

**YAWP  
ANTHOLOGY**

**Session B**

**6<sup>th</sup> – 8<sup>th</sup> Graders**

**June 15 - 26, 2020**

**Miss Ginette**

Alessandro

## IN DEFENSE OF Fall of Cybertron

Amazing game, clever story

Good characters, graphics not aged well

Shadowy and blocky designs

Considering the characters as giant robots

Amazing backstory

Transformers,

Great overall game

Emily Chen

GOLDEN APPLE YOGURT DRINK

It rushes  
 down my throat,  
 This sweet drink  
 That tastes  
 Like apples,  
 This drink my grandma  
 Told me to buy,  
 This drink of  
 Pleasure and happiness.  
 Light gold color  
 Sweet  
 Rich  
 And delicious,  
 What drink?  
 What drink?  
 What drink can it be?  
 No, not yet  
 There's still more to go,  
 Excellent  
 Mouthwatering  
 Delightful  
 Unforgettable  
 Endless words  
 to describe  
 something this wonderful

When you take a sip  
 Your taste buds blossom  
 It craves for more  
 And there's  
 nothing  
 that's better.  
 It lives in Taiwan  
 Far far away,  
 You cannot get it here  
 You cannot get it there.  
 I miss the taste of it  
 So very much  
 When you take a sip  
 You'll want a whole lot more,  
 Its house  
 (A small container)

Is not big enough  
For something this delicious  
That is why  
You mustn't gulp it down  
Instead,  
Savor it  
Take small sips  
Enjoy it.

I wonder  
Why,  
Why this drink  
Is not all over the world,  
Why you cannot find it  
Wherever you go  
Why this drink  
Is still unknown  
To many people  
All over the world  
And *this*,  
This is why  
I write this poem.  
I could go on and on  
Nothing stopping me,  
Nothing halting me,  
Nothing could pause  
The ongoing words,  
In my mind,  
Trying to tell you  
About this drink,  
This drink of  
Pleasure and happiness  
Light gold color  
Sweet  
Rich  
And delicious,

The words are infinite  
Like a circle  
Which has no end,  
The thoughts in my mind  
Will always find its way  
Back to that drink  
Like a boat on the sea  
That will always come back  
To the place it departed.

I will now have to end  
This poem of  
Sweetness,  
Deliciousness,  
And delightfulness,  
Though the words  
In my mind  
Will go on infinite  
About this drink,  
This drink!  
This drink that I haven't  
told you about  
This drink that you  
*Must* be wondering about  
Wondering about  
What this "drink" may be  
Well,  
It's the  
GOLDEN APPLE YOGURT DRINK!

# Lucca

That one breath, new, belong, become

Second, Your getting it

3, You have arrived

Twists and turns

Back, Front

You, Me

Yes, Thank You. We. Love. Happy, Kind, Joy, yes.

# Dylan French

Everyday you wake up to it,  
Always gleaming at the window,  
Lighting up the world,  
Disappearing every night.  
We must take it for granted,  
People need this to live,  
Everyday it comes and goes,  
But it is back the next day.  
So bright, it's a big light,  
Shining everyday,  
You must remember this fact,  
It's 94.494 million miles away.

# ADDISON

I am from a family of anxiety and procrastination

I am from a family of creativity and endless hoarding, in which the two concepts seem to fit like puzzle pieces

I am from glasses and somewhat poor eyesight

I am from having a tight grip on my pencil

I am from musicals and dancing

I am from demanding that my friends listen to *Carrie*, even though it seems that I'm the only person in the world, that is alive besides Sue Snell, that can "finally see her"

I am from crawling under wedding dresses

I am from spilling powdered sugar on the floor (not-so video proof)

