

The Tenth Muse



*Science Park High School
Literary Magazine
2018-2019*

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***The Tenth Muse is dedicated to
The Executive Council of *The Voltage*.***

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Keep on Walking

By Sharlize Lescano

The slope does lead beneath the leaden sky,
The crest surrounded by a wicked mist;
“Go on, it’s not that steep,” goes the old lie;
All I can do is trudge on and exist.

Weighed down by millstones that are of my mind,
Yet short of such restraint, I cannot walk;
A world without this hindrance, I’d be blind;
At least that is just how my mind does talk.

How is it that others walk with such ease?
I could not stride up, fearing the expense;
Certain not to be lost amongst the trees,
I’m left on the wrong side of the gray fence.

But if we rally here and smash that wall,
Casting off our pain, the sky is for all.

The Flame

By Diana Malenkova

Throughout all centuries the world has seen,
A sight that brings in honest hearts pure ruth,
A fallen pawn that's aiming for a queen,
The wise who lie, and clowns who speak the truth.
A shard of paper can turn people blind,
But richness such an ugly beggar births;
A shepherd with a wolf in one entwined,
Which throne of dust and frailty sudden girths.
There's also those who rapid change desire,
With tireless truth, they'll beat themselves awake;
Inside their soul, there is a burning fire,
The same one that will burn them at the stake.
As centuries unfold this wicked game,
The play goes on for those who hide the flame.

To My Friend Letty

By Michelle Cardona

While I look at our pictures from the past,

Nostalgia quickly starts to soon arrive;

Success and triumph is in our forecast;

I know we will both set our goals and strive.

A bond's best blossom is in honest trust,

Always ensuring we both feel alright;

To understand each other is a must,

And mutual support does keep us tight.

When you are by me, I see a real friend,

Whose wise assurance helped me well before,

For you, I always have a hand to lend,

From here on out and once forever more.

The next sweet chapter of our lives starts soon,

As does every new phase of the moon.

To My Friend Shellsters

By Leticia Santos

The times we spent together were a blast,
From Bio jokes to learning how to drive;
The years of all this friendship have gone fast,
But we know that this bond was made to thrive.

Our moments seem to turn into stardust,
Like all the ones we had at the campsite;
The friendship never will be left to rust,
As we had talked under the bright moonlight.

Good times they last until the week does end,
But on Monday they start again once more;
I know that truly you are my best friend,
The giggling lets us know what we adore.

We will change like a new phase of the moon,

As graduation waits for us in June.

My Dearest

By Ifeoma Enekebe

From day one, I knew I could count on you;
You'd promised nevertheless to prevail,
With a fierce lion's heart that shines so true,
Amidst your kind deeds that uplift the frail.
To you, I owe this life I have today,
From the great sacrifices you have made,
To your compassion steadfast in the fray,
All proof of your sweet love that never swayed.
For flowers blooming on a bright spring morn,
To twinkling bright white stars that cast array;
Each cannot measure with the beauty worn,
By my one and only love every blessed day.
Her presence stretches forth really like no other,
And makes me proud to call her my sweet mother.

Snooze

By Joél Alfaro

The alarm rings, I need to wake for school,
Instead I just lie in bed and hit snooze,
Wanting not to rise and tie both my shoes,
I stay in bed, the hours of sleep were cruel.
I cannot move, like a car out of fuel,
Still I need to wake up, still I refuse;
Abused is the snooze, it is no new news,
I should just wake up and stop being a fool.
At last, when I am ready to arise,
I start to dread the long exhausting day,
And it makes me want to go back to bed;
It worries me that I am so unwise.

At this point being late is my own cliché;

I hope I am not late the day I wed.

Thing Called Friendship

By Paulina Lara

How did I get so lucky meeting you?

You have contagious laughter and smiles;

Throughout the years, we have become a crew;

We all have traveled to the place for miles.

Farewell is an unfortunate folklore, no?

We go our different ways and paths today;

Today begins our journey where we grow;

Today we cheer so much, let us say yay!

