



ONE MORE STAR

WRITING IN THE SCHOOLS
STUDENT ANTHOLOGY
2019 • 2020



Red Hen Press

ONE MORE STAR



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Writing in the Schools
Student Anthology 2019–2020



Red Hen Press | *Pasadena, CA*

One More Star

A Writing in the Schools Student Anthology

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Cover design by Vivian Rowe

Compiled and edited by Tansica Sunkamaneevongse, Liz Correll, and Alec Sandoval

Layout by Nicolas Niño

The National Endowment for the Arts, The Los Angeles County Arts Commission, the Ahmanson Foundation, the Dwight Stuart Youth Fund, the Max Factor Family Foundation, the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Foundation, the City of Pasadena, the City of Los Angeles Department of Cultural Affairs, the Audrey & Sydney Irmas Charitable Foundation, the Kinder Morgan Foundation, the Meta & George Rosenberg Foundation, the Riordan Foundation, Amazon Literary Partnership, the Mara W. Breech Foundation, the Albert & Elaine Borchard Foundation, and the Adams Family Foundation partially support Red Hen Press's Writing in the Schools program.



DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS
City of Los Angeles



2020 Edition

Published by Red Hen Press 

www.redhen.org

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 make 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.

Participating Poets

Brittany Ackerman
Ryka Aoki
Heather Wells Peterson
Verónica Reyes
Ricardo Means Ybarra

Participating Teachers

Fabiola Acevedo
Laura Chaparian-Robles
Staci Coller
Mark Jacobs
Marc Ketchem
Andrea Maldonado
Wende Mintz
Jennifer Page
Talar Samuelian

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Foreword

The incredible poetry published in this book is a testament, a *grito* to your hard work and to the school year of 2019–20. This year was a definitive, most profound year, in which we not only witnessed the separation of families at the border, but also the distancing and separation of our society because of the COVID-19 coronavirus.

Poetry reflects life: what goes on between our friends, family, and community. The questions that can't be answered, the horror and the beauty. All of your poems were written before the pandemic; yet, when you read these poems, they will take you back and remind you of an event so terrible it changed our view of the world—everything now is more vivid, fragile, sweet, bitter, and new.

We will never forget this year and our committed, wonderful teachers or the energetic workshop poets. Our appreciation for Red Hen Press and the positive, tireless direction by Nicolas Niño. Special thanks and applause for an inspiring visit and poems from Jessica Cárdenas of Tía Chucha's Bookstore, Pacoima. And *mil gracias* to all my wonderful, creative, wild, imaginative poets. It's been an unbelievable ten years spent with y'all. Looking forward to hearing you howl next year and the next.

Many years from now you will find this book, tucked away in a box, in stuff you may want to clean out. It will be a surprise—you will chuckle, thumb through the pages, smile in memory of your younger days. It's ok, be proud.

Ricardo Means Ybarra

Ricardo teaches workshops at Pacoima Charter Elementary School. This was his 10th year with the program.

Ánimo Ralph Bunche Charter High School

Host Teachers

Jennifer Page (Fall 2019) & Mark Jacobs (Spring 2020)

Instructing Poet

Ryka Aoki

Untitled

*ANGIE CERVANTES, EVELYN LUCAS,
LESLIE ORTIZ & KATHERINE MARTINEZ*

Forever dealing with our clumsiness
Always bringing out our best
Making most of our happiness
In life so that we can invest
Living and creating stories
Years to maintain memories

Untitled

VANESA A., MARIA O., MICHELLE M. & GABY R.

21 days til Christmas day
You know the jolly vibes
Decorating the Christmas Tree
Wearing wonsies & fuzzy socks
Buying gifts for Secret Santa
Drinking hot cocoa on a chilly December day
Making cakes baking cookies
Parents sneaking presents under the tree
Vibrant lights all over the place
Children believing it was Santa's deed

Untitled

ANGEL TOMAS & ADRIAN RODRIGUEZ

Holidays are amazing
They make a day special for us
by bringing joy and Happiness
for 24 hours we feel alive
making us miss them when they're gone
it makes us feel like eating
till we pass out
when they end, we look forward to the next.
waiting 363 days for the same Holiday
and for the next and the next.

Untitled

ANGEL TOMAS & ADRIAN RODRIGUEZ

You can't get away from family
it's impossible even if you try
makes me want to lose my sanity
almost makes you want to cry
I just want to let them know...
that I will never let them go

Untitled

*KATHY MARTINEZ, ANA RODRIGUEZ, CRISTOFER ARGUELLO,
JAKY CARRINO, JONAN RODRIGUEZ & LESLIE ORTIZ*

Christmas cheer all around the year.
Running around the tree.
Can't help but yell in glee
Christmas presents yet to come
Jolly music everywhere
Christmas is the best holiday I swear.
Christmas carols we want to sing
Until we hear the jingle bells ring.
With our family we will have fun
Until we see the sun.

Family

ERIKA GARCIA & JASMIN

Family is caring for those you love.
Parents are there for you with open arms.
Even those in heaven love you from above.
The hugs from those who love you are warm.
When love fades away your hearts fall apart.
The tears that we all drop show our sadness.

Christmas:

It's starting to look a lot like Christmas.
Christmas is full of jolly and giving.
It slowly snowing as the streets turn
white.
Christmas lights are glowing &
red.
Presents are stacked below the tree,
families gather to feast, enjoying
each other's company
Coats are abandoned upon entering the house
They are remembered when escaping into the
cold of the night
The clock is heard striking twelve
I hear Santa calling, ho, ho, ho.
Name: Jasmine Espinoza
Title: Family

Different but the same
All in our own places
Different gains but the same pains

Christmas:

Bright color lights twinkling down
Lighting up the room
Feeling safe and sound

Looking around for clues
Hidden presents all around
Mom making food for
Family from the south border
Music playing loud
Night becoming shorter
Everybody being proud

Untitled

ANGIE CERVANTES & EVELYN LUCAS

Everyone so mesmerized with the lights.
But I tend to be in love with the cold nights.
The darkness that brings out the colors so bright.
Such a beautiful sight.

Tucked in my bed enjoying these delights.
The hot chocolate, the food oh my jeans how so tight.
The Christmas tree, so tall and me with a 5ft height.
I look out my window the snow so white.
I fall in love again with this sight.
For I once again sleep tight at night.

Family

JEFF PEREZ, LEZLY HERNANDEZ & IDIEL TORRES

Sometimes they make you cry when days go by
Warm hugs give you a home to call your own

Christmas:

The bright Christmas tree
Shining like a star
The fire place and stockings
Giving warmth to our home
the gifts wrapped, with bows and ribbons
the hot chocolate with marshmallows
the cookies in the oven
Jolly Christmas music
My family by my side
it's Christmas time.

El arbol brilla
Como una estrella alumbrante
El fuego y los calsetires
Nos poven callentitos
los regalos envueltos con monos
el chocolate con bunbones
las galletas en el horno
la musica navidena.
mi familia a mi lado
es tiempo de navidad.

Untitled

DIANA MONTAÑEZ

Nights grow colder now
Layers of blankets
Safer inside, that I know
Because outside in the mid afternoon
It's now as dark as it can get.
Warm drinks, soothing my raspy throat
My mom yells at me to remember my
winter coat
I know it gets harder and harder to
say
With family coming in everyday
Maybe it's safe to say to come out this
holiday

Feliz Cumple

ITZEL GOMEZ & BRISA DIAZ

Hoy es tu cumple años
Felizidades por otro año mas.
Por hoy no tienes que limpiar los baños
Pero ponte a mapear con el ajax
Es broma, no te sientos malo
Ve y pegale a la piñata con el palo
Espero que el dia te vaya bien
En la caya esta un papel
Ani te deje un regalo de cien
Y que no se te olida regalome pastel.

It's Xmas Time

ITZEL GOMEZ & BRISA DIAZ

As Christmas time is getting near
And everyone is decorating
Oh are those jingle bells I hear?
My stress & worries are deteriorating.
I'm getting filled with Christmas cheer.
Everyone is celebrating
I'm excited for Christmas getting here
The fireworks are now detonating.

Untitled

ANGIE CERVANTES, EVELYN LUCAS,
& MARILIN SUAREZ

When it rains in LA
It's a lazy day
Mom cooks soup

The dinosaur soup with the T-Rex,
Helping her out to set up the table
Dad's truck approaching the driveway.

Water drops on my kitchen window
Listening to the raindrops
Waiting for the moms' soup

In my fuzzy socks that are blue
Here comes my mom placing the soup
She falls to the floor
Standing she throws it down the trash chute.

