MY SPLIT WORLDS
Writing in the Schools
Student Anthology 2018 – 2019

RED HEN PRESS
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ABOUT WRITING IN THE SCHOOLS

Writing in the Schools is an outreach program that actively facilitates the practice of creative writing. The program has employed published authors to cultivate an appreciation for poetry in Los Angeles and LA County classrooms since its inception in 2003.

Each classroom is assigned a published author who conducts writing workshops that educate students in literary terms, techniques, and critical reading skills. Workshops also provide the indispensable opportunity for young writers to read their work aloud before an audience of peers and friends. For many students, poetry serves as a new venue to display thoughts, emotions, or portions of their personality they may not be comfortable conveying in other settings. The poems featured in this book are the product of workshops conducted over the course of one year from grade levels four through twelve. They are a testament to the skill of participating authors, the compassion of teachers, and the creativity in every student.

Red Hen Press would like to thank the participating teachers and administrators who volunteered their classrooms and their time to the program. Their dedication and enthusiasm made Writing in the Schools possible. We also appreciate our poetry instructors for their boundless creativity and passion and the organizations and individuals that generously support the program through their grants and contributions. Most of all, we applaud the students for embracing poetry, opening their minds to new ideas, and allowing us to share their words with the world.
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MY SPLIT WORLDS
ÁNIMO RALPH BUNCHE
CHARTER HIGH SCHOOL

**Host Teachers:**
Rory Dolan (Fall 2018) and Jennifer Page (Spring 2019)

**Instructing Poets:**
Brittany Ackerman (Fall 2018) and Douglas Manuel (Spring 2019)
MY SPLIT WORLDS

Jessy Lopez

Many know me as the boy
Who is funny, happy, and insensitive.
My parents know this and more
Lazy, ticking time bomb, and tired.

Yet there is another side of me
They don’t know about
My sadness for the family
That I was born in

But I remain happy
For if I’m sad
Mama gets sad
And I’m sad

So I remain happy
For it makes people sad
And being happy makes others happy
Which makes me happy.
A TERRIBLE BEAUTY

Alejandra Curiel

Dark blue water.  
Sounds of waves crashing against each other.  
So calming like fingers running through your hair.  
Calming yet frightening to not know what lies beyond it.  
A graveyard to the unknown, vulnerable and obliged to follow its command.  
Just the same as being a home to the miraculously beautiful.  
It’s a bridge connecting life and death where contentment and deplore collide.  
The ocean is a terrible beauty.
I wake up in the middle of the night
I’m thirsty
I can’t see anything except for the empty void that lies ahead of me
I can’t find my phone, what’s the time, what if I die?
I get out of bed, I take a step, I hear a person mumble my name
I reach the door, I see nothing, I black out
I wake up, just a dream, so I thought.
THOUGHTLESS WISHING

Liseli de Leon

The noises become dimmer
By the second
They keep evil away
But sometimes it manages
To seep in
Like how blood stains a white sheet
You can wash it, but the
Stain won’t go away
Changing the sheets won’t help
The image is still there
Engraved into your brain
A color so vivid
It’s hard to forget
Yet, you remain by
Its side
Waiting for the time to come
Where you won’t see it
Anymore
MY SPORT

Edgar Rosales

There are many different sports
But soccer is the best
In my opinion it’s more fun than baseball
And better than all the rest
Soccer is my favorite sport
What else can I say?
It can be a lotta fun
If you know how to play
I always want my team to score
And I love it when we win
But when the game is over
I still want to play again.
Even though we can’t win every game
We just want to have fun
It doesn’t matter if we win or lose
I know my team is number one.
STAND ALONE
Ashley Torres

It’s the same thing every day,
But I put up with it anyway
Surrounded by rowdiness and noise
Makes me feel like I’m in the middle of a thunder storm.
I know I don’t fit in very well
I try my best to play it off so they can’t tell.
My priority isn’t to be part of the mix
Because I know that involves problems I can’t fix.
I’ve been through it all before
Like being stabbed in the back so therefore,
I keep pushing and mind my own,
Don’t mind having to stand alone.
ANOTHER DAY IN THE GREAT WAR
Brandon Gonzalez

As I see the smoke clear
And hear the screams of the men.
I know the battle has started.
We pull out our rifles and start
Firing on the enemy. Our machine
Guns mow them down like a hot
Knife through butter.
I smell the smoke of fire
From which I notice our men
Have brought out the flamethrower.
As minutes felt like hours,
We see that the enemy is
Retreating. That gives us a
Chance to take their trenches.
Suddenly we don’t have that much
Ammo, but even though shovels are
Meant to dig they are good at
Killing the enemy.
After we took the trenches,
We celebrated with bottles of
Wine and bread.
I feel you are rare
But greatly appreciated
However you are also quite shy
Yet you are always out there
You are a part of everybody—includes me

I feel you are common
But damn you
You’re the incarnation of Hell
And yet you are up there
Somehow you’re our gateway
Extremely inefficient, and I hate you

I find it funny I’m using you against you
Why do you act so human? For sure you’re not
I realize why you act so human, you define it
I am you and you are me. That is why I can feel
NEVER FORGET
William Ramirez

As you fade
I will always remember
You had a rough life
But everyone’s a member
You died off drugs
So I had a bad day
You died of a gunshot
So I started to pray
Your name was Gustav
Your name was Jahseh
I will never forget
The day you went to rest
RIP Lil Peep
RIP xxxtentacion
Your legacy will never end
Your fans will never forget.
WHAT IF DONKEY NEVER MET SHREK?

Wendy Reyes

Why does this old lady hate me?
I've done nothing wrong
I just spoke to the armors
I hate myself for having powers.

Looking out the prison’s window
Made me wish for someone to save me
The prisoners call me annoying
Because I talk a lot.

I heard they are going to kill us all
I’m not ready to die
I hope my last meals are waffles
They remind me a lot of my mother

My life is ending now
I’m sorry for making people’s lives miserable
It wasn’t my intention
I just wanted friends
Oh my best friend
How funny she can be
With laughter and smiles
She brings joy to me
Because of all the time we’ve spent together
Our friendship is meant to be forever
Between us there is so much that is presently shared
After all it shows us how much we care.
What if I never left my family? Or lost my voice?
Eric never understands what I’m trying to say,
How many more hand signals do I have to do?

I always seem to smell like the ocean, no matter
How many times I bathe. Wearing high heels is incredibly
Uncomfortable. I miss my shimmery tail, oh how fast
I would swim!
They try to offer me seafood, but that just reminds
Me of Sebastian and Flounder, which leaves me hoping
That they never get captured. My heart aches all the
Time. I wish I didn’t have to come out of the sea.
CAUSE YOU HAVE ME
Valeria Arreola Lara

Water is peace
Fire is light
Wind connects to the sea
That makes you mine.

Adventure awaits
It shouldn’t die
Together forever
Your existence is bait to everyone’s eyes
Keep dreaming
You’ll get there
I’ll cheer you on
Cause you have me

Let’s forget our past under the beaming moon
It’s okay to cry
I’ll hold you tight
Cause I have you and you have me
SHE CAN’T READ

Hanny Herrera

Sweet and gentle like a rose
Surrounded by cruelty like thorns
Have to follow the way society goes
She can’t read, she mourns
They say she needs a man to hold her tight
A man like him to make her his wife
Her dreams are now taken from her night
No longer can do more with her life

Causing her fear by his looks
Screaming and calling to kill the beast
Judging his cover because she never read books
Now her chances of happiness are less

No longer valued for her smarts
No longer can make a change
Her adventure never got to start
Because she’s stuck in a cage
6 FEET UNDER
Lusero Najera

Rain like spears hit the soil floor
Darkness surrounds me
Silence swallows me whole
The faint noise of nails on wood is heard
Followed by a cry for help
I have a new neighbor, trying to get free
Still can’t understand we are trapped in a casket
Six feet underneath

No one can hear us
Cry, don’t mean anything

We are in a permanent sleep
Engulfed in darkness for all eternity
The thought of being in the air on a plane is scary. 
So many what if questions.
What if the plane runs out of fuel?
What if our pilot is bad at driving a plane?
So many plane crashes like Jenny Rivera.
There are some of the reasons I’m terrified of plane transportation. Everyone is in a rush, people here, people there, at the airport with stuff.
The desire to travel the world and visiting countries like England, Germany France, Spain, and Brazil, but having the fear of the plane crashing is the main factor on why I don’t.
That is why I’m trying to travel more to overcome this fear and to finish my dream of traveling the world.
AN ODE TO SLEEP
Salvador Angeles Vivar

Lying in my bed is the greatest
It really is the best
Closing my eyes
Getting good vibes

Forgetting about my problems
Just as I forget about my homework
Resting well like when a bear hibernates
I am dead when I sleep

Nothing can bother me anymore
Not even the thoughts
Those thoughts that get to my head
The words they say hold no meaning

Thanks to sleep, I can relax
No need to hide
I can be at peace
I am thankful for sleep
ME AND YOU
Geovany Bueno

The lights shine brightly over us
Sitting outside in the chairs that rock
The setting sun tells us to go inside
But me and you are having a good time
In an instant it was over.
Memories shatter like glass behind us
Me and you watch it happen
Through the stubbornness of us we continue to piece them back
We are young and old, wise and dumb
It was a perfect match we realized.
We had each other when we didn’t have anyone else.
FOR MY PEOPLE

Iris Osorio

For my people trying to survive
And stay peaceful
In a hard world not
So cheerful
Why is it so evil?
Children not safe here
For my people in their youth
Finding themselves in the moment of truth
This world is hard
And this ain’t the easy part
So don’t take it as fine art
For my people faking everything
Is fine
We are just living a lie
People begging for a dime
Sleeping in the cold night
Why do we assume this is alright?
For my people fighting for
What’s right cause this world
Ain’t bright so let us shine
In some light
To let us see at night
And realize we ain’t polite.
Everyone lies in their life at some point.
   Doesn’t matter what type of life.
No matter what danger or positivity it brings.
Life is never going to be the way you want it to be.
When you know the truth, things change.
Don’t know when the truth will come out but soon enough
But when it does many things will change.
All there is to hope for is to get a positive exchange.
Outcomes are surprising.
Life will never be the same.
But you have to try and make the best out of it.
LIES
Jazmin Morales

Everything is falling apart!
Aladdin, the one man I fell for, is a selfish liar!
I still cannot believe that after he was pronounced king he has abused every-
thing!
He promised me that the kingdom would be in great hands but how is enslav-
ing people good?
I’m truly ashamed that I was tricked by Aladdin, who was once a poor dirty
robber.
STRIVE AWAY FROM THE FEELING TO DIE

Valentine Ríos

It’s always in your mind and for a long time
You want to be sane but it’s stuck in your brain
Suicide is no joke so do not provoke
Just pick up the phone and try to atone

You may feel insane but try to maintain
Never use drugs they’ll make you go nuts
Just talk to your friends for they will help cleanse
And do not make harm just put down the arm
I have a brother
I have my parents
I have food
And I have you

I love dogs
I love my friends
I love my family
And I love you

You are goofy
You are smart
You are kind
And you are my best friend

I am Esme
You are Aaron
You have me
And I have you
UNTITLED
Nohemi Flores

My sister she gives me advice, makes mistakes
before I do them is straight up with me
She has no bonfires no chill tmi type too talkative
speaks her mind always.
Cares for me keeps me on my toes.

