

**YAWP
ANTHOLOGY**

Session B

9th – 12th Graders

June 15 - 26, 2020

Miss Sandra

From 100 Places

I'm from a field of flowers where the sun might shine, or the clouds may cry

Sometimes bright, sometimes dull but filled with brainpower

I get my chance to impress once in a blue moon

Its hard sometimes but isn't that life

The circle of life, the staircase of life shall I go on?

I'm from the saying "Fake it till you make it"

Teaching myself the struggles of the real world

The world we can't run away from but yet stuck in

The place that can't seem to get color right

But a place where others fight for what needs to be right

From the west coast of the country

From a place with little to no water that can enrich the soil but is still quite hungry but only for the green paper

Ladies and gentlemen that is Arizona for you

I'm from a place my parents sacrificed for

I'm just a teenage girl who came from a superhero off planet earth

I'm from a studio that taught me to dance it out

12 years of dancing yet pain still carries its way out

I'm from a family that is no where near perfect

With memories left to collect

Revisiting them only hurts so let's forget

I'm from the countless flights to get to the motherland

From the nasty airplane food that finds its way into my lap

The excitement of getting past security but getting stopped for tinfoil wrapped food

Lets take it back

I'm from the Montessori with pink monkey bars

From a place that was caged with blue chunky bars

From being sore every night after the countless activities that I never could fight

I'm from being injured constantly and pushing through

I'm from a hundred different places

Yet I realized that life is no race

So slow down your pace

Because your pain will never race especially from the places, you are truly from

Everyone has their own story so where is yours from?

-Krisha Agarwal

Where I'm From

I'm from the city that never sleeps
where fun does not end and memories are made
Where fairs and parties flood the streets every night
I'm from late nights and early mornings
Where sleep is an option
never required

I'm from the hospital bands that hang on my wall
and memories that do not leave my thoughts
From the scars that remind me of who I am
to the family that never left my side
from my brother and cousins who only want what's best for me

I'm from a family of fighters not lovers
Where yelling at each other is just another daily activity
Where everything needs to be done a certain way
and with certain attitude
Working overtime to make sure there is food on the table
Overachievers and athletes

I'm from people who bottle up their emotions and just wait to explode
Warriors who are able to handle their own problems
Where spending time alone is preferred
Yet being with each other brings bliss
Where laughing is rare but a beautiful sound to our ears

I'm from a box in the garage where all the good memories lie
collecting dust

She Tried to Tell Them: a poem about our Earth

By Ella Brenes

She tried to tell them that she's having a hard
time living
She tried to tell them that the damage may be
beyond healing

So they gave her a nod and a quick little smile
Then they went about their business
And they forget about her for a while
And they continued to throw their trash on her
ground
And their actions proceeded
To not really make a sound

And if it never made a sound
Did it really even matter?
If it never made a sound
Was anything really shattered?

But she felt it all
Every action, big, and small
Hurt her even deeper
Every plastic bag that floated into her oceans,
Every piece of trash littered on her streets,
Every burned fossil fuel that went through the
motions
Every single thing that they thought went
unnoticed
Hurt her
Burned her
And slowly
Destroyed her

She is getting warmer
But they release more CO2
She is getting warmer
They really aren't thinking things through

Because fossil fuels create more greenhouse
gases
Heating her up

Lighting her on fire
Climate change is REAL
The situation is dire

1. The polar bear notices something is wrong
2. The Arctic sea ice starts melting right along
3. The polar bear is not alive anymore to sing its
song

It's song of survival
It's song of existence
Do they realize that climate change
Is going to require some resistance?

CO2 CO2
You only seem to care if it's directly affecting
you
But watch what happens when it dissolves into
the ocean
It creates threatening carbonic acid
And they can't stop this motion
This happens every single day
So when all of the coral life struggles to survive
Then what will they say?

Then what will they say
About the 5.25 trillion pieces of plastic in her
waters
Then what will they say
When they realize that she is slowly dying and
getting hotter
Then what will they say
When they realize this could be affecting their
future son and daughter

Then what will they say
When they realize that
She tried to tell them
That she's having a hard time living

Bhavya Makkar

Then they asked what went wrong.

They asked how our day was.
So we responded honestly.
We said bad.
And they said there are worse things in the world.
And they said we didn't have real problems.
And they said we were weak
And they said we wouldn't survive in the real world.
So we only said we were fine.
And they asked us why we were dishonest.

