

Where Dreams Take You



Where Dreams Take You



Writing in the Schools
Student Anthology 2025–2026



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Where Dreams Take You

A Writing in the Schools Student Anthology

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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 two 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.

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Pacoima Charter Elementary School

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Where Dreams Take You



Charles W. Eliot Arts Magnet Academy

HOST TEACHER

Mary Herrera

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Bonnie S. Kaplan

MATEO BARRANTES

Lost Cat

Am a lost cat,
Owl with a hat,
A flute-playing bat,
Me with a mask,
A toaster with some trash,
Bat on my back,
Silver rose made of steel,
Blue Dream painful times,
A crash, a break, a sleeping dream,
A Complete heart made of stone,
Some on a bus,
Some rich, some poor,
Week of freezing,
Some ancient true times,
Leaving to eat, I fall off my bike,
Window of opportunity, I jump out into a trap,
Rust and wait a list on my mind,
My backpack so heavy as 1,000 tons,
Some pungent burgers and bread made by a hot dog,
Computers and cell phones are too big brain not too good for the environment.

JEREMY CASTRO

Northern Leopard Frog

I live in aquatic habitats like
Marshes, wetlands, ponds, lakes, streams, and springs
I look like a leopard because of my patterns
I feel squishy
you can feel my skeleton
I hide in everywhere
If it has water

NATHAN ORANTES

Places that I want to go

Mexico because it is a place that I can relax
I like to eat tacos and go to Cancun
I want to ride a boat and watch dolphins.

MICHELLE JIMENEZ

Untitled

I'm as silent as the wind, I am made out of salt, all of my fellow rulers that are now my sworn enemies have turned into unholy sinful cookies to live on this earthbread and I am one of those horrible cookies to live on this earthbread I will tear the sinful jester to pieces this all happened by these horrible unholy dreadful lies

VINCENT WHITE

Persona Poem

Strong, friendly, unconventional
Wherever the adventure takes me
Egghead Island, Wano in the sky,
and Sabaody Archipelago.
When I saw Sabaody I thought it
Was fun because it had bubbles coming
Out of the ground so big u can ride it
and everything there was made of bubbles
It was fun and I'm gonna be king of the pirates.
Did you guess the name? Monkey D
Luffy.

ANONYMOUS

Chippy

Long ago, There was a very dark night. But the Tree grew without daylight or water the tree glows but it doesn't light up the area. The tree just only glowed. The tree was big a very big tall tree it had blue and yellow on it. But there's a catch, if one dares to break or try to mess up the Tree's LIGHT and PEACE. The tree would break with red, yellow, blue, and green lights blasting light. the tree will no longer be alive. The tree will be broken, The bad calamity will be able to be free from the tree. the dark beasts, all 10 were trapped for so long then a 55,000 years. Only 1 from the tree remains. Currently, the tree is alive and well. But the legend still lives around. The SUNWALKER and THE MOONWALKER they are the ones that made the TREE. no one knows about the legend.

TERESA PANTALEON

Untitled

Things I'm Afraid of is

Losing people in life and talking to new people

ISAIAH GORDON

Cheesy

Hi my name is cheesy
I have a big and juicy piece of lettuce.
I like to wear tomato shoes.
I like to keep people's belly full
My best friends are fries and soda.

KIMBERLY CABRERA

Chipmunk Trouble

I have a red sweater

It has a big A

I am going to a jumping park

I'm having the most fun ever

I am going to play with my best friends

How can I cause trouble

WILLIAM WOODARD

The Moving Day

So basically, My grandma has been renting hotels because we've lost our house and the things we've been sleeping on we're barely comfortable. So she decided to rent a temporary house to stay at until our house is rebuilt and we couldn't rent an apartment because it costs more money than houses. Then a couple weeks later, she finally rented a house that we can stay at. It was by my school and even though it's not big, they have an (actual) backyard. However, we leave on the 11th of March and we still need to get things situated and we need to buy a bunch of stuff to decorate the house. But overall decorating the house, we will be able to decorate our rooms the way we want. So we are just gonna stay there for a couple of years until our house is rebuilt or we can wait for a couple more years for Altadena to be rebuilt again but it will not be the same as it was so this is a big change this year.

ABIGAIL TROUTMAN

Poetry

A sweet cell phone.

A rich heart.

A rose sweet.

A rich cell phone.

A rose heart.

Charles W. Eliot Arts Magnet Academy

HOST TEACHER

Floyd Jones

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Bonnie S. Kaplan

SAVANNAH MISHKA ABINUMAN

A Transcendent Bond

Friendship is necessary like a heart beating
A bond between two people is like a beautiful melody, astonishing
A rough patch can make things sour and sweet
But a reconciliation can make friendship strong like obsidian
A friendship can be exciting like watching a game and jumping to your feet
A friendship is relaxing like a night in your bed
A friendship is immortal something that is never ending

ISIS ACEVEDO

Golden Fries

Fries are delicious and salty like the Atlantic Ocean
There are many different types
Which can be sweet, spicy
Greasy, soft, thin, thick or fluffy
Finishing them breaks my heart
Eating more stitches it back together

LUIS AGUIRRE

A Painful Bus

A stolen bus with a broken window,
It almost looks painful.
Poor bus, it's really hurt, rusty rims, bald tires,
Moldy brakes
Almost looks like it's gonna fall apart.

TIMOTHY ARLINE

The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Micholae Tulp

This painting is scary in so many ways. I would be scared of the doctor doing surgery on me without looking. Everyone is looking at the doctor, it makes me nervous because if he messes up I would feel it and would be in even more pain. I don't like how people would see all my veins in my arm. Let's hope no one has to go through this. It does not sound fun.

DAVID ARTEAGA
The Cycle That Ends

Everything is a cycle, repeating everyday
The moon, powerful; but weak
A shine in the night sky, as you lay in bed
Wearing pajamas your rest is led
Once you wake up the shine is dead
You meet the sun, powerful and sleek
A light in the day, look at it for too long
And our eyes turn weak, a poison
A long day is ahead of you as long as the train ride
The train ride to work, a few hours to spare
The cycle repeats itself, day by day
Every day goes by until you're dead
Reincarnation, the cycle repeats
Is it real or is it not
The cycle might end there
No more life no more feelings
Only nothing, nothing to see nothing to feel
Nothing to hear
Nothing

AIDAN ASADOOR

Untitled

A new road is like a new ending
You can't change the ending but delay it
So be happy, live your life
Life is like an ocean it goes back sometimes
Yet it all always go forwards
Life is like a sweet and dour patch kids
It will be sour then will be sweet

ALEX BALTIAN

The Pajamas That Can Never Leave

I'm just some pajamas,
I can never leave,
I only stay in the bedroom,

I sometimes come into the living room, bathroom,
Or kitchen,
I can never leave this house,

I wish to be in the outside world,
I wish to see the grass,
I wish to see the trees,

All these pants and shirts get to leave,
But not me,
At least I get worn everyday,

Unlike the tuxedo that gets worn 5 times a year,
But at least he can go outside,
Then I went outside for the first time,

Just to get hung on a rack,
Now I'm getting sold at a garage sale,
I'm only worth 5 bucks,

Someone buys me,
The cycle continues again,
Stay home,
Garage sale,

And over and over,
I will never leave,
I will only be at a garage sale,
Or I will always be at home.

OLIVIA ANGE BARROW

Not Everything Is a Blueish Green

My hair is a greenish blue,
So is my skin,
My heart,
My clothes,
And my house,

Your hair is a blueish green,
So is your skin,
Your heart,
Your clothes,
And your house,

We're both so similar but so different.
Why is that a problem?
Why do hate what's not you?
Especially when not everything is a blueish green.

LYRIC BEASLEY

The Bike

I am the man on the bike
This bumpy road is making it hard to leave
The dust outside it making it hard to see
It's like you're trying to win a race
But something is pulling you back

What's in my back??????

PATRICK BROOKS

My Thoughts

Music isn't just a sound
It's a way of expressing yourself
Saying how you feel or what you want
If you have certain motives you can put it in your music
Music is art and creative, multiple genres of it
Music is culture and style, people share their culture with it
Multiple versions of it and different feelings
It's soothing . . . That's why it's so beautiful

LARISSA CAMPOS
Sitting in Silence

The clock goes tik, tok
While the girl sits in silence
Waiting for the time to pass by.

Sitting in a room of darkness
Wondering what's next
Having to think about what she did last

The clock keeps going for hours and hours
But you can't tell what time it is because
It's dark where you are

Having to think about your last life
You're starting to remember how you died
When the clock hits twelve you hear a knock at
The door you look back at the clock,
It's broken on the floor

KENIA CAPISTRAN
A Dog with Blue Eyes

A dog inside a blue painting with yellow circles

Yellow dog with a black nose

Dark green leaves on the corner of the painting

This painting makes me feel kind of fear
But also kind of sweet and cute as well

Makes me want to help him and
Hold him

My friend see's a sky painting with a cute
Yellow dog in the picture

She feels treated and feels a special emotion
Inside of her heart

DELILAH A CERRATO
“A Stranger I Used to Know”

Someone I know by their laugh, someone I know by their
Smile, I know by their jokes, I know by their way.
Someone I used to know filled the quiet, made it bright.
Turn boring days to light. Someone I once called my best friend.

DONNA CISNEROS COVARRUBIAS

Josephine and Napoleon

There's something more than just a love story. There's something more than just
history.

There's something way bigger than the glory he sought.

Something far more fleeting in front of him, yet, shorter than the rush of battle.

Still, he chose the throne over her.

Choose everything over her.

The woman that used to fill his every thought, the woman he would write to no
matter the battle,

the woman who he would keep pictures of her with at all times.

After he bid his farewell he was soon sent to exile. Where he would receive the
news that his beloved had
died.

Love wasn't the treaty of Tilsit with Alexander, it wasn't the Marshals of the empire,
it wasn't Marie

Louise. God knows it was never her.

It was someone softer, someone there, a woman who would tend to her garden
like no other, one who
would buy heaps and tons of dresses.

It was Josephine. His one true love.

“France, the army, army commander, Josephine.”

DESIREY DAVIS

Clothes I love

I love

my pants, baggy and loud when I walk
but it only adds character to my outfit

My shoes often platformed and big
but they make me comfortable.

I love my hair, always
designed in a way

To make my outfit look better

Slouch socks always make me wearing

Shorts look and feel much more confident.

My purple jacket always makes me warm

But also

Always

Fashionable.

MICAH DOMINGO
We don't need phones

When they fall they break
when they're lost you feel blue, but wait
Leave the phone ride a bike play, basketball
Go outside. it might feel sour but its truly sweet,
Talk to people eat cake bake bread
The beauty of the scene it will feel like a dream
All this beauty is stolen by a screen,
All the things your parents bought you,
Better dirty than dusty that new bikes gonna turn rusty,
You'll feel brand new
Sometimes you need a break and this is true.