Our only job and responsibility is to stay focused in school
After all this work my parents put in they
claim our chance to get a job is when we
finish school and are grown enough to
work and maintain ourselves.

The drilling noise of the tools my dad uses to fix
the cars that bring in money.
You can’t wish for its silence unless you have a better
source of income to replace it.
The absence of my mother because she’s
the one that helps out with the other half of the house
bills and expenses.
The mother like feeling my older sister gives off
in the house when mom is gone is what keeps me and my little sister’s spirit up.
My role in the home is to stay in school help out
with anything else in the house that needs to be
fixed up. A future in America, making a
name for myself is, what’s expected of me.
On Sundays my family and I get chores done all day and go buy groceries for the week. I wake up annoyed with everyone because my mom wakes me up to clean. I don’t get time to eat until I’ve finished most of my chores. I complain about doing chores that I only do for an hour or two. Sometimes I think about complaining because my brothers are born outside the country. They work all week and on weekdays they go to school and work on rainy days they have to walk to school or work with ripped shoes and water soaking into their shoes. That has been the life for my older brothers my dad my uncles for so many people in my family meanwhile I’m here either doing chores for an hour or two or at school.
UNTITLED
JayLin Moore

On Sunday I let my mom sleep in on
Sundays I go to church sometimes, she cooks
food for the whole family, watch t.v.
hulu or netflix.
My mom’s job is not that hard, it just
doesn’t pay well. She works at Nevin elementary”
down the street, she tells me to go to school
so I could make more money than her.
She tells me to stay out the streets
and stay in school, she prays that every time
I leave the house that I make it.
UNTITLED

Jacob Garcia

My brother wakes up at 12-1 pm because he doesn’t sleep early enough, he starts off eating to start the day and My big sister always looking out for me and my little bro, she didn’t always like us getting by other foes she stepped to help a bit even if they were 5’ 9” and she was 5’ 6” as we got older and the days were faster she started to look for a job me and my brother were alone I realized that it was my turn to take care of my little bro
UNTITLED

Osiris Ramirez

My mother is always working
Never gets a rest day
Her legs and feet are burning
Still standing to make sure
We aren’t missing anything

She may be tired at the end of the day
but still checks up on me and my siblings
She makes us food, and feeds us.
Making sure we don’t faint mid way.

No matter what the weather is
she will always go to work.
When it’s cold and raining,
she lights up the whole house
Just like the sun in our lives

Thank you Mother
I will be sure to take care of you as much
as you take care of me
UNTITLED

Luis Vargas

On every Sunday
I’d think it’d be a fun day
Even after the mass,
I would offer to go to places but they’d often pass
Never understanding,
It’s hard to realize all the hard work
As I pick up food with my fork
My dad is a hard worker
Sometimes it takes me to realize all the hard work
I take things for granted
For everything I ever wanted.
Waking up early
going to church
dealing with family issues
burning up houses
being indifferent from other ppl
mom’s been working
for y’all to have
a better future.
Working 12 hours
non-stop
tired everyday making
sacrifices for you
Cause you’re worth it
for her.
make your mama
proud so you
won’t make her
work in vain
do it for y’all
future too.
Every Sunday, I wake up, with no sight of him at all.
For he works on the day that we rest, and that’s most of y’all I’ve seen him work plenty of times, fixing and working on short bathrooms and even the ones that are tall. Working hard, on placing one by, each tile to fit perfectly. For his motto is, to leave with a happy customer.
UNTITLED

Carla Sanchez

Hot trays carried away
Sleepy eyes staying awake
3 in the morning checking if
Girls are awake
Temper changes
Staying in peace even though
They ain’t no money to stay
Reckless daughter out of control
She’s staying away
Head’s heated so many problems
Won’t seem to go away
Day after day seem to miss her
More every day.
Miss our momma but she went away.
I remember how I used to complain about going to school
I hated the ways my momma would tell me that I needa stop acting like a fool
Then one day I saw my momma crying in her room
She had said “do good in school so you can get into college and get a job to buy yourself a place to stay and food on your table every day.”
Appreciate my dad for the hard work.
Up at 5 AM
Sometimes at 4 AM
His return time is 4 or 5
Long hours working
Hot sun desiring cold Coca Cola with ice.
Six days of the week
Cash doesn’t last
Whole week working
Everything is gone
Works hard to give us what we need.
Mom’s the best
but never really cuts me for slack
Reminding me to do homework
like if I signed a Contract.
Frustrates me for saying you’ll need a job
Until then you gotta go to school
I reply back I know what I gotta do,
quit reminding me like I’m a fool.
On regular days, he’s average.
On special days he’s a hero.
People like him tend to be savage
But he chose to be.
Feeds homeless every last Sunday
Pizza, banana, pasta, and top it all off
with a cupcake.
Skid row’s no joke but in walks the down
He refers as “Hiccups the down”
Google him, follow him on instagram
but to get the full experience
you have to meet him and follow him
and his thoughts.
Sunday morning, you wake up
While my brother and I
sleep in you get to
work on your day off.
Waking up I smell food
cooking on the stove next
to that being the smell of
the cleaning chemicals that
you use to clean the entire
house
your rest day from work being
tampered with by splitting headaches
and an aching back, scrubbing the
floor on all fours while making sure
the food you are cooking for your children
hasn’t burned.
Mom I have much love for you
you come home every day exhausted your back
and hands aching though you still
cook for us while we complain about
how school is exhausting
I love you mom and I’ll make sure to remind you
On a Sunday morning,
for the first time since years,
my mom gives us the warning,
to stay safe with my peers.
66 degree weather
on a Sunday afternoon
family at church, but I stayed home in my room
for the first this year,
but I showed appreciation to all my family,
probably got my momma in tears.
Showed no fear to be thankful
that’s a killer,
coz my family and I know
I am not the type of person to go and show
appreciation like if it was a thanksgiving dinner.
61 degree weather
on a Sunday evening,
gotta call from my grandma,
I thought it was a sample,
because I heard his voice for a minute
and faded away like a monkey on a jungle.
It be like that sometimes,
It’s like he has no time,
he’s from my dad’s side
so he is welcome anytime.
Sunday is a day of lazy
But my mom wakes up early for work
and it drives her crazy
Hours of hard work, she comes
back home with her eyes hazy
Tired and in pain so she goes straight
to sleep like a baby
Couple of hours of sleep, she’s done
with her nap.
Comes out to the kitchen to grab a
quick snack
Then straight to my room after her snack.
She asks about our day and we ask
back so she tells us how it’s always
the same how it was wack
Quick shout out to my mother, a hard
working mother everyday
Working to make sure
There’s food on the plate for me and
my brothers.
I thank God for this lady
I thank God, yes I’m praising
She makes me feel safe, that nothing that
can faze me
She sticks the family like glue
I love my mother and so do you
But back to how her day was wack
We try to make her feel better and
make her laugh.
You crossed the line when you stripped away my confidence

Enough was enough when all I did those days was cry
You didn’t love me and I didn’t either. But we put on a fake expression and continued something that wasn’t going to work out.

Wishes didn’t come true
A pig didn’t fly
The sky didn’t fall
The flowers didn’t sing.

But the only wish that came true, was the tears turning into a cat when I finally ended.
Once the world was perfect, and we were happy in the world. We found a way to make it bad again. The diamonds would feel selfish and not care about the rest. Only to get their own goods and to become first Place. So everyone could be envious of them and what they had. They were different color diamonds trying their best to come together and act like they are the same. Others didn’t want them because they were different and said they would never be the same, they are destroying the world by not being in unity.
UNTITLED

Monserrat Perez

A girl at the beach
alone and afraid
watches the fish
swim away
She looks at the fish
And wishes it was
bigger. With a black
and white color
A killer whale looks at
his creator and follows her in the
Sea
They have a much bigger world to
See.
Once the world was perfect, and we were happy in that world.
People started to build jealousy within them
Everyone wanted only the best for them
Fight and chaos started to break everywhere.
Some people started to build groups to be stronger and go against others
The perfect planet that they once knew was a living hell
Many were dying and others didn’t care
In the middle of that chaos there was this girl.
With dark silk hair and dark brown eyes she looked at the sky
tears falling down like bitter hot streams she pleaded for change and hope
With the last strength she had she grabbed a small
amount of mud and snow and made a ball.
She used the last hope she had and wished that the
ball would become something friendly and cuddleable
At last a panda was created and with her new
friend she had hope in the world.
UNTITLED
*Tania Elizarraras*

Once the world was perfect, and we were happy in that world. Everyone was smiling at each other
But as soon as they walk by each other
Their lips start moving
Moving to talk bad about everyone
The world was probably made perfect
But people weren’t perfect and everyone
Was different.
UNTITLED

Mauricio Arana

A lion’s color came from the sun
the lion used to be white until it got tan
Once the world was perfect, and we were
happy in that world
Host Teachers:
Laura Coller (Fall 2018) and Nikki Petrou (Spring 2019)

Instructing Poets:
Catherine Theis (Fall 2018) and Heather Wells Peterson (Spring 2019)
WE’RE NOT GOOD OR BAD
Angelica Dalduk

An endless beautiful sight
Of winter, summer, and spring
Together what will it be and become.

The growth of nature and life
Maybe four delicacies of life
Summer may be the warmest part
Of your life and winter the
Coldest. This is the endless sight
That awaits in you big break.
But you can listen closely to the
Aggressiveness that roam the depth
Of your blizzard from the grave
The light that doesn’t shine
Within your eyes is there but not
So bright. It is a delicate sight.
The darkness roams in every corner
Hiding deep deep inside a very strong
Disguise everything will find its
Way to you not in a good way
Nor a bad way just a . . .
Unforgettable way!
Slippery, Sloshy, Sneaky and Sly
Depends on your attention but no one knows why
If you engage it will tell
Just everything but float away and it
Will say most nothing Sound, Sound
The key to everything the thing
You identify danger by busting out
The bad guys saying “Hit the bricks!”
Because sound never cries and sound
Never dies but still sound sometimes
Tells lies invisible but still
Shines sound hugs you through
Hard times and always helps
You live your lucky life
HOT DAY
Ashley Luna-Toledo

Coming from a hot day
It feels like a sizzling pan out
There when I come in run over
For a cold bath lastly I cool
Down and then the most
Important thing relax.
NUTS

Emory Butler

Nutty and crunchy all over the County. Shapes of all sorts, Crunchy Like a lollipop, perfect for a tasty Or healthy snack.
The moon shines bright
In the night, the sprinkling
Stars shine bright one night,
The moon has different
Forms in the night.
They are yellow
They are round
They have green leaves
They have dots on them
You can make juice with them
Can they talk?
Can they walk?
Do they bounce?
They live in the tree
It is their house.
THE LION
Byron Panchal

