



**INKWELL**

2019

# THE INKWELL

VOLUME 39 • 2019



CANTERBURY MIDDLE SCHOOL

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Coleman Mauch  
Anyia Ramrakhiani  
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Thomas Tsai

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*Cover art • Michael DeSalvo • Grade 8*

## **UNDER THE MATTRESS**

*Penelope Burrows • Grade 5*

---

Pizza, carrots, and some beans  
Doesn't ever seem to be clean  
I dust, vacuum, even mop  
But the work just never seems to stop  
Clothes scattered on the floor  
Piled high before the door  
I just found a popped balloon  
I think I've had it since last June  
Owww! I stepped on a Lego  
I still have this Eggo?  
Are these fries?!  
Is this a pie!?  
Maybe I should clean my room...

## **I WONDER**

*Grace Chaille • Grade 5*

---

I wonder what it is like in heaven.  
Will I be there when I turn one-hundred eleven?  
Will I be able to eat whatever I want?  
Maybe I'll get up there by doing a stunt.  
Will you celebrate any holidays?  
I hope you don't have to write any essays.  
Will you see any relatives that have passed?  
Is there any weather there?  
You might not even have to check the forecast.  
Are there any sports you can play?  
What will I do for my birthday?  
There are a lot of questions to ask  
of what it is like in heaven.

## **SHADOWS**

*Alana Craig • Grade 5*

---

The corner of my room is gloomy and mystifying  
It has no end, an abyss of obscurity  
The noises and whispers come from deep in the void  
A brief song, you may call it  
Echoes of silence creep across the room  
The dead of night fills the emptiness with the dull light of the room  
And the shadows come and play  
The scraping of talons and thumping of steps  
The clenching of sharp teeth, and fists closed up tight  
I pull up my covers and wish for the day  
The next moment is silence, a sound I most dread  
I peek out and...



*Sophia Zhang • Grade 6*

## **STOPPING IN THE CLOUDS ON A SUNNY MORNING**

*Timothy Haist • Grade 5*

---

Whose skyspace this is I don't truly care,  
This young man could be a hare.  
Does he know what happens here  
In this wonderful place of Big Flying Bears?

I rode here on a griffin without fear.  
He knows not why we live so near,  
Or why this strange place exists,  
This wondrous place that's also queer.

He flaps his wings, and makes them stiff  
When he hears an eerie sniff  
From a flying beast  
Called a hippogriff.

These hippogriffs eat western yeast,  
But on my griffin, he will feast.  
So we must quickly go far east,  
So we must quickly go far east.

## THE ENDLESS CYCLE

Brooke Lawson • Grade 5

---

The wind moans and rocks the leaves like a mother with her baby  
They twirl, like they are riding a merry-go-round  
From the high tree, to the comfort of the ground, they swirl down  
Fall is like a miraculous journey to winter.

Snowflakes sprinkle the ground like powdered sugar on crepes  
The smell of cookies wafts through the cold air  
Guiding us inside  
To the warmth of the fire  
Winter is a hope of spring.

Birds sing and fill the air with sweet song  
Like a flute playing a tune  
Grass bright and beautiful  
Soft between my toes  
Spring is a preview of summer.

The sun shines onto the ground like golden fire  
The pool cools our skin  
I lay in the sun drying off  
Summer is like a long vacation.

## APPLE CORE

*Ella Pine • Grade 5*

---

Out comes the sprout  
From the fresh fertile ground  
Growing as the days go on  
Until little green spheres start appearing on the branches  
And grow they will  
Until a plump, round red apple is resting where the green sphere was.  
Grab the apple, twist it off, so very tenderly  
To make sure the smooth outside stays clean and bright  
Until someone digs their teeth into the juicy, rich apple  
To let the flavor seep out onto their tongue  
Like a melting icicle onto a surprised chipmunk.  
Bite by bite, the apple disappears  
Into the black abyss  
Of a human  
Until all that is left is the core  
Where the seeds lie  
Untouched  
Left to be thrown away  
And never seen again

## **OWLS**

*Ishan Ramrakhiani • Grade 5*

---

Owls

Having knowledge dating back millennia

Owls know things not even the thickest of books can contain

Their vast, deep ocean of knowledge

Can be seen by looking into their deep, deep eyes

With rings

To show how old and knowledgeable they are

Just like a tree expresses its ancientness

Owls hooting are known as bad omens

For they can tell when something bad will happen

Fortune tellers

Forewarners

Seers

Owls

## **THE FOG**

*Evan Rumschlag • Grade 5*

---

The fog came in like a silent beast

Slowly creeping out of the shadows

Then, suddenly it has engulfed the town

Making a whole city disappear like magic.

