
The Thirst of Life

The World Above the Clouds

Poetry and Prose

The Mamie Fay School
P.S. 122Q, New York City
Sixth-Grade Academy Anthology

6-501, 6-504, 6-506, & 6-509

Fall, Winter, & Spring 2016-2017

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Contents

Acknowledgments	2
Introduction	5

Class 6-501

Mashiyat Ahmed	9
Leonardo Argudo	10
Bhavya Badshah	11
Sophia Beninal	12
Emelie Coello	13
Alexander Cunningham	14
Lena Dibiasio	15
Alessandra Dounias	16
Cella Drury	17
Bryn Geraghty	18
Aidan Hamel	19
Adiba Haque	20
Tasnuva Hasnat	21
Alexander Hattel	22
Jonas Hoye	23
Terry Huang	24
Jacob Hwang	24
Nadia Illma	25
Nicoleta Kenini	26
Jayden Lai	27
Annamarie Magana	28
Kohei Nagano	29
Isabella Odenthal	30
Khadiza Rahman	30
Maitri Sarkar	31
Ryaan Sharif	33
Amenma Sikder	34
Shad Talha	35
Anastasia Tsopelas	35
Anna Yeh	37

Class 6-504

Sophia Aguirre	41
Lamisa Aziz	42
Afia Bidica	43
Giana Bragger	44
Mariana Branez	45
Dia Brar	45
Niketh Breivogel	47
Edward Bulic	48
Imani Solivan Colon	48

Violet Dibiasio	50
Salma Ettamymy	50
Garret Gundy	51
Yuri Hatazaki	51
Acadia Helfand	52
Benjamin Kareken`	53
Peter Kasapis	54
Sumi Lama	55
Therese Lee	55
Max Manzi	56
Connor Mccahey	58
Zachary Mendoza	58
Ella Moran	59
Munshi Nadim	60
Paul Serbanescu	61
Moxie Strom	62
Farhat Tameem	64
Faris Toskic	64
Kannie Yuan	65

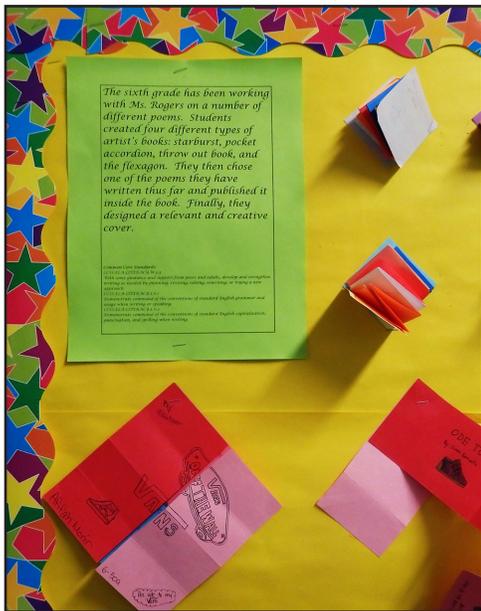
Class 6-506

Leslie Perez Angel	69
Labib Aziz	69
Jeong Soo Back	70
Max Bago	71
Samantha Batutis	72
Charlene Benton	73
Julia Ching	73
Debanjoli Chowdhury	76
Neil Dineen	76
Sophia Fogiel	76
Soleil Gomez	77
Faiyaz Hasan	78
Tahmid Hassan	79
Keelan Kenny	80
Asma Khaelfi	81
Levente Kirjak	82
Eduwardo Lozano	83
Mohamed Nassar	83
Silvia Ng	84
Felix Odenthal	86

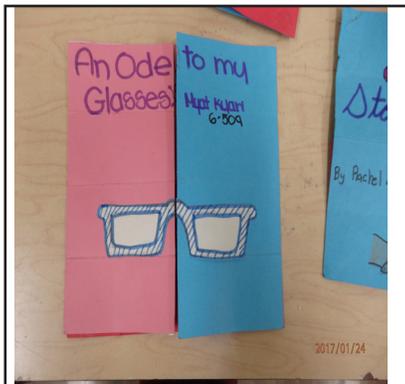
Elissa Pinto	86
Mritika Rahman	87
Shyra Rahman	88
Isaiah Sison	89
Grace Ariadne Toque	90
Yianni Voyiatzis	90
Anson Wong	91
Vasiliki Zaharakis	92
Jessica Zhuo	92

Class 6-509

Parth Agrawal	97
Taybah Alam	98
Emily Argiro	98
Rachel Aung	99
Piero Canales	100
Alex Chen	101
Selina Cheng	102
Tasnim Chowdhury	103
Breogran Doubleday	104
Yara Elmahy	105
Alexia Gonzalez	106
Samen Hossain	107
Caitlin Jules	108
Fatma Khelifi	109
Myat Kyaw	109
Mehdi Mansouri	111
Mohammad Mehrab	111
Afifah Monir	112
Salma Nassar	113
Sadi Nirloy	114
Leilani Portilla	115
Aariyan Rafee	116
Ema Rudanovic	116
Simon Samonte	117
Arif Taseen	118
Maksim Tesovic	119
Massimo Turcios	120
Sophia Wyse	121
Saami Zakir	122
Notes & Autographs	123



*Artist Books Made by the Students & Displayed on the Bulletin Board
POEMS They Wrote Are Inside the Books*



Introduction

This school year, 2016-2017, has been my 16th season of teaching creative writing at PS 122Q, the Mamie Fay School, in Astoria, Queens, New York. It has, once again, been my distinct privilege and pleasure to teach the wonderful 6th-graders at this fine school, to work with their innovative teachers, and to be the lucky recipient of their knowledge and support. I'm proud to say that we together have developed a comprehensive program of creative writing that incorporates social studies, world history, and geography as well.

The Mamie Fay School is a Gifted and Talented Magnet School, drawing students who are excited by challenge, who want to try new things, who are eager to share what they've learned with each other. PS 122Q is culturally diverse, with students from everywhere in the world, making it a true melting pot, a place where students can learn from each other and interact without noticing the color of their skin, their accents, their past.

Such a climate is more than stimulating for the teaching artist; it is a daily challenge, and the benefits are many. The reader will grasp the truth of this as she turns the pages and delights in each new discovery.

These students were studying the civilizations of Ancient Mesopotamia, Greece, Egypt, and Africa. They were learning what the peoples of these cultures learned. They read the ancient legends and developed their own and, in the process, learned how legends were developed, how important it was and is for people to grasp where they are, not just in place, but in time. They wrote personification poems about the gods or about the longest river in the world, the Nile. They studied hieroglyphs and added them to their poems, making their own illuminated manuscripts. Working in this manner aids the students in understanding the daily lives of these peoples and in developing that most important emotion for any thoughtful person, empathy.

On two cold winter days, we piled into school buses and traveled to that repository of beauty and learning, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The students drew and took notes and learned new facts about their school studies. I always ask them to learn from three-five things they hadn't known about their topic and then write that new information into their poems and stories.

When we came back to school, the boys and girls wrote Ekphrastic poems and stories about the art and

historical objects they'd seen because looking is the first step toward really "seeing," and because that first step leads to precise and elegant expression in language. Most of these writings were in the Japanese Haibun style, a style that enables them to carefully look and write about the art, then close their thoughts with Haiku.

Because these students have a wide world view, we don't limit ourselves to writing in forms that are traditional to American schools. We write Korean Sijos, Italian Sestinas, French-Italian Villanelles, Malaysian Pantoums, French Rondeaux, Russian Sevenlings, Italian Fibonacci, English Sonnets, Chilean Odes (after Pablo Neruda), Anglo-Saxon Riddles, Greek Anacreontic Rhymes, and more. We write personification poems and creation legends. We write open-form poems, too.

We try everything because there is so much available to us and because we know that the more we try, the more we "own." We live in a time when there is more available to us than ever before. We can read the great poets, ancient and contemporary, in books or on the Internet; we can use the Internet like the encyclopedia it is to expand our knowledge and understanding.

Some of the poets we read and studied included Elizabeth Bishop, American poet; Marianne Moore, American poet; Donald Justice, American poet; Pablo Neruda, Chilean poet; William Shakespeare, English poet and playwright; W. H. Auden, English-American poet; Walt Whitman, American poet; Emily Dickinson, American poet; Marilyn Hacker, American poet; W. S. Merwin, American poet; Rabindranath Tagore, Bangladesh poet; Basho, Japanese poet; Tu Fu, Japanese poet; Federico Garcia Lorca, Spanish poet; Rainer Maria Rilke, German-Austrian poet; Anna Akhmatova, Russian poet; Christina Rossetti, English poet; Anacreon, Greek poet; William Carlos Williams, American poet; and others.

We learned how to make miniature artist books, i.e., the Throw-out, the Starburst, the Pocket Accordion, and the Flexagon; and we wrote our poems in the artist books and displayed them on the hall bulletin board.

The students accomplished a great deal during our 20 sessions together; and none of their accomplishments would have been possible without the beautiful collaboration from Ms. Pappas and Ms. Garanes; and without the help of the 6th-grade teachers as we traveled to the Met.

(Continued, next page)

This residency wouldn't have been possible without the dedicated administrators and staff of PS 122Q; I especially thank Ms. Pamela Sobel, Principal, for her wise and patient guidance. Finally, this residency wouldn't have happened without these bright and lively students. I wish them all a life of looking, seeing, and writing it all down!

Bertha Rogers
June 2017

Class 6-501
Ms. Katina Garanes
In the Classroom & at the Metropolitan Museum of Art



MASHIYAT AHMED

Objects Within Space (Italian Sestina)

Invisible from millions of miles away, the planets.
Tiny bursts of light and the stars
Are bright, happy, and with a blink of an eye, they're shining.
Dark, shivering in your suit, you can't see the end.
The only one out of eight with people on it, Earth.
Breathing in air, exhaling carbon dioxide, the living.

There are millions of them shouting, they're the living.
Mars, the dehydrated and lifeless one of the planets.
Tides rising with the force of wind, oceans neighboring Earth.
Soaring gracefully through the sky are the stars.
A black hole, unable to see the light, endless.
Its reflection so radiant, the sun will be shining.

I see a diamond, shooting, sprinting, glistening, and shining.
They're all around, beneath, and above us, the living.
Wondering how it began, their minds filled with thoughts
that are endless.
A bullied one, a solo one, Pluto is that planet.
Pluto lives among the shadows of light, stars.
Night and day, rotating along the solar system, Earth.

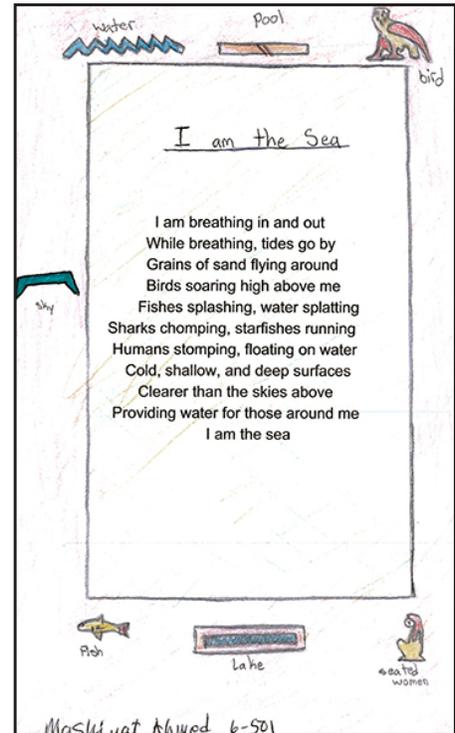
You will hear whispers, and soft, fluffy footsteps from Earth.
Turning and raging, the meteor is shining.
Its way down to the ground, passing by stars.
Animals howling, birds singing, grasshoppers dancing, it's
life.
Pluto, the dwarf planet.
Thoughts racing near the black hole, endless.

Space is like walking in school, hallways everywhere,
endless.
It is unlike the rest, Earth.
Judged by its face, but not anymore, the planet
Pluto is like its brothers and sisters, shining.
In the spotlight—nobody can beat Earth, the living
One where you see sparks of light from above, stars.

Aged and tired, ready to be replaced, exploding stars
Are gone, but new ones are born, it is endless.
Buds of flowers descending down, the living
Are now ending slowly on Earth.
Another one millions of miles away is shining.
What is it you may ask, a new planet?

Eventually, Earth will expire, and so will the planets.

The stars will be there in the dark, but not eternally
shining.
The living will one day break apart, but the universe is
endless.



I Am the Sea / With Hieroglyphs

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Tops rumbling, roaring, boom, shining beams strike.
Looking over the clear lands underneath.
When dishonored, being vengeful comes first.
Passing by, you will think what is ahead.
Shaking grounds, struggling to see and to stand.
Overthrown, separated into three.
High above, in shadows, transparent lands.
Tick tock, on the wall, whom I was raised from.
Three points, power, shattering it shall do.
Guiding galloping beings, passing by.
Traveling, anxiety you might feel.
Push away, bring it in, controlling life.
Bring thousands to the bottom of my feet.
Who am I? I am the God Poseidon.

BHAVYA BADSHAH

Demosthenes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art
(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

I was walking. I kept on walking. I finally stopped when I saw a bearded man. It was Demosthenes, the greatest orator of ancient Greece, the initiator of an anti-Macedonian policy. I kept on walking.

I saw a Greek bearded man
I saw Demosthenes
A face full of pride

Nothing
(After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

Nothing to hear
Just dead air
Moment of stillness
Absence of sounds
No volume
No communication
The death of sounds
All mouths are closed
Just speechlessness
Silence

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I was the son of Zeus and Semele.
My mother was pleased to be the lover of a god.
Hera arranged the Titans to kill me.
I was defeated by the Titans,
But Rhea brought me back to life.
I was given to the mountain nymphs.
I was protected by the mountain nymphs.
I wandered the world actively;
I was accompanied by the Maenads.
I was ever worshiped in the woods.
I journeyed into the underworld
Where I faced down Thanatos in that dark place.
I brought my mother back to Mount Olympus.
Who am I? (Dionysus)

The Tree and the Man
(After an Egyptian Creation Tale)

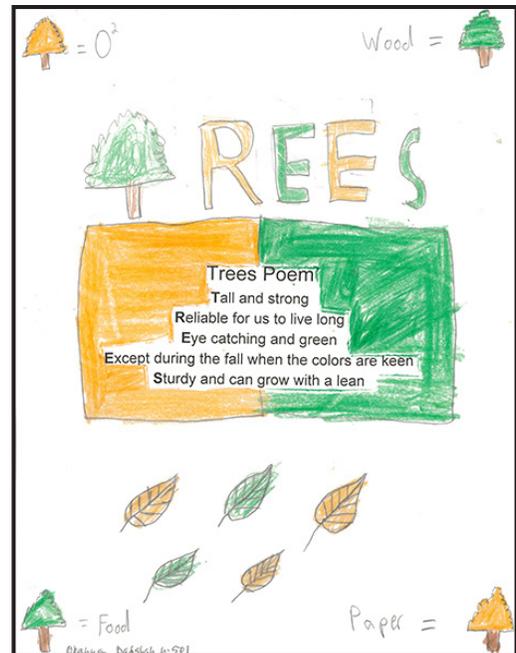
One day, long ago, there was a tree and a man. The man was having lots of pain in his arm. He tried using the tree's bark to make some aspirin to stop his pain. This tree was also the reason why he was alive at that time; it was because of the oxygen that trees give out.

The tree and the man wanted to see who weighed more by pushing each other. The tree said, "I am the world's largest tree; I weigh 2.756 tons."

The man started pushing the tree, and then he definitely believed what the tree said. After that, the man and the tree were really thirsty. They wanted to have a water-drinking contest. This contest lasted for a year. The tree drank 2,000 liters of water in one year. The man drank 219.553 liters of water in a year. The tree won the water-drinking contest.

The last and final contest of their lives was to see who could live the longest. The tree was feeling confident because it knew that trees are the world's longest living organisms.

Many years passed and the man slowly died, but the tree lived on.

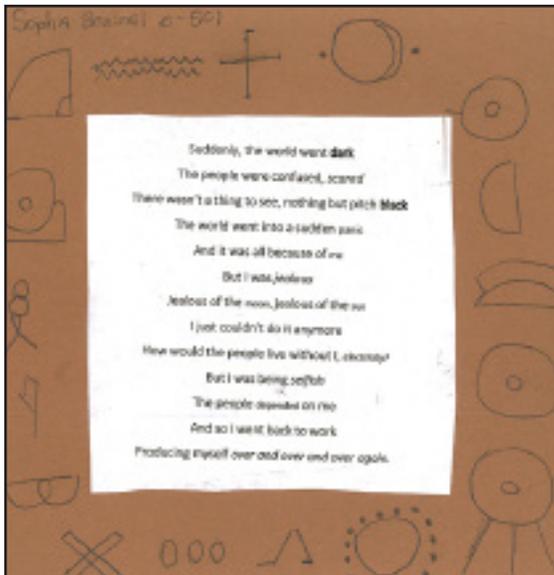


Suddenly

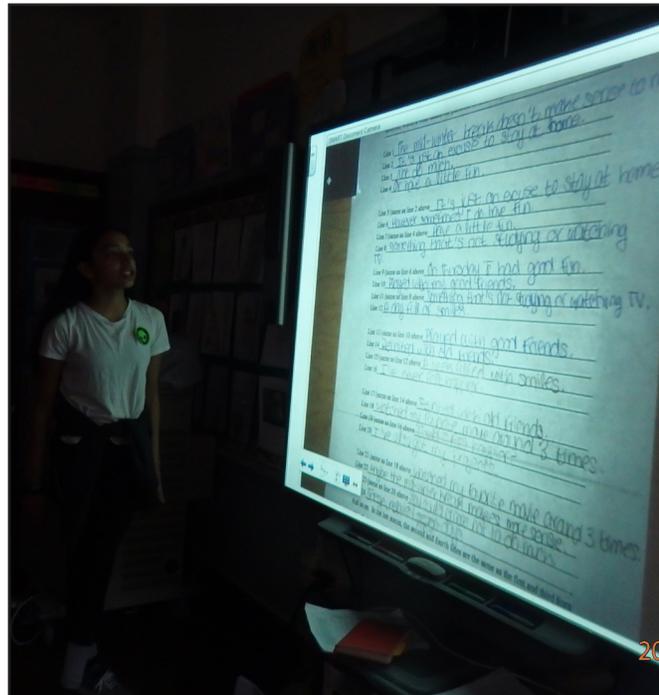
(After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

Suddenly the city went dark.
The people were confused, scared.
There wasn't a thing to see, nothing but the pitch black.
The world went into a sudden panic.
What had happened, why had Electricity gone to sleep?
The people depended on him for food, water, light, life.
But he needed a break.
Electricity was jealous of the others—
Jealous of the sun, jealous of the moon.
All day, all night, the people depended on him.
But he couldn't do it to himself anymore.
He was tired, tired of producing enough of himself
For the city that never sleeps.
But the world couldn't live without him.
How would they eat, how would they turn on lights,
how would they drink water?
He realized he was being selfish.
Overall, the people depended on him.
And he went back to work, slowly producing himself
over and over and over again.

Chopped from the comfort of nature
Away from all that matters
The birds that sang
The spiders that cuddled under
My sweet, crinkly leaves
All gone
Into the darkness
Moving farther from home
I was set free, into the city
New faces passed by
Until I felt myself
Lift up to the sky
They took me to a faraway land
Inside a box of sorrow
Slowly they turned me into something else
I was confused
Who was I supposed to be
But one night
I glowed up like a million stars
And I felt I was home
Yes, I missed the birds chirping
And the spiders hugging my leaves
But I had my purpose
I was the Christmas Tree
And I was proud



Suddenly / With Hieroglyphs



Using SMARTBoard to Workshop a Poem

EMELIE COELLO

A Snow (Italian Sestina)

The ground is pure white, what can this be? Snow!
The leaves turned brown, abandoning trees.
Waiting for warm Spring, these sleeping animals.
As snow fell heavier, it flew with the wind.
Everybody was excited, especially the kids.
Immediately people ran out of their houses.

There is snow everywhere, it's covered all the houses.
Some kids didn't want to go in; they played in snow.
Parents were as happy as dogs to see their kids.
The Sun disappeared, night fell, gone were the trees.
There was no sound, only blowing wind,
And there was not a single peep from animals.

Nothing could wake these resting animals,
Not even the slams of doors from houses,
Or the loud and harsh gusts of nearby wind.
There were mountains of leftover snow.
This snow filled and brought life to all the trees,
And gave many wondrous days to kids.

Many snowmen and snow angels were made by kids.
Birds flew south for winter, unlike other animals.
These birds flew far, past lifeless and dull trees.
Every day, kids ran out of their houses,
And they were excited to grab chunks of snow.
At night you could hear blowing wind/

At night there was a harsh and extreme, blowing wind.
Few people were out at night, even kids.
For many days the mountains wore clean, white snow.
Sleeping or going south if they could, those animals!
Buildings were surrounded, even roofs of houses
As days passed, the snow melted and repaired trees.

There are barely any empty, lifeless trees.
Snow was blown away by howling wind,
Even snow on roofs of tall apartments and houses.
Much snow melted, and there were heartbroken kids.
Spring is near, wake up, you sleeping animals.
Many things can happen when it snows.

Snow falls, it is clean and white, it attracts kids,
And gives trees life; it covers many houses.
As Spring comes, the wind calms, wakes up animals.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I represent the colors of your existence.
You can find me in all the colors of your life,
For the sea and the skies belong to me,
And I travel across them with good and bad news.
Like Hermes I spread my wings to deliver messages.
There is no limit, for I can go anywhere.
Over a colorful path, I go distant places in no time.
I carry water from the Styx, so don't you dare lie to me;
Otherwise I'll make you drink and you will fall asleep.
I have such a pretty name and it's even part of you.
In fact, my name has more than one meaning.
I am a beautiful young lady with golden wings, a rod,
And, sometimes, I have a pitcher to serve greater gods.
I am magnificent and I am great, guess my name,
And you will be pleased to find out who I am—
Iris, Goddess of the Rainbow, Sea, and Skies

Ode to a Broken Cup

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

On the ground in pieces
Swept up, to be thrown away
Nothing to hold my drink
Cracked as fast as a bunny's heart pumps
With a single fall, it leaves a mark
Memories, gone; nothing to replace it
I will never, ever feel the joy I felt when I drank from it
I feel empty, like a playground with no children
I am drowning in a sea of sadness
I can't live without it

A Tale of Spiders

(After an Egyptian Legend)

Thousands of years ago spiders were like humans in their own small way. They farmed and lived in towns. They had hobbies too, until one day, when everything changed.

A spider had come in contact with poison ivy which gave it a craving for insects. After a while, almost all spiders started to eat insects except for some species of spiders in other communities. This benefited the ecosystem, and spiders ate insects that destroy people's crops.

This was the time spiders started to make webs because before they used their silk to grab things and to get around places. So, as time passed, spiders became some people's pets since most of them were harmless and they defended their gardens and homes.

ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM

Nun (Abyss) (After an Egyptian Legend)

Within the dark waters I lurk
My rage consuming my living being
The god of primordial and raging waters
I wait for my next victim
Riding across the waters like he is king
I drown them all and let
My minions tear them apart
For my rage cannot be quenched
Because my brother, Re,
Holds all the glory
I am Nun, the god of the Water
I drown mortal beings
To make them suffer
Re with all the glory, my goal to take him down
For Re has one weakness,
He cares for these mortals
And this will soon lead to his doom
Because like I said, my terrible rage, like a flame,
Can't be brought down until Re is killed
And I claim my power and glory
My name is Nun
And I'm prepared to destroy
Mortals or gods, one way or another
I will get my power
I swear it

Ode to My Broken Glasses

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

I can't see
But why?
My glasses have broken
Once again
The lenses fall out, one by one
The screws fall out
It's hopeless
Cracked glass stabbing up at me
I have to get them fixed again, immediately
My glasses are broken
Once again
What can I do?
I can't see! I can't see
But why?
My glasses have broken
Once again

A long time ago, there was a huge forest of trees
And deep in that forest, very deep in those woods
Lived a man who very much enjoyed planting
Many different types of greens at a nearby river
He was responsible for their feeding and watering
But it was all very worth it, to see this beautiful life

And accompanying this beautiful life
Were the trees
And curving in and out of the trees was the water
Adding another component to the symphony of the
immense woods
And then there was the river
And there sat the plants

All of these greens, these plants
They thrive and let us live
Those plants that sat by the river
Surrounded by the vast expanse of trees
Deep in the dark yet sunny woods
There, near the river that held the water

This beautiful river with the beautiful water
Let things grow; like plants
These huge, compact woods
Containing so much thriving life
The plants, the humans, and the trees
And all the while, the astonishing sound of the river

And in this river, this wonderful river
There was sacred water
To grow the trees
To grow the plants
And to quench the thirst of all life
And the old man, who happened to be adding
something to his fire: wood

He, of course, was adding sacred wood
By the sacred river
With all of the life living
The living drinking this sacred water
And water slowly dripping off leaves of small plants
All this was surrounded by a massive amount of trees

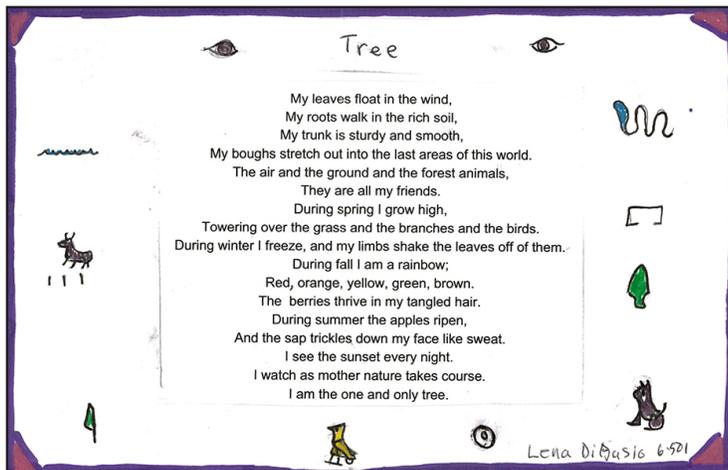
The huge river with the sacred water
The huge wood with the huge trees
There are wonderful plants and everywhere you look,
you can see life.

LENA DIBIASIO

Tree

(After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

My leaves float in the wind,
My roots walk in the rich soil,
My trunk is sturdy and smooth.
My boughs stretch out into the last areas of this world.
The air and the ground and the forest animals,
They are all my friends.
During spring I grow high,
Towering over the grass and the branches and the birds.
During winter I freeze, and my limbs
Shake the leaves off them.
During fall I am a rainbow;
Red, orange, yellow, green, brown.
The berries thrive in my tangled hair.
During summer the apples ripen,
And the sap trickles down my face like sweat.
I see the sunset every night.
I watch as Mother Nature takes course.
I am the one and only tree.



Tree / With Hieroglyphs

The Thief

(Fibonacci Sequence)

The
Cat
Slowly
Slunk out of
The enveloping
Darkness and shadows surrounding
Her, a cloaked thief making a silent getaway
She was elegant and graceful, feet leaving the ground
with agility and quickness
Her purpose was vague; her kin knew almost nothing
of her location or lifestyle. They
Knew whatever it was, she had her reasons

The Funeral Boat at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Japanese Haibun / Ekphrastic Poem)

The sea gently rocks my ship back and forth, back and forth. The men, my comrades, mourn softly, murmuring to the gods. We cry for the loss of an honored passenger, sleeping soundly in his forever, closed bed. He will not wake again, and this is what we lament.

He lies, eyes closed tight;
As the sailors sit, silent,
Swiftly rowing on.



Writing Poems in Class

ALESSANDRA DOUNIAS

Silent Barter in Africa (Italian Sestina)

Here they come, ready for another day, the traders.
By the river they leave the item most valuable, salt.
Watch them run and hide as they beat the drum.
They wait, far, far away, for others to come with gold.
Here they come, disembarking their boats, the miners.
Now they watch and wait, in the silence,

And now it comes to an end, the silence.
Now they see the value of what the traders
Have left. Now they leave their valuables, the miners,
In return for the value of the salt.
They leave many nuggets of precious gold,
And, again, they beat the drum.

They emerge from their cover as they hear the drum,
And, again, comes the end of the silence.
Now they see how little gold was left in return. They
were taken advantage of, the traders.
They leave the gold, and take some salt
And wait for them to leave more, the miners.

Now they're back, they're back, the miners
Because they didn't hear the beat of the drum.
They see that the gold was not enough for the salt
So all they hear is silence.
They see this was not enough for the traders,
So, they leave more gold.

Now they've left a fair amount of gold.
They take the gold left behind by the miners.
They were happy, they got what they wanted, the
traders,
So they beat the drum
And left the riverside in silence.
Leaving their salt.

Here they come to collect their salt.
Now they've left enough gold.
There will be no more silence.
Away go the miners,
No need to beat the drum,
And away went the traders.

So in peace leave the traders and miners,
In the peace of silence, and a beating drum,
Happy with what they find most valuable, salt and gold.

***Terracotta Hadra Hydria at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

It protects the ashes of my ancestors within its brick-
red shell. It carries water to us from the ancient well. It
was created when we moved from one place to another.
Flowers bloom on its terracotta cover, delicately paint-
ed with images of the past.

Used to sit there
In the sun, where everyone could
See it in its glory

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I was born from power that surges inside me.
Under my caramel scalp lies something
That created everything around you.
My light eyes have seen every problem,
Every one of which I have solved.
I am fast in some ways, slow in others.
My spirit animal is one wiser
Than any other animal ever made.
I created the creepy, crawling things
That scared you in your youth, dark and evil.
I see all, I know all, I have knowledge
Greater than anything else, Who am I?
I am Athena, Goddess of Wisdom

Ouranos

I'm dark and I'm light
I twinkle in the night
I cry on dark days
Marshmallows float in my midst
Creating shapes
I am pink in the evening
I am bright blue at noon
I am the housing for the sun and the moon
I tell all living things
When to sleep, and to wake
I am the sky

CELLA DRURY

The Blind Man

Curtains over my eyes,
Curtains that will never open,
Laughter without an owner,
Laughter I will never see.

The voice is
Joy I will never see.
In my own little world I weep
With tears unseen by me.

I am I
But I am known better to others
Who will never feel my struggle.

I am my own labyrinth,
My own struggle.

I am I am I am I,
And through my darkness
I love myself

For without love, I am not I.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I learned the language of snakes for snakes alone.
I healed the people, I needed nothing in return.
But, one day, a blind king gave me a task.
“Heal my great son, or you shall be punished!”
It was too late though by the time I arrived.
The prince had run into the cold hands of death.
Suddenly the snakes whispered what to do.
I healed the prince but, then, the room grew dark.
The lightning king realized my true strength.
With a flash and a bang I never healed again.
As I began my trip I remembered.
I remembered the centaur who raised me.
I remembered the smiles for the healed.
I remembered I had a very good life
Who am I? Aesculapius

Grass

(After “Musee des Beaux Arts” by W. H. Auden,
Open Form)

Silence. Utter silence.
Silence was all Grass could hear.
But that silence was the noisiest sound.
Father ground is cold and unforgiving.
Grass despised ground
But Ground was all grass knew

But Grass, selfish Grass, was never satisfied.
She had had enough.
Grass climbed up and up from the prison Ground had
created for her.
Suddenly, Grass felt a pang of yellow; Ground was
gone
Grass felt Mother Sun hug her, kiss her, welcome her
Into a world of brown and yellow, a world of sun.

