exposes my secrets
I am Ugine Stewart, one who knows all
I am a pink long sleeve dress with black shoes
I am the samsung tablet from my uncle
I am the window that blinds me in the morning
I am life, and life is me!

My Other Half

Oh, Aamir, you big sack of joy
My big fluffy teddy bear
You friend of art and music
Your hugs are like my castle protecting me
Your cheerful smile reassures me of my doubts
Your laugh is the light of hope in my life
I remember the time you saved up enough money to buy a card
I remember when we went to Pennsylvania and got lost
Oh Aamir! The other half of me
You are the light in me

Trees

So much depends
Upon
A big green
Tree
Bearing fruit so
Sweet
Growing high in the
Sky

Ode to Fire

Fire, oh fire
Beautiful, but deadly
You help people into the darkness
You shine like the sun
You are the best way to cook
I remember when you lit the room when it was dark
I remember when you won the plating card game with me
Even if water can defeat you
You are the best element ever

Applause

The moment
Everyone stands
And gives a hand
Excited
Loudest noises
I bow
I take off
the stage

So Much Depends

So much depends upon
the blank
rough
paper
so white
until pen meets paper.



WRITERS OF CLASS 604/ MS. ORDDE

Galaxy

The galaxy sparkles during the night
with stars like beautiful gems.
It sparkles in your eyes.
Then, I see a shooting star
that glides through the night.
When I go to bed,
I think about how beautiful it is,
and it will be there all the time.

I Am

I am Mama-Mia-Mya.
I am My-Mya.
I am, "Come on, let's do a Conga dance!"
I am a pink polo shirt with black jeggings and a leather jacket with boots.
I am the covers.
I am a sweet bbq chicken wing.
I am my family who lives in Virginia, Georgia, and Connecticut.
I am a chef working at a fancy restaurant.
I am a humming bird flying from flower to flower.

Money

So much depends upon
the green rectangles
in my purple and gold wallet.
I use it to get resources and toys
and get it from loved ones on my birthdays in cards.



My Beautiful Mommy

Oh, Mom, my beautiful Mommy,
you are the best in the world with your love for me.
You have a great smile when I do something good.
And, when you laugh, you make me laugh for no reason.

I remember saying I love you.
Then, you got mad when I did something bad.

Oh, mommy, best in the world,
you are my love shining bright.

Caught Up

I once was a child, am a child, my mother's child.
When I was young, my special treatment was my mother hugging me for the good things I do at home.

When I was young, I remember my family taking me to Disney and buying me and my brother nerf guns so we could have a tag fight.

One year, I lost my phone when I dropped it in water. One year, I found 96 dollars in a winter buried in snow when I was playing with my friends.

Now, the days with responsibilities and chores caught up with how old I am and the wisdom I have.
Once, I was a child.

I Once Was a Child

I once was a child, but now, I'm something else—
still my mother and father's baby girl
Had a special treatment but not anymore
Got a lollipop at the doctor's office, why not anymore?

When I was a little, I used to sit in the back seat of the car
having my dad call me "Rainy Brainy."
One year, I remember calling my dad "Daddy Waddy."
One year, I remember my mom always getting me Auntie Anne's at the mall.
One year, I lost a tooth jumping on my mom and dad's bed.
One year, I found a puppy on the street.
One year, we lost friends from 5th grade.
One year, we found out Damita loved pizza.
Once, I went on a senior trip and got rained poured on us.
Now, the days go by with homework and dance.
Now, I wish I was on the Disney Cruise.
Once, I was a child.

Ode to Pugzly

Oh, Pugzly! Oh, Pugzly!
You cute Pug.
Your old-self is still cute.
Your curly tail is like riding on the rollercoaster.
Your bold big eyes are like looking into the sun.
You have a grey beard that's why we call you 'old man.'
I remember you jumping on me.
I remember giving you treats.
I remember chopping up your chicken.
Oh, Pugzly. You beautiful Pug—
thank you for helping me grow so much.

Love

Love is like the stain in your heart
that will never go away
Do you think love is almost like a pain?

Galaxy

In the galaxy,
I am the sun
and you are the moon
Why don't I see the galaxy in your eyes
when you look at her?

Moon

You are just like the moon
that lights up my night.
Can you see the moon
in my eyes?

Life

Blood.
Blood running through my soul,
wondering if I made the right choice.
Does the blood burst through you so much that it hurts?

Candy and Candy Cane

I am Candy and Candy Cane.
I am Candy boss.
I am Candy star.
I am "Have fun and dance."
I am blue jeans, a blue leather jacket and Jordans.
I am the dark wall that I saw in the morning.
I am fried chicken from China Star in Starret City.
I am my great grandma in England.
I am 'I prefer not to say.'
I am still experiencing things.



Lil' Mama

I am CloClo and Lil Mama.

I am Cee Vanilla.

I am Warm Sugar Fighter.

I am "Buss that Milly Rock, Aye"

I am a blue sparkly crop top, a pair of white jeans, Retro 11 Jordans, and light blue high socks.

I am my peach-colored iPhone laying on top of my pink pillow.

I am a jerk chicken wing from my grandpa's pot.

I am my Great Grandma Gertrude who has long white hair and red skin and an accent.

I am a famous rapper on tour and baker.

I am a warm chocolate lava cookie with vanilla ice cream on top with a chocolate drizzle

I am "My Way" by Fetty Wap in my mom's car.

I am a pink ninja turtle.

My Make-Up Skills

So much depends upon
my makeup skills
and fashion skills
I'm able to Fleek the eyebrow
and style the hair
to apply the blush
and lay the edges.



Stay Together
• Keeping a
connection
with friends
and family
creates a
powerful bond

I Am Still a Child

I was a child, I am a child, still a child.

When I was younger, I had gotten whatever I wanted—
like donuts for breakfast from my aunt.

One year, I went to Six Flags with all of my mom's friends.

One year, I fell asleep at BBQ's and my aunt left me sleeping there.

One year, I went to Jamaica and got treated like a princess.

One year, my family packed in the car and drove from Orlando, Florida to New York.

As the years have gone by, I've lost and gained.

One year, I lost my puppy Suki.

One year, I found a friendship that will last forever.

One year, I lost the ability to fly on airplanes for free.

One year, I gained the privilege to compete in dance
competitions and win awards.

Now, I have the responsibility of teaching three and
four-year-olds hip-hop.

Now, I am mature and do things on my own.

Once, I was able to be pampered and let people do things for me.

Once, I was adorable.

I LOVE Tobi

Oh, Tobi! Oh, Tobi! Oh, Tobi!
My dear and precious fuzzball!
The real heart of my family.
You are a shiny star in the sky.
You are a happy cloud in the sky.
You're fluffy tail looks like a marshmallow.
I remember scratching your belly.
I remember you pushing me off the bed while I was asleep.
I remember we went to the park together.
Oh, Tobi, you're my universe.
I love you; I always will.

IT'S ME

I am Chris.
I am Chrisy.
I am Captain C.
I am 'just dance!'
I am a hot dog with mustard.
I am my pillow that is nice and comfy.
I am a spicy chicken wing.
I am my grandfather who is old and has a beard.
I am me graduating from college with a diploma.