Unable to see through the thick fog

You stay inside waiting to see again.

You'll wait and wait.

Schools cancel, businesses shut down

Yet the fog doesn't clear.

## THE FIRST SPARK

*Lucas Swift • Grade 5*

---

When a match is lit  
The spark  
The first glimmer of light  
When the rare shower of sparks falls  
Then it burns  
The flame  
A short beautiful burst  
Of hot, orange fire  
And then it's gone  
In the blink of an eye  
The burning flame  
Turns to a puff of smoke

## MY COUSIN

*James Van Zandt • Grade 5*

---

We live in two different states  
I go to his house one time per year  
My cousin ran up to me when I got there  
The boy stuck to me like glue  
We played under the big oak tree  
When we play cowboy all day long,  
He destroys me with one word, "pew"  
Every time we part  
I cry because I love him with all of my heart  
We are both different but we go together  
Like cowboys  
Like cousins

## **4TH OF JULY**

*Adderly Surack • Grade 6*

---

To whom it may concern,  
For years our family has reunited  
We make the dough, sprinkling flour onto the counter  
Which ends up in flour fights destroying the kitchen  
But eventually plachintas are hot and ready  
Lastly, we tear open the bag of powdered sugar  
Dust flying up into the air  
The hot oil popping  
Finally, they are done  
Gathering up blankets to place on the ground  
The night sky shining bright  
Lights that flicker in the atmosphere  
Going to the end of the dock  
Dangling our feet off the end  
Eventually the night is over,  
Reminisces of fireworks leftover in the neighbor's yard

## **INCENSE**

*Jayce Lettau • Grade 6*

---

Your smoke.  
A heavy smell,  
Which seemed to fill every crack,  
Every crevice,  
Working and weaving its way between the floorboards.  
Why would you do that I wonder?

You always seemed pointless to me.  
A simple religious practice.  
Repetitive and useless.

Just there to make me feel like I am suffocating.  
Why would you do that I wonder?  
It used to remind me of the place before.  
Countless hours on end stuck in a hot room,  
With two hundred other people,  
Whose faces were all blurred together by time.  
With what seemed like no escape.

Just a cycle of sit, pray, stand, sing, listen.  
Don't speak unless spoken to.  
Being reminded repeatedly to act like a lady.  
Your smoke seemed to reinforce that,  
Seeping into my lungs with every breath,  
Petrifying my limbs and making them heavy,  
Freezing me into the stone statue of "perfection."  
Why would you do that I wonder?

But now it seems you've changed.  
Your thick grey smoke no longer brings dread,  
Curling in on your ashen wings.  
Like the wings of those angels the man in the pulpit always spoke of,  
Declaring that the angels will smell the incense and carry the dead's spirit to heaven  
Proclaiming that he will join them too.  
But why would smoke do that?  
Why would you do that I wonder?

I always felt like there was something wrong the moment I smelled you.  
Your honey-sweet smell echoed of death,  
Each wisp of smoke curling its fingers around my memories.  
I always felt like there was something wrong whenever you were around.  
Because just as the hymns still make me shiver.

Just as the sermons still make me shake,  
I still smell the ghost of memories in your frightening wind.

My great grandmother said it was the devil in me,  
His long red claws reaching up to grab my heart.  
She said you would protect me,  
Why would you do that I wonder?

Now your smell gives me a sense of safety,  
Because now I know that the times are past,  
Those times in which you meant:  
A dim room,  
With loud hymns singing of the above,  
With fear of being discovered,  
With two hundred people all criticizing people that are like you,  
With an old man with craggy fingers reaching out to point at the crowd,  
With the pressure of the eyes on me.