CHARLES ERICSON

Every Strum

Every single time his hand comes down.
Every time he sets me down, I feel something.
I hope he feels it too because I feel alone in this cold empty place.
This place has everything.
From exquisite paintings of dancers to useless cans of paint.
This cold place doesn't feel right.
It feels better when he's here late at night practicing, struggling,
and succeeding.

TESSA FORTICH
The Art Before and After

A person in bright yellow crosses in front of Grocery Outlet. The Altadena Mural facing Lake Avenue is bright and clear. It's SoCal, which means there's an oak tree ten feet away from a tall, brown-green palm tree. But the palm tree isn't green.

It's . . . red?

Not a graffiti spray-paint red, but a blazing red?

The man in yellow seems less stroll-like and more scared. What before seemed like a matching yellow hat I now see is a hard helmet. The grocery outlet mural is no longer bright and clear but hazy with tints of red and orange. It's getting harder to see as my eyes fill with smoke. I want to close them, but I'm scared if I do, it will all disappear.

CINTHIA GARCIA

The Weeping Woman

The petals, the scent, the flower itself—
it's what they really
care for.

Appreciate the man
Who hurts his back, scrapes knee,
hands, and Soul.

My heart breaks with the hurt man
and the falling petals. So
I helped the poor guy with my
Open heart and arms.

GENISE GARCIA GALINDO

My Zapatos

when i first get them i wear them a lot
 Until I get tired of them
 They get old and rusty and dusty
Eventually I move on to my new pair of shoes
 And I forget about my other shoes
 And then the cycle repeats
All of my shoes go thru a phase in my life
Like my slippers they went thru everything
 Thru rain
 Thru mud
 Thru Las Vegas
 Thru every store in Pasadena
 Thru argument
 Thru breakups
 And thru so much more
And till this day I wear them they will always be by side even if I get new shoes
 No matter what, I will always go back to my slippers.

LOUISE McQUARRIE GLANVILLE

Satin Robes, Sunken Scenes

trickling water
of the deepest lake
could be so green yet so clear

a woman, her satin robe flowing
like a toga, skips against the water
dancing gracefully

the small rutted waves
that echo against the smooth concrete
as cotton webs of light

around the edge of the staircase
beholds dark green a
Roman auditorium under water

ALEAH GOMEZ

Clothing

We all grow out of stuff
Like clothes
Shirts that used to fit
Now feel tight on my skin
Jeans I once loved
Just don't seem like me anymore
Shrinking with heat
Stretching with time
But nothing stays the same forever
And some things
We're just meant to leave behind

CHRISTOPHER GONZALEZ-THOMAS

Work Of A Master Art Piece

The beautiful portrait of a woman

The magnificent details of the painting

The incredible realism of the painting

The dedication of the painting

The focus and precision of the paint brush

The strokes of colors of the paint brush

The most advanced piece of art of that era

Truly makes this piece of art a masterpiece

ALZIARIAN JR.
At Dawn, A Lamp Still On

I am the Tree from the painting near the bench and the lamp.

I feel the frigid, damp air brush past me and my branches, feeling lonely, like the
last person to get picked before playing a game.

My leaves used to make me feel beautiful, but I can't feel that feeling any more.

I can feel waves crashing on the rocks in my roots, the only thing keeping me to
the ground.

I barely feel warmth under that lamp's light, while the bench gets to take all of it.

That bench must feel so lucky to be warm.

I can feel the air getting colder, I know that winter is coming.

The leaves below me are starting to die at my stump, not giving me a goodbye
before going. The same leaves that made me flourish, leaving me behind.

I feel sorrowful, knowing that everything I loved, the things that made me beauti-
ful, are now gone without me.

GLORIA JARAMILLO

Old Converse

She wore me all the time
When you thought of her you thought of me
Now you never see me
I don't know why

It seems like she's replaced me
But oh
I used to be her favorite
I guess she outgrew me

Now she sees me but pretends she doesn't
Now I'm left in the corner all by myself
Hoping she'll wear me again
But that isn't likely
It now seems like she hates me

OLYMPIA JIHANIAN

Audition:

You show up to the audition, not ready to perform.

Worry that all of the dreams you've had, of your moment onstage will break.

Worry that your month of practice won't ever be enough.

You stand. It's your turn.

When you finally get onto the stage, the panic rises, like acid.

When you're finally done, I think of all the things I could've done, what went wrong that I didn't see.

I worry that my fears are true.

The callback list comes out tomorrow.

The cast list comes out on Monday

I get in or I don't

GRAYSON KNAPP

Fields of Falling

The silver sails,
A painful fall, A crash.
The masked lay broken.
In a poisoned sleep;
Lost to a powerful dream.
Waiting to grow moldy, they are;
To be rusty;
To be buried.
Ancient they will lay, upon the fields of falling.

It matter not the herds of steel,
Trodding upon the lost.
Nor the time that lay between,
The days of falling armies.
The treasured care not for those who wait,
For the masks long lost will shine no more,
They have already walked the way of the fields,
For they have already walked through death's door.

MARIAH MARIE LACOSTA
Hostage in My Own Dream

My heart by the window,
sour but sweet.
Will it sway in the breeze
Lost in thought
Too painful to stand.
It was poison eating me from the bottom up
A stolen dream
That was too rusty to call my own
The delicious cake
Too moldy to eat or bake.
Failing me once again
The rose was lustful, yet ancient
That never helped me to be uncommon.
It was scary to know I fell in love again
Just to fall into the same trap I jumped in last time
Waiting for the broken truth.
Burn the rust and rot that holds you hostage
And finally escape this horrid dream . . .

JAMIE LOPEZ

Starry Night

Strokes and swirls all around

We're so high up in the sky, we can barely see the ground

The way the city lights glow up in the night

Makes me feel so calm and that everythings gonna be alright

The way the sky and stars make up such a beautiful sight, I can't seem to look away.

AYLI LOPEZ
A Season of Again

A spring afternoon, the pond glimmers as the sun shines
Some off the boat, and explore the nature
People are swimming to cool off in the frigid lake
The nice cafe on a boat is a place to hangout
especially in this warm fresh day
A nice view of nature and animals
The chattering of people and
everybody has something to say
Its the season that starts again in life

EDWARD MELGOZA

The Ball

The ball comes to me i score it
The ball comes to me again i save
The ball comes to me a third time i defend it

The ball comes to me the last time i get it
Then I go to the stadium and I here the chant
But not for me its for the player on the tree

I steal the ball
I Go to jail
Now i cant go anywhere

AH'MIIAH MORGAN

My Heart

My heart, My heart is cold like the blue sea
My eyes hiding behind my big bulky glasses staring powerfully into your eyes
I've stolen your heart, and you've stolen mine
Thinking,
Thinking about you by my window hearing every rain drop, drop
Missing you,
sick in my stomach like I've gotten poisoned wondering if your gonna call
I love you

TIFFANY NAVARRETE CHIGO

The Way of a Heart

A heart can be sweet as well as stolen by someone else.

Your heart and feelings can bloom like a rose.

It'll all feel like a happy melody but wait

There's more, as time goes by like a clock going tick tock
everything falls. It's not sweet anymore, more like sour bitter feeling.

It can be painful and scary then you realize it's all but broken.

Just put up a mask to say you're fine but you're not. It's
easy to love but hard to forget a heart can be powerful and also easy to break
But don't get lost and sail away, one day your feelings will change and with time
your heart will Heal and everything will be okay.

MADELYN NISHIZAKI

Wandering

I am staring at a sea of white
A thick, cold fog settling over the land
The quiet wind rushing past my ears
The rustling of leaves in the trees

An ocean of blue and gray above me
The solid ground below me
An infinite stretch of land all around me

A mountain sits on the horizon
Reaching towards the sky
Gently touched by the clouds
Surrounded by a calmness

Oh to be a feather on the wind
To wander through the world
It would be a wonderful thing

ASPEN OSORIO BARRIOS

The Great Wave

I am the person in the boat in The Great Wave Off Kanagawa
All I see is the giant wave rushing towards me
The blue body of water getting up to 39 feet
I taste the salt in the air
I can smell the fish in the water
The boat rocks underneath me
I hold on so I don't fall
The only thing grounding me is the wood underneath my fingertips

DANIEL PANIGUA

Night Starry

The sky swirls bright above the town
With shining stars spinning around
The moon glows so softly in the night
Spreading calm and gentle light
Through dark blue skies
Skies the colors flow
A dream of night that seems
to glow A quiet world beneath the light
Forever held in starry night

PANOSSIAN JOSLYN

This Clothing of Ours

An olive green dress sits,
the back of my closet is where it is
A friend throws off a long-forgotten sweater,
and a stranger frowns at a scarf,
they got it from an old friend

The fabric remains the same, not worn with time
that you'd have, that is, if you actually wore it
It itches their skin with familiarity,
But the weight of discomfiture?
Is just too much for each

The mortification of realization
when I start to remember
Scarred over, too shameful,
too vile and too sorrowful
to let be seen

But, it is not just me
Another sits in their room,
staring down at the mess
Clothing is to be scattered,
with a weight upon their shoulders

It's truly mortifying to think of
to know that someone else understands
But with clothes I give to someone else,
I pass off old memories
and give someone something alike to new prospects

I know that my shouldered scars
is nothing to feel shameful of
But when I truly think about how others feel
A friend, my family, and those I don't know?
I smile knowing that least one gets me

SOLANGE PORTILLO

Watermelon is Like Summer Love

It only last for so long until is gone
You realize the juice is dripping down your hand
But you don't do anything about it
You see how messy things are getting towards the end and do nothing
Because you know ill all be over soon
Watermelon (my love)

ANNIKA QUEZADA

These Gifts

A nice big backpack,
And brand new sneakers.
Four cardigan sweaters,
And a big black speaker.

A cool blue cellphone,
And new silver glasses.
Three baseballs that'll mold,
And a flute made of gold.

The big orange cat
And the dog I didn't ask for.
Two caps I won't wear,
And a pair of underwear.

A birthday I'll never forget,
Yet I wish I did.
Oh, save me god,
from my family and
these gifts.

EVELYN RAMIREZ
If My Mother Still Dressed Me . . .

If my mother would still dress me she would put me in dresses.

If my mother would still dress me she would put a headband on my hair and would braid or put a ponytail on my hair. If my mother still dressed me she would make sure I was comfortable in the clothes. If my mother still dressed me she would make sure to tell me everytime i was beautiful.

ANTHONY ROBLES

What I Fear

I fear the dark

I fear not making mom proud

I fear injuries

I fear underperforming

I fear wild animals

I fear dark alleyways

I fear sleep paralysis

LEO RODGERS

The Starry Night

Watch as we flow in darkness above
Glowing with pride glowing with power

Lighting up the night one star at a time
In truth we are far away but enough to let you dream

A deep dark blue to to feel calm
The bright little lights to help you see
Finally your slumber has begun and soon the sun will return

IDA ROSENCRANTZ

In Metamorphosis

I am in the transition, not quite anything and everything.
Not yet falling leaves, twisting and spiraling in the most majestic way
Not yet an animal, running free.
I am no longer words, enlightening and showing the way.
No longer blocks, strong and true
What I am is a melting foundation, an unborn spirit
I am almost and used to be.