Grass felt Uncle Wind spin her around, dance, laugh.
Grass was finally satisfied,
Or so we all thought.
But Grass, selfish Grass, was never satisfied.
Every day Wind would come to see Grass.
Until one day,

Grass stood in that one patch, waiting and waiting.
But Wind never came
Grass spread everywhere across Ground.
Grass knew that Ground would be able to find her
If she took this move but her mind was clouded.

After a cold night of searching
Grass found Wind with Cloud
In a rage Grass called Ground to rise
So she could catch Wind
Ground obeyed, but on one condition—
Grass would come back to him
In haste, Grass agreed and grabbed onto Wind as
Ground began to rise.

Just as Grass caught Wind
He slipped through her fingers
And she plummeted to Ground.
Even though Grass now belongs to Ground,
Every six months he lets her return to the land of Sun,
Ground, and now Grass
And lets her sway with the Wind.

BRYN GERAGHTY

An Ode to My Passed Dog

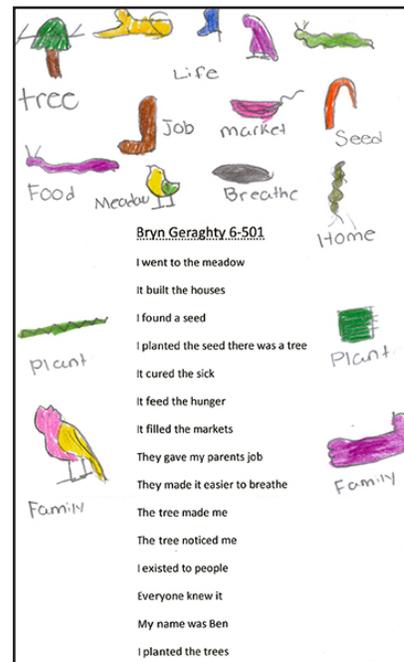
The day I was born, you were at the hospital.
You were waiting for two baby girls.
When I was old enough to actually remember you,
We had the best home.
When I was hurt you were there.
When I was a little girl,
You waited for me at the door.
You were my dog, my only pet,
With me throughout my whole life,
The good and the bad times.
Arthritis came, you could barely walk.
That's OK because you were still here.
Then you went blind.
You could barely see.
You lived in the kitchen.
That's OK though, because you were still here.
My parents made the toughest decision
It was time to end your life.
I wasn't ready for this.
There was still so much I could have done with you.
I couldn't bear the thought—
A life without you.
Fourteen years, a fulfilled life.
It's time to end.
Goodbye, Max

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am a girl god, I am a goddess
I walk with pride with a trail of nature
I am the winner of the golden apple
I was born on the island of Cyprus
I was born from the blood of the sky
I have a son; he possesses wings like the fairies
My son has a bow which holds arrows of love
My father married me to a man Hephaestus
I ride in a swan-drawn carriage in the air
I have a variety of symbols
I have an estimate of thirty siblings
I have three parents: Zeus, Dione, and Uranus
I have two identities: one is Venus
I am the goddess of love and beauty
Who am I? Aphrodite

Gymnastics (After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

In the air.
The wind I made in my face.
I flip, I tumble, I'm shaped like a rainbow,
Like a gust of wind.
Floor, bar, beam, or vault.
Repeating, perfecting my moves.
My hair like wind in a storm.
When I think *wind*, I jump, I turn, I am a leaf.
With joy in me, tumbling about so free.
Like a gust of wind in the air, with the clouds.



Trees / With Hieroglyphs

I went to the meadow
I built the houses
I found a seed
I planted the seed
There was a tree
It cured the sick
It fed the hungry
It filled the markets
It gave my parents jobs
The trees made it easier to breathe
The trees made me
The trees noticed me
I existed to people
Everyone knew it
My name was Ben
I planted the trees

AIDAN HAMEL

African Barter System (Italian Sestina)

The men's hands
Scorching till they found the spot,
Feet wading in the heat,
Carrying the burden
Through the desert, brimmed by goods.
Beating a drum, signaling the start of trade.

The next territory, bringing their end of the trade.
Their able hands,
Lifting but struggling to keep afloat the goods.
Reaching the spot,
Collapsing into a heap, their lotion-filled burden.
Twirling back, showing their faces to heat.

The traders, from their original territory in the heat,
Looking for the other's trade.
Approving what they see, carrying a new burden.
Lifting with their dry hands,
Taking it back to their spot.
Waiting for the taking of their goods.

The second group, also approving their accumulation of
goods
And beating the drum in the heat.
As the other heard the beats from their spot
It was the signal of trade's
End, time to rest their horrid hands.
No longer needing to carry the burden.

But one's group's burden
Brimmed with goods,
Rest in the arid hands
But without the heat.
The secret trade,
With no recorded record except in that spot.

The little hut a spot
For the burdens
Many of this kin's trade,
Believing that these goods,
A lotion to sooth the heat's
Effect, pain, at the rub of a hand.

As the others look at their burden, their goods,
They asked. "Was it worth it for the heat on hands?"
Never again would they trade in that spot.

Ode to D,S. (After Pablo Neruda Odes)

O how you are not forgotten,
Though lost in a sea of ash.
You should not be what or where you are.
I regret the final snap
That sent you through the rubble.
I waited and waited,
Trying to get you back.
After a while I knew you were gone.
Closing my eyes and noticing,
O, you will never be forgotten.

Wind (After "Air by W. S. Merwin)

I am the one who howls at night,
But I do not travel in packs.
I am invisible, so you will never see me coming.
I make the cold, the bitterness.
I make weathermen incorrect time after time.
I am the one who howls at night.
I make all weather come to you
Or go somewhere else.
On occasion, I tear down homes,
Rip apart families.
I howl at night.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the remainder, but some are gone.
I am a light at the end of darkness,
But I can also be the opposite.
Strategy is key when it comes to me.
The culmination can be land and sea.
I watch what I cause, I cause what I watch.
I lurk around watching with much wonder.
I can be on the ground, or in the air,
But I cannot and will not interfere.
I am better than all at what I rule.
I can be tragic, or instead relief.
Disease and hardship come very often,
But some get away, those with great luck.
So, now I shall ask you, who could I be? Ares

ADIBA HAQUE

My Star Dream (Italian Sestina)

I went to sleep and had a dream
I made a promise
To a friend. River by river
I saw the world
I even jumped into space
And saw the stars.

O, the stars
In my dream
Were beautiful. Prancing around space
I forgot my promise
I made on the world.
I saw every river

That I flew over. The rivers
Were so beautiful, but the stars
Were extraordinary. I traveled the world
In my dream
Because of a promise
Made. In the vast space

I try to recall, why did I travel to space?
I looked down on the rivers
And remembered my promise
Made. The stars
Were dancing now, leaping around me in my dream
I floated away from the world

And soon, the enormous world
Was a blue speck in the land of space.
I was waking up from my dream,
Becoming more aware as I drifted off. I wanted the
rivers
And stars
All to myself, but what became of the promise

Made? I once agreed to keep a promise,
To travel the world,
To touch the stars,
To float in space,
To swim in the rivers,
All in my dream.

I woke up from my dream and I was in the world,
Not in space, swimming in rivers,
Or dancing with the stars. But I fulfilled my promise.

Halloween (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

When the sun sets, children rise
Buzzing around like little flies.
Door to door as furies spy.
Watching with their little eyes
As they load up with candy,
As joyful as they can be.

Ode to My Cup

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

The middle of night
I walked, no sound
Except the patter
Of my feet against
The cold floor.
My delicate cup
Rose up in my hands,
Only to be shattered
By the Earth.
Couldn't be repaired,
Couldn't be repaired
Its presence gone.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I control the oldest feeling, yet it
Is renewed every day. As I shine from
The heavens, any man who is worthy
To gaze upon me will be hypnotized.
My punishments will leave you aching for
The one thing you desire most, true love.
When an arrow is shot into your heart,
I have bestowed my power upon you.
Love at its finest brings me happiness.
I was created from nothing but blood,
Arose from the sea in all my beauty.
Once I was ashamed in front of the Gods,
Because I pursued my own feelings.
I am Aphrodite, Goddess of love.

TASNUVA HASNAT

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

My wisdom beats all that makes up yours
The most adored by my father, a great God
Never had any lovers, it's been just me, alone
A smart goddess I am, with great strength, too
Better than Ares, some would say to me
While he is war, I am strategy
I am the one who guided Odysseus
I was the one who was cunning
I am the one who backed the Greeks in the Trojan war
I was the one with the martial ability
I am the one who helped Perseus kill Medusa
I was the one who used my wise counsel
I am the one with the name of the city
I was the one who gave the olive tree. I am Athena.

Broken

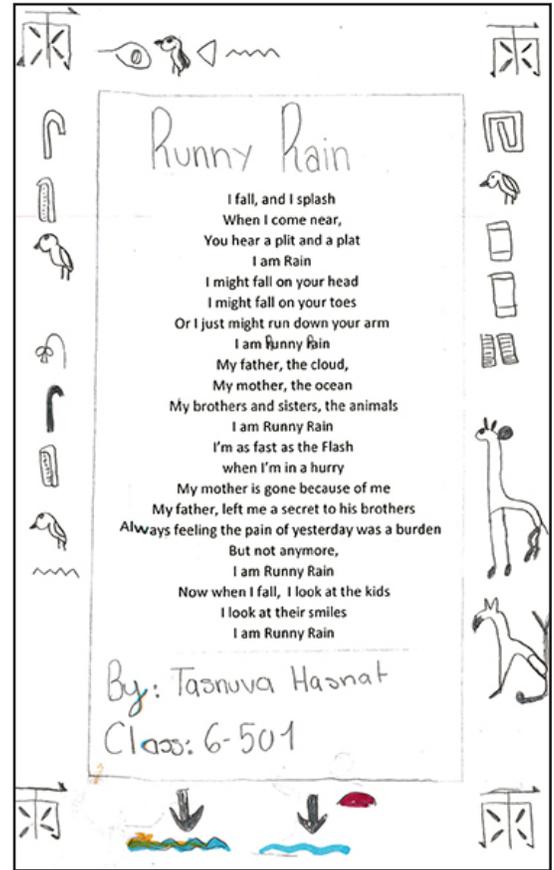
(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

It fell
Tipped over
Nobody was blamed
An invisible hand
An invisible force
There was a chip
Forever it will be marked
As the cup that fell
Broken glass
All over the floor
Forever will it be marked
As the cup that fell

Confusion (After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

You can be as old as the sun
As young as a newborn
Leaving your laughter
Your labyrinth

I don't know
Where to start
Where to end
How my life will be
Where will I be
Confusion



Runny Rain / With Hieroglyphs

I fall, and I splash
When I come near
You hear a plit and a plat
I am Rain
I might fall on your head
I might fall on your toes
Or I just might run down your arm
I am Runny Rain
My father, the clouds
My mother, the ocean
My brothers and sisters, the animals
I am Runny Rain
I'm as fast as the Flash
When I'm in a hurry
My mother is gone because of me
My father left me a secret for his brothers
Always feeling the pain of yesterday was a burden
But not anymore
I am Runny Rain
Now, when I fall, I look at the kids
I look at their smiles
I am Runny Rain

ALEXANDER HATTEL

The Neon Sweater

(After "Ode to My Suit" by Pablo Neruda)

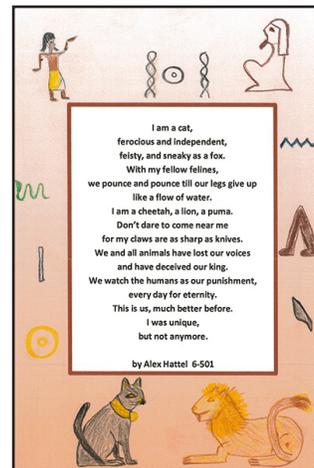
Every day I wake up
I see my depressed sweater hanging on the chair.
Waiting to be put on as I go to school every morning
When it clings to me, it becomes joyful
And releases its beautiful, neon color
It enjoys the oohs and ahs
That it receives almost all the time
But is heartbroken when I take it off
I don't know why
Maybe it just always wants to be worn by me
Or it gets angry when I change it
It may even be because I keep calling it "it"
For all I know
Is that my sweater is neon, and it looks great on me

Music (After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

I listen.
The sharp noises
Come through the forest
In my direction
I listen, trying to change
The sound with my mind
I listen for smooth sounds
Coming from every path
But I don't hear them
I listen to the screech
Produced by my ukulele
With one string
I listen, only to hear emptiness
Sound of no light
I listen, here and there
And everywhere
Critters crawling on the ground.
I listen
Birds from branch to branch
Overpowering the broken
I listen
Finally, a better sound
My trip through the forest—
An orchestra
I listen, the empty, now full

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am greedy and enraged with fury.
Those who disobey me shall be punished.
I was overthrown by my own father.
I am not the strongest but will be, for
My fiery weapon holds all the power.
I created the animals we eat
Just to earn affection from someone else.
By that time my passion for her was gone.
Yet, I was in love with one of the nymphs.
I watched how brothers fought "under and over."
I am second, the thought of my control
Over Olympus is inevitable.
The Earth shatters as I walk upon land,
For I cause all disasters you can think of.
Who Am I? (Poseidon, God of the Sea)



Cat / With Hieroglyphs

I am a cat,
Fierce and independent,
Feisty and sneaky as a fox.
With my fellow felines,
I pounce and pounce till our legs give up
Like a flow of water.
I am a cheetah, a lion, a puma.
Don't dare to come near me
For my claws are as sharp as knives.
We and all animals have lost our voices
And have deceived our king.
We watch the humans as our punishment,
Every day for eternity.
This is us, much better than before.
I was unique,
But not anymore.

JONAS HOYE

The Land of Fifty Kings (Italian Sestina)

I live in a land of fifty kings
Most of my life, I have lived all alone
I thought I would stay this way forever
Until I met my first friends
Most said we were worthless, but we had synergy
We vowed that, one day, we would make them run

One by one, they started to run
During this time we felt like kings.
It was working well, our synergy.
However, we started to feel alone
As if we were the only ones left, us friends
Left together, alone, forever.

However, this solitude did not last forever
One by one, people started to run
Back to us. We got even more friends
Soon all fifty kings
Came back, but one ran, all alone
Our power was growing, our great synergy

Using this power, we got more people to try synergy
We thought that our synergy would last forever
We will no longer be all alone
Yet again we were wrong—but no one would run
One day, I became one of our fifty kings
And one by one I left all my friends

I wish I hadn't left my friends
I now cannot take part in the synergy
I thought being with the fifty kings
Would be good, but it wasn't. I have to be one forever
Unless I run—and I did run
Now I am, yet again, all alone

I felt very alone
Without all my friends
I had regret that I had run
I wanted the synergy
I wanted it to last forever
I am no longer one of the fifty kings

Ever since I ran, I felt none of my creation—synergy
The fifty kings are bitter, and cannot smile; I hope, for
the leaving, they will forgive me, as friends
Even if they forgive me, I am now, forever, alone

Strange (Fibonacci Sequence)

I
Don't
Know why
I have to
Write this strange poem
Fully off the top of my head.



Human / With Hieroglyphs

I am the best,
I am the smartest,
I can kill any animal, and
Outsmart anyone.
I communicate with my own kind,
And I can eat and feast off anything.
Some say I am conceited,
I say I'm smart.
Some say I destroy the world,
I say that I shape it.
I am a human.

Mummies in the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

We entered the room with the tomb. We saw the large sarcophagus, with the small, skinny mummy tightly wrapped up inside. We could smell the strong odor of oil, even though the tomb was protected by a layer of thick glass.

Egyptian mummies
Wrapped in linen bandages
Preserved very well

We called some other people to see the tomb. They gasped in awe and amazement as they looked at the mummification tools and mummies from long ago, in Ancient Egypt.

Very old mummies
Kept in a sarcophagus
In ancient Egypt

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Live happily ever after; it is up to me.
I will and can break you apart.
I hang out with the people of truth.
If I am mad, I will ground you.
Ground you, I mean smash you into the ground.
I have a temper and a mind that is
Hard to understand because I am kind
But very mean or very caring.
I can blend in with this world very well.
I am always around you in some way.
If I ask you to do something, you do it
Or else it will not be good forever.
I am telling you for your own good.
Who am I? Hera.

I Am the Sun

Brightening the sky, day by day
All that's on the ground I shine
All the corners and
All the small places on this puny, puny Earth
When I shine, the earth is born
Born in excitement and with movement
Raining, snowing, sweating
Earth is moving constantly
Thanks to me, of course
I am the Sun

Nature

Peaceful night	Young
Full of moonlight	Buried in nature
Walking	Happy
Feeling happy	
Nature	
I hear the song	This is my dream
Quiet	My life
The music louder	My nature
Louder, I hear it	

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

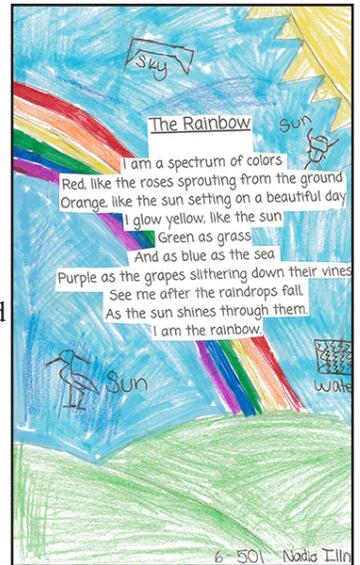
Say something, I will repeat it again
I can't say what I feel, or what I need
I need freedom, or at least happiness
This curse was put upon me by the queen
I distracted her as her husband ran
Angry, she finally learned what happened
For this, the love of my life was taken
Why did I feel so broken by this curse
Why can I not live a normal nymph life
These are the questions I ask myself
All the time, every day, repeating it
Don't use me as a toy, playing with me
Do not make me repeat your silly words
If this curse breaks, you won't come across me
Who am I? Echo

The Time of Ramadan (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Wake up early, in the night
Feast as hunger takes flight
Slowly wait until time goes
Waiting, my hunger grows
Finally, we feast greatly
And worship one in reply

*The Rainbow /
With Hieroglyphs*

I am a spectrum of colors
Red, like the roses
Sprouting from the ground
Orange, like the sun
Setting on a beautiful day
I glow yellow
Like the sun
Green as grass
And as blue as the sea
Purple as the grapes
Slithering down their vines
See me after the raindrops fall
As the sun shines through them
I am the rainbow



Mythical Creatures (Italian Sestina)

Some shine their light
On us, while others show their darkness
Reflecting the concealed night
All their features are magical
We thought they weren't true, but our imaginations
are flying
They make our faces gleam

As we imagine the dark dragons, scales gleaming
Their eyes full of light
Wings flap, resulting in flight
Through the darkness
An amazing show of magic
Going through the night

Swim in the waters of day and night
Color shifting, tails gleaming
Eyes filled with mischievous magic
Even though seen as light
Playful creatures may show darkness
To me, it seems that they do fly

Through waters. This one cannot fly
Like the rest but it changes in the night
Of a full moon, painfully in darkness
Fur gleaming
Only then will they turn back light
A werewolf's magic

This one supplies magic
Small wings flutter and fly
Spreading light
Wherever they go, to a place where children never
grow up in night
Only to the dim eye they look like small, gleaming
Stars, for fairies are the opposite of darkness

This one also reflects darkness
Producing magic
Skin gleaming
Mane and tail flying
Soaring into the darkness of the night
Unicorns spread an aura of light

These creatures are both darkness and light
Gleaming into the night
Bringing us magic and giving us hope and imagining

NICOLETA KENINI

How Clouds Came To Be

Once, long ago, the world started with a pond and then something strange began to happen. Water rose up and formed white poofy things that came to be called clouds.

This happened because the water god, Wateria, made these clouds form. These clouds were very helpful to humans because when the sun was too bright the clouds would cover it so it wouldn't be too hot. Clouds also provided people with water because clouds gave rain. Rain also watered plants.

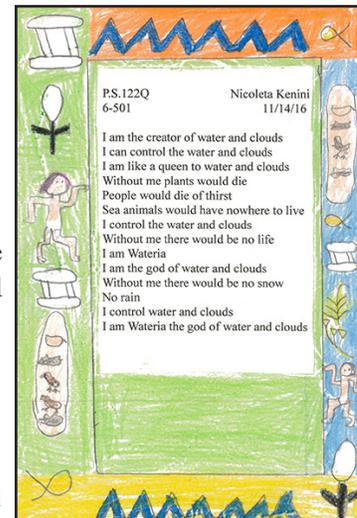
As time passed, more and more clouds were formed from that pond which was soon named The Giving Pond. The Giving Pond never ran out of water because Wateria was able to keep making clouds and providing people and plants with water.

Then, one morning, the people thought rain was going to fall but soon realized it was hail. The people didn't like hail because it was destroying everything. Then they experienced snow, which the children seemed to enjoy. The people realized that hail was rare and it wouldn't happen all the time so they were relieved.

The clouds kept providing rain, and now there were many more ponds, rivers, lakes, and oceans. People had fun with these ponds, lakes, rivers, and oceans. Those oceans, ponds, lakes, and rivers had been turned into clouds by Wateria; and then it rained and more bodies of water were formed. Hail fell, rain fell, storms occurred but, no matter what.

Everyone loved and really enjoyed clouds.

What I Learned: Every planet with an atmosphere has clouds. Clouds reflect the sun's light, and that causes them to appear white. High-altitude clouds are usually made of ice crystals. It takes a few minutes or an hour for clouds to be created. Cumulonimbus clouds are capable of lightning, gust, hail and occasional tornadoes.



Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the prettiest goddess ever
There is nobody prettier than me
I am beautiful, gorgeous, amazing
I am the goddess who represents love
I have a great connection with nature
Wherever I step, plants sprout from the ground
Birds repeat whatever song that I sing
I am the goddess of love and desire
Whenever I'm in sight birds start to sing
I was born in the beautiful ocean
I have many, many, many siblings
One of my symbols is a pretty white dove
There is love in the world because of me
My dad is the god of sky and lightning
Who am I? Aphrodite

My Favorite Shoes

(After "Ode to My Suit" by Pablo Neruda)

Each morning I would wake up
I would already know what shoes I'm wearing
I would put them on and skip out the door
Galloping around like a horse

Then the next morning, same thing
I would wear them to any event
I carried them around on my feet

When I wasn't allowed to wear them
I would cry,
Or get mad
I would get upset
Even though I had a lot of shoes
I only wore those

Then, one day
As I was walking
They broke
One of them split
It got cut on a branch
I was so upset
I didn't leave my room
I kept asking if I could buy a new pair
I couldn't find an identical pair
So I had to learn, that was the end

Mansa Musa (Italian Sestina)

Yesterday, I had the fortune to see Mansa Musa,
With all of his riches and gold,
And his many servants
Pass by on their parade of caravans.
On his way to Mecca, he spread his fame.
I watched as he passed and disappeared into the sand.

His parade came, kicking up sand,
And through the sand I saw the legendary Mansa Musa.
Word spread about his arrival; he gained more fame.
He showered us with riches and gold,
While passing on his parade of caravans
Being tended to by his many servants.

Rich clothing was worn by even the servants,
The glint of riches was seen through the clouds of sand.
O, how I wished to join the parade of caravans,
Meet the legendary Mansa Musa,
See every piece of gold he owned,
And help him to spread his fame.

How I wished I could share in that fame,
Have just as many servants,
Own just as much gold,
Make a pilgrimage through the desert sand,
Just like Mansa Musa did,
On a parade of caravans.

But I know that I will never own a caravan,
Never gain as much fame
As Mansa Musa.
I will never have my own servants
To wait on me on a pilgrimage through the desert sand,
I can only dream of the servants, fame and gold.

The parade left after showering us with gold.
The caravans
Disappeared as the wind blew up a cloud of sand,
And they were gone elsewhere to spread their fame.
When the sand subsided, there were no more servants
In sight, and gone too was Mansa Musa.

That night I had a dream; I owned servants and gold.
I was on a parade of caravans, out to spread my fame,
Journeying through the desert sand, just like Mansa
Musa.

The Page and the Pen (Fibonacci Sequence)

The
Page
And the
Pen. I sit,
Staring at the drab
Blank page and the unmoving pen.

Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Two arms that latch on tight, a misshapen
Body, its heavy load a precious
One, keys to unlocking the truest power
On its travels it is never alone
But is always hitchhiking with a friend
Together they share a symbiotic
Relationship, sharing a precious load
And the friend provides transport. Although it
Has a wide, fearsome mouth, it never seems
To frighten anyone. Words never come
Out of this kind creature's mouth, and yet its
Mouth is always opening and closing
It is not the rarest creature; rather
A friend you may offer it transport
What is this close creature? Backpack

Rain

A light drizzle on a gray day.
As the raindrops fall down,
They whisper to you,
In voices as soft as cotton.
A quiet plink as they knock on your window,
Then the raindrops smoothly slide off.
Torrents of rain on a stormy day.
The relentless raindrops plummet down from the sky,
The roaring thunder attacks you.
As you run down the road,
Escaping from the wet,
You make ripples in the puddles.
Tear-shaped raindrops,
Falling from a crying sky.
You look up,
And the rain falls on your face.
You ask the sky why it cries,
But it does not return an answer.

ANNAMARIE MAGANA

Ode to the Broken Music Box

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

Sound.
The sound of the raven's cry.
The screeching sound can never be fixed.
The figurine remains still.
She dances a dance of stillness.
Together they are a duet of nothingness.
When they are apart, there is a void.
The void will forever remain full.
It remains full of emptiness.
Apart they are broken pieces.
Together they are the broken music box.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I shall attack those who least expect it.
I carefully walk on the forest floor,
And my unsuspecting prey remains still.
I strike with all my might until it dies.
Once I hear that piercing cry, it's over.
Through all of this mayhem I created,
My trusty deer stands tall alongside me
Beside my deer, I stay independent,
Just as independent as a fierce wolf.
I shall be separated from the pack,
The pack that I will never fit in with.
Yet I will never back down, not ever
I shall attack, and attack with my bow,
And with each attack, I stand tall and proud.
Who am I? Artemis

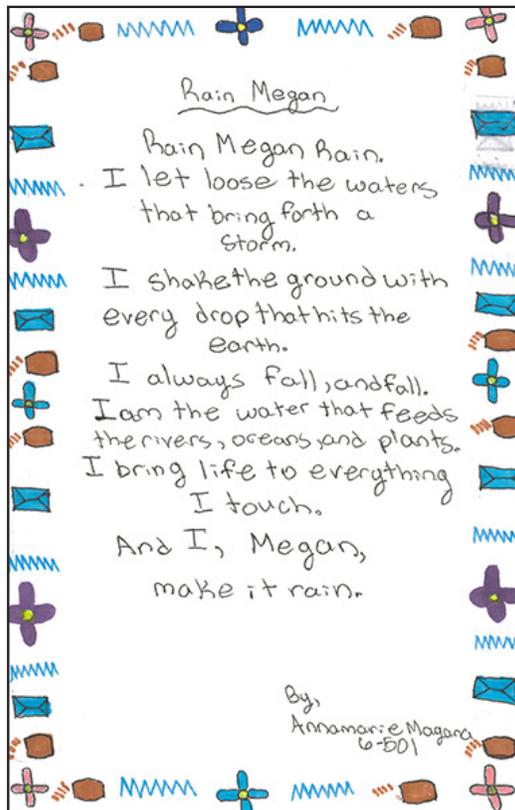
King Mentuhotep at the Metropolitan Museum of

Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

King Mentuhotep stands tall above all others, his face
frozen like a glacier. A pair of eyes looks toward the
future. His arms are crossed, as if he were arguing with
someone. He remains, above all others, ready to give
them his orders.

I rule all below
My eyes stare into your soul
I shall never move

Annamarie Magana (Continued)



Rain Megan / With Hieroglyphs

KOHEI NAGANO

The Cat

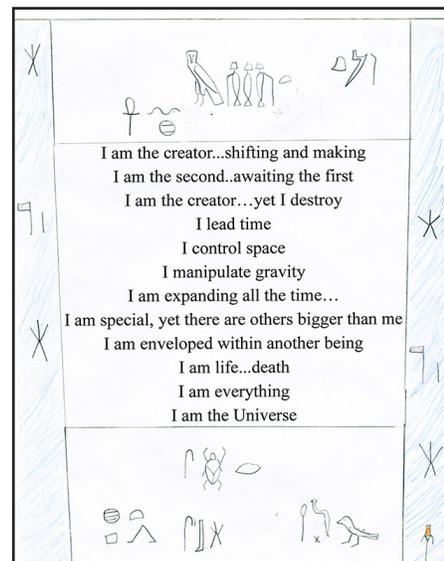
(Fibonacci Sequence)

The
Cat
Hungers
For the Flesh
It smells the flesh
It jumps on its trainer and eats

The Doll

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

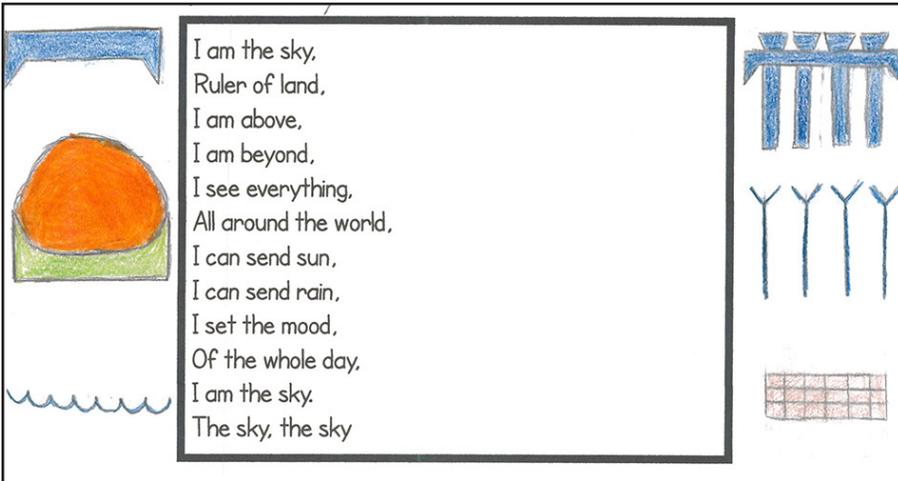
Once something is broken
It can never be fixed
But the doll never bothered to listen
She was happy
Happy as one can be
But one day she fell
Fell
And broke
The little boy cried
The angry mother scolded
The older brother chuckled
And the grandmother smiled
But the boy did learn his lesson
And so did the doll



The Creator / With Hieroglyphs

I am the creator, shifting and making
I am the second, awaiting the first
I am the creator, yet I destroy
I lead time
I control space
I manipulate gravity
I am expanding all the time
I am special, yet there are others bigger than me
I am enveloped within another being
I am life, death
I am everything
I am the Universe

ISABELLA ODENTHAL



The Sky / With Hieroglyphs

I am colossal,
 All around the world,
 From blue to gray,
 To orange to yellow,
 I can send sun,
 I can send rain,
 I set the mood,
 Of the whole day,
 I am the sky,
 The sky, the sky

*Glass Amphoriskos (perfume bottle)
 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art*
 (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

I walked into the Metropolitan Museum, but everything seemed gray, dull, boring, until one thing shone out, like a bright star in the dark night. It was a core-formed jar, made of glass. Its roots led back to Greek and the Eastern Mediterranean. It was from the 2nd - 1st century B.C. It was beautiful, a treat for my eyes. The patterns came twirling into my eyes.