I am from laughter and true imperfectness

This is where I am from



## ISABEL

I am from the polluted air we breathe, coarse and heavy, that burn our senses, from an earth, shuddering, the air stolen from it's lungs, from melting ice that seems to disappear before we see it, our earth's climate control sounding it's alarm but still going unheard. I'm from plastic islands larger than Spain, and the companies that have the greatest carbon footprint, pounding lethal chemicals into the sky. I'm from neglect, stupidity, and carelessness. From the important that goes unnoticed. I'm from our screaming voices, muffled under roars of ignorance. I am from thousands of extinctions, burning forests, and rising seas. I saw a post the other day about how if trees gave us wifi signals we would be planting so many of them, that we might just save the earth. Too bad they only give us the air we breathe. I'm from your mistakes, years that you've known but refused to take action. I'm from finding an answer that already exists, and claiming that we care. I'm from a world that gave me no chance from the start, with all of these issues we have to solve.. But where I'm from, is not who I'll be.

# Maya

## Why I Like TV

Because I can,  
I can enjoy the Laughter, Sadness, Madness and Joy,  
Because I don't just think of it as slacking,  
I think it's an art form,  
You say to me "What's your passion?"  
My passion?  
It's TV  
You say "No that is just sitting around"  
But what if it's my passion?  
I like TV Because I can connect to the characters,  
They go through similar experiences as me,  
Because I'm inspired by writers and actors and crews,  
You ask "why I like TV?"  
Because I can

# Danielle

My Mom:

Always there to raise me

See what I become

Teach me what's most important

Scold on the dumb

Loves like no other

The hand to hold, even for the already mature three year old.

Opens up her heart

To the most terrible pieces of scribbled art

Kind and fair

Does her job like no other

Treats equally

Tries best at every single thing for her children

Sees the good in everything

Makes the right decisions on all things

The best of the best

Who could want more?

I certainly don't.

She is the greatest mother ever.

# Eliza - An Ode to the Rain

The sun has shone too much  
And the rain has never come  
I long to see  
The big grey clouds  
Scattered across the sky  
A bolt of lightning  
A roar of thunder  
As I watch in awe from my window

The sound of the rain  
Pounding at the windows  
Falling on the roof  
Yet it never comes  
Slowly I wait  
For the rain to come  
For the sky to darken  
Because I know it will  
And one day  
It does.

Aveeva

## An Everyday Poem About My Nut Allergies

Oh why do you plague me eternally

What have I done to deserve it

I see you as if you are the Devil on my shoulder

The Devil that cursed me away from my culture

I wish I was not your sister, but your defeater.

I cannot stop the restrictions you uphold

I will never stop trying your patience and pushing your boundaries,

For I cannot welcome you with open arms,

Yet I can with open hatred

# Aminah

## An Ode to Coronavirus

I used to despise you.

The sorrow and the fear that you have brought to millions across our big world.

But over time, I have come to appreciate you.

For opening the eyes of those who underestimated and wronged our world.

And for giving our world the time to heal while us destructive humans hide away in our homes and shelters.

For letting the oceans heal and the forests regenerate.

For letting the birds soar into fresher skies and fish swim in cleaner lakes, rivers, and oceans.

And while it is a devastating thing to have to endure you,

I think I can understand you.

I sometimes imagine you as mother nature, *our* mother nature, giving us a scolding for letting our precious planet suffer and rot away.

Other times I imagine you as a man-killing devil sent to terrorize and punish us for being foolish enough to let the planet suffer the way it has.

So I encourage you to do what you believe is best, as it has been proven with time how mankind hasn't the ability to do so.

Hold our hand, lead us in the right direction.

And perhaps this time we won't fail you.