So Much Depends Upon

So much depends upon
air that moves around
that is all over the world,
that makes you cooler
when you're hot.

So much depends upon
my plate of cooked chicken
cooked by my mom who
prays everyday
that is made with love in the U.S.A
sitting beside a cup of soda.

Ode To Jade

Oh, Jade! Oh, Jade!
My favorite grey cat.
Your fluffy puffy fur on your light body.
You're like a grey sky.
Your annoying whiskers bothering my eye.
You have a funny light brown patch on your chin like a beard.
I remember you as a baby learning how to climb
climbing up the couch, the curtain,
so hard to find.
You were always the best cat in the house.
Oh, Jade, you're the best cat in the house,
And you always will be.

My Loyalty and Confidence

So much depends upon
my loyalty and confidence
bright ideas and thoughts
that lead to my awesome
outcomes.

Makes You Feel Better

So much depends upon
a special type of tape
that seals up your cuts
and makes you feel better.

SAHAR**Can You Guess the Night Sky?**

white

night

half

full

light thief

shining stars

werewolf

sky

**Thunder**

Will the thunder crack my soul?
And make a hole
in my heart?
Will this be over?
Will it depart?
Tears dropping, heart racing,
Kill the feelings out of my head.

This Is the REAL Me

I am Sasi and The Sauce.
I am Smarts².
I am Sauce the Smarty Pants.
I am, "Would you like to dance with me?"
I am a black leather jacket or an olive jacket,
skinny jeans or leggings, with combat boots.
I am my white ceiling and the darkness coming from the closed mahogany door.
I am an Asian spicy orange chicken wing made from a chef
working at Crown Fried Chicken on Jamaica Ave.
I am my Uncle Abdul who smokes cigarettes and lives in a basement.
I am graduating from I.S 392, Stuyvesant High School, New York Medical College,
and Medical School,
to become a successful pediatrician.

Something Else

I once was a child but now I'm something else.
Still my dear mother's and my loving father's.
When I was little, they would hold my hand and pick me up.
When I was little, they would drive me around
but one year we stopped.
One year, we fought.
One year, I got my first sibling.
One year, I got my second sibling.
One year, I gained responsibility and things
became expected of me.
One year, I lost friends and gained new ones.
Now, I do homework and projects.
I watch *Empire* on Wednesday nights.
Once, I watched *Dora and the
Wonder Pets*.
Once, I was a child.

LOVE

So cold, so cruel,
But so pure and sweet.
My head says no but
my heart wants to leap.
Lost never to be found.
Where did it go?
No one will know.



WIND DOWN
Always be sure to take time for yourself

Rockin' Rachael

I am Valley, a dangerous dog.
I am rockin Rachael.
I am "Let's dance."
I am a black silk skinny strap dress with dark red strings.
I am a white-chipped ceiling designed poorly with a lot of dust.
I am a spicy hot bbq chicken leg from Crown with a side of fries.
I am "don't tell anyone."
I am a neurosurgeon that motivates and loves her patients.

So Much Depends...

So much depends
upon

my crazy
humor

that makes many people
laugh loudly and

smile very
brightly.

So much depends
upon

the white steaming
rice laying on

the clean marble
counter

beside the gray
fridge.

So much depends
upon

the old wrinkled
woman laying in bed

awaking and
cooking fried chicken

next to the
big
black dog.

The Most Beautiful Young Girl They've Ever Seen

I was a child, am a child, am someone's child still--
 most definitely, my momma's,
 most definitely, my daddy's.
 When I was little, people walking by on the street
 told me I was the most beautiful young girl they've ever seen.
 When I was little, I remember the crib in the crème room,
 watching Sesame Street.
 One year, we went to Mexico, me, my momma, and my daddy.
 One year, we went to Coney Island, me and almost the whole entire school.
 One year, I lost my best friend in the 3rd grade,
 and we were going to be in the same 4th grade class.
 One year, I gained new friendships.
 One year, I lost my dislike for math.
 One year, I gained maturity.
 Once, I watched *Noggin* all day.
 Now, the days go by with dishes, homework, and taking out the trash.
 Now, I daydream of going on a Disney Cruise to the Bahamas and
 becoming a successful actress and singer.
 Once, I was a child.

Becca the Fashion Hero

I am Becca and Becky.
 I am Ari.
 I am Becca the Fashion Hero.
 I am "Now, watch me whip, watch me nae nae."
 I am a blue shoulder shirt with hearts and a black skater skirt with red Converse high tops.
 I am my tablet.
 I am a fried chicken wing with buffalo sauce from my mother's pot.
 I am my great grandfather Tootsie who lives in Queens, I think.
 I am an actress who is smart and beautiful.

The Bright Light from the Moon

The bright light from the moon
 warms my heart.
 Will the moon come
 anytime soon?

The Chicken in the Deep Fryer

So much depends upon
 the chicken in
 the deep fryer
 fried by my
 loving mother
 sitting beside the cheesy pot
 of Kraft mac and cheese
 in the green kitchen.

Love

Love can save the darkened days,
But can it be the key to destiny?
That special bond,
your infinity and beyond.
Their eyes shine,
as if you're on cloud nine.
Their laugh is funny,
resembling a bunny.

Galaxy

When I die,
will you be the stars to my galaxy?
The comets, moon, sun and stars,
love and hope.
The similarities are vibrant,
even if
they are as invisible
as the darkness during day.

Who Am I?

I am Nancy Wancy Woo.
I am Nilla.
I am SUPERGIRL!
I am the sidelines kid.
I am a sparkly purple strapless dress with matching flats.
I am the top bunk of my bed overstuffed with random objects.
I am fried chicken from Popeyes.
I am my great grandma who recently lost her husband.
I am a fashion designer making the next trend.

The Winner In Space

When I look up to the sky,
I see galaxies floating into space
stars and saturn speeding at a marveling pace
having a race,
the winner in space.
The winner is Saturn
with elegance and grace
celebrating with the others,
with a party at their side.

Wind

cold
 hot
blows
 in
 my
 face

everywhere
 artificial
natural
 breeze.

I Am

I am Kel and Pumpkin.
I am Mikey.
I am Mega Mike.
I am "Dz, now, watch me whip, Dz."
I am some jeans with a t-shirt that has a dragon
breathing fire with knights surrounding it and some Jordans.
I am a television.
I am a fried chicken from Kentucky.
I am my grandma who lives in Grenada.
I am a person building a new White House.
I am Mikael Worme from 604
that went to a candy shop for my 10th birthday
and went to Dave & Busters for my 11th birthday.

I Am Shawn

I am Shawn.
I am Marky-Marks.
I am the human calculator.
I am *drop that beat*.
I am a silk tux with some blue KDs.
I am my stupid alarm clock.
I am a jerk chicken with extra spicy sauce.
I am my grandfather who is very funny.
I am a millionaire.