The sound of flies around the spilled
Soup
Here comes my dad to pick up
The orange mess

The brown flour all sticky & slippery
My dog Milo decides to eat it
His fluffy long tail, and his big ears

Then I notice there is no sound outside
The sky is now a clear blue

The colorful rainbow
I feel happy inside

Untitled

ANTHONY AYALA, LEZLY HERNANDEZ & LESLIE ORTIZ

When it rains in LA
It's a lazy day
Mom cooks soup
The clouds turn grey
And our sky begins to cry
The clouds roar
I throw on my coat and go
Water drops down slowly on my red cheeks
My nose freezes & drips with sniffles
A warm cup of hot chocolate in between my hands
I look down at the puddles beneath my feet
I hit play on Christmas music
It makes my heart skip a beat
My mom in the background ringing along
As we sing this lovely Christmas song
A perfect rainy day
Cozy and love around me
Good vibes only
A blanket surrounds my shivering body
Knowing winter is calling
The oven ticks
My cookies are ready
Warm and welcoming
When it rains in LA
It's the perfect day

Untitled

ANONYMOUS

When it rains
in LA
It's a lazy day
Mom cooks soup

Ding Dong
It must be the soup
That I ordered

Walk a mile in
These rain boots

Splash splash are
Those boots I hear

Brown and yellow
Leaves fall as the
Wind gets stronger
Woosh woosh

Untitled

ANONYMOUS

When it rains in LA
It's a lazy day
Mom cooks soup
While skies are gray
We eat the food on a tray
As the seasons change
The leaves change from green to orange
Thunder claps
Water gets trapped
Hot chocolate seems like a plan.
Not a fan of the cold
You know what I mean
Chicken wing

The rain drenches my clothes
The hail hits my head
While the lightning strikes me away
Do you catch my drift woahhh woahhh
Do you know my flow my local snow.
Pumpkin pie is amazing
I love hearing the ding when it's done baking.

Untitled

ANONYMOUS

When it rains in LA
It's a lazy day
Mom cooks soup

Rain hitting against the kitchen window
While the big, gray clouds roll by

Putting my music on shuffle
Drinking a warm cup of tea

Pumpkin pie half-eaten
Leaves rustling around outside
Lightning flashes in the distance

The sound is frightening, my baby
Sister starts crying

Thunder is roaring
The lights go out
Scented candles fill the air

Vanilla fills the air while the tiny flames dance around
Lightning and thunder comes closer, rain pouring down

My body fills
With chills while
I stay near the chimney
Myself, wrapped up in a blanket
Feeling at peace, surrounded by warmth

Sounds drown out
Fire crackles
Watching the flames dance.

Untitled

ANONYMOUS

When it rains in LA
It's a lazy day
Mom cooks soup
The skies all turn to gray
& the sound of thunder fills the silence
When it rains in LA
Children sip on hot chocolate
They hide from the rain
The lightning strikes and turns everything white
And the water droplets calm me at night
When it rains in LA
The thunder crashes with might
My mom makes tamales and I enjoy every bite
When it rains in LA
Finally, the sun comes to play
And a beautiful rainbow will give way.
But the leaves still decay in a peculiar way.

Untitled

ANONYMOUS

- When it rains in LA
- It's a lazy day
- Mom cooks soup
- We are trapped indoors

- Trapped in a prison like home
- All because of the rain
- It continues to fall like my grades this semester
- Facts Facts Facts

- Oh how I wish for sun rays

- All because of the rain
- This gloomy depressing rain
- I want hot chocolate
- But there is none so let me peel my orange
- Wet socks they're the worst
- It's annoying as my bladder is about to burst
- All because of the rain
- Cover yourself from the clear rain
- With a purple umbrella
- As hail falls it
- Sounds like trrrrruuuuummmmm...
- The sound it puts me to
- Sleep.
- Drip Drip Drip.

Rain in L.A.

AXEL SILVA

Rain in LA is traffic. Rain is like snow it's rare to us. Our weather is weird.

JUAN ROSAS

Rain in LA is the smell of
wet dirt. Rain in LA is a
warm chocolate Abuelita

Rain is perfect for riding
bikes and feeling water droplets
hit your face!

BRIZA LOPEZ & JESSICA ARAGON

Rain in LA is disturbing for some people

The food that tastes best in the rain is pozole, caldo de pollo

The rain is perfect for movie night, sleeping

We would want to talk to our friends in the rain

LESLEY TZINTUN

Rain in LA is a rare thing in Los Angeles it only rains during winter & spring. When it rains there is a lot of traffic.

JOE ALCAZAR

Rain in LA is a really rare thing. Sometimes only raining two-three times a year. This would cause people to really like the rain because it is so rare.

STEVE CHAVEZ

Rain is water falling from the sky. It's like snow to L.A. Rain is so random. Rain is dangerous. Rain waters the plants.

ASHLEY RAMIREZ & JOSELYN SANDOVAL

People get excited when
they see rain.

EMILY SAMANE

Rain in LA is different. At times is raining very hard and 30 seconds later it stops then starts to sprinkle.

Rain in LA is like no other.
It has many changes. One minute
it can rain extremely hard and
the next it would be sunny. The LA
weather is so weird. Giant puddles
form and then the next day it's
gone. The rain may change your
mood. For example you can be
inside vibin to your
music, layered in many
blankets while someone else
is stuck in the rain
with traffic you're late
for work and everyone
is honking at them.

MAXX DYLAN & VELA ZAINEZ

Mess the food
Hot chocolate
Sleeping

PEDRO VARGAS & JADE RAMIREZ

- Hair gets ruined and fuzzy
- Driving to places takes more time
- Getting wet while walking in the rain & accident
- Wants to talk to family or friends when it's raining
- Eating caldo de res or pozole

It's like snow falling from the
sky. Lots of flooding in the
streets. Lots of traffic in Downtown LA.
People in suits running
to cars as fast as possible.
Kids jumping in the puddles. Rain
overall is strange in LA and
also very dark especially when
the fog comes down it feels like
a scary movie.

CRISTIAN AVALOS

When it rains in L.A.
The best food that tastes good
in the raining weather is soup. A
good drink that fits in a
rainy weather is hot chocolate. Rain
is perfect for Mother Nature. Things
that get me ruined is clothing, electronics.
What takes me time when it
rains is getting to school. What
makes me freak out when it rains
Is slipping.

JOSELYN SANDOVAL

What they talk about are
that how good is it, and how
it helps move the Earth.
It tells us how it improve
everything around the earth.

GABRIELA TORREBLANCA

- Hot chocolate
- Warm food
- The environment
- Shoes, clothes, hair
- Going out in traffic

HENRY MARTINEZ

Rain in L.A. is kinda rare sometimes it can last
a few minutes or it can last for hours. When it
rains it can drizzle or rain so hard that
I can hear from the top of the roof.

Cheremoya Avenue Elementary School

Host Teachers

Wende Mintz (Fall 2019) & Staci Coller (Spring 2020)

Instructing Poet

Heather Wells Peterson

Money Talks

CHRISTIAN ZALDANA EDMISIO

I woke up one day
and all I hear is "Let
me in. It's cold in here no coins
please." I was scared because
I thought someone was in my
house but I turned over and
a dollar bill is there, and it
said, "Hi." I replied "Hiii?"
The dollar said, "Do you have
grease or cockroaches?" I said
"What?" It said, "COCKROACHES
ARE YOU DEAF!!" Hey don't
be- "NO. Listen. Give me
something to eat!!" So I
went to an undisclosed location
Area 51 *cough, cough* and got
a special cockroach ("radioactive")
and the money got gigantic
and I went to the dollar tree.

P.S. The government
tracked me down and put
me in federal prison.

What is Joy

Sophie T. Mayen

WHAT
IS
JOY

Is it like laying on a
fluffy cloud or is it
as yummy as your
favorite meal?

Does it smell like
cookies in an oven?

Or is it as
bright as the
sun? Or maybe it's
just like feeling so
much happiness that
it makes you explode.

Lonely Orphan Child

SOPHIA ELENA FAGAMI

Waking up and remembering, I'm in
bed in an orphanage, and did a cringy
frown. I felt like as if I had a life as a
homeless dog, waiting for someone to pick me
up and comfort me. Windows have icicles,
and I feel like a piece of meat rotting in
a freezer. I'm waiting to find a dream
but it's only festered in a second. I hope
someday I can even think about my dream
coming true; a loving family.

Just a Reminder . . .

SCARLETT GARCIA

Melody has to give you
food.
I don't want to hear you cry.
It sounds like an airplane.
I'll play with you.
But eat first.
Please don't cry,
It sounds like an
airplane. Don't fight! You
will get hurt really bad!
You guys need
to shower! You
guys smell bad.
Don't attack Melody and
I. We can get hurt bad.
I love you!

Anger (Emotions)

ALEJANDRE LARA

Es enojo cuando algo no te parece
O por algo que sucedió allí.

It is anger happens when something
Does not seem to you or because
Of something that happened there.

Put Your Money Where Your Mouth IS

GABRIEL AVILA

If you put money\$\$ in your mouth, you . . .

You will get an infection in your mouth.

Your breath will stink

Your teeth will turn green like an avocado.

Money tastes like paper, and salty like coins.

By the way never EVER put money in your mouth, OK? OK.

Untitled

SARAI ABRAMS

The smell of my mom cooking is the taste, ice cream is the sight, or a baby soft skin when you rub it, is the touch of a clouds fluff is the coldness of the fridge. When I woke up the next morning, I tiptoed into the kitchen. I almost slipped but thank God I didn't. I smell the ice cream my mom brought me and my sister. I open the fridge and pick up the wrong one; tasted it but it was nasty. So I killed it. Sorry not sorry.

P.S. It was good with whip cream.

Go Away

AUDREY EKERT

I do not like the games you play,
I do not like the things you say,
I do not like the way you write,
Or the pathetic way you try to fight.
Whenever you say, "Well, you tell me that
every day." I'll always respond the same
old way. "Whatever," then I'll walk away.
"I do not like the way you dress."
Well, you're not any better!
"I do not like the way you speak!"
I know you told me in your letter.
You then ask sarcastically, "So what
did you want to say?"
2 words: GO AWAY!