They told us it was ok to be sad.
So we cried.
Then when we cried they laughed in our face.
Then when we cried they told us we were too sensitive.
Then when we cried they told us we were too old to cry.
Then when we cried they said there was no reason to cry.
Then when we cried they said strong people don't cry.
So we shut ourselves off.
Then they asked why we couldn't be vulnerable.

They told us we could tell them anything.
So we did.
And they told us we were wrong.
And they told us we were stupid.
And they told us to stop complaining.
And they told us "not now there are more important things."
And they told us to be grateful.
And they told us when they were our age they were so much better than us.
And they told us to stop bothering them with our silly things.
So we stopped.
Then they asked why we never talked to them.

They asked for our opinion.
So we told them our opinion.
They said "just listen".
They said "you don't know anything"
They said "you're just a kid."
They said "your opinion doesn't matter."
They said the adult is always right.
They said they didn't care.
They said be quiet, shut up, stop arguing, be respectful, don't talk back.
So we didn't.
Then they asked why we were so shy.
Then they asked why we never contributed to conversations.
Then they asked why we couldn't make a decision without their help.
Then they asked why we always froze up in their presence.
Then they asked why we couldn't stand up for ourselves.
So we did.

And they said be quiet.
They said be quiet to their future leaders, doctors, CEOs, lawyers.
They said be quiet to their future celebrities.
They said be quiet to their future caretakers and teachers.
They said be quiet to their future scientists.
They said be quiet to their future reformers, protestors, activists.
They said be quiet to their future.

Over 62,000 people between 10-19 commit suicide annually.
62,000 people who could've been our future doctors, lawyers, reformers, presidents, scientists, teachers.
An even greater number grows to be scared to speak up, to share their opinion, to take charge, make decisions.
Maybe that would've changed if they had someone to listen to them.

We listened to them, but did they listen to us?

Then they asked what went wrong.

I Was Raised By

By: Quinlan Popham

I was raised by
Chicken and rice feeding
Cooking up in the kitchen
Three meals a day
We got to get you something to eat

Fighters

Made it through law school
Work a full-time job
And still answer when you need me
Love you no matter what

Soldiers

Let's head to practice
Get you to the gym
I'll drive you to the field
Don't stop working

Warriors

Whistle blowing
Drill making
Yelling to get you better
Hit or be Hit

Fighters

The I'll jam out to what you listen to
Get you the best education possible

84:

Nick Raclaw

From all the times I have spent in school, I have always been thinking: "What am I passionate about? What am I going to do?" I have been chasing the assignments that my teachers give me like my dog playing fetch. Just as my dog is endlessly playing fetch and running back and forth with the ball, I am doing homework without an idea of what person I want to be or what I am passionate about to make a career out of. I have multiple passions and interests though I am still unsure of what I want to dedicate the rest of my life towards.

I focus on all these distractions and work that is helpful for my understanding of the world and for exploring different topics but I don't have a clear idea of how I am going to apply this knowledge and understanding and what I am going to achieve with all this work, understanding, and knowledge. I am acquiring all this knowledge and understanding without knowing what I am working towards. What goals do I have? What end result will I get? I know for sure that how I perform will determine what college I go to and my qualifications for a job but I don't know what job or what career exactly I want.

Being uncertain is a nervous feeling and school and work as well as my extracurricular activities such as music give order and meaning to my life. However, when I leave high school, I will have to make difficult decisions and I will face many challenges in my life: I may desire to have a job that may have a very competitive and difficult job market, I will have to know how to finance my belongings and manage my life and household, I have to make connections with people and find people to work with, and I may have to choose what job or career I want, between possible stable and safe jobs that I may not enjoy or careers or a riskier ones with possible instability that I may enjoy.

Did school prepare me for these possible challenges ahead? Should I or should have I been thinking, aiming, and focusing on these long term goals ahead instead of chasing good grades? I am not sure. I do know that many other people have faced the same uncertainty that I currently am in and became very successful. I wish I had ideas and planning on what I want to do with my life so that I could focus on the things that will help me in the future. However, I will end up successful and happy in what decisions I will make, perhaps ones I have already known all along, because I believe in myself and I am a very passionate person. I am only a Junior in high school after all.