Because now you mean control.  
Now you mean freedom from that dark room of God.  
You represent the quiet whispers of prayers to deities unknown.  
You mean the small offerings of rose petals and amethyst.  
You hold memories of pebbles sitting in a puddle of rainwater.  
You drift like the moonbeams dancing through the cracks in my blinds.  
Because now you make me feel safe.  
Why would you do that I wonder?

## COMFORT SONGS

Ashley Choi • Grade 6

---

While skipping down the rough cement,  
The small girl began to sing the lines  
Of the only song she knew.

"When the clear becomes cloudy,  
When the forest grows over,  
When we feel sad about morning,  
We will become the woe,  
In the dead of night."

She didn't know what it meant,  
But the beauty of the tune rested her pain.  
When she was finished repeating the lines, over and over,  
She skipped her way back home.

Her mother lay on the ground.  
A man she knew little about stood above.  
The man approached her,  
Making her squirm like a snake  
As he whispered in her ear

"You will speak nothing of this,  
Or I'll hurt you."

She stifled her scream.  
She tried to drown her own tears.  
The wrath of the man grew  
As he saw her streams of fear.

He raised his hand,  
And he slapped her face.  
Causing her to fall to the ground in shock.

"I wouldn't be mean,  
If you were a better daughter."

He turned away and left.  
She crawled to her mother.  
Her mother's voice was soft when she whispered,

"Don't worry about me, my love,  
I'm okay"

She just had to work harder,  
She thought,  
And then her mother would never have to suffer any longer.

She sat down,  
Still feeling the roar on her tear stained cheek  
She just needed a distraction  
To keep her from her fury.  
She looked at her mother's puffy, red eyes  
And sang to her,

"When the clear becomes cloudy,  
When the forest grows over,  
When we feel sad about morning,  
We will become the woe,  
In the dead of night."

## THE LEGO PTERODACTYL

*Gabriella Dixon • Grade 6*

---

Waiting by the window  
the Lego pterodactyl looks across the room,  
deciding that he is going to get to the  
furthest part of the human den.  
He jumps to the edge of the dresser  
and plunges off.  
The Lego pterodactyl practically soars  
above the ground that  
is mostly covered in socks  
and sweatshirts,  
his plastic wings flap against the heater.  
Over the bright orange highlighter and phone charger he smoothly glides  
in the air like a fish glides through water.  
As he flutters through the air, he hears the speakers  
at the edge of the room scream.  
This appalls him and he drops from the ceiling.  
He falls like rain, he tries to flail  
his wings but fizzles.  
When he hits the floor, his wings snap like a carrot being broken  
and he  
just  
lays  
there.

## THE FIGURE

*James-Lawrence Weigelt • Grade 6*

---

The figure moved swiftly,  
His coat dragging around the ground.  
The swiftness reversing raindrops.  
Hidden in the pale night.  
The Mystery as cryptic as the ancient scroll.  
The hidden figure ran down the street  
Avoiding the lit street of hate and judgement.  
Now the judgement of the street was his, for now.  
The area, which had taken a huge beating,  
was now beginning to look as home.  
The figure moved firing at enemies  
And taking them out in one shot.  
He held no mercy for they had harmed the world,  
Or was it him?  
The grim smile on his face shouted out with the will to kill,  
His rival came to an end.

## OPEN WINDOWS

*Matilda DePold • Grade 6*

---

Creaking hinges  
Peeling paint  
Shutters hanging off the wall  
Swaying in the lowly wind  
A faint shadow of a coming spring  
Thrown open wide  
White painted frames  
So many times  
Thrown open in vain  
Of the faint spring wind rushing down the lane  
Yellow, blue and a mahogany hue  
All different but the same  
The same purpose - open wide  
To let through the filtered sunlight



*Olivia Stronczek • Grade 5*

## MY CAVE

Roshen Kulkarni • Grade 6

---

My room is a cave,  
This is my den,  
The place I hang out,  
My friends are my knights - this is where we go,  
We play many games,  
Even if this room is as cramped as a box,  
Charging into my cave is my only escape,  
From my witch of a sister,  
Her attacks never ending,  
My sister raiding the cave will end once and for all,  
This time I will get her,  
She lies in bed unmoving,  
The door creaks open,  
My footsteps soft on the carpet,  
As I take my nerf gun out of its holster,  
Which I fire the final shot with.  
In the morning we wake up,  
Then this whole cycle repeats,  
Then it occurs to me,  
I am the one that fired the first shot.