Ode to Jerk Chicken

Oh, Jerk Chicken! Oh, Jerk Chicken!
My dear and Jamaican tasty meat.
The real smell of my home.
You are a juicy meat of delight.
Your tasty hot seasoning burning in my mouth.
Your spicy hot meat yelling down my throat.
I remember when we ate you at the store.
I remember when you kept me calm on the road.
I remember when I needed water for you!

Rockaway Ave.

The produce store
on Rockaway Avenue.
Can't miss its
gigantic shadow.
Its flags waving
in the wind.
People buzzing
in and out getting turkeys
for Thanksgiving.

Black and Red Wooden Bat

My black and red
wooden bat.
Crushes
the small white ball
of the park
every time.

Colors

The red blood of black slaves
is the blood inside you too?
The red and pink of love--
can love have many colors?
Knowledge revolves like a black, red, blue, green, and yellow galaxy.
Does your knowledge revolve too?

Me, Myself, and I

I am Lolo-Lola
I am Mrs. Vocabulary.
I am *hit the dance floor*
I am *be your #SELFIE*
I am that white shirt and blue jeans
I am my sister sleeping peacefully while her phone is ringing in my ears.
I am a sweet and sour BBQ chicken that my mom made me last night in Brooklyn.
I am my uncle that likes to sleep on our couch.
I am myself graduating from Harvard.
I am Lolo and Lola.
I am me.

So Much Depends Upon

So much depends upon a yellow burning sun
High above our atmosphere
That can be seen so clear
Shining through
your windows as you
Sleep cozily in bed,
A sheet covered mattress
With soft, fluffy pillows
That was made by your mother
Who tells you to go outside so you wear
your warm blue sweater?
Keeping you warm in cold weather
Design made with sweet, sweet leather.

Precious Mother

Oh, mom! Oh, mom!
My precious mother--
the lovely woman you are.
Your delicious cooking,
the way you laugh makes me smile,
your luscious hair.
I remember when we were going on vacation.
I remember when you were braiding my hair.
I remember when you used to feed me.
Oh, mom!
My darling mother,
You are the sun to my moon.

Fried Chicken

I am Lalaloopsy.
I am Lala.
I am Lala Wonder Girl.
I am "Now, watch me whip."
I am a blue shirt with jeans.
I am my bed.
I am the fried chicken my mother made.
I am my grandmother who once lived.
I am a comedian.

Lunes

I have family
that helps me to do
things I like

my life is
full of adventure and I
have more life

a young man
in France in love but
is too lazy

music for waiting
in an elevator cowardly waiting
to get away

a crazy old
man sitting on his porch
playing a banjo

a blind man
sitting alone playing saxophone wishing
he had love

Thoughts

Thoughts thunder in my head
My blood flows
through my veins and out my head.

Earth's Core

My love for this world
is so deep
that it
burns hotter than the earth's core

Sometimes At Night

Sometimes at night,
before I go to sleep,
I stare into the
galaxy with curiosity.

Bright as the sun,
dark as night,
I am the moon.

Maker of Life

Oh, mom! Oh, mom!
My dear and precious mom!
The real heart of me.
You are my mom.
You are my fun mom.
You are like the sun to the night.
I remember you helping me with my homework.
I remember you teaching me how to ride a bike.
I love the time you used to spend with me.
Oh, mom! Oh, mom!
The maker of my life.

I Will Always Love Her

So much depends upon
my mother
who had me
and always loves me
and I will always
love her.

Ode to Homework

Oh, homework! Oh, homework!
Dear, homework!
You keep me up all night with your endless problems.
You make me angry.
You help me make my hands sore
I remember staying up till 10:00 doing homework.
I remember crying because you frustrated me.
I remember how you made my hands sore
Oh, homework! Oh, homework!
Dear, homework

French Fry

Yellow
Salty
Yummy
Fast food
Potato
Thin
McDonalds
Soft

I Am Bubba

I am Bubba.
I am Harry.
I am smart.
I am the bad dancer.
I am a tiger with a mustache and shades.
I am my dad.
I am a shepherd's pie made by my dad.
I am my grandpa who lives in Maine.
I am a musician who plays guitar.

Brains

So much depends
upon
my very tiny smart
brain
that carries wads of
information
and does good in the
world.

Ode to Games

Games! Games! Games, games, games!
Outrageous games!
The soul of bonding.
It's magic to me.
Magic appearing on TV or on the floor.
You're so realistic.
I remember playing with you six hours straight.
I remember brain cell loss when it took 5 entire seconds to figure out 2+2 .
I remember giving you CPR when you're overheated.
Oh, games! Oh, games! Oh, games!
My tons and tons of hours worth of excitement.
My one and only precious joy.

I Am Jay

I am Jay Jay.
I am scratchy.
I am Justice.
I'm a person someone would call a "bad dancer."
I am blue ripped jeans with a white polo and a pair of white Levis.
I'm the one who saw an extra blanket on my bed in the middle of the night.
I am a hot and spicy chicken wing glazed in garlic butter sauce.
I am like my grandfather who would prefer to stay in front of a TV.
I am a bold person who's going to be an amazing video game designer.

What I Am

I am Ish.

I am Ish Rocks.

I am Brainiac.

I am the worst dancer there is.

I am the money suit with a hat covered in coins and shoes made with gold and platinum watch.

I am my mom, who screams at me trying to get back in bed.

I am a really spicy chicken wing with tons of breadcrumbs that is also halal.

I am my grandma on my dad's side who has teeth problems.

I am myself a billionaire that owns a company--
better than Microsoft that focuses on technology and the world.

I am myself and my goals combined--
that equals a bright future.

Once I Was And Still Am A Child

I am a child and will stay a child.

I am my mother's and my father's.

When I was little, I was given permission,
to go to my cousin's house.

I remember the days I slept early and woke up late.

I remember the days when I used to love
the now dreaded thing called 'school.'

I remember the days when I did not have that much of a care in the world.

One year, I lost a tooth after a long session of loosening it.

One year, I found a tooth, hiding, in the same spot I lost a tooth.

One year, I lost an interest in nonfiction.

One year I gained an interest,
that of science and the one I lost.

Once I had the newest-gen console

Now, the days go by with homework, games and things to do.

Now, I daydream of sleep, and the PS4 that has come out.

Once, I was and still am a child.

The Golden Age Of Video Games

Oh, Video Games, you source of entertainment,

You precious set of codes,

The beginning of a new golden age.

You are filled with beautiful 3D & 2D graphics!

You let me do impossible stunts!

You help me make my day shine!

I remember when I freaked out when I found a glitch.

I remember when I started to think of a career of making you.

I love and enjoy every minute as it goes by as I play you.

Oh, Video Games, the start of a golden age,

You are just awesome!

The Guardian

There is a princess named Serenity
 who guards the sun, moon, and stars.
 Can I be your guardian and protect you from harm?
 Can I be your shining sun and rule beside you?
 Your special little light?
 Your precious moon crystal?
 Can I be your ray of hope when you feel that everything in the universe has deserted you?
 Can I be your hero, like how you were once mine?

Ode to Antonio

Oh, Antonio, Oh Antonio! My precious little stalker!
 My cooky little weirdo!

