



**Inkwell 2018**

# THE INKWELL

2018 • VOLUME 38



CANTERBURY MIDDLE SCHOOL

# INKWELL WINNERS

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## Grade 5

Matilda DePold  
Gabriella Dixon  
Xavier Duncan  
Sarah Krabach  
Roshen Kulkarni  
Ani Lettau  
Jordan Minnick  
Charles Nwakanma  
Vincent Poe  
Preston Reeves  
Orion Runion  
Leona Sandoz  
Adderly Surack  
Maria Tan  
Sterling Waterfield

## Grade 6

Khyree Bowe  
Luke Chaille  
Sei Na Chappell  
Elizabeth Craig  
Grace Gephart  
Chloe Park  
Noelle Spier  
Jacob Summers  
Aishani Valluru  
Monica Wojewuczki

## Grade 7

Saed Anabtawi  
Kush Anand  
Alexander Bayburt  
Brian Collins  
Naomi Gephart  
Andrew Habig  
Madeline Phuong  
Anya Ramrakhiani  
Elliot Straka-Kitch  
Thomas Tsai

## Grade 8

Vonnia Anwar  
Harley Babbitt  
Avery Biggs  
Gavin Bowe  
Emma Hildreth  
Katian Hornbostel  
Eamonn Keane  
Kyle Lawson  
Mia Patton  
Miyako Semba-Norwalk  
Oliver VandeWater

# CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

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## **Grade 5**

Simone Dikeolakos

## **Grade 6**

Amelia Ervin

Ali Ghazali

## **Grade 7**

Anthony Salerno

## **Grade 8**

Alexander Elko

Emma Hildreth

Zoraiya Limzerwala

Leah Marquell

Rowan Miller

Alexandro Robles

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*Preston Reeves*

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*Sterling Waterfield*

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*Ani Lettau*

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*Maria Tan*

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*Matilda DePold*

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*Adderly Surack*

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*Orion Runion*

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*Leona Sandoz*

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*Sarah Krabach*

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*Xavier Duncan*

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*Zoraiya Limzerwala*

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# GRADE 5

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## **Beauty Unnoticed**

*Preston Reeves*

When the seeds leave the dandelion stem  
There is hidden beauty  
Because the stem has not been forgotten by the seeds  
They learned from the stem,  
How to grow and become light like a cloud  
Fluffy like sheep's wool  
Learning from the stem inspired them so much that  
The seeds have set off  
On an adventure of their own  
The soft wonderland on the tip of something as simple as a stem  
Inspires so many seeds to create the beginning of their own new tower  
A new green stem  
Endlessly bringing joy to the hearts of many little children  
When they pluck the stem and blow the seeds  
Giving them a head start to the grass  
To start it all over again

# I Wonder

*Sterling Waterfield*

I wonder why we call bats, bats  
Why do we call them that?  
I wonder why little kids burp  
And crickets chirp  
And why snow is in the winter.  
Speaking of snow,  
Why is it called snow and not sand?  
Why is music sometimes called a band?  
And  
Why do people walk on land?  
And why do they die  
Or cry  
Or get mad  
Or sad?

Why are we the ones that can talk  
And the ones that have technology?  
Why aren't hedgehogs a sophisticated  
species?

Why do spiders give you the creepies?  
It doesn't seem right to me  
Why the world is this way  
I think the world should be different.  
But I can't make hedgehogs talk  
Or fish walk  
So I think that I will just  
Burrow under the earth  
Inspect the workings of the world  
And see what makes  
The world this messed-up way  
But I kind of like the world this way  
Just a little  
So I will stay  
Here where I am  
And watch the flow  
Of this total, absolute, beautiful, messed-up  
chaos that is the world.



*Simone Dikeolacos*

# For Good or For Evil

*Ani Lettau*

How can a yell  
Something so loud  
Turn into something  
As quiet as a whisper?

How can a look  
Something so gentle  
Turn into something  
That could scare a whole nation?

How could a word  
Something so soft  
Turn into something  
That changes your life?

How can a gun  
Something to protect  
Turn into something  
That could start a war?

How can a fire  
Something to warm  
Turn into something  
That is used as a weapon?

How can a nation  
Something so exciting  
Full of life  
Turn into something  
Something the whole world fears?

How can the world  
Something so big  
Something so full of life  
Turn innocent things  
Meant to be used for good deeds  
Into something  
Something so vile  
That it's dangerous  
To even have around?