Tacos with Carne Asada

WALTER PEREZ

I smell tacos with carne asada. But
it tastes really good when I touch it burn
me I heard music from the mariachis
band I saw a gorilla in a house.

LAS VEGAS

IXCHEL MONTEJO

One day my family and I
went to Las Vegas for three days. The
day I came back my mom put on
the tv and the news said that there
was a shooting I was so glad that
my family was not in Las Vegas.
But I don't feel safe now everytime
I'm at Vegas but the LAPD got
the man that were shooting at Vegas.

Break a Leg

OMAR MARTINEZ

Break a leg if someone who doesn't
understand what it means and actually
and blame it on you and the pain
will get worse and when you tell it
to them next time they won't
break a leg.

Rewriting

Z'A'MIR WILLIAMS

I'm really good at playing handball.
I like playing it because it keeps
My mind off things and is so fun
To play. It just keeps your day going.
I always beat everybody because
I'm the best handball player.
Like I was saying, it makes you
feel good about yourself.
Because that's what I enjoy to do.

Teletubbies

CHELSEA SOTO

Teletubbies are really creepy.
They are monkey looking aliens.
Their sound or language is
weird also. They talk in a
alien way that's why I assume.
I'm not sure what a teletubbies
smells like but I think
they smell like sweat. I think
their soft for some reason?
Ew . . . Why would you eat a
Teletubbies.

P.S. Have you seen the sun baby? She's creepy.

To Whom It May Concern

EVIN RULLY REYES

this is just to say,
yesterday I saw a glazed donut with
chocolate sprinkles on it and I ate it
I also saw a chocolate milk and drink it
with the donut, I truly am sorry.

What is Ecstasy

ELLA BEDROSIAN

What is ecstasy?
Ecstasy is like
jumping one mile
and yelling yaay!

It's like being
on top of the world.
Ecstasy feels like the
bright and joyful
Sun is shining on
you.

Ecstasy is like the
time to open your
presents on Christmas
Eve. Being ecstasy is
happiest person in
the world.

HAPPINess

DANNA GARCIA

What is happiness . . . ?
Happiness is like when
kids have b-day parties or
when teenagers get the new
iPhones or when they get
clothes, shoes, as if all that
stuff is important to
them like BRUH!!!

Untitled

VALERIA CARDONA

I can smell my dog. She
smells like a clean dog and
when she is next to me
she gives me love and when
she is by my mom she hates
her and when she plays
with her toy she has
fun and sometimes she
brings her toy to me.

Untitled

ALICIA ALCARAZ

This is just to say,
That I saw a stalker
sight down me yesterday.

I heard sound that
was like a kid about
To die.

I smelled rotten
meat, I could touch
the danger, I tasted
the smoke.

What is happiness?

ALEKSANDRA TSCESHKOVSKA

Is it popping out like
a firework in a sky.
Or is it too quick like
comets that go by.
Is it like honey in a jar,
or is it like the moon from
Earth, is it far?
Is your happiness breaking quickly
like a rotten nail that was
in water for too long,
or is it forever like
the mail from your love?

What is Death?

PHOEBE BONOWICZ

Is it a void?
Like space
Or like the
Sky?
Or a mass of
heat, like the sun?
Or the same as life?
With cities and schools?
Or like winter?
For the leaves of trees,
coming back again and again?

Untitled

SOPHIA MORAN

I came home from school and my
homework was a piece of cake.
So when it was time for my home-
work, I took out a fork and a napkin.
I chomped it down like a hungry bear.
The sugary goodness convinced me
for another bite. This time it tasted
like the kind of chemicals they put in
paper. YUCK!

French Fries

MADILYN DRODDY

I've seen the parsley
and crisp on french fries.

I've heard the
sizzle on the pan
when cooking french fries.

I've smelled my mom
making delicious french fries
in the kitchen.

I've touched the bumps
of salt on french fries

I've tasted the salt, the
parsley, and the crispy part
of french fries.

Night Sky

DIANA HOVHANNISYAN

In the night sky . . .
as the animals run and fly . . .
wolves that howl,
Not like a growl.
As the stars shine bright . . .
by the owl's flight . . .
no one in sight . . .
hold tight and say good night.

What is Sadness?

KIMBERLY LUNA TOLEDO

Is sadness cold like the ocean?
Or is it hot like the hot sand?
Is it loneliness?
Or happiness?
Does it bark like a dog as it's running for
it's food?
Or like a cat as it is meowing at
that mouse in it's house?
Does this feeling mean anything or
does this feeling mean nothing?
Well I think it means sad
like a sad rain cloud.

Untitled

MANE FRANGULYAN

I like to do sketches with pencils.
I do those sketches because
I can be hopeful with how my
gray swiggly art with a yellow
pencil will turn out.
I mostly like drawing people with
weird bodies and their squared and
rectangle bodies.
Sketching for me is like a whole
new universe of creative art. The world
is kinda scary with my weird people drawings
but other than that,
it is AMAZING!!

In a Pickle

EDUARDO GUTIERREZ

I was in a pickle when
my friends ask me to be their partner.
I was in a pickle when my 2
best friends were at my house.
I was in a pickle when I was
board and grounded.
I was in a pickle when six people
wanted to play Fortnite with me.
I was in a pickle when I broke
all my bones.

What is anger?

APRIL FLAMENCO

Anger is like an exploding
volcano.

Anger is the color red.

Red is like fire.

When I feel anger, I feel

like screaming.

anger is like the Cowboys losing
a game.

Untitled

VICTORIA ELIZACARRARAZ

What is Joy
is it like the ocean?
or as blue as the sky?

Dreams

UNKNOWN BR

Part 1

You're in your PJs and ready for bed.
You suddenly have this feeling to let go &
Just close your eyes.

You're asleep now and have fallen right into
your nightmare/dream. You wake up, but you're
still in your dream. You may come across
something that you fear. Something that's
real but, you really wish it wasn't.

Part 2

You walk to the bathrooms, lift
up the toilet seat and . . . a toilet
full of human fingers, moving.
You run right to the door, yet
you slam it. You eventually pack
your emergency supplies and come
running out the door to the nearest
police station. You have arrived
at your destination, The Police Station.
It seems as if no one is there at
this moment. You enter the station
having an anxious feeling in your gut.
Your conscience tells you that you
probably want to get out of there.
But then again, does your conscience always
control you? Or, do you control
your conscience? That's only for
you to answer. . . .

The Airplane

LEOPOLDE GAGTO

Boarding you say goodbye to the world your hustling along with your fellow passengers going up and down the isle looking for a spot for your bag and for your seat. Once your in your seat and your luggage is stowed, you bend over your fellow passenger that happens to be sleeping, you have never seen him before! You look out the window and see a large building, busy cars, and other air crafts lazily moving around and miles of

tarmac roads. Unoccupied, you wait. The gentle ripple of people passing by, looking as you were doing only moments before, looking for their place and a place for their bags, the people passing slowly become less and less until there is a sound of an airlock door closing and an announcement that all passengers have boarded and you are all about to take off then a flight attendant goes to the front of your section and started the safety demonstration you do not listen because you have heard it many times before and know it by heart. You let your mind drift off beyond your fellow passenger beyond the window beyond the miles of tarmac into the deepest levels of the universe - then the end of the announcement and to the faint sound of the humming of the torpines starting—the sound of people locking their belts and adjusting themselves in their seats as it becomes darker and darker outside . . . A few announcements then the plan starts moving along runways slowly at first, you could even hear each creek and squeak of the great aircraft

if you listen closely enough, then the sound of the engines gets louder and louder and the airplane goes faster and faster till the entire airplane starts vibrating strongly and the front starts getting more and more off the ground till the whole thing is off the ground and heading up till everything becomes smaller and smaller as everything fades away and you go above the clouds and all worries fade away as the soft sounds because silent and the lights get lower. Day outside becomes night. Your eyes slowly closed and you drift off to sleep. Louder sounds wake you up, you yawn and stretch slowly becoming more aware of your surroundings is Day, the lights have become brighter

again, and there is an announcement from the captain that you will be landing soon. The aircraft slowly descends beneath the clouds as everything outside becomes bigger and bigger till you can see the airport, other planes, and finally the runway. The airplane finally hits the ground and shudders strongly as the aircraft slows down to a stop, the seatbelt sign turns off; there is the soft sound of people unbuckling their seat belts and get their luggage and get up to go to the door of the aircraft opens, people slowly walk out as all the outside sounds become clearer and then you get to the building of the airport, step inside, take a deep breath and head off toward whatever's next.

Untitled

ETHAN SARMIENTO

On a cold windy
afternoon, a lovely smell comes to
the room. You're laying in your bed
curled up with your blankets.

My life as a ball.

LONDON BOYER

I'm a ball and I
can't do anything about
that. People use me to
dodge, catch, throw, and roll around.
Sometimes I get lost or popped
but I do not care because I am a ball.