LONDON RUIZ

Persistence

I am the slipping clock on the skinny tree branch waiting for time to end,
slipping away in the sun with all other clocks,
seeing the other clocks slip away in the persistence of memory
and seeing the mountains gleaming in the sunlight
I see the clock in the persistence of time
waiting for time to end

MIA SAYEGH

Forget

I'll let you tear me apart if it meant for you to not to pull away from me
This painful mix of delight knowing if i let you in
I'll rust, decay, rot, crumble away i can't seem to
Let go of the thought it'll all be gone everything we had completely
and utterly destroyed that i'll soon mean
Nothing to you because in the end i will soon forget
The color of your eyes and you'll forget mine.

MICHAEL SERNA
You Are All Legends, Soccer

I see you all
The soccer legends
Messi, Ronaldo and lots of other memories
Some of you guys are from a decade ago
And some are more than 30 years ago
All the jerseys represent a different team
but at the end of the day you guys are all family
They All tell a different story but ends with you
Always working hard to find your glory
telling us your backstory How you got to who you are
All the hard work you had to do
And now people want to be like you
You all tried to be great but now
All of you are in the hall of fame
You are all legends

ESTHER SILVA
Ode to Polka Dots

O, the polka dot
That timeless, punchy pattern of joy
Oh, the polka dot—that whimsical
Confetti of the fashion world.
You brighten up the dullest of days.
The happiest pattern of them all
You bring a splash of color into the dullness
Of the world.
From retro frocks that twirl in the summer air,
To tiny specks upon a necktie's silk.
A dash of whimsy that we love to wear.
You are the freckles on a summer's face,
The bubbles rising with frantic grace.
For when the world feels gray and far too square,
The polka dot is there—a breath of air.

JOLIE SIMMONS
While It Was Mine

My green jacket
Soft on the inside
Forest green on the out
Oversized
Matched with anything
Got it for free at an event under a pop up tent
Wore it for 4 months
I left it behind my door
Looked at it as I ran out of my own home
I miss the fur touch
The warm green complimented me
Don't have fur to rub
Enjoy yours while you have it
Never know when something else will grab it

ZOE BEA STOHLER

To Not Fit In

Do you know what it's like not to fit in?

My creator, Gainsborough who made the well known Blue Boy painting, painted me into this work, he created me, a fluffy white dog next to the blue boy, everybody in awe about how he made the painting so beautiful and lifelike, the wealthy merchant's son in elegant silks and laces, in a perfect contrast with the dark rural background, his most famous painting and I was to be a part of it, the mutt.

But something about me didn't sit well with my artist, he never told me what was wrong with me, I guess I just didn't fit in, I was an idea in another man's mind. I remember how he looked at me for the longest time, his sunken eyes staring at me, into me. Searching for a true meaning.

I guess I could never outshine the Blue Boy, I just didn't work, so he erased me, he replaced me with rocks and plants, so everyone would look at the privileged boy, now I sit behind layers of paint knowing that everything worked, everything fit, but me.

EMARIAH STURGIS
Blue Frosted Mistakes

I'll bake a cake.
I'll cover it in a blue frosting.
Cakes are easy to make.
Wait! I burned the cake.
It tastes sour, not sweet.
It's like a poison, it's not my cup of tea.
Maybe cakes aren't that easy to make.
I'll wait before making another cake.

ELLA SWERDLOFF

Your Stupid Scarf

I sit on the floor with your scarf in my hands knowing I can never give it back

Because you're gone forever, everytime see it reminds me of how I used to make fun of you for being short and this stupid scarf but when I looked up at the ceiling just to see you look back down at me now taller than I could ever be, after that all I heard was your mother scream and the ambulance sirens blaring from down the street now all I have is this stupid scarf to remember you, and if I'm being honest sometimes I wish I was just buried with you.

ISABELLA TAPIA-VEGA

No One Noticed

No one noticed

No one noticed how she disappeared

The girl who used to pick flowers and give it to her mom,

The girl who would stand on the table singing Frozen

The girl who would draw a family portrait

The girl who would draw with chalk on the side walk

The girl who had a collection of bows.

No one noticed

No one noticed how her hair used to be crazy and wavy

And now it's all curly and tamed,

How she used to love making new friends

And now she's being careful who she chooses to trust

And who to not.

How she didn't have a care in the world

Now she's scared about what's happening

How she finally opened her eyes

How the girl who couldn't wait to grow up and now

She wishes she didn't

How she couldn't imagine herself anywhere else

And now she has to.

How she doesn't have the collection of bows anymore

How the chalk on the side walk is gone

How the family portrait she once drew now disappeared

How she can't stand on the table singing Frozen anymore

How she can't pick flowers from the lawn and give it to her mom

Now that place she once knew is gone

No one noticed how she's all grown up now and will continue to grow.

No one noticed at all.

ALEXANDER F. THOME

Baseball is Heart

Baseball is fun, but very hard if you play it or understand it.

Hitting a baseball is like finding

A needle in a haystack, but you will not really have

That problem, if you play baseball.

It's easy when you get used to it. My people

Who play baseball, will be good, and powerful at

Any other sport. Because baseball is the hardest sport

Ever

DAMIAN VEGA MORAN

Cleats

My soccer cleats oh my i won games i lost games.

I won championships and I lost championships.

My soccer cleats were there when it rained or when it was a hot summer day.

I love my soccer cleats. It's been there in my good days or my bad days. Bangle

LONDON VELAZQUEZ FRONCO

Life is Minecraft

You can never break
Bedrock normally unless
You cheat

And you can never break
A heart normally
Without cheating

WALTER VILLALTA

Meteorology

Tornadoes are scary,
Storms are crazy,
Hurricanes are deadly,
Supercells are rare,
Meteorology is great

HEATHER WASHINGTON

Gone

I fear spiders

I fear being in plane crash

I fear moving to a new school where i don't know anybody

My biggest fear has already happened,

So what is there to fear anymore

if the thing i fear most has already happened

AYDEN WOODS

Wind

I am the wind whooshing around
The crescent moon shining bright on me
The people down below feeling my gentle breeze
The peak swaying back and forth because of me
I cool down the streets so they don't feel heat
I always come and go

WESLEY JAMES WURTEMBERG

Hoodie Poem

A hoodie is like a cotton shield of feelings.
You use it to block yourself from the cold,
And maybe even the world.

But it may grow holes from a heavy fall,
like how feelings may get damaged and torn up as you go on.
But even though you will out-grow it, you will never out-grow yourself.

You may give it to your partner,
Just like how you trust and open up to someone.
Sometimes they won't know what to do with it,

Like how they might not know to wash it on hot or cold.
You may trust them by lifting your shield,
But they might forget the fabric softener,

And forget that your feelings are fragile.

JOHN WYATT

A Mute Alarm

A Cat's litter box is like a mute alarm; it's always ringing but who would know until they check.

The smell resembles the garbage people only remember to take out of trash day so it settles the aroma for minutes, hours, days.

So you finally decided to bite the bullet and clean it, the odor harasses your nose, with each scoop 5 years drop from your life span.

You drop the final scoop into the bag, tear and despair. You don't know what to do, leave it and just walk around it the rest of your life or get the broom and soak up the smell unwillingly for a good 2 minutes for a second time.

You choose to get the broom because you are not a quitter but as you fill a new bag you see your cat run back into its box to repeat the whole cycle.

ISABELLA ZAMUDIO ALCAZAR

Lost

I'm stuck.

Deep down at the bottom of her closet is where I've been for years and years.

I hope one day she remembers how much fun we used to have.

All the memories.

All the fun.

The pink New York hoodie she used to never want to take off.

When I first met her that Christmas day she was so thankful.

The present once given to her by her sister so loved and cherished.

And now it's like I was never there.

As if all those memories were just gone.

Forgotten.

Just like me.

PIERCE ZENDEJAS

Grocery List

Today I write down a new list
Never finishing it as usual . .
I look to the fridge with rotting food
I don't understand why I'm buying more . .
Its not like I actually eat anyway
Am I trying too hard to be normal?
What if I'm not normal at all?
Maybe an anomaly living in a human shell?
Eating is such a hassle when I could just lay in bed
This isn't what I want
Do I even have a choice?
Whatever . .
Today I'll finish my list

Charles W. Eliot Arts Magnet Academy

HOST TEACHER

Floyd Jones

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Carla Rachel Sameth

JACOB BAKER

Capbara

I want an orange some watermelon too a bigger pond
Maybe all things I want. At least I have an alligator to
ride on, his name is Jerry. He says I'm too quiet and I
think I'm too loud. Yesterday I learned humans like to
take pictures of me taking a ride on Jerry.

MATHEW BENITIZ

Emoji

As I walk into school, I feel
Good thing I'm going to have a good day
I think people see me as a competitive person
An athlete good at soccer and an okay person
I see myself as a crash out
And as an athlete, I see myself as good at soccer

MARISOL CHAVEZ ORANTEZ

The Clock

I wish I could feel the breeze, the grass and the sunshine but at last I can't. Tick
tock
every second every minute every hour every day every week every month every
year
tick tock. It feels like time never ends. Sitting in a wall waiting is painful. As my
hands go
round and round like a bus. That I see 5 days a week it comes to pick the kid up.
I remember When he was just a little kid adding $1+1$ now he's multiplying. The
time has
passed now I see the end. It is my time my hands stop working they're too tired to
work. I
feel it is my time I finally rest. I finally see the end not the end of time but the end
of my suffering.

MYTIA CRAFTON

This song

“while we’re young “

makes me feel excited, as a cartoon character

As Sad, as a funeral

it makes me want to yell the lyrics out loud like a concert,

it makes me feel like I’m being launched into space,

it makes me feel like I’m floating like nothing exists,

like my crush is talking to me

Like i’m trapped and finally breaking free

Like i’m lost in acorn maze and found a way out

CHRISTOPHER EUBANKS

If you knew me.

If you knew me you would know I Love games
If you knew me you would know I love baseball
If you knew me you would know my dream job is to be an architect
If you knew me you would know I like music
If you knew me you would know I like to watch Netflix
If you knew me you would know I like the movie Scream
If you knew me you would know that my favorite color is blue
If you knew me you would know that my favorite season is winter
If you knew me you would know that I love money
If you knew me you would know that my favorite subject is history
If you knew me you would know that my favorite number is 13
If you knew me you would know that my favorite animal is a dog
If you knew me you would know that my favorite food place is in n out
If you knew me you would know my favorite food is burritos
If you knew me you would know my favorite type of dog is golden retriever
If you knew me you would know I love the saxophone
If you knew me you would know I love BMWs
If you knew me you would know that I love La
If you knew me you would know I would do anything to see Billie Eilish perform.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSTEIN

Please don't

I once heard

“What does life mean?”

“What do you mean I did what you said to do why did I get half the grade?”

“Why did I do that?”

“My mom said I did great, didn't I? no . . . oh . . .”