# HOLLOW TOWN

*Sarah Krabach • Grade 6*

---

A lonely wind swirls through the abandoned field.  
It blows the wheat, sweeping through the miles of yellowish stalks.  
An ashen sky looms above the abandoned barn,  
holding a rainstorm in its gray hands.  
The barn slants to the left like an elderly man leaning on his cane,  
its once vibrant red paint chipping and fading to a musty pink.  
A crow skims above the corn, its black wings brushing the tops of the slender stems.  
The trees, which have long lost their leaves, caress the tip of the sky with their brittle branches.  
An old tractor lays sideways on the ground, sinking into the dirt,  
its rusty wheels hugging the soil.  
A child's toy lies dejected on the floor of a broken house,  
waiting for its owner to return.  
All the remaining buildings are coated in a gray dust,  
Their roofs caving in,  
their windows broken,  
standing hollow in the empty breeze.

## WHEN WE WERE KIDS AGAIN

*Sophia Zhang • Grade 6*

---

Every time I close my eyes  
Memories flash like fireflies  
And I think back to when we were kids again.  
Back then we wished we were all grown up  
So we could be what kids were not,  
But now I see how wrong I have been.  
Every time I think of you.  
I wish I had someone to talk to.  
But that would only happen if we were kids again.  
Every time I stare at dark skies,  
I know that you're the sunshine  
That opens my eyes,  
I think of you and where you could've been.  
Every spare second I waste,  
Trying not to let the memories escape  
But they always manage to somehow.  
Someday I hope to see you again.  
Just like the days when we were ten.  
Just like when we were kids again.

## HAZY MEMORIES

*Sterling Waterfield • Grade 6*

---

Bleak, wet rain  
Drumming, drumming against my window  
Like little fingers, beckoning, calling  
Only a hazy memory  
Of a kind woman's face, smiling down on me  
But no more  
Bleak, wet rain  
Signifying my destroying loneliness  
Which eats away at my sanity  
The foster home has never been home  
How I long to go back to that  
Hazy memory  
Of a kind mother's face, smiling down on me  
Calls echoing through the halls  
Heralding laughter and joy  
But not for me  
Here I will stay  
My mind a whirlwind  
In this little room by the window  
Like I do not exist  
Listening, listening  
To the bleak, wet rain  
Thinking  
The hazy memory  
Is all that I can cling to  
My hands a lifeline  
Clutching this memory as it fades  
Slipping through my fingertips,  
My lips quivering  
Tears threatening  
Like a storm on a sunny day

Some people dance in the rain  
Others hide  
Which am I?  
But all I know is the hazy memory  
Of a kind mother's face, smiling down on me  
With the bleak, wet rain  
Drumming, drumming against my window  
Like little fingers, beckoning, calling.



*Jason Wang • Grade 7*

## **PANIC**

*Monica Wojewuczki • Grade 7*

---

Surrounding me. Nowhere to go. My enemy. Surrounding me. Bringing me  
to my knees.

Its presence, following me like a shadow. Surrounding me. Nowhere to go.

## **HARLEM**

*Jason Wang • Grade 7*

---

White supremacy is overtaking the south,  
I will move to the north.  
Which houses are on route?  
We will keep pushing forth.

The northerners did not welcome,  
So, Harlem is where we stayed.  
But, we had to overcome,  
All hope, it did not fade.

We expressed ourselves in ways in which they would listen  
In music, rhymes, jazz, and blues.  
For we will not be chastened,  
We will not be treated like animals in zoos.

There was such an impact made this way  
That America could not look away.

## IDENTITY

*Alexandra Sittler • Grade 7*

---

Who am I?

The pillar for my friends,

Listening to their problems,

Never breaking under their weight?

The perfect daughter,

Student,

Friend.