Untitled

BLAZE RUSCONI

Strength is a tree planted in the ground
roots stretching deep under every town
growing so high into the sky
but small at the very same time.
Tall, lifelike, muscular, and true
those are trees.
Wonderful like you

My Life as a Pencil

ELIZA WALKER

If I was a pencil, the only 3 things I'd do:
be sharpened, lie flat, and be used.
If I was a pencil, I'd be the most stylish of them all.
I would have snowflakes and beautiful pastel colors.
But, in the night, I'd wander off and color on books.
Somebody would get blamed in the morning.
When I got too small to be used, *plop*
Into the trash can

Mornings

SOPHIA

Mornings, mornings,
those grumpy mornings.
Rolling away on the side of the bed.
Now I wake up so grumpy.

Lemons

KENZIE

Lemons are sour
I eat them by the hour
they have a lot of power
I love you because you're sour.

Life

JOHN

Life is a line that ends sadly

Life is for everyone

from kids to adults

Life has sad things, happy things, scary things, and angry things too.

I love life

Moon

LILLIAN GARCIA

Moon is loneliness.
For in the sky
he stands alone
without a friend in sight.
He still feels scared, but does his job.
But as loneliness washes over,
the Moon forgets it all

Cloud

LUCIE

Sometimes I look
out in the blue sky
what is that white
thing floating by.

It is a cloud
fluffy and
white
That shapes many
different kinds but
I don't know why.

Some are wide, some are tall
some are skinny, some are small.
It's like a dog so, so fluffy.
It's like a pillow so, so fuzzy.

Break a Leg

OMAR ASEVES

A boy said
to me “break a leg” an
I was like, “you crazy dude
I’m not breaking my leg you
break yours.” So I tried
not to break my leg and
I was very careful. After
a while the boy said,
“it was a idiom, it means good luck.”
Then I said, “ohhh, thank you.”

My life as an avocado

ELIZABETH ALIMAZYON

If I was
an avocado I would be in lots
of salads and guacamole I
would be dipped by tortilla chips. I
love guacamole. And I'm pretty
sure you do too. I'm an avocado, I
am green I have a big seed
and I'm seen.

My Life as a Dragon

KENNEDY BOYER

If I was a dragon, I would probably eat animals like: cows, pigs, fish, and more.

If I was a dragon, you wouldn't go near me because ima big **woman**.

Maybe you're afraid of me because I ate one of your friends.

I would obviously have done that on purpose 'cause ima big **woman**.

Eventually, you guys started a war called World War Dragon, but the sad thing is

You starting to fight

Which made World War 1 and 2.

Untitled

YANA N.

Give someone the
cold shoulder, ice
cold dark that
works. If you
go too far
it will leave
a stain far
away. The world
is far earth is
near cold near
if you see the
fear. The Dark
is cold but
happy weird
The weirdness
is happy.

What happens when the lights go off?

GRACE

What happens when the lights go off.
You trip on your dog
and you feed your hog
What happens when the lights go off.
You're as clumsy as a bear
and your hair got tangled there.
Or do you cuddle on a puddle
What happens when the lights go off
That happens when the lights go off.

The Poetree

FATIMA PUENTES

The poetree is white and
it shines very bright. Almost
like the sun, it is hot
and it likes to talk about
his feelings a lot. He is always
happy with kids climbing
up his branches because it
is very cold in the
village of the mysterious
maranches.

Lost Objects

ARTHUR PAPAZYAN

What happens to things you lose? Do they become a bug furricane or do they bundle up like aliens from Area 51 waiting to be found? Do they get lost in the earth or do they become an object? O they become a person? Could a lost object be writing this right now? Could you be a lost object...

Fright

ZELLA RUZCONI

Fear is a palm tree.
So high, so tall, so afraid I will fall.
The way it can sway seems like it will
break any day.

Money Talks

NAREK KIRAZYAN

If money talked, I would take it to school to help me with math. If money could talk, I would give it to people so it can say, "Give Narek change." It will always say jokes, it will always go in the vending machine and keep getting out so I could get free food. IT would buy me everything and anything I want.

Untitled

FINN

Bravery is skateboarding

Happy is a pug

Boring is a pencil

My Life as a Coyote

SHALEY DURAN

If I was a coyote, there's three things I'll eat: other animals, humans, and maybe some meat and at the full moon at night, I'll howl till midnight.

If I was a coyote, I'd be mighty and strong, I'll fight other animals until they are gone.

If I was a coyote, I'd have a pack of big ones to watch my back so I don't get scratched.

If I was a coyote, I'd climb big mountains.

I'll be so rough and tough, so there's my life as a coyote.

Goodbye Dream

ZION & ALEC

What Happens to dreams after you wake?
Do you forget them in your mind
like bad memories?
or do the become reality
like the time I got on TV?
Do they end up in poems
like Martin Luther King Jr's?
After you wake maybe dreams turn into brainstorm
like when you get a headache, but can
think of new things like smoke, charcoal,
fire, clouds, water, and cotton candy or dreams can help you get a new job
or inspire you to write something.
Sometimes dreams fly away when you wake
but then I would just go back to sleep
say "goodbye little dream" and go back
to sleep.

My Poem

SYDNI SEGOVIA

Happiness is like a puppy
Always like a bundle of joy.
Like something you can snuggle
and cuddle.

Deep Down

ELENA PAYTON

Deep down underground what
goes around? Does he know? Does
she know? I'll ask the whole town!
I'll ask the whole town what goes around
deep down underground.

Penguins

ARMAN YEPREMYAN

Penguis are happiness,
the only swimmers
who dive like a person
and eat like a seagull.

All you can hear
just a couple splashes,
nothing like fear,
but that one flash.

My Life as a Sonic

AMIRE

I eat chili dogs. I run
fast. I have spiky hair.
I make money
doing good. I fight bad
guys.

Little Tree

MAX RENE

little tree little tree why do you
grow witout me little tree
little tree why do you grow
constanly little tree little tree
the wind blows without me
little tree little tree how I love you
little tree every day gains a new height I love you
little tree

Culver Park
Continuation High School

Host Teacher

Marc Ketchem (Fall 2019 & Spring 2020)

Poet Instructor

Verónica Reyes

Happiness

NAYAN DHIR

It sucks [because,]
For a minute I was happy
For a minute I was getting better,
But in a minute i lost it all again.

Morning Poem

SERGIO FRANCO

Alarm rings.
Ring Ring to my ear.
Act like I don't hear.
Get out of bed / mom is fed up
it's late / got to get to school so
they won't close school gate

Glass of Wine

EVELYN VARGAS

Don't say a word to me. Keep your distance. No matter what you say. A drink
placed upon the
surface. Red wine. Cold hands holding the glass. Stop speaking: take a sip.
Don't face the
direction towards me. Away with you. Another sip- very tart. Stare; then
drink. Annoying music.
Another sip. Loud crowd. Another sip. Empty. Leave me be. Don't talk. I
sleep. Wine lingers still
in my mouth. You talk. Go away! Let me die in peace.

Time Left

EVELYN VARGAS

Tell what's around.
Go through the town.

See through the glass.
No one telling you time passed.

Drawn Together, a crowd.
They're small but-proud.

The flow of time guided me here.
Seeing fellow peers.

Glide in.
Bell ring.

I have arrived.

For sure

KING O.

Wake up to the light of the world in my eyes through my
 blinded curtains
Sun lines on my face
Sitting in my bed thinking I have time to waste
Drink some water
Take a shower for about an hour
Damn I'm late
I need to walk out the door
But I know today is going to be a good day
And I know that for sure

Thinking of a Poem

ANNA KAMRAN

Thinking of a poem
It's really hard to do
Thinking of a poem
I don't even have a clue

Thinking of a poem
You have to be smart
Thinking of a poem
It's gonna be a work of art

Thinking of a poem
It's a work in progress
Thinking of a poem
It's hard as learning chess

Thinking of a poem
I'd rather write a story
Thinking of a poem
I don't even have a category

Not thinking of a poem
I just gave up the thought
Not thinking of a poem

I'd rather look at a black dot.

Black and White

MASAI LEWIS

What has got you distraught when
Heaven ain't high but the level aint low
We're all pretty when we die
Prim and pale in black and white
May you prosper till you die
Prim and pale in black and white
Life can be shit right,
It can cut you with a flick knife
Twist and make you sick right
It makes me think
Maybe I'll be better off alone
So I redirect the calls from my phone
So do I need it?
Am I under control?
Can I beat it?
Cause it swallowed me whole
But I can make you feel alive
I know, but do I need you to survive?
But it's the flavor
it's the flavor you want!
Maybe so
but it feels better to check then to reflect.

Writing

ASHLEY MARQUART

I write all the time
But I struggle with poems
It is frustrating—

Anything else, fine
I can write for hours on end
Just not poems, why?

I don't understand
Why it is so hard for me
This should be easy

Love

NAINA DHIR

Hear my heart beating
I'll stay with you forever
Waiting to be found

She's

EVELYN VARGAS

Her smile is precious
Her hair flowing in the wind
She is my lover

Untitled

HAILLIE BRANDON

My love is perfect
My boyfriend is amazing
He is my everything

Eliot Arts
Magnet Academy

Host Teachers

Laura Chaparian-Robles (Fall 2019) & Fabiola Acevedo (Spring 2020)

Instructing Poet

Brittany Ackerman

You and I

ALISON DUARTE

You're the first slice of bread that nobody wants,
the loud kid in class that everyone taunts.
You're the ugly sock in the back of my drawer,
the mean old lunch lady who won't listen
when I say, "No more!"