## **Wandering Thoughts**

*Maria Tan*

I wonder  
Why we sweat on hot summer day  
Why we do what we do  
Why we follow our instincts like a dog on a trail  
Following the path the Fates have made  
Why we even have an appendix  
Sometimes I ask myself why am I even here  
Then relaxing I let those thoughts drift away

## **Salty**

*Matilda DePold*

The time has come  
to say goodbye to the old  
and welcome the new  
Under the fir tree  
We sit  
She and I  
Sharing last minute secrets of  
Bracelets, charms  
An old feather or  
A smooth rock  
We will write, we promise  
But we never do  
Once maybe, but not now

## **Bitter Sweet Poem**

*Adderly Surack*

The bag crackles as my grandpa is opening it  
He tears it open  
Gummy worms dump out on to the table  
The fridge opens  
He gets out the Sprite  
Hear the sizzle  
As he twists open the bottle  
Together we eat our treats  
Sadly now, we are no longer together  
But we are still together every time I eat gummy worms and Sprite  
Only now I am opening the bag

## **Name Sake**

*Orion Runion*

I walk out of the car  
Then I see the moon  
Shining so bright  
I see the stars  
Making pictures  
Constellations  
I see the hunter  
The one who was killed  
By a giant scorpion  
The one who holds the bow ready to strike  
The one who wears a belt around his waist  
The one who lost his eyesight but was restored  
The one who can walk on water because of his father  
The one who I was named after  
Orion the hunter  
A hunter of the night sky



**Ice Cream Cone**

Leona Sandoz

# **Bitter**

*Sarah Krabach*

A taste left in your mouth left by a bad experience  
Different from the taste you get from black coffee or bitter melon  
It's the taste from an argument  
From a fight  
From guilt  
A bitter lie  
That deceives or angers people close to you  
A taste you know you shouldn't be feeling  
But nevertheless, it coats your tongue  
And stays there longer than any other taste  
Longer than sour or salty  
And unfortunately, longer than sweet  
Bitter is a taste that is very common among us  
One that I've experienced personally  
When I fought with and lied to a friend  
At first the bitterness was angry  
But later that faded and was replaced with the worst kind of bitter  
Guilt and remorse  
And the bitterness held me back from apologizing  
And experiencing the sweet taste of relief  
Until I fought back the bitter  
And apologized



## **Fossil**

*Xavier Duncan*

A fossil is a still life  
It is the leftover piece of creation  
many years ago, a reptilian ancestor was living  
But now it is a stone fragment of what once was  
Now time has locked it in a stone prison and thrown away the key  
But we discovered them in their stone shackles  
They whisper to tell us of what their beauty was  
They wish for freedom to walk our earth with us and live again  
And if they do walk the earth, they will be free to live their way again  
And maybe one day their shackles might be broken

## **The Unopened Present**

*Vincent Poe*

My grandpa passed away when I was in kindergarten  
He was my grandpa, but I called him Pawpaw  
Out of all my family members, I would choose him to hang out with  
I still have a Christmas present that I was going to give him, but I couldn't  
He died before I could give it to him  
We had so many good moments together and we can't anymore  
After he died, I cried so much  
I didn't go to school the day after  
When I did, all my friends made me cards saying, "Sorry for your loss"  
I will always remember him

## **Waves**

*Roshen Kulkarni*

When I was little we went on a vacation  
I forget where, but it was by the ocean  
One day, we went down to play in the waves  
The waves were huge  
They were taller than my dad  
One of the waves had fish at the top of it  
I tried to jump over it  
It didn't work  
Instead it caught me and flipped me  
Then the waves went over me, and I couldn't get up  
Then the waves started to slow push me back to the shore  
They were pulling me down and pushing me out at the same time  
It was awesome, but I had a lot of water in my mouth  
It was salty, my mom made me stay out of the waves to hydrate  
Then the waves got so big that the lifeguard put up a red flag that said  
Nobody could go in the water

## **Grass**

*Charles Nwakanma*

Stands tall above dirt  
Gets stepped on by shoes everyday  
Grass goes through a lot

# 17

*Gabriella Dixon*

17 lives are now gone

17 lives that were not done

17 families that are lost in the loudest silence only they can hear

17 minutes of silence

Prayers fill up the room

Thoughts and feelings consume

Silence is a sadness only humans can hear

17 lives that could have cured cancer

17 lives that could have stopped a war

17 minutes of silence



## Youth

Jordan Minnick

# GRADE 6

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## **Ode to Herman the Goldfish Cracker**