Share not where you go but what you do here,

I want you to learn lots of things with me;

Oh, I do love you guys, I do adore;

Learn to love, and learn to get that degree.

Let us end with pride towards love and joy;

Use a thing called friendship and employ.

Letting Go of Hate

By Vanessa Darkoa

In life, we have tough choices thus to make,
Those kids around us lead us the wrong way;
Still, others' words can hurt us till we break,
We must not let these things lead us astray.
But for once we should all get something straight,
Just as kindly as a mother's sweet heart,
Like Martin said once, we all must not hate;
Our experiences are forms of art.
Painfully beautiful surely is life;
We only have so much time as the clock ticks,
Not discarding darkness only brings strife,
We cannot fall into meaningless tricks.
Together, we can allow hate to go,
And in its place, let love freely show.

Secrets on the Wind

By Jose Velez

The whispers pass like the warm summer breeze;
If spoken, they can render one to tears;
Like breathing, words do pass through lips with ease,
Discretion makes it so that none may hear.
Fear of harsh judgment locks the truth away;
The trusted few have access to the code,
Kept in rooms sealed off from the light of day,
Power gained by which they were bestowed.
But these vile secrets are such fickle things;
The secrets of others give me great joys,
Revealing them is giving the truth wings,
Gathering secrets is like buying toys.

All secrets are small creatures with a bite;
They can be weaponized and used in spite.

The Variability of Uncertainty

By Khovesh Ramdin

Acknowledgment of the eternal cask,
The solace that becomes so evident
Of thought; please salvage remnant, may one ask?
Another deems it as irrelevant;
As boisterous as relativity,
Distance concrete between the many points,
Endless data shows expansivity;
Consider time by the obscure disjoints;
In youngest stage, is time so realistic?
Unable to characterize, they accept,
The aging process shows it less simplistic,
Able to characterize, they reject.

Rather than being caught by time's firm grasp,

Transcend reality; make fiction last.

A Bittersweet Goodbye

By Camila Pullas

I live and learn, I'm gonna make mistakes,
And leaving now for courses that I will plan,
I'm nervous, yet my surface doesn't break,
Become a sweet, be loved, and better man.
Your force to break, demolish has made me,
Same days so sour, so tense, so strain, so grim;
Without your presence, it's as being free,
Before I drowned and crumbled, now can swim.
It's time to outline ahead into life,
Attending you has shown me many things;
Now I know there was no need for my strife,
Instead of just the things my lifetime brings.
Although you make me want to shout and scream,
It has been nothing but surprising dreams.

My Motherland

By Agnes Anokye

Take me to that great place filled with much love,
Where the community is worry free;
The people bask in the sunlight above,
They dance and sing and let their voices be.

Take me to that fine place with wealth and peace,
Where the cocoa beans fill the trees so amply;
It heals me with its fine masterpiece,
And leaves its crown to honor the family.

Take me to that place where the sun dances,
Where the moon shines, and reach out to the stars,
And the people are bold and take chances
As they reach for the blue sky to touch Mars.

Take me to the place I call my homeland,
A city so peaceful that I will stand.

Beautiful Chaos

By Jeannie Chuquirima

The younger children who do live with me,
The high pitched sounds that echo through the night,
With my desire to run and soon be free,
I stand and wonder if it's worth the fight.
Alas, why do I fret, it's for the best,
My sacrifice will pay off in the end;
The tears and sweat and stress and lack of rest,
I learned from them that I also depend.
I've been rewarded with so much pleasure,
From laughs and smiles that nothing can compare;
My siblings, they are my embraced treasure;
The darkest days are bright with them right there.
My heart is shared between four little boys,
And one small girl that adds right to the poise.

What Comes After?

By Litzi Herrera

Mocked and ridiculed for being unique,
Society has turned its back on her,
Her outlook on life started looking bleak,
Nowhere is safe for her with hurtful slurs.
A world where her love was considered wrong,
She was afraid to think she was not great,
Venus cursed her with a love lasting strong,
Fearing dark futures, fearing foggy fates.
All hope fleeting away like a white dove,
A curly haired queen shines like a sun ray;
Confidence never felt before her love,
Once a bright future covered now in gray.
Now we wonder why our love did not last,
And you live as just a ghost of my past.