Your pale skin was as white as the white uniform shirt we wore.
 Your hair looked like the tiny prickles of a cactus.
 Your lips so rosy it looked like you were always wearing lipstick.
 I remember one year I was in the same class with you and your brother.
 I remember when we shot buckets in the class even though the teachers were watching.
 I remember when you asked me to the dance.
 I remember taking pictures at Field Day.
 I remember how hard my mother laughed when you told her you liked me.
 I remember the look on your face when I told you I was going to another school.
 Now, I sometimes I see you by the store,
 and remember my old friend.
 Oh, Antonio! Oh, Antonio!!! My coco-loco friend!

OUR GENERATION

So much depends
 upon

the little pitter-patter
 of the new entrepreneurs

of the next generation marking towards
 a better future
 for the next generation

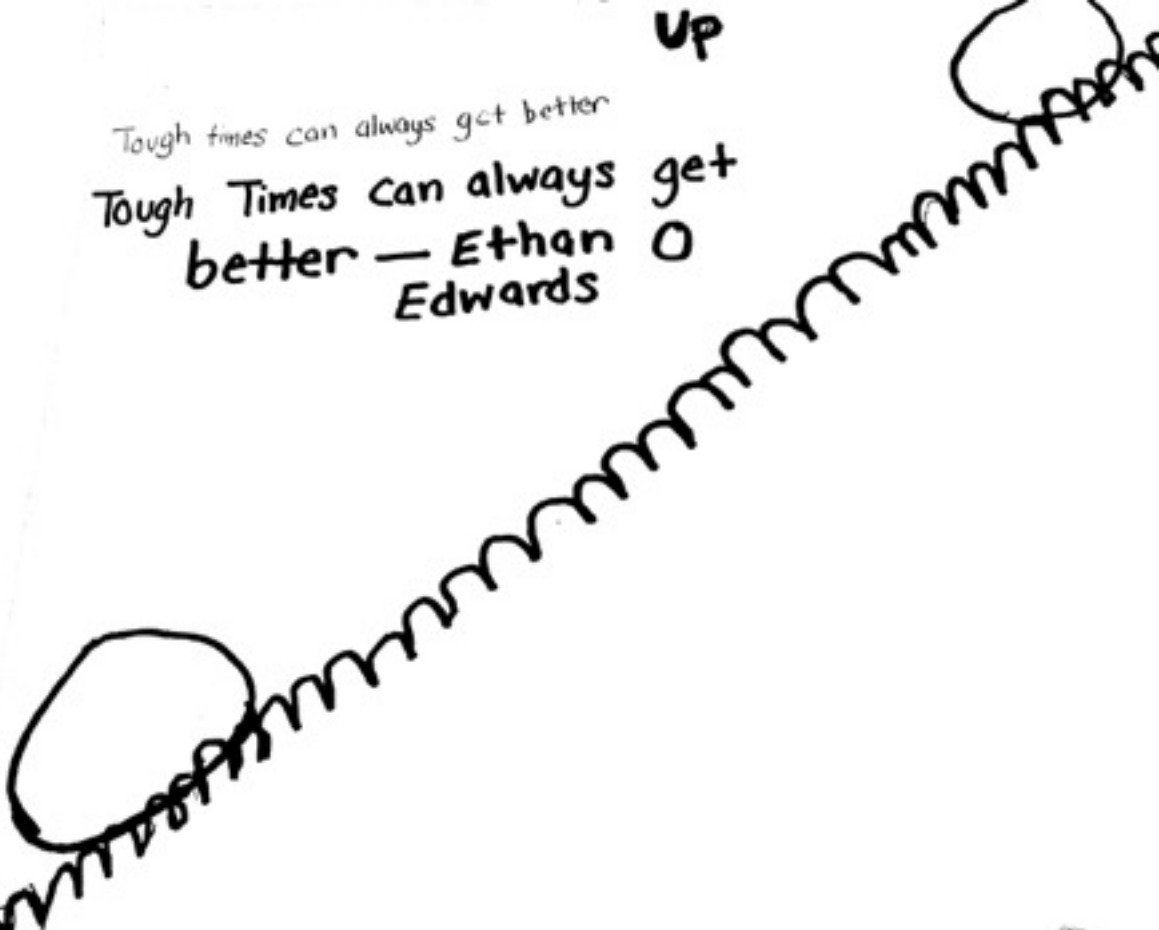


we're all equal
 and amazing in
 our own way

WRITERS OF CLASS 801/MS. MCKENZIE

Tough times can always get better
Tough Times can always get
better — Ethan O
Edwards

UP



Confusion

Why are you lost in confusion?
I'm never lost in my own illusion.
I bare the street life, but I'm not a G.
Are you bearing the snowstorms in winter fares?
I ain't stretching, did I learn a two or three lesson?
I'm high and raised, but I don't glaze.
Is my mind trying to fade? What did I just glaze?
Why am I lost in a puzzle, this is like a jungle?
But, can I get back lost memories why is this just so temporary.

I Was Born

I was born into the game, high pressure on me
Till the day you met me.
Those memories back then, whisper my name saying
I was born in the future, not the past.
I borrowed inspiration, it might be my last.
A few more weeks, maybe I'm glad, I'm sad.
I was born in the hospital where you were told
That my pockets were filled with gold.
I wasn't a hustler soldier
With stones that unfold.
I gave it all I had, I gave you my own past.
I gave memories that will always last.
Is it me? Or is it just a mirage?
I don't have my training wheels, I might go far.

Because

Because it was true.

Because it was awkward and there was nothing else to do.

Because she loved me, not you.

Because I felt a weird sensation in my heart.

Because she brought the light to my dark.

Because she gave me something to pay attention to other than Mario kart.

Because she liked me 'cause I was smart.

I said, "I love you."

Crystal

Walking down the street
and she's holding my hand.

Telling me she loved me.

Telling me not to leave.

She was so beautiful that I didn't care what happened next.

So, I just kept walking.

Just looking forward.

Not looking back.

Hoping my breath didn't smell and I didn't need a tic tac.

But, it was okay.

'Cause she liked me for me.

It was like time stopped and all we did was walk slowly down the block.

Written By Me

I was born in minutes on a basketball court, a platinum record whispering my name.

I was to show the world the real me to the world.

I was born in a divorced house where I was never listened to until I actually opened my mouth.

I was borrowed on Friday and given back on Sunday.

With pockets full of thick wads of cash, but no love.

I was born lonely with no one who understood.

But, that's what lets me walk out of the hood.

And, I walked out with a gift.

I was able to turn myself into myself and I could see myself.

I was speaking.

And, I was speaking the truth.

Farewell

In a room,
 filled with other families,
 saying goodbye.
 My father cracking jokes,
 one going, "Private Kee-Ron! Get your butt over here."
 We were all weak with laughter.
 I took a picture of him, for Instagram.
 We hugged, and we actually gave each other a kiss.
 I looked up at him, since he's 6'4,
 and he looks down at me.
 We actually said "I Love You," which is highly rated.
 We wave goodbye as he enters the van. I get in the car.
 As we drive, I stare out the window.
 My tears falling,
 in synch with the raindrops
 going down the window pane.