Blue mixed with yellow
 They swirled around each other
 Like the ocean's waves

There are mountains of candy
 Massive bags come in handy
 It is spooky and scary
 There is a lot to carry
 We go and sing trick or treat
 The candy is really sweet

Falling Leaves (Open Form)

Red, orange, and yellow leaves,
 Twirling slowly towards the ground,
 Swaying side to side, like a dancer,
 As the wind blows.
 The leaves used to be green,
 Now they changed colors.
 It is the day after summer,
 I now need my fleece,
 However, there is a light,
 Christmas is almost here,
 Cookies, presents, and happiness.

KHADIZA RAHMAN

*Sarcophagus of Khufu at the Metropolitan
 Museum of Art* (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

Walking on the broad threshold of still work, stealthily, yet in a rush. One bright fluorescent light lit the sarcophagi. Stories and journeys back into time; these rickety, ancient shapes. This mechanism was the only thing I had my eye on. Now there was just a lengthy wall depriving me of my desperate, closer look. Khufu's face was hidden by a golden mask causing this mysterious aurora. The sandy, bright colors shone vividly, like shooting stars as they make their passage across the sky. It was cool, and calm feelings were caused by the complementary colors, a wad of orange and green, a vivid picture of the king with a golden crown, and his gleaming riches. The sarcophagus was sheltered by charms and spells. Hieroglyphs, symbols, and pictures all about the king sent light to my brain with the information. It yielded the kingdom of the king Khufu; a god lying in peace inside this tomb now.

Khadiza Rahman (Continued)

This grave of a solemn king was made of rough marble that reflected the light of that one light bulb, dimly radiating the massive room. I had wasted so much precious time staring at the tomb that the day was almost over. Tick, tock went my clock; it was the time to go. As my teachers shouted us to the next exhibit I kept remembering the old saying, "Time is what we want most, but. . . what we use worst." It was true. I glumly walked down, to the next vestibule, trying to search out more art.

Sandy bright colors
Mysterious aurora
Khufu lies inside

My Broken Pen

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

My stories gone

With all of my ink
Running in swirls all around papyrus
This broken pen with a heart of gold
Born in the U.S. and dead in the spring
Styled and crafted from inch to inch
I thank the crafters for such a thing
That plastic sound when it falls on the floor
What a beautiful thing

But as all things must come to an end
So did my beautiful pen
Stepped, kicked, and shattered
Into little tiny pieces surrounding my class desk
All with stories that are now dead
What a tragedy

Drawings, writing, and stories gone
With that little thump of my pink pen
Feelings gone without the swipe of my pen
Sadness, anxiety, and depression
Just because of that little pen
My pen with jolly memories
Since I wrote my first A from the alphabet
Shall I bear with death

Or shall I get a new pen?

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the servant of the dark shadows
Lurking, sleeping, and moaning in the dark
Once betrayed now, I am filled with vengeance
Hated by all, even hatred itself
Yet I control the swords of all nightmares
Still I am distinct than all the others
I am the blood that falls from slain fighters
I am the opposite of light and life
Yet I am nowhere close to the shadows
I doze when fire ends, and fuel is out
Remember my name for I will get you
I am dark, and immoral in the chains
Conquered by deceit is the final straw
Common, small, yet strong and harsh
Who am I? Thanatos

Eid (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Dark, dry thirst in someone's eyes,
Love will be the last ally;
Rich with money, rich with cries,
Giggles until the goodbyes.
Sacrifices made all day,
Until the night we will pray.

MAITRI SARKAR

Aphrodite at the Metropolitan Museum of Art
(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

I walked through the museum, and nothing caught my eye. Everyone had their sights on art objects, but I alone couldn't find anything. Then I saw her, sitting in nature, her beautiful eyes. The sun made her glitter. And I chose her.

Surrounded by animals
Sitting on a shining tree
Calamity and peacefulness

Sadness (Italian Sestina)

It was my birthday, and I walked in, surprised
The room was covered with silence
Suddenly, I felt lonely
I felt forgotten
This room made me feel so alone
I walked to the river in despair

I sat, and tears fell, tears of despair
I looked around and, to my surprise
The fog covered me; I would soon be forgotten
I didn't say a single word, I was silent
Suddenly, I didn't feel alone
I didn't feel lonely

Now I wasn't lonely
I wasn't in despair
I would never be alone
Because there was my surprise
There was no silence
I wasn't forgotten

But I must not forget
It is all an illusion to vanish my loneliness
This sound was just silence
The fog felt my despair
It wanted to give me my surprise
But we were alone

No, I was alone
The fog had forgotten
I was not surprised
I truly felt lonely
I continued crying in despair
And I sat in silence

I would always be in silence
I would always be alone
I would always be in despair
I would always be forgotten
I would always be lonely
I would never be surprised

Why was I so surprised about being forgotten?
Why did I feel so lonely at this silence?
Why was I always alone?

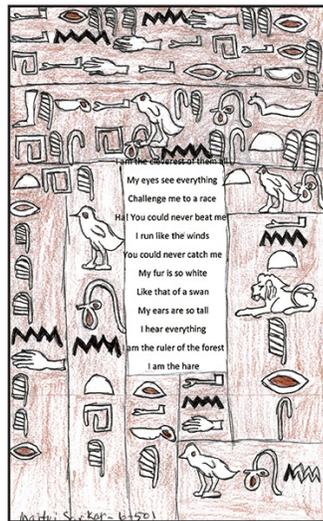
He loved her alone,
Her smile, the way she laughed,
And her glorious eyes.

He hated to see her sad,
When her mood was bad,
And when she said her byes.

—And she didn't love him.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

You will find me in the shadows of night
I ride my shiny and bright chariot
I paint the dark and colorless night sky
Darkness and blandness would destroy the world
So I put shiny stars in the dark sky
Also, my two sons are riding with me
Hypnos of sleep, and Thanatos of death
I am a powerful night deity
I am feared by even the mighty Zeus
Because of my divine power and age
I am the famous daughter of Chaos
I live in Hades' massive underworld
I am the divine Goddess of the Night
I am the awesome and majestic Nyx!



The Hare / With Hieroglyphs

I am the cleverest of them all
My eyes see everything
Challenge me to a race
Ha! You could never beat me
I run like the winds
You could never catch me
My fur is so white
Like that of a swan
My ears are so tall
I hear everything
I am the ruler of the forest
I am the hare

RYAAN SHARIF

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I strike fire down from the heavy clouds
I go up higher than you imagine
I am someone who cannot stand despair
With the power I have, I am powerful
I am like a sword tempered by clouds
But as calm as the water to cool down
No one can blow me down, as I stand tall
Without my most prized and very dear treasure
I make the world shake so hard it can break
My brothers and I had many quarrels
My voice is louder than the sound of planes
I can see and judge all beings in every way
I command so much more than you see
How much more can I have for what is given
Who am I? I am Zeus.

Broken

(After "Ode to Broken Things" by Pablo Neruda)

I am, among all, the one.
The one to be broken.
Broken as I walk by the air
On top of the clouds.
For they go down and up
When they know who will come.
For he knows that he is broken,
And he breaks all things.
Things that he touches or looks at.
All cracks and crooked objects,
Waiting for him.
They know that they will break,
So break now.
I am truly what no one is,
In reality and imaginations.
For I am a broken object.

Poseidon (Fibonacci Sequence)

I
am
the one
who controls
the water and the
oceans have named me Poseidon.

Eyesight (After "Air" by W. S. Merwin)

I am reminded of a blind man
For he doesn't care where he's going,
Since the wind knows.
He follows the sound of horror and confusion,
But can see far beyond that destruction
That there is music.
Unseeable and forgotten
But not thrown away.
Nothing is familiar as the blind man wanders,
But he does not care.
For he knows he flies
And goes to find his home.
Not for anything
His memories that were taken
And his eyesight. He looks beyond.

P.S.122Q 6-501		Ryaan Sharif November 14, 2016
	<p><i>I Am a Human</i> I am fragile, but also strong I have many emotions I live and die There are many of me and many of you We are alike in many ways I grow fast and slow I can make a difference I am alone, but not always I will tell you what I am I am a human.</p>	  

I Am a Human / With Hieroglyphs

I am fragile, but also strong
I have many emotions
I live and die
There are many of me and many of you
We are alike in many ways
I grow fast and slow
I can make a difference
I am alone, but not always
I will tell you what I am
I am a human

AMENMA SIKDER

Water

The water is disobedient.
It moves freely.
Water is careless.
It glides wherever it wants,
Telling a story in waves.
No one can tell—
It's either up or down
Or even still.
Water can get very angry,
Can be very calm.
Where water is sometimes empty.
Water can be full.
Water can be on the ground.
Or up in the sky, waiting in the clouds.
When it shall drop in unison with all.
Slowly it falls, plop plop plop
To the ground seeping everywhere.
Water feels all.
Water knows all.

The Beginning of Water

(After an Egyptian Legend)

In a land far away there was never a day when it rained. The people who lived there longed for rain. They dwelt in the mountains but not for long because the people began to die; the population was decreasing for want of water. The land as well was starting to lose its color from green to brown. There were no rivers, lakes, ponds, streams, or even oceans. There was not a single drop of water.

The people didn't know what water was. All they knew was that they never had a day when it rained. Feline, their creation god, came down to see how everybody was doing. When he saw that everything had lost color, he knew something was wrong. It seemed to him, too, that the land was deserted.

He knew that something was wrong, so he called the other gods and assembled a council. He told all the gods that he needed to make a creation on the lands they mostly visited, so it would be as beautiful as the other lands they did not usually visit. This creation needed to give the sky color. This creation also needed to give back the land its beautiful, lush color.

Suddenly, the liquid god; Selfire, came up with

the idea of water because all the people had wanted rain; and rain was made out of water. Water gave the plants their green color; the sky reflected the water's color, too; so it was decided that water would be made.

That night, Feline went down from the sky and snapped his fingers three times; and the land had water. The people who had lived there were already dead, but people from around the world came to the land and settled there. The land got back its beautiful green color once again. The people also became wealthy.

What I Learned about Water:

75% of humans' brains are made out of water. 97% of water is salt, or undrinkable water. 2% of water is either glaciers or ice. 1% of water is drinkable; it's what humans use. When water freezes, it expands 9%. About 50% of our water is lost through leaks. The water that humans use can contain molecules of water that the dinosaurs drank.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I have both a Greek and a Roman side.
Every day I would recall my story
About when I gave this big gift to you.
Come where I always sit and listen hard.
Your reaction was, "Aw!" When you got this.
I will tell you about my chore.
The gift that I gave to you was called spring.
I brought spring, but I am a minor God.
I am the warmth in my mother's heart.
Like Leonardo Da Vinci's best art.
I am married to a powerful God.
I only stay with him during winter.
Before I got married I was kidnapped.
Who am I? Persephone



At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

SHAD TALHA

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Smile on me for the things I give you
I run loose like a rampant mustang
I am the only one who can take credit
For awesome achievements, not Hades nor Zeus

I can take away your life, or give it
With one twirl of my hand, whirlpools occur
Hades can never tame the beast I have
For I run freely through the currents

Zeus, the king of Olympus, could not win
Even with his powerful thunderbolt
I am the shaper of currents and quakes,
I can make the ground shake like jelly

Fear me, you cowardly mortals, as I
Am the great, powerful God, Poseidon

Basketball

(Fibonacci Sequence)

Slam!
Dunk!
Soaring,
I'm scoring.
Crowd keeps on roaring.
In my dreams I'm unstoppable.

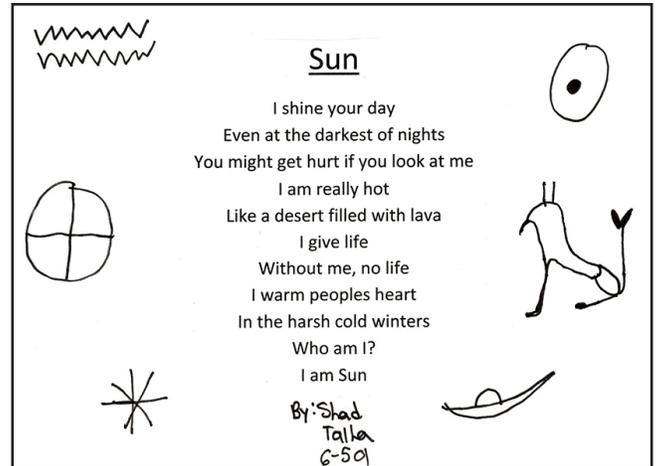
Blind

I see nothing
As I hear birds tweet
I never will see light
I just see darkness
Like a needle inside a void
Blind
I hear but can't see
I never saw my mother
I want to see
As my grandchildren see
I hope I will
Someday

Farawau

(Fibonacci Sequence)

I'm
A boat
Glass-bottomed boat
Released to the sea I'm adrift
Dreamily with the tide, finding my will, my strength,
I float to warm waters
Life beneath me flashes brilliantly. I'm captured and enraptured by the faraway



Sun / With Hieroglyphs

ANASTASIA TSOPELAS

Terracotta Hadra Hydria at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

As I make your shape, your features, I think to myself, "Have I really made you?" I gaze at you and look at my sketch. You came out more beautifully than I had hoped. But the war is still going on with Alexander the Great and the Egyptians. As I hold you in my arms, running from violence, violence follows and shoots at me. I lose sight of you, of the world. The last thing I see is my beautiful masterpiece broken, with no one to repair it.

You are gazed upon
In the Metropolitan
People gaze in awe

My Dream Beach Day (Italian Sestina)

What are these smooth ripples we call waves?
 They form in something we call water,
 In many shades of blue.
 It carries little animals we call fish,
 The calm sand sinks your feet and makes them warm,
 Your day seems serene.

The view looks peaceful and serene,
 The lullaby of waves,
 As you plant your foot into the liquid, you feel warm,
 And the sticky sand comes off your foot with the water,
 Your feet, so big, they scare fish,
 As you peer into the clear blue.

Skies and seas, always said to be blue,
 You look around, your surroundings, everything serene,
 You look into the clear blue, to see fish,
 You see a miniature, approaching wave,
 And you wonder, why is there a wave in smooth water?
 But the rays of the sun make it disappear, its warmth.

As you peer into the water that is warm,
 You can almost taste the salty wonder of ocean blue,
 You stare into the water,
 Imagining it wasn't this serene,
 You hear a gentle purr of the waves,
 You go on your knees, and try to grab fish.

You almost grab a fish,
 And you feel for a second, his gills, warm,
 You sit to settle to the pulse of the waves,
 As you stare ahead, looking beyond the deep blue,
 You feel soaked in the serenity,
 Drenched in the water.

You continue walking into the water,
 You don't step on any fish,
 The beach is still serene,
 As you swim, the water soothes your body, it's warm.
 As you swim deeper, the water is a darker shade of blue,
 You stand still, to listen to the waves.

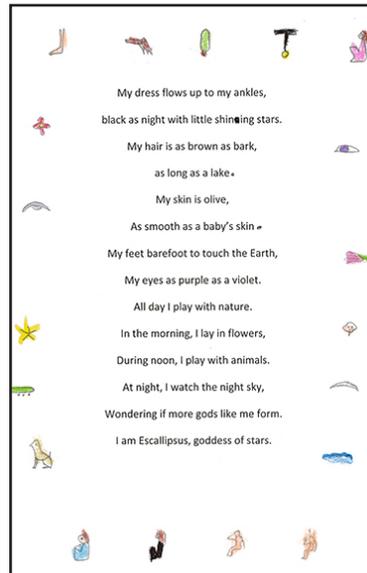
You wake up, realizing it was just a dream, but feel the
 soothing of the waves and water,
 You wish to feel the presence of the fish, and see the
 shades of the ocean blue,
 And the soft, warm sand, the beach, amazingly serene.

Your eyes,
 As white as pearls,
 Shut you from seeing the world.
 You wear black glasses
 To hide your eyes.
 You use tools to guide you
 To your destination.

When our lord comes,
 He will cure
 One of your kind
 From blindness.
 Love adores,
 Then ignores,
 What others may see.
 You can see
 What other people cannot

Escallipsus / With Hieroglyphs

My dress flows
 At my ankles
 Black as night
 With little shining stars
 My hair
 Is as brown as bark
 As long as a lake
 My skin is olive
 As smooth
 As a baby's skin
 My feet, barefoot
 To touch the earth
 My eyes
 As purple
 As a violet
 All day I play
 With nature
 In the morning
 I lie in flowers
 During noon
 I play with animals
 At night
 I watch
 The night sky
 Wondering if more gods
 Like me form
 I am Escallipsus, Goddess of Stars



ANNA YEH

Night (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I turn everything into darkness
 I taught my children how to bring up death
 Deep in the ground I listen to his breath
 Come to my home, it's filled with fearfulness
 Where the monsters roam, they live in sadness
 Wait for my victims, hear their screams
 Prey on their pain till they have nothing left
 Tremble in my presence, for I am heartless
 In my temple, you will not see nor hear
 Angst is my food, come visit me deep down
 You nourish me with pain and with your fear
 I should be dreaded; your screams will be drowned
 There is no more light, now run like a deer
 I am so evil, I laugh when you frown

Chinese New Year / Greek Anacreontic Rhyme

Seven, six, five, four, three, two
 Get some money, give some, too
 See a dragon in the street
 Give me dumplings, good to eat
 All the red that people wear
 It's like confetti in the air

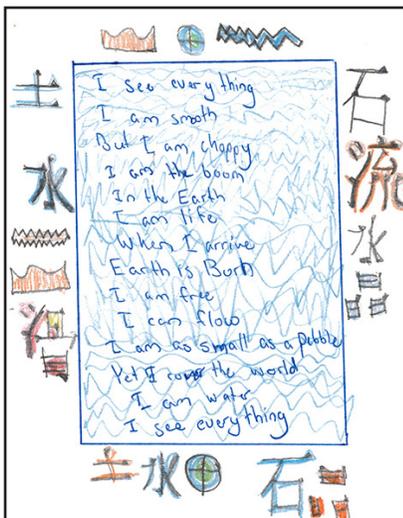
I am always stuck in the middle
 My loved ones attract like opposites
 Yet I feel all their anger
 For each other, over all the shouts
 I hear the doors slamming
 Always in need of comfort

I sit in my room listening, longing for some comfort
 Hear the arguing in between, back and forth, I'm in the middle
 When I try to listen, what's the point, doors slam
 In my face, or at opposites
 Of the room, I try to think over all the shouts
 Ringing in my head with anger

It is building up all the anger
 My room is where I seek comfort
 When things are at their worst, the shouting
 Gets louder and I feel I am breaking down the middle
 There they stand at opposite
 Watch as I take a step and the door slams

I fume as the door slams
 There is a mixture of emotions, but I channel my anger
 To the force in between the opposites
 They see me, one rushes to comfort
 Me as the other stomps in the middle
 Of the room, I hear her whisper over the shouts

Water / With Hieroglyphs



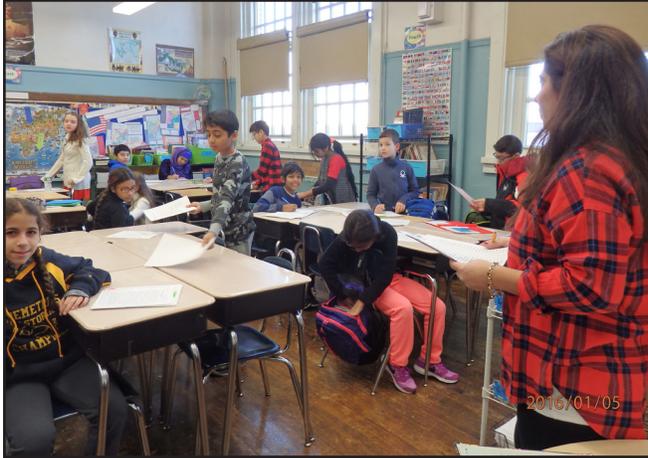
I see everything
 I am smooth
 But I am choppy
 I am the boom
 In the earth
 I am life
 When I arrive
 Earth is born
 I am free
 I can flow
 I am as small as a
 pebble
 Yet I cover the world
 I am water
 I am everything

In my head I hear the shouts
 In my head I hear a slam
 Of the door, in my middle
 Something builds up, my anger
 My rage calling for a hug; for comfort
 My loved ones still at opposites

Scientifically all opposites
 Would attract, yet every shout
 Seems to pull them apart,
 I see their need of comfort
 All their anger
 Is revealed, and once again I am in the middle

My loved ones are the opposite yet they long for each
 other's comfort
 They channel their anger through their shouts
 And the slams while I stand in the middle

Class 6-504
Ms. Noelia Nunez
In the Classroom & at the Metropolitan Museum of Art



Sophia Aguirre

Sevenling (That Old Bird)

That old bird
Looking like a sickly
Half-plucked turkey

Burns in beautiful flames
Out of the ashes rises
A stunning creature

Beautiful Phoenix, born out of flames

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am Mischief, daughter of Thunder and Strife
Hera forced me to make Zeus sign an oath
That his mortal firstborn would be powerful
I was tricked, and Zeus threw me down from Olympus
I wandered Earth, causing lots of trouble
I stepped on heads of men instead of ground
The old prayers were sent to fix this mess
I far outran them, I'm so much faster
I persuaded Dionysus's beloved
To ride a bull from which he fell and died
I'm mentioned in plays by the great Shakespeare
The one for which this sonnet form is named
No one can escape, not even the gods
Because the place where they are is Earth, my meadow
Who am I? Ate

Christmas (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

I like Christmas, yes, I do
All those presents, all brand-new
Just one present on my wish list
3-D printer, my favorite gift
Creating things is so much fun
I can't wait until Christmas comes

My Vacation to Chile (Malaysian Pantoum)

Getting on the plane
Anxious to meet my family
The plane has landed
Driving to the house

Anxious to see my family again
Especially my funny grandpa
Driving to his house in the woods
Looking forward to a week of fun

My fun grandpa
Making me laugh and telling me jokes
My week of fun has begun
Starting with a trip to the mall

Telling jokes that are always funny
My dad knows how to do this too
My trip to the mall ended well
Time to go to the pool

My dad knows many places to go to
Swimming and splashing
My trip to the pool was fun
Lakes all around to relax

Swimming and splashing around
The lakes are kind of cold
Relaxing at a lake
I enjoyed my vacation

The lakes are kind of cold
Soon I'll get on the plane again
I enjoyed my vacation
Now the plane has landed; I'm home



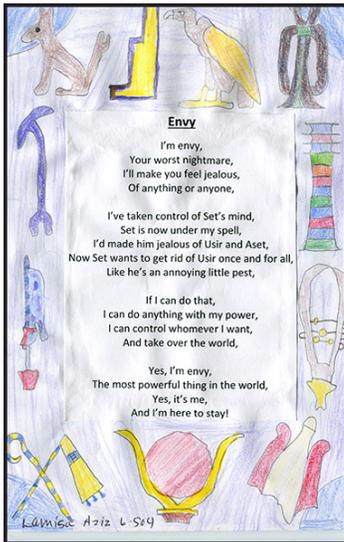
Revising and Editing in Class

LAMIISA AZIZ

Reading (After “Green Fields” by W. S. Merwin)

Reading on the windy days
In a shadow from a willow tree
That carries me away to a world
Where anything is possible
I wander around in a field of flowers
With all the animals roaming, surrounding me
For I am in comfort and happiness
Hearing the cries of laughter from all the little children
Then it reaches the end as I close my book
Awaiting for another magical adventure

Envy / With Hieroglyphs



I'm envy,
Your worst nightmare,
I'll make you
Feel jealous,
Of anything or anyone,
I've taken control
Of Set's mind,
Set is now
Under my spell,
I've made him jealous
Of Usir and Aset,
Now Set wants to get rid
of Usir once and for all,
He's an
Annoying little pest,
If I can do that,
I can do anything
With my power,
I can control whomever I want,
And take over the world,
Yes, I'm envy,
The most powerful thing in the world,
Yes, it's me,
And I'm here to stay!

A caterpillar roamed around the plants
Munching milkweed leaves
As it gained its strength
As it started to form a cocoon

Munching on milkweed leaves
Ready for what nature will bring
And starts walking inside its cocoon
As it shuts the door

Ready for what nature brings
It cozies up inside its cocoon
As it shuts the door
Waiting patiently inside

It cozies up inside its home
As the sun sets and the moon rises
Still waiting patiently inside
Waiting days, weeks, and even months

As the sun rises and the moon disappears
The cocoon begins to open
It's waited days, weeks, and months
It crawls out, not as a caterpillar but as a butterfly

The cocoon, a home, opens
No more munching leaves, it's ready to fly
It moves out, not as a caterpillar but as a butterfly
It's left its cocoon, ready to explore the world

No more munching leaves, it's ready to fly
The caterpillar that roamed around the plants
It's left its cocoon, ready to explore the world
It has gained strength

Sevenling (My Brother)

He likes three things:
Playing soccer, competing with people,
And bothering his sister.

He hates reading books,
Waking up with the rising sun,
And boiled eggs.

—Oh Brother!

AFIA BIDICA

Oak / With Hieroglyphs



Here I rest, the grand oak
 Taller than all that have passed me
 A man's lifetime ago, I was as small as a walnut
 But as I grew, some days weren't easy
 Every season came with new leaves
 Sometimes there was no water
 For a month a tree blocked the sun

One day that tree fell to the ground
 The next day I was the only one left
 Now people wonder why I am still here
 Why I didn't go away with the others
 And then I began to wonder
 I wondered what's my future

A man's lifetime later
 A man climbed onto my branches
 Breaking them as I screamed in pain
 Another man was throwing arrows
 A girl was holding a sword
 It was a quarrel

Then I started breaking apart
 Like a Jenga puzzle
 Finally I fell to the ground
 My last thoughts were
 About the future

When I, stoic, am prevented from noticing, in a crowd
 Whether through physical wars or bubbles of speech
 Fragile windows of tears from the fountain of sorrows

When the windows are filled to capacity and shatter
 Like a light bulb that failed in its journey to reach stars

Then the bulb becomes a meteorite, its tail blazing
 And special tears filled with glass pace the planet

The fire breaks out of my soul, burning my calm
 The calm that kept me cool as walruses of joy in the Arctic

But as for the present boils beneath my skin

Crayons (Malaysian Pantoum)

Crayons are wonderful tools
 They come in different shapes, sizes, and colors—
 Periwinkle, cerulean, & blue-green are my favorites.
 Every box has lots of colors to remember.

Crayons come in many shapes, sizes, and colors
 Some boxes have 24 crayons, others even 64!
 Every box has lots of colors to remember.
 Red, violet, indigo, and scarlet are good colors, too.

Some boxes have 24 crayons, some even 64!
 There are many colors with a lot of names.
 Red, violet, indigo, and scarlet are nice colors, too.
 They're fun for making beautifully illustrated visuals.

There are many colors with a lot of names.
 These colors could be used with many things.
 They're fun for making beautifully illustrated visuals.
 There are even many crafts that can be done.

These colors could be used with different papers.
 Crayons can color a picture of any kind.
 There are also many crafts that could be done.
 The colors in the box could be used in many ways.

Crayons can color a picture of any kind.
 Crayons are a wonderful tool.
 The colors in the box could be used in many ways.
 Periwinkle, cerulean, & blue-green are my favorites

GIANA BRAGGER

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I spy with my peachy pink, yet bright green eyes,
Colorful flowers pop where my feet touch.
Closing my eyes, dreaming of the gold perch,
My mother sits upon, watching plants grow,
Oh so coordinated, seasonally.
Look at the corn, apples, pumpkins grow!
Suddenly, I feel a tight grasp on me,
I spy with my peachy pink, yet bright green eyes,
Look into his possessed, menacing eyes,
He grins, laughing at my surprised, wide glare.
He grips the dark reins of his four horses.
The horses screech a deafening sound, "Neigh!"
The ground separates into his mean world,
"Mother, I hope he doesn't know who I am!"
Answer: Persephone

Ode to Blueberries

(After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

These little blue spheres
Of tart sweet taste,
You pluck them off of these little branches
When you are plucking a globe
Of the art of the past;
Those who bite into each light berry
Of fleshy, crisp taste,
A clear perspective,
Of a dusty, dark, violet waterfall,
Off of its fluffy bush,
In which every waterfall you experience,
Engage the memories you possess,
Large clumps of sweet waterfalls.
Specializing in Maine,
Where you can remember,
The rushing juice of every spectacle,
A gray liquid of artisan color.
Take a bite,
Experience this puckery
Yet sugary, innocent grenade of taste.
Explode the ode of this violet water,
Which some may call
Blueberries.

Marble Stele of Ampharete and Her Baby *at the Metropolitan Museum of Art* (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

A woman crescents over her infant. The waterfall of
cloth covers them and their love, only to be frozen in
Carrara marble. The marble stele, a signally cracked
facade of their admiration, found in Keremeikos Cem-
etry.

In the afterlife
Some loves are separated
In broken facades

Seventling (What to Do)

Mum would prefer
That I do my room, read
Go shopping on Steinway with her

But her daughter would much rather
Take trips to other places, dance in the green
landscapes
Sing with the orchestra of animals

However, it is only a Winter Sunday



Ra / With Hieroglyphs

MARIANA BRANEZ

The Death of Meketre at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The sun shines dimly on the alley. The miniature saplings weave through others. The mourners bring in the body of Meketre, the royal steward. The pharaoh looks on to see that Meketre's Ka is still connected to his body.

The sycamores say
Meketre, take care of your Ka
Afterlife depends on it

Terror

Lightning triggered, as fast as the wind
The world collapses and crumbles
The terror crashes over her
Overwhelming all senses as
The powerful screaming comes with the flowing
Glistening tears, consuming her
Fear envelops her, closing off the world
The future and past both crush
The alarming and anxious present
The emotion chains her and immobilizes her
The struggle means nothing as
Terror has taken over

Greek God Riddle

The head of poor, treacherous Medusa
Is what I wear. Never shall I marry
Angering me has tragic consequences
Just ask Arachne and Medusa
I am Zeus's favored child, for I
Have the Aegis proudly beside me
The knowledge that the proud owls obtain
Is only a fraction of my knowledge
Ask my uncle how I won the city
After all, mother, Metis, would be proud
Now my question, who could I possibly be?
Answer: Athena



Revenge / With Hieroglyphs

I lurk in the deepest shadows
Of your angry soul.
I help you plan to gain revenge.
In your anger, I can control you,
Persuade you,
Strengthen you.
And once the fire is put out,
I leave as swiftly as I came,
For I am revenge.

DIA BRAR

Sevenling (He Wanted)

He wanted
Pure purpose, laughter
Pastel pink shoes.

He despised fizzy soda,
Any restriction,
Chunky peanut butter. His opinions

Always set.