ACES (The Unknown Monster)

By Molly Renner-Singer.

This monster is deadly
 Burning scars in its victims' brains.
 This monster is deadly
 Creating health
 problems even in its
 survivors

This monster has infected our school
 systems.
 From Jocks to Nerds
 From Popular kids to freaks
 From Middle ground to lower than low.
 This monster has many victims even if they
 do not know.

This monster is everywhere,
 Yet it remains unseen and unchecked.
 This monster is everywhere,
 Yet it is shunned from conversation.
 This monster is everywhere,
 Yet it is not a movement
 This monster is everywhere,
 Yet it is not a term many people know

And yet this monster exists.
 Though we choose to ignore it.
 This monster exists.
 In our counselor's offices and mental health
 departments.
 This monster exists
 It manifests in kid's homes and works to
 destroy them.

This monster's actions can be loud or quiet.
 From loss of a loved one to divorce
 From a traumatic event to abuse
 This monster's actions can change the
 structure of kid's brains

Beware!
 This monster is sneaky.
 Don't let it stay out of sight.
 Beware!
 This monster is not a movement because of
 our fear.
 Don't let fear stopping you from standing
 against it
 Beware!
 This monster may be the worst health crisis
 no one ever talks about.

If you are a victim of this monster, reach out.
 People will listen to you
 people will help you.
 If you are victim to this monster fight to let
 your story be heard
 So that this problem does not remain
 unnoticed.
 If you are a victim of this monster hold, on.

We will survive this monster, but only if we
 find the courage to talk about it.
 Though how many humans need to die
 beforehand?

Yosef Schnitzer

06/25/2020

YAWP Anthology Submission

“All right,” said Papa, “I’ll read one of your favorites. And of course you are not going to interrupt this story tonight, are you?””

“Oh no, Papa, I’ll be good.” Says my mom read one of my, and her, favorite books at the time, Interrupting Chicken, by David Ezra Stein. Me and my mom loved this book because the little chicken in the book would always interrupt her dad, which was very similar to how I would interrupt everyone then.

I grab my mom’s hand and snuggle up close to her, staring at the colorful oil drawing of the papa rooster putting his little chicken daughter to sleep. He was reading a story to her aloud while sitting on a chair by her bed. The little chicken was in bed, sitting up, and listening to the story Papa was about to say.

The first story Papa would read to the little chicken was Hansel and Gretel. “Hansel and Gretel,” my mom says, “Hansel and Gretel were very hungry. Deep in the woods they found a house made of candy. Nibble, nibble, nibble; they began to eat the house, until the old woman who lived there came out and said, ‘What lovely children! Why don’t you come inside?’ They were just about to follow her when---” Mom stops reading, and then says loudly, “Out jumped little red chicken, and she said, ‘DON’T GO IN! SHE IS A WITCH!’ So Hansel and Gretel didn’t, the end.”

I start to laugh, and my mom starts to yawn, “You want to go to bed now?”

She was tired I could tell, but I just loved the story too much. “Pleeeeeease,” I say, annoying her, “Just until the end of the book, I look back at her and give her “puppy eyes.”

She sighs and then yawns and replies to me “Okay, if you say so, Yosef.” After that she continues the story, “‘Chicken.’ ‘Yes, Papa?’ ‘You interrupted the-”

I interrupt her and exclaim, “Look at Chicken’s little bear, it’s so cute!”

“Yosef, don’t be a little red chicken and don’t interrupt the story,” she says.

“Okay, okay, Mommy,” I reply.

My mom continues the story, “‘You interrupted the story. Try not to get so involved.’

‘I’m sorry, Papa. But she really was a witch.’

“Well, you are supposed to be relaxing so you can go to sleep.” My mom stops to read for a second, “Just like you!” She laughs and tickles my cheek.

‘Let’s try another story. I’ll be good!’

“‘Take this basket of goodies to grandma,’ said Little Red Riding Hood’s mother. ‘But don’t stray away from the path. The woods are full of danger.’ Red Riding Hood skipped along through the deep forest. By and by she met a wolf who wished her ‘Good morning.’ She was about to answer him when-” My mom stops reading before she was about to read louder when the little red chicken interrupts.

She was going to get to that part of the story but, before she could do that I was already asleep.

Who I am**By Mehul Shekar**

Ask me who I am and I will tell you

I am a teacher and an instructor

What skills do I have that I am good enough at to teach?