A person can only hold that kind of weight for so long before they

Break

Under the weight of the world

Falling into the abyss

Drowning in the waves of the sea of problems

They face

But,

Never flinching

I stand

Don't let them see inside

Don't let them hear my battle cries

Don't let them see my battle scars

Of my life beneath the lies

Only one knows

How I feel

Comforting all

Never leaving

Never ceasing

Friend

Father

God

I pray each night

"Hold me, give me answers please"

Each night no reply but

Love  
Still  
Prevails  
Through the night  
Me wondering  
Who am I?

## **GUILT**

*Emma Murphy • Grade 7*

---

I dwell in your conscience. You can't dispose of me. I make you suffer and cry. You try to distract yourself. You can't get away. I will not leave until you make it right.

## **LUCID BEACH**

*Jacob Mullins • Grade 7*

---

Out in the water a figure neared.  
There was one more that just appeared.  
They both swam in,  
And dried their skin.  
They screamed because it was each other they feared.

## UNTITLED

*Hannah Hadland • Grade 7*

---

Hospital beds lay before me,  
A depressing atmosphere.  
Beeping fills the background.  
I look at their gray lifeless faces,  
But I will change that.  
Joy will come.  
For it is my purpose,  
To change sadness into happiness.  
To lick their faces and bring brightness to them.  
And to give them something they will never forget.

## UNTITLED

*Elizabeth Craig • Grade 7*

---

To Time:  
You've seen our beginning and will see our end.  
You create with patience and precision.  
You hold the secrets of people long forgotten.  
You take people away, but you also bring people closer.  
People fear the thought of you.  
They contemplate the idea of eternal consciousness or an eternity of unconsciousness.  
It's difficult to grasp the idea of it for we know not of what would happen.  
Nonetheless, you continue to work.  
You slowly mend wounded souls.  
You are as clueless as us, not knowing what will come next.  
A concept or not, you will help guide everything along its existence.

## **ERASER CAP**

*Sameera Apuri • Grade 7*

---

Dear Eraser Cap,

Why do you have to fall off every time I use you?

I wish you were replaced with a different type of eraser.

A type of eraser that gets along and sits nicely with the top of pencils.

And doesn't mind paper and people.

Do you hate me?

Have you and the top of pencils been fighting and just hate each other?

I spent most of my time hot gluing you to my pencil so you would stick.

But all you do is flop around and erase, so that there is still a deep mark left on my paper.

Why do you have to fall off every time I use you?

## **MISTAKES**

*Delores Federspiel • Grade 7*

---

Mistakes

Hurtful and accidental

Teaches us lessons

We need to learn

Eventually

## **NIGHTMARE**

*Amelia Ervin • Grade 7*

---

A cloud of memories  
Above a child's sleepy head  
Lighting flashes  
And the cloud trembles  
Darker the color gets with each passing minute  
The moon's soft shadow conceals the cloud  
For I am a nightmare  
The unsteady throb of pain keeps me alive  
And I thrive from fear  
Emanating from my sleepy victim  
I am a nightmare that no one can rid  
And I watch a tear come down  
As I leave at dawn

## **FIGURE SKATER'S PERSPECTIVE**

*Anya Ramrakhiani • Grade 8*

---

I know it is time to get out of bed,  
But I want to sleep a little more.  
Waking up early is just what I dread,  
Especially when I feel very sore.

I am hoping that one day I can win,  
This will happen only if I practice.  
Even though I have bruises on my shin,  
I have to get up from my soft mattress.

My coach likes hard work and dedication,  
I am always practicing on the ice.  
I never get to go on vacation,  
But I know that everything has a price.

I could just decide to give up and quit,  
But I will work hard and always have grit.

## **REFRESH**

*Collin Campbell • Grade 8*

---

Raindrops

Splash on my head,  
Fill rivers,  
Nourish billions

Like

Tiny oceans  
A barrage of parachutes sailing from the sky  
Miniature tsunamis with every hit on the ground

Slowing

As the sun comes out.



Alexander Bayburt • Grade 8

## **FATHER**

*Summer Salomon • Grade 8*

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Caring Dad, you inspire me to love.  
How I do love the way you adore Mom.  
You are making me wiser by the night,  
I think you are dreaming of her at prom.