I'm the fresh warm cookies, right out of the oven.
That nerve-wracking board game you play with your cousin.
I'm the superhero that saved the world,
that piece of hair that's perfectly curled.

I'm the sun that comes after a dark, gloomy day.
You're the person who's always in my way.

I'm the light, you're the dark.
We don't go together like trees and bark.

For the Boy Who Lives in the Woods

ZANA YUDIT GONZALEZ LOZADA

You and I are the Sun and the Moon
You are radiant
And despite all your flaws you still shine like the sun
You shine light on my darkness
For I am the Moon and I cannot see the light

I chase after you
But you are too far away to reach
While I am trapped unable to move
Frozen in Fear
You run freely like a bird flying away
You move without a care in the world.

No one can stop you
You are the blood running through my veins
I am the pollution no one wants around.
You are the fresh water that everyone wants and needs.

I am a memory that no one needs to remember
You are a memory that everyone loves.

Time is running out and
I fear that I won't get to see you
Ever again
I write this to you like a bird's final song.
Before it Dies.

Different from Each Other

FAITH GARDNER

Me and you are very different.
You are a bright sky light,
the brain of the body,
and a lantern in a dark cave
but you are not a ghost in the sky

I am the hidden treasure,
the missing puzzle piece
and a girl with a hidden side,
however, I'm not a butterfly with the bees

You can be the team's first pick
or maybe the stars on the USA's flag
but you are certainly not the murderer with a bloody axe
or that one pencil you always seem to forget
just to have it appear out of nowhere
exactly how you left it

Because you're wanted and important,
like the team leader,
But I am still see-through
like a clear glass window.

Box

DAMIEN SERRANO

It's a box

I just woke up
Could this be a hiccup?

This box couldn't be for me.

But what could it be?
It could plant a tree
but I can never see

What could open the box.

Maybe a fox
or an ox
with chicken pox
only the clock can tell

I'm getting tired so I can start this later
Snoozin'
It's a box

You and I

TREMAINE WOODLAND

I am the bed laying sleepily
in place.
I am the cold air that cools you off
in the heat.
You are the warm feeling I get
when going outside.
But you are not the creepy garden gnome.
And I'm not the enraged bear
that chases people, but neither are you.
You're the bird flying above the clouds
smiling and all.
You're the dog playing fetch having fun
I'm the cat that roams the street happily and free
I am also the art on the wall
that some admire
But you are not the falling feather
and neither am I.

Positive & Negative

EMMELINE CLOUGHERTY

You are the sticky substance on the
back of my shoe,
the thick sloshy relish that smells like goo
You are the hole on the back of my shirt
the pencil I drop and leave in the dirt
you are the shoelace that never stays tied
you are the chicken that's not properly fried
you're the wallpaper I tear away
the laptop that dies on a bright new day
you are the nutrition facts that nobody reads
the kitchen sink that just leaks and leaks.

I am the flower on the first day of spring,
the crisp white tee shirt, can you see my bling?
I am the phone 100% charged
the girl who brings cookies to her old Aunt Marge
I am the dog fresh from a bath
the one problem you understand when you do math

do what you may, you'll never compete,
for I am the one who stays on my feet.

A Message from Your D20

MILI LIVINGSTON MORENO

Your fate rests
In my hands
Even though
I rest
In yours

I am like
A Gemini
Many different sides
But not all of them
Are ones you like

You put so much trust
In me
Though in your heart
You know
That I can't hear your pleas and prayers

And I am
So sorry
That I have no control over
Who lives
Who dies
As I tumble
From your hands
I hope
Really hope
That I haven't let you down.

Your ever loyal
Yet more fickle than the colors of a chameleon
D20.

Fall Poem

KELLY CONTRERAS

Pumpkins are tasty they fit in with Fall,
You can carve them, eat them, and decorate them all,
Hot cocoa sounds good on a cold gloomy day,
While you're waiting for your snacks,
You're playing with clay.

Bubbly

NEVADA CRUZ

A bubble is
like a bird
It flies freely in the wind.
The bubble will live
a happy life.
But eventually it will end, like a
bubble bursting
beautifully.
As a bubble is made
It will just float away
just like a child, on
their first day of
school
And as the parents wave goodbye
they watch their
kid shine in the sky.
A bubble is a
star in its own way
It glistens in the
sun
while children play
Be bright, be clear,
And be pure
like a bubble

Starlight

MAYLINA BENINYA

Stars
are shimmery,
Sparkly,
Bright, Stars
give us light in
the darkness of night. They are like
fireflies, sprinkled in the sky, looking up at them
floating above us so high. By itself a star is
lonely, but gathered in the sky with all
of its buddies, they are an army.
They are like salt, scattered
in the dark, sparkling in the
atmosphere they look like a piece
of art. Some nights are clear and
You have a stunning view, others
are cloudy and the stars just can't shine through. Tip your face up to
the night sky and let
the starlight
pour over
you

Poor Pluto

DAVID PARTIDA

Just
a dwarf
planet spiraling
endlessly around the
sun all by itself out there.
It has no friends since it is
so far away from the other planets.
It just wishes it could be a part of
the solar system. Its such a small planet
and Jupiter makes fun of it for that. The
Poor planet is so cold since its so far
away from the sun. For a while it was
actually part of the solar system
and Pluto was happy. That all changed
when some mean scientists came along
and made the poor guy a dwarf planet. After that
there was little hope
in life for Pluto.
Just executed like that.
Poor Pluto.

Boom!

EMILY GONZALEZ

Boom!
You awaken to a nightmare
You wake up to your best mate's
funeral
You go back in time to that traumatic day
You hear the roar of war
Your ears ring like church bells
as bombs go off
The enemy shoots you and you
shoot back
You want to take cover within
your covers
You turn around to a warm yet
cold feeling of a hand
You are now on a bridge of which
You used to take shots on with
your mate
You hear the wind whispering your
name
You see your mate across from you drowning
You dive in the cold water
You soon are met by the cold grasp of death
You meet and greet your old
friend . . . Death
No one can truly win a war
against Death.

I > you and you > I

LEILANI BELTRAN

I am the gum,
you are the gum wrapper.

I am the trash can,
you are the trash.

I am the book,
you are the papercut.

I am the shooting star,
you are the meteor.

But even though,

You are the rainbow
to my rainy day.

The gleam of hope
at the end of my tunnel.

The angel
on my shoulder.

And the reason I want to succeed.

Peppa is Here

ANGEL AGUIRRE

Peppa is here
Peppa is there
Peppa is everywhere
Peppa loves you
Peppa loves me

Peppa is a pig
She loves her Home
Peppa is better than you
She is in every way
She is like a whistle

She fills people's hearts
Peppa is iconic
Peppa is famous
She's like a perfect human
There just one problem she's five years old

Cloud and Sky

VAIDYN CARROLL

You are the Oak tree,
It stands so tall.
You are the splash,
From a waterfall.
You are the sun at day,
But you can also be the rain.

I am the summer ice cream,
But I have a cold, deep river inside me.
I am the calm, roaring fire.
I am the inside,
Of an electrical wire.

We are like day and night,
Together we are,
The candle and the light.
I'm the cloud,
You're the sky.
Like two birds,
Watch us fly.

Music

AKARI NARIKAWA

Music is a voice
It talks to you in many tones.
Sometimes cheerful
making you want to dance
and sometimes miserable
making you want to cry

Music is a voice
that tells a story.
It could be funny
like a folk tale
or maybe creepy,
like the adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

Flowers are Words

NATALIE RACHECO

flowers are words that love coming
in the
springtime
and in beautiful nature
art

words are like flowers,
beautiful and powerful
they love being in people's garden and
love being in the sun.

some words are more
powerful
than others
like flowers in bloom and some
still closed.

So You Want to be a Rock

MARCUS HERNANDEZ

If you can sit still for hours
if you don't need food or water
then being a rock is for you.
If you're as quiet as a church mouse,
if you go plop if you were dropped in a river,
then being a rock is for you.
If you're still enough for time to pass you,
if your mouth is content with being closed,
and if you're ok with being moved whenever
then being a rock is for you.

... So You Want To Be an Illustrator?

HANNAH SKIDMORE

If you can't make your own dream up,
like plotting drawing, and making stories and comics,
don't do it.

If it takes you too long to write a storyline,
don't do it.

If you're sitting at your desk for hours, and nothing seems to spark in your
mind,
don't do it.

If you know nothing about movie making and directing,
don't do it.

But if you have ideas bursting out of your head like confetti,
do it.

If you spend all your free time animating and creating masterpieces,
do it.

If you're working so late until you just can't possibly seem to stay awake,
do it.

If you have good taste in music choice and creation,
do it.

Because in this world, everyone has talent.

You just have to believe it, go for it, and find yourself.

Sun to My Moon

CHLOE SARAULT

You are the shining sun
I am the howling moon

You are the peanut butter
to my jelly

The yin to my yang
and somehow,
somehow

we are friends
opposites in every way

but we,
we,
are friends

and no one,
will every take that
from us

because friends,
friends are forever.

My World

ISABELLA LAGUA

You are my world
You are my sunshine,
You light up my day,
When I am feeling sad,
You are special,
to me in every way,
You make me laugh,
It's fun to hang out,
with
You are unique in your,
own way,
I like it,
You & I are different.
But that is
okay,
I love you!