Lion who has hair, looks like a bear,
Doesn’t care. It can cry, it can fly, it can say goodbye.
It’s a couch potato, looks like a tomato.
His funny mane wraps his head like a blanket
Amethysts are purple and smooth. They come in different sizes and are shiny. Sometimes they are gold and bold. Amethyst have white on the bottom, they have very smooth edges. They are really beautiful and dreadful.
**BREAK A LEG (PLS!!!!)***

*Jordan Rizo*

Break a leg Today! Why
    Cuz you can . . .
Cry, be sad, you will hurt
    Your armpits from the . . .
    Crutches
OOOOOO yeah you will
    Be sad because you
Can’t do anything like
    Playing, boring stuff
And much more for
    Like 2 months.
OOOO
Yeah!
CLOUDS
Analilia Hernandez

Fluffy little cloud
As you fly above
Oh I love you so so so
PLZ PLZ don’t go
LONE WOLF
Ofelia Papazyan

The fierce wolf, with piercing eyes.
Its eyes as bright as fire, glowing
In the vast dark night.
Eyes filled with light. Walking
Alone.
It lurks in the dark woods. The
Night falls and turns to dawn.
The lone wolf, brave as a knight. All
Alone in this galazy.
Dawn comes and burns the fire
In its eyes, leaving no desire for the day’s fire.
Spongebob, you are very flat and yellow,
You are very weak but you are hollow
You also like to play pingpong with
Kingkong you also see turtles
Come out of portholes.
I wish you a weird day.
Ocean water surrounds your
Pineapple home like a blanket
THE COLORFUL UNICORN

Elaine Anne Pascola

A unicorn appears in the sky
She has blue eyes
Its tail is super colorful
People say unicorn is beautiful

She flies at the sky at night
And saw many stars that are bright
In winter, she plays with snow
And . . . unicorn blows it every time
She plays on snow

It has a golden long horn
And likes to eat a lot of corn
Unicorn unicorn come out
And shout “Yeyyy”

She is reading a book
And she says the book is good
Unicorn loves her friend
And gave her a unicorn pen

She’s flying in the sky as fast as she can
With bright stars in the high sky
They are yellow
Some maybe round or squishy
Some maybe hard.
Many Many Many sizes
Sold at the supermarket
Sour, sweet, and juicy.
Do they speak?
Pssssssssssssssssssssssssssss
The sound of lemonade pouring
Is like a sound of a waterfall.
STARS
Maya Gomez

Stars in the night. Shine brightly
With the sky. Stars are bright
Stars are bright and light. Stars
Are far and glow with the night.
How far stars are they still shine
Bright.
Ashot Mirijanyan – Turtle
They have a hard shell.
They move slowly and are
Green. Heads move gently in
And out.
SUMMER
Haidee Escobar

Summer is fun . . .
You can go to the cool pool,
The days are longer, you
Can go camping.

Eat a lot of ice cream
And drink water, too. You
Can eat a lot of FOOD!
Have a big fresh shower.

Have a big barbeque. Have
A relaxing pool party. Watch
TV all day. Play videos
All day long.

The summer sun is very
Hot. The sun is yellow as a
Bee. The sun is very shiny,
Big, and round.
They are orange like a Cheeto
Big and small
Orange with white strips.
They are hard and soft
They are decorated for Halloween
Do they speak if they
Do how do they?
Do not carve me!!!!!!
Don’t burn me with your candle!
Con it turn to a pie? Yes or No?
Ahhh!!!!!!!
They are all over the place.
I don’t want to turn into a lantern.
SEED OF HALLOWEEN

Markus Rivera

The thing is bumpy as the road and
Smooth, soft and hard
And it has many sizes and it is orange
Does it speak? “I do not want to
Be carved for Halloween”
I wish everyone an amazing, fun, and crazy Life. I want you to have the time of your Lives I wish Emory, Maya, Elaine, Ben, Adrain, Ofelia, Maria, Byron, Michael, Analilia, Ashley, Ashot, Alex, Van, Ms. Coller, Franklin, Shasha, angelica, Ellen, Andrea, Markus, Davit, Rafa, Camille, Diego and Hardy I Thank you all for making my life amazing So I wish you all to get what you want In life because I thank you for being My family in Cherimoya Thank you for changing My life with sadness, happiness, boringness and Everything I could every want thank you For being my family.
Fall
Diego Aceves-Gracia

Fall is nice . . .
The view is wonderful and sweet.
There’s many colored leaves to
See around you. You can spend time
With your family and friends.

The forests are beautiful at this
Season to come. Jumping on leaf
Piles with friends and seeing the
Sunset. So may leaves to count
On the ground.

Its always bright and shiny . . .
The temperature is not too hot
Or not too cold. Make pictures
With the leaves. Might make you
Feel happy forever!
*The tree’s leaves fall off
and make more over time. The sight and
view makes me feel wonderful and
Calm. “Always”
I can imagine my Greenbaby
turtle going on top of
my biggest Green turtle when we
let them free they are
like weeeeee!!!! And my
baby turtle’s name is Karen
and my biggest turtle’s name
is Crystal.
THE LAUGHING MAN

Sophia Moran

A man is laughing like a class
giggling of unimportant things.
Shadows falling through the room. In the air vents talking in a whispering in a horrifying voice. You’re feeling weird but it appears every night and you start freaking out. Now you want to be one every night.
My dog is small,
black, and hairy.
He gets drunk by treats,
he runs around and sits on my
sister’s face. And he is a lazy butt,
and a gangster!!
THE MOUSE IN A HOUSE

Omar

There is a man
he lives in a house
there is a mouse
he bites the man
He turns bad
ever since no one has gone to his house
not even his yard
UNTITLED

Sophia Mayen

Petals falling off Japanese
cherry trees turn to crunched
old fall leaves on a backyard
fall tree.
My turtles are psycho. They like jumping on each other. They bite. They’re lazy.

My turtles love food. When they’re hungry and you try to pet them they snap at you. They stare at the food.
KITTENS
Ruzanna Melikian

Kittens are furry like my coat.
They have a great sense of smell like humans.
They take a lot of hand care
like school.
If I was a cheetah I would be free and sleep. I would be free and run as fast as the wind. I wouldn’t hunt any animal. Only if I was hungry. And I would never scratch, kill, or harm any human but only if they would want to hunt me or put me in a zoo. The only thing that I would chase would be leaves. I would chase leaves because they’re soft and they don’t harm. Life would be easier there would be no homework, No bullying, No sadness.
My name means a lot to me because I named after my dad and my dad means a lot to me and I am named after one of the best running back. His name is Walter Payton. He played for the Chicago Bears from 1975-1985.
Blue makes me feel sad because when my dog died I was always sad.

Green makes me happy when I come to school and get to hang out with my friends.

Red makes me feel like I am about to have a bleeding nose.

Gray makes me think of an Elephant in the zoo.
“White”
“White,” I am white. I am boring.
I am sad. I am lonely. I am not cool.
I am invisible to others.
But sometimes, at least I
have the walls to talk to me.
That’s just me. You can’t
change me. I am who I
am, born from a Rainbow.
But no one understand me, because
I’m “WHITE.”
MY LIFE AS A DEER

Ella B

If I was a deer, the only three things I would do is help Santa Claus, fly, and be with my family. If I was a deer, you would see my red nose on Christmas night. As a deer, I’d play all night and sleep all day. Don’t worry I bring joy to your doors to you and your children.
POEM OF COLOR

Ella

1. Brown makes me feel proud because when I see my Armenian soil I remember when Turkey came and took our land but the good thing is we still have some left.

2. Red is blood because the Armenian flag first color is red that mean the protecting the soldier did for their country.

3. Blue makes me feel free because the color blue in Armenia represents the free blue sky people like to live in.

4. Yellow is warm because when I go to my Armenian house and get in the pool and look at the sun it makes me feel warm.

5. Pink makes me feel love because of my family.

6. Blue makes me feel sad because of the tsunami in India.
Yellow is lying down on
the grass enjoying the sunlight.
Yellow is like the sunshine
shining on me.

Blue is my favorite color.
Blue is like my Math Journal.
It makes me want
to Math.

Red is the love me and
my mom share. Red is like
a heart that’s really red. Red feels like
if you’re getting loved.
If I was a wolf, the only thing I would eat, is meat and that’s all.
I ran all day and night and chased animals all around my eyes.
I would have “aaooohh”-ed to my pack to help me hunt.
I touch my soft fur after hunting for food.
I fell asleep in the dark night.
My name is weird as you can see. My name is like a butterfly I wish I can fly Boo! As I Imagine my name I can see peace but not a piece of cake so don’t imagine that. How I got my name is so crazy I don’t know where to start First off I don’t know where I got my name. My name means Nature to me. How I feel about my Name is weird but that has to be.
HOW COLORS MAKE ME FEEL

Alicia Alcaraz

Yellow makes me feel Anger because I was eating something good that was yellow And it fell. Dark Blue makes me feel in danger because in my dreams I see this man that’s Dark Blue and he is scary. Red makes me feel like I should run because someone is going to kill me. Pink makes me feel happy because to me pink means my family is here with me so pink makes me feel happy.
If I were a Lion I'll eat deer and devour the animals for my family of Lions. Then I'll sleep at 2 AM and wake up at 7 AM and play with my baby Lions.
Host Teacher:
Marc Ketchem (Fall 2018 and Spring 2019)

Instructing Poet:
Douglas Manuel (Fall 2018 and Spring 2019)
Sundays my father made breakfast
Took a shower outside, cloudy and dark.
Then with steady hands that were heavy with stress
From work and his own children
Always taking him for granted.

I wake up and here the chaos of the house
Calling for my brothers to get downstairs and head to church
I would leave my room and make a small appearance
Feeling my self-made distance
Sunday my father made breakfast
Took a shower outside, cloudy and dark
Then with the sleep in his eyes
He got up and decided to walk around.