*Khyree Bowe*

Oh Herman,  
Shining salt like snow on the ground,  
Our friendship immortal.  
Your orange shell like a tiger cub's fur,  
Your smile never failing to make me happy!  
Oh Herman,  
Your foil bag home like a mother's embrace,  
A palace of comfort and hospitality!  
Herman, a name fit for a god,  
For you are like Zeus!  
A match made in heaven,  
Our bond tight like the string of an airborne kite,  
Soaring through the sky, a dragon of our comradery!  
Oh Herman, you are the meaning of life!

## **Dear Desiree**

*Elizabeth Craig*

Dear Desiree,

It feels like it was just yesterday

You brought sorrow to our hearts

Face as pale as clay

A mind blank of what you'd want to do or say.

You don't look the same Desiree,

Leaving me wondering what made you feel that way

Flowers glimmering around you, you rest your eyes

Hands shaking, Ally said goodbye

Trying not to cry.

I remember the times when we were happy,

Although it might seem a little sappy,

Times where we would laugh and play

Even though you seemed to be so far away.

Desiree, Desiree, I wish I could say goodbye,

Desiree, oh Desiree, I promise to drop by.

## **Dear Frame**

*Luke Chaille*

Dear Frame,

Why do you like to get me in trouble?

Kicking the ball and hitting you,

You come down and smash against the ground.

Glass splattering across the room,

So weak.

Looking at you and realizing how much trouble I am getting into.

Listening to my mom's steps come down the stairs.

Preparing for the long speech,

About how I shouldn't boot the ball so high up in the basement.

Of course, it had to happen again,

Just getting back from a long car ride from Hilton Head,

Which took about a half of a day to ride back,

Where my sister hit her head on the side of the pool and got stitches,

And now we call Hilton Head: Hit Your Head.

You, the frame, sitting up on the ledge as straight as a ruler.

Punting the ball at you again,

Plummeting to the ground and nailing me in the face.

Letting out a cry and laying there with blood all over my hands and face,

I get up and start to walk up the stairs when my dad comes to me.

Relieved he had brought paper towels or else the carpet would have been stained red,

I wipe the blood from my face and start to get in the car to head to the hospital.

## **Hidden Talent**

*Noelle Spier*

The power boils within  
Like a storm ready to strike,  
A time ready to begin;  
The power boils within,  
A silver strand upon her skin,  
Flowing like the path of a pike-  
The power boils within  
Like a storm ready to strike.

## **Ode to Ballet**

*Grace Gephart*

Leaping across the floor like a bird taking flight  
Plie and tondu, degage and randejambe.  
Turning and twirling, feeling the music flowing through my bones  
Like leaves on an autumn day, piroettes and fouettes  
Dancing my heart out, and throwing my arms up in fifth position  
Feet starting to hurt, as we put all of our weight on our toes  
Blister and calluses, reminding us of our journey  
As we dance like our lives depend on it  
With each fondu, our love grows more and more  
Until it is so large that we know we will never stop  
And we know we will love this forever  
We wish it would never end and that it could go on and on  
But it has to stop, and we know we will come back the next day  
With high hopes and huge expectations as we dance our heart out  
And feel all our hopes fly away like leaves in the wind





Amelia Ervin

# **Ode to My Car**

*Jacob Summers*

You are a piece of junk.

You smell like a three-hundred-cow dairy farm

I can't see through the crack in the windshield, the crack like a spider's web.

You are a skeleton back from the dead

Sputtering from even the simplest task

The gas tank leaking onto the street,

You are like a bomb, about to explode.

You are actually a Maserati, which would be nice, but I found you in a junkyard,

That explains the raccoons.

# Ode to South Korea

*Chloe Park*

From far away,  
You could be something else.  
You could be a mural,  
Something not alive,  
Not full of life.  
Something that people  
Graze their careless fingers over  
As they walk.  
Something frigid,  
Petrified,  
Fixed,  
A small, hazy fog  
That's absolutely useless.

You could be a frozen picture  
Of nothing,  
No movement -  
But that's only for people  
Who know nothing  
About the true, real world.