The Paint to my Canvas

LANI MEJIA

You are the leaves to my tree
You are the pencil to my sketch
You are also the bright light to my night
and definitely the notes
to my music

While I am the wind that blows the leaves
And the rocks in a stream of water
But I am not the battery
to my phone
In fact, you are

I am not many things, but
You are the everything
You are
The paint to my canvas

The Letter C

CASPER PYLYPCHUK

Can you imagine writing
without the letter C?
No camels, cats or cantaloupes,
It simply couldn't be.

No canoeing, no contracts,
no itch cream to ease your pain,
you could not speak facts at all,
or build things with a crane.

For dessert, you couldn't eat,
a cookie or a cake.
A hot dog without ice cream
would a bad day make.

You see, ev'rything would be bleak,
without the letter C.
While you might think otherwise,
you could not sway me.

You and Me-necraft

ELLIOT ADAMEZ

You are the cave
with the mineshaft
You are also the torch
that lights my way
through that cave

I am the diamonds
you find in the mine
shaft
That has the max
Vein of 8

I am the
hoe
because I was the
diamonds you used to
make it

Then you make
the farmland
with me the hoe
the beginning of your farm.

But you are also
the dirt that
is made
wet

So you don't
need me again

You are, I am

KYNA FRANKLIN

You're the Sun and I am the Earth
You're the Rain, I'm the plant.
You outshine the stars,
I'm the onlooker.

I'm the sun on the sidewalk,
the dust in the car,
and the crack in the screen.

You are the key to my house,
the paint to my canvas,
the stars to my windows,
and the sock to my shoe.

To you,
I'm the chair nobody sits in,
the tomato you scrape off your sandwich,
that piece of hair that will never be straight.

You are the remote to my TV,
While to you,
I'm the cloud,
that makes the sunny day blue.

Rain is Sun

CHEILI LOPEZ

Rain is
sunshine

Puddles
for children
to splash
and play

People
say sunshine
brightens the
day to me it
faints the happiness
away. Rain is what
brightens my day
even though there
isn't any sunshine.

Rain is
bright.

Rain is
coming my
way.

The Beautiful Letter B

AIYANA JIMENEZ

The best letter there is
Would be the letter B
Without a B you wouldn't have a
Best Friend
You would never bring back a blue
Balloon
Or see a beautiful blue sky
Or hangout at the beach as the
Waves roll by
You wouldn't have a brain to think
a brilliant thought
or here the bees buzz.

Without the letter B you couldn't
buy the best-selling book
and all the birds would disappear
from the sky
You wouldn't be prepared without a
back on your back
You won't try your best to get a B
on your test
The letter B is beautiful
Its better than the rest.

So You Want to Be a Song-Writer

ASHA BAILEY

You need rhythm
lyrics to go with
a beat.
Soul to go with
the bass.
The lyrics should
speak out to you like
a thunder on a stormy day.
A song without meaning
is like a home without people.
The song doesn't make
you.
You make the song.

You need dedication.
You need feelings to go with your song.
If money is what keeps you going,
quit, because that will only last so long.
So if meeting celebrities is your
Motivation,
then snap out of that little
dream of yours.
Because its that's true
then your dream was over
way before it started.

The Books are Listening

AUDREY O'LAFFERTY

They have ears
bigger than on elephants.
The pages peer back at
you
with the ferocity of a tiger.

From Austen to Bronte
they all have invisible ears
Listening to what you think of
Darcy or Heathcliff.
Trust me they know.

They even speak
in voices louder than life
But are you listening?
Can you hear them?
They can hear you.

My Home

ISABELLE GATTI-ALMENDRAS

You are my home
You are the only one of nine
You are the one that treats me right

But what?

You are treated like garbage
You will soon be taken over by water and dirt
I can make a difference
I can make mistakes like everyone else
I can make the right decision.

But it will still be too late.

My Time of Day

STELLA LISTRO

You are the burning morning sun
You are the picture on the mantle
Always the center of attention
And you are the rainbow after the worst storm.

But me.
I am the clouds that bring the rain
I am the summer heat that leaves you thirsty
And I am the fog that covers up the rainbow.

But together, we are the storm
Both clouds and rainbows.

We are forever intertwined,
Like the clock that slowly ticks on by.
We are the beautiful midnight sky.

I may cover the moon but you help me
Bring out the light again.

You are my light and in some way I am yours.

I love you.

So You Wanna Start a Forest Fire

MANU KUMAR

When you start a fire
everything burns in sight
trees and trash alike

The fish are smoking
and animals are trapped in trees
bunnies burrowing underground
and birds falling from the sky

In the afternoon the smoke turns pink
brightening up the sky for everyone to see
it might smell bad but maybe perfect for
you

As the years go new plants start to grow
kinda like snow
animals start to come back
as life grows greener
making the atmosphere cleaner

Light and Dark

BOBBY ATILANO

You are the brightest part of my day.
Its like I'm the darkness,
that needs you,
the light.
You are the darkness,
and I'm not the light.
But maybe to you,
it's the other way around.

Meeting you was the best thing that's ever happened to me.
When I'm sad,
you always make me happy.
Your smile and laugh,
always makes me smile and laugh.
Unlike you,
I'm not very creative.
This in itself,
isn't creative.
But know,
I always try my hardest.

Thank you.
For everything.

The lights in my day

BLANCA MARTINEZ

You are the light in my day
the light after the dark
you are the happiness in my life
you're the rainbow after the storm
the sunshine in the sky

You're the life in my soul
You're the bird flying freely
flapping it's wings and flying away
me flying away behind you trying to reach you

It might be possible that
You are the sun
I am the moon
but even someday they see each other in the sky.

So You Wanna Be the Letter T?

TOBIAS MITCHELL

If your name does not start with T
Don't do it
If you are small
brain
Don't do it
The letter T is
a noble letter
The letter T is the
best letter

If you are not a noble
human
don't do it
If you're not
the best don't do it

The only way
to become the letter
T
is to take over the world
If you're not going to take
over the world don't do it
If you can't T'pose for the rest of time
don't do it
just don't do it

UNTITLED

CECI GALLUP

Without the letter W, life would
trouble you.

You wouldn't be able to witness
wonderful use of certain words.

What? When? Or who? Would not be questioned.

We would not decide whether we like the weather today.

Without the letter W Alice wouldn't have gotten to wonderland.

The weird tale of Willy Wonka would vanish...

Life would
be wack
without W!

Leilani

GUADALUPE MORALES

You are the funny one, and
I am the non-funny one

You're the cookie, and
I am the cookie box

I am the night sky, and
You're the stars

You're the sun shining

You're also the sweet
jam on my toast

You're my best friend!
So You Want To Be A Store Manager?
Alex Barajas

So you want to be a Store Manager
If it doesn't sound exciting
Don't do it

If you don't want to walk for
8 hours straight
Don't do it

If you don't like paperwork
Don't do it

The Letter B

VALENTINA HUIZAR

The color blue is boisterous
Ocean would be bland and the sky
Would always be grey. The world
Would be lost. Never again would take a picture
By the sea, order a blueberry pie, or a
Boysenberry icecream swirl. Never again go to the
Aquarium, nor the pool. Never to have blue hair, or blue hoops.
We should appreciate blue, we need it more than glue.

Untitled

LEILA JOHNSON

The night,
The night is cold,
the moon shines bright,
the colorful blue sky,
has a beautiful hue

The stars shine like gold,
the wind howls at night,
the awoken animals cry,
and the night is a gorgeous blue

Untitled

HECTOR GONZALEZ

Me and my friend's
ride down with skateboards
but some ride scooters
we see a lot of flowers
and a lot of green
me and the other friend's are the first ones down
the others come down with a frown
we go fast sometimes
we fall down
but we get back up
and continue our route.

So You Want To Become A Therapist?

NAIYA GRAHAM

if it doesn't seem exciting
then don't do it
Unless you give it
your all, don't do it
if you don't like
helping people, don't do it
Unless you know
how to understand
people, then don't do it
if you're only doing it for money
don't do it.
if you're not
patient with people,
don't do it.
Unless it truly
makes you happy
don't do it.

Untitled

ESMERALDA GONZALEZ

The morning's first golden flower
Only stayed for an hour
Turned green at dawn
Never seen again
It was gone

Untitled

AZURE NALINA LOEFFEN

Good Bye
It's dawn and
The wind is blowing
The gold sun is glowing
As it says goodbye
The sky turns from pink
to Purple to Dark blue sky
Leaves fall from trees as
the peaceful night wind
gushes past and says
good bye
The lovely green life
we call nature calms
down for the Night
Good Bye

Untitled

CAMILA LOPEZ

The fields are as green
as the leaves on the trees,
flowers to pick with ease,
as dawn goes down to day
As well do the days.

Squares

MARK LYTLE

Squares Are Kool		Squares Are Mini		Squares Are Big
	Squares Taste Good		I like Squares	
Squares Are Weird		Squares Are Small		Squares Are Friendly

The Letter “G”

GRACIELA MALDONADO

My name is Grace
and I'm great.
In 100 years
I'll have a grace.
My government is gross.
He has a lot of gold.
In my smashed potatoes
I put gravy.

My Poem

JONATHAN MORALES

I like animals of nature

I like the feeling of flower

when my feet sank

I like the sunset at

the end of the day.