Then decided to turn on the TV
As the man in the box spoke
All the ice had broke
Much like a simulation

Only I failed to realize life isn’t a vacation
Almost how it was a stranger thing
But when I tried to think all I heard was bing.
As he hit the floor and dropped dead

I really felt it in my head
The thing I wanted least had become surreal
And all I could do was unpeel

Like an egg
It turned to lead
I watched it unfold
As the story was told
TREAT HER BETTER, OH FATHER

Daniel Vargas

Sunday afternoon, smiling in the back of the car
Watching a movie, seeing my grandparents having fun
Yet it was always cold outside.
The wind, the clouds, the emptiness clouding my heart
Happiness was something I always felt
But year after year my thoughts had changed
Happiness was an emotion that was taken away
Now gone it was an emotion that was a privilege
A broken clock behind a plastered smile
Even though I became numb, I never stopped wondering
Why would you leave?
Why are the shadows of the past looming over now in the present?
Now having your own family, giving my sister something I never had
Never have I ever felt so comfortably numb, now forgetting why I ever wanted
to go back
Sundays my father made breakfast
Took a shower- outside cloudy and dark
With aching joints from labor in the big city
14 hour days. Nobody in his shoes.
Waking up with a cold sweat, realizing I’m alone
Every room filled with silence, except my head
Steady job loses time with us
Not around to understand dilemmas
Soap was his best friend so he made it mine
Lost in my mind, lost in his.
Now left to reminisce.
FLAKITA
Keseva Flores

Hoops on, face beat.
Hair straight, just brushed.
With thick eyeliner and eyebrows not done.
Attitude painted on my face, with love in my heart.
One big smile hides a gang of trauma.
Eyes full of sights not meant to be seen.
Lips smacked with gloss and street lingo.
Skinny little body, like a twig that won’t snap.
A 15 year old freshman in the streets where
She doesn’t belong.
“Flakita, you ready?”
No . . . but do I have a choice?
Self portrait of me in the gym
Self portrait of me at any area that makes me look aesthetic.
A self portrait of me, taking a picture as a bodybuilder always trying to
Compare myself to a successful bodybuilder.
Every time I look in the mirror I see
That I’m not ready and that I’m not good
Enough yet and that I need to do better
My favorite selfie is of me next to my icon
And that I’m standing next to someone I
Want to be like “I’m a cheetah I always like to
Go fast but if I go too fast
I have a high risk of getting injured”
UNTITLED
Leo Albert

From the old sweaty, pumped roaring pack
To the laugh, giggles and smiles
To a bright sunlight every morning in the mirror
To now, a sweaty, pumped man.
To a poised, smile-less man.
In the mirror I don’t see my friends or anyone
I see myself all alone. I search for other things
But all I see is myself.
To the happy pack selfies
To now a normal selfie, all alone.
A lion roaring all loud and mighty
To now a quiet, scared, and dormant
And who is that I see? Myself.
“Well nephew, you know I been praying for you.”
Voicemails and text messages rack up, I don’t respond enough
“Well nephew, you know I been praying for you.”
In and out the hospital with my pops picking her up after her coronary
Maybe I’m not the one who needs prayers, its plain to see
My aunties habit of cigarettes and McDonald’s is willing
Her slowly.
“Well nephew, you know I been praying for you.”
Fuck, I should call my auntie.
MY MOM
Alicja Lasek

Well, Shirmpy, I’ll tell you
I’ve worked real hard
You’ve been staying out late,
Waking up late
Missing a lot of school.
You should start coming home earlier,
Getting school work done
Go to more classes and finish school

My Response:
Well, momma, I’ll tell you
I’ve been working real hard
Staying out late is more fun than going home
I sleep in late for not being able to sleep at night
School is hard to deal with and all the work is too hard
MADRE Y HIJO
Ryan Pongos

Listen Mijo, the universe is going to give you,
Muchas flores,
Don’t let them take your energy,
Don’t let them crush your spirit,
Don’t let them hurt your flores
I want you to be el mejor
No el menor.

Hijo y Madre
I’m sorry mom,
I will accept the flores
If they crush, take, hurt,
My energy, spirit, and flores
I will always stand up as the Mejor
Never el menor.

Hija y Padre
Mi amor de siempre
The flores the universe gave to me
Are now yours.
The spirit, the energy
Will never be crushed,
Because I will be by your side.
So daughter, let me tell you something;
I work so hard,
To support you,
Make you feel safe.
My life’s been hard,
Fell of obstacles, dead ends,
Look where I am today,
I pushed through.
Don’t let nobody get in your way,
You are better, stronger,
Your life will have holes,
Some can’t be fixed,
But you can push through.
No boys can get in your way,
Don’t let them walk on you,
Be strong and push them away,
Live your life and be happy,
Nobody can take away your happiness.
Bloodied knuckles melting
Reflecting on
Heart shaped mirrors.
Stereotypes enrolled in
Beauty school
Family enrolled in
Beauty school
Reminds me of
The village,
Beauty school
UNTITLED
Eddie MacDonald

Older man walking to his horse
With the country side in the back
No heart
No face
All the color fades to thick fog
He’s wearing only red
He’s sad
He sees flashing
He looks back
One man is taking his picture
He melts.
Psst over here, hidden
In this dark and desolate “aquarium”
Save your sympathy
Normally I’m cloaked, hiding
Not wanting attention
And you think. I dream of the open sea
No.
You may think it’s a harsh world out there,
How would you think it is in here
Encased, for others to observe.
Caged!
I’m over here, center stage.
Right through the curtains.
Don’t hold your breath.
Hold your applause.
I’m tired,
But your cheers and squeals of flee wake me.
A few of you think I dream of a Savanna.
But I was born here.
I dream of nights without whips.
Nights without pain.
Oh how I dream of nights of sleep.
Every show I see you.
Your faces of awe and celebration.
Can’t you see that I’m tired?
You think I’m an “act”
But I have a heart too
But I don’t care
I keep one through one
I’m the kind, on top
All day and night.
I am the king.
I wish you would reach this cage
For me.
I wish.
CHINCHILLA
Vincent Shelton

Dust in the air
What is it like out there?
All this energy
But you just don’t care
Like I’m strapped to a chair
In my eyes you just stare
Can you just help me?
Get this dust out of the air
Get this dust out my hair
Even if I can’t bare.
All this dust’s lovely
But I can’t breathe this air
It’s like you just don’t care
Suffocate, say you care
But you’ll slowly kill me
With all this dust in the air
In the beginning
God said Let there be
Life
and all the things that go along with it
God said Let there be tests
and now we are going through life
being tested with death
tested with anger
tested with trust
tested with good or bad
In the beginning God said
Let there be Life
Rain
The clouds big and gray holding rain.
It will soon come down and rain.
Opening the umbrella just to be safe
It will be smarter than the rain
The streets are very lonely
No-one likes the rain
The weather can be a negative
But it won’t get the best of me oh rain
You hear the water hitting the window
so you look out and see the rain
You pick up your phone and check the weather
All you see is the cloud with the rain.
I am not a rain person although my name is Yesenia it means
flowers and for flowers to bloom they need rain
Ima get this and spray it all in your face. Ima jus hit this blunt to take the pain away. Let me get out of your way and say that life ain’t a game you play. There is real $^*# out here you need to find yourself and stay away from all the hate.
UNTITLED

Alberto Montes

Let’s get this bread
Waking up early making this bread
The grind don’t stop for the bread
School is always full of work
My parents are always at work
Life can sometimes be a jerk
but life is all about hard work
My mom does it to put food on the table
the only way she can do this is by work
With less and less hours I tend to sleep
Throughout the day I think of sleep
While in deep slumber, I hear my name
But I stay asleep and continue to sleep
I am deprived of what I want
In the end I know eventually I'll sleep
Every hour is precious.
I was always told you need sleep.
As I stare, I see darkness.
All I can hope for is that this is — sleep.
I start to dream, and I begin to believe.
All I live for is sleep.
To everyone living has different definitions, I don’t have one.
I just live to sleep
They try to tell me it’s depressing
I don’t listen and I go back to sleep
My slumber keeps me tamed and calm like the Sierra Mountains
I close my eyes and picture that calm beautiful sleep
Family can build you or kill you.
You are part of a family, whether you like it or not.

This means different things to different people: A Family
Family can be biological or not

Family can make you happy and sad
Family can expand or shorten

Family can be the people you trust
Family can be someone you love

Family can be as small as one.
Family can be as large as 100.

Family can be your safe haven.
Family could be your life sentence.

Family can smother you.
Family can make you bloom.

Family is people.
Family can be an extension of your self

Family can scream your name which can be good or bad
Family can be crazy

Family can be offensive and crude
I am my own family and so are you
FAINT NIGHTS

Nhandi Craig

I’m desperate for gloomy nights
I praise uneventful and obscure nights
Who said being out in the light forms a high flight?
I often reckon how eager I grow from being one with night
Being embedded in darkness feeds me nostalgia to my days in
Therefore, it is my birthright to be intertwined with the night the womb
Of all the light being inevitably bestowed among my eyes,
it takes me by sweet surprise, that I prevail within night.
The sound of the stars glistening further out among the universe impels me.
I’m wrapped in a blanket of safe haven formed by night.
Cradled by the twilight of blackness I feel invulnerable.
Tenderly appreciated by the aura of obscurity, I am a faint night.
UNTITLED

Sebastian Sevilla

I know lots of homies and they all G
I know some by the projects real G’s

The people down under asking around,
they are drawn to crave G

Most of their families sad with frowns,
because of the feelings from G,

Hard to get out dreaming of pounds
It’s time like this you need a G

I know Real G’s don’t claim to be down
Only the Real recognize Real G’s
UNTITLED

Ayden Browne

I am one with the trees
making sure I always drop all the leaves
Times are always so fun climbing up the trees
You won’t ever be wavy like these leaves
But when they burn you’ll really feel the trees
I am everywhere Ayden in the trees
DARK DAYS (LEAK)

Eric Cheatham

No Pain No Gain How are you Today?
Feel like it’s another Dark Day
If I throw away my heart will the pain go away?
Lately I’ve been feelin the worst but I keep a smile
on my face . . . .
No Pain No Gain How are you Today?
Feel like it’s another Dark Day please stay away
it’s a pay day
When I throw it up it’s a Rainy Day
If I throw my heart away will the pain go away
You were Two Faced, Flip the Coin it will choose your day
Lately I’ve been feelin the worst but I keep a smile
on my face
No Pain No Gain bet I’m history in The Makes
The Name is Eric aka SaucyKingK
Don’t worry I left the Ghost back in The Dark Day
Instructing Poets:
Douglas Manuel (Fall 2018) and Brittany Ackerman (Spring 2019)

Host Teacher:
Laura Chaprian-Robles (Fall 2018 & Spring 2019)
UNTITLED
Zakhia Taylor

Misdirection and misleading
If only they see the deeper meaning
Not Black, Asian, or Mexican,
But one soul in many bodies
We are one, not many
We are strong, not weak
If only they could see the inside,
Things would be better
We could escape the stormy weather
Many races prejudged
Everyone yelling, telling people to get out
The white man thinks they own the land
They consider us slaves just to keep their brand
Not everyone is the same
We have to fight the battle as one and stay strong
Hopefully in the future we will bind together
I love all my sisters and my brothers
We are together no matter the situation
So I want to free the people
And become the united nation,
But let’s not stop there
Unite the world ‘til everything’s fair
We are the same through and through
We even breath the same air
THANK YOU
Wendy Granados-Martinez

Thank you for the car that brings me safely to school every morning.
Thank you for the education that I have been given by all the amazing teachers
that I have had.
Thank you for all the help that I have ever gotten
Thank you for my parents who have never doubted what I can do. Who taught
me Spanish that has helped me communicate with many people.
Thank you for what I call home and the people in it. To the things that have
made it comfortable and possible to call it home.
Thank you for all of my friends. To the friends that I can still talk to even
though I don’t see any more. For the people that will always be there for me.
Thank you for the years that I have gotten and all of the happiness that I have
gotten in them.
Thank you for everything.
**WAITING BRIDE**

*A’Lisa Lopez*

You won’t be able to see my face
It’s probably best if I keep my head down
The majority of the time I am wearing a frown
You wonder why? Well it’s because of society
Why does it have to give me anxiety?
I stand all alone
That’s the reason no smiles are to be shown
You may see love, patience, gentleness, kindness
But too much of that will make everything madness
I invite you to my state of mind
But be careful, happiness is hard to find
Oh and those are my thoughts of thorns
You can have a seat over there but it’s next to my dreams that are being mourned
So when it comes to love
I’m one to say it’s fake
And dread upon all of my mistakes
If you ask me love is more about pain
They say I should be ashamed
But maybe if we go back a little
You’d see who I was before
So let’s hit rewind
When I was the waiting bride.
NEW CLOTHES
Ida Hartel