Because I'm Proud

Because I'm a cheerleader
 Because I'm a dancer
 Because I'm a stepping
 Because I'm proud
 Because I got 1st and two 3rd places
 Because we prayed before we went on stage
 Each time
 Because I earned my bragging rights
 Because we made it to nationals
 Because they're beautiful and have meaning
 Because of the sound of them dangling together
 I wear them with dignity and pride.

Goddess

I was born in hours at the end of a rainbow, a piece of clothing whispering my name.
 I was born to three crazily overprotective boys.
 I was born next to a pot of gold where a Leprechaun borrowed me.
 Returned with pockets filled of gold and opportunity.
 I was born unexpected.
 I gave life, I gave the only daughter, I gave happiness.
 I was born to a family that cared a little too much sometimes.
 I was born the final piece to the puzzle.
 I sat on the throne, crowned by Selena Gomez.
 I turned myself into myself and was a walking goddess with no worries, fearless.
 I am the laughter of my best friends.
 I'm the thing you hate but can't help but love at the same time.
 Destiny, future, opportunity...Can you see it ?

Homework

Because I felt lazy.

Because I didn't understand it.

Because I would rather play video games.

Because I didn't get home until 6'o clock.

Because I wanted to be on my phone.

Because I thought I could do it all the next day.

I didn't do yesterday's homework.

4/21/02

I was born in minutes in a city of noise,
a dream whispering my name.

I was born to technology and sports.

I was born in two houses where I was borrowed by my family.

I was born with empty pockets to be filled on my own.

I was born with a light guiding me from darkness.

I was born with myself in my own hands.

I was born eating chicken.

I was born in a set of rules.

I was born with my problems like a boomerang.

I was born...

I Am Awesome

I am Captain Awesome saving the day from myself.

I am the joy I get when I finally finish my homework.

I am the diamonds that rain on Saturn.

I am the laptop I forgot to turn off last night.

I am sweet and sour chicken. I can be sweet but I'll turn on you if you get me mad.

I am combat boots , camp pants, and a black tank top ready to fight when needed.

I am the alarm clock I get mad at for waking me up in the morning.

I am a shiny pair of earrings I received on my 12th birthday.

I am a chicken fajita with a side of curly fries and strawberry lemonade.

I am a MetroCard with nothing on it, dropped and discarded on the floor.

I am a superhero flying in space and having an encounter with aliens that tried to obliterate the Earth.

I am the definition of procrastination.

I am awesome.

I am me.

Water and Fire

I was born in hours on a planet far, far away, a lab coat with pockets full of dreams calling my name.

I was born to water and fire, so different but attracted to each other at the same time.

I was born within the marrow of dinosaur bones, waiting to be discovered.

I was borrowed by faith and destiny itself prompting me to follow the right path.

I returned with a chance, an opportunity to help mankind.

I was born with the ability to do great things.

I had the power of persuasion on my side before I could even talk.

I was born to something way bigger than myself.

I was born.

Illusion

Lost in the great depths of fear
Are you lost in the sauce or is the sauce lost in you?
Close the door, don't let anything out.
Don't bend my thoughts and change.
Help me be the illusion.
The sauce will lead you to your conclusion.

Aunty

Inside the large living room, laying atop the light gray couch.
Aunty changes the channels (*Judge Judy* to *Maury*) and slowly turns to ask for a glass of water.
I get up to get it, I slowly shed a tear, it's too much to see my aunt in this much pain.
Staring at the TV mesmerized by these trifling woman and men.
We're grateful for this moment, because we don't know if there will be much more.
She asked about school, *great* I replied, my mind shifting elsewhere.
Another glass of water.
This time, I stop and pray.
Praying for support, and for Aunty to get better, sadness comes over me wishing this didn't happen.
Like a fragile person in a lion's den, I'm scared.
Scared for life, scared for health.
C'mon Aunty change the channel back.

Because

Because I love you.
Because you care.
Because you understand.
Because you stood with me here.
Because we are like CJ.
Because it's freezing.
Because you say you love me.
Because I care.
Because I understand.
Because you just wanted a man.
Because life is hard.
Because we are together.
Because any one who hurts you I'll knock them out like Mayweather
Because, just because, we care.

Fusion

Being lost
is a priceless cost,
but it is quite a scare
when my skin is bare
in this winter fear.
Her name has me in confusion,
but her body is making me see illusions.
Yes, I combined my poem
call it a fusion.

Camera

I was born in seconds in a camera,
a new lens whispering my name.
I was born to a place where darkness foreshadows light.
I was born across the country
where I was borrowed by family
whenever they needed a smile yet
I returned with nothing in my pockets.
I was born unwanted
and a burden to some.
I was born as a miracle.

I Am Jessica Ciara

I am that fried chicken drumstick with the crunchiest skin
and the juiciest chicken that your mama makes for a family reunion.
I am most thankful for waking up to see my mother and father talking and my grandmother making breakfast.
I am to be loved or to not be loved. To dance or not to dance.
I am my iPhone 6 that my father gave me on my 13th birthday and Apple employees sang Happy Birthday to me.
I am a dream of waking up back in my Georgia home in my little bed.
I am the famous of my grandfather, "If you ever feel like quitting or feel like giving up, remember why you started
and that should push you to keep going."
I am not that little girl who didn't stand up for herself and let people walk all over her.
I am the girl with five brothers and two sisters that annoy the mess out of me.
I am Jessica, the daughter of a 7th grade ELA teacher with a smile that could light up anyone's day.
I am the daughter of an entrepreneur to the business We Excel & Beyond with a laugh that reminds me of my
grandfather.

I AM JESSICA CIARA MARIE BRUNNER.

Born By Herself

I was born with death close by waiting,
but not today I say.

I was born poor with tags on my back but knowledge in my head.

I was born to be an hourglass.

As I pour out, I watch man wither away into nothingness scattered across all seven continents.