“Am I okay . . .”

But how I see it

Is

“I don't want to be here anymore.” you can do it

“Why did I get a half grade? Did I do bad?” they just don't like you

“Why did I do that?” be you

“My mother lied to me?” yes, to shield you

“Am I okay?” no, no one is . . .

The closer you get to someone the harder it is to let them go

ERION KALLEY HARDY

Resilience

I want you to know something Remember what always happens in the dark comes
to light.

Be kind to others and you will get the same kindness back in life

Stand up to others be brave

Have confidence you can do this

Be the person you want to be do what makes you happy

When your not in the mood its ok don't put that energy towards other people

When you're trying something new and you mess up don't give up keep trying till
success

If someone tells you to do something that is bad don't do it

Do what's right

When you fall pick yourself up when you make a mistake try again love your self

When you make it to your goal celebrate yourself with dinner or a frozen treat

Show your pets some love play with them

When you see others in need help them do what's right be the good guy

When see someone get hurt help them be brave

Every day show kindness to others

Don't be the bad person you never know what someone else is going thru

They can have problems at home and some people have disabilities.

ARIA HARRIS

The Wishes Of The Animals

I wish I didn't have to go
I wish we could all get along
I wish I was still here on this Earth
I wish I had a voice to say what I want
I wish I had a choice to do what
I want I wish I could stay
I wish we could keep the humans at bay
I wish they would stop destroying our homes
I wish they would stop hunting us down
I wish everything could go back to normal
I wish, I wish, I wish.
But I know the wishes won't come true
And that is why we bid them adieu.
Time after time and they always wonder why.
Time after time after time
We always say goodbye.
And soon all that will be left is the memory of us.

AERIS HARRISON

Things that make me happy

My happiness is when I think of my favorite sport. It makes me happy because it makes me excited when I play it. When I think about my niece and nephew I get happy because they are fun to play with and nice to me. I like going to get sushi with my mom and grandma after school and I like calling my friends after school on Fridays. When my mom, me and my grandma go shopping I like it because I love being with them.

GREGORY HERRINGTON

Look at me

I think people see me as funny athletic

Chill cool and more. I think my teachers are smart and on task. My mom sees me as my smart baby, cool and smart mouthed and way more than she wants to say but it's still cool.

My dad sees me as my cool little kid that can beat me in a boxing match and flex that all in his face.

I see myself as a cool little boy who loves to play games all day and play football and basketball and be the best of the best out of all

The things I do every day for the rest of my life.

JORDAN HODGES

See Me

I think the way people see me is nice and positive and see me by being kind and by seeing me stand up for people
My friends see me as playful, and by helping them.

My English teacher sees me by paying attention in class
being quiet.

The way I see myself is athletic, kind, hardworking, helpful
and careful, caring and patient. If I was looking in the mirror
I would describe myself as perfection and smart.

CHANCE JACKSON

I SPEAK TO FOOTBALL

Football says I love getting kicked, thrown, and caught.
But he hates to get flat and getting thrown away when it's popped.
Its greatest hope is getting played with the Football.
Bad things are gonna happen.

SAMANTHA JIMENEZ

The Eyes of Ice

Watch us across the room,
Cold, careful, calculating.
Like we are criminals.
They stare at our accent,
The color of our skin.
Our names on the tip of their tongues,
but can't seem to pronounce.
Their practiced chill,
They slip out,
“We love your food . . .
just not the hands that cook it.”
They wear our colors like a costume.
Like it makes it better.
Like we don't feel those cold words hitting our bones.
But we aren't trying to freeze.
We came from heat,
The sun.
Stories that burned down borders.
working 10 hours in the sweaty sun,
Grow your family in America, just to go right
back to where you started.
So let the eyes of ice watch.
We're not here to stay cold.
We are here to stay.

MANDELA JONES

Bored

I am sleepy, on my bed.
Eyes in my pillow
Rain is knocking on my window.
Shivers running down my spine
Thinking of a hot shower
On a cold, rainy night
Being bored could be ok
Until listening to Jackson 5
Every morning family sings ears ring
You get out of bed, take a step
Kick your leg and take a stretch
Drink water, take some breaths
Another cup will surely be enough.
You go outside and throw the football
Throw a bad pass and go back inside.
You are bored, not much to do
Till your family gives you chores
And now you've stepped on a chord
I thought bored was ok, but it seems
To not be, you've stepped on chords
The family gives you chores.
And everything is just so boring.
At this point, you have crossed.
The bridge made it to the finish line
And the boredom begins from a
New level.

MIHKAYLA JORDAN

I Speak For

I speak for volleyball

Volleyball speaks for wanting to be a sport that's not looked down on or called an easy sport. The balls of volleyball speak for wanting to stop being hit so much, volleyball speaks for wanting to be taken seriously by other sports like American Football . Volleyball says that I want better players. Volleyball says I love the feeling of flying over the net.

SAMANTHA MARTIN DEL CAMPO

Where I'm from

I am from my toy stuffed monkey
from pink tutu's and delicious noodles
I am from always scrapped up knees
And the big family couch
I am from my big tree in the backyard
Whose persimmons smell so amazing
I am from my monkey stuffed animal and a toy broom
From Sam and jelly bean
I am from laughing and creativity
And from traveling
From seeing the world
I am from hiding in my parents closet waiting to scare them
From posole and menudo
I am from Aztec ancestors
From a vision of an eagle with a snake in its mouth
And from ancestors building Mexico city on an island
And from hiding in luggage
I am from these moments and many more

ABIGAIL MAURICIO

Red

My blood surges into its boiling point

I am about to snap at everyone and the meanest animal is about to be released

I storm in my room, I scream to the point I lose my voice,

I go on my bed and punch my pillow and throw it across the room, my screams are answered by birds chirping.

HUNTINGTON MAYES

A Pickle In A Jar

I've seen Pickles being devoured by humans
I've seen "People" buy us pickles
I've seen pickles getting cut into slices
I've seen pickles getting cut into "spears"
I've been there for all of it
I've been in the factory, the farm, and the store
I've been in a Jar
I've been in a Jar for a long time
I've been looked at but not sold
I've been there for robberies
I've been bought
I've learned to dodge people
I hope that pickles get seen and not eaten
I've escaped
I'm in a safe place now
That's all that matters
I'm a free pickle that's safe
A happy pickle too
Maybe sad at times
And lonely

MARCUS NELSON

Frustration

What people do think of me
You see when I first meet
People I like
To make
Jokes so
For some
Reason people
Like to think
I'm dumb it
Makes me mad
Maybe it's because
Of the things
I say
Maybe it's because
Of the way
I look
Either way if
You make
Assumptions of who
I am
Before truly knowing
Then
Who's the dumb one?

BELEN ONTIVEROS

(Week 4)

In crowded rooms, I feel the weight,
Eyes like shadows, sealing fate.
Whispers swirl, yet silence is loud,
A fragile heart, lost in the crowd.
Laughter echoes, sharp and clear,
But in my chest, it stirs the fear.
Still, I'll breathe through this tight space,
Finding strength, I'll seek my place.
In shadows down, My mind tacks control
A storm that brews in a deep, dark hole.
Whispers rise like creeping vines,
Entwined with thoughts I can't define.
My racing heart, a tightening in my chest,
In loud corners, I seek rest.
The place spins fast, a dizzy whirl,
Reality blurs, my feelings unfurl.
The size of my weight,
Now, as scary as my fate.
For even in chaos, I search for the light,
Finding peace in the silence of the night

JEREMIAS ORTIZ HERNANDEZ

Overrated Dinosaur

—Spinosaurus

I wonder why people think that I'm the king of the dinosaurs the real king is the
t rex

People overrated me just because I'm big

They think I'm an apex predator when I only eat big fish

They think that I'm the king for my size but there are biggest and strongest
dinosaurs

I live in north Africa so I had to see dinosaurs stronger than me

My natural enemy is the Carcharodontosaurus, his bite is mortal almost like the
t rex bite

Some people think that I live with the t rex and I'm stronger because Jp3

But the reality is that he is stronger than me and we didn't live together

He live in 68 to 66 millions years ago and I live 99-93.5 years ago

I live in north Africa and he lived in north America

I am so overrated by Jurassic park, but I cant even kill an triceratops

They think that I look like the Jurassic park 3 one but when they see how I really
was

they said that science nerf me when they are only trying to know how I really look
like

and learn about me.

RUBY PACHECO

What is this Feeling?

I've had this feeling before. I feel nervous
Many problems in life
My heart pounds every
Time, I think too much
It's the worst feeling of all
I feel like many people are
Staring at me too much
My body starts to shake
My family starts to worry
At this point, my head hurts
It tastes bitter, I wish, I really, really wish
I can get rid of this feeling. I feel like I'm going to die
Many start to worry after people begin to comfort me,
It's a weird feeling, one that no one really understands.

AARON RAMIREZ LOPEZ

Frustrated

I feel like I want to scream and I am upset and want
to break something and I don't want anyone to bother me.
Other people see me as funny, silly and a good friend.
My family sees me as annoying, and noisy.
My teachers would describe me as smart, talkative, and focused.
I see myself as funny, regular,
and mad.

NICOLE RUVALCABA SANCHEZ

What is happy

Happy is amazing

Happy is

Fun happy is

Like love,

Happy is cool

Happy is

Excited, excited is,

Happy so

You should be happy

CHEYENNE XAVIOR

What's The Point Of Being Competent?

Do I have enough skill? Or do I not have skill at all? Am I good enough to be standing next to you? Can I even function properly or act my age? Am I too old to be excited over little things? Am I good enough compared to you? Or do you lie and say I'm fine the way I am. Do I lack knowledge I should have learned? Am I smart enough to fulfill the requirements needed? What if I screw up in life, take a wrong turn, or follow the wrong signs? Am I not skilled enough to handle my own personal problems? Am I unable enough to make any rational decisions? When will I be good or skilled enough to not be seen as the child in the room? Why can't I just be capable of the things I want to do? Are my dreams too big to reach? Am I even slightly capable of reaching those dreams? Why can't I just be good enough, or is being good enough too much to ask for?

Charles W. Eliot Arts Magnet Academy

HOST TEACHER

Dawnley Burwell Raices

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Bonnie S. Kaplan

A I L L E N

Zombie World

A delicious silver heart.
poisoned, sour, and moldy cat
scary owl
rusty sour burnt rose
A burning, silver pair of glasses
In ancient times.

MALCOLM TAPIA

Yoko And Yubi's Wishlist

Water

A lot of food

A cat house

Cat toys

Go outside during the night

Kittens

Laser pointers

A human to play with

Best friends.

ROBIN AU
Ode to Storytelling

It could be a movie, a good book, or a song
There is no way to tell a story that you could say is wrong.
You can read the Odyssey and you would learn and quickly see
It has the same structure as Star Wars, or many other things.
A story you can write, read, watch, or sing.
Like a world you can read, from the sky into the sea
It's like you are the character,
Or you know him, them, or her.
Plan your story, think it through, make sure this story was made by you
And watch your story bloom and grow.