The Race with Time

By Jennifer Penaranda

It seems that I am lost within a maze,
The end of all this is unclear to me,
Looking back there is nothing to praise,
A simple small speck of dust in this sphere.
I want to chase my dreams, but I just see defeat,
The end of all this is unclear to me,
Instead it's the monster of time I meet,
A race of life leaving myself to be.
The youth of time may come to end,
What is left is nothing but bones and dust;
One must come together and mend,
What was once whole is left with mistrust.
Who will win at the ending race with time?
But at the end, it is not worth a dime.

The Greatest Discovery

By Daniel Persadie

If you had just one wish, what would it be?

To run away, discover an escape,

Decline the wish and just select release,

Pursue the easy route, succumb to hate.

Forget what you've been told, forget it all,

Absorb the hate, but never present it,

Assert the pride within, and don't withdraw,

For it's the only fight you can't omit;

Accept the truth and rewrite your future,

As it is never too late to change fate,

Because you are more than just a viewer,

So hurry, hurry don't remain and wait.

Establish your position in the world

As it has long existed, unconfirmed.

Together Apart

By Donyah Richardson Thurmond

No more secrets, only long tales to tell,
The promises that never will be kept;
From day to day, the dreams and nightmares fell,
Underneath the rug our blind doubts are swept.
The past comes rapidly to take away,
To open wounds that once were very bitter;
All the things we've built and your will to stay
Fades with the feelings in the tears that glitter.
But you and I together have built thrones,
With minds that think, yet never seem to learn;
Made of our dreams and made of our backbones
Is the withered bridge between us that burns.
 Though deeply in love, forever we seethe;
 Together, apart, the water we breathe.

Mamadukes

By Waleed Richardson

Her body pushes, and he will not budge;
She cries and wants the pain to go away;
I'm here and present ready to get touched;
She holds me, loving sights of me that day.
Years later, she does teach me how to love,
You have to love yourself before someone;
My love for her increases like a dove;
My mom's job as a mother has begun.
My fun teenager years began to come,
A lot of thoughts arose within my head,
I knew the person I was to become,
"Your future brings myself to joy," she says.

Throughout the years, my mother did the work;

Her presence is my one favorite perk.

A Vase

By Darleny Ynfante

How hard it is to break a broken vase?

With just a little toss, you'll see it crack.

Nothing will hold without a ground or base,

And everything and more you'll see it lacks.

Filled empty with some space creates a void;

Piece it together to ignore the noise;

Fake reparations being paranoid;

To fix is pointless it will get destroyed.

And flowers grow to come around and bloom,

The emptiness within lingers about;

No vacancy, no sun, no vase, no moon

Comes recognition of the space with doubt.

Ceramics, clay and glass made to compose,

But once they're fractured no one will impose.

His Sweet Nothings

By Jessica Singh

Her radiance is just so glorifying,
Her bright intelligence so misunderstood,
Just so in love with her, it's terrifying,
With sultry smile, she does find motherhood.

She attracts the fellas with just a wink;
Her beauty is incomprehensible;
When I think of her, she makes my heart sink,
To make her my bride would be sensible.

He whispers these sweet nothings to me, why?
And he smiles with ease, but I only sigh.
I question, is it because he's a guy?
He tells me pretty things, but makes me cry.

But alas, these small truths are just a bluff;
The words "I love you" will never be enough.

Shot Clock

By Mayowa Adeliyi

Passing the ball from player to player,
Blocking the rival from getting the shot,
All of us sweating under each layer;
Using energy to do what was taught.
The game is close and fear starts to set in,
Each call that coach does make will change the game;
The crowd roars anxiously to see who will win,
Halftime comes quickly, it's a close ball game.
I go back to the bench, get a high five,
As the game is ending, they get dirty;
Their player fakes injury, goes to dive,
How much is on the clock, only 30.