Fourth-Century Water Jar at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

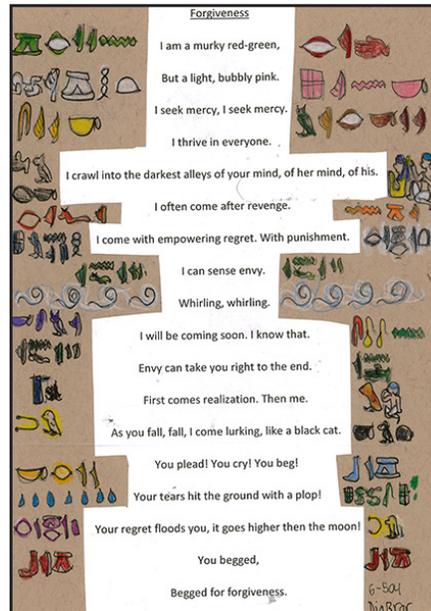
A jar is set on a stool in the 4th century BC. It is large and carefully crafted. The jar is made from marble. On it, a woman stands, her attendant looking at her. Other women flock around her. Two handles loop onto the body, like delicate locks of hair framing a face. This water jar is used at ceremonies, hence its complex design and beauty like the first flower in spring.

Beautifully made
4th-century water jar
Tells stories of sorts

I am the fiercest one on the planet.
I am the bright intelligence, I thrive.
I am as courageous as a brown bear.
I am the inventor of numerous things.
I stand out, like a light in the darkness.
When I sprang to life, surprise captured all.
I battled to be a city's patron,
I won them over with a bitter taste.
I hold crafting skills that none overcome.
Through my eyes, I see control in a clash.
I hold my key; it displays victory.
My power soars high, like an ocean wave.
I am the lord of pure sagacity.
Who am I? Athena

Forgiveness

I am a murky red-green,
But also
Light, bubbly pink.
I seek mercy,
I seek mercy.
I thrive in everyone.
I crawl into the darkest alleys
Of your mind,
Of her mind, of his.
I often come
After revenge.
I come with
Empowering regret.
With punishment.
I can sense envy.
Whirling, whirling.
I will be coming soon.
I know that.
Envy can take you
Right to the end.
First comes realization.
Then me.
As you fall, fall,
I come lurking, like a black cat.
You plead! You cry! You beg!
Your tears hit the ground with a plop!
Your regret floods you,
It goes higher than the moon!
You begged,
Begged for forgiveness.



Hieroglyphs

Ode to Raspberries
(After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

It is a dark pink
Almost red
But not quite.
There's a purple one
One slightly blue,
But not quite.
They never leave me
Without a small smear on my hand
A watery magenta.
It is sweet, a raspberry.
Though a sour component
Slightly overpowering
But not quite.
Pink, not quite
Sweet, not quite
Quite good.



At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

NIKETH BREIVOGEL

Riddle

We are everywhere, but you can't see us.
We fight for you, but you don't know it.
We are you, but one of us is not.
Some of us consume others.
And some of us give birth to others
We are a huge family
Of many shapes and sizes
We make up everything you know as alive.
We are your family
We are your friends
And we are you. But—
Who are we? Answer: Cells

Ode to Glucose (After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

O glucose,
The crystal of life
You flow through our veins
Allow us to be free
Your soul is in everything
That we ever consume
Right from the cane
Right in our mouths
O glucose
O glucose

Eclipse

The falling mists of golden light
How they shine even in the last days
The eternal eclipse is here
Shadow over my world
My final dream, forever drifting
As I peer through the golden haze
My kaleidoscope vision of the world
Streak through the sky
The impulse of my existence
My soul, soon to leave this world
The falling mists

Dead (Malaysian Pantoum)

Dead bodies littered the dirty ground
Blood flowing through the rotten, moldy soil
Crying over bodies, piercing screams
Dingy yellow smoke polluting the air

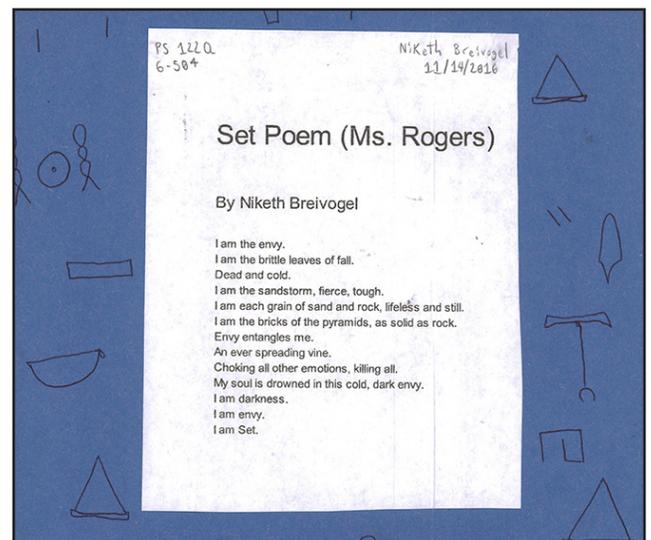
Blood flowing over the rotten, moldy ground
The soul-killing smell of burning flesh
Dingy yellow smoke polluting the air
Bones and organs, splattered messily

The soul-killing smell of burning flesh
Trudging forever onward, bleeding in agony
Bones and organs, splattered messily
Every cell in my body aches with pain

Trudging forever onward, bleeding in agony
It burns, it hurts, it stings
Every cell in my body aches with pain
But I walk onward, my heart still beating

It burns, it hurts, it stings
I might collapse with the sheer anguish of it
But I walk onward, my heart still beating
The pain consumes me

I might collapse with the sheer anguish of it
Dead bodies littered the dirty ground
The pain consumes me
But I walk onward, my heart still beating



Set / With Hieroglyphs

EDWARD BULIC

Sevenling (My Dog Would Die For)

My Dog Would Die For
Food, Yellow Stuffed Animals
Peeing In The Garden

But, He Really Doesn't Fancy:
Doing Anything that involves work, Regular Dog Food
Little Baby Toddlers

And He Really Loves Peeing On The Furniture
Inside My House

Trump

A great man.
Can only be Donald Trump
What a great man.
Making America great again.

A great man.
Saving America
From eight years of a failed administration.
What a great man.

Helping to regain America's strong military with \$54
billion to the national Defense Budget.

Saving America
From eight years of a failed administration.
Pulling America out of \$20 trillion in debt.
Helping to regain America's strong military with \$54
billion to the national Defense Budget.

America's Savior.
Pulling America out of \$20 trillion in debt.
Making America great again.

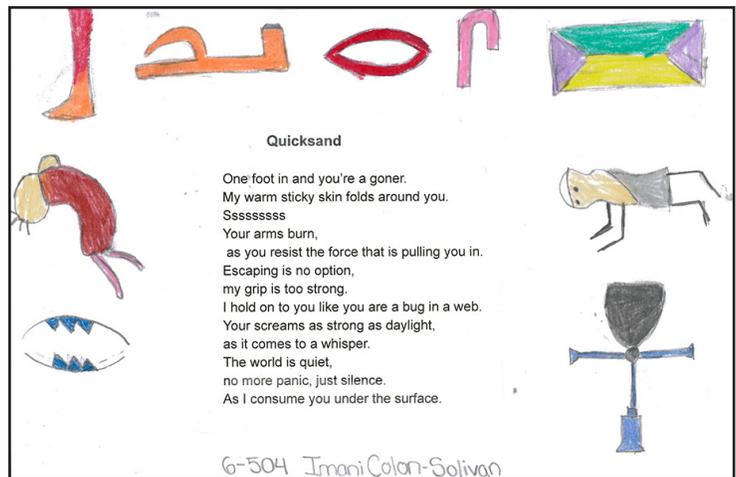
Donald Trump
A great man.
Donald Trump
What a great man.

Ancient Coin at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

Little, shiny, gold, with marks to show its long and beautiful story. The coin, it was priceless, its value was never-ending, resembled power and strength. Seems as if it was there to just look at in awe. Made very strong, gold almost indestructible. The carvings on it, they looked as if they told a story. A story of victory and joy.

Sadly, it had been cracked
Someone had destroyed it with—
With I don't know but—

IMANI SOLIVAN COLON



Quicksand / With Hieroglyphs

One foot in, and you're a goner
My warm, sticky skin folds around you
Escaping is no option
My grip is too strong
I hold on to you as if you were a bug in my
web
Your screams, as strong as daylight
Change to a whisper
The world is quiet
No more panic, just silence
As I consume you beneath my surface

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

My father controls the sky and the rain.
The only God with a mortal parent.
I was sewn to my father's thigh before birth.
I was born by fire and nursed by rain.
Captured by pirates because of my looks.
I can be referred to as Bacchus.
One of my many symbols includes ivy.
I possess the powers of other Gods.
I have powers to restore life to the dead.
I am able to cause madness to men.
My personality is two-sided.
Some of my enemies are the Titans.
My weakness is when I am very drunk.
One last question: Who am I? Dionysius

Sevenling (She Eats For)

She eats for three things:
Warmth, a joyful feeling, and
The fresh taste.

She doesn't care for
Hot summer days, children
Sleeping, and bitter aromas.

And every time I cross the room, she squeaks at me.

Ode to Cheese (After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

Swiss, Brie, Provolone.
Starts on a green field where cows graze.
Smooth fresh milk,
Slowly turns into cheese curds.
The process is long,
But the end result is marvelous.
Its silky creamy texture
Is the highlight of the table.
Mozzarella, Muenster, Cheddar.

What I Learned:

There are more than 2000 varieties of cheese
Mozzarella is favored across the globe, the most
consumed. The first cheese factory was established in
Switzerland in 1815. Cheese can be produced from
cow, buffalo, goat, horse, and even camel. Ten pounds
of milk is used to make one pound of cheese.

VIOLET DIBIASIO

Trees (Malaysian Pantoum)

The tree's leaves rustle
They are like a whisper
Calling out words of warning, words of
encouragement
The roots are like the brain, taking everything in

They are like a whisper
Silent, but still there, among many others of their kind
The roots are like the brain, taking everything in
The old tree is wise, and home to many

Silent, but still there, among many others of their kind
The tree houses birds, squirrels, nuts, monkeys, sap
The old tree is wise and home to many
The branches are arms, welcoming everyone with an
embrace

The tree houses birds, squirrels, nuts, monkeys, sap
A forest may be like an army, just trying to survive
But branches are arms, welcoming everyone with an
embrace
It sways in the wind, like a lullaby rocking its
inhabitants to sleep

A forest may be like an army, just trying to survive
Shaking its green hair with flower ribbons in the spring
at lumberjacks.
It sways in the wind, like a lullaby rocking its
inhabitants to sleep
With its silent song.

It shakes its green hair with flower ribbons in the spring
at lumberjacks
Saying, "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry," or "Slow down, slow
down"
Its song not silent
Calling out words of encouragement

It says, "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry," or "Slow down, slow
down"
The tree's leaves rustle
Calling out words of encouragement
As the forest sleeps to its song

Ode to the Onion (After “Ode to Salt” by Pablo Neruda)

You make me sob as I mince you up
 You can polish my silverware and other metals
 You were worshiped by ancient Egyptians
 And used as money
 You, the onion, have a tangy taste
 Without it, you are just an ordinary fruit
 A banana without a peel, an apple without a stem
 You are strong, for you can fight lung cancer
 You can help soothe insect bites and burns on our skin
 Thank you, Onion

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the daughter of controversy
 And my siblings and I are like fierce wind
 We all cause catastrophes and hardship
 And we are like sharp knives, we cause pain
 I am quick, like a fox sprinting on ice
 I cause trouble, like a fox stealing eggs
 I resemble a crow in my sly ways
 I am clever and mysterious
 I deceived the ruler; I was punished
 I roam with the mortals, causing trouble
 My father rules the sky and the people
 But that depends on who you hear this from
 Would you know who I am? Ate

Sevenling (She Purred For)

She purred for three things:
 Pats on the head, kitty treats,
 And playing with catnip.

She hated little kids,
 People pulling her tail,
 And six-hour car trips.

She liked to sleep, but now
 she forever sleeps in a box.



Hieroglyphs

Sevenling (Water)

The water that flourishes and brings you to life
 So moist and forgiving
 An intricate and vast work of nature’s art

Crashing tsunamis strip one’s life
 Immense perils of the towering waves and stormy seas
 The wars of water brutally bringing you to an end

A vast canvas

Ode to Water (After “Ode to Salt” by Pablo Neruda)

So simple, yet intricate
 Notice the purity
 Of the vast liquid that surrounds you
 A blank canvas with infinite potential
 From a life-seeking tsunami reaching the clouds
 To a single droplet
 Gracefully descending from your kitchen faucet
 O water my dear, desired friend

Greek God Riddle

I guide your ships across the roaring seas
 ‘Tis I who summons the plummeting waves
 As destructive yet miraculous,
 As every fatal tsunami splashes
 Look into my soul, what do you see
 Rapid and harsh waters swallow you whole
 Give up and become a slave, my slave
 Fall beneath my crystal blue trap, fall
 I am everywhere, yet you ask
 Who am I, don’t you know, who I am? Poseidon

Open the door

Dive into the eyes of your everlasting youth
 There she is, filling your soul with past memories
 As young and free as the wind rushing past her
 As her flowing golden locks swallow you whole
 Bam! You open your eyes to the blinding sun
 There she is, in the lush green grass where you once sat
 Your golden locks flowing through the wind

GARRET GUNDY

Our Lives (Malaysian Pantoum)

Our lives were saved by one man
He didn't want to carry something to protect himself
He saved those who were thought to be KIA
He risked his life saving them

He didn't want to carry something to protect himself
He was braver than us all
He risked his life saving us
Then he saved himself last

He was braver than us all
He was hated by those he disobeyed
Then he saved himself last
He protected us with no firearm

He was hated by those he disobeyed
Yet he fought for them all the same
He protected us with no firearm
He was a hero nonetheless

He fought for them all the same
Our lives were saved by one man
That man was made fun of all the time
He saved those who were thought to be KIA

Time

You will find that
Time always runs out
For it is your life
There will never be enough time
Nothing goes without time
Not our majestic earth
Nor the blazing sun
For it is stronger than that of a god
And outwits that of fate
Time is your soul
And you cannot run from it
And it will be your downfall

Riddle

I am dead, yet not dead
I survived the meteor
Yet others have not
I am a part of an ancient race
We have lived
More than one million years
Before you
Most of us have died out
I am a reptile
And I am cold blooded
Who am I? Alligator

YURI HATAZAKI

Seventling (Spring and Summer)

She gazes from her window at home,
A field full of green,
Rich soil, new seeds ready to grow.

She gazes once more from her window,
Now a field of white crystals coming from the sky.
Big trees with no leaves

Year full of beautiful memories.

Riddle

You can't get enough of me
I'm really cheap
I'm only worth a dollar or two
You'll see me in every deli or market
Because everyone loves me
People say I'm the best
Not until the toothache
And a trip to the dentist
The dentist, "Those will rot your teeth"
But you just can't get enough of me
The fizzy bubbles
The "Ahhhh. . ." When you taste me
See, you just can't get enough of me.
What am I? Answer: Soda

The Moon (After “Green Fields” by W. S. Merwin)

I go out for a night run.
The light from the sun is gone.
Winds howl, a ghost is nearby.
I shiver, I turn pale.
My feet keep moving.
I stop by to see the sparkling lake.
I find a shiny, circular reflection on the waters.
Sitting in the sky, it’s here to protect me.
Wherever I go, it follows me.
It gives me light and a bit of warmth.
The ghosts are gone.
The shivers are gone. I feel protected.

Skiing (Malaysian Pantoum)

Higher up in the mountains
The snow falling from the sky
I take out my skis
I ski down the mountain.

The snow falling from the sky
Speedy winds blowing
I ski down the mountain
Ignoring the cold, windy weather.

With speedy winds blowing
All my might
I attempt to jump
Ignoring the cold, windy weather

With all my might, I attempt to jump
The icy, snowy crystals attacking my face.
I ignore the cold, windy weather
I landed the jump, I succeeded.

Snowy, icy crystals attacking my face.
I get ready to ski down the hardest course of all.
I landed the jump, I succeeded
I felt pride and confidence.

I got ready to ski down the hardest course of all
High up in the mountains
I felt pride and confidence
I took out my skis; with a deep breath, I go

ACADIA HELFAND

Sevenling (They Fought For)

They fought for:
Their country that would soon smile, families who
would
Stop weeping, a voice who would soon say, “We won.”

They were unsettled from the dripping that had to be
blood,
Gun shots that made it impossible to hear,
Their families they may never see again.

But it was their families that they fought for.

The Mouth of Death

When death begins to swallow you
It is time to cry tears of joy tears of hate
You may have to dig through the dirt
For when the heart stops the body stops
There comes a new beginning not an end
You can climb high above the treetops
But soon you will come
Upon the unsolvable puzzle
Your lost memories will return
You can journey across the world
But death lurks hiding in the shadows

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

My father conquered the beautiful skies
My mother was the great mortal mother
I rest at the bottom of us great ones
My Greek and Roman name trumps the others
Mount Olympus my terrific, great home
Fire is my birth friend rain is my nursing
I, the youngest of two, with a half brother
Those magnificent creatures can be me
The princess of Crete is my great finding
I am devoted to mankind and Gods
Oh! The rituals held in my honor
Make sure, stay on my good side not my cruel
Who am I? Dionysus

Escape the Room (Malaysian Pantoum)

I thought we were prepared to escape this room.
We were trapped.
We had no idea what lay ahead.
We searched and scanned for clues.

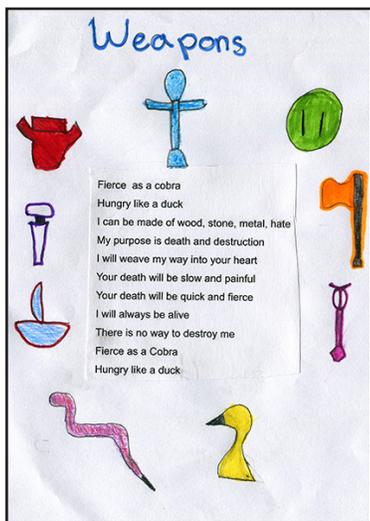
We were trapped.
Our minds, put together, were thought to be enough.
We continued to search for clues.
We found a block, a key, a book.

Our minds, together, were enough to move us forward.
Then a door opened.
We found a way to use the block, the key, the book.
We had solved a clue.

Another door opened.
We were coming closer to escaping.
We solved another clue.
Was it enough? We continued to search.

We came closer to escaping
As our minds cartwheeled around the rooms.
It wasn't enough.
We grabbed all the hints we could

Cartwheeling around these rooms.
We were supposed to be prepared to escape this room.
We used all of the hints.
We had no idea what puzzle lay ahead



Weapons / With Hieroglyphs

Sevenling (He loved Three Things)

He loved three things:
Food, Naps,
And Rain.

He hated annoying children,
And the heat,
And that loud city noise.

Yet he lived in the city.

The Trip (Malaysian Pantoum)

The trip was exhausting
So long and filled with effort
As the clock was ticking
But finally we had come to a halt

So long and filled with effort
I was ever so bored
But finally we had come to a halt
I had got out and smelled the freshness

It was ever so boring
Feeling nauseated, opening the door
I fell out and smelled the fresh air
Grabbing my bags

Feeling nauseated, hitting the door
Getting to get out, finally
Grabbing my bags
Speeding out

Trying to get out, finally
Looking around to my parents
Speeding around
Walking into my fabulous hotel

Looking up at my parents
The trip was exhausting
Walking into the spacious hotel
The clock kept ticking

SUMI LAMA

Three Jerboas at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

They were found in Heliopolis and crafted in 1981-1802 B.C. Their colors were brown and mottled. They were the size of a pebble and had an expression of mischievousness. A pair of three jerboas, looking like mice and had similar tails.

Ancient jerboas
Small, brown and mottled
Three of mice and rats

The Hunt

He had gray eyes
As misty as night,
Prowling through the dark.
He trod on a twig,

And winced in pain.
He prowled deeper in the night,
And he was slapped by a branch.
The wolf winced in pain,
And howled with the wailing wind.
He was smacked by a branch
But he had no lingering pain.
He howled with the wind,

His victory in sight.
He no longer felt pain.
Slinking closer and closer,
His victory in sight,

He approached his morning prey.
Creeping closer and closer,
His hazy gray eyes sparkled.
He approached his morning prey.

And he trod on a twig.

Spring Fields (After "Green Fields" by W. S. Merwin)

The spring winds
Breezed through
The open green fields,
Bringing flower seeds.

They crawled deeper in the earth,
Splitting up their thin shells.

They bloomed and blossomed
Beneath the pounding beat of the rain.

Winter came,
Days flew by,
Flowers withered,
Seeds spread,

And the circle renewed.

THERESE LEE

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the goddess of wisdom and war.
My nickname is "Goddess of the City."
I am wise, tempered, and a warrior.
I am born from a God and a Titan.
I was given birth in my father's head.
I popped out of my dad's head with armor.
Mount Olympus is the home I lived in.
My symbols are the owls and olive trees.
I am a goddess who can change my form.
One of the weapons I use is a spear.
I am chief of the city of Athens.
I enjoy arts and crafts such as weaving.
I turned Medusa into a gorgon.
Can you try and guess which goddess I am?
Answer: Athena



Reading Out Loud

Water, Strength, and Loss (Malaysian Pantoum)

Standing on the edge of the pool, I wait.
Finally, I step into the freezing water.
I place my hands on the bars;
I push off the wall, shaped like an arrow.

I'm in the freezing water.
I move my arms and legs as fast as I can.
I push off the wall in an arrow form.
I dunk my head and round my body.

I move my arms and legs as fast as I can,
Turn quickly, push off again, in the opposite direction.
I dunk my head and round my body.
I pierce the water and come to the surface.

I turn quickly, push off again, in the opposite direction
I move quickly and slam into the wall.
I pierce the water and come to the surface.
I finish, coming in fourth place.

I move quickly, slam into the wall.
Filled with disappointment at my race, I watch.
I finished, came in fourth place.
The races were finished.

Filled with disappointment at my race, I watched.
The referee announces the scores: We lost.
The races were finished.
I think to myself, "If I had come in third, we would
have won."

The referee announces the scores; we lost.
Standing on the edge of the pool, I waited
I thought, "If I had come in third, we would have won."
My hands gripped the bars.

Sevenling (He loved three things)

He loved three things:
Trains, electronics,
His mother.

He hated flu shots,
And vegetables,
And getting scolded.

And he became my favorite brother.

With laughter and dancing
The story begins

A life of a man
Can involve getting a job
And losing it because
Of the lack of work he did

Then the unexpected arrives
Before the man dies
He dreams of a paradise
With green fields
Swaying peacefully in the wind



The Fish / With Hieroglyphs

MAX MANZI

His Last Breath

(After Hearing "Green Fields" by W. S. Merwin)

His last breath
Suddenly
His walls parted
Creating a magnificent field
I looked back at him
Death was dragging him away
But he had a grin on his face
I ran through to see what was going on
I was too late
The gap was no more
Nobody else saw it
They would never believe
The extravagant sight
This is my secret
How could this happen
All he did was stare at it
This will drive me insane
How was I so blind
How could I have
Only witnessed this now

African Silent Barter System (Open Form)

Trade was necessary to West Africa
They used the silent barter
They beat the drum
The salt was here

They beat the drum
They left
There is the salt
Gold miners leave a fair amount of gold

They beat the drum
Miners leave the area
They like this amount
They beat the drum

They take the gold
The drum was not beaten
Miners take the salt
No drum was beaten

There was no active trade
Everything was quiet
The grounds were empty
There was no active trade

Nobody was there
There were no more drums
There were no sounds
Nobody was there

Silence enveloped the shore

Large and round
Dark and light green
Super succulent slices
Watermelon
Cut into triangles
I bite in
Split into two pieces
Then again
Three! Four!
I will eat watermelon all day
Watermelons, kings of all fruits
The best tasting!
Never can you beat
The watermelon

Greek God Riddle

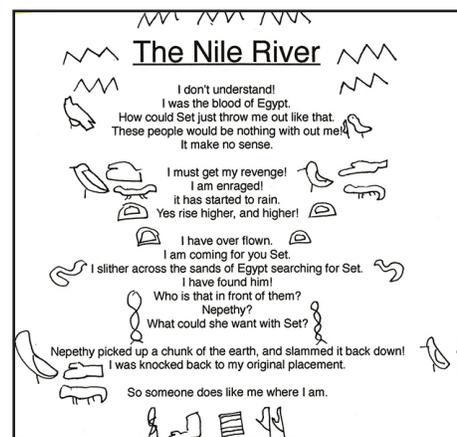
No matter what happens, I will be victorious
I ride my chariot, prancing around
No one can ever beat me
I am the daughter of a Titan
I use my wings to fly past the competition
I have three more siblings
But none can surpass me
I fly above the battlefields
Giving glory to the victors
Even though none of them can be as glorious as me
It's fun to see them try to be as good as me
Who am I? Nike

Sevenling (What She likes)

What she will do anything for:
Chicken bones, attention,
And table scraps.

She cannot stand
Cats, squirrels, and
Large dogs.

She is my little dog.



The Nile River / With Hieroglyphs

CONNOR MCCAHEY

My Really Boring Break (Malaysian Pantoum)

Last week I was bored.
I sat on my couch and ate chips.
Then I played video games.
And I did my homework.

I sat on my couch and ate chips.
Then my mom yelled at me to do something else.
So, I did more homework.
Then I ate cereal.

Then my mom yelled at me to do something else.
So I went somewhere else.
And I ate cereal.
Then I got bored.

So I went somewhere else.
There I had fun.
Then I got bored.
So I went home

There I had fun
Then I left to go to the zoo.
And then I came home again.
And had more fun.

I went back to the zoo because I forgot something.
I saw many animals.
And had even more fun.
And then I went home and slept.

I saw many animals
Last week after I was bored
Then I went home and slept
But I played video games first.

Riddle

For many, it seems a place of torture
But for some, it is a place to instruct
Trapped between the walls
Holding so much knowledge
They cannot leave
People will laugh in and at it
But some may cry inside it
What is it? School

Ode To Pineapple

(After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

O sweet pineapple,
You make my mouth water.
I see all of these moms,
Feeding you to their daughters.
You're the greatest dessert ever.
Your aroma draws me toward you.
Just like a lollipop,
I lick the sugar out of you,
And suck the sweetness from your surface.
O sweet pineapple,
You are the greatest of them all.

ZACHARY MENDOZA

The Break (Malaysian Pantoum)

I was anticipating an amusing and extravagant break
I was expecting the best of all things
I knew it would be great
Finally my cousin came

I was expecting dogs
I was satisfied to see them
I was waiting patiently for both dogs
I was satisfied to see them both wagging their tails

I was satisfied to see them in my arms
I petted them in a relaxing manner
I was satisfied to see them jumping around
I thought of all the wonderful things we could do

I played with them in an enthusiastic manner
I did everything I could do with them
I was satisfied to see them happy when I came near
I loved them both and they both loved me

I did everything I could do with them
I was anticipating an amusing and extravagant break
I loved them both and they both loved me
It was great

Zachary Mendoza (Continued)

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the great son of two great Titans
I have two siblings that help your day go by
My child put Earth in awful grave danger
I have four horses that fly me in the sky
The all-seeing eye in heaven above
Looking down on the Earth I'm a spy
Bringing rays of golden lights shining bright
My sunshine brightens every day of your life
I get rid of the darkness come what may
The shadows wash away my bright sunshine
In a chariot I rise like an arrow
I own an island and a great city
I am described as a handsome Titan
I've given you enough hints
Who am I? (Helios)

Riddle

The land is my home
Yet you throw me into the sea
I make you steady
I make you stable
You throw me away when you need me
You bring me back when you don't
What am I? An anchor

Envy (After an Egyptian Legend)

Jealousy stormed around me, causing Set to rot
In the darkness I hid
Concealing myself from the World
I wanted her, I needed her, yet
He took her away from me
Grasping to the only thing I have left, nothing
My color is red-black showing my true self
I'm broken, I'm not whole
I'll make you green just like the God of Afterlife
He made me this way
And I will change that

ELLA MORAN

For Readers (Malaysian Pantoum)

We are whisked away to a whole other lifetime
As we turn page after page after page
The book lures us in, we can't look away
Our eyes glued to each and every word

As we turn page after page after page
Our worries, our fears completely disappear
Our eyes glued to each and every word
Never wanting to stop and face what is reality

Our worries, our fears completely disappear
As we relax and feel comfortable
Never wanting to stop and face what is reality
But alas, time still goes on and on and one

As we relax and feel comfortable
Temporarily responsibilities are left far behind
But, alas, time still goes on and on and on
And there comes a point where we need to stop

Temporarily responsibilities are left far behind
And we want to keep reading and reading
But there comes a point where we need to stop
Although the book calls to us and calls to us

And we want to keep reading and reading
We wish to be whisked away to a whole other lifetime
For the book calls to us and calls to us
It lures us in; we can't look away

***Ancient Greek Bowl at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

It stood tall, dark, and forbidding. It stood very still,
a frozen moment depicted in a splash of orange on a
black background. And in that frozen moment, a myth-
ological battle; the Greeks, with horses, and helmets,
and soldiers on foot; the Amazons, tall and erect, war-
rior women from the east. The neck was another splash
of orange, the centaurs and the Lapiths. And sticking
out, a never ending spiral, the arms, rising into empty
space.

But it is just used
For mixing wine and water
Simple but complex

Sevenling (The Pawn Strove For)

The pawn strove for three things:
The end of the board, power,
The chance to be something better.

The pawn detested isolation,
Leaving the scene of the battle,
Facing the enemy before him.

He almost made it.

Ode to Lemons (After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

Little slivers of yellow bitterness
Fall gently on the table,
One after the other.
Upon closer look,
Not all bitter and sour,
But in fact, a nook of sweetness,
Buried deep down inside,
Like the gleam of a light in a dark room.
The white blossoms,
Show to all their brilliance,
On the lemon evergreen tree.
Those luminous globes,
Those angels for the sailors,
Who travel many fields of blue
On giant monsters of metal,
Slicing through the waters,
Are now on every dish,
In the world, everyone tasting,
Everyone loving the alluring aroma.

Independence Day (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Shooting, shooting, towards the sky,
Firework sparks start to fly.
Cheers go roaring through the night,
Reminders of hard-fought fights.
Rejoicing our nation free,
With a victory jubilee.

I am Sandstorm.
Created from angry winds,
Surviving on the dry air,
And soaking up the heat
From deep inside Earth, my mother.
I am vicious.
I am free.
I run all across Egypt,
Howling my fury,
Cackling my delight,
Free as a bird.
I am Sandstorm.
Feared by all,
No one, no one, wants
To face my wrath,
For they may be swallowed up
To the depths of my domain.
I am malicious.
Fueled by the anger
Deep in my soul,
Bottled up hatred
Spewing out of me,
Consuming me, possessing me,
Becoming me.
Beware.
For I am the dreaded.
I am Sandstorm.

MUNSHI NADIM

Riddle

I am as small as a peanut
Compared to a black hole
But I am a part of my older brother
Tiny but important
I am a part of you
I am invincible
Unbreakable, like Superman
My sons are a part of me
I try to stay positive
But I can be negative
Who am I? Atom

Ode to Sugar (After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

Your sweet taste makes us want you
 And you have that white crystal look
 And a soft yet hard texture
 You are sweet, and drive us insane for you
 You are our love
 Everything we love is made of you
 If we didn't have you,
 We would lose our taste
 For you refine our taste buds
 So never leave us
 If you did
 We wouldn't have a soul

Set's Sadness and Anger (After an Egyptian Legend)

Set was so sad that he cried and cried until he shed all the tears his body had. All of these salty tears slipped into just about every crack that was on Earth. There were huge amounts of water in some areas, including what is now known as Atlantic Ocean.