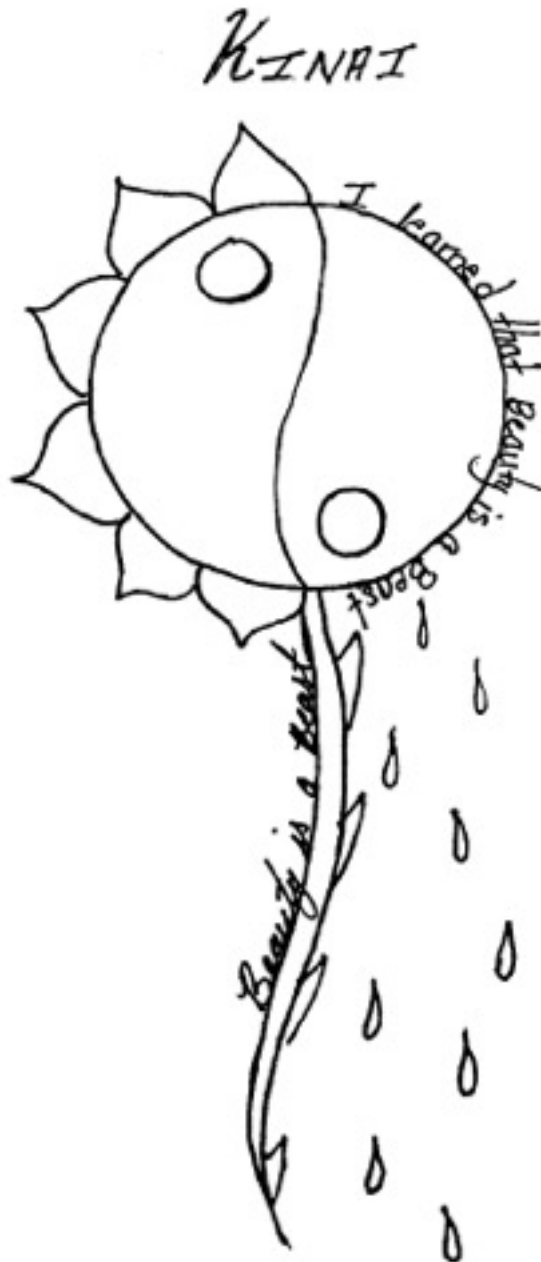
I was born a jewel covered by the cool earth,
hiding me from the hungry and vicious that may seek me.

I was born to the blood-stained sidewalks of Brooklyn,
that is where I have seen my story.

I was born to always be one with my roots, so that I will never forget.

I was born to...believe...to fly...be me.

I was born.



I WAS BORN

I was born in hours with people awaiting my arrival, technology whispering my name.

I was born to people who love me.

I was born across world where I was borrowed by a caring heart.

I was born still heard headed and lazy but ecstatic to be everything I can.

I was born and moved to a small island Northwest on the globe, with my surroundings filled with lizards and mosquitoes.

I was born silent and cute and a younger sibling to my sister.

Destiny is mine,

So I won't waste time.

BECAUSE POEM:

Because there was so many stores to see

Because I wanted to walk

Because I needed to find connection

Because I wanted to go to Claire's

Because I had money

Because I needed new clothes

Because I needed to find Aunty Anne's

Because I was hungry

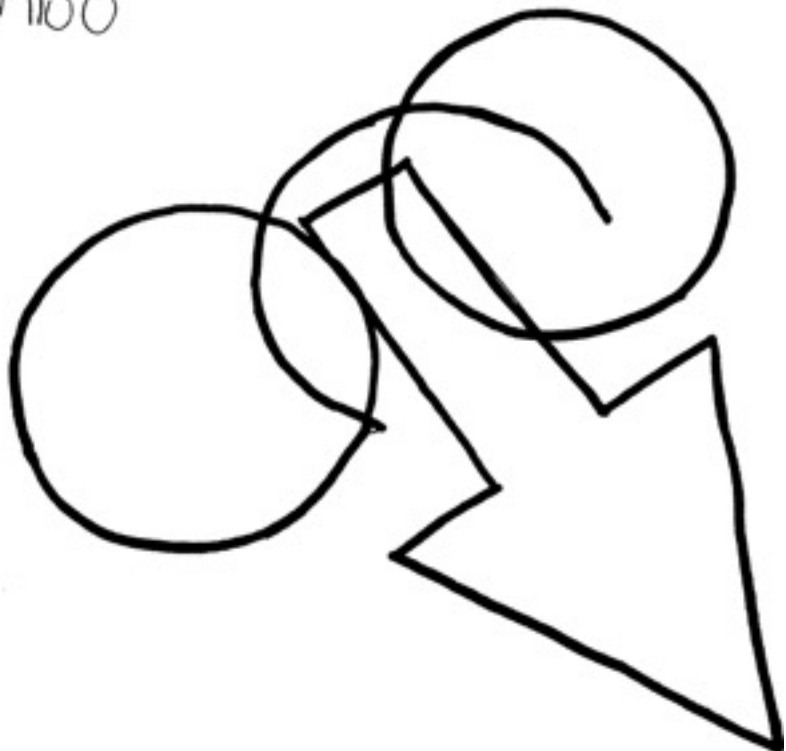
Because my hone was almost dead

Because I love exploring

Because my feet eventually started hurting

I was lost, then I was found.

Tattoo



Me, Myself, and I

I was born in seconds to a dance trophy, in New York.
 Whispering my home-name, I was born to two diamond and gold
 Butterflies around my neck.
 I was born, borrowed from friends, and family with only knowledge to spare
 I came back with my pockets with only money from bribery
 I was born a bundle of joy to a high expectations but in my own little world of paradise.
 I was born to the apartment in New York City.
 My mom sat on a throne waiting for my arrival.
 I gazed out into the city lights, thinking of what's to come.
 But yet, I saw nothing but a foggy, dark window.
 I taught myself how to do things on my own
 Not to touch,
 Not to run,
 I was bad.
 I looked at myself every time I got older in the mirror
 What if I put my mind to something?
 Someone better than myself
 Eating fries at Mcdonald's, ordering a large...
 But, I'm happy.

**I Did It**

Because I had just woken up
 Because I was in my own little world
 Because there was other people in the house
 Because I'm lazy
 Because I was tired of people calling my phone as the wrong number
 Because I was hungry and eating while
 Watching my favorite show
 Because the same person keeps calling
 Because I was tired of the ringing
 Because I put it on silent but felt bad
 Because it probably not that person
 Because I stilled answer and it was him
 Because I hung up quickly and kept eating because he called. AGAIN!
 Because I was annoyed with that person calling 24/7
 Because I just started at my phone because it was a non-stop situation

 I didn't answer the phone call.

Born

I was born touching the white keys on piano, the symphonies whispering my name.

I was born with hot chocolate and marshmallows,

I was born.

I sat on the stage reading a book,

hoping it wouldn't end.

I was born reading the notes on the sheet,

I was born following my dreams,

I was born.

I Am

I am a spicy, hot buffalo chicken wing,

I am the ceiling, the door and my sister,

I am the light in a dark room,

I am the stars in space,

I am here for a reason,

I am me.

I am a parmesan chicken alfredo,

I am determined,

I am blessed,

I am a dreamer,

I am me.

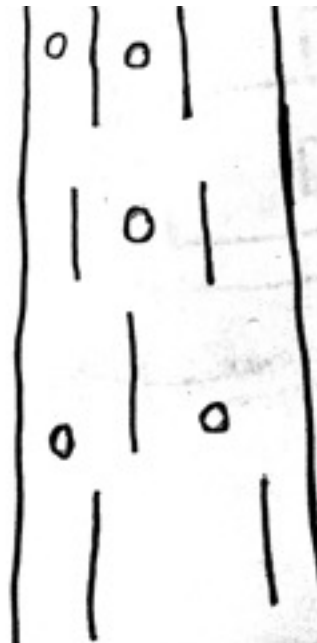
Very Moment

I sat and I replayed that memory over and over.
I sat in the dark with a candle flickering every now and then.
Your aroma filled the room.
As for me, I was filled with confusion.
I tried to take my mind off of it, but it just kept on coming back to me.
A memory that I don't want.
A memory that I want to forget.
A memory that I wish I was not in.
Just like this very moment...