I do not look like my feelings
To feel good

I see my messy room

I want to feel confident
To feel good

I see my empty bottles
and cracked windows

I look back at the picture
It hurts
I know I am faking it even
if I don’t try

I know I am faking it even
if I don’t try

melting into new clothes
Now wearing who I am
scared for not only the
world to see, but myself

The picture is done
Only took me one this time
Opening my photos finding
the picture

Is that a smile, a truly
happy smile?
I feel pretty in my picture
now
Confident outside of the
Screen
POETIC SELFIE
Rubi Rivera

Curves all around, yet so little confidence
Dimples on my cheeks, but only with a fake smile
Wanting back my dove, but she remains in
Heaven above
Wanting real love, can’t seem to buy it
Wanting a sense of peace, but I can’t seem
To find it
Three things, three things only
Maybe with it, I would feel less lonely
I see my mama’s face when I look at myself
If I paint you this picture maybe you’ll
Answer yourself
What is she like?
She’s full of beauty, and one-of-a kindness
The one that pushed us to have fyness
As I grow with her, I love her even more
As the days pass, I can’t wait to hold
Her more.
WAITING BRIDE
Mya Hernandez

Her face is covered, so they can’t see the tears
Streaking down it.
Red, the color of love
How ironic
She never wanted this
Her mind is screaming ESCAPE, GO, LEAVE
But she must remain poised
She doesn’t love him, she just met him
She must stay with him until the day she dies
She gets no say in this
Until she does
He can’t control her if he’s six feet under
She did what she had to do
She walks down the aisle and waits
He’ll never come, though
I’m heading to dangerous ways
So I hide away
I’ve been going through my own disasters
And I think it’s time to move on
Laughter and joy around
Having friends that I care
By my side
Instead of dark and storm
Gracias
Merci
Salamat
Spilling H2O
Eating sweets
Going to a space of mature
But smiles and warmth of the sun
Brings me to this day
That is mixed with emotions.
I AM

Journey Rogers

I’m the 6 am clock waking me up in the morning.
I’m every 5 minutes what are you doing.
I’m turning on the radio to tune people out.
I’m did you do your 12 am homework.
I’m the journey we take to school in the morning while we are rushing.
I’m the 5 minutes early walking to class and having a blast.
EVERYTHING

Hiyori Narikawa

I’m everywhere
I’m the word of the English class writing poem.
I’m the beautiful sound of violin
I’m the regret of going to class
I’m the cold morning

Thanks for the weekend that we had a beautiful time
Thanks for my parents new car
Thanks for the time I leaped, danced perfectly
Thanks for reading this poem

She wanted to be more active, faster runner
But most important thing is who are you
Inside.
URGENTLY
Christina Leyva

1. Urgently!
2. This photo shows me the bride/woman waiting for someone . . . .
3. This photo to me shows depression, sadness
4. She’s behind an ocean. A lake.
5. Red robe.
6. Her hands are filled with red stains.
7. I can’t see her face.
THE WAITING BRIDE

Jun Seo

Waiting, waiting for the groom
Quietly and nervously waiting
Fidgeting fingers with nervousness
Her face and body covered
Her hands showing
Waiting, waiting
Scared and nervous
Wishing and hoping for the groom to never arrive
Her mind yelling and crying out in pain
Whispering in pain, “Please . . . Anyone . . . Help. . . . ”
Regretting the choices that led everything to here
Hatred, rage, misery, loneliness, and regrets feeling my emotions
Time, one second feeling like a minute, a minute feeling like an hour, an hour feeling like a day
“Please, please wake me up from this nightmare. . . . Please I beg you, . . . ”
I’M SO GRATEFUL
Sabrina Hernandez

Thanks for the heartbreak
Thanks for the sadness
Thanks for the love
Thanks for the support
Thanks for the help
I’m thankful for you
You made me laugh
You made me smile
I’m thankful for the warmth
And care I was given
I love my friends
I love my family
I know they’re proud
I also know I’m happy
And proud to be me
I want a selfie with my friends
I want a selfie with my family
Selfie of my feeling happy
I want to do great
Thank you to life
For giving me these people
I love them all forever
Till the end.
I, MY FAMILY
Carlos Vega

I’m the quick trip to school
I’m the cold morning.
I’m the regret of going to class
I’m the hot coffee.
I’m the books I carry through school
I’m the alarm in the morning
I’m the day without my parents
I’m the kid more than 1000 miles away from family
I’m the life I couldn’t think without my aunty.
WAITING BRIDE

Lily Vargas

They don’t care
They stared and glared as I walk by
Although they can’t see me, they sure wouldn’t want
To be me
Left before I got to my throne I know
They are having violent thoughts racing through
Their minds
Surely they aren’t blind to see me underneath
My elegant red cloak, promise they won’t see me
Show my true face, feeling disgraced, while everyone is
Waiting for a joyous face. Leave me on the aisle hoping
I’ll smile and it will all be worthwhile, blood red on my
Sleeve but in the end I don’t really need you,
You poser who, a villain bloomed from, one day
You’ll be feeling blue when you see me take
My place and not waiting for you.
UNTITLED
America Colchado

When I look in the mirror I see my sister.
I want to follow in her footsteps.
I want to go to college.
I want to get a great job.
I want to help with whatever I can.
I want to be like my sister
I see the ray of sun ray through the window
I hear the leaves rustling from outside.
I hear the wind hitting my window.
My sis is the sun ray through the window
The leaves I hear are my fears which I constantly hear.
The wind hitting my window is my doubts.
My sis is always the light in my life.
WAITING BRIDE

JD Skelton

She sat sadly
Waiting for the horror to begin
Her fiancé was one the hated most
He was cold, and much older than she
She wanted to run and hide.
He can’t be her home.
She wanted to live her life
Her hands were twisted
The groom entered, and rage boiled her
Before he could say a word a broken wine bottle was in his heart.
She was free.
Her crimson robe showed no fault.
UNTITLED
Lorna Phillips

My limbs on my tree are not
Broken, but leaning
Flimsy from the pain of losing my fruits
These windy days are costing me
The leaves on my
Branches are leaving me
I feel like the only fruit on
This tree
I feel alone
When I look down
It’s painful looking at the other
Fruit who could no longer
Hold on
I am alone
But if I fell to join the fallen
Fruit
Then I will leave the branch on
My tree that made me
So I am caught in the middle
Of my branches
My pain is standless; I cannot
Stand it
God take my pain away
TRADITION HAS A PRICE
Lillian Sanfilippo

The women in red, called a bride
Surrounded by darkness of a veil
With the silence of dead joy.
Tradition in the place of choice,
Tradition in the place of joy,
Tradition that rules all, makes the
Bride sit with purpose.
Sitting straight with perfect poise, eyes
Closed listening for noise.
No light, no sound in her sight
Tradition made her choice of life
Tradition kept her in perfect life.
The women in red, called a bride
Her life set before her without a
Word said in love.
POETIC SELFIE

America Salmeron

All natural, no makeup as I take a quick
Snap of me with natural lighting as
The sun hitting my face looking like
A glazed donut, my hair is slick back
Edges done but as I look at the
Screen in front of me I don’t see a thing
But just a girl and her surroundings.
I’m the last bell that rings when
School ends.
I’m the noise that I hear from the
Traffic, the traffic that killed my dad.
The AAA truck that turned left without
Seeing my dad.
I’m the airplane that took off leaving
Oklahoma, leaving my dad.
I’m the regret of leaving Oklahoma
I’m the clueless little girl getting
Picked up form school randomly
Going to my aunt’s house.
The room full of people sobbing.
Just sitting there clueless.
Waiting Bride
Lorita Kahler-Rickman

Standing alone,
Draped in red.
Her face is hidden from the world

What has happened to you?
Swept aside, cast off?
Separated from the world?
Or maybe,
It’s your choice,
To stand alone, walk away,
Apart from everyone else.

Oh waiting bride,
Are you independent, or sent away?
Maybe we would know,
If we could
See
Your
Face.
SELFIE POEM: POETIC SELFIE
Karla Mercado

I want a perfect selfie
I don’t want to cover my face
With a Snapchat filter
I want a straight smile
I don’t want eye bags
I want a perfect mirror picture
I don’t want insecurities
I want a sunflower garden in the
Background
I don’t want a plain basic wall
I want all my siblings in the picture
I don’t want to be awkwardly alone
I want a perfect selfie
This is my idea of a perfect selfie
I can’t see the face
Maybe she is going through a phase
She is like a girl who is shy
But will never say goodbye
The way she feels
The way she thinks
It doesn’t feel right
She has been waiting for this moment all her life
And soon she’ll become the wife
Where is the husband
No one knows what happened
The woman waits for him to arrive
But still nothing
Her emotions collapse into darkness and depression
And the heart was broken
She started to cry
Then it became dry
The woman has been waiting
For the man with all her pride
But she will always
Be the “Waiting Bride.”
WHERE'S MY HEAD AT?
Mauricio Gasca

I forgot my white jersey and my friend came in clutch and my coach was about to say things to me like such and such and such.

Always forgetting things for soccer.
Feel like a piece of my brain is missing.
Feel the eyes watching me and hissing like a snake on a tree telling people to eat a venomous apple.

I’m always learning things from the cap of Snapple, brushing my hair down for waves.

Hard work always pays. Feel that vein poppin out like my shoes rockin out.

I’m not childish, I know I have answers to unanswered question, I aint a snitch, I know I could hide it, too many things in my head, but I know I could fight it.

Writing down things from my head. Thinking all the possibilities for what I did or what I said. Didn’t know what to eat, but I was fed.

I got my head up, never down. The world is fake, it’s not round.

Not getting along with my family members no more. They thought I was friends with everybody, but nah nah, I only got 4.

The real people that I know are poor. No money, no cars, no nothing.
But the last time I saw them was with a scary pumpkin carved of their feelings.