The game is over; it was lots of fun,

We are all very gleeful that we won.

I Am Knot My Hair

By Bemí Akínsíku

The hair is mine, the curls oh so refined;
The hair divine, it does not carry weight;
Culture and radiance, mine intertwined,
Shame wrapped in a plait hair I used to hate.
Perm it, comb it, brush it, no stress, less mess;
Make sure your hair does hide it from the world;
You were taught that curls are sad, so bless;
No more you roar, take back, reclaim the swirled.
Only you define your views let you choose,
Please never let them lead your views askew;
Go crazy, go stupid, let that hair loose,
You may not know the beauty hair strands grew.
But such you will learn once you just let go;
Learn to love your hair as it grows, very bold.

True Love

By Wajiha Bhatti

The grin across her ever smiling face;
She grabbed his heart right from the very start,
But moving fast was not a real good pace,
Was this interaction true in the heart?
Your loving talks do bring out many rays;
I love your cheesy smile and attitude;
Thinking of your sweet laughs fills up my days;
My love for you is the bright longitude.
How can you throw away my precious love?
I struggle in so many ways for you;
The height of this endless love, flew like doves,
You only gave me pain I should have too.
I will be much stronger because of this,
And now live a new life that's full of bliss.

The Mysterious Night

By Vinicius De Almeida

The night arrives once the sun's light departs;

Our moon, it bears a luminescent glow,

The stars are such aesthetic works of art;

When sadly dawn advances, they must go.

As dusk approaches, the lights all escape,

The sun leaves, what remains is the twilight,

Then cloaked in darkness as if in a cape,

We're all ruled only by the dim moonlight.

Even if to some, the night transfers fear,

To others, it offers a sense of charm,

Some gaze into the night's celestial sphere,

The rest will feel an odd sense of alarm.

Although most prefer to dwell in the sun,

The night will always give people a stun.

The Chef's Dilemma

By Christopher Dela Pena

A recipe with no clear single plan
Begins with only just one cut or slice;
One item by one item in the pan,
A few new things to try and add some spice.
The heat of tribulation can burn all,
And leave us mending, tending to the pains,
But fire and flames can be at beck and call,
And lead to larger and to well-earned gains.
But how do we know if we are to rise,
Unless we push ourselves into the flame?
How do we know if we receive our prize
If we do not even play in the game?

We only leave ourselves little to think,
Before the dish burns away in a blink.

For Rhyme No Reason

By Bradley Gonmiah

You have to write a poem that is yours,
For Mr. T reminds you every day;
The syllables reflect your inner core,
So write and write until you find your way.
But still, each word that lives brings me no thrill;
The seventh day yet I say not “it’s good”;
I do to do while never being chill;
I should, I would, but only if I could.
To search for better times we look ahead,
Onto the past, we seek to be ourselves,
Yet still our hope for change just winds up dead,
For difference, oblivion we delve.
Now onward hence efficiency is ours,
What’s mine is yours so charge against the hours.

Music to Me

By Emily Hamberland

It is as if I am in paradise,
All of the harmonies do intertwine;
The feeling I get is as cold as ice,
The sounds assure me that it is all mine.
The simple soothing sounds do seem to sway,
The booms and bangs help me to not think aloud;
As all stress, fear, and sadness fade away,
Without the sounds, silence can be so loud.
Brand new albums are music to my ears,
Won't count a beat without my feet tapping;
Music makes me move without any fears,
Each verse a story is unravelling.
Each unique artist leaves a legacy,
Their soul poured out into their melody.

The Beatles

By Brianna Hernandez

There's something in the way they sing and write,
Letting us know that yesterday was great,
And yet a blackbird can't withstand its light,
Flying through diamond skies to celebrate.
Teaching their fans that all you need is love;
Though at times you have to hide it away,
And work out everything you are sick of,
You tell yourself that "I will be okay."
An octopus' garden lined with kelp,
A boundless strawberry meadow spread out,
We learn that even rock stars need some help;
Despite their need to let it be, they doubt.