You are the most honest person I know,  
You are most humorous, wise, kind and brave.  
Your hair can never be the lowest low,  
You really need to maybe keep it shaved?

Please do know that I will always love you,  
All through the highest highs, or lowest lows,  
I know it's bad when I take your shampoo,  
But if I asked you, you would not say no.

Now I am all done saying what I think,  
Just know that I will be there in a blink.

## **DREAMS**

*Thomas Tsai • Grade 8*

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There once was a "peep" on a bay,  
Who dreamt he was eating some hay.  
He said with great force,  
"I want to be a horse!"  
But found out he can't even neigh!

## **A LETTER FROM THE MISSUS**

*Naomi Gephart • Grade 8*

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He held up the scroll to his green-brown eyes,  
Unrolling the parchment, ribbon untied,  
"This is from my wife, whom I do despise."  
He said, and no one doubted that he'd lied.

Although she despised him, that much was true,  
She fled up north, and found a new honey.  
Before this, they'd stuck together like glue.  
That was before she took all his money.

But woe, he still loved her, though she's a thief.  
He missed her sly cunning and wittiness.  
He hoped she'd regret that she'd caused this grief.  
It was her fault the man was penniless.

The scroll said, "I love you and miss you, honey...  
Say, would you happen to have more money?"

## **THE CUBS**

*Coleman Mauch • Grade 8*

---

Starts with a slam by number twenty-five,  
World Series Game Seven just beginning,  
His first at bat making the crowd alive,  
And already Chicago was winning.

Kyle Hendricks shut them out all the first two,  
But Santana's big single would tie it.  
Lester came in later out of the blue,  
From a wild pitch, Cleveland would benefit.

Baez, Ross, Santana sent in some flight,  
And, by the end of the ninth, it was tied.  
But some rain made them pause 'til just past midnight,  
Hit by Zobrist and the run was supplied.

The Cubs won after a final ground out,  
Ending their One Hundred Eight Year drought.

## WRITING

*Hannah Eilers • Grade 8*

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Blank  
Empty thoughts  
Endless possibilities  
Harmful or encouraging  
Thoughts meandering  
Blank page  
Ideas fluttering  
Silence continuing  
Infinite ideas  
Awaiting page  
FLIP  
Page awaiting  
Ideas infinite  
Continuing silence  
Fluttering ideas  
Page blank  
Meandering thoughts  
Encouraging or harmful  
Endless possibilities  
Thoughts empty  
Blank.

## **PURPLE IS...**

*Michael DeSalvo • Grade 8*

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Worthy of kings,  
The color of the setting sun,  
The cool desert night,  
A delicate flower,  
A mystery, exotic,  
The sweet scent of lavender,  
A glittering gem,  
The taste of a plum,  
Like a magician's spell,  
An old carpet at home,  
The shell of a beetle,  
A sign of royalty,  
Grandma's favorite vase,  
Like the flap of the butterfly's wings,  
the tiles in our restroom,  
a fruit you share with your brother,  
An Experience.

## **SPRING**

*Camille Coker • Grade 8*

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Oh, spring, you pull me from my dreams sometimes,  
Chasing away nightmares which plague my mind.  
Scenes of ice-cold snow and frozen times  
Give way to worlds of endless humankind.

Animals awake from frigid silence,  
Cawing and croaking and dancing all day.  
The sun and sky create an alliance  
To force the cold to run so far away.

Flowers bloom and trees take root in deep dirt.  
The green of life unearths a brand-new dawn  
That flows around you like a comfy skirt  
And settles into a wild untamed lawn.

Oh, to begin again with a fresh start,  
Just wait 'til next year, time plays a good part.

## **FALLING**

*Adam Stephens • Grade 8*

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Time passing  
Up before, now down  
Air passing  
Ground below  
Falling free  
Nothing stopping  
Foot touches earth  
Walking away  
Forget, I did  
Wonderful Experience  
Reflect  
Experience, wonderful.  
Did I forget?  
Away, walking  
Earth touches foot  
Stopping nothing  
Free falling  
Below ground  
Passing air  
Down now, before, up  
Passing time.