People who know nothing  
About the true, real world  
Always stay in one place,  
Without venturing into the wilderness  
And swinging on its vines.  
The average know-nothing human  
Who likes to not explore  
Constantly linger in a single spot.  
But some special people  
Really, truly know you.

You are like a flight of fancy,  
A castle in the air,  
A pie in the sky.

Maybe that's why  
I adore you  
As a petal is to a stem,  
As a dream is to a soul.

Perched on an inanimate bird,  
I stare  
Through the eyes  
Of the pile of feathers.  
I put myself  
In its shoes.

The dewdrops stuck in midair  
That are frozen in bundles  
Seem different when I  
Approach you.  
You are like a bundle of bliss,  
A jumble of jubilation,  
An eclectic collection of ecstasy.

My heart beats faster  
And begins to throb  
And you welcome me  
With open arms.  
My happiness is radiating,  
Complete with the idea that  
I will reunite with my family  
Hits me.

Thank you,  
For giving me the aura,  
The sense,  
The feeling,  
Of a cozy nook  
All prepared for me.

Thank you.  
Thank you, South Korea.

## **Ode to Stars**

*Sei Na Chappell*

You are scattered across the sky like little glass shards.  
Twinkling in the night sky,  
Molten gold traveling through the universe on a never ending journey.  
You are as beautiful as diamonds,  
Which shimmer in the moonlit sky.  
You are as bright as 1 million flashlights all together,  
Which light up the sky as a guide for those who are lost.  
You give comfort for those who feel forgotten.  
You're constant presence in our lives,  
You are a million angels watching over us.  
You are a friend of mine.

## **A Letter to Pencils**

*Aishani Valluru*

Dear Pencil,  
You have always been with me, stored away.  
Grinding nonstop, morphing our hands into machines of skill.  
Like hidden ninjas, the masterminds behind the artists.  
Leonardo da Vinci sketching his flight suit under the candlelight,  
Al-Khwarizmi scribbling away during his slow process of inventing algebra,  
And Albert Einstein's very own pencil scratching at his paper as he reaches into his vast expanse of knowledge and develops the theory of relativity.  
First created by Conrad Gessner, your ancestors were inventions that helped to create world-changing innovations.  
Your kind can be colorful, a work of art, or as simple as black and white.  
With all sorts of traits and characteristics, you are all as diverse as the people that are continually forcing you to toil away.  
Magicians of knowledge and art,  
Friend and foe to plotting enemies and allies, the creature creating the basis for schemes.  
A simple creation of wondrous things.

# **The Ocean**

*Monica Wojewuczki*

A magnificent site  
Its waves crashing to the shore infinitely  
Gently playing with the children on the beach  
Sending small waves for them to jump into  
Splashing them softly with its serene water  
Tending to them like a nurse  
As caring as a mother whose love is everlasting  
Yet ferocious like the wolves  
Yearning to break free, thrashing within its bonds,  
Its waves slamming onto the decks of ships  
Sending cracks through the bow  
Sinking the vessels to the bottom of the sea  
As cruel as the kings who are driven hungry with power  
Two faces  
Two sides  
Working together  
Light and dark  
Love and destruction  
To create balance

# GRADE 7

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## **Hockey**

*Brian Collins*

Hockey  
Beautiful and tough  
Skating, slicing through the ice, chasing the puck.  
Shooting, IT'S IN!  
GOAL!

## **Daydreaming**

*Andrew Habig*

Magnificent wonders  
Sitting there beaming  
Daydreaming  
Eyes gleaming  
Stirring up a thunder  
Daydreaming  
Magnificent wonders.

## **A Bird in the Night**

*Thomas Tsai*

My wide eyes remind people of stars.  
I soar through the dismal skies, my wings carried by the zephyr.  
I notice an unknown, ominous shape in the distance.  
Folding my wings, I drop in a millisecond.  
Getting closer and closer to the fugitive.  
My talons sink into the flesh of the rabbit.  
The wounded prisoner wriggles as I rip into the flesh.  
I float to my lair as the sun welcomes Earth.

## **Just a Boy**

*Saed Anabtawi*

This boy,  
He was not just a refugee  
But just a boy  
Who loved to sing and dance,  
To walk with mama by the beach.  
The days and nights were getting loud...  
They had to go.  
So now,  
We call boy and his family...  
Refugees.