The timeless nature of this band goes on,
With Ringo, Paul and George, and also John.

My Heart's Solemn Sunset

By Glorimar Jaramillo

All through the night, I dream of you sometimes,
And as I sleep, it seems I can't forget,
All of the memories remain with time,
Of all my love for you, my worst regret.
My sleepless nights spent staring at the wall,
The blaze of fire that burned throughout the night,
So bright, now gone it seems as I should fall,
The scorching flame all gone without spite.
A cold cruel heart is what remains from this,
One filled with so much hatred and all pain,
And what remains a deep and dark abyss,
From what was once so joyful and so sane.

And I live life just thinking of once was,

As my mind lingers on our past, it does.

The End of the Beginning

By Carolina Resende

The time is ticking right in front of us;
Your deepest fears do creep inside your mind;
So much around us that we must discuss,
The life once known will soon be left behind.
Places filled with brand new energy await;
We stand at the top with the world below;
The memories are all left at the gate,
We make the room for whom we are to grow.
New faces will fill the space around you soon,
Which sets the stage for new friends to be made,
Just like the end to your favorite tune,
A space is made for new songs to be played.
The world awaits your fresh mind to arrive,
Anxious to show you how you're meant to thrive.

The Struggle

By Camila Rodriguez

I have been drained of thoughts and all emotions,
Ideas that flow straight from my brain gush out,
Which leave me without any typing motion,
With this sonnet, how do I go about?
My fists are clenched and waving through the air,
My gestures that no one can understand,
I have been pacing several hours there,
Immersed in issues that are quite at hand.
So difficult to find two words that rhyme,
Or the perfect number of syllables,
Continue the pattern, line after line,
Each seemingly more and more difficult.

Then it hits me with a powerful knock,
Perhaps I should write about writer's block.

The Fallen Maiden

By Britney Solano

Oh thief, must you purloin from Eros' eye?

Extract the venom's shadow murders man;

Why flight reality with arrows row

And with rejection, madness you began?

Do not allow my frozen shield to thaw,

My inferno, do not put out of spite,

Will not invade the venom heart so raw,

With matters high as force it forms to fight.

Deflower to the crown of pearls is crime,

Against the fruitful laws Demeter wills;

But further, further down in sands of time

Mind slowly bends as Lotus Eater fills.

In darkness, I have fallen in and deep,

Forever you with chain and ever keep.

Confidence

By Yoselyn Sanchez

She is much richer in the way of speech,
The pride you carry that's not really me;
Oh, how I envy, I want you to teach,
Despising it, is what I want to be.
I want more confidence within my life,
To want assurance of others alike,
But with my sorrow, it hurts like a knife,
To have the fearlessness with what you strike.
I used to march without a sense of pride,
And never held myself with high esteem;
I'd lose the battle fighting for their side,
Appeasing everybody else's dream.

This is not what I was predestined for,

I will no longer be scared anymore.

My Shot

By Nicholas Tortorello

I love to dribble up the shiny court,
Ruling the game with my many good skills;
It is quite fun, but not when you miss short,
One day my game will someday pay the bills.
My bounce pass is elite, try stealing it,
Try to block me, swish, is the only sound;
Give me the ball in the clutch, and I'll hit,
I cannot dunk, but I can still rebound.
Lakers, and Cavs, and Celtics are some teams;
Winners, history making up our game;
Winning a ring while I sleep in my dreams
As I do reach glory and much fame.

The past generations amounting lot,

My goal is near, so long as I take my shot.

Birthrights

By Samantha Jean

Does my complexion make you feel afraid?

Do you wince in pain at my very sight

As you build up the current barricades?

Well, this melanin here is my birthright.

Look at these coils spiraling round and round,

Shining and healthy like a new highlight;

All bunched on my head like crystals on crowns;

Good thing this hair right here is my birthright.