Lookin at the mirror from head to toe. All I ever wanted to be was a C.E.O.
Waiting Bride

Inri Coba

Thoughts
We all have them
Death
You can’t stop it
Hiding from everyone
Ashamed
Scared
Scared of what other people
Are going to say or think of you
Anxiety
Your heart starts beating even
Faster
You’re nervous
Like almost fainting
Red like a rose with thorns
Waiting for the right moment
Seeking the opportunity
Oh I see it
The bright light
It’s time
Good bye
She patiently waits as it is their special day
Her gown is blood red to symbolize her emotions
Her emotions are mixed as she waits for him
She is clueless of the anger and disappointment that will soon fill her heart
He is gone, no shame as he leaves a trace of sorrow
Her family fades away from her mind as her judgment is a stormy sky
All alone in her mind.
I’m the quick trip to school
I’m the cold morning
I’m the regret of going to class
I’m the person who is left out
I’m the books in the library that
Never gets checked out
I’m the used car the car salesman
Tries to sell to you
I’m a broken down tree
I’m the tree that supports the world from all the hate
I’m your bedtime that you least desire
I’m you’re victory royal that you
Most desire.
POETIC SELFIE
Rosa L. Gomez

Selfie with no emotion
She’s not moving
The room’s dark
They could feel her emotion through the screen
Her expression seems blank
Selfie with no emotion
UNTITLED

Alex Hernandez

I can’t see her face, is she sad?
Or mad? Maybe she’s happy waiting
To get married. To me she’s in a
Very depressed background maybe
Forced to get married, forced to lose
Her freedom. No adventure, no more
Risks. No love, maybe that’s why
We don’t see her face.
WAITING BRIDE
Joshua Crader

A dull empty background
A blank sad face
The fake smile hiding fear
A seashell in the deep dark sea
A blank sheet of paper
A bird stuck in a steel cage
The pale white hands
A shadow in a bright room
An unspeakable word
The moon in a dark night
The setting sun
I stand tall above everyone and everything. People would come and go. Climb up and down my weak branches. Birds come from a long journey and perch onto the top of my twigs, and sometimes make nests. I feel honored to make shade for everything. They all really appreciate me. Sometimes a couple would pass by. Resting under my shade. They prick and peel my bark and carve two letters in a heart. It hurts, but I like to think of them as my little valentines, from the couples as a “thank you” for my shade. Sometimes I wish I had someone else like me. Someone else whom gives shade and gets plenty valentines. But until then, I’ll sit here. Waiting for another one like me to pass by. So we could give our own valentines.

Sometimes, I would see an old couple, or kids that used to swing from my branches, all grown up. I would look down to them as I always did, but to my surprise, they were too.

The fire swirls around me. Climbs up my trunk, swings through my branches like the children. I could see my fate rushing as fast as the fire. All my valentines burnt and blew away. I’ll miss every one of them. All the kids, couples and birds. But I would miss my valentines the most. The only love I had.

Cold Icy water splashes onto my burnt branches. The fire went out along with my valentines. I am nothing but a stump. Oh but what’s this? A new young tree is growing up from one of the cracks in my crumbled body.
MY A-PLUS

Ronan Trotter

At times like these when life is getting me down at the ends of cages and hundred-mile hallways I see a spark of magnificent colors. Golden sunshine the biggest of rainbows. As beautiful as a thousand blooming roses. As this wonder nears closers, I can hear it laugh.
A symphony of the most wonderful sounds ever heard.
I am around this ever inspiring light.
And then Boom!
Everything is now right with the world. As I walk out of this prison, it no longer seems like jail.
It is a paradise because of this smart funny and beautiful ray of light.
This light has changed my life forever.
Loved by me and everyone, my A-plus.
SUMMER
Rubi Sherman

A warm
breeze
sandy beaches
splash! The waves crash.
Kids playing
sun blazing
It’s summer time.
Flip Flops and sunscreen
wet shoes and popsicles
It’s summer time.
IF I WERE A MUFFIN
Ewan Lamond

If I were a muffin
I’d want to die
Please eat me
It’s muffin time
I’m mining Diamonds
Ending E-Series
I go to Dimension
and Fight Shaggy
he used too much power
And ended life itself
School a place to learn
a place to read
a place to horse around
in P.E. It’s a big
place to study instead of
going somewhere else and be
a dummy. Like a beehive
where everybody has something
to do the school has something
to do for you. It’s a prison
you have to stay mandatory
six hours a day
UNTITLED

Maya Day

If I were a mountain,
I would feel stuck
I want to travel the world, but instead,
I am trapped overlooking a lonely valley
Just like a bird in a cage,
I sing out
But the other hills ignore my cries
They give me no company
Some hiker misuse me,
They start fires in the sand
or jump off my jagged cliffs
But I listen to their voices
They tell stories about other lands
That is the only comfort I have
It is the only hope that I get
THE DEFINITION OF MY LIFE

Ruby Magdaleno

Red cheeks
Useful/useless
Barbie hater
Yolo
Mysterious
Awful
Good at nothing
Delightful
American
Loving
Enjoyable
Not pretty
Obvious
If I were a photograph,
struggling to barely even hold together
this extraordinary photo,
and keeping this moment alive forever.
As I stand still in this clear glass frame,
the vibrant burning sun beating on me
all day, and the cold dark moon
watching me all night. Sometimes I
enjoy thinking about the day I was born.
And knowing that the beautiful moment
the camera had clicked on that hot
summer day, I was born.
If I were a heart I would be fragile and broken. On the floor I would lay desperately waiting for someone to come by. Someone to put me back together. To be the drum I beat to. I would like glass easily breakable, yet strong. I am bold but easily broken.
SWEET 16
Jessica Torres

The room is filled, with pink roses, a cake 16 layers. A room filled with pink, pink, pink But late at night remember you’re just 16 so don’t let it get to your head
Big Chungus is fat
takes over the universe
eats chicken. MC Nuggets
Full of germs
Young Love
Emily Rivera

He is a shooting star
He comes and goes but always comes back
His smile is as big as a banana
but his size is as small as a mouse
when we are far apart we feel sick like
two cherries far apart
we are like two peas in a pod that none
can relate to, he makes me feel like
a happy sun waiting to come out and
as excited as a dog waiting for his
owner to come home,
He is my star, he is my shine,
    He is my kryptonite.
If I were a mountain
tallest in the sky
I would look down
and wonder why
People should strive
to climb to my peak
Do they think if they fail
They’re proven weak?
Some people say
“Go big or go home”
Others say failure
is just a stepping stone
But you may fall
before my tip
And yes, the wind
may bite and nip
But remember,
it’s just another trip
In the marathon of life
IF I WAS A BUNNY
Christiana Bowman

If I were a bunny I would hope around like a spring as a little critter! To feel the wind on a summer day! In Love with the warmth, Snug! I am the dirty brown fur ball! A beautie to see The sights are different every day! The days are an adventure! My owner hugging me help me! Don’t leave! I just want to be free I am claustrophobic God help me!
CHICKEN
Max Hartel

If I were a chicken so small
I would be the greatest of all
I would munch on some bird seed
for the farmer always gives us birdfeed
I would run across the big field
hoping for another meal
I could lay eggs for food
In a very happy mood
then I go back to bed
dreaming of what’s ahead
If I were a scarf it would be the best. I would never let go of the person that I truly love from all of the rest. On cold days we’d be together and stay close for as long as I can remember. I love the 3 season Winter, Autumn, and early Spring, so I can stay close to you my favorite thing. Now that these cold days are over I feel sad but thinking of you makes me very glad. But I can’t wait for those cold days because warm hug from a scarf awaits.
It was hot outside
but cool in the three
storied house.
Moms and Aunties tanned
and laughed dads and
boys laughed ran around
the house doing who knows
what cousins like me
played tag outside
they made tattoos
and hennas with
colorful pens. The food
inside nice steamy
and warm fresh the grill
my uncle made what my
baby cousin calls and adult
drink while kids had
fruit punch and seven up
mixed it was refreshing to
the kids. The night ended off
with s’mores and fireworks
that scared my baby cousin
If I were a tree, I’d sway in the wind. I’d listen to the birds sing. I’d listen to the kids laughing down the road. I’d listen to the bees hum. But I’d think about the singing birds. I’d think about the laughing kids. I’d think about the humming bees. And then there is me. A tree . . . a tall, boring tree. There is nothing I can do that they can. I can’t sing, I can’t laugh. And I can’t hum. But that’s just fine. Because I can sway in the wind. I can listen to the singing birds and the humming bees. I can be happy.
SEASONS
Rachel Mirolla

Summer is fun
to prance in the sun
and in the sand
Winter is cool
Not 80 degrees
and snow is fun
Spring is lit
my birthday is then
and it’s not too warm or cool
Fall is amazing
you can dance in the leaves
and trick or treat on Halloween
UNTITLED
Sophia Figueroa

If I were a cake,
tall like trees,
people would stare at me like they do at bees
I’d be in their dreams,
and be munched up,
until they finally know it’s time to wake up,
they’d hope that I was real,
and could be eaten this day,
but that will not happen,
at least not today.
ODE TO SNOW
Tessa Skidmore

If I were snow, I would form
in the clouds, high above a peaceful town.
Particles of me would glide down
gracefully from the heavens
I would come together, my soft,
fluffy blanket as beautiful as a diamond.
I would transform into snow forts,
igloos, and snow angels.
As I lie there, I could be caught in a
snowball fight.
But eventually, I would slowly begin
to disappear, leaving kids joyless once again.
Though, as always, when the thick white wool
of winter returns, I hope I will make
children happy again, while the process
repeats itself, forever in a loop.
IF I WAS A DESK
Chloe Dupuis

As the children walk in and sit on me
I would try to scream at them but I can’t
because well I’m a desk.
As they write on me and lay their head on
me I would get claustrophobic
As they would stick gum under me
I would get disgusted
As they write inappropriate language on me
I would get furious
As they leave for weekends, breaks, or to
go home me and my other desk friends
would get lonely.
A MOUNTAIN’S LIFE
Isaac Castillo

If I were a mountain
I would live for a long time
In the summer people will come and have fun until the end of fall.
In the winter snow will fall and many more people will come.
If I were a mountain
I would live for a while
But when people leave
I would be sad
I would wait until next day
I would be happy when people come back to play.
IF I WERE A BUS

Jack Boone

If I were a bus
I would drive myself away
To den with the coyotes
And howl through the night
If I were a bus
I would be on my way
to South Pasadena
Where my true friends
Like to stay
If I were a bus
I would probably be gone
Gone to Canada
Where I would laugh with everyone
And jump into the snow
And have a lot of icy fun
If I were a bus
Oh, If I were a bus
But there is just one problem
I am NOT.
**OCEAN**

*Esther Na*

If I were an ocean,
I would calmly wave for people to come by
On a hot summer day,
I wouldn’t be hot,
Many would visit me,
even my old friends might come back,
and wouldn’t know,
I might also meet new ones,
But,
On a cold winter day,
I would be all alone,
with no one,
no one to even love,
I would be cold with no one to cuddle.
fish would come often
but not to say hi
crying more tears everyday,
not even birds to talk to,
not even a foot in the water
I miss the kids laughter and cries
I’d miss all the balls being thrown,
I knew the kids might come back but,
I hope they don’t forget about me and
leave me alone,
My worst fear
CHUCK E. CHEESE

Diego Ortiz

Chuck E. Cheese is crowded
full of germs
little kids
reeks of throw up
and fake pizza
ask for money
and chuck-e-cheese tokens
to get tickets and buy a whistle
THE SEED LIFE
Helena Téllez

If I were a seed I would get up and roll away into a hole and get stuck there. I would grow into a tree and get to see all of the sights from above. I would shake as the squirrels climbed up my branches.
IF I WERE A KITE

Katherine Na

If I were a kite
I would dance with
the clouds, or
flip in the wind, I
will catch people’s
eyes with my colors
red, yellow, green,
purple, all colors
people love
and when I
got stuck in a
tree people would
come when I
wasn’t there I will never be forgotten
CHUCK E. CHEESE

Adrian Oseguera

Where a kid could be
a kid and spread germs
everywhere
Where it smells of
children after running and
sweating everywhere
where a kid has to
take 5 showers after
going
JUST ONE PUSH

Jessica Perez

If I were a swing
I would soar,
depending on the people who would let me go,
swing so far up, I can’t see
the little ants under me
up & up look I see the little kids waiting for me
I come down knowing I would come
up another kid gets on but then
goes I wonder where they went,
Now here I am in the night don’t see anyone
who wants to take a flight, with me
I now look at what happy things
come to an end
wait a sec I am moving.
This can’t be
I am a swing someone has to push me
I look around to see no one near
Then I hear something or someone
whisper something
I have been near always then so don’t worry
The wind is here to push you when
no one can.
ODE TO DREAM

Penelope C.

