

**YAWP
ANTHOLGY**

Session B

9 – 12th Graders

June 21 – July 2, 2021

Ms. Sandra

Obsession

By: AUDREY BITIKOFER

My brain is filled with it everyday.
First, it's just a show or movie or book,
And soon it becomes a virus.
It spreads throughout until you live and
breath it,
Until you cannot fight against the waves
And soon, you drown.

It's called an obsession, darling—
Such a nice, simple word
But few have felt an obsession.
It is a leech that crawls all around you,
Sucking the rest of you into itself
And you can't get it off unless
You are willing to let it
Take over you first.

It is but a parasite that has somehow
Crawled its way through my mind
Like some sort of brain invader from
Geonosis,
Like an assassin that stuns you with a clap,
Like magic that flows all throughout a
castle,
Like forgetting who you are because of
Gaea,
As if a work in progress you love
But have not finished because you love it
too much.

Darling, an obsession is over quickly,
But it does not feel quick.
It takes but a mere few months
And yet when you're done,
You feel riveted,
Like you've just been through crashing
waters

And now you're on shore again.
You feel the adrenaline still rushing
But since you're lying down
You can only listen to your heart pound
And the bit of headache you have.

As if a part of the world you dream of,
You feel connected, your soul
Sucked so far down that you feel
Empty and trapped when without it.
As if a shooting star could grant me
The reality of the place I wish to live.

But *my little pony, my little pony,*
Sayonara, Korosensei,
The Star Wars theme so composed
By John Williams himself,
The movies so butchered by Fox
Of Rick Riordan's beautiful books—
They were all mere obsessions,
Mere viruses that soon went away.

The feelings, though not the same,
Still felt through the aroma
Of simple nostalgia.

Pink paper hearts

By Ella Brenes

Her waves crash
so hard
so strong
so surround me
so lift me
push me down
and
pull me in
and
take me with you.

What if I didn't have to wear my
shining golden armor
This layer of protection
And what if I didn't have to hide
in your designed disguise
that taunts me with pink paper
hearts of devotion
And
what if you could please
just stop and call me the ocean

Because femininity
through your eyes might as well
be
strips of bright pink duct tape
plastered
over sephora - glossed lips
heads of long hair nodding
flowy dresses
wide smiles with
straight, blinding - white teeth
Stacks of pink paper hearts
paper love
plastic love, Barbie as the face

of the children's toy stores
Skinny love
and
jewelry clanking on soft skin
So don't go on the field, you
would say,
Don't run
You are not fluid
You are still.
Your femininity pulls the air out
of my lungs instead
of inflating them with freedom
to the extent that your labels feel
more real
than my lungs.

But what if I want to be loud
without being called unkind
What if I want to be big
without being called unbeautiful
And what if I want to be strong
without being called unfeminine

So when I hear
the roar of her body
the way she crashes
unapologetically
the impression she leaves
before hurrying away with the
tide
The way she lives unlabeled
because labels are nothing to her
because you are nothing to her.
She is full and encompassing
She is feminine and beautiful in
a way you wouldn't understand
But what if you could
understand?

Because
She is transparent, but deep
Cries and screams
Vulnerable and strong
She knows you can be both
So watch her
crash
and rise
and never say sorry

I don't want to lie still for you
I want to be loved by you
but not by the kind of love
embedded
in your pink paper hearts of
devotion
Not paper love
plastic love
or skinny love
but what if I want to be loved by
you in a way that
makes me feel free
so I'd rather you call me the
ocean.

Let me take off this
shining armor I
wear
For it pulls me down
with every step
and I really can't stand the
glare.

WHAT IF

by andrea cote

what if we died tomorrow
what if we never died at all
if "it was me" was easy would we know when it's our fault
if every breath
before our death
was dragged out from a cigarette
would breathing be as easy as they make it sound on tv
would we live enough to leave, to love
to die contentedly

By: EMMERSON DOUGLASS

I am from my mother
The one who is like no other
The one that never gave me an older brother
Even though all the characters I read about had them growing up
I am from the game I've played
And the memories I've made
Rolling dice across a table
Placing a card down on the map
I'm from thousands of characters, and stories
Some of them my own
Most of them created by other minds
With stories different than mine
I'm from characters that don't acknowledge a line
And from the ones that commit crimes
And lie
They overcome
Some are dumb
Some just want to see the sun
I'm from mountains
And canyons
I've hiked it all
And I'd do it again
I'm from acceptance
From a community
That all they want to see is me
In a form that will make me want I want to be
I'm from the rainbow
Used to represent a community I've recently become a part of
And someone who died
Who, if I believed in God, would be resting above
He was against this same community
I am from tea cups and rain drops
The rarity that the latter may be
I am from books and rocks
From my fear of bees
I am from stars and scars
But no matter what
I am who I am

Let Down Your Hair

by Magdalyn Kruschek

My parents gave me the name Magdalyn
I've got no real problems with it
People will compliment it and I'll say
"Thanks, I didn't choose it."