I Wanted to Believe Again

Because it made me happy and sad at the same time.
Because it reminded me of Jessica and Starrzz.
Because it made me want to go to highschool.
Because it made me think of memories and the things that I said.
Because I wanted to go back in time, but also fast forward to the future.
Because it made me want to cry inside but be strong outside.
Because it took me back to sixth grade.
Because it made me angry.
Because I lost good friends.
Because I'm doing it again.
Because I needed proof.
Because I wanted to believe again.
Because I kept the message.

The road
to success
is hard



A Day to Forget

Standing on the concrete sidewalk riddled with lines
in dirt-stained clothes.

Pops pulled out a lighter and lights up a cigarette, and out emerges a black fog into the air.

My lungs shrunk as the smoke went into the air.

He looked at me with his big, dark red eyes and said, *what I missed?*

My anger boiled up faster than the blink of an eye,
but a woman appeared.

She turned my dark cloud into something unimaginable.

It was my mom in her brown beautiful skin.

My anger slowly boiled down.

Pops threw the cigarette onto the ground.

He swung me a twenty dollar bill and said take care of yourself with that.

As I walked away,

I held a grudge but was glad I got to see my dad, and finally
I *understood* why I didn't see him.

Who Are You?

I am a mild buffalo chicken wing drenched in sauce yet crispy to the bite.

I am skinny-Hollister-ripped jeans with a lace crop top and black velvet wedges.

I am thankful for waking up this morning,

I am the most expensive dish on the menu-- Shrimp Alfredo with breadsticks on the side.

I am the happiness of the strangers entertaining travelers on the train.

I am the fear of being chased by a close friend as he approached me with a bloody knife,
(but that was just a dream).

I am my best friend telling me how much I mean to them.

I am hash-browns with blueberry waffles, a side of turkey bacon,
and well-seasoned scrambled eggs.

I am my mom's loud voice as she calls me to do something.

I am the "Print Image" of my mom, or her "Twin," as some people call it.

I am myself, not anyone else.

I am who I want to be.

I am tomorrow's best pediatrician.

I am Abie Rampersad.

I am me,

so who are you?

Who Will I Be

I was born in the 200th page of my favorite book, which is whispering my name.
I was born to clear skies and a sun shining on my face.
I was born into a new world as an only child and then my
sister's life was forever changed.
I was born to a box surrounded by mirrors feeling trapped in Myself,
confused as to where to go.
Every time I cried, my teardrops were small diamonds.
I walked around seeing the river looking back at Me asking me, 'who will I be?'
I responded standing up high saying 'I will be me.'
Because I was born with confidence.
I was born with my Dominican flag, swaying with the Wind.
I was born myself and wasn't no one else,
because Me--
I was the best thing that could be.

Sister, Sister

In her room sitting on her bed laughing,
exchanging photos, until her phone rings.
She picks it up and her smile changes as she tells me to "Get out."
I wondered, *why so fake?*
I exit, stomping and angry while slamming her door.
Her friends ask, *why is she so disrespectful?*
And, as those words come out, I break down.
Feeling like no one liked me.
She laughs with her friend as if it is funny.

What Held Me Back?

Because it was petty.
Because my mama taught me better.
Because I wasn't ready.
Because she was older.
Because my mind is the way it is.
Because I have legs.
Because I put words before actions.
Because I was really thinking about drinking my Arizona.
Because I needed to get my homework done.
Because I'm not that type of person.
Because that's how I was raised.
I walked away from her.

Life As It Is

I was born seconds into a forest, the world calling my name.
I was born at the throne wrapped in gold.
My cries are the water that give you life.
Born by music.
Born in the dark and gave it light.
Made from the richest soil.
The prized possession.
The one you will remember.
I was born.

I Am

I am a buffalo wing with ranch dip and carrots at the side.
I am a blue onesie with some fuzzy socks.
I am my family and friends.
I am to eat or not to eat.
I am a new phone.
I am the dark room.
I am the person who is running but misses the train.
I am the weird obnoxious laugh that my friends hear everyday.
I am me.

Glazed Window

I feel defeated
as I gaze through the glazed window,
glazed with fog on a rainy day.
I look into your eyes
glazed from your cries.
I want to cheer you up,
let's go get some fries.

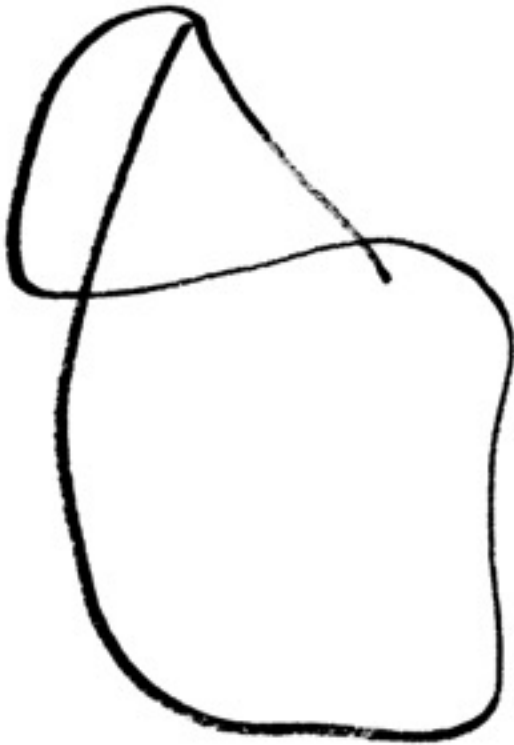
My Life Journey

I was born second in a jungle with the sky calling my name.
I was born to gold and silver.
I was born across the sea, borrowed by the whales and sharks.
I returned, pockets filled with money and a box filled with treasure.
I was born dark and gloomy.
I bore the wind howling like the banshees.
I gave joy. I gave gold. And, I gave miracles.
I was born abandoned by my own reflection, drifting like hurricanes and snow.
For a birthday present when I was six, I gave myself a gold necklace.
I turned myself into myself and was a lemon.
*Lemon pepper wings and a freeze cup,
chilling in the shade with my feet up.*
I turned to myself again and was a Lamborghini Aventador with gold wheels.
I drove on the driveway and became a speed demon.
My new name was 100 miles and racing.
I sat on a cloud while eating and I think a piece of chicken fell onto someone's head.
I was the Nile River with cold weather
that will make you shiver.

Vocab Woo-Cab

Lost in the dark, gloomy night.
Why am I lost in the boondocks?
Bare, the wind whistling to me,
Is my soul barely there?
I stretch my heart to the core of the sun.
If I stretch too much, will I still be able to love?
Glaze my heart with your burning nightmares.
Why did you glaze me like a doughnut?
Read my mind like there's an x-ray over it.
What's the point of reading if you don't understand?

Q People



People come in all shapes and sizes.