SOPHIA AYALA

Violet

My life is so private

I almost told my friend that me and my family are superheroes.

One day there was a villain that came to my town

I went invisible in front of my friends and their families.

I felt scared and nervous because I would have to move. Now my dad has to call

his friend

so he can freeze everyone's minds.

GABRIEL A. BANUELOS

Climbing the Mountain

It's freezing up here
I need to go to sleep
My backpack is too heavy
I don't think I'll make it
I lost my cell phone long ago
I can't see good, I lost my glasses with my phone
All the food I have is a piece of bread
If anyone sees this, tell my family I love them

YANAI BAREL
The Dusty Shelf

I have so many marks on myself like a tattoo
With so many pages needed to be turned
I wait on this dusty bookshelf, waiting to be picked up
At least I have my bestie, Percy Jackson and the Olympians, but you can just call
him Percy
I have never been picked up before, but Percy has, many times
I always get worried that he won't come back but he always does
I see a person walking up to me, but Percy is not back yet
The person obviously won't pick me
No one ever picks me, but he still is walking to me looking directly at me
He picks me up!
He is taking me to the desk where Ms. Caroline sits
He then frowns and says, "Actually, I'll pick a different book."

GENEVIEVE GONZALEZ-REYES

Friend Love.

My heart feels like a rose blooming sweet and complete
and it all started by meeting my best friend.

She makes me feel safe and she is really sweet.

She was one of the best things that has ever happened to me
and I'm forever grateful that I met her.

KENLEY MOORE
What I do on Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve.
I watch movies and make cookies.
Then I play games with my family.
Finally we tell stories then go to bed.

AARIYAH RICHARD-OLIVER

The Doll

I was beginning to lose hope as everyone walked past me, not acknowledging me
at all. But as
the store was about to close, a little girl rushed in
I was confused, because the store closed. She grabbed me, took me to the cashier
counter, put the
money and the counter and we left together.

JAKOB PALOMINOS

Cowboys

Football, the first time I watched the game I knew I was
in love that first time I touched that pigskin.
I enjoy hearing the sound of people cheering and
guys getting tackled. The taste when I eat snacks
and I get to watch my favorite team play and the
The smell of the turf is magical.

BURK VOELKENING

Click, Click.

I am at a store.
Everything is pink and cute,
a beautiful lady walks up to me and picks me up!
She gets into a line of people and she puts me under this bright red light,
(BOOP)
Then she goes into her car and drives to her house.
she goes into the bathroom with me and opens it!
She starts putting me on her nails, and walks around with me.
then a couple weeks later . . .
she goes on her computer
(CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, SNAP)
A part of me breaks off!
And then she starts to put her hand over the trash can, and throws me one by one
into the
trashcan . . .
NOOOO HELPPPP

FRANCESCA BAYLEY-EVANS

The Silver Trap

Silver window

Trap

Lost

I'm burning the memories

JANAE JORDAN
O MY RAISING CANE'S

O my Raising Cane's
omg you taste so good
the Crumble to my cookie
the moonbeam to my Ice Cream
Chipotle is good
But when it comes to you it never compares
Like oh my gosh
so it's all so good
the sauce is amazing.
Did I say it's really good too?
french fries cooked extra so crunchy
so yummy Chicken tenders fried extra crispy taste so yummy
Toast I just don't even want to get started with that
it's literally so so good
the skibidi to my toilet
the the brainrot to my God
the tiana to my prince Naveen
make me feel sooo good in the Inside.

VICTORIA PITA
Unspeakable Dream

A rose as scary as poison
Silver and sour
but it was a dream.
somehow it was like a sweet delicious dream

MIRAL SHALALFEH

Moonlight

A blue heart full of roses
With a dream full of sour and sweet
Poisoned, trapped, and lost
a painful memory comes to mind
with a silver ancient breeze passing by

JAZMYN SMITH
The Poison Flute

The silver poison flute
 Poisoned her
 As she falls on the
 Floor,
 Her blue cell phone
 Falls and breaks
 Her husband hears.
He then calls the police
 And waits for them
 But they take
 Too long so he uses
 Magical powers.
Because of his powerful force
 He awakens his wife,
Almost like true loves kiss
 But different.

JAMIE CASTILLO MORALES

Trivilin the Bitter Cat

Trivilin is so bitter when he sees glitter.
He is so fluffy like a marshmallow and
 He is the color yellow.
His favorite thing to do is sleep and cry,
 I always ask why.
Trivilin is bitter but he gets scare of a
 critter.
Despite all this, I find him so cute

KIARA MONTROYA

Max

I throw my things into my bags leaving my room with
nothing but some furniture and a couple old socks

My dad walks in and tells me I forgot to pack my bear

I tell him no because I'm no longer a kid as I fall asleep with the bear in my arms

I wake up to my dad preparing a giant breakfast that I know I will not eat

I get out of bed and put a sweater on as I hear my friends honking for me to
come outside

I drink some juice and leave the rest as I run out the door saying bye to my dad

He tells me to eat something but all I say is I will get some donuts on the way as I
get in the car

to leave for college

As I get there I realize that I really miss my dad and wish I didn't try to grow up so
fast.

MYTIA CRAFTON
While We're Young

This song “while we’re young “
makes me feel excited, as a cartoon character
As Sad, as a funeral
it makes me want to yell the lyrics out loud like a concert,
it makes me feel like I’m being launched into space,
it makes me feel like I’m floating like nothing exists,
like my crush is talking to me so yeah.

ALEXANDER AKERS

Google Popcorn

The blue and powerful microwave level on Google Popcorn is tough!

It has lasers and moving dots, and you only have 2 shots!!!

Then again, it's always just 2 lives in every level.

The salt is harder, though.

It's raining salt on that level.

And the fire laser attack is also hard!

MIA GRANADOS
Ode to Dr. Pepper

Dr. Pepper is so good when you take that first
Sip, you feel the Sizzle, the flavor is so good, there are so many
Flavors like Cherry, Strawberry Cream, Cream, Berries and Cream, and even
Vanilla and
Blackberry, Coconut cream, and
Many More! And that's why I love Dr. Pepper.

RILEY K. ROBINSON

The Sun

The waves of heat you spread on the earth brings me joy, the feel of a
nice sunny day in the pool. You shine as
bright as a diamond in a cave. You make me feel
so safe when I see you and then you go
down and then I see the moon still standing strong.

DASHIELL FORD WARREN STRUTZEL
Making Original Music

It's time to make a new song
But I just don't want to make it too long
I start with the music
I try to forget about the clock's tick
It starts to sound good
I hear music about people talking about how they are misunderstood
But my music's not like that
Sometimes I like to rap
Now I work on lyrics
But I need to be intuit
My mind is blank
I guess I could sing about moving up in the life rank
But that doesn't feel right
No, not quite
I work hard
Some lyrics I discard
I finally think of a topic
It's about how people think they're microscopic
Small beings in a big world
You start to feel like you're being swirled
But you're in charge of yourself
You control what you help
Now, just like me making my music, put yourself out there!
Who knows where you'll be put by the air?
Now, off you go!
Just go with the flow

GAVIN RODRIGUEZ

Ice & fire

Some say the world will end with fire and some say from Ice but they all lie from what I've tasted and seeing and I sand with theos ho sand with fire and theos ho sand with both because it does not mean that no is right so fire and ice is the same and so is ok to like one or both but you can use theme for some of the same thighs.

KEVIN RAMIREZ
Halloween Dream

So one night a boy was hungry so he just thought there was nothing so he went back to sleep but he had a dream about he got Krispy Kreme Halloween donuts and he open the box it was a 12 of them 4 kinds 1: pumpkin 2: hunted house 3: candy bag type 4: with sprinkles and orange Kreme but he woke up he hear a strange noise like this scratch sound so he got up went to the kitchen and he saw the same box but this time when he opened it they looked like monsters one was a ghost number two was a scary pumpkin the third one was alive candy the forth one was a vampire he got scared so he ran and got the donuts and CRASH he woke up thankfully it was not true. THE END.

MAX MAYORGA

DC

The flash he flash he is the 8th fastest and the 1th is black flash 2 is Wally west
and 3 reverse flash 4 god speed and all of them run really fast and there is a fight
in in between

The black flash and Wally west but the black flash and we all have some different
opinion

But ya those are the fast is speeders but I wish I was a speeders I wood run so so
fast

They can run to 237 per hour and they can stop time
And if they run around you really fast they can stop you
From berthing with a cool super power but ya bye bye

MYTIARA CRAFTON

Bugs

I'm afraid of bugs

eww

there so disgusting

Gross

disgusting bugs'

There give me goose bumps

They make my skin crawl like worms and ants

Barf that's why I hate bugs.

SOPHIA ORTEGA

Ode to my Cat

To my Rockee

You are as sweet as cotton candy

As wild as a cheetah

As cute as a kitten

As soft as the fur on a new fur carpet

You are the fluff in my heart

You make me feel like I'm floating in the air around the earth, and back

Your eyes are as hazel as a crystal, they shine in the light

You smell as stinky as a trash can, but you are my little stink

JOSEPHINE FLORES

Be Generous

This journal belongs to Josephine. F

My mom always told me “be grateful for what you have for you may soon lack just that”. I never paid any attention, for I had my mind on another concentration. Soon it was that day but I had my life another way, I took everything by advantage but I learned that what I have I should manage.

LILLIANNE SANDOVAL

Olaf

I bring joy to every room I visit.

I am very optimistic and friendly.

I was made by an ice princess.

I am a bit clueless sometimes but always happy and loving.

I am known for warm hugs.

I am Olaf

DRAIDEN GRAHAM

Woody

In a room full of toys around the room
I stand like a statue,
With my friends Bo, Mr. potato Man, and Sling
A Happy little boy giggles
Being friends with a little Boy
I was happy, very happy
Then, until a toy space guy named
Buzz, then the little boy forgot about
He started playing with buzz and not
With me

Octavia E. Butler DL STEAM Middle School

HOST TEACHER

Theresia Kleeman

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Linda Ravenswood

AILYN BARAJAS

Family

My cat meows a lot.
My cousins are funny and loud.
My grandma is sweet and funny.
My brother is mean.
My mom is nice and beautiful.
Mexico—
The sky is green.
A room with no lightbulbs.

JACELYN

Flowers

My sister is my built in best
Friends, my cousins are nice and
Cool. My friend has a nice vase
Filled with pretty flowers.

FRANKLIN SANCHEZ

What Would I Do

My sisters are very nice
My dad gives me money
I love eating food. But
Hate to see it dead,
If my own papa died
What would I do
He gives me everything
I want him to tell me what to do.

SHIRISE STARR

My Family

My grandma loves me
And cooks for me.
Like a lovely dove.
She is one of the best grandparents
that I ever had for years

My sister Shayla is
The nicest; the sweetest
She is the smartest
And the best

ADRIAN MOLING

Things About My Family

My dad wakes up early
My abuelito passed away when I was little
I have two brothers and one of them is older
My mom cooks everyday
Cleans the house by herself everyday
And always buys me things

She is so kind
And nice and knows
How to cook amazing
Food

I have a hardworking dad
That works everyday
And wakes up early
I have a brother in the navy that works hard

SANDHER C.