The funny thing is
I didn't really know
That my name was Magdalyn until
I was 6 or 7
I had been called Maggie
My entire life
I only started going by Magdalyn when
I started at a new school

One of my friends said
That it sounded
Like the name of an instrument
And one kid called me Megalodon
Because I'm tall and it sounds close enough

Magdalyn means high tower
Which fits me strangely well
I've always been tall and quiet
Watching from a distance

I'll be like Rapunzel
Sitting in my tower all alone
"Magdalyn, Magdalyn, let down your hair!"
They'll call up to my window
And I'll just laugh because
I chopped it off

Occasionally it feels like I've lost my sense
Of what makes me
Me
Like I'm simply and observer
Of my life
At times
It feels like I've stolen
Someone else's name
It even takes me a second

To remember

That when someone says
"Magdalyn"

They're talking to me

Your words not ours

By Brock London

Always hearing your words not ours. Your words encouraging to read and write promises of opportunity for our independent growth rooted from your teachings. words your fuel of communication of your many languages the upheld Lingua Franca translated to all points of access.

Ears are required for your speeches. It has to travel your words must be known your words are the center either of fugal or petal. The reaction does not matter. The goal made your words spoken. Leaving in the aftermath of words flooded the people consume and act as your dam storage. Words are then spoken from their mouths, but they do not speak their words but only what you taught them to say. The common speech, a fancy french word thrown in it does not

I CAN'T CRY

By Ronan Lord

I'm writing this poem out of desperation I think
Our time is halfway up and I have nothing at all
I don't even have a title
Im blasting music and hoping the feeling will go away
But the sadness isn't going away
And I cant cry
Why cant I cry
As hard as im trying I cant cry
I feel like I need to cry but I cant
My heart is screaming I need to release but I cant
My face is forced in this goddamn neutral expression
That I cant change
I feel broken, I cant write, I can't sing, I cant even cry right
My friends and family tell me to be silent whenever I sing
When I write it feels ingenuine or not good enough
I feel anger, I feel frustration and that I can express
But why on earth can I not express my sorrow
Is it because maybe I have been trained since birth to not show emotion
To not show weakness, cause crying in school was a public embarrassment
Which I did a lot
And I hated it, I hated myself for crying in front of everyone
So I stopped doing it
And for years I stopped crying
And I blasted music to make the feeling go away
But its not going away anymore its not going away
So I sit here writing this out of desperation and frustration and all my pent up sadness
That I cant release CAUSE I CANT CRY
NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY I CANT CRY

Emma McParlane
Final Anthology Writing
Where I'm From

I am from the ash trees full of the scars from childhood,
I am from the constant clamor of lockers opening and shutting,
I am from the sound of a ball being kicked into the net,
I am from He whose name is that of a strong tower.

I am from the Salt, Verde, and, Colorado,
I am from the house on Holbrook with a dust orange wall,
I am from the friends who shape me and make me better,
I am from the messy pink room with old books and clothes all over the floor.

I am from the lingering song of the mockingbird in the morning telling me to get up and have a good day,
I am from the fear that nightfall brings and the reassurance that comes with the sunrise,
I am from the procrastination that leads to late night studying,
I am from the bicycle rides at dusk to wherever the paths may lead.

I am from Gallo Pinto, plantains, and refrescos,
I am from those who find solace in the adventures of stories, hoping to have one of their own some day,
I am from the soil that enriches my roots, filled with those who sailed seas and flew skies bearing the unknown to give me the chance I have today.

Everything I Need

By Marco Opena

I was raised by
my violin teachers,
who taught me to take this hollow, wooden,
seemingly plain instrument,
And with it create brilliant, flowing
melodies, so pure and clear.

I was raised by
my coaches,
who taught me to persevere even when I had
convinced myself otherwise,
and taught me that the mind is like a muscle,
and must be developed through resistance
and adversity.