Look at my demeanor fiercer by day,

Pushing through the dark to find the daylight;

Walking with mere confidence as I sway,

Thank God this demeanor is my birthright.

While some of you would never understand,

These birthrights you could never reprimand.

Overreaching

By Samir Hall

My body shakes with burnout, wear, and stress;
The sweat drips down my faint body, blood seeps;
Is it worth the time and pain to impress?
The fatigue sets as I take countless leaps.

I jump, run, pull, and push when I do this;
When time runs past me, my engine declines;
Yes, I'm in pain, that is to be dismissed;
Now, I feel the pressure build on my spine.

I know my flaw, I hate that it is true;
My engine stops, but my body does not;
Step after step, putting force through my shoe;
Time goes by, as my muscles and bones rot.

I'm done and I'm sore, I put out my best;
All is done, now I can go home and rest.

Goodbye is Not Forever

By Katherine Lopes

They're fifty-six red flames that are now dead,
A creature's wing that hovers over him,
Now incomplete, he forces faith to shed,
The root of pure mortality not slim.
A story that's untold, yet always heard,
Emotions on full high, now on a trip,
Wish on a white oak tree, all but absurd,
His corpse displayed, now an abandoned ship.
Don't worry one day we will meet again,
My memories are all but forgotten;
Your sudden death has caused me so much pain,
I pray for you, wipe my tears with cotton.

I will love you always and forever,

You'll never leave my heart whatsoever.

Whole Again

By Donyah Richardson Thurmond

Follow the stream to the sea,
Watch reflections ripple in currents,
Lift the rose to face,
Daydreams sweep across these eyes.

Iridescent moonlight,
She walks slower than the rest,
He takes notice to the glow she wears,
It doesn't wash off.

Midnight's hands,
Black and blue,
She takes liking to the nights,
He visits her in dreams.

Opaque alludes to secret,
But transparency was unforgotten;
Hear his joy, the laughter,
She was a blue moon, yes.

Kisses to memories,
To futures and pasts,
Take my hand, and heart,
No, take mine, I insist.

Let's share.

Now,
The rain falls up,
The sky rises downward,
I am no longer afraid.

In rush or wait,
All meant to be
Is written in the stars that surround her,
And the stars inside him.

Where have you been?
Waiting for you.
Me too.

Whole again.

The Shining Pearl

By Iris Lainez

I am the shining pearl you see at night,
Emitting sparkling light across the sky,
And guiding darkness with my blinding light,
I wipe your running wet tears as you cry.
My shining light will always be with you,
Even during the dark, sleepless nights we fear.
Have you seen a light shine bright as I do?
There is no need to be afraid my dear.
But you will soon ask me about my phase
And ask why I can't simply stay the same,
But life does not exist without some change,
And the flames within me will not be tamed.

I am the shining pearl that shines with stars;
May light find you, no matter where you are.

The Foundation of Family

By Sara Montalvo

The days feel like a weight on me sometimes,

My family somehow takes it all away;

A gap appears where none existed chimes,

I try to make the best of it I pray.

To try and move to them would just be wrong,

Or would it be the thing that makes it great?

However grateful for the things day long,

The space between to make it emulate.

The choices big and small are churning me,

A fork in road, a voice so small within;

To trust yourself a gift so true and free,

But how will I get there without my kin.

My family and I will always hold dearly;

My family, rock, my foundation, clearly.

Pickles

By Osmane Sanogo

The pickle is so very kind to me,
I cherish all the things that make it good,
The green delight, I hope I can get three;
Oh pickle, will you marry me? I would!
Those gherkins are just really lots of fun,
They make a crunching sound that's hard to beat;
The kosher pickles surely make me run,
Oh pickles, pickles, it is time to meet!
But when the fridge shows that there are no more,
I get so sad that pain runs down my face,
And buying more is truly a big chore,
For pickles, oh how I must always race!
My love for them will surely be with me,
The pickles in my heart, they hold the key.