Simply Water

Water water everywhere
To wash my hands and
Wash my hair it's
Nice to drink it by the
Pool, slurp it sip it
Nice and cold

KEVIN

Untitled

Soccer feels like it never ends,
But when it does end what is there to do,
Because soccer is the only thing that brings me happiness,
I try and try to bring happiness to other things,
But I just can't find anything that brings me happiness.

ANGEL RAMIREZ-CHILEL

The Random Things

Mean sister that I am scared of.
My mom with lots of candy from the pantry.
My dad who loves his mom very much.
The word that everyone hates.
Muerto.
I see notebooks with nothing in them.
The bird with no friends.

JENNIFER

Things Around Me

The first thing around me
Is a light that is on. The
Second thing around me
Is a painting of a
Flower. I see a blank
Piece of paper, and
A pencil on a table.
People sitting down
And writing. Papers
Hanging on top of
The wall.
2 people standing up.
A bunny laying in mud.

EDWARD BERMUDEZ

Untitled

My dad that sleeps a lot
My sister who was mean
I like to play video games
I love to ride bikes
I love to play soccer
Windows that are different colors
Ghosts are invisible
My abuela that has passed
Black and white photo taken in front of the tomb
With flowers shaped like spears

The drawings I did on my folder
A big bear with a hat
Posters with flowers on them
My mom is a kind person
And my dad too

JOE CLUERA

Joey

My Papa
His think toe,
Welding shoes.
He is tired.
He combs his hair
In Mexico.

EDWIN

Cool Car, Angry Crazy Hair

When I wake up

My hair looks crazy

When I went to the movies

I saw a cool car.

JAYDEN

Memory

Last week I was
Playing soccer with
My uncle and i scored
On him.

Once I was playing soccer
And my friend passed me
The ball and together
We scored a beautiful goal. My friends
Tried to stop us,
But they could not.

JEFFERSON

To Observe

A sheet of paper to write with

A pencil made out of wood

Soccer that never ends

But it's the best

ANDERSON

Untitled

My papa wakes up tired in the dark
And my papa wakes me up and says that
He is going to go to work
But papa comes back late
And I say "Ok papa"
Because I was tired and trying to go back to sleep
And in the day I go to do a lot
But i do not like it
But my mom says it is good for me

OMAR

Sleep Paralysis

As I fall asleep, I open my eyes
And I feel paralyzed all over my
Body, so I look straight ahead and I see
A tall black figure peeking its head
At the door. I don't feel any emotions
But I could feel my skin crawl
And its hands grab the door and
Open the door fully, its jaw dislocated
With wide eyes so it starts walking
Towards me and when its about
To get close to me. I wake up
And see flowers

YARETA MARTINEZ

Can't Notice

Fiery lights in the sky
Volleyballs flying
Up to heaven.
Tombstones are dirty, or clean
White or gray.

Sadly,
Cats or dogs,
Any animal,
Or person.

ABRIL NOYOLA

Untitled

I'm funny because
I make my friends
Laugh.
I don't like art because
I'm bad at it
And it's boring.

I see a dog
It's white and black
My baby brother cries
And it's annoying.

SOFIA

Poem

The things I love are my dogs
Because they help me when I want to
Play with someone or feel down,
They are there for me.
Another thing I love is my mom
Because she helps me cook and do my bed.
I also love coffee
It keeps me with energy and i love it
I also like to stay home with my family and eat.
That's it,
And also stay in my phone.
Those are the things I love.
I also like going out—
Maybe to the soccer field or the mall or to go out to eat.
I don't like when people tell me what to do—but sometimes I do.

MAKAYLA

Untitled

Doors.

Fishtank.

A mark on your chin.

Uno cards sorted by color.

A computer.

A chess table.

A flat beanbag.

Air.

Us.

IVY

Poem

Volleyball that never ends
Dislike pencils
Different shades of color pencils
Blue sky that lasts till 7:30
Dark sky that lasts till 5:00 am
Friends that last till they mess up the friendship
The year ends when the new year starts
When the priest is done talking to us
We can leave our church
A grandma that sits in a living room
Watching Facebook

KATEY

Volleyball that Never Ends

Birds out my window

Rain out my window

Treats for my dog

(my dog's name is Terry)

Flowers on my vase

Mexico coat. Plane papa.

Abuelito cries. Coffee. Shoes.

JASON

Poem

Blue sky and messy room

I know he will have to go

Away

Sunflowers

Painting of a robot

He will take a plane to

Mexico

Helpful

I helped a new student find

The class

GENESIS

Poem

I love music, music is
My peace, music is calming.
I love all types of
Music
My favorite is Spanish.
I listen to it to escape
The day.

Luis

Untitled #1

I love drawing characters
It always clears my head
Its the same when I play Resident Evil
The Last of Us and GTA.
I like to sleep in my bed
To skip the day

EDEN

Over It

I picked over it because
I'm over school. I want it to
End. I want to go home
And relax and sleep but if
I do have to do stuff an
My family always tell me I'm over you
And I'm over it!

OCTAVIO CORDOVA SANCHEZ

Poem

I love home—or do I?

Soccer is my best sport—or is it?

School is boring—maybe not!

The streets changed Luis! (They did)

ANONYMOUS

What is a father?

No, I don't know my father

Uh . . . he left when we were born

He got separated

(he) (we) got separated

.

.

.

I hold my papa in my arms

DAMIAN

Untitled

I was once called stubborn
Well a lot of times by many people
It would be a lie if i said once
So i don't disagree, i see why
I get it from my mom's side . . . if I remembered
I'd say it but I thought
It would mostly be because of my defensive side.

DAISY N.

My Program

I love: My phone

I hate: everyone

He says I'm always mad

He is: Not nice

I think: He might be right

I want: A goat

JARED

Untitled

A father is someone who raises you
I don't know my father he got locked up

I think if my own papa died what would I do
I hold my papa in my arms
I have never seen my papa
Cry and I don't know what to do

I live in a house
I think if my own papa died what would I do
I hold my papa in my arms
A father is someone who raises you
I don't know

KARLA

Music

I like music

I like the sound of music

I like listening to music

I like the tone of music

JARED LOPEZ

Untitled

My name is Jared Lopez
I live in a house in Pasadena
I don't like root beer
I only like Dr Pepper
If you knew me you'd know
I like soccer

ALEXIS LOPEZ PEREZ

What do I want to say!?

I am nice to everyone

My friends say i'm nice because I give them hugs

I like to do art and make new things

I am an artist.

My favorite color is purple because it reminds me of my mom.

IVAN

Untitled

My brave papa cries
I have never seen my papa cry
And don't know what to do
My father told me first and not I have to tell the others
I hold my papa in my arms
I hold hold and hold him
I care about my papa because he raised me

ETHAN GARCIA

#1

I'm bored because I have to come to this class

I am not mean

I am not racist

I am bored

I am kind

I am not bad

Pacoima Charter Elementary School

HOST TEACHER

Araceli Garcia

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Bonnie S. Kaplan

SOPHIA ELIZABETH BORJA

The Spider Diary

“Squeck”

This girl just opened a door.

I am thinking about going inside.

I made it inside through the dog door.

It looks so pretty inside.

The Christmas tree lights shone bright.

I am looking for somewhere to go.

I start crawling my way to her room.

“Ahh”

I think she saw me

She went somewhere and she brought a container and a napkin.

I think she is going to kill me . . .

CAMIEL ALVARADO ROSALINDA

Ode to Kisses

My dogs are as rare as silver and lilacs, loud as a car horn.
Strange like laying down on my uncle and being 125 pounds.
Perfect at protecting our house and being loud
angry when cold, aggressive when playing with my Cane Corso.
Crazy as trying to roll over with the cat but falling.
Silly like trying to jump on the table and eat our food.

If I didn't have Kisses I wouldn't know what to do with myself?
She is big but like a gentle giant in the woods that no one knows is gentle.
But her other side is her sassy side. She'll give you side eyes, bark at you if you
don't give her treats, ignore also because u don't give her treats, take your seat on
the couch, and pull on the leash at the dog park because she wants to go play.

JACKIE BARRIOS MENDOZA

The Little Spider

I woke up
Everything around me looked bigger
I was confused how I turned into this

Saw a man with a sandal in his hand
Is that bug spray?
I asked myself “is he going to kill me?”

Scared for my life I ran away as far as I can
I didn't know where to go so I tried
Jumping on the wall
All of a sudden
“Splatt”

AL DE ANDA
Ode to Archie

Kind as my dog started relaxing in my arms
cute as a puppy but not anymore I love how soft his fur is
I love when we play around it makes me feel really calm
archie is harmless as an ant
likes to play with dogs and people
loves when I walk up to that door
When I get out the car Archie is one of a kind.

AILEEN ESTRADA

Chewed Spider

I was a spider in a shower.
I heard someone come in.
It was my friend she screamed
so I started running. She got a mug and rug.
She put me in the mug and let me free.
I was running then a cat got me and then it started chewing me.

RANDY ESTRADA MARQUEZ

A Cheesy Snack

I'm crunchy like a leaf
There's something yellow in the middle of me
It's cheesy like slime
Don't burn your fingers
I smell good
I'm sold at Starbucks
I'm tanned as the sun
I love my grilled cheese sandwich.

MATHEW GONZALEZ

The Experiment

In my cozy cave, chilling.

Some human tries to grab me to experiment on my spider venom.

The scientists grab my 3 legs but I try to crawl away with my other five.

They let go and I dive!

They put me in a container so I try to get out.

Turns out they were only looking for clout.

CAMILA DANIELA HERNANDEZ

The Spider Incident

I saw an open door to a weird classroom
I quickly shoot my webs to go inside before it's too late

While trying not to get caught
Went to find a spot to relax in
There were books and a lot of them
Didn't find one yet, but saw this wonderful spot
The spot was so peaceful, I was alone
A giant person saw me I got scared and pretended to be dead
She also got scared and got a napkin to try to kill me
I didn't want to die so I ran away
They were fast and she caught me

MARTIN HERNANDEZ

The Smallest Spider

I opened my eyes
Noticed that something was wrong

I had eight spindly legs
I was tiny like a little ball

I moved and wanted to see what I could do with my spider webs
When I realized I fell down
I started bouncing up and down
like a tiny bouncy ball
I saw that I started getting smaller and smaller

CHRISTOPHER INGLES
Tastingly Amazingly Dish to Eat

My moms soup is amazing as if I was in space,
felt peace and like flying away.
I ran and kept running in the house.
I felt like the taste was going away
so I went and took another sip MMMM.
It was amazing. I felt harmless as a fly but weird like a dragon fly because both
could make me
fly with this amazing taste. I stopped eating and went to take a break and slept.
I dreamed about being loud as a dog, exotic as an axolotl.