I was raised by
my church,
which taught me to love and to forgive
others and myself,
and taught me to have faith that a light will
appear in my darkest moments.

I was raised by
my best friends,
who provided an outlet through which tears,
emotions, and words could flow.
They taught me to be my true self, to
embrace my flaws, as no one is and can ever
be perfect.

I was raised by
a loving family,
who cared for and comforted me after a
disappointing race, or a bad recital,
and taught me to work diligently for what I
wanted, because nothing will ever come free
in life.

I was raised by
all these people,
by mentors and companions,
all of whom taught me everything I need to
live my life with ease.

Where I am from

by: LUCAS PARK

I am from the other side of the Pacific Ocean

I am from the back of the moon where no one knows what happens

Mysterious like the box of Schrodinger's cat

I am from a place that seems to be so far away and unknown

But yet so close and similar

I am a broken headphone playing different music on each side

Confusing but still understandable

I am not from oil nor water but a dish soap that mixes both

I am a vegan lion, full of contradictions

I am a desert in the Arctic

I am an ice cube on fire

I am from an eclipse, the time of both light and darkness

Sometimes my identity is sailing through a coastal fog

So vague I will bump into a rock in any second

But no one will stop me from exploring

And once I get to the island,

I will keep digging and digging until I find a treasure of identity

I am from a voyage of dreaming pirates

i am from...

Rianna Rane

i am from a brightly colored watercolor painting with hidden darks,
from staining pigments running over the bumpy paper
i am from scraps of paper towel,
from dried paint and muddy brown water splatters

i am from sparkling water,
from fresh bubbles fizzling loudly before dying
i am from freshly cut watermelon,
from the refreshing, sweet scent wafting through the air

i am from a soap bottle, changed as time passes
a foamy substance, now in tiny pieces,
overcome with flowing water,
drowning as i'm carried into the drain

i am from a fictional book,
fairytale it may not be
i am from music as the sound waves travel through the air,
entertaining and inspiring

i am from the laundry machine,
from the fresh cotton waiting
i am from bingeing shows and reading series to escape into another world
from jealousy and wishing to be others

although not in sight
there lie pieces of my past
ash after a fire
i am from those moments

I was raised by
By Alessandra Romero

I was raised by
Bushes of yellow lantana flowers
The soft grass in my nana's backyard
Gardens where I could escape the world
Ladybugs hiding under leaves I found during recess
Trees where I would always hang out at school
Rolling fields next to parks and during road trips
The greenbelt and cement sidewalk where I would ride my bike once I finally learned how to
Rocks where I scarred my knees in third grade
Pink and white roses that grew outside my parents window
Kind of nature

I was raised by
Move away, move back, away and back again people
Make you play all their favorite horror games even if you're terrified
Play legos together when you don't want to work anymore
Roleplay at the playground in the morning
Invite you to pool parties even though you don't know how to swim
Let you have all the desserts your parents won't
Talk for hours and hours about anything and everything and never get bored
Dance together on and off the stage
People you meet once and never see again
Kind of people

I was raised by
Dusty bricks imported from Mexico
The long, green water hose in my backyard
A trampoline that always broke time and time again
Otter pops on the last days of school
Swing sets everyone would always fight over
Stuffed animals taking up half of the bed
Long, flowy skirts of every color, spinning to the music
Red lipstick, blue eyeshadow and 101 degree weather
Rocks on a hiking trail and copper coins on the asphalt
Sneaking candy when my parents weren't home
Plug-in nightlights and stories in the dark
Barbie dolls and dress-up costumes of Disney princesses
Kind of things

The little things
From "You're finally back"
To "I love you"
Kind of feelings
That feels like home.