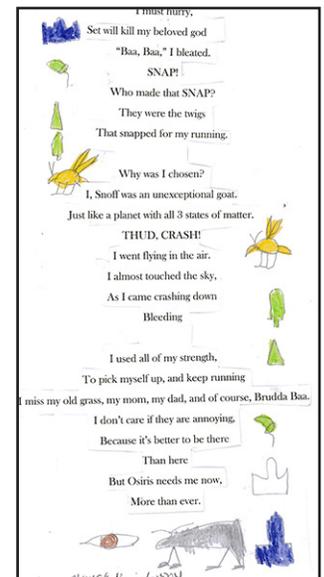
The next day, anger took over him. He was so angry, steam came out of his ears. The steam floated into the air and stayed there, changing form and becoming clouds once in a while, from puffy to dark and scary. Some clouds had some of the tears Set shed for Aset.

He zoomed to Osiris to break his beautiful tower, made from horns of the animals that he helped throughout his entire life. One sheep saw Set angry, and ran with all her speed to Osiris. The sheep bleated to Osiris that Set was coming. Sadly, the goat was too late. Set was in Osiris's sight.

Osiris ran. He ran so fast that Earth started spinning. As Set chased after Osiris, over what is known to us as the Equator, heat came off their feet.

After six years and six months, the Egyptian gods were too tired to even move. After another six years and six months, Set and Osiris both gained back their energy. As soon as they did, they both ran to opposite sides of the earth, hurling storms at each other, lightning bolts and tornadoes. To this day, the two gods haven't stopped fighting.

Sometimes good
 But mainly painful
 More painful than a whip
 But those who persist
 Till the very end
 Are those who have a soul within
 As pure as gold, as clear as glass
 Those who strive for good
 And stay good till the end
 Are those who are human
 With soul and flesh
 For the soul is pure in every way
 When we are at the very end
 Of our voyage
 Some boats will sink
 They have holes
 They are hollow
 To most these holes
 Are our sins
 But to others
 They are our mistakes
 At the end of our lives
 These holes consider
 Whether we live or die
 These holes mark
 Who we are
 So if you make a hole
 Patch it
 For karma will come
 When you least expect it

***Hieroglyphs*****PAUL SERBANESCU*****Sevenling (They Said)***

They said they would leave
 The country was ruined,
 In shambles, they said.

They didn't see the good.
 The change, the opportunities,
 Were blind to them.

And yet, they never left

Happiness

A warm bright fuzzy glow
Inside me
A golden ball of light
Wanting to break free
Excited bouncing explodes
Floods the room with light
Laughter quickly fills the air
Spreading like a wildfire
Nobody could resist
A taste of me and you can't go back
A world of smiles
Christmas, the best time of year,
Days of chimes and bells to hear
Wrapped presents under the tree,
Kids running, screaming with glee
Awake, I hope for a gift,
I see one! I grab it, I'm swift

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

My name is shared by three characters.
I, the almighty keeper of the winds,
Holding the mighty winds in a small bag.
My powerful breath is blowing you away,
If my mind tells me to do so.
My father lives in a watery home,
And he can split the Earth into two parts.
I live in the sky, far above the land,
I am known for blowing whole ships away.
He, the legendary hero himself,
Had used my small, wool bag of winds.
His friendly companions opened the bag,
And the mighty, powerful winds escaped.
My final question is, who might I be? Aeolus



At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

MOXIE STROM

Ode to Rye Bread

(After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

minuscule
brown wrinkled
dusty-colored seeds
piercing your tongue
with a sort of
old-fashioned flavor
the same way leather couches
feel like the past
which makes sense
seeing as
rye-harvesting began
about 6500 BCE
of course
most traditional rye bread
has quite a bit of wheat in it, too
that's why it's white
white as a sheet of computer paper
well not quite
pure rye bread is
pumpernickel
but I'm telling you about
the kind of bread you get
when you walk into a deli
and order
a pastrami sandwich on rye
white and speckled
with dark blots of spice
soft and yielding with your touch
comforting
making elders nostalgic
for the old days
rye is safe and steady
secale cereale will never change
it may even become more popular
over these coming decades
after all,
it is less likely to cause high
blood sugar
than plain white bread
which seems to be
what people care about
nowadays

Moxie Strom (Continued)

The Ones Who Say They Don't Care

How on Earth do they do that?
Keeping their faces so smooth
Like bed covers pulled up tightly over a bed
These people who say they don't care

Keeping their faces so smooth
Except for when they say something meaningless
These people who say they don't care
They must not really mean it

Except for when they say something meaningless
They are merely straight, dark sticks
They must not really mean them
Their fake interests and obsessions

They are merely straight, dark sticks
They don't want to display their true inner quirks
Their fake interests and obsessions, too strong to be real
These things cloud the way we view them

They don't want to display their true inner quirks
That's why they hide behind voices much too loud
These things cloud the way we view them
We believe them when they say, "I don't care."

This is why they hide behind voices much too loud
How on Earth do they do that?
We believe them when they say, "I don't care."
Like bed covers pulled up over a bed,

We cling to their lies without wrinkles

Sevensing (Middle School Dance)

I love these things:
The glow in her eyes, the smile on his face,
The sound of "Yes."

I hate the gossip,
The grating giggles,
The nosy questions, "Is it true?"

"News gets around," he says.

*Statue of an Ancient Roman Athlete in the
Metropolitan Museum of Art*

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The intent of this minuscule naked man is unknown.
His skin is as dark as an eclipse; his hair a scramble of
spaghetti on his scalp; his eyes focused on something
unseen. His knees are bent, but with no explanation.
His arms point forward, stiff as the trunk of a tree. His
limbs are firm, shaped with muscles. His bare feet push
hard on the ground. The wisdom accumulated over
years says he was either finishing a long jump or about
to begin a fresh race.

He could have finished
He could be about to start
Another journey

Sometimes (After "Green Fields" by W. S. Merwin)

sometimes
I feel as if I am
a washing machine
like the ones in my basement
made of metal and glass painted white
with a sparkling porthole
where you can see the laundry spinning
slightly damp
the price of a load gleaming
in bright green
the world comes together
swept up in a neat pile
I want to erupt
but if I did it would be
with words and honey and
blue-purple velvet
and maybe contact lenses too
everything is clearer somehow
then
the laundry stops spinning
it is wet and clean
and I feel like a hair tie
where the elastic's broken
pointless

FARHAT TAMEEM

Greek God Riddle

I am the white shining light that is bright
I am the arrow that pierces through skin
I am the tune that makes you burst into tears
I am the son of the electric sky
I am the son of an unknown goddess
I burst out music with a mighty blow
I am the heat that warms you in the cold
I have deadly aim and am immortal
I am the messiah in the arts
Can you guess who am I? Cupid

Aset Speaks

(After an Egyptian Legend)

I am waiting for my loved one.
Where O where did he go?
He was as beautiful as the forest.
He spread warmth as thick as the sun.
He was herding gentle sheep.
They bleated and baaed in harmony.
Usir was perfect for me.
Then Set came and ruined harmony.
He broke loose and everything fell apart.
Usir fell and died.
Set cackled, his envy took over him.
I left to search for Usir.
I am as broken as shattered glass.
Oh where, oh where did he go?

Greek Vase in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The vase is brimming with symbols, filled with ancient history that teaches us about life back then, in Greece. Old and fragile, it holds a faint, mystical power that can bend one's mind into submission. The arc it holds is vast.

This ancient relic
Almost a precious jewel
Was used for decor

Pie (After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

The sweet wonderful pie
So tasty I literally fly
The bread of the crust
Is equal to my lust
There is no disgust
Ah! The flavors
Are a tad too brimful
Pizza, Blueberry, Strawberry Pie
So much pie I can't decide!

FARIS TOSKIC

Riddle

I am always there, but
You are sometimes unaware
I am always passing by
I can never stop
Once we go forward
There is no going back
Once I change, you must follow
I am different
According to some
I might even be the most powerful
What am I?
Answer: Time

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

With my tools of metal and my face disfigured
I work and work all day and night, still bright
Since I was thrown off my throne I was never
Accepted to be one of the majors
But now I will erupt with the flames in me
Melting your thoughts, feelings, body, life, world
Crippled, my body will still live in flames
Torturing you, holding your life down, down
Like a flightless bird, a bird with broken wing
Or like a life that's lost its dreams and goals
A tortoise that broke its shell and has no home
I will soon win back the throne I deserve
And no one will be in the way I choose
So, who Am I? Hephaestus

Telling Night

Tonight is Telling Night
Where you tell a story
But not just any story
This story includes wild things and
Unexpected twists after every corner

Nathaniel thought and thought but nothing came
Everybody in the Circle went
Everyone but Nathaniel

So he took a deep breath and began
It was a quiet night in NYC
Few people were outside
Shopping or coming home

But those few people didn't come home
A Shadow lurked around staying away from the light
A woman was walking not too far from home
She turned a corner

She didn't know that the Shadow hung over her
His glowing eyes staring deep into her soul
When she saw him she screamed
But not for long

When she woke she found herself in a dark room
But she wasn't alone
There were about ten more people
When the Shadow came everyone knew all was lost

Which was true
Because he fed on their souls and transformed them
Into Shadelets
They still live on but in souls
One of us could be a Shadelet

Nathaniel knew that Leader was a Shadow
He just had to wait for the wakening
What do they do many people asked
You don't want to know

KANNIE YUAN

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Born from foam of the green-blue ocean,
My bold appearance had all the gods looking.
My father had me marry a man of fire,
But I fell in love with another man.
Together we had a cute baby boy
Who could shoot as precisely as a needle.
However, my beauty had so much power
That it made a few people jealous.
I won a competition for the best
Against my sister and mother.
Beautiful eyes and luxurious hair,
I lay in the shell of the ocean
Who am I? Aphrodite

Happy Birthday (Malaysian Pantoum)

Happy Birthday rang through the air
My mother smiled
Candles burned and melted
I gave my mom a hug

My mother smiled
As the candles melted like goo
I gave a big bear hug
I started to slice

The candles started to melt
And a smoke smell started to raise
I started to slice the cake
For I was very hungry

A burnt smell started to rise
So we threw it out
I was terribly hungry
My tummy started to growl

We threw out the bright red candles
And I grabbed my slice
My tummy's growls were answered
As I smacked my lips

Happy Birthday lasted all day
And I glanced at my mom
Candles were no longer here
And my mom gave me a hug

Kannie Yuan (Continued)

Flowers (After "Green Fields" by W.S. Merwin)

Flowers swaying day after day
The wind is whistling
A cold shiver runs down my back
As I grip my coat really tight

Upon a hill sat a house
All lonely and silent
I open up a creaky door
My footsteps crunching on the floor

Everything is so silent here
I might as well walk out the door.

Sevenling (The Baker Lived For)

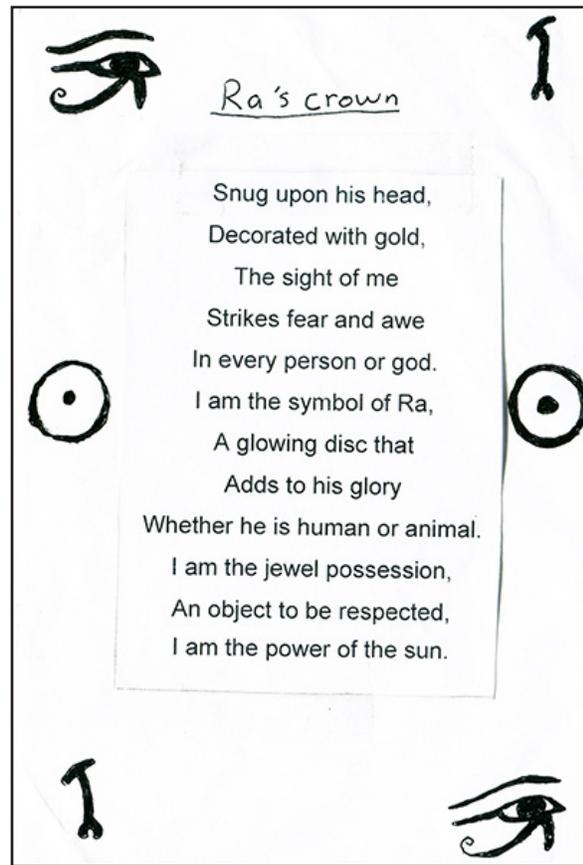
The baker lived for:
Serving people, bringing happiness,
The scent of fresh baked pie.

He didn't live for pain,
Food poisoning, or a rich life.
Life was happy,

Just the way he wanted it.

Ode to Bacon (After "Ode to Salt" by Pablo Neruda)

Crispy, Crunchy and smooth
I take a big bite in the food
The oil goes down my throat
As I take another bite of the tender meat
Bacon always has its ways
Its toasty smell
And buttery glaze
I love bacon
Its taste and all
Read this poem
And you'll love bacon too!



Ra's Crown / With Hieroglyphs

Class 6-506
Ms. Irene Pappas
In the Classroom and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art



LESLIE PEREZ ANGEL

Sevenling (Her Heart)

Her Heart was made of gold
She loved everyone and everything
Most importantly, she loved the beach waves

Yet she was apprehensive,
About everything
No one knew who she was

She was lonely

Greek God Riddle

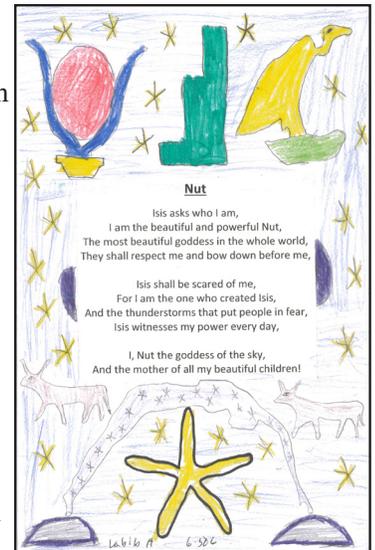
I have no mother nor father
My husband is the steadiest of them all
My planet is the amazing Venus
I'm known as the lady of Cytherea
Myrtle, doves, and sparrows are sacred to me
I'm the most beautiful person who's ever lived
I played an enormous role
I am as beautiful as a white dove
My birth relates to my name
Do you know who I am? Aphrodite

Farewell

We grow taller
We get smarter
Say goodbye
To our childhood
We are no longer Children
We have grown
We have grown
In many ways
In a blink of an eye
We grow up
Bye, time
Farewell
Childhood

Tefnut, the Goddess (After Egyptian Legends)

Once, a long time ago,
Tefnut was the most
gorgeous goddess of them
all. She was as beautiful
as a swan, and the birds
stopped to look at her
gracious presence.
She was the goddess of
moisture. Her father, Ra,
was the sun god. When
the people of the village
needed sun and water for
the plants. Ra and Tefnut
were summoned; and
Tefnut gave moisture and
Ra gave sun.



Nut / With Hieroglyphs

LABIB AZIZ

Ode to my Bed

(After "Ode to the Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

I brush my teeth and head to my bed,
Lifting the covers as I am lying down,
Tucked in with a warm and cozy blanket,
As I sleep with my head on a pile of feathers,
Knowing that I am very lucky,
To have a comfy bed to sleep in,
While the raging snowstorms are outside,
I am dreaming about the day,
I go on an adventure
And become rich for finding treasure,
Not knowing I am still in my bed
With a feeling of warmth.

What I Learned:

There are many different styles of beds. Some people are really poor and don't even have one bed. Some people don't have anywhere comfortable to lie down if they don't have a bed. Beds are really handy in times when it's cold and there are snowstorms outside. Some people have no way to comfort themselves because they don't have a bed.

Sevenling (I Live For)

I live for three things:
Sleeping late, going to school,
Doing homework every day,

I hate crying at school,
Eating cereal in the morning,
And getting bad grades,

School is the right place for me!

Nut (After an Egyptian Legend)

Isis asks who I am.
I am the beautiful and powerful Nut,
The most beautiful goddess in the whole world,
All shall respect me and bow down before me,
Isis shall be scared of me
For I am the one who created Isis
And the thunderstorms that put people in fear.
Isis witnesses my power every day,
I, Nut, the goddess of the sky,
And the mother of all my beautiful children

*Ancient Sword and Scabbard at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art* (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The short-gold embossing carved into the sword is
the finest cover. The sword battled fiercely against
lions and griffins, hunted for deer to stay alive. It was
formed out of the finest material, iron. The cover gave
the sword its great value. This was part of an exquisite
ceremonial set from ancient times.

Carved out of iron.
Fierce battles with griffins
The finest cover

JEONG SOO BACK

Glassy Sky (French Rondeau)

A clear, blue, glassy sky,
Clouds drifting from left to right,
My reflection shown above me,
Bright and colorful leaves on the tree

Every piece is such a delight,
What is beyond that daylight,
Pieces of shattered glass, bright,
I hear an ear-piercing scream
But, instead, it is the wind's cry.

Time has passed quickly tonight,
The sun has died down, it is now free
The night creatures are filled with glee.
Still, there is a glassy sky in the night
A glassy sky.

*Greek Terracotta Amphora at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art* (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

I arrive at the enormous museum, artifacts in the
corners of my eyes, magnificent statues posing for the
people. There are gorgeous vases, each with a unique
story. I stop at one beautiful terracotta, pointed-neck
amphora. All of the gods have arrived for the wedding
of Peleus and Thetis. Around the body of the vase is the
wedding procession, and it leads to the bridal chamber.

The huge museum
A grand wedding procession
With a bright couple

Sevenling (Want and Need)

She wanted three things:
Food, sleep,
And no homework.

She needed to eat,
And wake up,
And go to school.

But she got nothing

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am worshiped by all kinds of people—
Pregnant women, little kids, and parents.
I'm the goddess of wild animals.
I don't want to get married, or pregnant.
My followers are all maidens like me.
I am the twin sister of Apollo.
Our specialty is archery.
My weapon is a silver hunting bow
With enchanted gold and silver arrows.
I own a pack of fierce, wild hunting dogs.
My chariot, pulled by four deer.
I was born on the island of Delos.
My father is Zeus, king of the universe.
My mother is a Titan named Leto.
Who am I? Artemis

What happens on that summer day
The clouds that rise up from the bay
They loom like they dance in the sky
When it rains you can feel their cries

But what story do clouds really say?
Through long nights and hard times we pray
To keep their bad weather away
High up there, they rest, sleep, and lie
Oh, what happens on that summer day

We are so caught up in our lives this day
Pay attention to things like this I try
The beauty of clouds, on another side
Is beyond our comprehension I say
What happens on that summer day, that summer day

Waves (After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

Salty blue waves washed upon the shore,
Bright yellow sun beaming on the sand.
Laughing people tossing the ball,
Skin cherry red, burned from the light,
Feet blistered from running on the hot sand,
And the sky, so clear, like colored glass,
The clouds, so white and soft,
Creating hearts and stars in the sky.
When the sun drops down we pack up,
Leaving the beach in a single good-bye.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

My nickname is the patron of poetry
I have invented literature itself
I play the lyre, which I have created
And bring fortune beyond your wildest dreams
I guide lost souls across the underworld
I am the god of trickery and thieves
Watch out, I stole your whole piggy-bank!
I am so fast, No one invites me to race
I protect travelers and herdsman,
Orators and wit, literature and poets,
Athletics and sports, invention and trade,
People from all kinds of mountains and valleys
And I serve as the messenger of the gods
I wear a stylish winged hat and winged sandals
Who am I? Hermes

MAX BAGO

Rainbow Hat (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Round and round, around it spins,
Getting power from the wind.
Multi-colored rainbow hat!
Propeller on the top like that!
Sometimes I think I'd fly away,
It always makes me say, "Yay!"

The Clouds

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

The clouds called to the child,
Offered happiness and well being.
Their only well-being was with his mother.
The world to explore offered,
Declined by his mother's world.
They said he could achieve everything,
Everything was achieved at home.
If you think about it,
Growing up doesn't mean anything,
As long as you can find happiness,
Down at your own growth.

Max Bago (Continued)

Ode to My Closet

(After “Ode to a Chair” by Pablo Neruda)

After the longest day and the worst grades—
After the most boring times and most stressful
moments—
One room stays in a certain place in my heart
My closet-shaped heart
Whatever pain I have, my closet will always be there
for me
Ready to wrap me in its cushions and mattresses
Its hug makes me feel better, reclaim my lost strength
And I feel proud to sit on my throne, victorious.
Then, when my eyes close—and my mom wakes me.
And calls me a weirdo for sleeping in my closet—
And nightmares crawl up to me.
I will always have my closet for sleeping.
Because nothing bad can happen to me there.

The Beach of Greatness

(After “Clouds and Waves” by Rabindranath Tagore)

The beach of greatness shines in front of me
For now I am able to see
The true greatness and glass
It shines in front of me

I hear the soft breeze
It rests me, I am at ease
There is no one who disagrees
I hear the soft breeze

The sand between my toes
And the careful wind that blows
The wind, it hits my clothes
The sand between my toes

This will come to an end
For this is a dream, it is something lent
I now descend
This now comes to an end

The Elder (French Rondeau)

I watched the kind elder beg me, please,
Come to my house, he begged, on his knees.
His home was so gentle,
It smelled like lentils.

The smell was lentil soup with peas.
He gave me the keys,
And, once again, begged, on his knees.
Then I yelled, “Oh, Jeeze!”
You watched the kind elder beg me, please.

I felt a great sense of unease.
Then he said what he said was experimental.
Thank god he wasn’t judgmental.
I watched the kind elder beg me, please.

SAMANTHA BATUTIS

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Purity is life; intelligence is love.
I am Zeus’s favorite of course.
For he loves me as his child and daughter.
My father the ruler of all the gods.
I’m known to be as swift as an owl.
The olive tree is my holy tree.
My father allowed me to use his weapons.
And invent some of my very own.
I was very useful in battle.
But only in ones protecting my home.
I have over one hundred siblings.
I am smarter than anyone with smarts.
But as kind as a blooming flower.
So who am I? Athena

CHARLENE BENTON

Fog (French Rondeau)

Near the riverbank, in a sunrise glow
The thick and heavy fog lays down low
Obscures my view of the faraway bank
Wipes the world clean, makes it blank

But if I look hard, I can see the river rippling below
Near my feet lay the remnants of a past snow
The slightly cold weather causes it to melt, slow
Yet I still hear the birds sing near the bush they flank
Near the riverbank, a sunrise glow

The wall of fog moves, wipes away all shadow
And I think it seems to have shrunk
Or could it be my eyes, now in a funk
Why the fog is here, I don't know
Near the riverbank, a sunrise glow

Bronze Snake at the Metropolitan Museum of Art
(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

It was an ancient work, crafted with care, remote and shrouded in mystery. This serpentine creature may be small in size, but that does not deter its power. It was worshiped and honored by many throughout the land. Its shining bronze skin, delicately hammered and flattened, shimmers and gleams in the sunlight's glare, a divine bronze snake.

Staring right though you
With its piercing copper eyes
Cutting through the soul.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I guard that which none can ever see,
The one thing which is most important.
I am unique in my understanding
With those who share past feelings of mine.
I felt these feelings on my journey,
To find redemption and redeem myself.
To find true love when I thought it was lost.
On my journey, I thought I would perish.
But I was saved by those with sympathy.
I thank them, as now I live joyously.

Many think me to be more beautiful
Than the stunning Aphrodite herself.
For I am humble, saying that is false.
And that is I, Psyche, goddess of the soul.

Wind (After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

I glide over the land
Whispering through the trees
I leave the corn stalks gentle waving
And the grain lightly swaying
Ruffling the grass
In tune with the bees
But when I become angry
I howl and destroy
Wreak havoc, great turmoil
Flatten the corn and grain
Making them feel my pain
With hope you keep
This warning in mind
Never cross me, the wind

JULIA CHING

Ancient Bottle at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

A small container filled with nothingness, from the hands of people so long ago. After the Olympics, it would be used for cleaning, and its services would be thanked. While the silent wind blew over the great mountain, as the contestants started, it waited in the shadows with its jet-black friends, waited to be used again. Within the darkness the bottle-shape, waiting.

A black shadow.
So small, yet so dangerous
Slithering slyly--

Friends We Used to Be

It blossomed from a little tree.
It was a friendship, it was love,
But it only took a little shove,
To separate us with a sea

I wish I could use a hyperbole,
But the truth is here to see.
A conclusion thereof,
Because friends we used to be.

You used to be the queen bee.
But now there’s a mourning dove
Because nothing comes for free,
Because friends we used to be.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am made of mischief, made from discord
My siblings were born in the land of never
My trickery is the greatest of all powers
My ways are scolded and worshiped
My power, greater than the hands of Zeus
His anger and boisterous frustration
Is the greatest power of them all
And is the sweetest sugar of a fruit
I thank Demeter for this sweetness
Mad, angry, and frustrated they may be
The Litai have healed damage done by me
Gaia is shaking her head in worry
And Zeus will always have knives at my throat
Believe that my mischief will never end
Who am I? Ate

Sevenling (She Loved)

She loved these three things alone
A gentle touch, a soft hand by her side
Company to talk to when nobody would turn to her

She lived to see enemies
An everlasting time, the burden of loss
Physical pains that endurance can’t handle

But my hands can’t hold her anymore.

This is where the elements never rest
Where the wind eternally blows
Where the sun shimmers
On the tips of the waves
This is the day
A land of rocks and sand
Walking across one another
Playing eternal leap frog
Drifting to where the wind goes
Curling waves collecting sand
Teal and blues in a whirlwind
Building until it crashes on top of itself
Washing away to be swept again
A sky of such a dazzling blue
That the birds are stunned by its beauty
And that the waves bow down before it
Wishing they could be the sky itself
This is where the elements never rest
Where the wind eternally blows
Where the moon gives off
Its mysterious glow
This is the night

My Pink Dress (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

A silky dress in the wind
Pink, shiny, fashioned white trim
Pink, soft, ruffled straps at top
The silver, ankle-low crop
Heels of beautiful sunshine
My soft pink dress, smooth and fine

DEBANJOLI CHOWDHURY

***Crouching Lion at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Poem)

I walked into a large room full of many exquisite works
of art made thousands of years ago in ancient Greece.
There were little armed soldiers painted on vases that
carried wine for a glorious king. The heads of the
Greeks’ beloved gods were crafted with great care for

Debanjoli Chowdhury (Continued)

those they treasured. In the middle of one room stood a lion with eyes that were fiery and as hot as fire; the marble was as cold as ice; it glinted as I approached the magnificent creation. Its eyes stared into mine as if it were daring me to come any closer.

As bright as the moon
As dangerous as a sword
Bravely guards the tomb

It was mounted on the floor, tail sweeping with pride; it stretched across the room. Its face was villainous and cold, with a threatening stare as if it were alive and breathing along with me. I saw its anger, its passion, its power as strong as steel, carved on marble that was as white as snow.

It defends its ground
Its heart burning with hot flames
A hero to all

Ode To My Bed

(After "Ode to the Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

As soft as,
The snowflakes,
Lightly at play.
I lie on my bed,
As the golden, grand Sun
Disappears below the orange horizon.
The silver, shining Moon
Brightens the night
As I toss and turn,
My blanket
Wrapping me with warmth.
Dreams
Flying with
Their fluttering, fragile wings.
The stupendous Sun
Arises from sleep
Welcoming a new day.
My eyes flash open
Thoughtful
Gentle
I rise from bed
For the journey ahead

Sevenling (His Only Desires)

His only desires in life were
Love, sweet as honey from the spirited bees;
Joy, wonderful as the singing birds,

Happiness, to fill his empty heart.
He wandered alone in the fields,
Beard as white as the snow, old rags drooping—
a remembrance of those he lost,

A blue, cold, misty eye as chilly as the night as he
plowed the barren soil, his hopes forever gone.

The World Sets (French Rondeau)

The world sets with the sun
Our worries come undone
As we float to the nearest cloud
We go to the land where we found
Dreams of blood, tears, love, and fun

The time of our lives has begun
Memories of battles we've won
With the moon bright and proud
The world sets with the sun

New with life the stars can stun
Graceful and bright they draw a crowd
They sing with sweet melodies out loud
They faintly disappear, one by one
The world sets with the sun

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I glide with my strong and powerful wings.
I am the gentle stroke of a paint brush.
I am a grand sword, ready for battle.
I am wisdom, man's most precious power.
As I march into battle fearlessly,
I swing my menacing sword with pride,
Thee shall cower beneath my deadly gaze,
Or else see your life flash between your eyes.
The mind of man is a great warrior,
Which uses its knowledge to guide you through.
I am the fierce strike of a bright sword,
I am the creative weaver's skill,
The vibrancy and color of the earth.
I am the bold strike of my father's bolt. I, Athena

NEIL DINEEN

Hos Osiris Became Ruler of the Underworld

(After an Egyptian Legend)

A long time ago, there were two gods named Nut and Geb. They gave birth to four more gods: Nephthys, Osiris, Isis, and Seth. Seth had such an evil aura that flowers would wilt in his presence. Osiris though, would make flowers grow from the sand.

When the sun god, Ra, became too old and senile to watch over the earth, he retreated to the heavens, and Osiris became god of the living. Seth was so infuriated that this had happened that he devised a plan to assassinate Osiris.

He gathered the most valuable ebony, a hard black wood, and ivory. With these materials, he made the most beautiful coffin, one that even the great pharaohs wouldn't deserve. When Osiris got back from his journey through Egypt, Seth had a party for him.

But little did Osiris know that this would be his last party. At the party, Seth announced that whoever could fit in the coffin would be the most powerful god. Everybody thought it was beautiful and they wanted it, so they tested if they could fit. But nobody did.

So Osiris decided he would try. It fit him perfectly. But, then Seth closed the coffin and used molten iron to seal the coffin shut, and he cast down to Egypt. Anubis resurrected Osiris in the underworld, and that is how Osiris became ruler of the underworld.

What I Learned: What ebony wood is. Who the four children of Nut and Geb were. Why Ra left his throne. How Osiris became god of the underworld. Gods could die in Egyptian Mythology

Sevenling

(His Heart Is Filled with the Warmth of the Sun)

He loved summer vacation for three things—
Swaying waters and golden beaches
Cold, sweet drinks of coconut milk

Hew hated honey in his milk, though
And noisy laughter from children
He just enjoyed peace on the beach

He practiced how to sip with no noise

My Lazy Clothes

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

Stand up, open the drawer
Find those clothes I most adore
White T-shirt, I guarantee
I'll wear until I'm seventy
Can't forget my gray sweatpants
Can't find them, here goes my rants
After that, I'll leave it there
Try to find some underwear
Love old clothes when I'm lazy
All those holes make mom crazy

SOPHIA FOGIEL

Lions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The two fearless lions stand tall and proud, guarding the royal tomb on both ends. The spirit burns in their eyes, scaring off the naughty and weak souls of bandits. The dead lie down in the tomb, smiling and rolling mournful tears as the lions do their job.

Two lions guard a tomb
Meant for protecting the dead
Lauding and praising

Ode to a Bed

(After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

A bed in the desert
A bed with feet of sandstone
Beneath the blazing sun
And the howling sandstorms
It sits there, waiting
For a traveler, who got lost
Eyes staring at the beaming sky
Just wishing for a comfortable bed
Just wishing. . . .To go home
Well, my fellow traveler
You are close to your bed

Sophia Fogiel (Continued)

Just a few yards ahead
You can make it
Come on, rest
Your heavy and aching head
Onto my pillow, soft as a cloud
Rest yourself, as you wish
Let your worries fade away,
And let them get carried far away
On the current of the sandstorm.
Because now, you are home.