If I were a Dream
I would be a movie
and my human, the faithful audience
I would hug my audience in safely and comfort
Make their worries disappear
I would be as gentle as a feather
I would be a swan gracefully floating on the lakes of their mind
And when my audience wakes
I will die and be rebirth in the night again
The classroom is a zoo
and the teacher is a zoo keeper
trying to keep the kids calm
but no one’s giving her a thought
everyone’s looking at the clock
with great anticipation
Ring!
everyone runs out of class
like charging rhinos
they see their friends
and now they’re screeching monkeys
until they get picked up
now the halls are quiet
IF I WERE A FLOWER
Aileen Nolasco

If I were a flower,
where would I blossom? Maybe up high in
a tree or down below in a garden.
If I were a flower,
what kind will I be? Will I be a rose
or maybe a daisy. I wonder what kind I will be.
If I were a flower,
how would I smell? Would I smell sweet? Or would I have no smell?
If I were a flower,
how would I look? Would I be pretty or would I look old?
If I were a flower
would I love me for me?
If I were a desert, I’d be very alone. I’d watch as tumbleweeds pass by in the dry air. I’d be as bored as a kid with nothing to do. If I were a desert, I’d be talking like a crazy person, because cacti would keep my company. I’d be excited to see archeologists dressed in light clothing just to look around. Most of the time, a desert is very much a sun.
THE KILLING WINTER
Josiah Bowman

When the breeze settles in,
you put your jacket on, Trying
to shelter from this war this
Battle, The Battle of winter.
Winter is Frightening
Winter if Frozen
Winter if Fierce
Rushing through the grass
The breeze carefully settles
Waiting to rise up
Class in Session
Tatum Henderson
As the hallway outside is
quiet. I sit on my seat on
the verge of falling asleep. While
Mrs. Chaparian talks about
all things. I think about when
class if over, if she’ll ever stop
talking or if anybody else is
as bored as me. Finally I head
to my next class to meet Mrs. Lira
There I wonder why her class
always smells so bad or if
her voice was always that scratchy.
Oh, that Mrs. Lira can talk. At last, it’s
time for nutrition with my friends.
PACOIMA CHARTER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Host Teachers:
Adrienne Andalon (Fall 2018) and B. Amaral (Spring 2019)

Instructing Poet:
Ricardo Means Ybarra (Fall 2018 and Spring 2019)
ADVICE FROM A TEAR

Stephania Santana

There I am forming into a tear
Rolling down, down, and down
Until I fall off your soft face

A tiny puddle forms but why?
I look up you are sadly crying
I may not have a heart but I feel bad

I’m a tear though, I won’t last long
Neither will your sadness . . . .
ADVICE FROM A MARSHMALLOWS
Caleb Casillas

Okay, first of all
I just wanted to point out, to not throw me away
I get eaten by other stuff too you know!

Also I taste brilliant when you mix me with chocolate,
And crackers,
But don’t burn me too much
Because then I’ll taste nasty.
Though I would prefer to be left alone,
Please buy me as soon as you can
So I won’t be left alone to suffocate

Although I want to be left alone, keep me in
Your mouth so I can be safe
From all other dangers.
ADVICE FROM A TOILET
Camila Preciado

I hate when you don’t flush.
Don’t choke me with toilet paper
Run for me during emergency
I am never going to leave
Use me for numbers 1, 2, and 3.

My looks are different
I might look fancy, old or even disgusting.
After you’re done doing your numbers you make me stink.
BLUE
Kevin Vernon

Sometimes I feel blue
Sometimes I don’t

There’s a lot of blue
Things to do
Those things make me feel blue
Like when people are mean

What makes me blue
What makes you blue?
THE SEA

Alan Velasquez

The great blue seas
Where the beautiful sea life roams
And the dolphins take care of their
Beautiful young

The sea is the place to come
And see the beautiful sunrisers
And sunsets
Colorful and an amazing site to see
A TRAGEDY
Dulce Villacorta

I remember that day we were at church
The day where it was somebody’s birthday
Then you received a call from my grandmother
You answered

You had a smile on your face
But then it changed to a sad face
You then started to cry
Your dad had died and then we went home
ADVICE FROM GLASSES
Valeria Casiano

Wear me everyday
Where you can’t see.
Don’t take me off
Just because you want to.

I come in many colors,
And many styles too.
When you blind
I will help you see
ADVICE FROM THE MOON

Michelle Cervantes

Look for the sphere in the sky.
Don’t look for me in the day,
Look for me in the night.
I move from place to place.
I am very bright.
Surrounded by all the pretty stars,
Guiding those who need light.
Away from people, away from pain.
ADVICE FROM TREES
Daniel Couzin

Please don’t chop me down
Why? I’ll tell you why
It’s because Trees like me
Only like to be chopped
For a good reason.

I would want to
Be chopped for paper or
Houses, but not for fun.

Animals and humans need
Me to survive, otherwise
They wouldn’t have houses or
Paper; and animals won’t have
A home to live in.

It’s not fun sitting there alone,
Rotting, so please don’t chop me down.
Hey!
I feel the claw again,
Take your time and comb me nicely.

Appreciate that I don’t complain.
When you burn me to look nice.

Just remember to stay away from the lice.
It will not be easy to get rid of and
I don’t Want bugs crawling all over me.
I'm almost as bright as
The sun, same thing for my
Friends who help
With my show.

During the night it's pretty
To look at the sky, sure sometimes
I am not there but that's because
My show hasn't started.
ADVICE FROM A KOALA

Carlos Diaz Rivera

I am a Koala
I might look cuddly
But I’m not cuddly.
I have sharp claws
That can make a dent in metal.
I also have sharp, and strog teeth
That can break a branch.
Now you know I’m
Not so cuddly after all.
The only Koala that is cuddly
Is the stuffed one.
You would say to run, but why not stay and have some fun?
If you pet me I might bite.

You try to put a dart in me, but treat me right,
Or when I wake you better start praying.

So now your body is shaking and your face is pale.
You will start running, now the fun has begun.

In the woods I see you running.
So here’s some advice, next time treat me right.
ADVICE FROM A POOL

Anthony Garcia

Do not urinate in me.
Do now drown in me.
Do not get mad if I am hot or cold.
Do not swim in my dark and deep side.
Do not dive in me because it hurts me.
Or else you’ll be as blue as me.
Just don’t do any of these things.

Advice From the Fly
By Erwin Garcia
It might be a pest to you
You may think I do not have feelings,
But I do have feelings
Just like you
I might
Go on your food, but
It is because I am a fly
I can’t survive without
Food just like you.
ADVICE FOR EPIC GAMES
Adrian Guzman

Epic game fix your game.
One pump to the toes,
What do you even mean?
Also 9 damage to the head
At close range with a pump and
They used to be snipers
And also please
Stop Ninja from reporting people just because
He thinks they are stream sniping him
But he is really just salty like salty springs.
ADVICE FROM PIZZA
Eduardo Hernandez

I am very yummy very cheese-y
Please eat me!

I also have a large crust
That is hard.

How about I give you some pepperoni
Or I will give you
Some problems in the restroom?
ADVICE FROM A BEAR

Edwin Leon

I’ll make you still
I’ll make you scream
I’ll make you run

I could eat you if I want to
And I will think you are prey

Just don’t get too closes or near
Because of what is going to
Happen next.

So be warned
I could be anywhere even
Behind you.
ADVICE FROM CLOWNS

Natalie Lopez

I’ll play your favorite song
I’ll give you some balloons
I may go to many houses
I’ll make you laugh too

I’m very talented
I’ll eve make you animal balloons
If you make me laugh you can push my buttons too
So invite me to your birthday party next year around
ADVICE FROM A BUTTERFLY

April Magana

If you see me,
Please do not chase me,
You will rip off my wings.
Then I will not be able to fly any more.
I am supposed to fly,
I need to show off my wings
I am beautiful and
I will not be if you mess around with me.
So please let me be so I can be free.
THE BLANK CANVAS

Abigail Messina

A blank white canvas
Shining every day
I have all my pink paint
For a brand new piece

Which brush to use
One long or one short
There’s all sorts of kinds
But this one is mine
MY NAME
Jericho Mendez

Joyful
Exciting
Really nice
Intelligent
Caring for people
Happy
Open minded
ADVICE FROM A BRAIN

Dilan Marin

I am strong
I am smart and
I am also unstoppable,
I am part of your body and
Very slimy.
Don’t make me lazy
Make me
Smarted
Because I am your brain
And I will always be there for you
Beautiful human being.
I am small but I can do many things. 
Please don’t step on me 
Or I’ll die. 
Don’t destroy 
My home, or I will cry. 
I have a nice family. 
I love them all. 
I have a wife, a daughter, and a son. 
They are beautiful the way they are.
A BLANK WHITE PAGE
Abraham Murillo

White bird that flies in the air
Blank paper with blank dots
Frosting on vanilla cake
Pillow to lay my head on
Marshmallow as the famous DJ
Snow ball that you throw and hit
Moon in the night sky
Coat that a scientist wears
Clouds in the daylight that are fluffy
Is a blank white page.
ADVICE FOR EPIC GAMES

Ean Okpechi

1 Advice to Epic games
2 Fix your game pumps
3 Are not good hit makers
4 but don’t do damage
5 this game is not like it
6 should all this complaining
7 is enough but stop giving ninja
8 all the new stuff
ADVICE FROM A BALD EAGLE

Isaac Sandoval

I flap my wings real high
I find food I the ocean
I also eat fish in the ocean
I am an icon of the United States of America
My beak is strong and pointy
My fur is soft and comfortable
You will probably see me on the streets. 
If you do please pick me up. 
I get ran over by cars every day. 
All those cars that run me over are very blind 
People think that I don’t have a price but I do. 
I’m one cent. 
But I’m still money. 
So don’t drop me on the streets. 
Please don’t do it. 
So don’t go home thinking that I am a little piece of trash.
ADVICE FROM A BEE
Mercedes Verdugo

As a bee I give your advice
From me to you
Please be eating my honey I’ll cure you

Next bee grateful that I share my honey
You better not bee stealing my honey without permission
It’s my life’s work

Third bee alive to get stung
Don’t bee killing me or I’ll haunt you down
Don’t bee eating raw honey it’s not sweet
Last don’t forget this is bee advice so bee warned
BLUE EYE
Abigail De La Torre

I howl in the moonlight of course,
I run in the woods to catch my prey at night,
I have blue eyes as blue as the sky,
My fur is grey like a tombstone at night.
MY LIFE
Alexa Lopez

MY life is unexplainable
Like a leaf swaying to find it's place to fit in
after it's story has fallen.
Unlike me I am different.
I just can't seem to settle in
after my story died,
My life is only one word . . . .