The Journey of My Life

BY: Sanjay Selvam

I am from India

A place with beautiful greenery

Car horns blazing right and left

Ancient Architecture that defines modern science

And incredible street food

I am from Los Angeles

A place with perfect weather

And the finest beaches

There are also many fun theme parks

I am from San Francisco

The home of the best piers and ports

Constant developing technology

The most diverse culture in the United States

I am from Arizona

The home of the Grand Canyon

Unique creatures in the dessert

And the intense heat blaring all the time

The Briefcase

By Riley Stiller

A piercing breeze blew through the empty New York streets. It was midnight on the coldest day of the year so far, and a nearly full moon was blotched out by heavy clouds that dissipated a faint blue light onto the snow-covered streets below. In these empty streets, a man walked only as a silhouette against the light of the moon. He descended down the steps of a subway station and sat on a bench to wait for the train, putting his briefcase beside him. As the sounds of the subway cars grew closer, he picked his briefcase up from the spot adjacent to him and boarded. Even in the depths of the New York subway tunnels, it was cold, cold enough that the metal on the outside of the subway cars would be painful to touch. In this cold subway car sat another man on the far side. His beard was patchy and white and his clothes were not ragged, but also not pristine. When the two sat on that same train this night, it seemed as if the city was making a point of the disparity between the two, one a young well-kept businessman, the other an old bum. The bum eyed the man cautiously, then moved his briefcase on the far side of him from the new passenger. The other took little notice of the bum, merely glancing at him for a moment to notice that his briefcase was of the same design as the one he had next to him. The two rode together for a few minutes until the train violently lurched backward and the lights flickered off. Both passengers were thrown to the ground and their briefcases to the front of the car. The subway lights flickered back on as the train car came to a slow stop. The bum got up from where he lay and quickly grabbed his suitcase from the front and hurried out the door. The other took his from the front as well and sat back down on his seat. As he picked it up, he noticed something odd, it seemed like the briefcase had grown slightly heavier, maybe only by one or two pounds. Slowly, he began to worry. The other man had only glanced at the two briefcases before picking his up, was it possible that he took the wrong one? As he began to contemplate this, a fresh group of passengers poured onto the train. He couldn't check the case now and risk anyone seeing what was inside. Slowly the worry began to eat him up more and more. On his way out of the train, on his way through the streets, on his way to his apartment in the center of town. What if he took the wrong case? He would look like an utter fool, he would likely have to improvise at work, so much was riding on the case in his hand being the correct one. He set it down on the counter and opened the two buckles. Taking a deep breath, he opened the lid of the case. Inside was a bomb. It looked dangerous, intimidating, complicated, everything a bomb should be. The man collapsed back into his sofa and let out a deep sigh. Thank god he got the right case.

“Broken Record”

By: Anvita Veeramachaneni

What if society looked at everyone the same
No matter their identity, color, or gender
What if there was a universal respect proclaimed
Then all could shine in the ways desired

Why is there this concept of norms
What if it was broken
Every soul would morph into an eccentric butterfly
Not forced to be unspoken

What if the stereotypes did not exist
Against women, cultures, race
Could all be fixed like a broken record
Spinning the wrong way for too long
We must fix this disgrace

What if love was shown to one and all
Like fire, a spreading passion
This negativity is consuming us like a wrecking ball
Like a bursted balloon, filled with too much ratiion
Why is there a colossal amount of hate within us all
And eventually it will consume us without approval
What if love dies, like a fire deprived of fuel

American Problems

By Samyu Yelmat

Every day In America, a person is shot and every week a school shooting occurs

Yet people still say they need guns

Need them for what?

To protect ourselves

From what?

Guns obviously

Why don't we get rid of guns?

We need them

Every week in America, Hundreds are admitted to hospitals

Yet Many cannot pay

Hospitals do not accept medaid

Is what their told

They sit there wondering how to pay

It causes them anxiety and lengthens their stay

It worsens their condition and causes them to pay more

A 150 years after the end of slavery, the human life still has a price

Every year in America, 2 major hurricanes hit

Yet people deny climate change

The ocean is rising

Storms are getting more severe

They say that regulations will cripple our economy

But the natural disasters are costing more

Soon we'll loose

Our tourists

Our coastlines

Our capital

For what?

A couple million dollars?

Is this our America?

WHAT IF WE HELPED

Haris Zia

What if there were no more kids down the block getting ready with the rope
Instead all educated reinstated and reinvented with hope
What if there were no sirens no alarms no horns everywhere you go
But rather new personalities new dreams new ambitions skipping with jump ropes

What if there were no black holes no empty spaces no abysses
But rather everyone's minds full of happiness and blisses
What if there wasn't that one friend or guardian that always dismissed
But more like supported and helped throughout this dark shift

What if there was no more quiet kid sitting at school alone
But more like happy dude always talking with his friends on the phone
What if there weren't people with no voice and no type of microphone
But instead everyone has a respected high held and well heard tone

What if we actually addressed this largely widespread epidemic
Rather than putting it off as something pathetic and without credit
What if we didn't all act like some sort of skeptics
But instead we behaved as medics and didn't view this as synthetic

What if
What if we helped