Well martial arts of course! And, I would hope that I am good at it, after all I get paid to teach it.

If you want to learn to play piano you could come to me as well, I'll teach you. And I am good at math or so many have told me so I suppose I could teach you it too.

But let's move on to a different topic.

Imagine having superpower, what superpower would you want to have?

Me, I have no idea, well I suppose that's not true. being able to control water like poseidon would be cool.

And having superspeed as well, but of course have the ability to turn it off. Who would want a boring hour to feel more like a year?

And beyond that the power of flight, so I could go anywhere in the world simply on a whim.

I suppose that my desire for power over the ocean and water fits with my favorite color which is blue.

And maybe with my godly powers I could destroy Greed, corruption, and pollution, and of course mosquitos. They are the scourge of the earth.

And also who wouldn't want mosquitos to just cease to exist.

Or maybe I should simply move to Iceland, apparently it is the only place on earth where there are no mosquitos.

My favorite animals are wolves, for they may be smaller than lions and not nearly as strong, but they protect their pack with every fiber of their being.

I love my family, and going out with friends.

I certainly cannot forget my love for martial arts, but my family and friends are most important, and I am deeply thankful for them.

Like a wolf, I would protect them with everything that I have, along with my coin collection of course. I certainly cannot forget about that.

You have asked me who I am, and I have told you.

What you make of it is up to you.

The Societal Monster

By Katherine Shi

Lurking in the depths of the mind,
but only let loose with ignorance,
ears muffled, eyes colorblind,
it kills the beautiful rainbow with indifference.

Drowning out cries with its bustling silence,
boiling a melting pot of ingredients,
but treating certain ingredients better without a license,
it leaves a bitter unpleasant taste of disobedience.

Sleeping in hatred with a blanket of loathing,
its shrewd disguise lures millions into its traps.
Caging unique birds in bars of rage, explained by joking,
it clips their wings and pierces their scabs.

Its heart, an artery of cruelty,
with blood of anger and antipathy.
Its mind, an intellect of delusion,
with vile ideas in its imagination.
Its mouth, a cavity of tortuous decisions,
With teeth of brutal incisions.

Its power reins everywhere,
but once all the colors of the world all join as one,
the corruption of the monster won't be seen anywhere.

Before It's too Late

By Sonia Singh

Change must happen now.
Yesterday has passed,
And there is no time to wait for tomorrow.
There *is* time to start today,
Before it's too late.
Before our children can ask us,
"Where are the stars?"
"Where are the mountains that overlook the vast desert?"
Those same stars that glistened brightly in the night sky.
Those same mountains that stood proudly overlooking the vast desert.
"They're gone now. It was too late."
What was once a beautiful sight to see,
Is now covered with a thick, dark layer of pollution,
With us embraced in its arms.
Before it's too late for what were once endangered species,
And are now extinct.
Before it's too late for it to be regular for the news to broadcast rapidly growing
wildfires,
And cities become uninhabitable.
Before it's too late for us to say,
"Why didn't we do something sooner?"
Yesterday has passed,
There is no time to wait for tomorrow,
But there *is* time to start today,
Before it's too late.

Fatima Soria

She was 9

He was a family friend

She didn't know what was happening

He knew exactly what he was doing

Her mom has told her countless times

"don't let anyone touch you there"

but yet here he was.

She told him to stop

But what was a 9yr old against a 40yr old
man going to do?

So she let it happen.

She told her mom

But her mom was convinced he was a good
person

"don't make things up, he wouldn't do that"

She told her brother

He also didn't believe her

"it's all in your head" he said

She was 13

He was 44

She knew what was happening

He knew it too

She tried to fight back

No one was listening

She said no.

He wasn't listening

She didn't want anything to happen

She wanted him off.

She cried, he yelled

but the music was loud

and no one heard

she was in pain

he didn't care

she told her mom

"he wouldn't do that? we've known him for
years"

"he's loved you since you were a baby"

she told her brother

"well maybe if you wore something
different"

It was her fault.

She didn't trust,

didn't love

she became numb.

but she was okay

because at the end of the day

it was her fault

The Persistent Sinner

By: Mary Yap

Its silent but deadly, creeping up
each second is like its last.

It's after every soul, every naughty or nice
and every good or bad.

The creatures are unaware, the people are
unconscious.