Tastingly amazingly dish to eat

My moms soup is amazing as if I was in space,
felt peace like flying away.

I ran and kept running in the house.
I felt like the taste was going away

so I went and took another sip MMMM.
It was amazing, weird like a dragon fly.

I stopped eating and went to take a break and slept,
dreamt about being loud as a dog, exotic as an axolotl.

ADISMAEL JARAMILLO

Spiders Business

On this day
I was inside a house,
minding my own business
Swinging from corner to corner

I saw this little boy on his bed watching his phone

“Ahhhhhhhh”

I think he saw me on the corner
He yelled at his mom to come into his room

His mom came with the spray
Got on top of the bed
my instinct acted quickly
I fall down as soon she spayed it at me
“pshhhhhhh”

JUSTIN LEZAMA
Assortment of Animals

Harmless as a rabbit with tiny teeth
weird like a chimpanzee having a small cage for its bad behavior
strange like a dog rolling on the floor
loud as a music box
new as a house
forgotten as a market that is abandoned
Angry as a lion
kind as a mouse
wild as a wolf.
giant size as an elephant
Soft like a cat
Snoring like a pig
A bear that has long fingernails
Sloth that climbs trees to escape bad predators
Chopping things as an Alligator
Hopping as a kangaroo
A panther that has big claws
Digging in trash like a raccoon.

MELINA MARTINEZ ZOEY
Arachnida The Little Critter

I roam a home and see a woman who I don't know
she screams in terror,
goes somewhere, I don't know where!

I see someone with a napkin and a cup.
She puts me in the cup so I try to run away but I can't
get through due to this huge darn cup!

She leads me outside in the huge bright world,
picks the cup up so I run to the sun.
I create a new web and stay till the end.

VICTORIA MORALES

Happy birthday!

You are the best person I have ever known,

Thanks my friend for being in my life

Without you I really would not survive,

Happy birthday to you my dear,

Stay blessed and spread the cheer,

Happy birthday!

Happy birthday!

LUIS MORENO
The Living Spider

When I was just crawling on my web and a human got scared of me
It made me laugh but then she called her brother

He grabbed some white flat thing
Kinda big
Is that a glass?

He put the white flat thing behind me
While I was on my web
He put the glass thing over me and threw me outside

He threw me out because he had a candle
I've been using it to put webs on
One day my web threw it all the way down
It landed on the bed

It was on fire
The humans were able to put out the fire in time
When they put it out I was thankful

I'm never throwing candles off the shelf again
That could've been really bad
The house could've gotten in flames and they would have nothing else.

NOAH RENE GUTIERREZ

Friends

Best friends stick together
Till the end
They are like a straight line
That will not bend

A circle is around
It has no end
That's how long
I want to be your friend

GENESIS MORENO
The Mischievous Loud Dog

The dog was harmless as a snail
loud like a lion roaring
mischievous as a racoon
soft as a sheep's wool
energetic as a cheetah
and cute as a rabbit

JAYLENE NOVOA
The Big Casa—A Spider Poem

I'm at this big house just chilling
Me see a huge person i think
I going to get killed by that big thing
I think she is going to kill me
but I see A big bowl she puts me in
I climb out
She sprays water at me, me run away she gets me in the bowl
I get into the bowl at make a spider web
that lady takes me out of the bowl and
All I see is hot shot spider scorpion killer
oh no, run away that crazy lady will catch me, kill me
I just wanted to live but that lady didn't want me in her casa

JOSEPHINE MAKAYLA ROJAS

When Toys Come Out To Play

My kitten, sweet and small,
A gentle, snowy ball.
As kind as family, bright,
A Christmas morning light.

She's wild as windy air,
Something we can all share
With "zoomies" everywhere!
A tiny, happy blur,
The softest, fuzziest fur.

She's loud! Like a lion's roar,
When closed behind the door.
So cute, but up to tricks,
Quick as a hundred clicks.

When toys come out to play,
She tumbles all the way.
Then snuggled in my arms,
Safe from all the alarms.

ZOE DANIELLE SOLIS
The Greek God Messenger

He is harmless like a pigeon.

weird like toddlers all over the place.

fast as a dog running loud as hyenas laughing!

strange like someone not knowing what to do for a project.

new as a newborn forgotten like a phone left on a chair!

but not as angry as a bull.

Kind as a person and very respectful

wild as a stray dog running around.

{Hermes epic the musical.}

HAZEL RAMOS
ITSY BITSY SPIDER

I jumped on the bed and scared him with my poisonous teeth.
I creaked on his bed and broke his vase.
He got mad and tried to kill me but instead of trying to kill me,
He carefully got a glass cup and a napkin and caught me as I tried to escape from
him.
I see another big human that is scared of me.

FAITH WILSON

T.V.A.G.

With volleyball it helps me concentrate
It helps me stay in a steady place.

Just like glass,
It is fragile but also firm
It is hard but also soft in a way,
Volleyball is like a peaceful ride to church
Or sometimes it can hurt.

Volleyball is my way of escape.
But God keeps me in place,
God knows that I am struggling
He sends me a sign
I go outside just to hit the ball

That's how I spend my day.

MAURICIO RODRIGUEZ
Very Strange Things In The World

My cat is as harmless as a rabbit
The street cat is crazy like a donkey
It's timeless as a clock but loud as a rock
It's kinda strange just like a dog

The room was as new as a bathroom
but it was forgotten like a marker
He got angry like a cat for his cricket
in reality he's as kind as a rat
He's wild like a lion chasing a piece of cheese

I got a grilled cheese on my lap while writing this note
I took a bite
It's so cheesy and creamy it's almost like a dream come true
As the cheese goes on and on it feels like I'm in an infinite cheese stretch of doom

AILANI PAZ

Unnamed

Harmless as a slimy snail
Weird like an owl watching you
Timeless as a blue clear ocean
Loud as fireworks
Strange like a floppy banana
New as new shoes
Forgotten like a piece of gum
Sweet as candy
Wild as a tiger trying to attack

Pacoima Charter Elementary School

HOST TEACHER

Erich Lohde

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Bonnie S. Kaplan

EMILIO ALVAREZ

Art

I can't go without art because that's what I loved to do and without it I can't imagine without it and that's a hobby of mine that can't go away from my body.

JESUS ANGIUANO

Summer to Winter

super football game
so strong it flies through the air
with a mighty throw

ARTHUR BABIAN
A Wonderful Moment

Я помню чудное мгновенье как муха попала в варенье. И тут же все увидели что это была шутка!!! Тут же все увидели что это была игрушечная муха!!! Вот такая история у нас была в понедельник.

I remember a wonderful moment
when a fly fell into the jam
And then everyone saw that it was a joke!!!
Everyone immediately realized that it was a toy fly!!!
That's the story we had on Monday.

FERNANDO BLANCO

The Surreal World

Riding on an ancient bus
was feeling blue
while sailing on the freezing sand
Look at the complete computer
As rare as a moldy clock
Also as a sweet and sour as a broken rat
The rat was also frozen, as a frozen as a toaster

YANIC BRAVO

Movie

I want to go to the movie
it is not so hard
the screen flows so easily

JOCELYN DIAZ
A Weird Week

A powerful heart.

A poison rose.

A painful dream.

A lost blue week.

VALERIE DIAZ

The Love of Paris

The love of Paris is so strong
Its lights are like an angel's song
The Eiffel Tower lights up in the night sky
The moon shines so bright you could see
in the darkest time.

SOPHIA FLOREZ

School Poem

Scary Sounds Jumping Out The Window In My Backpack

Lost In The Sounds Of My Cell Phone

Black Pens Falling

Out Of The Desk

BRIAN ILDEFONSO

Panda Poem

The cool breeze

Will lead me

Where to go

A haven where

The tall bamboo

Trees grow

I am a national

Treasure of

The Sleeping

Giant

A living fossil

That is self-reliant

ARIANA LOO

Swan Eyes that Glide

I'm a spider small and mighty
My small self wandered into this den
I take caution while I crawl
I find this human
Whose voice is deep and height is tall.

The human spots me I'm clueless and in fear
The girl screams like a siren
And says kill it, kill it, don't let it escape
Then I see a male, tall and kind
His eyes, like a swan that glides.

He puts a cup over my admin, then paper under my feet
Then gently puts me down to wander free
Other spiders wonder how I survived
I tell them what I saw from my eyes and exactly that
A male so kind, with eyes that are like a swan
that glides like the wind's song.

ROSA LOPEZ

My Family

My name is Zoropsis Spinimana.
I'm a false wolf spider. I'm in someone's house, stealing food from grannies. The
humans are my enemies.
Wanna know why?

IT'S CAUSE THEY KILLED MY FAMILY. . . .

Uhm, sorry about that. It's because I miss my family.

THEY MEANT A LOT TO ME! Well, anyway, time for hunting! Huh, what is that? OH NO A HUMAN! THEY ARE TRYING TO SQUISH ME! I'M RUNNING AWAY. I'M DOING EVERYTHING I CAN TO STAY ALIVE. I'M HISSING, EVERYTHING I CAN DO TO GET AWAY. I'M ALMOST THERE, TO MY HOME! I'M HOME YES!!!! I SURVIVED! I BEAT THOSE HUMANS. Hahaha, I win this time, humans!

GUSTAVO MARTINEZ

Stranger Things

Small town full of mystery

Tears in time and gates contained by a dilapidated lab

Interdimensional beings hidden in the town of Hawkins

Sightings of monsters and reports of missing people coming in like a failing dam

Dark town with creatures and beings with power beyond a normal human like a

board game of Dungeons & Dragons.

Gates closing and people returning re united with family and friends

Reports and incidents being less heard of and vanishing

Into a void as if never spoken about

Town of Hawkins in peace like never before

MORIAH MENDEZ
I Don't Want to Worry

It's freezing, it feels like a fever dream, everything loud and scary, and it hit like a bus out of the blue. Every corner is politics and debating . . . if we say we want peace, why is there war? What type of world are we going to live in? All we can do is scroll on our phone, listening to how the world's gonna end, I guess. But no one wants to do that. We all wanna live our lives not worrying about what's gonna happen next. we should worry about the present, because that's all we can do right?
now let's worry about the future, when it comes . . .

JAYLEEN OLEA

The Frosty Scent

A rare rose, sweet and sour, but with power
can't wait to taste the delicious type of flower
Through the window, I see you freezing like ice
In the winter season.

JACOB ONTIVEROS

Phoenix

I might be a labrador
a medium dog size
have a lot of fur

I don't know what color my eyes are
I don't know how old I am

HAILEY RODRIGUEZ

The Love of Sky

During the day so bright it brightens up my eyes
Sometimes it looks like cotton candy so soft
and you can see the rainbow across the sky

JACKELIN ROMERO

Nightmares

a heart, broken as glass but also,
black as a cat.
the heart may sound sweet and
Kind, but on the inside it's
blue and sour. It feels
So real while
Walking down the forest
What you don't know is
that are you still in bed a sleep

SOPHIA SEGOVANO

Peace

If you are not capable of violence, you can't uphold peace (anonymous)

My brother and my cousin were both kind-hearted people,
Once you got to know them, they were nice people.
At the age of 13, my brother and cousin got into gang violence

That's when people started doubting them, however, when they were being
shunned.