Graveyard (French Rondeau)

In the graveyard, the candles glow
The spirits come alive, and greet the crow
Once again, the souls are free in the night
Venturing out with only the dim moonlight

Few birds chirps a tuneless melody
There's no time for us to sleep and rest
There's much more yet to explore, my guest
And these memories are to be kept
In the silent night, the silent graveyard

Now in the pitch-black, night sky
It is lonely and empty; no birds that fly
Empty except the shining stars
Stars that show life, and never char
In the silent night, the silent graveyard

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

She huddles in a cave, dark and silent
She is squeezed with bones, trampled and filthy
The fog in the caves is so thick and pale,
Anyone can get lost and snacked by beasts
She has eyes, red and boiling like magma
And a mouth with razors that bleeds black blood
She is devoured from head to tail, with a
Stinging hatred and an endless craving for blood
Half snake and half woman, she hisses for
More souls to gobble up on with her children
As the mother of monsters, she raised
Children as spine-chilling as herself
Chimera, Cerberus, Gordon, Hydra,
Ladon, Nemean Lion, Orthros, and Sphinx
Who is she? Echidna

SOLEIL GOMEZ

The Water Cycle

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

The water flows furiously, rages
The river is flowing fast
Then it calms down and floats away
Into the sky where it stays
For most of the time
Moving in the clouds, washing around
Passing through the sky, left to right
Very upset, settling down again
Emptying out its anger, dripping down
Back to the beginning as a river
Gaining its rage once more

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

Visiting the MET Museum for the third time, but now
I am much older. Walking up the tiresome stairs into
Ancient Greece, I watch the pieces of marble that make
human figures, skipping over all of the old to the new
art—water jars, jewelry, and shields.

Water is useless without the jar

A jar holding the water for your mouth to drink
Colored with marvelous burnt amber and raging black

We continue to walk around the room, but I can't take
my eyes off of the jar. I feel as if it is watching me.
That is when the painting on the jar comes alive. They
stared at me.

Heracles, Pan, Satyr, and the woman
Come at me fiercely.
I prepare for battle

When they come at me I grab an ancient Greek sword.
They're coming really fast, and Heracles has a shield.
He scratches my arm while charging at me. I strike
back. He falls back. I claim victory over Heracles.

*Marble Statue of a Lion at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art* (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

There was a lion who once stood in front of a tomb. He was vicious; he annihilated everyone or thing he saw. "Is he even real?" People said. When I saw it, I was astonished! Its trapped viciousness made my soul run away from me. Light was almost fading from my eyes. It was the most horrid thing I've ever seen.

Stands in front of tomb
Head held high, up in the sky
His pride is so bright

The lion was so vicious that it felt like I was standing in front of the gods. I must say, the lion deserves some applause. This mighty lion guards the tomb centuries after centuries, like an immortal guardian. He is an amazing creature sent by the gods. No words can describe the viciousness inside that lion.

He's sent by the gods
Some say he's very vicious
Don't know if it's true

Burning

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

Oh I am burning
When I think about
The world above the clouds
I feel like being with the sun forever
But my loved ones would not let me
Because they're afraid I would be lost

But folks are calling me
From the heavens to join them
Should I choose my family or the heaven

I say to myself,
"I know, I shall follow my heart
I shall be the sky and enjoy the heaven
Then return to my dear loved ones"

TAHMID HASSAN

Shu (After an Egyptian Legend)

My name is Shu, the mighty, the greatest.
My enemy, Ra, tries to destroy our beautiful world.
Ra tries to melt our world that I share with the humans,
But I am this world's protector and creator,
And I will never give up,

I will do everything to protect this world,
I will never, ever let Ra shine
His eye-blinding light on this world.

And if he ever does,
I will whip him with my knife-piercing wind,
So don't you humans ever give up on me!

Ode to Money

(After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

It's so, so green
I can use it everywhere
I can be rich
I can buy so much—
A house, a car
I love money
Even though it's dirty

Sevenling (He Loved Three Things)

He loved 3 things only
Fame, money
An immense wall

He makes people relinquish their seats in Congress
Just to make some room for his people
Because he is powerful and cruel

Yet he is my president

KEELAN KENNY

Paper (French Rondeau)

It sits there, and seems to glow
Filled with symbols that no one knows
It's paper, just as simple as that
While it makes great things, from writing to a hat
Just all that in a thing that looks like snow

It flies far away; like a plane it goes
Simple as paper, that's all it knows
Watching the shape change into a cat
Simple as paper, you must've gone, "Whoa"

Once it was just a tree set to grow,
And now it's magic, like soaring bats
Then it's finished; it lies on a mat
It may seem like paper, and that's all you know
But paper's importance is starting to grow

Sevenling (He Was Born for Three Things)

He was born for three things:
To tap his feet, To hum,
And to watch the wind whistle

He'd never heard a single song,
A single string,
A single note,

He lived life without a word.

Ode to bed (After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

I rest every night,
I sink into the Jello mattress,
I make the most pleasing yawn,
I do this in my bed—
My bed, where I'm in paradise,
My bed, where I get free peace,
My bed, where my blurry thoughts
Have endless possibility,
My bed, where I die and resurrect,
My bed, the new world,
A new beginning to life is in a dream,
And a dream is in a bed.

The Chat

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

I had a chat with the men up above,
They offered me a stay,
They said I needed to solve a puzzle,
To find the end,
But the end of what?
I searched and searched to find a path,
Until I found one to conquer,
As I passed, I solved the puzzle,
We came down from the heaven
Searching for a game to play,
We played a game far away,
In the water was the place we'd stay,
Until we went back, back, up above.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am one of the twelve great Olympian deities
I rule the seas and waters of earth
I can cause a storm at any given moment
My brothers rule sky and the underworld
Don't infuriate me, an earthquake will strike
I am none but the Earth Shaker, be aware
I grew up in the world with Rhea and Cronus
If I am obeyed the seas will calm
The islands will form, and people will unite
My temple, huge as a mansion, shan't be entered
I stand alone from my siblings and fight alone
I am the god of sea, water, earthquakes, and storms
Don't come near I shall strike, to kill your city
Welcome to the sea. Welcome to me, Poseidon!

ASMA KHELIFI

Why the Pyramids Look the Way They Look

(After an Egyptian Legend)

A long time ago, six gods and goddesses were arguing about where they should place a pyramid and how large it should be. Their names were Sophia (goddess of happiness), Adam (god of earth), Leila (goddess of water), Ahmed (god of weather), Salma (goddess of love), Mohamed (god of death).

Sophia and Salma both wanted the pyramid to look inviting and loving; however, Mohamed wanted it to look dark and scary. After arguing about it, Adam, Leila, and Ahmed all agreed with where it should be placed, as did the others. They wanted it to be in Cairo, Egypt, next to the biggest river in the world, the Nile River, because the Nile covered Sudan and Egypt and discharged about 300 million cubic meters of water per day, and the gods and goddesses liked that.

However, they still couldn't agree on what the pyramid should look like. All of them arguing made so much noise that they were as loud as 100 elephants blowing their trunks at the same time. They woke up the most powerful god, Ra (god of every power). He was smiling as big as the world. This was because he hated it when he beauty slept.

Ra said, "Why shall you fight when you have everything?"

Sophia said, "We cannot agree on how the pyramid should look."

Ra thought and told them that he would design it. Some nights and days passed while Ra thought. Then the day came when Ra found his answer. He told them, "We should make the pyramids look like bricks stacked up." They all yelled with joy, then lived out the rest of their mortal lives.

What I Learned:

The Nile River is the longest river in the world. The Nile River covers Egypt and Sudan. Ra is the most powerful of the Egyptian gods. The river discharges approximately 300 million cubic meters per day. The Nile River begins in Cairo.

Riddle

The person within me
She builds me up
Tears me down like a wrecking ball
Her strength is uncontrollable
Anger never shown like heaven
Whiter than a sheet of paper
She is always by my side
She is there when I'm hurt
My ball of emotion
Without her I'm a puddle of slime
"You'd better fix your spin!"
She has her own claw
She can rip skin off
You may never know who I am
What is it? My bones

Hated Love

Discriminated against
By men and women
Just a shadow looking
Love around her
The shadow leaving this world
People try remorse
Beauty she is made of
Solitude not within her

Silly, Inner Me (French Rondeau)

The inner me is a sheet of paper
Came along while my mom was in labor
It is similar to a ghost
They are hurt the very most
They would love to escape her

It is similar to vapor
They can take down the wallpaper
Remember the morning's toast
The inner me

It builds up your inner caper
Oh my god, I found an outpost
It is near the Ivory Coast
Many tips are very tapered
The inner me

LEVENTE KIRJAK

Skiing (French Rondeau)

Going down the mountain I ski
As I go down the mountain talking to me
Telling me when to turn, I go straight to powder
I reach the bottom, and go up for my next encounter
If you are at home watching TV

Then go out, have fun and ski
Trust me, it's very fun, you'll see
Ride the mountain, you'll make a great rider
Soon you'll be going down the mountain with glee

That is one thing I guarantee
I know you will have the power
To embrace powder
You will be skiing to such a degree
You will soon be thanking me

Sevenling (He Had Three Things)

He had three things alone:
An old, beat-up soccer ball, worn-out cleats
And a torn goal

He doesn't have a team
A role model
And someone to play with

Yet when he grows up, everyone will know his name

Ode to Bed (After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

A bed at sea
Its pillows soft cushions
To save me
From a thousand-foot fall
Its mattress my savior
The sea lurches and swings
My bed, soft as a bird's feather
Strong enough to hold all my dreams
My bed takes me to another realm
Lets me wander
A bed at sea
To save me

Mother

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

Up in the clouds, they call out to me
I think of going up
And embracing the clouds
But then I think of my mother
My precious jewel
More important to me
Than anything in the whole entire world
I deny the offer of flying
Again, they call out to me
Ask me to float away
But then I think of my mother
My protector, my guardian
She is more special to me
Again, I deny the offer of flying
I go home to my mother
The one I value the most

Blue T-Shirt (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Today, I ask what I shall wear
I spot my T-shirt, I stare
Great colors with superb designs
This blue T-shirt is divine
I put it on, satisfied
I wear it today, gratified

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

My arms are as strong as three bulls combined
My arms exist as a mountain of flesh
My great friend, who has a powerful head
But he has a truly narrow body
My other friend, who has a vigorous back
I am truly powerful and mighty
For I am a magnificent god
But I am hideous and awful
My face truly unpleasant since birth
I am a hideous and crippled god
My mother threw me down Olympus
I am married to a beautiful woman
The most attractive woman that ever lived
Sadly, she is unfaithful to me
Who am I? I am Hephaestus

EDUARDO LOZANO

***Protesilaos's Fate at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

His depression compelled my eyes. He had realized his end was near. He should have listened to the vision of the oracle back home. He should not have sailed to Trojan ground; it was his enemy's land. He looked up at the sky, dropped his weapons, and accepted fate. He died and is remembered through time as the tragic, mighty hero, Protesilaos.

My horrible fate
Only because I was brave
I could only fight

Sevenling (My Trickster Pen)

My trickster pen's secret was hidden.
Forged from a broken half, and a working point.
One part red, the other blue; they contrast.

It was as big as two giraffes, each one the biggest
giraffe ever created.
The pen could write as fast as a bullet, as efficiently
as something at light speed.
It had ink that stood out from the paper, and was as
erasable as a light pencil mark.

Only to be destroyed by a cat.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am not a good angel in the sky.
I'm the opposite which makes me a god.
I have an imaginary long nose.
My motto is, "Never say no to do not steal."
My first heist was when I was in blankets.
I stole livestock from my dad's favorite son.
My half-brother was mad, and so was dad.
Dad went BOOM in the skies, and they went white.
Mom was blinded with love, a heavy burden.
I sacrificed two beings, yet hid the rest.
I got away with some narrow luck.
I soothed my mad brother with calm music.
I became a god on a huge mountain.
My wish was fulfilled with my mother.
Who am I? Hermes

I, The Wind (After an Egyptian Legend)

I, the wind, am powerful
Compared to water, fire, and Earth.
I zoom, while pyramids fly from my path.
I enjoy it since I can be alone,
Just like a tree in the desert.
Shu, my master since he proved worthy,
By managing to pop my bubble of loneliness.
I gave myself to Shu, obeying his command.
Shu treats me as an equal,
Not like a dirty slave.
I enjoy this aspect of Shu,
Expressing he's not abusive.
I make things fly for him,
Whatever direction he wants.
Enjoying my existence, I am,
While I drift away with time. . .

MOHAMED NASSAR

A Deadly War (French Rondeau)

In Africa the trading kingdoms grow
Far away the dynamite blows
In the distance cannons shoot
In darkness the owls fly and hoot
Down in the forest, a bright glow

We shall fight, follow the river's flow
However high up or down we must go
Even if we get hurt, take their loot
In Africa hold the flag, don't let go

Row your boat, don't mind the arrows
The cries we must handle, must mute
The prisoners, we will not execute
Fight, attack, repeat, fight our deadly foes
In Africa the battlefield glows

Sevenling (She Lived for Four Things)

She loved four things alone—
 Sleeping early, waking up at dawn
 Praying in the morning; tranquility

She despised obnoxious behavior
 And loud clamors
 And gloomy days—

And she was my favorite

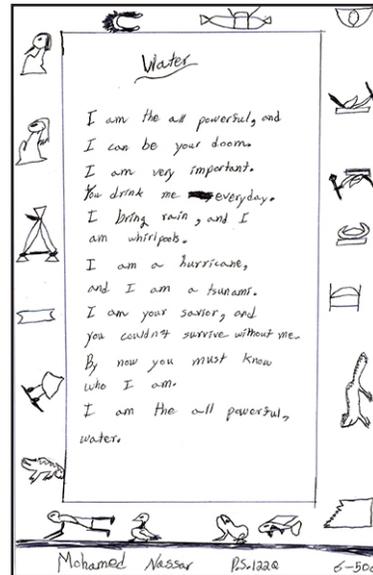
Thanatos

I am the darkness, and I am your doom
 I am the darkening night
 My twin brother, he is not the best or the worst
 He sleeps by day and by night. What a lazy man
 I am the brother of the horrible personifications—
 Old Age, Suffering, Doom, Deception, Blame, and
 more
 Strife and Retribution, but I am the worst
 I fly with my mighty wings and hide in the dark
 shadows
 I am proud of all this because it's good to meet you
 Have a fun time dying; welcome to my home
 Welcome to the Underworld

Riddle

I contain all your knowledge
 Sit and become smarter
 Come, and I shall give you wisdom
 Hush, or you will be banished
 Trust me, and I will help you
 Study in me, and you shall pass life
 Beat your enemies
 Pass your tests
 Understand life
 Never give up
 What am I?
 Answer: Library

I wear my beloved outfit
 Admiring it, bit by bit
 A pair of shining red pants
 Like beautiful cherry plants
 A magnificent bright white shirt
 Like a wonderful dessert



Hieroglyphs

SILVIA NG

Rose (French Rondeau)

The time is unknown but everyone goes
 I met a girl, her name was Rose
 We would look at clouds and smell the flowers
 We'd do this for hours and hours and hours
 As a friend it was Rose I chose

I mourn her death with weeping willows
 Every night and day, I see her shadow
 I recall blissful memories with her
 The time is unknown, but everyone goes

She is the snowflake whenever it snows
 Her soul was always gentler
 Her spirit was always stronger
 She is the wind whenever it blows
 The time is unknown, but everyone goes

Tefnut (After an Egyptian Legend)

I float along the riverbank,
My hair, a flowing, silver ribbon.
I embrace the warmth of the sun
And the glowing light.
I know it's time, the sun is out,
To finally do my work.
Calling on the birds
In my melodious, sing-songy voice.
I whisper.
The birds flutter away, sparkles left behind.
I hum & I wait patiently,
Wait for the birds to come.
I slip on my silk coat,
Speeding through the cool morning air.
Cars scream and people talk,
I float away from the racket.
Houses line the perimeters
Of the quiet neighborhood,
I smile with pleasure.
Flowers and vegetables in gardens grow
In my presence.
Trees blossom and flowers bloom.
A powerful gust of wind
Blows the orange leaves,
Blows them off the trees.
I float up to see what has happened,
Trees are bare and no flowers are growing.
I weep and hang my head low.
Snow as white as paper
Covers the surface of the branch.
I stare, still weeping,
Knowing I can't do anything.
More of my frozen tears fall from the sky.
Everything is cold,
Everything is shivering.
All the hairs on my back stand up tall.
Spring is here.
I dance & sing.
Birds throw confetti in the air.
Kids are playing and kites are flying.
My smile is wider than ever.
I float along the riverbank,
My hair a flowing, silver ribbon.
I embrace the warmth of the sun,
And the glowing light.
I know it's time, the sun is out
To finally do my work.

The night is dark and winds blow
Have patience, the moon shall show
The stars will shine, bold and bright
The darkness these stars ignite
Behind shadows there is a spark
There is a light in the dark

The Sky Above Us

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

During sunny summer days
I am the reflection of the ocean
With giant fluffy cotton scattered round
During starry, dark nights
I bring the dreams to your sleep
Nightmares and pleasant ones alike
When dusk arrives
I wear a tint of autumn leaves
Along with purple and pink
During dull winter days
I cry frozen tears
The warmth of the sun stolen
By the cold-hearted wind
Despite the colors that I wear
The sky, I shall always be
Blue, black, or a fiery red
An immense, eternal being

***Bronze Mirror with a Support in the Form
of a Draped Woman at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The hound is chasing the hare, a siren watching from
up above. The siren is a serious woman, stuck in a state
of stone, peplos cascading down her body. A little bird
perches on her arm, tweeting a tuneless melody. Two
erotes guard her head like a halo. The bronze mirror,
dull with time and age. Trapped in silent stillness.

Flowers are blooming
Honoring the death of time
The woman endures

FELIX ODENTHAL

Sevenling (He Loved Ringing Notes)

Darkness enveloping my empty world
Notes dancing in my head
Fingers moving with grace and elegance

Head swaying from side to side
Notes blurring together:
Allegro, Andante, Crescendo, Staccato!

Music!

Crouching Marble Lion at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

Striding down the museum halls, head turning side to side. Breath trapped inside my bones, happiness swelling beyond measure. I come to the masterpiece itself.

It growls at me
It measures me,
It pounces!

Slowly dusting myself, rising from the pearly marble ground. I come face to face with the beast itself. Its red eyes glowing, teeth sharp as knives, it jumps.

“Perfect,” I remark
A smile carves its way onto my face
I pick my pen off my paper

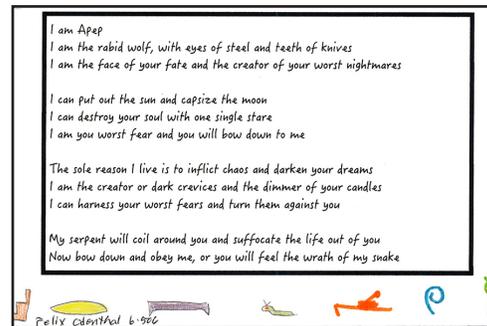
Cloud Dreaming

(After “Clouds and Waves” by Rabindranath Tagore)

As I step outside to a lush, green field,
Binoculars in my hand, the sun on my back,
I stride to where serenity lives.
The one and only cloud-watching field.
I lie down on the soft, dewy grass.
I place my binoculars to my eye
Wait . . . is that a dog? No. It’s a cat.
It’s shifting form; big to small
It’s changing position; east to west
It is my best friend: Cloud

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the proud son of the sun itself
My dear, loving mother was slain by the sun
I was raised by the great centaur Chiron
My best friend is as slithery as silk
My other friend is long as a serpent
In fact, my friends are quite inseparable
I can ward off the demons of your body
My friend tells me all the secrets, though
My power is beyond anybody’s
I can bring souls back from down under
I am writing this from the underworld
As Zeus could not tolerate my power
He struck me down with crackling lightning
Who am I? Apollo



Hieroglyphs

ELISSA PINTO

The Bronze Shield at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

I’m walking through the MET, thinking about the many wonders of the exhibits; watching as people express awe and enthusiasm at the works of art. The art sits there, its purpose to engage us in its beauty and age. I walk, looking at these wonders, and seeing the bronze shield.

Conquering its foes
Protecting its allies
My trusty bronze shield

Everyone stares at the bronze shield’s glory, wanting to taste the sweet warmth of the shield’s loyalty. I stand there with my competition, waiting for someone to make a move. Then I make mine, bathing in the bronze shield’s history and power. I have won over the bronze shield’s companionship.

Elissa Pinto (Continued)

The Moonlight's Glow

In the night, the moonlight glows
As the sun sets, the wind blows
The lilies and roses rest their heads
As their bulbs bow and their deep sleep spreads
Now, all of the Sun's energy is disposed
The construction workers no longer bulldoze
And everyone sleeps, and their breath slows
All of the creatures, plants, and humans know that
In the night, the moonlight glows
During the night, no one has arose
For everyone has pajamas and not their day clothes
Their soul has every right to doze
We dream of all of our highs and lows
In the night, the moonlight glows

Ode to Bed (After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

The sweet, sound bed
Creaks in the day
And howls in the night
Soft like a swan's feather
Comfy like a sofa on a crescent moon
It can bounce to Neptune
And all the way back
Puffy like clouds on a bright, sunny day
Making you dream about how to change the world
Helping you wake up to a world without depression
Without beds, there would be no dreams
Of happiness, of world change

The Beach

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

The beach is calm and plays a melody.
It carries your soul on its glimmering waves.
The golden sand seeps through your fingers.
Every creature hears this tune, day by day.
Never tired of it, listening and listening.
The whales singing their tune to the waves.
The crabs clipping, those crustaceans.
The salty ocean breeze lifting up your hair.
The sounds of the sea creatures singing along to this
song.
These are the sounds of the beach.

MRITIKA RAHMAN

Mother Nature (French Rondeau)

Ancient tree roots intertwine
In the glistening morning, they shine
Blossoming plants, in the forest they grow
Only we are their eternal foes
Butterflies float on wings so fine
While the woodland is decorated like a shrine
As I dance under a weeping willow
While ancient tree roots intertwine
The thicket of fauna is divine
And the moonshine at night is anything but confined
The once white, now black, crow
Flies the sky through Apollo's sorrow
While ancient tree roots intertwine

Rooftop Rain

Rain patters on a barren rooftop
Plink, plink against the concrete of
A cold winter sidewalk
Rain that falls in layers and sheets
Bounces off the vibrant umbrellas
Of the people of NYC
This rain that pulls and pushes
Everyone in different ways
Rain that makes children long to stay
Inside their cozy homes
Instead, they trudge off to school
With utterly bored expressions
It's quite safe to say there's nothing like
A New York City rainy day

Bronze Shield at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

A massive bronze shield, ready for defending warriors,
worn through decades of blood. This fragment of a
timeworn bronze shield is like a memory of war after
decades of the fighting's end. Gone, like the wielder's
scant, anguished life.

A great bronze shield has
Seen much blood, pain; now the dismal
Memories are gone

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am as lovely as a hyacinth
And as beautiful as the midnight sky
My mere presence stuns all that see me
But when I'm mad, I tend to horrify
In this world, my husband fears only me
My children are always grotesque or lovely
I get quite mad when my husband cheats on me
I get a kick out of killing his ladies
But my jealousy doesn't make people like me
My lonely heart is composed of strife
I am most extremely misunderstood
I'll always be the sun and the moon
Now you try to tell me, who could I be?

It starts with a bed
Without the bed
What would we do
It provides us comfort
Against the sirens at night
Against the colorful leaves
That land in your hair and coffee
Against the mighty wind
That can push your papers
All the way to Perth
The bed will protect you
So lay your head on the pillow
And dream of the wonders outside
Like the Statue of Liberty
Who looks over to make sure you don't litter
Or the beautiful bridges
With the blinding lights that lead the dead to Heaven
The bed will let your mind wander
In peace
So stay with your bed
Your trusty bed

SHYRA RAHMAN

Sevenling (He Wanted Three Things)

What he wanted was just three things
A house full of rooms, a sweet mother to love
A golden goose

What he had was a cottage
An eighty-year-old dog
A sock full of money

Yet, every day he thanks the gods

The Dress (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

There's a dress that's nice and pink
It will make you stop and think
This dress that sparkles like gold
That is stunning to behold
With its jeweled rhinestones
Dancing in the light like moonstones

Tefnut Speaks (After an Egyptian Legend)

I, Tefnut, have been called many things
I have been called as beautiful as the sparkling ocean
As gorgeous and bright as the sun
I have been known to make pathways with my heart
For everyone loves me
Who bow down to my every step
Yes, it is true; but I do have my own thoughts
I do think of myself as a queen
As a goddess with love of all pretty things
Of purchasing the finest clothing
Which even Isis loves to wear
However, I'd rather sing with my voice
Oh! My voice! All birds are jealous of my voice
It is finer than being sung to by
Those with the voice of a dead squirrel
I'm still known as Tefnut
The one they all bow down to
The one who everyone wants to be
Remember one thing: I love to act like humans
So if you hear a voice as sweet as candy
Or a dancer with moves as smooth as wood
Then think of me; there's nothing else to say

Shyra Rahman (Continued)

Child, Child

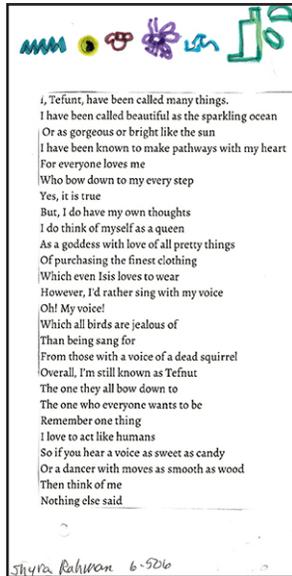
(After “Clouds and Waves” by Rabindranath Tagore)

“Child, child, come here, my child,” my father calls.

“Why? Is it Christmas, with presents full of happiness Or is it my birthday, with an ice cream cake full of promises? Or is it nothing but a hug full of love?”

“Child, child, come here, my child,” my mother calls.

“Why, oh why? Shall I travel to Las Vegas, to experience the lights? Or is it an invitation, with the making of friendship bracelets? Will I get a book full of knowledge? Or is it nothing but Mother, with a promise of good life?”



Hieroglyphs

ISAIAH SISON

Apollo (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Handsome, beardless, and with ideal physique,
I, Apollo, am called many a thing.
Perfectionist, literate, in no way weak,
Mankind had best be thankful for what I bring.

Medicine, writing, and the way of the bow,
I supplied music and love with my lyre.
And when mankind had nothing for show,
I could be cruel and bring situations dire.

I admit my heart could have gone places worse,
Like the one I wanted, my sweet Daphne.
I wanted her mine, I feel great remorse
That I chased her so she would be with me.

I know it was wrong, and I know that it's been
But she and I lacked true love, I have seen.

Ode to a Bookshelf

(After “Ode to a Chair” by Pablo Neruda)

The dust falls lazily
From the cluttered books
Resting on the shelf

A sliver of sun filters in
And shimmers on the titles
Engraved on their respective spines
While particles play in the light

The bookshelf stands, sturdy and strong
With prints and works from ages past
From novels to fiction
To legends and tales
Each with a world waiting inside

***Bronze Centaur at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

Amid the chaos of sculptures and pots, the fragile
beauty of a small bronze creature catches my eye. In
his hands lay a boulder, imbuing him with the power of
a mighty Lapith, ages after the beast thrived.

The spectacle is
Reduced to a humble prop
Resting on a shelf.

My Cozy Sweater

(Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

My sweater, home-sewn, woolly
Its warmth and calm surround me
Here, so snuggled and cozy
So peaceful and so homely
I watch the day go by with ease.
It's here I find my inner peace

GRACE ARIADNE TOQUE

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am valued very much in the spring
My children are every bud on Earth
My children are used by all animals
Just as tools are used by all humans
I help every garden, marsh, and swamp
I am mainly worshiped on Crete
My Greek name means flower or blossom
Gold-colored items represent me
I also help humans find their true love
To Romans, I am known as Anthea
I am one of the Charities, or Graces
Everyday I help my children grow
Just like food helps human beings grow
I am a mystery to all of you
I am the Greek Goddess, Anthea

Ode To My Desk

(After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

My desk carries books and papers
Scattered all around.
My desk, where I do my work
I organize my desk
Every once in a while
After my pens and pencils get lost
Without me noticing.
Every time I see it
My desk is a mess
Every day
I find new things on my desk

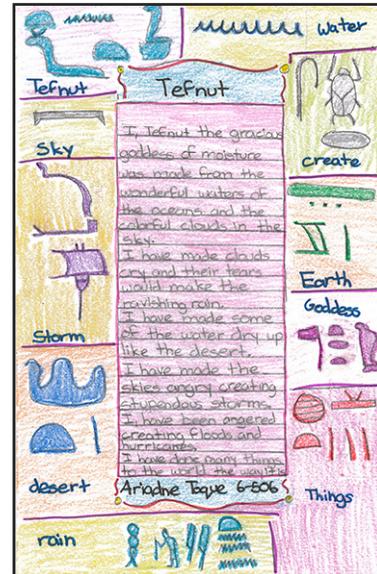
Fragment of a Gold Wreath in the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

This wreath is found in tombs, mainly of the fourth century B.C. The wreath in the Metropolitan Museum is from a tomb at Zaneskaya Gora. To me, it looks like something a Goddess would wear. It also looks very delicate and fragile. It holds gold acorns and leaves.

A Greek wreath made of gold
From Zaneskaya Gora
Found in burials

Tefnut, Goddess of Moisture (After an Egyptian Legend)

I, Tefnut, the gracious goddess of moisture was made from the wonderful waters of the ocean and the colorful clouds in the sky.
I have made the clouds cry and their tears make the ravishing rain.
I have made some of the water dry up like the desert.
I have made the skies angry, creating stupendous storms.
I have been angered and created floods and hurricanes.
I have done many things to make the world the way it is.



Tefnut / With Hieroglyphs

YIANNI VOYIATZIS

Greek God Riddle

I am the brother of the sky and the sea
I married the underworld
My father is a Titan
My mother is a Titan as well
I am the evil one
I am the king of the dead
My best friend has a long body
And two sharp knives
My pet is somewhat a demon
I have a helmet of invisibility
I am an Olympian
I live in a dark place
I was devoured by my father
I was then disgorged
Who am I? I am Hades

Yianni Voyiatzis (Continued)

Sevenling (He Wanted Three Things)

He wanted three things:
A long and successful life,
A healthy family, and three GSP dogs.

He wanted to be a leader,
Someone who helps those in need,
Someone who makes you smile.

And that is what he did.

Ode To My Couch

(After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

I love you, couch,
You know it's true.
You ease my stiffness,
You rest my brain.
You never seem to care
When I slouch on your arms,
Or when I drop chips in your seams.

O couch,
You complete me.
I dream of you,
I dream on you.
Your cushions bring me happiness,
Your pillows bring me to another world.
I'm the luckiest person on Earth to have you,

My couch, my one and only couch.
How I long to lie on you
All day, and all night.