Only when everything slowly becomes darker,
foggier, heavier will they see the true disaster.

It isn't a villain, but it was our friend.

It was a friend that we deeply trusted but
turned our backs.

It was quiet but useful, it was always present for us.

We appreciated its beauty once, but we were the first
to turn our backs.

It's out for revenge, it's out for those who didn't care.
Its hunting for those who didn't even stop to look and stare,
at the breathtaking visuals of the earth we all have to share.

The temperature will feel hot and bold.
Ice will slowly melt away, the sea will rise and take control.

The shore and land will overflow.
Some might even disappear, and we would never know.

Because it was too late to save the final breath,
its appearance would never show.

Its waiting for us at our most vulnerable, that's when it
will strike.

It's building up its attack and no one knows what it's like.
Its coming from the outskirts taking away our green allies,

Furry friends, and our ways to survive.

It's there even when we don't want to admit it.

Lurking behind the glaciers thawing and forests suffocating,
watching the masterpiece slowly turn into a mess.

Laughing behind the animals screaming and crying.

Waiting and waiting..... silently.

I am afraid to inform you that the monster is present and
it's becoming stronger by the minute.

Too far to hear, but it is near.

Shall we run? Shall we hide? Where to?

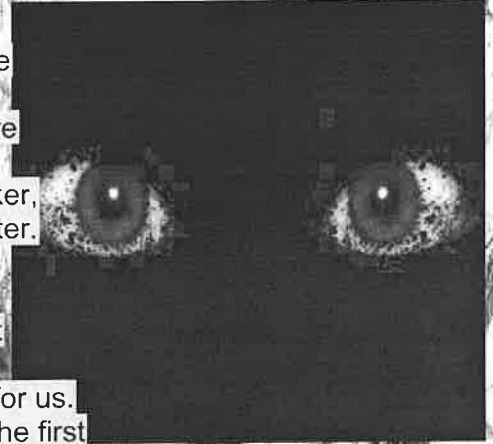
Where can we go when the world is slowly falling at our fingertips?

How can we make it beautiful again? How can we save it?

It's the small questions that repeat over and over again.

They get answered over and over again.

But do our actions match? Only when we save the animals and land are we actually saving
ourselves, defeating this seemingly eternal beast, and when we can truly survive.



Chloe Zhan

From A Million Different Moments

I am from Phoenix, a city in the desert, valley of the suns

I am from my clean, white desk, which has accompanied me through hours of frustration and then understanding.

I am from the many books that let me dive into a world of wizards, demons, and fairies

I am from the afternoons spent deciphering the quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes of Chopin, Tchaikovsky, and composers of the past.

I am from my family,

From my parents Qiang and Jingna,

From the American Dream

I am from the juicy dumplings and warm beef noodle soup my mother makes,

From the late-night card games with my father that make me laugh with the victory of winning.

I am from the long afternoons spent with my sister, testing my creativity to the limit as I make-up story after story about princesses

I am from somewhere 7000 miles away,

A place filled with laughing relatives and grandma's aromatic food wafting through the apartment.

From somewhere with chaotic open markets packed with people trying to buy the freshest seafood.

Somewhere with bright fireworks shooting up in the sky and loud firecrackers banging on the concrete ground on Chinese New Year

I am from my scars,

Reminding myself that hurt is only temporary, and that everything heals eventually.

I am from dizzying happiness to unexplained sadness

From laughing and crying

From hurt and forgiveness

From obstacles to victory

I am from the many moments that have collected in my head that shape me into a better person each day.

From the Environment to the wealthy.
By: John Zhang

We talk about global warming all the time,
They teach us in schools,
It's on the news,
Articles on the internet,
Organizations trying to protect the environment.

The earth is back to get us.
For all the things we did to hurt her,
It seems the world is going to end,

So what do we do?

They tell us to limit the emission of CO2 in our daily life.
But what use is that?
Commercial/Residential use only accounts for around 12% of
Greenhouse gas emissions,
Even if we add the emission from transportation-28%, that's only
40%.
The rest lies in Electricity, Industry, and agriculture.
And that is where we have an issue.
Telling industries to cut down on emission, is like telling them to stop
making money.
To the majority of business owners and stockholders, Money matters
more.
It's written in our DNA, the lust for money.
And they won't stop, even with facts.