## **Sleepless Night**

*Anya Ramrakhiani*

The lightning flashing,  
I darken the shades,  
The thunder roaring,  
I put my soft blanket  
over my head.  
As the rain pours,  
I lay in my bed  
and wish I was snoring.  
Giving the pillow,  
a fluffy companion in bed,  
a big hug,  
I start to count backwards  
and soon with  
the pitter-patter of the rain,  
I begin counting sheep.

## **Goodbyes**

*Elliot Straka-Kitch*

Goodbyes.  
Bittersweet,  
Crying, hugging, waving,  
Watching the silhouette disappear...  
Tears.

## **Eclipse**

*Alexander Bayburt*

A blinding golden halo,  
Glowing with harsh, heated light,  
Shattering into vivid colors,  
Flooding the skies red with blood,  
Dissolving the silent night.

A luminous disk,  
Shining with the sheen of cool silver light,  
Hued with hints of chilled blue and white,  
Controlling the vast and dark crashing seas,  
Illuminating the quiet night.

They come together, Day and Night.  
The twin orbs of light unite,  
Consuming the sleeping world.





*Anthony Salerno*

# **Are We Actually Equal?**

*Kush Anand*

Black or White,  
Brown or Asian,  
Latin American or Mexican, the races are endless.  
But, they are somehow asunder between one other  
With the word segregation.

Undertaking the challenge to keep peace amidst races  
Is a struggle.  
Because of this,  
Brother has turned on brother,  
Neighbor against neighbor,  
Child versus child...  
Just because of the word "different."

I even question myself,  
If I want to be a part of this world.  
I ponder why races can't be together.  
I get treated differently by them.  
Almost like I'm being put aside from them,  
But then they say we are equal to one another.

God's plan was to create different people,  
Who are not the same,  
But to create unique people,  
Who love each other,  
Who care for each other,  
Who will maybe die for each other one day,  
And become a family.

But to these people,  
They feel like kings,  
Who rule over everyone  
With their power of discrimination.

## **Secrets**

*Madeline Phuong*

The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears,  
While the rain strikes down on the hard roadway,  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

As the sky pounds the asphalt with its endless tears,  
It turns everything a bleak grey,  
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears.

Until we extinguish our fears,  
Truth will continue to be held at bay  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

We wait for the sky that never clears,  
The hope we once had starting to decay.  
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears.

After so many long, hard years,  
We still must find someone to lead the way,  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

The truth we have been waiting for suddenly appears,  
The hope leading us into a new day.  
The sun, a fiery ball of flames, quietly disappears,  
And yet the wind softly whispers secrets into our ears.

# Letter to Mathematics

*Naomi Gephart*

Dear Math,  
I'm never going to need to know  
How to turn a triangle one hundred and eighty degrees.  
I won't have a use for  
Multiplying matrices.  
Or graphing lines in a specific manner.

And yet, I know these things -  
The formulas for triangle rotations  
And the steps you take when  
Dealing with matrices  
And the slopes of various lines.

People say that if you  
Go into a career that's decent  
You need math.  
But, nowadays,  
Math is a computer and an internet connection.

So, math, I've come to bid you adieu  
Math class is cancelled,  
And textbooks are no longer sold.  
And math, here's a piece of advice:  
Go solve your own problems.