QUESTIONING

So who am I . . .
I don't know
What's my purpose in life well . . . .
That's a mystery
So, . . . my life is only one word . . . .
I am a girl.  
My mom says I am a sloth when it comes to cleaning.  
On a good day I want to go to the mall.  
Starbucks calls my name, and the Apple store.  
My favorite part of the day is being on my phone all day  
I can be on my phone 24/7.  
I like to go to places like Ensenada, New Mexico,  
and other places that bring joy to me.  
When I’m tired and my mom or dad says we are  
going shopping I get excited  
like when a kid is hyper.  
My mom says my dad spoils me like a princess but I  
do n’t think so.  
I love to hang out with friends and family the opposite of when siblings fight.  
I have 2 dogs Elsa and Fluffy they are so cute as  
I can dress them up like if there were dolls
I’m pink have no hair,
I’m made out of bacon
And some people think
I’m a cutie.
I have four legs
And small ears a tail that
Looks like a tangled snake
And I have a small square
nose.
COLORS
Alyza Santiago

I’m wild and free
Little girls always think of me
The colors of my main are pretty and bright
My horn is golden and shines bright
My fur is soft and white
I have magic that helps me fly in the air so high
I love my colorful main and my silk white fur and a horn so bright
I am a unicorn
MY LIFE  
Andy Gomez

One day I
Had a big surprise
I was just sitting
Down in church
When out of
Nowhere they
Called me for
I could play
The drums but
When I got up
They told me
I was going
To play I
Couldn’t
Believe it
But I played
I was so scared
But when I was
Done everyone
Told me I did
Great that was
The best day
Of my life.
I am a girl.
I am 11 years old.
I am very neat like a princess.
I am Rapunzel with my braid.
I use my phone a lot that my thumbs are going to fall off.
I like to eat chips, crunch, crunch, crunch.
I have long eyelashes that flutter like butterflies.
I use to have a mile-long hair but I cut it short.
I have dark brown eyes.
I am tall like a building.
Who am I?
I’m a girl.
My family knows me as a troublemaker.
I could stay all day with my phone on my face.
If someone takes my phone you don’t want to touch me.
I could dream with Stitch.
I’m a credit card walking into the mall.
I HATE BEANS!!!!
I hate everything that has beans.
I’m in love with CHIPS especially Hot Cheetos and Turbos
My dogs, Shaggy, Nismo, Muñeka.
My siblings compare me to an angry dog.
When I walk into the shoe store I hear shoes say ‘Buy me’.
I HATE CLEANING MY ROOM.
It takes me 2 years to clean my room.
My favorite game is Call of Duty 4.
In the middle of the night all you can hear is, BARK, BARK, and I get impatient.
Who am I?
The mystery animal
I am skwigly I am long when
Am mad breath fire when I
Am happy I am playful I
Can also fly and I and also
Full of colors
Slobber Love
Dayanara Silva

I am playful
I love kids
I slobber a lot on you

I walk with you in the park
My colors are brown, black, and white

I get sad when you leave me
I am small and cute
I listen to you when you complain

Even though you whine and don’t
Know what you say
You’re the best company any one
Could ever have
I am a boy.

I like Pokémon cards.
some people say I am good at Pokémon.
When I lose I turn as red as a strawberry or a cherry.
When I win I am as happy as a baby with a lollipop.
The second thing I like to play is Fortnite.
When I lose sometimes I get angry like Anger.
When I win I am happy like a boy on Christmas Eve.
I can play Fortnite for a million years.
Walking home pickle in hand ready to be eaten when home, pickle gone
I fall
pickle crushed
  I’m sad.
THE LITTLE CUTIE

Eimy Ortiz

I am small I am
cute and I can
come in different colors
like in brown black
white but I am black
and white I am special
because I have a
shape of a heart on
my back and one
more thing I live
With people five
of them.
Guess who I am
I’m a girl.
My friends call me weird like a burnt potato -_-  
On a boring day I love to make my brother mad like an Angry Bird. 
I love to draw anime
My favorite part of the day when I get in trouble and play games when I’m in trouble with my brother.
At school I like to run around the school with my brother and friends “stomp stomp”.
The mornings are happy because it always fresh and quite. That’s all. Who am I?
I am a girl
   In my teeth I have train tracks
      My family calls me a sloth
On a good day I swim like a shark
      I am blind like a beetle
My favorite part of the day is when I hear music on my phone
In the morning I take millions of years to change
UNTITLED
Fatima Balderas

Freckles
I have freckles
I get bullied by popular kids
I were glasses
I wear suspenders
I like to read
I like to go to school
I get good grades
And I am clumsy

What am I?
SIBLINGS

Fatima Lopez Reyes

One day I went from
One sibling to two
Sibling
It was hard for
Me because I thought
I was a only child but the
Years passed and
I felt much
Better
And I learned
To love my
Siblings
ABOUT ME
Isaac Mendoza Agustín

I am a boy.
Some people say I’m a chatter box.

Sometimes on a good day I will draw like a famous drawer or play baseball. But when my brother gets a strike out become a living time bomb and explodes.

My favorite time of the year is December when my birthday is. My family and I go to the mountains then we have a snowball fight then you will hear crash and bang (to my snow fort).

It takes a million years to build a snow fort and end in it falling over. I also like dinosaurs a lot.
ADVICE FROM KIDS
Isabel Holoman

Please stop being mean
I’m only a kid,
I just want to
Live a happy life,
Kids don’t like when
You hurt them every day,
No matter what grade
We are in,
Would you like it
If kids hurt you,
I don’t think you
Would like it much,
I also think you
Don’t like getting
In trouble,
We are asking nicely
For you to stop.
UNTITLED
Isaiah Castillo

I’m a boy.
My dad says I’m like Isaiah Thomas.
I shoot 3 pointers like a professional.
I play basketball day and night.
My dad plays basketball with me when he doesn’t work.

Who am I?
GORILLAS

Jason Castro

I am hairy and stinky
I am not that colorful either
My hair is long and black
I am a fast runner
And a great climber
But not a great Jumper
I love yellow bananas
I am pretty tall
My Favorite Is Basketball

Jeremy Hora

Practice me for 3 pointers
Make sure I’m full of air
Many players play with me
Like my favorite player Stephen Curry
I’m important in the NBA
So make sure I’m always okay.
Warriors won 4 games with me
Cavs 0
Warriors won 4
Lakers 0
Warriors are champions
I am a boy that is 11 yrs old.
My birthday is on April 30.
People say I’m a gamer.
On a good day I can play like FaZe Jarvis and win a ton of games.
My controller goes click, click, click.
And I like Cristiano Ronaldo.
My Favorite part of the day is when my phone is telling me to play.
I’m also a trouble maker and I have a brother.
His name is Jayden and he goes to Lassen Elementary.
My mom makes bread to sell and the bread goes shhh when it’s frying.
My cousin lives in Oregon and she is like me.

Who Am I?
HELLO MEXICO
Kevin Frausto

Hey Mexico I’m your fan
I’m tired of you losing
Your games.
You guys
Should practice
More than Resting
You should Shoot the ball or play
Keep away.
Don’t let it Touch the ground.
These things will Make you win.
By the way I play soccer.
My team is DMG, Mexico, Barcelona
oh and my name is Kevin

My favorite player is

MESSI!
I’m a girl.
I like to help my mom cook “szszsz” goes the pan.
I’m so loud at my house that you can hear me from across the street.
   I am weird like a dancing monkey.
   I am attached to both of my phones.
My siblings and I are attracted to different things.
   My sister and I are day and night.
   We fight like lions.
   Who am I?
I am a boy
My pug is as fast as a cheetah.
I like Fortnite and Pokémon.
Let’s go Pikachu, and Minecraft!

Boom, boom, Sboom goes my plush that my baby sister plays with.

I am basically a walking pro gamer because after a little time I know how to
play it fully.

Who am I?
I am a boy.
I am 10 years old.
I love to eat watermelon.
Watermelon is good but I like watermelon better with Tajín.
I like to play Fortnite.
I would eat watermelon every single day.
A million years if I had too!
My nickname is Sandía.
The watermelon smiles to me and says “eat me”.
I am a walking watermelon.
I love dogs and puppies.
I am smart
Who am I?
I love you so much mommy
You were always there for me since birth
You changed my dirty diapers till I was one

Three years later now I’m four
I’m still your baby...right?
Already in preschool
Ready to be five

Kindergarten
You pick me up
With your love
Just hoping for more fun

Three years later
Now I’m eight
Here I come, third grade
My teacher is kind
When your there to pick me up
You give me hugs and kisses

Now I’m in fourth grade
We all know the “f”
In “fourth” stands for “fun”
My teacher is wonderful
Every Friday we get prizes from her

Now I’m in fifth grade
I’m already ten
I’m almost a tween
My new teacher is Kind,
Smart, and so pretty
I hope I’m like her
When I grow up
UNTITLED
Redford Luter

I am a boy.
People say I am a zookeeper.
On a good day I can play hula hoop.
I could live in the zoo.
Roar, roar, roar goes the lion.
Elephants sound just like a trumpet.
Barking like a seal.
Black and white like a zebra.
Hiss, hiss, hiss like a snake.
Swim like a crocodile.
Who am I?
THE WAY OF LIFE

Ricardo Grajeda

Age eight
My uncle was in the hospital
I visited him
But the next
Day
My life changed
sadness, home, cry
ABOUT ME
Yarethzy Pineda

I am a girl.
People say I have lots of energy.

On a good day I can play just like Stephen Curry.

My favorite part of the day is when I go home and watch Golden State Warriors
(Stephen Curry) on my tablet.

When I shoot balls, all you can hear is swish, swish, swish.

Five Sisters! A struggle sleeping with so many sisters.

In the morning I take a billion years to get up and to get ready.
MY SPLIT WORLDS
a student anthology

Created in 2003, Writing in the Schools is an outreach program that actively facilitates the practice of creative writing and cultivates an appreciation for poetry in Greater Los Angeles and Pasadena classrooms. Writing in the Schools gives students access not only to modern and contemporary poetry, but also to the workshop poets themselves.

The poems and short stories featured in this book are the product of one school year of workshops at a variety of grade levels. They are the result of the hard work of participating authors, teachers, and students, and the book hopefully speaks to the positive effects of literature within our classrooms.

Schools that have participated in Red Hen’s Writing in the Schools program:

Ámino Ralph Bunche Charter High School
Belmont High School
Birmingham High School
Camino Nuevo Charter School
Cheremoya Avenue Elementary School
City Terrace Elementary School
Cleveland Elementary School
Crenshaw High School
Culver City Middle School
Culver Park High School
Elliot Arts Magnet Academy
Hollywood High School
Locke High School
Marrs Magnet Middle School
Norris Middle School
North Hollywood High School
Pacoima Charter Elementary School
Van Nuys High School

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