If pancakes could talk!

JAZIYAIH JOHNSON

Don't eat me
with syrup!
I soun't want to be sticky

I'm filled with batter
and tasty, but I don't long to be a dish
I dislike butter and it makes me sick

I deserve to be a shining star in
the sky

looking in the distance of a pretty
space!

Don't eat me!
Go eat cake.

Eden My Home

CHELSEA BALBUENA

The time has come.
So beautiful in gold.
Where the flower begins to glow.
We're here from dusk to dawn.
This is Eden my home.
The sun begins to rise.
Oh, it's daytime.

Pickles

JARRICK CLEMONS

Poem
this poem
that I wrote

something to get off my back

Pickles are good
pickles are great
you should eat one every day

Untitled

AMERIE IRIS BUGARIN

It's warm as a blanket
and bright as the
sun

When it's cold at night
it will make you
feel warm inside

Untitled

EDDIE RAMIREZ

Nature's first green is
gold. Hardest hue to
hold. Her early four
leaf but only an hour
to find. The four leaf
in a field of green
grass. So dawn goes
down to day. Her luck
will never be the same.

I want to be a boxer

JOSE NUÑEZ

When I grow up I
want to be a
boxer.

As a boxer you have
to be dedicated
always giving 100 percent.
If you don't think
you do—don't. If
you're gonna cheat
yourself, don't
do it.

If you're not
committed to it,
it's not for
you.

If you know you're
not gonna quit, you'll
give 100% maybe
it's for you.

Untitled

LUNA RIVAS

Wearing that gold crown,
made her wither down,
with day by day going by,
hour by hour passing thru,
power lost to the unknown,
nothing could hold it up.
Everything at that moment
sank to grief.

What a burden knowing
one mistake could lead to ruins, and sadness,
even the garden of flowers
feel the grief; they've
withered down and became
the garden of thorns.

Letter P

JADE RODRIGUEZ

The poop on the floor
Stinky and gross
She post on the host the most
She got is this
Misty smell from
The poppy on the floor

I have a cat

ADAN LUCAS

I have a cat that lives on a mat

I have a cat that runs on a track

I have a cat that lays on my lap

I have a cat that fights with my rat if you can smack it on its back.

Pacoima
Charter Elementary School

Host Teachers

Andrea Maldonado (Fall 2019) & Talar Samuelian (Spring 2020)

Instructor Poet

Ricardo Means Ybarra

Don't Judge People by Their Cover

ABRAHAM MONTES

Under my bed was a
Demon with eyes of flame
It would follow me wherever I go
It would stalk me
It made me very uncomfortable
Then it decided to make a move
It jumped right in front of me
I was scared out my soul
Then I realized it just wanted to be friends
Then I never judged it again
Then I woke up and realized it was just
A dream or was it!?

The Big Run

NATALIA GUTIERREZ

Under my bed is a chocolate bar it looked so good that I did not want to eat it right away I fell to sleep one night and I started to dream about the chocolate bar it was chasing me down a hill, I was trying to run but then I remembered how good it looks so I opened my mouth and I let the chocolate bar run into my mouth it was super good and I was happy because I got to taste it without really eating it but when I woke up I realized that I was really eating it, I said to myself, 'no wonder it felt so real'

Mom

FRIDA ZAMORANO

I love my mom's cooking.
My mom is nice
She buys me ice cream.
My mom gives money
To help others in need
My mom makes me laugh
She is funny
My mom likes wearing makeup.

MOM

KENETH BARRIOS

My mom is brave
She has been through a lot
She is smart
She helps me with my homework
She is so helpful
She gets my things for school
She is a superhero
She is my mom

I Got Chased

RUBEN MONTOKA

One day I got chased by my dog
It was fast and caught up to me and tried to bite me
It was scary and ran but then I trip by a rock
It was just another dream
I went out and saw him again
It was just a dream I said to myself
I let him bite me and I screamed
It was not a dream this time and It hurt bad
I am never going to do that If that ever happens again

My Worst Nightmare

GISELLE GONZALEZ

One night robbers came in my house
They were trying to steal my couches
But they were too heavy
So they left them there
And they stole everything else
They went upstairs
And tried to kidnap us too
But they didn't because
I kicked them away

No Friends

ANDRES AVENDANO

We go to war we go to place
We win or we lose
In a game posted to our family
We get to know each other
We practiced in the rain and the sun
We go through spiky needles
We go to placed
We carry food and medicine
We tell time different

Chocolate and Vanilla Heaven

JAZMIN ALONDRA RODRIGUEZ

I had a dream that me, Mrs. Maldonado, and Ms. Mirabella woke
up in chocolate and vanilla
world and me and Mrs. Maldonado went to the chocolate side
and Ms. Mirabella went to the vanilla side
and then we felt the ground shake it felt like an earthquake
but to me it felt like a wonderful dream
Mrs. Maldonado slept on a piece of chocolate cake
and Ms. Mirabella slept on a piece of vanilla cake
and I slept on vanilla and chocolate cake we
were eating it and when we ate it all we woke up
and noticed it was all just a dream

The White Room

JAYDEN RUBALCAVA

Imagine you're in a room
With no doors
no windows the only color
In the room is white
You only have one way out
And if you don't you
Would die there's water coming
From the floor what would
You do the water rising
You're freaking out you
Died But you woke up the next
And started freaking out I'm alive

Advice from a Friendly Dolphin

BRICEYDA MACIAS

I am an animal
I am gray
I like to flip in the water
I live in the ocean
I have a family
I can eat different animals
But I am friendly to people
I also like to play with people

IT 2017

JUAN VEGA

One day I was getting chased by IT the clown because
I went to a sewer and tried to get my boat
He said you'll FLOAT TOO i screamed and ran away
He bit me and I was bleeding on my hand
He sucked me into the sewer
There were kids laughing
Then it got them and put them in water
With a lot of Mask

My Friend

DAILYN HERNANDEZ

Maria is My friend
We play together
Running fast
Playing tag
Eating yummy food
we like cereal
Watching cartoons
Princess shows are our
Favorite

Sticky Mess

JONATHAN CANCINO

I am sticky but
I am fun to
Play with but
Don't get me
On your clothes
Because I am
Messy, also don't
eat me!

Advice from a Pizza

KAYLEE SANTIAGO

If you deliver me i may be cold or warm.
I may burn ur mouth, I have toppings on me.
Be careful not to burn your hands when you touch me,
I have lots of cheese on me and a lot of sauce.
Do not waste me all because i do not want to end
up in your mouth and burn you also please do not
throw me in the garbage or the pool because i can easily
drown in the water

Advice from a Cat

CAMILA DIAZ

I like to purr
My favorite food is fish
I like playing with yarn dolls
I can be cute
Shower time is my favorite
But not all cats like it
I like to be nice
I like to be happy

Crazy Day
DAVID RAMIREZ

One day I got chased by a kangaroo
and I pushed it away from me
but the kangaroo got mad
I ran and the kangaroo jumped
and kicked my leg I fell down
and did a backflip
I landed like Spider Man
I ran again and it thought I was playing
I got home to call animal control
and everything got back to normal

Getting Eaten Alive

JOHNNY LOPEZ

One day I got chased
by a whale and I thought
I was going to die The whale
sucked me inside its mouth
and I was getting eaten alive
I was still alive when it swallowed
me down and it was hard to breath
and I was getting suffocated inside
a whale when I got to the bottom of
the whale it was full of clean water
to drink and I was only there until I
was popped out.

Candy Land

JESUS PALAFOX

I had a dream that one day
 I was eating so much candy
 that I knocked out then I
Woke up in candy land I was eating
 So much chocolate and vanilla but my
 friend said I was eating so much
 Chocolate he got knocked out too but
Our other friends slapped us then we
 woke up and my friend and I were sad

One More Star

KARELY MEDINA

One day I Got chased by a wolf I climbed a tree to my
Family but the branch fell off. I Woke up and saw a mouse
It told me hi and ran off. and I stood there in silence
Not moving or talking it was raining waiting
For my next life to come there I will be with the stars

A Scary Marine

NELSON

ONE Day I got chased by a marine he chases me for being bad. A soldier car ran me over.

And I ended up at the hospital when they released me a lot of soldiers were surrounding me

Then when I felt something grabbing me I woke up and one of my friends splash me with

Water and said "Surprise! Happy birthday!!!"

The Craze

JAVIER GALLO

I had a dream that furniture
Was talking to me I was
freaking out so much something
Came out behind me it was
A black hole and I fell and
I was outside my house and
Someone was impersonating me
And I suddenly woke up
Scared for my life

A Big DREAM

CHRISTOPHER MIRANDA

I have a dream that
One day I was getting
Chased by a bar he
Was chasing me
Because I had food
I ran so fast that
I fell on something
The bar stopped
And ate all the food
That I had I was
So scared that I did
Not even look back when
I got up and I left everything
There that when I ran
I felt that I was
Going to pass out
But I made it.

Charge the World

JONATHAN S. ARIAS

If I was in charge of the cruel world
I would take down the helpless border
and school will be for one-hour long.
Also, there will be no homework for 3 days
Mrs. Samuelian will get all the coffee she wants
and the students will get coffee, too!