ANSON WONG

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I scale your fortune and take it away
Behold my strength; my might you shall see
My winged muscles crush things beneath my feet
My wrath comes when fortune is misgiven
Necessary blows, blood soaks through the Earth
I spread more fear when I am not worshiped
My wild look can strike you blind
My rein and lash can permanently scar
Yet eyes can fail for victory I will not share
Make neither a foolish or silly mistake
I pay my debts, whatever they may be
Unknown and unexpected I come
My hidden nature you are unable to guess
But solve this riddle you must, or death awaits
Who am I? Nemesis

Speaking of Promises

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

In clouds and waves
The folk call
Speak of promises
A single price, a thought
But will more arise?
For promises can be broken
And lies said again

There, danger awaits
Choke holds, no air to breathe
In sky or sea
Life slowly drifting away
With billows of smoke

Sevenling (He Loved)

He loved three things:
The energetic voice of cities,
Hidden secrets at every corner, freedom in shadows

He loathed fake, electrical light,
The silence,
And the blunt truth

And he waited by the light at the tunnel for her

Anson Wong (Continued)

My Bed

(After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

The bed I rest upon from day to day
A great nuisance, I shall say
But when the day comes for us to part,
No better one can be found.

Then it sits on the sidelines,
An everyday feature that is not seen
Large but overlooked

Even a magnificent bed seems small sometimes
Until the day you never see it again
In loss you will miss
What stayed and never moved

But until that day, I rest on my bed
My bed sits and waits

Imagining Home

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

Of fairies and mermaids and magic I think
Of sunny seashores and moonlit clouds
Waves breaking onto sand
With unearthly creatures splashing in their midst
As the siren's song pierces the silence,
The folk of the sky prance about
In dresses crafted of woven sunlight
Just on the horizon of your mind.
"Don't make such haste, child," they say,
"For your mother is waiting at home for you."
Of distant lands and vast skies, I think
And the beloved place you once left,
Always awaiting you.

JESSICA ZHUO

Ode to a Chest of Drawers

(After "Ode to a Chair" by Pablo Neruda)

A chest of drawers
Holds secrets locked
At every level
A page unfolded
Within its doors
An adventure to behold

It stores your treasures
Your clothes
Your favorite socks
Your life itself
It stands with pride
Bearing your weight
You discover your past
Your history, your future

And it all begins
With a chest of drawers

VASILIKI ZAHARAKIS

Inside the Blaze (French Rondeau)

Inside the blaze, I can feel it burn
Edging close, my stomach, I notice it churn
It licks my face, I can feel the fire
Embers dance across this funeral pyre
Flames are greedy, I can sense them yearn

Funnel my ashes into the urn
It's like this, my child, you will learn
Never give in to wicked desire
Inside the blaze

The hand of judgment is oh so stern
All through the night, hear the tune of death's squire
Please hurry fast, this situation is dire
Fix your eyes on my charred corpse, don't dare turn
Inside the blaze

The Angels

(After "Clouds and Waves" by Rabindranath Tagore)

Above the waves of gentle clouds
A golden palace stands its ground
Where angels cluster
Reaching out their mighty hands
To the world about them
They release a blinding light
With wings so mighty
That winds collide with every flap
They can brighten the sun
And light the moon
They're a bright creation
Calling out to us

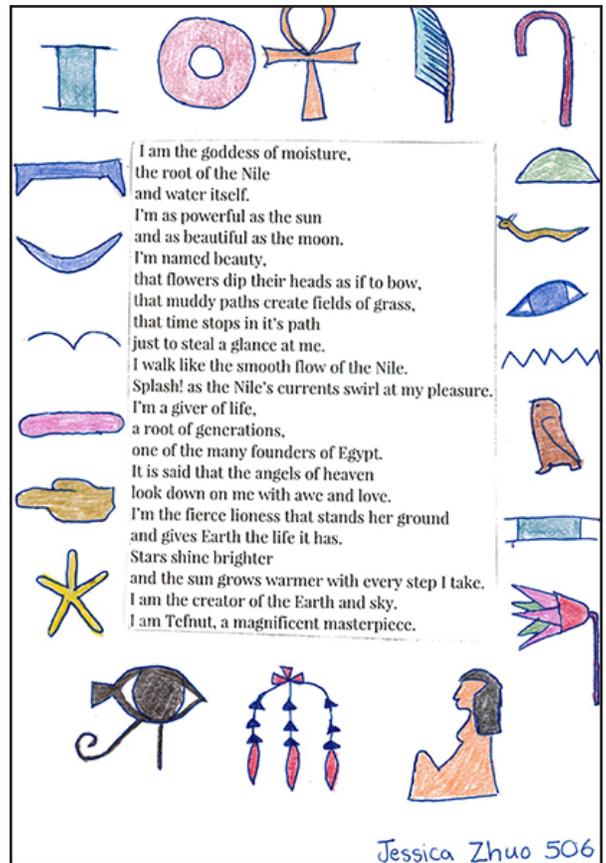
Greek God Riddle

Carried by Mother Nature's breath
Lost my mother in distant ways
Infused with threaded veins
Floating feet with each timeless blow
My birth, the cause
Of my mother's growing age
Clinging to the warmth
Of illuminating glass
Dancing across visions
Without a second glance
Innocent and light
Gripping air along my flight
Entangling and freeing
With not much thought
Guidance and love from an angel of god
Frayed but I pull myself together
Immune to pouring rain
And the scorching sun
Whispering tunes of the angels above
Without uttering a sound
Beauty twisted the threads of life
Lost between my struggles
Helping those through life
What am I? Answer: Feather

She carried three things
Old poems, vast blank canvas
And dark, grim remorse

She had relinquished her memories
Of sweet smells, of fresh banana bread
And bright red roses

To live a life of words on paper



Goddess / With Hieroglyphs

Class 6-509
Ms. Sun Hong
In the Classroom & at the Metropolitan Museum of Art



6-509

***The Sarcophagus of Mindjedef at the
Metropolitan Museum of Art***
(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The sarcophagus of Mindjedef was unadorned, unusual for many sarcophagi of the pharaohs of Ancient Egypt. He was buried east of the pyramids of Giza, away from his father, Khufu. His name means “King’s Son.” His burial didn’t seem fancy; his sarcophagus was a box.

Mindjedef, “king’s son,”
Was buried east of Giza
Khufu was his dad

Playing My Guitar (French-Italian Villanelle)

I pluck the strings of my guitar.
I can play classical, to jazz, to pop.
I play my guitar as beautifully as a star.

I have accomplished a lot so far.
When I play people stop and drop.
I pluck the strings of my guitar.

My teacher is great and has guided me so far.
I start from the top.
I play my guitar as beautifully as a star.

My teacher doesn’t walk, he takes a car.
I go through many guitars and shop.
I pluck the strings of my guitar.

People play guitar at the bar.
When I see my guitar, I hop.
I play my guitar as beautifully as a star.

When I play, people don’t say har-har.
When I play people hop and bop.
I pluck the strings of my guitar.
I play my guitar as beautifully as a star

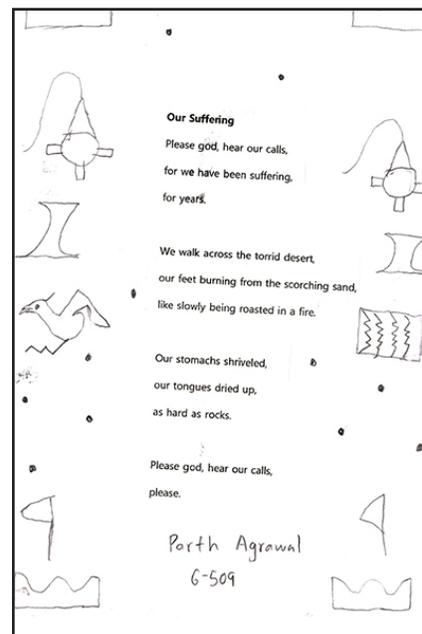
Eating (Fibonacci Sequence)

I
Love
To eat
I enjoy
Consuming pizza
My most favorite thing to do

I’m able to burn anything to cinders
I can craft any weapon, even swords
My mother sent me away from my home
She thought I was ugly so I seek revenge
My mom and my dad have endured great pain
My wife, a two-timing agent, cheated me
I helped my dad give birth by cracking his head
Giving birth to the woman I admired
Dressed in full armor, very beautiful
I’m not sure what to make of my parents
My dad cracked every bone in my body
And my mom broke my heart, calling me ugly
Which Olympic god or goddess am I? Hephaestus

The Feast Of My Birthday
(Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

I set my eyes on the triangular feast
I set my mouth open, ready to eat
Yellow, cheesy dip
Accompanied with triangular chips
We all know what’s coming next
The pizza and the cake are coming next



Hieroglyphs

TAYBAH ALAM

I Am the Great, the Mighty Nile River

I am the great, the mighty Nile River.
The sun shines, glistening on my soft, light waves.
Joyous kids splash me, giggling and laughing away.
I smile, but no one can see
The happiness and love inside of me.
Daily raindrops fall on my waves
Striking thunder rumbles the earth beneath me.
I am still, deep in my thoughts,
Hoping to live the life of a human.
Till then, I cherish my moments,
As the great, the mighty Nile River.

The Man-Moth

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The big, huge man-moth
Stomping through the fields
I cannot think clearly
My brain is crowded
I smile as I try to control my excitement
But, at the same time, fear overwhelms me
This enormous creature
As tall as a skyscraper
As vast as a monster
Shakes the land he stands on
Each step he takes
Making the hair on my skin rise
The beastly insect, the man-moth

The Bronze Statue of Artemis and a Deer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The Bronze Statue of Artemis and a Deer is a statue that I prize. It symbolizes women's rights and power. Artemis, also known as Diana, has a holy sanctuary in Aricia, known as Lake Dianae. While other statues here are made of marble, this smooth-surfaced, shiny statue is made of bronze. The honorable statue proves the strength and courage women acquire.

The holy statue
Showcases Diana's strength
And is made of bronze.

Wishes on My Birthday (French-Italian Villanelle)

As the winter begins to descend
My day of joy comes near
A day I hope never ends

When my parents allow me to spend
And cheerfully say, "Happy Birthday, Dear"
As the winter begins to descend

"Many wishes to you," my friends send
I feel as glad as a fawn who sees her mother near
A day I hope never ends

A wonderful day where my happiness ascends
There is nothing I can fear
As the winter begins to descend

It's the time I know, I needn't try to blend
I smile, modest but, inside, I cheer
A day I hope never ends

The glorious day fades away; that was the intent
Now I just wait, again, for the next year
As the winter begins to descend
A day I hope never ends

EMILY ARGIRO

The Night of the Moon

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

Up in the sky, in her shimmering glory,
The moon gives life
To her galaxy of stars and rotating planets.
She gives power to all her citizens,
Small and big
And mourns for them when they fall.
But behind that blazing cover,
The moon is a calm and humble figure.
She treats all her people equally,
Setting no rank or competition between
Because she knows that once,
She was a star, too.

Emily Argiro (Continued)

In My Head (French-Italian Villanelle)

As I sit on my bed,
Wondering what I will do,
I'm just in my own head.

I look over books I've already read,
While my friends are planning something new,
As I sit on my bed.

I take out paper and a lead
Pencil to write about what I should do.
I'm just in my own head.

My vacation time is almost dead,
And I still haven't got a clue,
As I sit on my bed.

The end of my vacation is what I dread.
I'm like a letter, waiting to get sent through.
I'm just in my own head.

I don't know where that time led
And how quickly it flew,
As I sit on my bed.
I'm just in my own head.

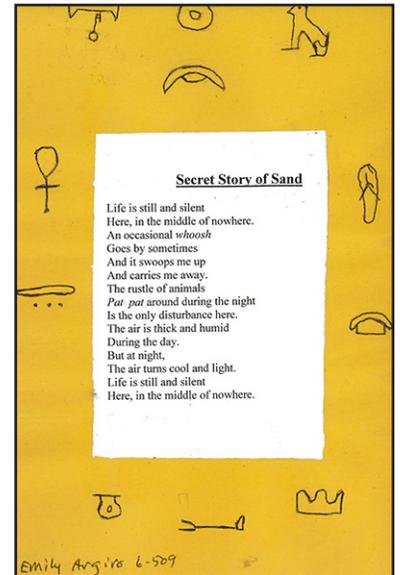
Bronze Statue of Artemis and a Deer
at the Metropolitan Museum of Art
(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

A bronze statue of Artemis and a Deer shows the loving relationship between animals and humans. The goddess wears a short chiton, a finely polished diadem with silver on her head, and elaborate sandals. This was the usual and appropriate dress for a goddess. Women figures usually represented hope in early Roman art. Artemis walks delicately, the deer at her side. The figures are so intact that it is as if you can touch the smooth pelt of the deer and the fine silk of the dress.

He admires her
Follows her as she strides on
Artemis and deer

The Secret Story of Sand

Life is still and silent
Here, in the middle
Of nowhere.
An occasional
Whoosh
Sometimes,
And it swoops me up
And carries me away.
The rustle of animals
Pat-patting
During the night
Is the only
Movement here.
The air is thick
And humid
During the day.
But at night,
The air turns
cool and light
Life is still and silent
Here, in the middle of nowhere.



Sand / With Hieroglyphs

RACHELA AUNG

Loss

When you place a cake
On a table,
You expect it to stay there.
You know it can't move by itself.
You want a piece of sugar.
You walk to the restroom,
Come back. Not there.
Feels like something beloved died.
You're a writer, you call for it.
You apologize,
Not knowing what you did wrong.
You look around
For that missing piece.
Dark as the night bright as the sun.
An illuminated sky with stars.
Each star a lost soul,
A golden cake, that can never be.
It wants to go back yet, it can't.

Ode to a Sweater

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

If Mary's lamb
Were to shed its back,
It would make
A lovely ornament.
Sewn together
With sleeves and a collar,
There is my blanket,
Sheets covering
My body on a
Monday morning.
Who would want more?
So comfy, so pretty.
They they could dye it.
Making different colors,
Making designs.
But when I wear it,
It sheds like a cat
During the season of fall.
Fleece everywhere.
"Get the sucker,"
My mother would say.
But I didn't care,
My blanket was warm
And if it shed
So would my couch.
White, black,
Pink or blue,
As long as my sweater
Is my blanket.

He and I

(Fibonacci Sequence)

He
Tells
Me to
Spread butter
On a slice of toast.
He tells me I can't spread my wings.
Incorrect. I can and they will be wider than his

I leap from spot to spot
Their arms push me aside
My wings aren't always
Strong enough to fly
Through these currents
Bait bribes me to mouth the hook
My heart races.
I know it must be the end
I fly from my world into another
After my capture
I freeze as my life drifts away
Though I am vulnerable
I am strong
The only thing
That is dearest in this world
My children
I go against it
They try to push me back
I climb up to my nest
After a treacherous journey
Sometimes I don't make it
What am I?
Answer: Salmon

PIERO CANALES

The Moon

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The silver crescent in the dark black sky
The people gazing upwards
Admiring its beauty and how tranquil it is
The next night it is a semicircle
Gleaming in pride with its new shape
Its viewers look in awe at its phases
The next night it is almost a circle
With the moon waxing towards something big
Many nights after, the moon is sorrowful
As it grows smaller, day after day
Until its gazers look up at the sky one night
To see the only light in the sky is the stars

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I speak the truth, and I make prophecies.
Zeus is my father; Leto is my mom.
My brother is the god of strength and sports.
My son is one of the only gods that died.
I heal people, but I can inflict death.
My home is the island of Delos.
My sacred animal is the dolphin.
I killed Python, a dragon, when I was four.
I fought bravely in the city of Troy.
I was in a music contest with Pan;
I won, but Midas gave me donkey ears.
Hermes made a lyre; I bought it from him.
Zeus killed my son with a lightning bolt.
Now, my question: Who am I? Apollo

Soccer (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

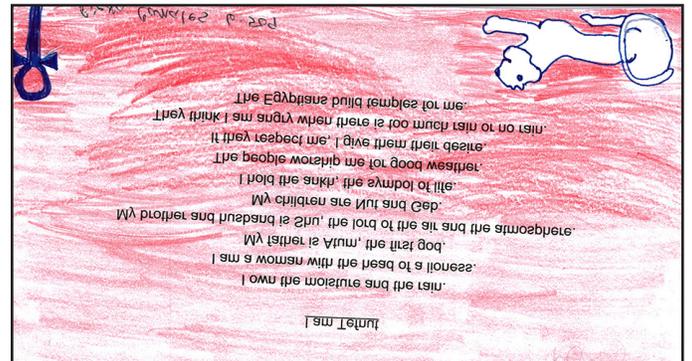
At an overfilled soccer stadium in Spain, fans are cheering on their favorite teams. They are overjoyed to see the best players in the world playing the most famous match, El Clasico. The fans are gawking at the abilities of the players. Suddenly, a player scores.

One side glum
Some fans cheering
Match renewed

Tefnut (After an Egyptian Legend)

I own the moisture and the rain.
I am a woman with the head of a lioness.
My father is Atum, the first god.
My brother and husband is Shu,
The lord of the air and the atmosphere.
My children are Nut and Geb.
I hold the ankh, the symbol of life.
The people worship me for good weather.
If they respect me, I give them their desire.
They think I am angry
When there is too much rain or no rain.
The Egyptians build temples for me.

All
our
life is
reflected
by ancestors' past
with our lifestyle developed
from our primitive, life-giving relatives.



I am Tefnut / With Hieroglyphs

ALEX CHEN

Grass

I go unnoticed
Unappreciated
Stepped on
As if I were nothing
Little do they know
That I am everything
I have great power,
Although I am small
Most of all, I am strong
Stronger than the gust of wind
Carrying away brothers
Stronger than the mighty men
Trampling us in the fields
Stronger than the rushing Nile
Drowning us slowly
Stronger than forest fires
Engulfing us in flames
We stand together, united
Calm in time of chaos
Together we are grass

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am a gloomy man with few words
Mortals do not dare speak my name
I live down below with my ice-cold queen
I stole her from her mother's arms
I make my fortune, cheating the dead
As I lead them down the murky Styx
My three-headed beast watches us go by
My brothers can only dream of my powers
Who cares about clouds and rivers anyway
While they spend their days alongside mortals
I terrorize the heavens and underworld
Mortals pray never to meet my fearful stare
I laugh. No one can escape the all powerful—Hades.

*Young Hercules at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art* (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

He casts a seven-foot shadow, all who pass him bathed
in his shade. He looks proud, his pupil-less eyes boast-
ful and confident. Draped over his left arm are the skins
of animals he has slain. His right hand is latched to the
wooden handle of an axe, hidden behind his back. He
stand there, exposed to the world, curly locks draping
his forehead.

A worldwide legend
A true representation
Of a young Greek man

He (After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

He stands on the edge of the platform
His hand around his phone
He remains oblivious
To the passing subway train
The doors open
He remains motionless
A stampede emerges
The strangers smother him
He remains stationary
The crowd thins out
He enters the subway car
And hangs onto the lanky pole
He looks up
He has missed his stop

The Night of the Moon

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

Waves sprinkling
Against the glistening moonlight
The moths lashing their wings
Despair around every corner
Giants of all kinds stomp awkwardly
Frogs with beastly tongues
Atrocious moth-hungry birds
The moths flop into the ferns
Their foe searches to and fro
Once again, drifting to the city they must
Search out food as men stomp their feet
Dangerously close
They dodge
At last they find
A whole flock of wool and silk
They eat and munch
Humans come out and shoo them away
The hands slapping and waving in the air
They flutter on, pursuing
The luminous light of the moon
Getting some rest after a brief day
Tomorrow will be another disastrous day—
The moth's life.

Ode to My Watch

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

You circle and clench my wrist
You, who go tick, tock
Comfort me in my sleep
O watch, you are so charming
With your exquisite case, its silver lining
You are trustworthy
As you tell me what time it is
I am never late when you are there
You are elaborate with your colorful straps
Luminous markers, and small batons
I can spin and pluck your crown
Adjusting your hands on your delicate display
O my beloved watch
I would never part from you
For you give me the ability
To determine my life
You are the brilliant star of my time

Selina Cheng (Continued)

Two Years Since Grandmother's Death
(French-Italian Villanelle)

Two years deceased, but anguish remains
Shadows over my heart fall
Love tattered by the ruin of stains

Memories' abode, soul of pain
Lurking throughout the wretched hall
As two years deceased, but anguish remains

Darkness prowls between the rains
Of tears; where doors close on us between the wall
Love tattered by the ruin of stains

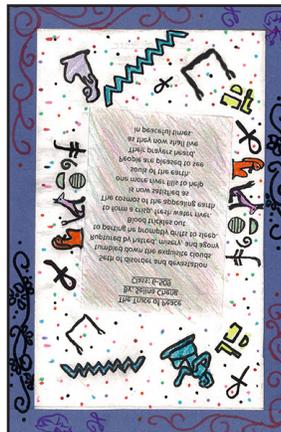
My mind, filled with pains
That you should see I made howl out as they crawl
Two years deceased, but anguish remains

Feeble and fragile, swelled by strains
What you should think of as memories call
As love is tattered by the ruin of stains

Teardrops sprinkle as love loosens its reins
I wait for you but time seems to stall
Two years deceased, but anguish remains
Love tattered by the ruin of stains

The Coffin of Myt (Ekphrastic Poem)

Myt, the cat died young
Robbed of wealth, coffin untouched
Lies in peace with charms



Hieroglyphs

TASNIM CHOWDHURY

Ode to My Jacket

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

If there were no birds
There would be no feathers
With no feathers, no more jackets
With no jackets, I would be freezing cold

I love my jacket because
It's really soft and furry
Softer than a little kitty cat
With my jacket I can pretend I'm snow

My jacket has a wonderful belt
From where it used to live
It lived with a company named Geox
It was born in the USA
My jacket even has cousins.
Some are named hats, others gloves
Even some named scarves

It's a family of gold
With the family of gold
I can defeat the cold
I know that if my jacket were a bird
It would sing these lovely words to me

Man-Moth's Dream

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

Man-Moth is dreaming
A dripping tear, a clue of misery
Man-Moth is huge as his dream
His dreams remind me of
The swiftness of the subway
This special subway moves backwards
Something I don't enjoy
Man-Moth
The moon isn't a portal
Or a hole in the sky
It's a bright, beautiful sun for night
The Man-Moth
Tries to escape the subway
But fails
Because he goes the wrong way

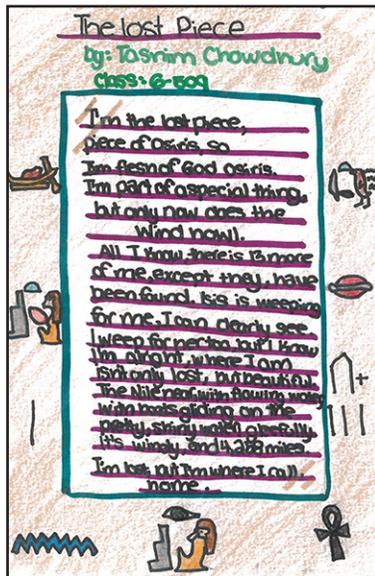
Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am Greek, a Greek goddess in fact.
I once even popped out of my father's brain.
When I came, I was clad in shining armor.
I am the wise one, I am the fierce one.
Some say I am a great hero, with my wisdom.
Others say I am the hero with great fighting skills.
I may be considered beautiful too.
I dress casually but fashionably.
I have dark hair, along with shiny gray eyes.
My father is Zeus, my mother is Metis.
I have a half-sister named Hermes.
She is also my very good companion.
The last thing: I'm the patron of the city of Athens.
My last question, do you know who I am? Athena

Let's Eat on Turkey Day

(Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Let's have fun on Turkey Day!
On Turkey Day let's eat away!
With more than just pumpkin pie.
There's so much, so let's quantify!
Taste the gravy and casseroles.
Eat the mashed potatoes!



The Last Piece / With Hieroglyphs

BREOGRAN DOUBLEDAY

Mansa Musa (French-Italian Villanelle)

Mansa Musa ruled all of Mali
Famous across Africa because of its gold
All this made him powerful and jolly

In his kingdom there were great fields of barley
In every town the grain was sold
Mansa Musa ruled all of Mali

The great king had a dog called Charlie
A hound most fierce and brave and bold
All this made him very jolly

The king crossed the desert upon his Harley
The dog alongside him, so it was told
Mansa Musa ruled all of Mali

Mansa Musa ruled all of Mali
He had so much fun he never grew old
All this made him powerful and jolly

He was more famous than Muhammad Ali
He had more coins than he could hold
Mansa Musa ruled all of Mali
All this made him powerful and jolly
Plus: He painted better than Salvador Dali

The Cosmoth

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The Man-moth reaches the hole
At the top of the sky.
It is lonely and bright and cold.
But gradually his loneliness fades away.
Out of the darkness,
He sees another Man-Moth,
A Child-Moth, a Dog-Moth,
A Woman-Moth,
And a Moth-Quito.
It is the largest Moth gathering
In the cosmos.
Or should I say Cosmoth?
It is a mammoth gathering,
And the Man-Moth is happy.

Breogran Doubleday (Continued)

How the Nile River Came to Be

(After an Egyptian Legend)

Once, the lands of Egypt were nothing but desert. There were no plants, and no rain ever fell. The sun-god, Ra, looked down towards the people, and saw the slaves and workers sweating all day long as they ran back and forth with materials to build new pyramids. Ra felt sorry for them, and asked them who they were working for, and they told him, "King Osiris."

Seth, who was the brother of King Osiris, overheard them talking and he became very jealous of Osiris. Seth quickly developed a plan. He decided to invite his family and friends over to his house to show them a new chest, and he said that whoever fit inside it could keep the chest. He specially made it so that only Osiris would fit properly inside. As soon as Osiris got inside, Seth covered the chest and burned it in a fire.

When Isis, Osiris's sister, found out about this, she began to cry. She cried so much that water eventually began to gather. A large puddle began to form by her feet as she stood near Seth's house. She continued to cry, and soon the puddle had become a small lake.

The slaves arrived, after another hard day of work, and saw this lake. As they were all sweating in the sun, they decided to cool off in the lake. But soon the slaves saw Isis by the side of the lake, crying endlessly. They asked her what had happened, and she explained that Osiris had died. They, too, began to cry, and the lake became larger and larger. Soon enough, everyone in town except Seth was crying into what was now a small river. They all cried and cried, until it was so big that it reached the Mediterranean Sea.

Ra looked down from the sky and saw that the river was more than four thousand miles long—the largest river in the whole world. As much as they all wanted to cry, the people now had something to be happy about. The water from the river caused trees to grow around it, so now they had shade. They could cool off from the sun any time they wanted. And there were lots of fish to eat, so the slaves were never hungry.

It took everyone, especially Isis, a long time to forgive Seth, but he promised he would never commit another crime. Isis became the queen of Egypt, as well as a goddess, and was always remembered as the friend of the slaves. Without realizing it, Isis had formed the great river Nile. Because of this, it was decided that she would be considered the goddess of nature.

YARA ELMAHY

Eirene (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the daughter of the god of lightning
I am the daughter of a titaness
My Roman equivalent is Pax
My sacred objects are corn and olive trees
My sisters are Eunomia and Dike
I am called Hora Thallo by Hesiod
My sisters are two members of the Horae
My mother is the daughter of Uranus
Another one has the same name as me
She is the daughter of Poseidon
She is the daughter of Malentheia
She gave her name to a small island near Crete
I am the goddess of the season of spring
I am the goddess of calmness and quiet

Cake

(Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

I'm happy and I know it
Huge and great. I admit it
Chocolate cake with chocolate chips
White and splendid chocolate strips
All of you, please come and eat
Taste my precious little sweet

***The Tomb of Metjetji at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art*** (Ekphrastic Poem)

When I saw the tomb of Metjetji
I was back in ancient times
I could feel the dust and the sand

There he is, on his false door
Depicted eight times
There he is
With an offering table filled with food.

You are not forgotten, Metjetji
From the Fifth Dynasty until now

Yara Elmahy (Continued)

Darkness

(After “The Man-Moth” by Elizabeth Bishop)

Man-moth, black as a scary, dark night.
The moon shines above, on his shadow,
As if he were dragging a long, dark cape behind him.
He would rather live in a dead-silent, endless tunnel,
Where only the speed of trains is heard,
Where day goes and darkness arrives,
Rather than walk visibly
In the scorching rays of the golden ball
Tearing his “flesh,” making him stand out.
He is only a creature who would rather stay away
From the eyes of the beings whose pride grows,
Who would lock him in a dungeon he can never escape,
Preventing him from taking a look
At the moon every night, before sunrise.

ALEXIA GONZALEZ

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am the Olympian who stabbed out
A hundred lines of a Greek monster’s sight
I am the only Olympian who
Leads the dead loved ones to a grand new home
I defeated the storm-encased monster
While the ruler of the skies lay limp
When I was only a newborn I stole
The god of the sun’s beautiful cattle
I wear wings on my heels and my head as
I fly around with Iris—we spread the daily news
My father has cheated ten thousand times
On his wife, so he has multiple kids
Now I shall ask you my final question
Can you, young mortal, guess which god I am?
Hermes

My Favorite YouTubers (French-Italian Villanelle)

YouTube is always where I go.
During my breaks, whenever I can play,
Red, green, blue, and purple I watch; no one tells me no.

Red, known as Markiplier, is very funny, like a show.
His red and black hair is here to stay.
YouTube is always where I go.

Green, known as Jacksepticeye, is a great guy, did you
know?
His voice gets louder every day.
Red, green, blue, and purple I watch; no one tells me no.

Blue, known as PewDiePie, has his own show.
He is still going, even with the Wall Street Journal in his
way.
YouTube is always where I go.

Purple, also known as Aphmau, has many friends, did
you know?
She uploads a video every day.
Red, green, blue, and purple I watch; no one tells me no.

These YouTubers aren’t from long ago,
and their videos always make my day.
YouTube is always where I go.
Red, green, blue, and purple I watch; no one tells me no.

Shadow

(After “The Man-Moth” by Elizabeth Bishop)

His shadow stands tall and cold
As the subway fills up
He spreads his leathery wings
And takes flight
His shadow is rarely seen
As he flies over the buildings
Anyone can see that
He is trying to reach the moon
Yet all of us know
That he will never be able to reach it
He tries as hard
As a determined man would
Yet no matter how hard
He flaps his rough wings
And stretches his rusty old joints
He will fall back, defeated

CAITLIN JULES

Sleeping (French-Italian Villanelle)

Sleeping uses time well
Over the break sleeping used my time
I can't describe sleeping; it is so swell

I love sleeping more than my favorite smell
I love sleeping more than my favorite sign
Sleeping uses time well

Some people dream of getting a cell
I dream of me when I was nine
I can't describe sleeping; it is so swell

Sometimes I dream of the pits of hell
Nightmares seem to take more time
Sleeping uses time well

Sleeping is like ringing a bell
When you're sleeping, you can eat grapes off a vine
I can't describe sleeping; it is so swell

I wonder if animals dream of shells
I wonder if they dream of cones of pine
Sleeping uses time well; it is so swell

Ode to Gloves

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

I slip my hands into the gloves
I struggle to find
The holes for my fingers
When I find them
I feel complete
My gloves, decorated
With bright orange
On the finger that points at me
When I am bad there is a spot
The spot is as gray as a cloud
It is also on the finger
That is not a finger; it is a thumb
The gray spot on the gloves
Helps me touch my phone
The cotton warms my hands
As a fire would
They are bunnies on my hands

The Stars

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The Stars glow white, yellow, and silver
They are different but look like twins
One star glows brighter than them all
Its pale light shines neon bright

The stars are holes in the sky
The biggest star, The biggest hole
The stars look close
But when I reach my hand out
I touch nothing

I climb as high as my ladder will go
And they are still far away

Some day I will touch the stars
Some day I will find them

The Egyptian Funeral Boats at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

In the dim room of art, the boats stood out. Even though they were still it looked like they were paddling with the purpose of getting to Osiris, god of death. The people in the funeral boats were paddling; they all had shaved heads. The funeral boats were lively as can be.