# GRADE 8

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## **A Windy Night**

*Kyle Lawson*

Wind of Night

Secret Nature's midnight

Spiritually traveling deer

Trees blowing violently, awakened nature

Moon of light reflecting below

Changed perspective

Echoing wolves howling from distant forests

Above skies are leaves dancing beyond

Serene and calming yet frightening and loud

Uncertain are feelings remaining

~~~~~

Remaining feelings are uncertain

Loud and frightening yet calming and serene

Beyond dancing leaves are skies above

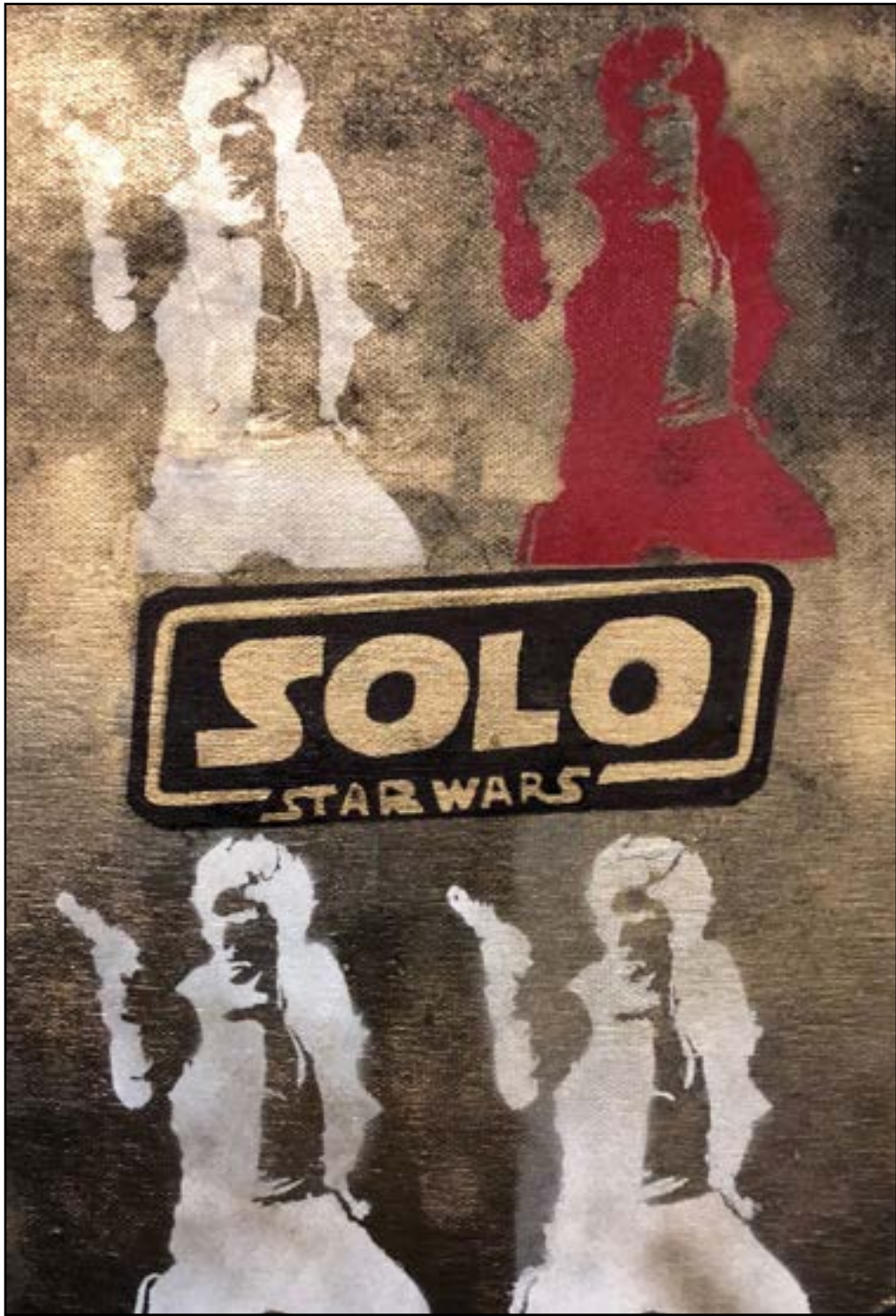
Forests distant from howling wolves' echoing

Perspective changed

Below reflecting light of moon

Nature awakened, violently blowing trees

Deer traveling spiritually



Alexander Elko

## **A First Date**

*Avery Biggs*

A boy with brown hair  
And a crooked smile,  
Hastily looking for something to wear—  
Messed with his hair for a while.  
A girl with freckles on her cheek,  
And eyes the color of the sea—  
Whose personality is meek,  
In ten minutes, she would flee  
From her home to Cindy's Place  
To meet with him for a meal.  
He was ready to see her face;  
Her beauty makes him kneel.  
Just two love birds  
And only three words.

## **Friendship**

*Oliver VandeWater*

Friendship is a fantastic thing--  
Nobody can deny it.  
There is no end to the good things it brings,  
Friendship is definitely "lit."  
You have good times with friends--  
Playing games and telling jokes.  
The good times will never end  
So long as you hang with these blokes.  
And if you're ever in a jumble,  
All you have to do is yelp.  
And if you ever start to stumble,  
Your friends will be there to help.  
So, hold on tightly to those who care,  
And you will find happiness everywhere.



*Emma Hildreth*



# **Halloween**

*Vonnia Anwar*

It once was a dark winter's night,  
When the children came out for a fright.  
With costumes galore,  
And candy, much more--  
Walking alone in moonlight.

# **Jack**

*Harley Babbitt*

My dog Jack was the happiest pup,  
Running around, jumping down and up.  
He looked so happy; panting at my leg.  
For his favorite bone he would always beg.

We went for a walk one sunny morning.  
I, not knowing that I would soon be in mourning,  
For Jack saw a squirrel and darted away.  
If I didn't catch up with him, he would soon be astray.

In a few short seconds, he was out of sight.  
I waited there a minute, knowing he might  
Run back to me in a second or two.  
But he didn't come, so across the street I flew.

I searched around the park, searched around the block,  
Trying not to hear the clicking of my internal clock.  
I flew around the corner, and what should I see?  
But my dog and a dead squirrel sitting in the street!

We returned home all safe and sound,  
I hugged my dog tight, I was reunited with my hound!  
I gave him a treat, and I knew hereafter,  
We would be living happily ever after.



*Leah Marquell*

# Be Yourself

*Katian Hornbostel*

I wanted to have this friend, who promised to be with me until the end,  
Her endless laughter and lighthearted attitude filled the room,  
We were inseparable,  
Like two peas in a pod.

But then that year came.  
We were transitioning from middle to high school,  
New classes, new people, new social life,  
