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
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 I'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
"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