# EVA

I am from yellow melting into mirrors  
 Light's thin threads fracturing the glass  
 To follow the sun across the dark bottom  
 Until it falls from the flaky roof

From burning noses  
 And bubbly pink skin crushed against teeth  
 To a breaking sweetness on blushed buds  
 Chlorine still stained against them  
 From clouded, stinging salty goggles  
 Sand and salt still wedged between  
 Deteriorating rubber and cracked plastic  
 Survivors of the sand and sea

From diving boards becoming the bows of  
 Swollen ships  
 And twisted legs to tails

I am from spilled cinnamon sugar  
 From sandy cookies closing  
 White glossy cream  
 And chocolate blossoming from  
 Sparkling sugary dough

I am from phrases,  
 Cracking against my tongue  
 The bleeding, Bierzo A's  
 And snipping sweet l's  
 Vowels washing over my mouth  
 Like warm waves  
 From oil in eggs and  
 Tortilla 2 ways  
 From lost cherry orchards  
 And soft brown beans

From perfect places  
 Made for night blue dresses and  
 1 inch heels

From forests of pecan and  
 Pomegranate  
 From practice Easter egg hunts  
 And Kindergarten water days  
 From Red and blue lights off  
 Our plastic playground  
 A memory so little and changing

From red skies and red sauce  
 And red Netflix logos  
 From nothing will last forever  
 From taught to planned to rehearsed

To shows of lessons of lies  
I was too pleasing to know  
Bending to show how close to perfect  
I could be in eyes of teachers, friends, and family

How was I to know?  
I am from never fitting in  
From "You're too privileged"  
To "You've never had Kobe beef?"  
From "Eww, Spanish"  
To "You need to practice your Spanish more"  
From "You're too girly"  
To "Why don't you like hot pink?"

From people telling me their problems but me  
Never telling mine  
Because I am a perfectly orchestrated machine in Front of people  
Every word, measured  
Every sentence, second-guessed  
My tone, my pace, masked and altered  
Not lying, no  
Creating different versions of the same person for different people  
To the point where it gets hard to find the original  
Unless I'm at my wooden dinner table or writing  
Which all of you are probably finding out now

And because I am from pleasing people,  
I will leave you with words on a happier note  
Which is,  
I am from my red brick house  
From the rosemary bush in my yard  
And black tea  
This is where I am from



By Lily Rossi

'A letter to my dear friend anxiety'

You've always been there for me, even when I didn't know it.

You've made me double check the bathroom stall signs because the girls bathroom was close to the boys, even though I've never made that mistake.

You've made me rewrite an entire assignment the night before because "it wasn't good enough."

You've made me overthink simple conversations I had that day for various stupid reasons.

You've made me spend an entire hour thinking about how I should've done this and that.

You've made me delete instagram posts because I looked ugly in them.

You've made me check my tests four times in a row to make sure everything was correct.

When I stood up for myself, I was anxious that I would get in trouble and even when I didn't stand up for myself you still made me anxious.

You've made me nervous to run for class representative in fourth grade even though I knew I was going to win.

You've made me worry about someone peeking through the cracks of the stalls when I use the bathroom, even though the entire restroom was empty.

You've made me nervous at the grocery store because I saw someone I knew and I didn't want to say hi.

I've always had a small black cloud over my head, I think everyone does, just for some people it's always there and for some it comes and goes, kinda like the weather.

You've been there at my worst and at my best. You've pushed me to work harder than I would've if you weren't there. Sometimes it's good to be a little anxious because you'll do better. Having anxiety means you care, and caring is just about the most important thing you can do but sometimes caring too much hurts you.

Norah

## Ode to Hands

These hands...  
Brace my fall  
Shield my eyes  
Cover my ears  
Wave away flies  
Grip the sides of the boxcar

These hands...  
Take chances  
Seize opportunities  
Nurture ideas  
Shake on a dare  
Seal a pinky promise

These hands...  
Hold loved ones  
Grip fingers  
Hug family  
Stroke feathers

I love my hands like we love each other  
Our hands cherish them like no other

These hands...  
Mold sculptures  
Drag my paintbrush  
Hold my pencil  
Dance on the piano  
Carry my bow  
Hold viola strings

These hands...  
Brush back tears  
Cower from fear  
Mix the cookie dough  
Feel raindrops pattering softly  
Tap the computer keys  
Change the channel  
Hold plush animals close