And so, our attempts of limiting carbon have failed.

Trees. Trees breath in CO2, and take the Carbon out of the
atmosphere.
They are like bags that filter out and contain the Carbon, not letting it
go back into the air.
Why don't we have more trees?
Great Idea. But trees are being cut down at an alarming rate.
Why? For money, For profit of course!
Farming, grazing of livestock, mining, drilling accounts for more than
half of deforestation.
And logging companies cut down trees to make paper.
"You want to stop us from cutting trees?"
"Sure, But where do I get my money then?"
We could plant more trees.
But trees take time to grow.
It takes them years, and even decades to grow large and into
adulthood.

And so, the idea of getting more trees is put on hold.

Clean energy, you say?
Stop burning fossil fuels for energy consumption?
Replace them with renewable sources of energy?
Great idea? So why isn't it put into motion.
In 2019, renewable energy sources accounted for about 11% of total
U.S. energy consumption and about 17% of electricity generation.
If we want to replace fossil fuels with renewable energy,
We have to increase the amount of clean energy generated.
And that cost money.
So why should I spend money for a Solar/Wind/Water generator,
When I already have a one that just needs coal?
Global warming?
What's that?
That's something for our children to worry about.

And so, the idea of using clean renewable power is rejected due to
budget issues.

So what if the Carbon Dioxide rate is the highest in 3 million years?
So what if the global temperature is steadily rising?
So what if the Ice sheets are retreating?
So what if the sea level is rising?
"They are not gonna impact me.
The scientists are just too worried." They say
Sure I can put some money towards the effort,
But if you're going to stop me from making money,
Get lost.

It seems that the rich don't care about our earthly money.
They want to squeeze it dry,
Extract every resource, wring out all the values.
And then abandon the planet, letting it die.

It seems that that's why they are looking for space colonies.
Colonies on another planet.
A route to retreat, so they can extract all the values of the earth,
And then have somewhere to escape to.

Money, Money, the world rotates around money.
The advancement of technology.
The bettering of human society.
There's always a budget.
And that budget is always a lot lower than it should be.

It's profit that drives humanity forward.
Looking for profit led to the gasoline engine.
Looking for profit led to inventions.
The strive for money. For gold. For that green piece of paper.
From the California gold rush,
To the Modern stock market, to gambling casinos
It seems that the dream of suddenly getting rich is deeply embedded
in the human mind.
And it seems that profit, a number, a data, is worth more, matters
more, than the environment.

Not everyone is a billionaire,
Not every billionaire is a philanthropist.
And not every philanthropist is really giving.
There are billionaires that truly gives for good cause,
There are billionaires who use philanthropy to escape taxes.
And there are ones that abuse the system for corruption.

Why do we the people have to pay for them the rich?
They destroy the environment for their profit.
We pay the consequences of Global Climate change.
They spend their money, obtained at the the consequences of the
environment, on things such as luxury,
While we, in order to slow down global warming, have to cut down on
our daily emission of Carbon Dioxide.

Where is the fairness?
Where are the laws that protect us?
Or maybe the laws don't protect us, but them?
Is our government one that protects not the people, but rather the
wealthy?
Can Money really buy you anything?

Well No, Money can't really buy you everything.
But it seems that it's capable of doing many things.

Sunny Zhu

"I shut my eyes in order to see."

-Paul Gauguin

I shut my eyes in order to see,
That I may witness what the world would be.
The truth is a curious thing to me,
Being rid of distractions is the key.

Darkness carries me like a cloud,
Granting me relief to mind myself.
I run, seeking shelter
from an oppressive crowd,
The perpetual influence of society's lies
Is, like light, a subtle disguise.

The darkness offers no visual deception
Yet for me, light alters all perception.
Its rays glance and reflect the surface and that is what we see,
But the obvious isn't the same as the truth for me.
To go deeper I must ignore my eyes and unlock my dream,
Peering beyond light's elaborate scheme.

To see the facts beyond the veil,
In order for truth to prevail,
One must use their mind, not sight
To see the changes, ever slight.

Changes, unaffected by light,
Yang as day and Yin as night.
Changes that attempt balance can be misdeeds,
Yet wrongdoings tilt the harmony we need.

So why do I see better in the dark?
No light is altering the muse within.
In shadow the real truth can make its mark,
Allowing distractions to drift by in Yin.