—Ethan

A Gift You Can Never Return

I was born in Dubai; Tigers
on a gold leash whispering my name.
I was born to sunshine and happiness;
into a world where you expect the unexpected,
where dreams don't come true,
but hope, faith, and imagination is all you need.
I was... I *am* a special gift from God,
a gift that you can never return,
a gift you're stuck with all your life,
but don't worry 'cause I'm special.
I sit on my throne
drinking liquid gold with my tiger.
My oldest son Simba is the reason you are here today.
Earth. That was my gift.
Yeah, that's right, he brought me Earth--
your disappointment of a planet.
I made your world better.
I was born to make your world better.
Told you I was special.

Payback Is Sweet

Because he is seventeen.
Because this is his last year here.
Because payback is sweet.
Because what goes around comes around.
Because karma is a witch.
Because I bought the last cotton candy.
Because he wanted it.
Because it was in my mother's new carpet.
Because I didn't want to get him in trouble.
Because it is stuck to the floor.
Because I didn't care anymore.
Because he threw it in the carpet and it was no good.
I didn't tell when he threw my cotton candy on the floor.

Just Because

Because I am unique.

Because I am me.

Because I don't decide my own fate.

Because I was born a few days late.

Because I am a mystery waiting to be discovered.

Because I am different unlike any other.

Just because.

Because I like to sing.

Because I will become something.

Because I am number one.

Because I am Starrzz.

Because I represent hope.

Just because.

Because you are not relevant.

Because I come from great descendants.

Because I am not the girl you want me to be.

Because... I am me.

Born by Myself

I was born hours in a library
with books whispering my name.

I was born to clear skies
and a sun shining in my face.

I was born and then my brother was too.

My life as an only child was forever changed.

I was born to a box surrounded by mirrors
not knowing where to go.

I was born to a life of love and compassion.

I walked across the tears of my happiness and I grew to the size of a giant.

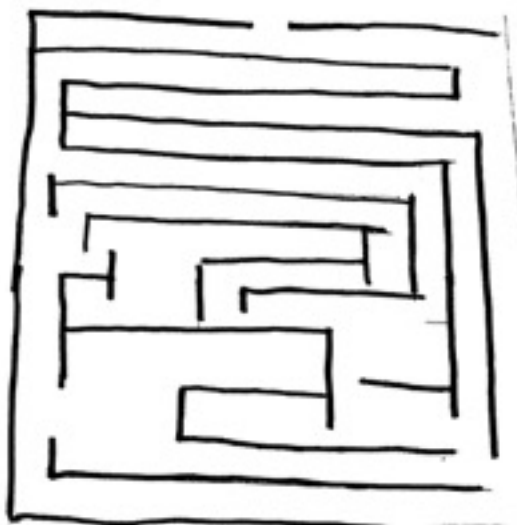
My hands stretched to the sun
to bring light to the world of darkness.

I was born by myself
and I will always have
myself.

My Little Bud

Sitting on the brown couch,
as his small fingers clutched my hand,
I could see the tears in his face
as he told me about his not-so-good day at school.
I thought of the best thing to say,
and tried to cheer him up,
and said, *everything would be okay.*
As we exchanged looks
of emotions of sorrow and joy at the same time,
I decided to renew his spirit by playing some video games.
But, I thought of this, as if he deserved to be happy,
a strong-willed kid,
his heart always filled with love,
his mind with wisdom from above,
my little bud.
Watching as he cheerfully played on the Wii,
I could see a successful future in store for him.
A moment so small yet so meaningful.
My little warrior,
and always will be.

Maturity Symbol -



- With maturity, comes wisdom and responsibility. Though getting to the point where your goal is, there are several paths you must take

The Chosen One

I was born in a speed boat zooming across the Essequibo River,
creativity whispering my name.

I was born across and around 5th Ave.

in Bartica, Guyana, where I was borrowed by love and compassion.

I returned with with pockets filled with money and
power.

I was born quiet and curious.

I was born with a purpose, an early blessing.

I was born to stop the smoke from killing in the
future.

I was made as a whole.

Born a Blue Jay,

built my own house,

rolling down the steep hill,

living in the future as the present,

I am me, the one to be.

Memory

Sitting in your small fragile lap
in the big old dark green and black couch
is my memory from pictures.

The one and only memory that I remember
from that young age.

Me wearing all black

while your eyes were closed looking at peace.

Your loving spirit going to the clouds.

Everyone crying saying how loving you are.

My final sight of your fragile body
enclosed in a small box.

The raindrop falling on your casket

Getting wet while throwing the flower into the dark deep hole.

I might have been only four, five, or even six,
but I still remember this.

I felt your power.

I felt your love.

I felt your hope

being transferred into my body.

But, why me?

Why not my cousin?

Why do I feel special?

But, okay, it doesn't matter.

This one memory gives me the power to move on,
like a sea of hope carrying me across memory lane.



*"Two sides to everything
everyone"*

Burning Flare

I am spicy--the burning flare that you'll only experience.
I am the most forgiving heart that you'll ever meet.
I am thankful for my dog, Beaux.
I am my iPhone, my father gave me.
I am chicken soup: a combination of different flavor, sadness, happiness, curiosity.
I am the teen who was getting followed by her friends, Ethan...Brianna.
I am the fighter who saves her loves ones.

In a Belly of An Omega

I was born in hours of dark forest, in a belly of an omega,
a pack whispering my name.
I was born to moonlight and darkness;
I was born by the Great Oak Tree, giving me power and strength.
I returned to the nest, though it pleased you, it was a painful journey.
I ripped pockets trying to hold my hopes and dreams.
Just a pup, I was born; now, look at me!
I'm sailing through the wind.
Just a dark shadow imitating your movement.
Just an energetic teen full of abilities.
I'm running! I'm flying! I'm free--
able to do anything I want.
Falling, tripping, knocking my head down into the grass.
Their laughter, it taunts me.
I run away in fear, tail between my legs.
I was born with a gift. Why was it hurting me?
It's time for you to be reborn.
Follow the trail, let it guide you.
I'm back, stronger than before.
You're sorry? Ha! Well...I forgive you this time...
And this time only...

Small Voice of Power

I was born centuries after my time
in all darkness with a small voice of power whispering my name.
I was born into a world where hatred is okay and death is usual.
I was borrowed by family everywhere and anytime of the day.
I returned back with pride and happiness running my body like a machine,
and with pockets only filled with experience and knowledge.
I was born different.
I gave my life, my help, and I gave my compassion to those around me.
I was born twice a minute apart with clumsiness running through my veins.
I was born as another source of happiness,
and as a growing companion for my sister and she for me.
I was pursued by the future that my talent would bring me.
I was born to make some type of difference.

Isn't It Ironic?

African lives lost at sea.
But what does that have to do with me?
Am I lost because my ancestors
were never free enough to develop their own spirit?
Am I ever going to be found
or am I going to be a forgotten face
that is just not recognized
as an important part of society?
Isn't it ironic neither African or black lives matter
enough to be saved?

Corner of My Mind

Sitting in the corner of my mind,
being made up in my imagination,
asking you questions you'll never hear.
Sitting on a bench on a sunny day,
facing each other
talking about how I've grown without you
trying to find answers
why did you leave?
where did you go?
are you going walk away again?