The Winds of Change

By Emanuel Couto

Everyone's life is full of different paths,
And we will never know where they will go;
You make your choice and face the aftermath,
From good or bad decisions, we will grow.
Each day we must take the good with the bad,
And look to see the best in everyone;
While it may be the worst day that you've had,
Just know that there will be great days to come.
The winds of change will bring you to your dream,
But you must first allow them to take you;
While letting go might make one want to scream,
The winds grant for tune to those who push through.
Your life is what you decide to make it,
So get up, fight the tide, and do not quit.

There's Something Wrong

By Melissa Rodriguez

Hands reach up, grabbing, pulling, holding who?

An image reflected looks back at me,

Her weary eyes with an unnatural hue,

And a facade covered with strange debris.

My vision blurs, the picture fades, revealing

The lonely visage that remains of me;

Refracted likeness, but it is unfeeling,

It spirals down — but leaves me on my knees.

Pondering the purpose of existence,

For when the mind and body disconnect,

A body, unplugged with no resistance,

A mind that's drowning in disease infects.

Her being, an imbalance creates

The twisted self: ugliness that resonates.

Procrastination

By Eddie Mwaniki

When time is passing, I lie down relaxed
While ten assignments stacked are left undone;
If left untouched, my grades would have collapsed,
And parents rage I would have to outrun.
The clock keeps ticking, but I do not budge,
I realize that time is almost up;
I work my magic, then to class I trudge,
They ask if I am done and I say yup.
It's time for class, the teacher walks around,
He checks my work and writes a little note;
I see a hundred in the color brown,
I think of what I've done and start to gloat.
I'm told this habit I have to refrain,
It has served me well, so I do it again.

Denatured Love

By Niyah Martin

A man's face painted by the Sun's own hand,
A voice that cries and sings so full of rage,
With them, she walks on glass not on the sand,
His crumbs of love locked in a steel cage.
A pretty mask upon an ugly face,
His mask lifts to reveal alluring taint;
We turn our faces with no breathing space;
Upon his face, I saw scars like war paint.
Naive lies take me on a road of fake truth,
Blue tears fall down my face and stain my cheeks;
Conflicting choices take over my youth,
Some choices take quick minutes, days, and weeks.
This love has taken over my sweet life,
It has cut my heart whole just like a knife.

Pleasantries of Eternity

By Nerea Salgado

Do not let go, remember them, inhale;

They are still here, the pain, release it out.

Let go of that sad dreadful day, exhale;

It is not time to pout, or doubt, or shout.

His once old empty seat may fill. Don't weep.

A sigh, a breath, relief! We know he lives.

Don't keep this pain and choose to lose your sleep,

Remember, he survives, don't look for knives,

Hidden, disguised. You look to him for lies,

You watch, he fakes a smile and says he's well.

You wish for closure, and forget his cries

As he is left to dwell in his own hell.

Your fates, entwined, a pair left for despair;

You dare not pair your fate with the word fair.

High School Woes

By Vanessa Penafiel

Only a few more months are left to go,

Now every class is really just a bore;

That there is not much left I surely know

Until I finally exit out that door.

Homework that always seems to pile up,

Subjects I do not ever understand,

But having fun time will indeed speed up,

Wish I had known I would miss it beforehand.

Now I am too sad it comes to an end,

The halls where I did laugh and class did walk;

The memories I made with my best friend,

That time I slept through the sound of the clock.

Not one thing will be able to compare

To high school and the bond that we all share.

Afternoons in Utopia

By Carlos Diaz

As I did watch the planet's iris dance
And move along a peaceful sapphire sky
That turns too quick to twilight, oh what glance,
My eyes have not loved so much since Versailles.
No meadow lives to be compared the same
As a concrete Goliath blocks the blue,
But fair a glimpse the town with just no name
Provides, in the malicious distance, doom.
And yet this field is but a smudge on Earth,
A smudge that brings my fragile conscience peace,
Reminding me aesthetics are yet worth
No more than dawn's melodic voice, what cease?
Does hope for future suns to rise again
On sweet majestic lands exist to reign?