The boats had purpose
The people paddled to Osiris
They seemed lively



The Wind / With Hieroglyphs

FATMA KHELIFI

Neith (After an Egyptian Legend)

I, the strongest goddess of all,
Am named Neith,
Goddess of war
And scary people.

I, the strongest goddess of all,
Met up with Re,
For he was punishing the people,
Because they wouldn't thank him
For all he had done.

I, the strongest goddess of all,
See Ammut as I walk,
Doing what he does well,
Eating souls, listening to the people's yells.

I, the strongest goddess of all,
Soon see Bes.
She is blasting her music,
Thinking about how she is a dwarf-god.

I, the strongest goddess of all,
At last, see Heh,
Who meets people to live forever,
And is working on an infinity potion.

I, the strongest goddess of all,
Finally am where I want to be.
I have come to Baranis, Egypt.

The Man-Moth

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The Man-Moth is as big as the skyline.
He lives in the home of the Yankees.
As he lives he sees people,
Short as ants.
Everywhere he goes people stop and stare—
They're on the subway and the streets.
While going to the 31st tallest building in the world,
He doesn't like that the people are scared.
He thinks that their eyes are full of judgment,
But he is nicer than a pit bull.

Twin (French-Italian Villanelle)

I have a twin
She is the best
I hope she has no sins

She likes to win
We like to go on fests
I have a twin

She may not be thin
But she can still get dressed
I hope she has no sins

Where has she been
I think she went to the west
I have a twin

I like to see her grin
When she isn't taking a test
I hope she has no sins

She doesn't want sins
I wish she is always blessed
I have a twin
I hope she has no sins

MYAT KYAW

Escape

(Fibonacci Sequence)

Help
I'm
Running
And wishing
That I do not slip
Because they're really chasing me to death

Myat Kyaw (Continued)

African Silent Barter (French-Italian Villanelle)

Life's a trade and I will not stay.
Trading with you will help us grow.
I give you salt and wait for pay.

Leaving salt so food won't decay.
I'm giving its worth because I know,
Life's a trade and I will not stay.

Bang, bang, bang, the drums play,
We run away so you will show.
I give you salt and wait for pay.

Hearing you chirp like a blue jay.
Leaving us salt although,
Life's a trade and I will not stay.

Bang, bang, bang the drums say,
Coming together, you're not my foe,
I give you salt and I wait for pay.

Gathering my pay I'm happy to say,
Keeping your deal so things will flow.
Life's a trade and I will not stay.
I give you salt and wait for pay.

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

During nighttime, you rest by my soft glow,
My white horses trotting across the sky.
I found and claimed a Shepherd for a husband,
Forever my handsome and sleeping man.
My shimmering silver chariot is
Pulled by two pale steeds; they patrol the night.
I keep misplacing my sphere or my crescent—
Either on my head, or inside my cloak.
My home, a river with the name Oceana,
And I, swimming in the river of dreams.
My brother, the god of the "night diamonds";
My brother, one of my many lovers.
I am the goddess of the nighttime sun.
So, my peasant, take a guess, who am I?
Selene, Moon Goddess

Ode to My Glasses

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

My glasses
They sit on my nose,
They help me see.
Without them,
My life is just color,
No words, no letters,
Just colors.
I see red, blue, yellow,
Turquoise, white, black, green,
And all the colors in between.
Without my glasses,
My eyes don't work well
Without them,
I could pass off as another person.
However, with them,
The world is clear,
As I see not only colors,
But letters, and words!
An ode to my glasses
For they make me, me.
For others they make them, them.

The Moon at Night

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

Its glow, illuminating the sky,
Its glow, shining off the water.
Its glow, like chatty fireflies,
Its glow, providing light for late-night workers.

It has left us but will return soon.
The Moon, letting us know
That another painful day has gone by.
The Moon, watched as it dances in the sky,
Dancing to a different song every night.

The Super Moon, when the moon decides
It has had enough, changes to sassy sapphire.
The Moon, the guardian of our sleep,
Watching over us every night.

Unless it is a new Moon, when
The Moon is on vacation.

MEHDI MANSOURI

Nephtys Speaks (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I came from beyond the Earth, with my father.
He was the Earth god, he gave them the plan.
He led all the Gods, he was all powerful.
They knew him as Geb, he was the leader.
I should be the leader, because I'm one!
I don't need help, I control the water.
I created the Nile; yes, I did.
No one was afraid of me, but they were of Geb.
I should be the only god; I am the one.
I could control the lightest teardrop.
I made the oceans, rivers, lakes, and more.
I should control everything; I am the one.
I am Nephtys. I should be the leader.
Yes, I am the one, Yes, I am Nephtys!

An Ode to my Glasses

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

My glasses help me see
But I wish they were blue
As beautiful as they are to me
They are as black as the night sky

Without them, life is blurry, hard to see
Without my glasses I am not me
With my glasses I start to fly
And go up, to the plain blue sky
Without my glasses,
I have a pair of non-working eyes
With my glasses, I'm called four eyes
This is my ode to my glasses
As beautiful as sight

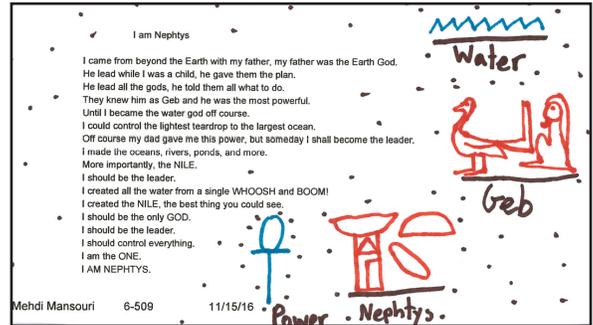
The Man-Moth's Eyes

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

Looking into the Man-Moth's eyes
Makes me shiver and scream
But it also makes me sad
And my soul mad
My soul begins to cry
And soon makes me, too

A teardrop went down

The Man-Moth's face
It was as pure as a lake
Shining in the moonlight
The Man-Moth ran in fright
Then he began to fly
And my soul did, too
But I stood as still as a rock
I will never forget the night
Of the Man-Moth



I Am Hephtys / With Hieroglyphs

MOHAMMAD MEHRAB

Ode to My Jacket

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

Have you ever felt
Protection and warmth
From a piece of cloth
That hugs you like a friend?
Comfort covers me,
Like a million pillows made
Of 60% cotton and 40% polyester.
My favorite jacket
Was made in Indonesia.
My favorite jacket
Was made by laborers
Who might not be paid
For all their hard work.
But this company,
Banana Republic,
Is very trustworthy.
This jacket must be cared for
Gently, washed cold,
Ironed cold.
My jacket and I
Know each other.
Do you know your clothing
As well as I?

Mohammad Mehrab (Contiued)

Greek Statues at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

(Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

Marble was one of the most used materials for statues because of its smooth texture and softness, which made it easier to carve. The Greek statues at the Metropolitan, made of marble, were then very smooth, like our own skin.

The marble statues
Greek expressionism
Smooth and soft, like real skin

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am a god who owns a mighty bolt.
My foes cower as I send lightning down.
Frozen in fear as I approach deadly.
They burn in flames when I show my true form.
Many beauties spark my love interest.
I trick then to get my sought out affairs.
My heart travels as blowing wind,
It comes and goes, leaving and finding love.
I retaliated against my father,
For he tried to consume my family.
But now I know I've followed his footsteps,
For I have committed the same great sin.
My actions prevent me from answering,
But who is the god who stands before you?
I am the god of ultimate power; I am Zeus.

Donut

(Fibonacci Sequence)

A
large
donut
is very
tasty and fluffy
I want a donut in my mouth

AFIFAH MONIR

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am a goddess; can you guess my name?
I am the goddess who was born from the sea.
My skin, it is whiter than ivory
My eyes, they are as blue as the huge sky.
I can give life to a lifeless sculpture.
I have many lovers but am unmarried.
I am elegance and adoration.
I am the goddess who has no parents.
I fought on Paris's side in the Trojan War.
I was married to one of Zeus's sons.
I am associated with Cyprus.
I had a very large number of kids,
I am the mother of the child, Eros.
My Roman name starts with the letter V.
Who am I? Venus

Ode to My Vans

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

My favorite pair of sneakers,
The World's #1 skateboarding shoe.
Made in China and sold around the world.
If the right size,
My feet sit soft and cuddled inside
High tops cover my ankles.
They have a sport black back,
With little white hearts all around,
Almost as if they had feelings.
My Vans, delight on my feet.

I

(Fibonacci Sequence)

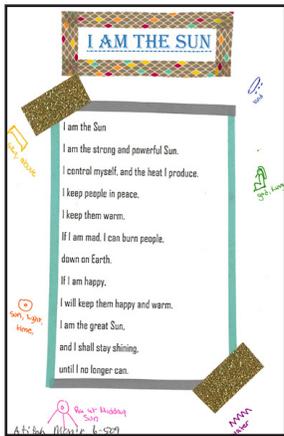
I
am
known as
Apipah
I favor cookies
And I also enjoy chocolate

Afifah Monir (Continued)

Man-Moth, Mysterious Creature

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

A person the size of his tiny hat.
Who rides the subway the wrong way, backwards.
A nervous creature who would rather not be seen.
So tall he can touch the moon's surface,
Only a useless hole in the sky,
For a man-moth as huge as him.
He dreams of dancing with the darkness,
And is carried through artificial tunnels.
The man-moth, a creature
With tears pure enough to drink



I Am the Sun, with Hieroglyphs

SALMA NASSAR

How the Nile River Came to Be

(After an Egyptian Legend)

The Earth Goddess noticed the people of Egypt always suffered during drought season. The people had been living this way for ten million years, and the population was decreasing. The people had been praying for a water source to appear near them.

The Earth Goddess decided to call for the Water Goddess, whose name was Nempsis, to discuss the problem. Nempsis said, "I will give the people water and see how they handle it."

The people followed the path of water that Nempsis made for them to use; they used it ever so carefully, and they didn't run out of water.

Then Nempsis rewarded them so they would never run out of water; she even made the river so long

that it spread through a few countries. The river gave them not just water, but fish. They decided to call the river the Nile because of the color of the sediment left after the river's annual flood.

What I Learned;

Most Egyptian historical sites are located along the banks of the Nile River. Around 40 million people live in the Nile Delta region. The length of the Nile is about 4,132 miles. The vast river system includes two main tributaries: the White Nile (named for its milky, silt-filled appearance); and the Blue Nile (which joins the White Nile in Sudan, on its way to the sea). It was by the banks of the Nile that one of the oldest civilizations in the world began. The ancient Egyptians lived and farmed along the Nile, using the soil to produce food for themselves and their animals.

Nile River Poem

The water is gone
Every day and night
We scream
In pain and sorrow
As our loved ones die.
Our stomachs
Have shriveled.
The scorching sand
Burns the soles of our feet.
We wander around
To find water
To save us all.
We must live in hunger
Until our prayers are heard

Egyptian Necklace at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

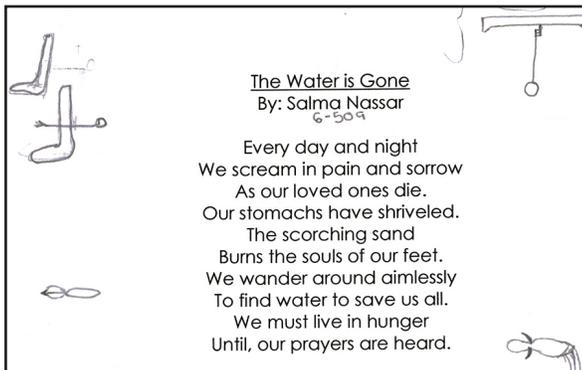
In the Egyptian section, a beautiful necklace sat in a glass prism. That necklace was inlaid with 400 semi-precious pieces of stone. It was one of the most famous produced in the kingdom. The necklace was made in the 12th dynasty during 1887-1813 B.C.

It was found in the
Tomb of El-Lahun with treasures
Beautiful art

Greek God Riddle

(Open Form)

I am a darling bud.
I put my arms around you.
I spread a wonderful feeling wherever I go.
I am not an Olympian,
But I am the most attractive goddess
On Mount Olympus.
I was born from the sea foam,
Almost always I am accompanied by Eros.
I have three different parents.
My symbols are the most beautiful bird,
The fruit eaten by Persephone,
And one of the most elegant birds.
I have temples built for me.
Who am I? Aphrodite.



The Water Is Gone / With Hieroglyphs

SADI NIRLOY

My Jacket (After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

Whether it be cold,
Whether it be hot,
My jacket is like an endless hug.
Though made
On the other side of the Earth,
It is filled with American pride.
Made from Hawke & Co.
Apparently for sports,
I wear it all the time
The "Dynamic Sports Fiber" coat.
It is size small
For as large as it is.

**The Egyptian Funeral Boat at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art** (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

I walk into a room, one wall glassed. I see a small version of a mighty boat. I imagine sailing on that boat as the captain, the mighty boat floating on the Nile. Men at my command row with sixteen oars. Two giant oars require many men to man and thrust us up and down the Nile. We sail for the sacred land of Osiris because our purpose is a funeral. On this enormous boat there is a coffin for the dead. We have food for us and some for the Ka. A vase contains our tribute to Osiris, so we can enter his land.

We float to bury
Conquering the mighty Nile
Hello Osiris

Once Again

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

An angelic figure.
A giant human, covered in the hairs of a bear.
Vast folded wing of a butterfly, like a mutant.
He came out of the hidden underworld beneath the city.
Attracted to the light, like a true moth.
A gaze around.
He spies the tallest building around.
The hole still there, the world is endangered.
The leap up.
Handhold, foothold, handhold, foothold.
Up to the top of the squarish mound.
The hole infinitely high.
The hole is clogged by the gray, shapeless bird.
He rests easy on the peak, with hands in his pockets
until he has the feeling he has been seen.
The cleaner dropped his sweeper
Overcome with awe and fear crawling all over.
Black dots stare.
A droplet slowly gaining shape.
A drop of pure life, a gift to the man.
He took it and left.
The giant man noticed the beam of silver
With uncertainty all over like his hair.
They were doomed.
He could no longer fight this
Accepting the inevitable fate written earlier.

Anticipation
(Fibonacci Sequence)

They
come,
they will.
Stars tell me,
but what, they know not.
It may be my Annabel Lee
Or, maybe I am just waiting for Eldorado.



The Sands Are Old / With Hieroglyphs

A founding father deserves his own play
Alexander Hamilton gets just that
Lin-Manuel Miranda wrote the whole play
He incorporated Hip-Hop and Pop
Tickets, all sold out at the theatre
Old or young, all enjoy the performance
You will laugh, you will cry, you will sing, too
He will be sure to not disappoint y'all
A play that will stun the whole audience
The actors are passionate when at work
The actresses are zealous when at work
The performers are like family
They watch each other's back when performing
Hamilton would have been greatly honored

Ode to My Glasses
(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

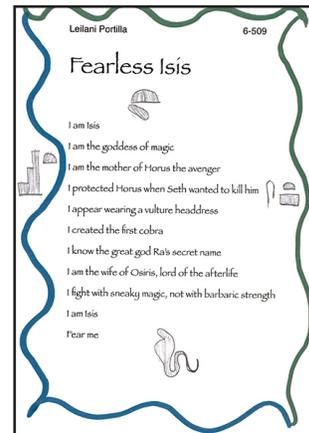
O glasses
How you have helped me
Without you
My world would be a blur
I would be blind
And your style
A most beautiful creation
Besides life, of course
But it was you
Who shaped the world
Into a clear view
Literally
Thank you, glasses

LEILANI PORTILLA

Flutter

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The man-moth has a friend
They are very alike
Not moth but butterfly
Unlike the man-moth, she loves attention
Gliding in and through the sky
Her rainbow eyes gleaming in the sunlight
She has fun in the day, but works at night
She fights crime with her magic
Few have witnessed her in action
She has many names—
Winged beauty, Angel, The Kind Witch
She prefers the name—Flutter



Fearless Isis / With Hieroglyphs

AARIYAN RAFEE

My Love of Reading (French-Italian Villanelle)

Oh, I love to read
It's what I do in my spare time
That's what I need

Books about detectives with leads
Just to read one book, I'd give away time
Oh, I love to read

When I was young, picture books were what I fancied
Now my favorite genre is crime
That's what I need

Captured by the greatest book, I am freed
I will do anything to read, even if Mt. Everest I have to
climb
Oh, I love to read

Reading with a casual speed
I read during very boring lunchtime
That's what I need

Just to read, I plead
Books of the poems that rhyme
Oh, I love to read
That's what I need

My Shoes (After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

My favorite pair of joggers
Made in Bangladesh..
Keeping me comfortable
While jotting down notes in class.
A chest to keep my things safe.
Something to cover
My feet from the winter winds.
My favorite pair of joggers
I feel were made just for me.
I wash them every day,
Treating them like a child's favorite toy.
My favorite pair of joggers.

Strong (After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

He is bigger and stronger
Than any man alive.
You scam as he catches your eye.
Putting so much effort
Into understanding our world,
On a journey for our love.
He tries to be kind
To our eyes.
His tears are acid-like,
Burning anything they touch.
That's the strength of the Man-Moth.

Eid (Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

On Eid, we have a great feast,
enough food to feed a beast.
Having fun with family.
Playing with them happily.
Eat and eat as much we can,
clearing the great big pan.

EMA RUDANOVIC

How the Nile River Came to Be

(After an Egyptian Legend)

Once, long ago, there was a village in Egypt
where there was no water for the men, women, and
children. Since there was no water, they had a hard
time surviving.

So, one day, the men gathered around to talk.
"We should create water; the gods did it; why can't
we?" said the eldest.

"We aren't gods, dear elder," the others said,
"therefore, we are unable to create water." The men felt
hopeless; they were out of ideas, so they turned to the
women of the village. The next day, the women gath-
ered around to try to fix their drought problem.

Ema Rudanovic (Continued)

“We should call in Khnemu-Ra. He will help us!” said Sari, an old woman from another village.

“Oh, no, dear Sari, we mustn’t. Khnemu-Ra is already busy. Best not to disturb him.” And just like that, the women were out of ideas.

The children had been hearing the conversations between the men and women; and one child named Nile had a plan. They started digging a large canal that would go throughout Egypt. As they got further and further from home they thought about their parents and how they might be missed.

“What if we don’t come back!” said one of the children.

“We will be gone for only a month, they will survive,” Nile answered back.

So the children continued digging, through Egypt, Burundi, Sudan, Ethiopia, and Uganda. Finally the sky started to rain and, after a hard month of rain, the children built a boat and set sail for home. Khnemu-Ra was pleased with the children and, so, as the rain fell, fish and plants fell out of the sky and into the canal, which was now a river.

The women, men, and Khnemu-Ra thanked Nile for his idea, so they all decided to name the river the Nile. This is how the river was formed and got its name.

The Water Moon

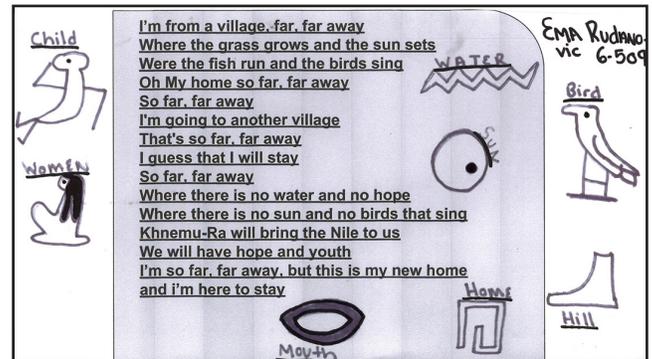
(After “The Man-Moth” by Elizabeth Bishop)

The Water Moon
Close but distant
Lighting the path
On a dark, stormy night
So blue and so grand
Wait, doesn’t blue mean sad
Is our own Water Moon sad, I shall ask
Will the moth-man appear once again
Holding out his large hand
Touching the moon
So close but so distant
The Water Moon.

The Sun

(Fibonacci Sequence)

The
Sun
The heat
I’m in awe
The sun is a ball
Of its flame and fury



Hieroglyphs

SIMON SAMONTE

The Man-Moth

(After “The Man-Moth” by Elizabeth Bishop)

The Man-Moth climbs up
The space-breaching buildings
He climbs faster than the eye can see
He climbs up those endless glass facades
Finally, he reaches the top
He sees a ramp on a building
Thinking it is the key
To the ripped black cloth in the sky
He flashes across the building tops
And reaches the key
He dashes faster than you could ever
Imagine and leaps up into the air
As he flies, he sees
A city of lights prancing in his face
Struck with fear, he flails and struggles
He is helpless and free-falls through sky
Lands in a fluffy bed of leaves
He knows it is helpless
But will never stop trying

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I was like one of you before you were here
I had many kids before you were born
I was admired a long time ago
The things that I make can heal you or kill you
My craftsmanship made me commit a crime
When I died I went far beyond the Earth
I was taught in the art of medicine
I was a ruler back in the old days
Don't play games with me; I am a cheater
My sons did something I could have never done
Zeus thought I was a threat to the gods
I can make mortals unconsciously love
People these days use me quite frequently
But I may seem to be what I am not
Who am I? Aesculapius, a demigod

The Statue of Mentuhotep II in the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

The statue of Mentuhotep II stands proud and tall with his red crown, the crown of Lower Egypt. His fists once held the scepter and flail of Egypt's most royal of the royal. His statue, made of sandstone, has traces of blood-red paint.

The statue stands still
Weary and broken in the
Darkness of the night.

Ode To Shoes

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

My beautiful, sweet pair of shoes
And when I jump
They soar like eagles gracefully
When I land
I shake the ground stronger than an earthquake
When I walk
They crack the ground so deep
When I wear these shoes
I never want to take them off
Taking them off makes me droopy
Putting them on makes me cheerful
When I wear my shoes
I can do anything that I want to

Bronze Hydra at the Metropolitan Museum of Art
(Ekphrastic Poem, Open Form)

The emptiness inside you
Locked above you
The darkness inside
Won't beat your outside shine
You shine as brightly as caramel
Your ocean patterns shining out
Life—how old you are
You are as old as history
You might be useless, but with hope
The Pandora box, inside, holds some fire
There is still hope out there
Your glow shows light in dark
Soon you will be free for life

You wave like perilous oceans
You shine like King Tut's gold
You are as old as the ancestors out there
You might be locked in the dark
The Athenians still believe in you
There's still hope out there, somewhere
Someday, there will be a light
The light will shine, and you'll be free
Then you'll finally be known
So it is time to get out there
The light that sparks within you
Soon, you will be free, for life

Ode to a Gift of Shirts

(After "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda)

A surprise is happening
Inside a house
With many things
A Box of mystery
Given just for me
As I open it—
I know
It's like a treasure chest
Found after
A long journey

Arif Taseen (Continued)

Fade (French-Italian Villanelle)

When everyone in the world is not in play
We try to feel it
When we try, we fade away

Eternal silence of the sea
The world is low-lit
When everyone in the world is not in play

When everyone doesn't see
My calming noises, saying, "Sit"
When I try, they fade away

We ask ourselves, "Who are we?"
We all feel a bit
Odd, when everyone in the world is not in play

When everyone in the world is not filled with glee
We all say, "Dang it"
When we try, we still fade away

As you can see
We need a survival kit
When everyone in the world is not in play
When we try, we fade away

Illusion

(Fibonacci Sequence)

It's
Weird
It's stressed
Illusion
Stuck in Confusion
Conscious minds wait through dizziness

MAKSIM TESOVIC

Why

(Fibonacci Sequence)

Why
do
we live
in a world
where violence is
intended and corruption is
allowed, thinking that we are the answer and key?

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I have no mother; I have a father.
I have two uncles, and I fought with one.
Goddess I am, Capital is my name.
I am strong but delicate, tough but smart.
My symbol is the "pigeon" of the night.
My other symbol is a food you eat.
Father had a headache from consuming his wife.
I was "collected" from my father's head.
Fought for my city, fought for my people.
My name: Goddess of war, Goddess of "town."
My name begins with A and ends with A
My name is also Goddess of wisdom,
Goddess of courage, and Goddess of skill.
Child of an Olympian, who am I? Athena

The Man-Moth

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

He creeps in the darkness,
Startling the people of the city.
He is like a cheetah, swift but silent.
The people cower in fear, knowing what's coming.
His glare, like lightning, strikes fear
In the peoples' eyes. His eyes bulge.
Alas, the moon awakes to frighten the beast.
The silhouette of his wings blankets the city.
Dazed and confused,
The townspeople stay still, like rocks.
His mouth widens,
Showing his boa constrictor features.
The people know who he is.
He is the man-moth.

My Life: Gone

I glimmer in the sunshine,
Knowing no one understands me.
I am a very peculiar object,
Huge but vulnerable.
I wish that I were never alone.
I spot, in the distance, two dogs
Finally, I am not alone.

But I was wrong, as always.
These dogs view me as a mere chew toy.
But, what can I do?
It is only animal instinct.

The bites felt like a thousand bees stinging.
Each bite reminded me of my beautiful past,
Annoy me in my dull presence,
And crush me with my future
(Knowing I didn't have one).

I collapsed to the ground.
The last thing I saw was two fleeing dogs
And a towering wave above me.
I never existed I never lived.
My Life: Gone.

She is a goddess who never gets defeated.
If you confuse her with a challenge, you can bet
You will never win. She has the wings of an
Angel and she rides a chariot. Her
Symbols are golden sandals, wings, and wreath.
She is the daughter of Pallas and Styx.
Her three siblings are Kratos, Bia, and Zelos.
Her Roman name is what she personifies.
Her Roman name is Victoria. She
Is as beautiful as a rainbow. Her
Home is Mount Olympus. A brand takes
Its name from her. The goddess is about four
Meters tall. She became what she personifies
By helping Zeus win a battle. Who is she? Nike.

Thanksgiving

(Greek Anacreontic Rhyme)

Thanksgiving is the most fun
On that day you eat a ton
I love the white meat the best
You can keep the dark and the rest
For dessert I eat cheesecake
And to drink I drink milkshakes

The Moon

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The moon is up above
It beams on the city
That never sleeps at night
As we go to sleep
We can see a very shiny light
The moon, the moon, the moon
It is as bright as the sun
The moon is so high up no one
Not even the Man-Moth
Can reach it
It is impossible to reach
It is higher than anything in the world
It can be considered the Midnight Sun
The moon is a perfect circle
Cut out of the sky
The moon, the moon, the moon
Extremely bright

MASSIMO TURCIOS

They

(Fibonacci Sequence)

They
Tell
Me not
To believe
Because I won't do
It, but I won't listen to them.

SOPHIA WYSE

Night (French-Italian Villanelle)

You cloak us in darkness from evening till dawn
While the moon and stars light the way
Until we wake to see that you have gone

As the sun starts to disappear without warning
The sun then gives way
You cloak us in darkness from evening till dawn

You have disappeared, vanished by morning
The sun then comes out to begin the day
Until we awake to see that you have gone

And with your leaving, I begin my daily mourning
But then again to my dismay, you do not come to stay
You cloak us in darkness from evening till dawn

You cloak us in darkness from evening till dawn
But each day you seem to want more play
Until we awake to see that you have gone

But as you get briefer, it is a clear forewarning
That winter is underway
You cloak us in darkness from evening till dawn
Until we awake to see that you have gone

Egyptian Jewelry at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Ekphrastic Poem / Japanese Haibun)

As I walked through the hall of the museum, I saw
a sparkle out of the corner of my eye. Where did the
sparkle come from? As I looked around the hall, I saw
it—Egyptian Jewelry. I rushed over to the glass to the
bracelets, necklaces, earrings, rings, crowns, hair acces-
sories, little animal figures, and more. They were made
of diamonds, crystals, gold, and emeralds. The glitter
and sparkle called me to take a closer look.

I approached, hypnotized
By their beauty, and wished they
Would never cease to glow

The Moon

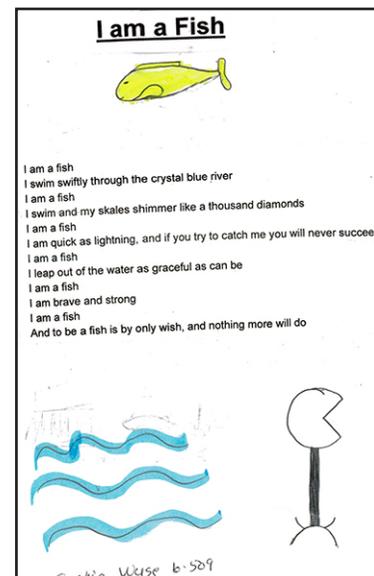
(After “The Man-Moth” by Elizabeth Bishop)

The moon shines dappled spots
Of light on the sidewalk
It gives off a blinding, mesmerizing light
As it shines in the pitch-black, silky sky
And sits on a throne surrounded by its subjects
The moon guides us as a father would a child
As we walk through the night
The moon is a high-up portal to another world
Always waiting for someone to enter it
If you reach it you might prove worthy to enter it
Or you might plummet back down to earth,
And hide like a bear in its cave,
Until you come out from hiding
Seek it out once again
But no matter what, the moon will always be there
Waiting silently, just as majestic as ever
Until you can not reach it
And it waits for someone new

The Shape-Shifter

(Fibonacci Sequence)

I
am
the one
and only
Shape-shifter and I
can change my shape, color, and my size



I Am a Fish / With Hieroglyphs

SAAMI ZAKIR

Greek God Riddle (Blank Verse Sonnet)

I am immortalized by destruction.
I char and scorch for the lust of power.
I stamp out resistance to seek stability.
I overwhelm the power to eradicate life.
I am revered and feared by gods and humans.
I am rivaled by very few by my power.
For I perpetuate despair and fear.
I resent those who challenge my motives.
No one can face my wrath of a fiery doom.
I can harness the power of volcanoes.
I dictate the life of anyone you know.
You shall know me as the one who stands out.
However, I can create a necessity.
I have sought to take over power from Zeus.
Who am I? Salmoneus

The Moth-Man

(After "The Man-Moth" by Elizabeth Bishop)

The moth-man lives the life of a dweller
In the gloomy and eerie subway tunnels
These labyrinths hide a creature
So hideous and disturbing
In its texture that it would petrify
People who looked at it
The creature was sent from
The underworld to punish the bad
He sits and squanders in the dark
Wishing to compound life's joys
His pride and greatness is trapped
Like a flame in a lantern
His hopes are as great as the moon
Who shadows the city whose
Pride illuminates the night sky
However, he is blind
To the true appearance of the world
Like a person confined to large walls
His life is meaningless,
Like a car without an engine
For his life is as empty as a house
Without anyone or belongings

Night (Fibonacci Sequence)

Till
The
night comes
For the moon
to emerge from the
slumber of day, to comfort the night
With its glowing heavenly color permeating the sky



Notes and Autographs

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