I was encouraging them. My cousin was 19, he was hiding
From rivals in a supermarket,

We lost him. By the time my brother was 20 he was in and out of jail.
That's to show that not everything can be fixed with violence.

ALLYSON VASQUES

Round Shaped Birds

Cute, small, rounded birds,

Soar through the sky

As their lightweight bodies

carry them as feathers in the air

While they sing their beauty.

PEDRO VELASCO
Surreal Poem

Rose jump
bike fall
leave
cake trap
It's all around

CHRISTIAN GUTIERREZ

Soccer

The ball is like a round heart

I love soccer.

It makes me feel alive

Pacoima Charter Elementary School

HOST TEACHER

Blanca Amaral-Rios

WITS INSTRUCTOR

Bonnie S. Kaplan

KATHERIN AJMAC ZEPEDA

Para Siempre Juntos

They were together all the time
playing with each other every single day.
No matter what happened they would never leave each other's side.
But it wasn't always like that.
From one day to another you two were inseparable .

I was always scared to lose you both
You saw me in my best and worst even though you were only dogs
Los amé mucho hasta que . . .
Los perdí y lo peor es que a los dos
Those weeks were full of pain for my family
And I guess you know why

Because you were part of our family
You weren't other normal dogs you became part of us already a long time ago
I wish you know how much I appreciated you
I wish you are okay
I wish so many good things for you and I have so many things that I would love to do
with you but now I cant
But I know that you are now in the courts of heaven
Playing happily together like always

ISAIAH CAMPOS

The Nice Giant—A Spider Poem

Just walking by in a new house.

“Kill it, kill it!” I hear.

Then comes a giant with a napkin and glass.

Trying to run until I can't, like an invisible shield around me.

Flying into the air and out to the outside world and getting put down softly.

“What a nice giant” I say to myself.

DAZZLE CARRILLO

Ode to my Doritos Flamas

It's a purple bag with flames on it
While opening the bag it makes noise like foil being crumbled

When I saw the bag my eyes widened like if I saw something special
I stare at my bag of chips as if it's the love of my life

My life would've been depressing without my Dorito Flamas
When I finish the bag of chips I get really upset

started looking at the empty bag of chips,
sad like a toddler who didn't get the candy they wanted.

FAITH CASTRO

My Best Friend

Is harmless like a pencil
A sharp tip but helpful to everyone
She can poke others
But she won't hurt

She is rare like a golden apple
One in a lifetime to find
Only one of this in the world
She is weird like a Cheshire Cat
Always around places
Popping everywhere

She is caring like a toy
Always there for me
Helping me out
During sad moments
She is funny like the meme 6 7
Always there to be called out
And to make others laugh
This is my best friend.

SAMANTHA RENEE CHEVEZ GONZALEZ

The True Face of Pitbulls

Max my pitbull

Max is a harmless ocean

But he can be as angry as a pit of fire

Fast as a cheetah

Never stop wagging his tail

Looks like a fish swimming in zigzag

Max as happy as a baby just getting fed

But his bark can be as loud motorcycles

His smile can be as wide as a window

As beautiful a night sky

Look like he is always wearing a tux

Ready for any occasion

He is as rare as piece of red barley

No one I mean no one can replace

Such a beauty

JAZMIN CHOCOOJ

Our Souls Under The Rain

My Little brother is as harmless as a plushy
loud as a phone ringing when someone is calling.
He gets wild as a mouse running around when I play with him.
We sometimes play together as forgotten souls running under the rain.
Our spirits are different yet full of energy when we play. We perform,
We act like we are superstars on stage singing for people.
We are in unison . . . forever and ever, my sweet little brother.

MADALYN DOMINGUEZ

Grandma

Powerful Hearts are sometimes lost.
When they are lost we fall just fall like red roses losing their petals.
Broken and in pain, dreaming of you picking me up from school
taking me on adventures
When the bus passes by I feel empty
like a classroom with no students.
I just wish you were still with us,
to see us grow and to see the accomplishments we meet.
I know you are still with us even though we can't see you
We all know your wing were ready but out heart where not
Love you forever.

YDAHLIA FRAGA

Mono

My dog is as harmless as a snail. He can't walk, he's completely paralyzed.
He's weird like a wobbly jelly when he tries to walk.

It hasn't been answered if this is going to be timeless like forever.
When my dog cries he is as loud as a tiger. It's strange to see him like this.

It's new as a wrapped gift to me. I wish I could forget it like it never happened.
It gets me so angry to see him like this but every time I go visit him I get pushed
away

like the wind. As kind as I can be I want to explode.
I wish I could see my dog go wild as a cheetah one last time.

URIEL FRANCISCO

The Mean One

On a cold night on Christmas
when the Whos are happy
There's one person that is as angry as a mouse
No one says his name or else you get blamed
He lives in a cave all alone with only his pet Max
He is very green and hairy. I know he drinks his dairy
When every buddy came to do their Cheermeister
but one little girl was not afraid of this so-called mean one
She heads up to the mountain to see him
He grabbed her as the flash but she ran in a dash
She came back down telling everybody
but like the others she just got blamed
she thought to herself "I'm so lame!"

BENJAMIN LOPEZ

Baseball Happiness

Happiness looks like a baseball flying out of the stadium after a home run

Happiness sounds like the Dodgers winning the World Series

Happiness tastes like hot dogs

Happiness feels like sitting down at your favorite teams stadium

Happiness smells like wet grass on the field

Happiness is baseball

DALANTAE NAPPER

Where Dreams Take You

Dream it like a sweet and sour delicious cake.
This is true but some can be scary, broken or stolen.
My heart is lost in the deepest darkest place of earth.
I jump so high in the sky, twinkle twinkle little stars.
I wonder why did I come so far.
I jump back in the sky as I fall down.
I turned around and I was trapped in the bottomless pit of darkness.

JAYLIN PINEDA

My Best Friend

My best friend is as harmless as an ant
As rare as diamonds from a dark deep cave
She is as loud as a police siren
Perfect like a cold night watching movies
As kind as a rabbit
As loud as a coyote at the night
Wild as a tiger roaming around its home
Remembered as the amazing friend anyone could ask for

LAURA J. ROBLES

Magic Mirror: I'm done with my job

Fairy tale this,
fairy tale that.

Why not take a look,
beyond the crack.

I work 24 hours without pay.
“Hey,” they say,
“Why not ask the mirror today?”

Well, no.
I'm not your google,
or eBay.
Try learning something new for once,
instead of relying on me.

And the Queen?
Don't even get me started on her.
“Who's the fairest in the land?”
Well not you,
so go get a job before you demand,
I work meticulously over a man,
who had probably never seen you before.

RUBY RODRIGUEZ RIZO

My Ode to Music

The tunes in my head
Humming along to the song
Dancing along to the beat
It helps me fall asleep
It takes away the negative
And in comes the positive

DANIEL S.

Ode to Christmas

The year will go by, the sky, so bright
They'll call it The end
Yet Jolly fills the air
Walkin' in a winter wonderland
Turn up the radio, warmness by the video
Hear the stunning tune, so good to be true
Walkin' in a winter wonderland
Wherever you go, there'll be blankets of snow
Putting up the tree, oh you'd love to see the glee
Walkin' in a winter wonderland
A white heaven, Snow drizzles
The warm, static frizzle
Calming sounds, that have crowned
Walkin' in a winter wonderland

SOPHIA SERAFIN

Mi Mejor Amiga

My best friend's are as rare as gold
They're as weird as a colorful gummy worm's
Their time on earth are as timeless as a dinosaur roaming the earth
They're are as loud as firefighters siren's
They're faces as new as a baby's face
They as wild as orangutan's
Without them in my life I don't feel laughter and love fill the air

DIANA SOLORIO

My Brothers

Harmless as a feather
Loud as a car that's racing
Strange like a Blobfish
Crazy like an untrained dog
Messy as a pig rolling in the mud
Smelly like horse poop
Gross like their wet socks on the floor
Funny like their weird jokes
These are my brothers

TIFFANY V. VACAS

Spatula at Work

Working sleeplessly everyday
Working sleeplessly with no pay
Krabby Patties are what I flip
As Spongebob holds me with his grip
Every day in the kitchen as Spongebob puts on a show
He gets the fame for the job I do
Without me Krabby Patties would not be made
All the time I get burnt
But I still do the work

NIAH ZAMORA

Más Que un Club

Without Barcelona there would be no Lamine Yamal
No one to watch on Saturdays on tv
Or during the week
No red or yellow cards being thrown up
Or goals being made
No people in the crowds chanting
Mi amor por el Barça nunca morira

IZAIAH PEDRAZA

DREAM

One night I was so tired.
I went to sleep but when I tried to wake up I was stuck in a dream
I couldn't get out
I felt like I was trapped.
I was so lost in my dream
I was on top of a cloud.
It was so scary because I am scared of heights.
I was just hoping not to fall.
I had a backpack I thought I stole because I never had one.
My heart was pounding and I was freezing

Instructor Biographies

Bonnie S. Kaplan is a poet and educator. Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies and journals, including *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Room Magazine*, and *Sinister Wisdom*. She holds an MFA in film, video, and performance art from California College of the Arts. For over two decades, Bonnie has worked teaching full-time in educational programs for individuals on parole and probation. She believes that arts education is essential for people of all ages and backgrounds. Bonnie was honored as Teacher of the Year, Region VII, by the Correctional Education Association in 2016. A survivor of the 2025 Eaton Fire, she now resides in Studio City.

Linda Ravenswood is a Los Angeles poet and performance artist who received an Oxford Prize in Poetry (2023). She is the current Edwin Markham Prize in Poetry recipient (selected by US poet laureate Juan Felipe Herrera) for *Reed Magazine*, the oldest literary magazine in California. Recent collections include *Cantadora: Letters from California* (Eyewear London/Black Spring Press Group, 2023), *A Poem Is a House* (Arthur Smith Prize in Poetry from Madville Press 2024), *The 500* (Alternating Currents Press, 2024), and *If we never meet again: A Pandemic diary* (X Artists' Books, 2025). She is the founding editor in chief at the Los Angeles Press. Find her at thelosangelespress.com

Carla Rachel Sameth was the 2022–2024 co-poet laureate for Altadena, CA, and a 2023 Poet Laureate Fellow with the Academy of American Poets. Her books include the memoir, *One Day on the Gold Line*, the chapbook, *What Is Left*, and her full-length poetry collection, *Secondary Inspections*. Carla's writing on blended/unblended, queer, multiracial, and single parent families appears in a variety of publications and has been selected three times as Notable Essays of the Year in *Best American Essays*. A Pushcart and Best of the Net nominee, a Pasadena Rose Poet, a West Hollywood Pride Poet, and a former PEN Teaching Artist, Carla teaches creative writing to students of all ages, incarcerated youth and other diverse communities.