The Leaders of Boys

PENELOPE ARREOLA

If I was the leader of boys
I'll tell them to stop saying bad words.
Girls are tired of cleaning every day.
SO, I will tell them
to be the home cleaners.
If boys say no
they are going to get it.
Boys have to wear an apron
when they clean and cook.
Girls always work every day.
Now the boys have to work every day.
Don't mess this up, boys.
This is your life for now.
If they don't work
they have to pay all the bills.
SO GET OUT BOYS!

Rapunzel

TATIANNA CASTILLO

Once upon a time there
was a girl who lived in a
tower a prince was at a tall
tower she let down her long hair and
she said get out of here
rat and she let go then he fell
and ran from the tower
then she ate a lot of snacks
and after she drooled
from eating too much
snacks.

Advice from a Car

JAZELL COBIEYA

I NEVER like to be alone but
I like to be on the go but
I DON'T LIKE bird poop on me
and when I get tired then you
will give me some juice and then
I am all ready to go with
you wherever you want.

If I Could Change the World

FRANCISCO CRUZ

If I could change the world
I will give free tacos every day
Stop Donald Trump
from being president
I will stop World War III
And make Bloomberg president
Make shave ice when
you go to the snow.
Stop every robber and kidnapper
from stealing and hurting
because that is not okay
to do to people.

Advice from Rubber

JACK GARCIA

Hey you! I'm talking to you!
I may be a piece of rubber,
but I got a few words for you.
You can stretch me
but don't rip me.
You can bounce me
but don't throw me.
I'm not a TV screen breaker.
Use me as a basketball
and play like the Lakers.
So this is my advice
and if you don't take it.
Seriously, I'll rip you
and throw you
Just like when you do it to me.

My Best Friend

MARITZA GONZALEZ

My bestie is nice
She has dark brown hair
Dark brown eyes
She is pretty, in my opinion
She's friendly to people
She shares things with friends
We talk to each other at the cafeteria
She is loyal to me
And I love her as a sister.

Advice from a Daisy

JAZMIN GONZALEZ CASAS

You rip me apart.
You plant me outside on the greenest grass.
You ask me a question about your crush.
You take off my petals one by one.
Singing, "he/she likes me or not."
REMEMBER
a daisy is always right about crushes
Do not doubt me.
BUT BE CAREFUL
don't step on me
or I'll be crushed.

If I Were in Charge of the World

ISAIAH HUERTA

If I was in charge of the world
I would take the border down
Lock up all the criminals
So we can be happy and safe
I will open the doors to immigration
and we will live
for ever
and there will be no pain
Or hunger
no cavities either
And I will ban cigarettes
and stop pollution
Make the cops nicer
than they are now
Ban homework
but keep reading so we can stay smart
Ban Fortnite
so it won't rot our brains.

President of the World

JOSELYN LOPEZ

If I was the president
of the world
I would stop
Donald Trump
from being president
Also I would make homeless people richer
I will also break the wall and
I would like to see
Donald Trump dying
I would like to stop cancer and
any other illnesses
and make Mrs. Samuelian richer
and live for 1,000 years.

Advice from a Hispanic Mom

EDUARDO MADRID

You better listen to me
I'm Mexican
When you
SEE
A
COCKROACH
KILL
IT
Don't use spray
Use a chancla
It works better
When you are done
Clean the chancla
Then throw the cockroach
in the trash
So now
SACA LA BASURA
If you don't
YOU
ARE
GOING
TO
GET
IT
With the chancla
And you will regret it.

Advice from a Pencil

DANNIEL MELGAR

Don't throw me
Don't CHEW ME.
Don't eat me.
I'm yellow with a purple tip.
Don't play with me if
You don't want to get poked
Just let me put your
words on paper.

Advice to Make a Friend

XAVIER MONTANO

I'm pretty friendly
I LOVE
to make new friends.
So here are a couple of tips
on making a new friend.

Number one
you should say hello
and introduce yourself.

Number two
ask the person if he or she
would like to play with you.

Number three
actually those are all your tips.

If I Had My Own School

VALERIA PADILLA

The first rule is no homework
because homework is bad for you.
Also, there would be one hour of
recess and you can be
anywhere you want.

The second rule is
you would start school at 9:00 a.m.
AND END SCHOOL AT 2:00 p.m.
And that's how my school would be if
I was there principal.

When I Change the World

JOSIAH PEREZ

If I change the world
I will give homeless people
house with food
After that the bullying
will be stopped
Then people will stop
doing bad things
Also stopping the robbing, stealing
It is very bad.
Even tell people to be nice
to everybody
Something cool
no more homework for kids
No more screaming at people
that is rude
That is what I will do.

Advice from a Slice

JASLEEN SAHAGUN

BE CAREFUL

If you don't watch out

I will

BURN YOUR MOUTH.

My pepperoni and cheese

ARE NICE

and warm but

WATCH OUT!

Don't touch my cheese because

I can steal your

PEPPERONI and CHEESE

in your

DREAM.

Advice from a Painting

MATTHEW SERRANO

You will always create me
I am made out of magical colors.
I can see you all day and all night
even when you sleep.
So please don't wet me or I will blur.
If you do I will be saggy
and sad about what you did to me.
In fact, I look like people
but I'm not a real person.
I will always be with you
so make sure I don't tilt over.
Please give me a fancy frame
and place me on colorful wall
just like my beautiful colors.

Advice from an Egg

KELLY SOTO

DON'T!

drop me

It's not FUNNY!

How would you feel if you were dropped?

Eggs have feelings TOO, you know!

Do you know how it feels to be an egg?

It's TERRIBLE.

We're dropped, cracked and stepped on.

We are also COOKED!

This is NOT how to treat an egg!

Treat us eggs gently and with care

Don't drop me or...

SPLAT!

Advice from a Slice of Pizza

CHRISTOPHER CLEMENTE

You can eat me
but you can't throw me.
I am so tasty that you won't be lonely.
Once you are secured
I will give you the cure.
I am so tasty that you will always want me.
Eight slices of me
will give you a bigger me.
When I am a whole
you think I have hole.
Make sure that you don't throw me.

Spiderman

SALVADOR GONZALEZ

Once there was a guy
called Spiderman
Who tried to web
and swing a box
But slipped on mud
which made it worse
by webbing his legs
Around a tall lamp post
Which made him
SWING
From side
to side.

Instructor Biographies

Brittany Ackerman is a writer from Riverdale, New York. She earned her BA in English from Indiana University and graduated from Florida Atlantic University's MFA program in Creative Writing. She teaches General Education at AMDA College and Conservatory of the Performing Arts in Hollywood, California. She was the 2017 Nonfiction Award Winner for Red Hen Press, and her first collection of essays entitled *The Perpetual Motion Machine* is out now with Red Hen Press. Her debut novel, *The Brittanys*, will be published with Vintage in 2021. This is her third year teaching for Writing in the Schools.

Ryka Aoki is the author of *Seasonal Velocities*, *He Mele a Hilo*, and *Why Dust Shall Never Settle Upon This Soul*. Her work has been mentioned or has appeared in *Vogue*, *Elle*, *Publishers Weekly*, and the *Huffington Post*, and was honored by the California State Senate for "extraordinary commitment to the visibility and well-being of Transgender people." She worked with the American Association of Hiroshima Nagasaki A-Bomb Survivors, and two of her compositions were adopted as the organization's official "songs of peace."

Heather Wells Peterson's favorite thing to do is talk to kids about poetry. When she isn't doing that, she's writing dialogue for Alexa, walking her dog, or working on her own creative projects, which have been published in *American Short Fiction* and *Marie Claire*, among other places.

Verónica Reyes is a Chicana feminist marimacha poet from East Los Angeles, California, 90022. Her poems share the lived experiences from her communities: Mexican, immigrants, brown queers, Latinx y más. Reyes' *Chopper! Chopper! Poetry from Bordered Lives* (Arktoi Books/Red Hen Press, 2013) garnered several accolades: 2014 International Latino Book Award, Golden Crown Literary Society Award, and Lambda Literary Award Finalist. She is the recipient of grants and fellowships from Astraea Lesbian Foundation for Justice, Vermont

Studio Center, Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, Ragdale Foundation, and Montalvo Arts Center. Finally, Reyes is a lecturer in the Women's, Gender & Sexuality Studies (WGSS) program and the Department of English at Cal State LA.

Ricardo Means Ybarra is a sixth generation Californio, husband, father, Writing in the Schools teacher, and former poet laureate of Malibu. An admirer of ants but not termites, Ricardo has published two novels, a book series for children, two volumes of poetry, and a collection of community poems and art—*Radical Beauty: Malibu after the Fire*. Ricardo has taught with Writing in the Schools for ten years.

ONE MORE STAR

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
Eliot 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

The National Endowment for the Arts, The Los Angeles County Arts Commission, the Ahmanson Foundation, the Dwight Stuart Youth Fund, the Max Factor Family Foundation, the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Foundation, the City of Pasadena, the City of Los Angeles Department of Cultural Affairs, the Audrey & Sydney Irmas Charitable Foundation, the Kinder Morgan Foundation, the Meta & George Rosenberg Foundation, the Riordan Foundation, Amazon Literary Partnership, the Mara W. Breech Foundation, the Albert & Elaine Borchard Foundation, and the Adams Family Foundation partially support Red Hen Press's Writing in the Schools program.



Red Hen Press
Cover Art by Vivian Rowe
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