Our friendship began to seem distant.

As I walked down the halls,  
I noticed her merging into the popular group,  
Makeup all over her face,  
Boys—the only thing on her mind.

I caught a brief glimpse of her eye,  
And then she was gone,  
A girl I once thought,  
Would be the one friend for a lifetime.

It's almost like I wasn't there,  
But soon I found my true friends,  
The ones who didn't care about popularity,  
Or looks or relationship status.

Always be yourself,  
And find the ones you are most like,  
People comfortable in their own skin,  
Are the real win.



*Alexandro Robles*

## **Love with the Damsel**

*Gavin Bowe*

Before seeing her, I heard her small yelp,  
Down in the mines in a very strained voice,  
Shouting timidly, calling out for help.  
I came down to her and saw her rejoice.

We escaped the mines with lots of money,  
And we found we had a connection.  
And I was the biscuit to the honey.  
Honey she was, with perfect complexion.

I loved her like a farmer loves his crops.  
Caring and always tending to her needs.  
Guarding her better than the "keeper" shops,  
Making sure she would never bleed.

Our life together has been long and good,  
I know she loves me as much as she could.



*Rowan Miller*

## **Growing Pains**

*Miyako Semba-Norwalk*

They were both children,  
Everything was simple back then.  
They played together—  
Friends, but they never thought about forever.

Then the rules of society began to occur,  
Separating them into a him and a her.  
It didn't matter much--  
Never pushed the limits, not even a touch.

Then she came slowly to realize  
And looked into his eyes.  
But he didn't seem to look back,  
Which came like a sharp whip, Crack!

Then came the countless nights,  
Staying up late, no lights.  
Writing out her problems, each day recorded, tracked.  
Sometimes she cried, knowing he was what she lacked.

She thought, continuing to write,  
Until she realized what she must do, what was right.  
Change isn't something you should see,  
It's something you should Be.

## **Help Wanted**

*Mia Patton*

There once was a boy whose name was John  
I asked him for help; he said hang on.  
So, I waited all day  
But he went out to play!  
I won't ask for HIS help thereon!

## **My True Home**

*Eamonn Keane*

I remember the crisp air,  
The air that brought clarity.  
The grass that brought me joy,  
And the sea that gave me light at night.  
I remember the explored old ruins,  
The ones that gave me imagination of life that once was.

The memory of my home comes back once again,  
Memories my ancestors hold as well.  
The home that will always be there waiting  
For me to return once more.

## **The Moon**

*Emma Hildreth*

My love, the moon, you inspire me to write.  
How I love the way you hide, shine, and rise,  
Invading my mind and through the night,  
Always dreaming about the bright demise.

Let me compare you to a big balloon—  
You are more pleasing and interesting.  
The beauty of you makes me want to croon,  
You stay in the sky boldly while shining.

In what ways and why do I love you so?  
I love your happy glow and mystery.  
Thinking of your wistfulness fills my days.  
My love for you fills all of history.

Now I must away with a dreamy heart,  
Think my loving words whilst we're apart.





Zoraiya Limzerwala